Flash Fiction Competition 2016

Image 2 children’s entries
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The Girl and The Well

It all happened in a small village called Skye. A girl was playing in a field. Her name was Isla. Every day she went to the well. Every day until a fort was built. One day she was passing the fort and saw a ladder. She had an idea. She ran home as fast as she could and when she got home she flung the food onto the table and ran out to the stables. When she got into the stables her blue roan horse came to greet her. He whinnied softly when she came in. She ran into the tack room. She grabbed the tack. She then breathed in the smell of horse. She went into the horse’s stable. She placed the saddle on his back. In blue letters was the name Blue. She led him out to the grass. His coat gleamed like a thousand stars in the sun. When she mounted, she felt a shiver of excitement rising up her spine. She set off to see her best friend forever: Cassie.

They had been best friends as long as she could remember. They were the same age and were crazy about animals. When Isla got there, she told Cassie about the ladder and how they could get in to get water for their families. Isla said to tell no one about what they were going to do because it was wrong to steal but Isla said, “we aren’t stealing. They stole the well from us so we are getting it back for the village.” Late that night they galloped out of the farm and tied the ponies half a mile away from the fort so they wouldn’t steal the horses. They ran to the ladder and got into the fort. As soon as they got into the fort they went to the well and filled up their buckets with water. They heard yells and footsteps on the gravel running down to the well. They had given up hope. They would be caught. Then Isla saw a gap they could just get through. She grabbed Cassie by the hand and took her to the gap. The girls sat there for a minute, not daring to breathe at all, but after a while the danger was over. They ran back to the horses and got on them, as fast as a rabbit trying to get away from a fox that was hungry and had not eaten for a whole week and would gobble down anything it could get its paws on. She got home at two o’clock in the morning. She said she had done something she would be hung for so she had to be a free girl who would roam the Highlands forever with her horse and friend. She would be well known in history and more as the Girl and the Well. She roamed the Highlands for sixty-nine years and she passed away on the fourth of May.
Stone walls towering over fair hair and awake eyes, slim figure ducked behind a well. Her heavy skirt reaches to the ground and she holds it up, cursing the wet, filthy ground. She's aware, constantly aware of the soft songs of whispering leaves, the thud of footsteps, the muffled voice of her neighbour. Cold air freezes the tips of her ears and forcefully dries her eyes only for them to fill up with more tears. Domineering black sheep loom over the network of majestic trees, chasing one another over seas while hiding wishful summer skies. Her head moves slowly, elegantly from the heavens to the rough stone to her left. For a short minute she scans her surroundings with a sharp stare, clammy hands clutching the rough fabric of her wet skirt. She knows she shouldn't be as scared as she is when there is little to nothing to fear, but she still feels her hear race and her breaths quicken. When the soft crunch of fallen leaves under foot resonate in the air she turns her head with a jolt. Mischievous, but apologetic grin on his face, he presses down on the shutter and there's a flash just seconds before she jumps up, eyes wide in an expression of shocked fear that quickly fades into a relieved but faint smile. He's upset because she's afraid, but she was always scared, no matter the weather. He smiles over the woman he loves so dearly, already knowing that the camera will never see the things he has the ability to see in this very moment. The clouds grumble and begin to cry, shining droplets of water tumbling from their home in the heavens. And there was a flash, one that had her heart racing and made her remember everything, every drop of blood and every lifeless face. He grabs her icy hand and pulls her towards shelter, holding his camera close to his chest, under the safety of the coat. She follows numbly, watching as people rush by, while the gods snarl at the gathering of tiny mortals, of whom they could kill with a twitch of a finger, a laugh, a yawn. Even with imminent danger right in front of her she was not concerned with her frozen fingers; she feared more the attack of the ungodly, the sinner. As the raindrops beat down, sound similar to that of the steady drums in a marching band, he looks at her with an ache in his chest; trying to convince himself that it was rain on her face, rather than tears. He moves to stand but she cries out and pulls him back, pleading for him not to venture into the electric field just yet. He should have known; there was not a doubt that she would be neurotic, of course she wouldn't approve. Directing a warm smile of comfort her way, he steps out onto the muddy grass. But when he stepped out, there was a flash.
Into Darkness

As Clara looks up she stares at one point in particular. “It’s nothing, I’m sure…but flowers shouldn’t look like that. As she stumbled out of her daze she felt hands on her shoulders and then she fell into the bumpy stone well.

As she fell it felt like her life flashed before her eyes. A child no older than six running away, panting, crying and begging not to be sold. The shining steam train. Stepping into her new life as a maid. Next a girl around age ten, being pushed into the cellar by the older girls, being so afraid. She huddles in the middle of the dark and using what little slip of light there was to escape. Next running away through the orchard and clambering over the gate. Now a young woman being told how to think and what to do. Men all trying to talk to her. Then the moment she saw them, the girls, the girls who she played with as children … “no….it can’t be!” she exclaimed as she realised they were the wives of the ones she served. Finally running outside into the grey and brown courtyard and for some reason crouching down beside the well…

Why was she crouching down beside the well? As she was falling her mind was buzzing but she kept going back to this moment. Why was she hiding? What had she seen? What was it? Was it one of the stable boys? “No it was your master, your married master kissing Charlotte the maid.” Said a cold harsh voice taking over her mind.

