

YEAR 9 WINNER Orla S

Dystopian short story

Run, I need to run.

The guards almost caught me. I could hear their footsteps crunching on the sand and rubble, getting closer and closer. I ran until the smoke burnt the back of my throat and my vision started to blur. I am safe. Safe for now.

The world was so much easier before the war. I still remember it like it was yesterday. I remember the sound of the water trickling down the crystal-clear stream, the trees dancing in the wind and that luxurious smell of freshly baked pastries. All of that is gone now, obliterated by war.

Now the city is slowly crumbling, the streets are covered in a blanket of dead and rotting bodies. The air is full of smoke. It is intoxicating. It will never be the same.