

HNC Short Story Competition Anthology

2018



Including:

1. Abdalsalam Alesmail – ‘Little Room’ – page 2
2. Emily Dundon – ‘Darling’ – page 3
3. Grace Perkins – ‘Prism’ – page 4
4. Jamie Smith – ‘Volatus Educatio’ – pages 5-6
5. Isabella Manning – ‘White Light’ – page 7
6. Andrew Philps – ‘Over the top’ – pages 8-9
7. Lauren Hunter – ‘A Sense of normality’ – page 10
8. Rajpreet Kaur Rehill – ‘In-Between’ – page 11
9. Jael Lutandila – ‘Melissa’ – page 12-13
10. Maria Majeed – ‘Dangerous Deception’
– pages 14-15
11. Amber Turner – ‘Auribus Teneo Lupum’
– pages 16-17
12. Robbie Dickens – ‘Miami Blue’ – page 18
13. Laura Bisland – ‘Once upon a fairy-tale’ – page
19

Little Room by Abdalsalam Alesmail (17002171)

I lay down in my bed whispering “The winter is coming”, with my head turned in one direction, in case I was dragged into another dimension and never to return.

The sweet sound of my parents muttering began to fade as my tired eyes laid to rest. Minutes flew by like hours and I finally woke up drowning in a cold sweat, gasping for air, and as I opened my eyes he was there staring right back at me.

Suddenly, the moon glared down into my room waking up all the family of unknown shadows. I was unnerved by the long, skinny shadows that were stretching themselves all over the walls in my room; it seemed that the moon was charging them with life. The moon eclipsed the enormity of the sun, even if I could see the yellow lights trying to defeat the unknown species from under the door they were mumbling, “Shadows are healing again”. The savage wind tore at the tree's branches and stampeded through the garden, as the leaves transformed into midnight-black crows feathers. The leaves tried to escape as the angry waves smacked them against the window. I could hear the wind hissing behind me, sending chills up my spine with its hidden, shivering fingers.

I thought I found a safe spot under my bed which is based in the far corner next to the window. But was it safe? Unexpectedly, the sound of the old wrinkled wallpaper that hung for 11 years on the staircase ripped down. Second! After second!!

I felt as if my ears were bleeding rapidly, as the echo of scratching ran up the stairs and knocked harshly on my bedroom door as the hallway light flickered vigorously. The terrified floorboards creaked and cried whilst the light breathed its last breath. My heart beat like a fly in a cobweb, with nothing to do but wait. I prayed like a sinner who had just entered hell waiting to be rescued by a merciful God.

A God I have never spoken to; so why would God answer me now?

Darling by Emily Dundon (16001690)

'Darling, stay with me.' I whispered, my lips brushing the wrinkled, aged skin of my wife's cheek.

After sixty-four years of marriage, I woke this morning to my wife's confused eyes and muffled screams; to the tears of fear that rolled down her face as she forgot who I was. Her memory reflecting the mirror image of a canvas with the sole desire to be painted upon.

This morning she left behind the dreams we shared and the love that we held for each other as if she never needed them. In order to keep my wife from straying away I use my love like a ship uses an anchor to stop it drifting into the ocean.

For the last eight months, the grip of her finger entwined with my own has loosened like the noose that binds her heart to my own. The light of her eyes has faded, stolen by the devil come to claim his prize of an angel cast down to the depths of hell after God used her as a wager in a card game.

'I don't know who you are.' She screamed back in agony, her voice cracking under the pressure of her mind to speak the six words that shattered my heart the second they were uttered from her pale lips.

Sixty-four years ago we met in a dance club. I kissed her with lips of starvation as if she was the only thing I desired to make me whole again and she kissed me back because I was a stranger in the dark who knew nothing of her life, only the taste of her lipstick.

Now time has moved on, we have poured vodka onto the fire thinking it would put it out, but it only angered the flames and burnt our skin. This morning I lost sight of my true love, my princess in a fairy-tale love story. I watched as our life together flashed before us like a movie played out on a screen.

