

Storm by Alice (Year 10)

Icy gusts of wind encircle me, lifting me up to the raging sky above; the flashes of light illuminate my rain-whipped face. I feel free. The dark thrashing water in front of me stretches out all around, crashing into the mountains enclosing it, it rises like a mighty beast and attacks the mountains, trying to escape, but it can't reach me.

Looking down, the sea appears so powerless. Each wave looms up persistently but is shattered into millions of ice-cold droplets, which shoot out in every direction. They can't reach me. I look up, large droplets of rain running down my face; the ominous grey clouds hover above, overlooking the great battle. Dark figures guard the horizon, like great warriors with their enemy captured, mocking them with their unmatched strength. The invisible wind howls around me, creating an eerie duet with the gushing sea, occasionally interrupted by violent cymbals.

Streaks of incandescent white tear the concealing blanket of darkness apart. Persistent jagged bolts protrude, filling the sky with undying flashes of radiance.

The captivating sea grows taller, more powerful with each charge. Hostile gusts of wind straggle me like a bitter snake, throwing me around like a powerless puppet. Deep, terrifying laughs boom down from above the looming clouds, amused at my powerlessness. The droplets no longer roll down my face, instead they pierce my skin, bullets firing incessantly from a machine gun. Over the deep menacing water, long, dagger-like projections stalk me, coming ever closer. Only metres away. They can get me. The sharp claws swipe across the sky and smash into the ground around me, uprooting thick trees effortlessly, creating a great scar across the earth.

Trapped. I am powerless.