

Writing competition

Dreaming with eyes open

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

Woken

The leather bound book felt heavy as it sat in my pale hands revealing it's secrets. My long black silky hair fell infront of my eyes, and my short black skirt collected dust as it lay on the corridor floor. My eyes skimmed over the words desperately;

Dear Journal,

My beautiful daughter Mary was just born. Lori, my wife, is not in a very good state though. She's very ill and can't get out of bed. I'm worried she might pass I have to go off to war soon, I'm extremely scared, but I know I need to stay strong for both my wife and daughter.

"Elizabeth! ~~for~~ Come on, we're going to be late for history class." It was Cynthia George, my best friend. She firmly gripped my arm and hurled me up onto my feet. She pushed me towards the door of our history classroom, and then went back for my grandad's journal.

"Are you still reading this! sometimes I wonder why you do this to yourself," she muttered under her breath. I knew she

was just trying to protect me, so I forced my mouth shut of a reply.

History, my most dreaded subject. Ms Davies, the history teacher, is so mind numbingly boring. She just lists dates, after dates, after dates, but it's not just that, she seems to enjoy making children feel miserable by reminding them of dreadful memories from their past. I can relate. My Grandad died in 1940 in the battle between the Nazis and the British. Ever since I shared this information with her, she loves to taunt me with that stage of world war two. Luckily today, Ms Davies was ill and couldn't attend class. Cynthia shared me an incredibly pleased look.

Cynthia and I sprinted back to our dorm before dinner. I flopped heavily out onto my bed and pulled out the leather journal from my schoolbag. I struggled to flip it open, so I signalled her over to come and help. She snatched it out of my hands and forced it open making the pages rip. I watched as the pages flew gracefully down to the wooden floorboards. I bent down, half in tears, picked up one of the pages to see that it was ripped, and then muttered under my breath: "You monster. You broke it. You broke my Grandad's journal."

Dinner in the grand old hall of Mountain Ridge Boarding School wasn't the most delicious meal. It was a sloppy vegetable soup that was somehow hot and cold at the same time. Things weren't the same between Cynthia and I, as we stayed silent throughout the whole meal. I couldn't wait to get back to my dorm so I could bury my head in between two pillows and cry. As I was feeling sorry for myself, I could hear whispers

from across the table. It was Lilybeth Waters, one of the prefects.

"Well hello Elizabeth. Why don't you brighten up a bit, your dark colours are spreading bad vibes across to this side of the table," She spat as she walked towards me with her bowl of sludge.

"Here, I'll help you..." She whispered into my ear while tipping the soup onto my skirt, that sooned dripped onto the floor.

"Oops... I... I slipped, It's not my fault," She explained to all the teachers that gave her strange stares. I could tell that Cynthia felt sorry for me, yet she didn't do anything to stop it.

The next morning, after we came back from breakfast, I brushed my hair so fast that you could see the knots dangling lifelessly from my scalp. Ms Davies was back today and History was my first class. I stared at Cynthia lying motionless in bed as if to wake her in time for history, but I figured that she deserved to be late after what she had done.

I walked the halls of Mountain Ridge with my head hanging low. It was scary not having Cynthia by my side. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a tall figure strutting towards me with not a single crease in their uniform. Oh no... It's Lilybeth, here we go again.

"What's wrong Jennings? Do you need help shopping for your clothes?" I felt my face heating up. Everybody loved to tease me because of my dark fashion choice, but they will never understand. As soon as my Grandfather went

off to war, my Grandma died, leaving my mother with no parents. She dressed in all black in honour of my Grandma, as she was known as the 'Blackbird'. I never met my mother as she died giving birth to me, so I've dressed in dark colours since. My father never understood that about me, so he shipped me off to this boarding school.

I was suprised to see that Cynthia's seat was empty and that she hadn't beaten me to the history classroom. I noticed that Ms Davies was writing dates up on the ~~the~~ blackboard with different coloured chalk. I walked over to my wooden chair, got both my pen and pencil out, and then opened my textbook to 1940's battle between the Nazis and the British, my Grandad's death.

I could feel my face heating up, creating a bonfire. Students started to stare at me awkwardly and whisper among themselves causing Ms Davies to turn around and stare me right in the eyes. Her pupils hit me like a tranquiliser, triggering me. The classroom around me seemed to fade away, leaving me in a blank space with no one. Suddenly, the walls fell around me, causing dirt to smack me in the face. As I rubbed the dust free from my eyes, I saw a silhouette that had to be him. No way. Edward Jennings, my Grandfather.

I sprinted towards him, clearing my tears on every step. A frown appeared on his paper-like face as I ran through his stiff body. He was dressed in a bottle green uniform, with a British slouch hat strapped to his chin. It scared me though, the fact that he was holding a SMLE rifle under his arm. I tried to get out, go back to the classroom, but there was no way back. 'Breath', I told myself. I took a deep breath.

I watched as my Grandfather sat in the trenches looking brave. After reading his journal so many times over, I started to realise how scared he actually was inside. I fought the urge to get him out of there. I felt my burning tears stream down my face and onto my mud consumed school shoes. Only then, it dawned on me... I was stuck in a daydream... no, a nightmare.

I turned my face to stare at my Grandad who was lunging, bobbing his head up and down from the trenches. Then I saw it... his leather bound journal! I sprinted towards it, and then picked it up in my blistered hands. I gently turned to the first page, as I knew it was fragile. I skimmed my eyes down the old parchment, but there was nothing. No clues on how to get out, not even the old diary entries that he used to write. I collapsed on the floor next to my Grandad. I thought that maybe if I fell asleep, I would wake up back at my desk in the history classroom. I made room on the muddy ground to lie down. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine being back in the classroom but no matter how hard I tried, I would be woken by the loud 'BANG!' of a machine gun, or the shouting of the soldiers. I turned to my Grandpa for help. "Grandad? What should I do? Help me!" His lips started to move but I couldn't hear any sound coming out. "Grandad! I can't hear you!" I shouted desperately. I read his lips as best I could, and seemed to make out the word 'Elizabeth'. "Yes... yes Elizabeth is my name..." I said in realisation. I put my ear up to his mouth to hear what he was saying. Suddenly, I felt a blast of sound shoot straight through my ear, but it wasn't Grandad's voice, it was... Cynthia!

"Elizabeth, wake up!"

I looked over at my Grandad with a grin but it soon turned to a

frown. His face was fading away and I was levitating. My eyelids were forced shut. I tried to open them, but they were like cement. Fortunately, I soon stopped spinning and my eyelids were released. I was woken.