Now I stare on as she takes her final breaths in a life we made from scratch, as I hold onto her hand and my tears make puddles in the dimples of her cheeks. As I whisper sweet nothings into an ear that no longer recognises my voice and as I hold onto the shell of an empty body that no longer reacts to the simplicity of my touch.

I look on helplessly as the nurses make her comfortable in a bed that is not ours. As they ask me to stay away because her mind is too fragile to answer the door when I knock, flowers in hand to greet her with.

I would do anything to be the one with Dementia. To take the pain away and suck out the poison that seeps into her veins. At least she is with the angels now, not amongst the devils that stalk the grounds of our once beautiful, earth.

Prism by Grace Perkins (16002187)

When our eyes first locked, the whole world burst into a spectrum of colour. Bright wonders spread across my peripheral, seeping into my retina and corrupting my thoughts. I became rooted to the ground in that moment, floundering in place as realisation swept in.

I can't name the colours yet, I'll have to find a chart once I got home. All I know is that they are dazzling, vibrant and *everywhere*. My eyes were unwilling to tear away from them, they were all I could think of. They were the embodiment of Aphrodite herself.

We had been taught about this from childhood. How we grow up without colour only to gain it when one meets their soulmate. The one person in the universe whom you can count in to unconditionally love you. An old wives' tale, some said. Instead favouring for science's explanation that the optic nerve must mature before it is able to comprehend the broad colour scope. I always believed that those who believed in science were bitter. Maybe they had never met their soulmate, or, even worse, their soulmate had moved on into the next world, abandoning them in the dull darkness once again.

I always thought that there would be an element of choice in deciding my fate, but I now realised I was wrong. Why would I ever want to change my future with them? They are my true love. The one person in seven billion who understands and accepts me for who I am, with all my flaws. How could I ever gain the immense strength to leave them, for even just a heartbeat?

For a second, I panicked. Were they attracted to me? I hadn't put any effort into my appearance today. Did my clothes match? Realisation quickly set in, they will love me regardless, as I do them.

My world had been monochromatic for so long that I have longed for colour, and now I have been blessed. I would not waste this opportunity. Some time ago I had reached the conclusion that soulmates were for the privileged few who could still afford to believe in a greater romance. I never believed that I would deserve the luxury of knowing that someone would be there, unconditionally, for you. To support you when you fall, but lift you up higher than you ever could have gone alone.

The boisterous bass and beaming lights of the room dragged me from my musings back to earth. Their eyes were a shimmering beacon of hope, like a lighthouse in the night, saving me from my rocky reality. In this moment. I knew I would spend my life devoted to them.

I could not wait any longer, my infatuation had grown to a level I could no longer tolerate. I lurched forward, kissing them with such passion that a prism of colour whirled behind my eyelids, spinning beyond fate's control.

Volatus Educatio by Jamie Smith (17003233)

She had never been quite sure about it, but he was convinced.

'It's brilliant'

'It's insane, it's expensive and you would crash!'

'But I'll learn and imagine the views once we can go up there'

The plane was far too much and they would be paying it off for the rest of their lives. They argued this until late at night, but as always she gave in. He was too persistent.

The next day they went down to the airfield and bought the magnificent, old prop plane. Whilst attempting to get the price down, he had convinced the owner to give him lessons. Every Saturday he and the owner of the airfield went over what each control did then the owner would take the primary controls and take them up.

At home, his wife would feel as if a rope was tightening around her heart which could only be released when he came in through the door with a great smile on his face each time, until, eventually, he was allowed to take the controls for himself.

This time, he had convinced his wife to come with him to the airfield. The first time he would be up there alone felt like a great achievement, he was finally good enough to fly.

On the ground, she watched as an old man started his plane with a loud crashing of gears.

His take off was rough and loud but once he was up there she saw that he must have had a talent. From a distance the plane was a shadow on a cloudless sky, dancing across the horizon, falling and flying flawlessly. Her worries had been settled.

