

Storm on the horizon Harvey (Year 10)

I saw this coming. It was inevitable.

Creeping over the horizon, the storm cloud grew, expanded furiously, consuming the sky, darkening the landscape. The once calm lake, now shaking with anticipation, trembling viciously.

The clouds crawling across the sky, reflected in the rippling water, slinking over the dark mountains. It was futile trying to defend myself against an enemy of such intensity.

I am defenceless now, nowhere to run, and nowhere to go. Lightning tentacles reaching out, whipping the air, wrapping around my leg, tripping me. The mountains now trapping me in, betraying me. Impossible to climb, ruled by the skies, the thunder and lightning, the gods.

I am alone in this battle, no one can help me fight this. Running away, repressing this brought me here, doing that again would only make it stronger. The clouds are swirling now, surrounding me. The atmosphere is blue and the rain is my tears.

I look into the clouds and see my memories, feelings, everything. I tried to conceal a cloud in a bottle until I turned ferocious and broke the glass. The thundercloud is my emotions, the ones I wish I didn't have.

I crawl into a ball and wish for the sun. Take away the hurricane of feelings.

I'm standing in the shrinking eye of the storm now. I cannot escape. The clouds shift from grey to crimson, wind whistling, echoing screams in my ears, rage fuelled shrieks shake me to my core.

This is part of me, so I reach out to gasp it in my trembling hand. The storm slows and turns white with shock. I cannot ignore that I am my emotions. I dance in the clouds now, soft as cotton.

Calm again.