

YEAR 9 RUNNER-UP Emily C

Dystopian world

Rain dropped down onto the window. The sky was covered in thick black smoke from the burning fires, down on the damp rubble.

From inside the bunker was a little boy, holding his blanket closely against him, with tears running down his rose red cheeks. The explosions in the distance reminded him of his parents when they disappeared. He squeezed his eyes tightly shut, trying to block out the sound of screams and cries from all around him.

A few minutes passed and the rain started to stop, however the sun didn't show. The trees aggressively rocked side to side in the wind till they snapped and landed on the ground, causing the whole floor to shake.

The little boy kept waiting.