As she rushed towards what seemed to be the bottom she pieced her strange story together. As you saw those now mistresses you rushed out past the grey, gloomy orchard looking as if it was feeling miserable for you. Through the rickety, old gate. Then into the grey and brown courtyard. She must of caught them kissing and ducked down beside the well and when she saw the flowers she must of said what she thought. Then they must of pushed her into the dark, stone well she used every day. The well was messy looking like the builders hadn’t had time to make it properly. She had noticed all these things in the long hours she spent using it. “Wait, what about the flowers,” her mind racing back into her current state of mind. But she had no time to think because she plunged into darkness…
The Iron Story

The Netherlands May 14th 1940. The Netherlands have been defeated. The 9th Panzer division has been sent in to occupy the country.

Sasha was a tall, blue eyed and blond haired man. He was from Austria and was in the 9th Panzer division. His unit was stationed in a small village outside Amsterdam.

“C’mon Sasha, let’s get a drink” said his friend Ivan. They sprinted along the road but something caught Sasha’s eye. He stopped and looked at the cobbled road. On the right of him there was a girl. But just as and he was about to say something, Ivan tugged on Sasha’s shirt and he continued along the road.

They both went into a bar and bought a beer each.

“What’s wrong?” asked Ivan “You look like you’ve seen a ghost?”

“It’s nothing…” Sasha walked to a table in the far corner of the bar. He finished his beer and went outside.

“Do you want a fag?” Ivan handed out a cigarette and a match.

“Thanks Ivan”. They stood in silence for a minute, smoking away until Ivan asked.

“Why did you stop on the road today?”

“I saw something… well not something, someone” said Sasha.

“Come on, let’s go find that someone.”

They ran back down the road. They found their way to the cobbles until the same girl Sasha had spotted stopped speaking. They all went silent and started staring at the German soldiers. They all walked off except that one girl. Sasha wanted to say something but he couldn’t speak a word of Dutch.

“Hello, my name is Ava” she said quietly in German.

“My name is Sasha” He walked over to the girl and pointed at her pail of water asking if he could carry it for her. She nodded and kissed him on the cheek.

“I’ll see you at the bar!” shouted Ivan as they walked away.

July 14th 1941

Sasha kissed a crying Ava on the cheek and shouted “I will come back, I promise!” but even he didn’t know that. He was on the road to Russia and he didn’t know if he would come back.
Kursk 1943

“Forward!” shouted Ivan, firing his submachine gun at a group of Russians. Sasha lay on the ground with his machine gun. He could hear the squeal of tank tracks, the rattle of gun fire and the whistle of shells. He was thinking of Ava, of home. He fired a burst of bullets then he was shot in the head. While he lay dying on the muddy ground, he took out a picture of Ava and held it to his chest. Ivan ran over to Sasha and said “you’re going to make it, don’t worry.” Sasha held out the picture. “Just make sure this gets to her” and with his last breath of life, handed him the picture. Ivan went back to the Netherlands and gave Ava the picture. “He wanted you to have this” he said as he hugged her.
My Choice

I am Felicity I love taking a walk in the woods when I have time. I work at the bread mill at Pear Tree Farm just outside of White Hill village. I work a lot of hours and get tired. I try to go to the woods for a walk after church on Sundays if the weather is bright and sunny.

I enjoy nature, seeing the change of colours in the trees and the blooming of the flowers. I love the sound of birds singing their beautiful songs. My favourite place is the old well near the stream. I sit on the uneven stone bench looking at the view or reading. My mum taught me how to read and when I read her favourite book it feels she is right beside me.

I sat where I could see everything when I saw one of the slabs of stone fall out of the wall and there was something peculiar behind it. I got up and saw cloth slipping, it covered a parcel shape. I picked it up, it had a smell of damp water and fungus. I went back to the bench and sat down slowly. I looked at the cloth it was very old and well used and had a slight smell of herbs. I placed it on my lap and opened the cloth very carefully. I could see a book with drawings, symbols and written in language that I have not seen.

When I opened the front page there was letter which I could understand and it said “If you find this I have been burned at the stake and sent to the hells of fire. It won’t matter now but I was innocent, I would never hurt any living being. I am Alice I have been brought up with nature when I was little. I was brought up by my mum and grandmother who made their living from selling herbs, making potions to bring down fevers, purging sickness, healing wounds and giving people protection from evils.

