

Winning Flash Fiction Entries

Year 7: Ellie P, House Wake

In Front of The Lines

6 minutes left. This couldn't have taken longer. I get my suitcase from the overhead lockers. Wait! What was that? I feel like I just heard something... it was probably nothing. I head to the carriage where it came from. The doors automatically open and I step across. My soul left my body... Mangled bodies hung from the roof of the train. Their necks were slit and blood dripping out. They were hung by their arms. I almost let out a scream when I saw a message on one of the bodies.

DAISY I'M AFTER YOU

I gather my thoughts and think of the quickest way out. I run to get to the next carriage because there should be a door there. I almost fall over as the train stopped. This time I let out an ear piercing shriek. A head rolled to the bottom of my feet, you couldn't see his real skin colour because all you could see was a bright scarlet red. Heavy footsteps thudded along the train. 2 maybe 3 carriages away. Was that a passenger or the killer? The carriage door opened...

A broad shouldered man stood in the frame of the door. I run as fast as I could out of the train into the station. I hear the man following closely behind. I can't see anything; my eyes are searching for light but nothing is found. I trip. It feels like I'm flying through the sky. Thud I hit the ground and it feels like I broke something. No! I landed in the railway. I can't move; everything aches. I should be fine for a minute before the train starts again.

The train's headlights flash in my face. NO. The train started up. I scramble to my feet. Before I know it the man has lifted me off my feet and up onto the platform. We stare into each other's eyes for a minute. The train is about to come. Everything went slow motion. My hair in my face. He had let me go. He had let me die. But why? Pitch black....



The Afterglow

Darkness. Small fingers of light disrupt the solemn sky as the moon stands boldly above the town. I can still hear it. The gentle drumming of its feet. The sound it makes when it moves. I can almost feel its breath on me as I sleep. And it frightens me. It shakes me down to the core. Is it gone? I can't hear anything. Steadily. Cautiously. I make my way to the door, trying to be mute. My hand reaches out to open the door, a creak. Darkness. No sign of life. I still hear the tapping. Where is it? I seize my coat from the door handle and make a way for the door. I open it. I didn't know why but I did. I could see it now. In the cold light of day, there it was. It had lured me out. I was its prey. I darted right and to the back of the house, remembering I had left the side gate unlocked (perhaps how it got in). I can hear it through the bushes. Stalking me like a snake stalks a rat, like the bird stalks the worm. I keep running. Even though running was futile. It leaps and if I keep running, I'll collide with it. I make another turn, and head for the stairs to the basement. Down the stairs I go, as quickly as my legs will allow me to run. I stride forward, opening the door. The thing takes another bound at me but I lock the door before it reaches me. I have until sunrise. I have nowhere to go and it won't leave until sunrise. Until it has done all it can. I can still hear it swirling around. Screeching. Tapping its feet. That same rhythm. That same, sickly rhythm. I doze off.

Time goes and I can see a glimpse of light as I wake. It's gone. I can't hear it. It's gone. The sunrise is beautiful. I have fifteen hours now to get ready for later. When it will return. And I will be ready. I'll be ready.



Year 9: Neer P, House Wake

As the wind howled through the catastrophic sky like an angered wolf, causing the tree's to tremble. The leaves were quivering with fear. Crying in the cold was a trio of malicious, wretched bats. The rain was lashing down, making the floor rattle. Hooting, ominous owl perched on the rigid branch. His scarlet, sunken, bloodshot eyes be like a banshee. A slimy, slithery unknown creature- size of 3 skyscrapers- stared at the owl with his pugnacious eyes. He felt like a gallon of saliva. His loathsome body smelt like odour. The trees were gasping for fresh air. He growled like a dog. The haunted station where u wouldn't see anybody there was a massive slump of rubbish. He put his one foot heavily on the railway(reaching for the owl)unaware of the train from the distance. Sirens were going off. Destructing the place was deathly echoes of misery. His stomach groaned. The train screeched round the corner with the driver screaming in agony. He held tightly on his brakes, would never let go. It was still and silent. Lying on the dreary floor was hard-thickened blood slowly dripping from his mouth. His sharp-razor like claws were shattered into pieces everywhere. His leg was slowly losing off. He laid there as still as a snail.

As the sunlight beamed through the stainless window of the vivid station packed with people, reflecting on him. He glistened and bound to his feet...



Year 10: Millie Ritchie, House Hesketh

I stood in the rain because I hate you; I should hate you; I never will hate you. You left and somehow, I have hope you will return again. Hope is kind and gentle like a warm blanket protecting you from the harsh cold. But I know you never will because you are a butterfly that cannot be imprisoned. To keep such a beautiful creature in a cage would be cold-hearted. So, I set you free, to soar above us all. I love you thus I will not be the rocks in your pocket preventing you to swim free.

As I stood there in the rain, overanalysing every moment we shared. Every smile, every laugh, every cry because it worth it. If I could not have you forever, I could hold the memories captive in my mind. Everything disappearing as each drop trailed down my face. Tears or rain I did not care, they were washing away my innocence, my sins and most importantly my hurt. I stood, so I was utterly consumed by the rain. Therefore, holding me until my body fully realises you are gone. Because my skin is not what it used to be, it's raw and red from scrubbing you off of me. Begging my body to forget your touch. I hope your new flower is safe and warm and you are finding shelter from this storm so your fragile wings will not crumble to her touch.

But I stood in the rain long enough to feel ok without your warmth. So, when the clouds broke, and I saw the silver lining. I knew I should hate you. You are the rocks in my pocket. I will not let you drag me down any further. I knew then weren't my soulmate, but you made me not want to meet them. I love you. However, it's time I let go and swim free. I never will hate you because you taught me the only person I ever lost and needed back was me.

So, I stood in the rain until it tasted like, freedom.