Unlike before, the landing was textbook. With his skill, he had removed any worry created by his wife. He strolled over with a well-earned, overconfident swagger.

'That was spectacular, well worth the money. But... would I be allowed to come with you next time?' She asked.

'Of course you can, it would be wonderful. The views are great, you can see all through the valley and over the hills. The houses are like play sets'

The hangar doors were opened slowly, the grey light illuminated the peeling dark green paint covering the nose. The sky was cloudy and a storm was moving in. This didn't distract him, though, he felt confident enough to take on the worst the weather could throw at him.

'As soon as we get the chance, we wheel the plane to the end of the runway. Then we take off and get above the cloud layer'

Strapped in, ready for take-off. Again, it wasn't brilliant but he put that down to the weather or the pressure of his first passenger.

Above the clouds now they were looking out on an outstretched floor of soft, white felt.
Trailing behind them their shadow was the only dark flaw on their perfect day.

All noise from ahead ceased.

'What's wrong?'

'The engine cut out, it won't restart'

The plane began to fall.

White Light by Isabella Manning (17001944)

I'm not sure how long I had been asleep but when I woke, my surroundings signified that it had been a while. I think I was laying amongst rubble and dust – my vision was blurry which made it hard to see. As I struggled to get myself up, I tried but I couldn't remember anything. I knew who I was, I was Lauren, but I didn't know much else. As my vision began to improve, I stared down at my hands; they looked odd – paler than usual and they were burdened with an inordinate amount of scratches. I looked down at the rest of my body, I was dressed in a white gown, it was an unusually fancy piece of attire. My feet were bare, and the entirety of my arms and legs were decorated with purple bruises. Why? Questions flooded my mind: I was utterly confused. I began to search the room, it seemed as though I was alone. The room had a very high ceiling and an expensive-looking chandelier; the rest of the room was bare and was stripped of any carpet or wallpaper. Walking across to the room's exit, I began to hear a noise – I couldn't properly describe it, it was weird. I decided to follow it. I was promptly faced with an eerie corridor where scatters of blue-coloured liquid were arranged in puddles on the floor. This was strange, I went to take a closer look and as I did, the noise became louder. My ears began to focus on it: it was chanting. An overwhelming feeling of anxiety engulfed my weak, fragile body. Who was chanting and why? Maybe it would explain why I was here: I hoped. My feet were sore and with each step, they worsened; this intensified everything I was feeling – I was in agony. "She will save us. We will be saved." Who was she? What were they being saved from? I scoped the entrance of the room that the chants cascaded from. It looked safe to enter but I was afraid, afraid of the people inside. I edged closer to the doorway and as I stood my right foot down, the floorboard creaked. Oh no, they had heard me. Two figures dressed in all white swiftly emerged and grabbed me. As I entered the room, I was immediately encountered with shock. A group of people were stood in a circle and amongst them were bodies... Bodies dressed in the familiar white gown. Bodies covered in bruises and cuts. Bodies that were absent of any trace of life. I was to become one of them, yet I wasn't ready. I was sure that these were my final moments, but I was wrong. When you are met with that white light, it is not the end, it is never the end.

Over the Top by Andrew Philps (16002319)

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Sounds the thunder of the guns as they raise fire and brimstone amongst the ground of Hell where the Earth once stood.

There they stood, not one hundred yards apart from their goal, the cattle ready for the slaughter that the Germans farmer's machine guns would bring to them so to serve them to the platter of the tainted ground for consumption by the swamp like mud.

Briggs, like the rest, knew about this likely fate. They'd all heard the stories from the survivors of these attacks, and the horror that was told terrified them all to their cores.

Briggs stood their quivering with his platoon before the ominous wall of the trench that had been his home for the whole of five months since he arrived at Satan's doorstep. He hadn't seen proper action, just the occasional skirmish, but it was not nothing like the posters back home had made it out to be.