Here within lies my family’s secrets and protection on good and evil. It will tell you what herbs are best used together and plants which you should never use. We celebrate each season by night to bring in the new dawn. I know people were frightened of us but they came to us for help. There was illness in the village a mother came to me to heal her baby. She was impatient and took an unfinished potion I tried to stop her but later that day the baby died. She accused me of being a witch and we were forced from our home and we are in hiding. This well has served my family for a long time and I hope it will look after my secrets. If you find the book please do not lose the old ways and protect our secrets.”

I have a choice I can leave this in the past or start a new life as healer.
The Windy Night

Crash!
The wind whirled about but only for a second. Last night the lightning brought down a tree a huge
tree over the house or that’s what I was told by a mysterious man who knocked on the door this
morning at exactly 7:15. The thing is I saw a black figure much like his in the woods round the back
yesterday that seemed as if they were floating. Never mind about that though it’s probably just
my imagination. We have nearly finished three quarters of the house. I have just finished digging
the foundations for the next bit of flooring.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.
“Hello it’s the police”.
“Ok are you looking for someone”?
“No, well yes we’re just here to inform you about this man in the photo who has carried out a
series of robberies”.
“Ok, I’ll keep an eye out for him, bye”.
I’ll go have a look at that tree now. It looks rather old and has the letters S1, F1 and ET. Many of
the branches are missing and there is a series of strange markings. Oh well, I’m off to bed now.
“Aaaggg, there is a man the man from the photo the police showed me, the figure from the
woods. He’s at the well please don’t go in. No, he jumped.” Aha this is it “he shouted. Please say
he hasn’t found it. “It’s a beauty a masterpiece of a gem” He has, he has, he has what would
grand-mother say. he’d probably say you have lost our prize possession from my last steal. You a
robber yourself being robbed by a robber. Which would technically be a lie because I’m not a
robber I was always the good one of my five siblings. There is me I’m Melody, my older sister
Maria, my two younger brothers Kaleb and Jack and my younger sisters May and Rae. They are all
in prison and won’t be out for a very long time Right I am going to sneak into the house and call
the police I’m inside 999. “Hello, can I speak to the police please “
“Yes what’s the emergency”.
“I’m being robbed”
“OK what’s the address?”
“22 cupcake Cottage, Glen Sweet”
“OK we’ll be there soon”
I hope they get here soon. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.
That must be them. “Hello he’s in the garden”. “Thankyou” There heading through the back door into the garden, Oh the robber just let out an awful shriek. Now they are dragging him out. “We should have guessed man it was Graham Bell.”

“The man the police warned me about?”

“Yes good day”

“Bye” Oh my that gave me an awful big fright. Right I’m off to bed.

This is Melody’s cousin Maisy I’m much like her the good one of the family. The night the police arrested Graham Bell he escaped and murdered Melody, he stabbed her eight times. Bye.
Lucy quickly ran towards the graveyard. Running out of breath, she squatted down behind a gravestone. Lucy was running from Guy, the grave watcher. Guy had been chasing Lucy for about an hour. He caught her down by the graveyard at midnight, which he thought was suspicious.

After a while of watching behind a gravestone Guy had given up and left. Lucy then got on with her job and took the body to the hospital and sold it to the doctor. She then heard voices and footsteps so she darted back home to the big house (where Lucy worked as a maid). At the big house Lucy went straight to bed.

It was then breakfast time when the doorbell rang. There standing at the door was Guy. “Why hello Ellis,” Guy said to Ellis, the girl that Lucy looks after in the big house. “Is your maid Lucy here today? I need to have a talk with her.” “Okay I’ll go find her,” Ellis said while she looked at Guy with her eyes squinted. Lucy came out and saw him, she was nervous and scared. Lucy spoke to him for a while... “Why were you at the graveyard exactly at midnight? “Guy questioned Lucy but she still wouldn’t say the real reason so she just said, “I was having a midnight stroll”. But of course Guy didn’t believe her because he was a rotten soul who didn’t need to interfere in other people’s business. He then walked down the hill into the sunrise.

The next night Lucy was digging up her next grave when she hit something hard, a bit like a rock. Lucy picked up the dusty box and wiped the dust off. Lucy took the box back to the big house where she asked her boss who worked in a pawn shop. He told Lucy it was worth £600 and that it was a jewellery box (it was ancient).

Back at home in her humble cottage... “Mum, Dad! Guess what I have!” Lucy yelled upstairs to her parents. They rushed down the stairs after hearing their young daughter, thinking she was injured. “MONEY! I HAVE MONEY!”

“Oh Lucy my dear where on earth did you get all this money from?” Of course Lucy couldn’t tell them the real reason because they would probably call the police and she would be put in jail. “I found a cat stuck in a tree so I saved it.” Lucy made up the story as good as she could and they believed her.

The money was used to pay for a new house and mortgage. They also paid for Lucy’s education so she could get a good job, raise her own family and to have her own house. The money was great for the family and for Lucy...