

## **Creative Writing**

### **By Charlotte Cheung 10Y**

It was a couple of days before my birthday; I was eating that gorgeous chocolate looking cake. Mmm... it was so nice and scrumptious. As I finished my large slice of cake, I quickly ran into the garden, where the adventure began and ended. I pulled and tugged leaves off the trees - I stored all these leaves and pretty flowers on the oak tree bench. These were now my ingredients for my special potion

The sun was setting now; I rapidly picked up the blue, sandy bucket and filled it with the cold-as-ice water. It was getting pretty late now, carrying the bucket with care I managed to reach the bench without making a lot of mess. As quick as I could I threw my ingredients into the bucket, I gave it a special fairy mix with my long wooden wand. There it was! My finished product was finished. I knew my daddy was going to throw this "rubbish" away as he called it. So I hid the mixture in my special place under the tree.

Suddenly, someone calling my name unfamiliar was calling my name. I dashed from the direction of the voice. I was struggling to get to that voice. The voice travelled further and further away, I chased after with all my might, I just couldn't reach it. I gave up in the end and walked very slowly to the grand house. I pushed the door and collapsed onto the sofa.

After I sat curled in a ball on the sofa, I started to hyperventilate. I couldn't breathe. I was panicking. I screamed. Out of the blue a rush of people gathered round me. I felt important but I could taste the fear in my tears. I gasped for air.

The next thing I knew I was in a strange, clean environment. I was connected up to all of these cables - I was confused. Why was I linked to all of these machines? The sound of the beeping noise made me fall into deep slumber it also woke me up. It was very dark and the air was eerie. I lifted up my hand, there it was the one source of light. It was coming from MY finger. What was this light?

Now I am 14 years old and I still don't have an idea about what the light was.