The mutilations he'd seen since arriving had churned his stomach, more so than the food. Arms and legs blown off, chests ripped open, all types of horror that Satan could spew from the depths of hell at them he'd seen.

As he waited with his helpless herd for the death song of the angels he wondered if he could just injure himself and be one the wounded and be sent back to the heaven of his girl. Maybe that could work. Maybe, all he'd need to do is...

'Fix bayonets!!' the voice ordered disrupting Briggs from his thoughts.

Oh no, he thought to himself as he obediently attached his bayonet to his rifle, *its time*, he panicked.

'Men!' the voice yelled again as the owner walked down the lines. 'When that whistle sounds you will go over the top and advance towards the enemy trench!'

'No' Briggs whispered to himself

'You will take the Jerrie trench no matter the cost!' the Commander ordered 'If anyone so much as makes an inkling of running back here you will be shot! If you refuse to attack you will be shot! If you attempt to desert you will be shot! Am I clear men!?' he shouted.

'Sir Yes sir!' the men replied as Briggs came to realise that this was likely his last day on this Earth.

Then it came. The death song of the whistle, and the herd of cattle charged over the top into the fire of the German machine guns.

As he charged across the swamp of death, Briggs watched as his family at hell were cut down one by one and mentally kicked himself for not listening to his girl and remaining at home.

He charged on through the bullets bayonet readied with the rest of his herd getting closer and closer to the goal. *I'm going to do it* he thought to himself. *I'm going to make it.*

Then the servants of Thanatos whirled on him. Brigg's eyes widened as they spewed fire towards him.

A Sense of Normality (inspired by a true story) by Lauren Hunter (17002235)

One more monotonous morning: wake, hair, breakfast in bed – bacon and egg and brush teeth.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight steps downstairs. As I reached the bottom, my mother would regularly place her hand on my shoulder, it was warm; the grip was tight. Her soft honeyed voice producing a pleasing description of the weather. To me, it always looked the same. However, this did not occur today, instead, footsteps drew closer to my front; she faced me and in a brittle voice questioned, 'Are you ready?'. Her familiarity was something I savoured; this unanticipated behaviour had unsettled me. I nod. Holding my hand through the tightly space corridor I was lead to the front door, as patronising as this seemed (being 18), it helped comforted me.

Steadily, I walked over the disruptive cobbled path with the knowledge that the previous night's low-level temperatures may have left some sneaky slippery patches waiting to catch me off guard, but I knew the way: *large stride, small stride, large stride*. Placing my hand in front, I felt the cold sting of metal. I slid into the back seat. Creating some distance between my mother and me was preferable, she did not mention the unusual seating arrangement. Luckily, the gradual increase of Billie Holiday's "*I'll be seeing you*", a favourite of my mother's (and of mine), allowed the tension to dissipate. It remained with me until our arrival.

Around me now were many people, buzzing about, busy with their own realities. The increasing scent of antiseptic swarmed my mind as I realised mine. Eventually, the door stood before me and a familiar voice beckoned, 'come in'. Moments later the man began to explain, 'We've been discussing the Argus II for a long time, Ray'. I nod. 'But this is the final confirmation required for the bionic eye implant. We will then proceed as intended.'. Standing up, I offer a hand; he took it, providing a firm shake as I agreed.

This was it. An unfathomable surgical procedure holding unknown risks with a chance to alter my life and, if this was successful, other people's lives too.

Hours later, I found myself awakened by that strong smell of antiseptic. Still in darkness, I could not bring myself to open my eyes. I needed something to urge me to do it, a countdown, how mundane: *eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one*. It took a while to adjust, but when I sat up I could... see? Before me was a middle-aged woman, bright coloured clothing contrasted her pale complexion. Though I had not seen her for 15years, I knew who she was. 'Ray?'. That familiar honeyed voice confirmed it. I gazed into her eyes and became absorbed by them, 'What colour is that?'. A whimpered chuckle accompanied her reply 'Green, like yours'. She passed me a mirror. Green. It was indescribably magnificent.

