

Creative story

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As she bundled all of her belongings as quickly as she could into her new, fluorescent, pink rucksack, her mum came and sat her down on the bed, and said tediously, "You are going away for the summer as you know and you are not to take your mobile phone with you." After giving her the "pep" talk, her mum walked out the room without looking back.

After this, she thought to herself, "Why was I excited about this in the first place?" For the rest of the day she sat in her room staring at four blank walls.

At precisely four 'o' clock, her parents and big brother entered the room, slamming the door behind them. When she saw her big brother, she was very excited and rapidly jumped up to give him a big hug, but he simply pushed her away. The feeling that he would help her didn't stay as long as she wanted because her brother hurled her new mobile – which she had saved exceptionally hard for – across the room. She was left distraught and confused.

Suddenly, her father and brother grabbed her by the arms and carried the screaming, wailing girl down the stairs. They quickly shoved her in the back of the car, locking the door behind them. Shortly, they came and flung her rucksack in car and drove away from something she once called "home".

Travelling along the country roads made the girl feel uneasy and tearful. As daylight became darkness, a strong storm was beginning to start. The black, rain clouds were rolling towards the girl and she began to cry. The storm was well on the way now and condensation was forming on the window. The girl could barely see what was happening outside. She could only make out a hill with a large forest of trees and one single isolated tree on the outskirts. The girl thought to herself, imagining that it looked like her. She could feel the tears running down the side of her face and could taste the salt in her fear. She swiftly wiped the cold-as-ice window with her brand new, soft sleeve.

All of a sudden, there was a short, sharp jolt which sent the poor girl flying. She looked out the window to find a big, dark, dense forest facing her with its moss green leaves looming over her. As the door was flung open, she forced out of the car by the man she once called "father". She stood helplessly facing the big, dark, dense forest and her brother simply dropped her rucksack off. Next, they were speeding away without saying "Good-bye". She could hear the storm brewing; she needed a place to shelter for the night. As she inched her way through the forest, she faltered. She thought the trees were blocking her path as if they were using their arms and legs to stop her entering their territory. She crawled, climbed, jumped over small shrubs and decaying trees to find a small cottage that looked a lot like the one from the fairytale "Sleeping Beauty".