

Writing competition

Dreaming with eyes open

Dream with your eyes open and write a short story about your wildest daydream.

I stared down onto the town, watching people walk past, and the occasional car. It was comfortable to be up in the clouds, far away from the hurt and mistreatment the playground from when the other children and I were at one, scuttling across the grass. But today, something was different. Strange. There were kids, around my age, scuttling around on the park below me.

They came here the day after, and today too. I noticed one thing about them. They were always smiling, laughing, having a chat with their friends. They seemed so happy, so carefree. If I came down, could I be like them too?

No, I can't do that. I'm supposed to be here, watching over them. I can't just waste Father Sky's last wish like that. He wanted to protect me. But it's lonely. Maybe I'll go down, just this once?

thump.