In-Between by Rajpreet Kaur Rehill (16000487)

Everyone seems to think that it's so simple; that it's plainly black and white, but there is an inner-circle, the grey line in-between.

Sometimes the line is thick and at others, the line is thin, but in the world of heroes and villains, the grey line in-between . . . is deathly narrow. Some might say this line are the civilians, the innocent, not so innocent, bystanders. Others say it's people who are a part of the police, health-care, firemen. However, only a select few understand that it is neither. There are those of us who are viewed as both heroes and villains in the eyes of society. We are the grey line. We are the in-between. We are vigilantes.

I can guess what you're thinking. "We think the law doesn't apply to us. We go around murdering people using justice as an excuse."

No.

That's wrong.

Vigilantes are people who work outside of the law to help people. We don't kill unless we *have* to. Those who help people, but aren't afraid to kill are known as anti-heroes.

The law does apply to us, of course it does. We go around it because there's no way we can be a hero within the law.

Would you break the law to get what you want?

I would.

In fact, I did.

You see, I'm your average powerless teen . . . or rather less than average teen. I'm a weakling. Useless. A lost cause. Not a hero.

I'm always told that without some sort of supernatural ability, I won't be of any use to anyone. But on the day I almost ended my own life, I met my soon to be mentor, teacher and friend.

It's unknown to see a boy or girl my age without some form of supernatural power. I was the first child after one hundred years or so to be born with no trace of power. When this was discovered, it was the biggest thing in the media for a good number of years. I was the only completely powerless person in the world. The only person who didn't stand a chance at becoming a hero.

Even then, even when I was hurt, burnt and strangled, I never gave up on my dream; until my favourite hero told me that it was impossible for me, which was possible to every other person on this damn planet, to become a hero. My willpower to prove people wrong: to fight, to *live*, just left me. I didn't realise it then, but in that moment I had been plunged into a void of emptiness, darkness and pure loneliness like and I have never known before.

What makes it worse? That the void was created by the word of a *hero*.

Melissa by Jael Lutandila (16002384)

I loved him, and thought I could handle his anger, his ways of doing things and the fact that he cheated on me even though he didn't say it to my face until....

I really thought I could handle it!

Today, dear diary I am telling you my story, the sufferings that I have been through my life and the moments in which I desperately hoped to die with my baby.

Why did he choose her instead of his wife?

I have never told anyone my story because I was too scared to be hurt again. But today, dear diary I want to tell you what happened on that day that changed my life forever. Why do I want to do it? Well I don't, I just have to, because in few minutes my heart is going stop beating and I want my only daughter to finally know the truth about her father.

13 September 2000, our anniversary, for the first time I learnt how to make lasagne, his favourite. Melissa was already asleep so I took advantage of that to put on some relaxing, romantic music.

I remember watching the clock constantly, waiting for six o'clock. Finally he arrived at half seven. I remember looking at him angrily but all he said was "Sorry I'm late, I had a busy day, what's for dinner?"

I felt my tears and the anger inside me was burning my body like a fire. As a wife I never asked him for anything; as I wife I had renounced work for him; I would clean, cook do everything for him.

We argued until night. He slapped me and shouted at me as if I was guilty of something. He blamed me for his drinking problems and his unhappiness.

But the worst thing he said was, "It's your fault I am with another women".

The next thing that I remember was crying on the kitchen floor and being thrown out of my house with my baby.

I couldn't believe it. But I couldn't fight him because I still loved him. I kept asking myself what changed the harmony that we had. I apologised to him hoping, it would change something.

It didn't.

"Pack up your things and go, I am tired of you and your baby!"

"If you want me to go, I'll go but please take care of our baby". Inside me I was sure that he would say yes, but when he replied no... my heart stopped.

I finally stopped hoping that he would try to find me and beg me to come back. On that the day everything changed, it was a start of a new life with you, Melissa.

Shortly, my girl will walk to my room and understand that her mum is going to a better place but she will know that in twenty years of her life I loved her more than myself. I will love and support her even when I am gone.

Dangerous Deception by Maria Majeed (16002317)

I still remember that sidereal morning when she collided into me, holding a bouquet of vibrant sun sprite roses as if she knew they were my cherished flowers. I quickly bent down and steadily held the sun sprites in my arms; perhaps I was looking for their inventiveness as I do at my house every morning. I closed my eyes firmly and sniffed the roses, suspense washed over me as if parched sun sprites were drenched to fetch their bloom back.

“Can I get my suns sprite roses back please?” she said.

In haste, I hurled the roses back to her along with a, “Sorry,” glancing into her almond hazel eyes with shining curled hair leaning against her shoulder. I asked her name:

“Marina,” smiled and walked past me. A Few days later, I ran into Marina again and stood shocked as I found out that she worked as a sketch artist down the street.

We met several times at the nearest café.

One day, while talking to her for hours in the fracturing heat of the sunset, we confronted our feelings for each other. We were as happy as a perfect couple but somewhere there was a guilt inside; I wiped away the sweat on my top lip, forcing myself to build up the courage to tell Marina about my business.

“Is there something you want to tell me Baris, something bothering you?”

Her nervous voice shook my body, I had never told her about my business, as I was frightened of losing her.

One night, while discussing my next deal over my phone, I heard someone rushing down the corridor. I left my discussion, driven to the French doors...

“No! you deceived me, you cheater! I loved you!”

My eyes went watery, my throat was itchy and my heart was pounding as fast as she was running away from me. I banged into frightened Marina. Her constantly shaking body, blurry speech and terrified, watery eyes made me cry. I revealed to her that I was a gangster, son of the second largest gangster in Bulgaria. I disclosed my past to gain her trust.

“Let me go Baris, if we are meant to be together then we will meet again...”

Sunday, 28 October (my birthday), I opened my eyes with everything heavily, poking my eyes. I heard a smooth rhythm of whistling. As soon as I removed the cosy blanket, delight washed over me. As she appeared, she said:

“Happy birthday! I made the decision to be together as I have felt my heart breaking every day without you.”

The next day I was going for my biggest deal, worth billions! The day came, while driving my car; it was chased and rolled over, leaving me trapped inside. I knew there was a lot of danger in this deal. Marina confronted me:

"Marina daughter of your rival gang's leader," she said, "it was all designed, now the deal will be OURS and the death will be YOURS!"

Auribus Teneo Lupum by Amber Turner (17002570)

I woke up in a puddle of sweat, panting as I tried my best to keep the previously digested food in my stomach.

Same nightmare for the past 10 years.

Which, technically, wasn't a nightmare. At some point in my life, it had been the present; the event taking place right in front of my eyes.

It was a cold, harsh, unforgiving winter night, when he seemed to appear from thin air. I was 15 years old; though I was young, my father had already passed every paranoid thought he had ever had in his 58 years of life to me. So, when I saw this man in his mid-twenties walking towards us with fierce and calculating eyes, I imagined the worst.

And then the worst happened.

The moment I saw the gun, it was too late. Three shots were fired and found their bullseye: one in my mother's chest, one in my father's leg and the last in between his eyes. Everything that had happened felt calculated, as if it had happened a thousand times before. Throughout the chaos, I had looked at my parents' killer: his chiselled cheekbones looked as if they were sculpted by the gods, his narrow, icy, blue eyes appeared to be studying my every move – every breath I took. "This is it," I thought. "This is how I'm going to die."

But he had smiled. A sly and cunning smile, that made him look like a fox. Or a cat, playing with his food.

"You're not going to believe this." He took a step closer, his breath caressing my face, that smirk still on his face as if it had become a part of it. "But I'm a time traveller, Jonathan."

And then I always wake up, not being able to bring myself to accept the fact that my parents had been killed by a lunatic, that somehow had guessed my full name. Nobody called me Jonathan – only John.

"Rise and shine, tiger." My flatmate burst in my room with a playful smile on his face. "We don't want to be late for work now, do we?" And with that, he opened the blinds, blinding me in the process.

As I tried to cover my eyes from the piercing light, he simply sighed. "Come on Jonathan, get up."

I flinched.

I looked at him, my best friend since childhood, and felt sick. His keen eyes, following my every move, just like 15 years ago.

He smirked, and cocked his head with such scheming precision, I realised there was no way I could get out of here without triggering the animal within him.

“What – did you have a bad dream?” He taunted mockingly, his eyes now pools of ice.

My head was going to explode. Could it have happened? No.

No, no, no. Not possible.

“Let’s have a chat, shall we?” were the last words I heard, before I was surrounded by darkness.

Miami Blue by Robbie Dickens (17000747)

As dusk turns to dawn, and seasons change, the love that one feels can never be replaced. Sometimes it's a struggle to get out of bed, to arise from your slumber like the vampire you are. Hey, we all do it! We all press that snooze button, "Just five more minutes" we say before we doze off back to sleep. Look, sometimes I put my shoes on the wrong feet just for fun. To get a kick out of life, before it gets a kick out of me. Trust me, life will take it's kicks and throw it's punches but its how we get back up that really matters. Quoting Sting here "Love can mend your life, but love can break your heart" and that's exactly what it did. I fell in love with a girl. A very beautiful girl. A girl that had long brown wavy hair, the type that constantly smelt like a tropical forest that you've never heard of. Pale blue eyes that rivalled those Miami Blue butterflies that you only see in expensive Hollywood films. Supple lips that you wanted to caress with your own and if you ever let go off them, for some bizarre reason you grew weak.

Love is all the things that you fear made into a cocktail and are forced to drink. Its something that drives you insane, insane in a way that every waking moment your thoughts consist of either how infatuated you are with every single detail of them, or how your world would capsizе without them... We had a hankering for each other, an appetite, a lust. We laughed together, laid together and most importantly we cried together. What good is a person that you can't cry in front of? For a short time, we were happy, she was pregnant, we had a daughter. But as they say, "All good things must come to an end", and for us it came too soon. She passed within the week, how can such an exquisite creature die such a heinous way?

You'll come to find darling, that when you find your soul mate you just can't bear to be without them, I hope that you understand this when you come of an age to interpret just how sea sick love can make you feel regardless of how dry the land you stand upon. Visit us one day. Bring tulips they were her favourite, we hope to see you in a good long time my sweet when you have travelled through the discordant ocean that is love, standing above us in body and below us in spirit. Rest well. Travel light. Find someone that you can watch the autumn leaves fall away from the trees with. Find someone that makes floating on a cloud feel more fact than fiction. But for now... goodbye.

Once upon a fairy-tale by Laura Bisland (16000475)

Now, I am going to tell you a story. Not short, not long and not even complex. Just a story.

Who am I? I hear you ask. Well... I guess you will just have to wait and see.

Once upon a time, there was you and I. I told you it was not complex!

A place set in time, thrown forward and back, the constant movement of the yo-yo. That childhood memory we all share and revel in. That memory shining strong, even now when we visit the toy store. You are probably asking what yo-yo's and things that shine have in common. I will tell you...people!

The influential ordinary, the irrecoverable indispensable forgotten, those disregarded champions. Their touch to the earth and then change. Those heroes... shimmering stars of society.

Yet, forgotten. Meaningless.

Why you ask? Change... the devil's advocate. That nasty benefit. Us humans.

One person at a time, admired, admired, forgotten.

Perhaps the moral is to appreciate whom we can. Our neglected heroes of society, the unsung melody, the unfinished word. Without it...

Nothing. Empty. Gone.

As you may have guessed, my aim is to tell you of their magnificent ordinariness.

I am the narrator.