

Writing competition

Step into a symphony of stories!

Imagine a world where books burst open and amazing characters from every kind of story leap out!

Write a short story about a wonderful world filled with colourful characters. (Limit of 3 pages per entry.)

A Symphony Shared Between Stories

Stories aren't supposed to escape from books. Well, that's what I thought until this happened in the Great Library.

The school library I was sitting in was known as the Great Library. This library didn't hold dusty, old books that were left neglected on shelves, it held imaginative stories that people would be extremely intrigued to read about. Every shelf was like a new chapter to an adventure, and it would wait patiently for someone to open its pages.

One afternoon, I was reading one of the library's books, and as the afternoon sunlight struck the stained-glass window, a kaleidoscope of vivid colours appeared on the floor. But today, the colours weren't just sitting there, they were dancing. From the corner of my eye, a glistening ribbon of emerald green fell out of one of the fantasy novels on the shelf. As the tip of the strip touched the floor, a tiny sprout darted across the room, letting out a trail of delicate origami flowers, which bloomed quickly.

Suddenly, the air was filled with different scents. I could smell the fragrance coming from the flowers that bloomed, and a thick smell of the salty sea. Suddenly, a mini pirate with an eyepatch swung down from one of the bookmarks hanging on the bottom shelf. As he landed, his feet touched the field with flowers, and the emerald ribbon came back and wrapped around his leg. As it tightly wrapped around his leg, POOF! The sound echoed gleefully across the room, and when I looked at the field again, he was gone.



SYMPHONY OF
STORIES

I saw glitter forming together, and due to the fact that the little pirate and the elegant ribbon collided, it seemed as if it was creating a new character. Oranges, purples, yellows, reds. Sparkling clouds started to form and then merge into a shape. The creature in front of me was something I had never ever seen before with my eyes.

From its appearance, I could see that its shimmering wings had the colour palette of a sunset scheme, while its coat blended in with gradients of oranges and purples, with a warm pink and deep gold. Tiny flowers bloomed when its paws touched the ground, while small waves of the sparkling seawater, that you would see at the beach, drifted around the creature.

It reminded me of a thousand stories being united and stitched together to make one whole creation. When I saw its eyes, I stared with fascination. Its eyes were sparkling, looking like thousands of stars glistened. There was something unique about these eyes. It was like this creature had experienced countless explorations.

Then, it opened its mouth and whispered something. I barely felt its breath.

“I can’t hear you. Can you move closer, please?” I asked gently.

As the mini creature leaned in closer, I was able to smell something. It was like a warm honey scent. It seemed like it was coming from its sunset-coloured coat, and yes, the scent was coming from its coat. I thought that the smell was a bit too strong.

“The stories,” it whispered. “The stories are planning to unite with each other.”

I felt overwhelmed. My mind was filled with confusion, making me tilt my head slightly. But before I was even able to ask what it meant, another glistening ribbon slipped out of a nearby book. Instead of emerald green, this one was sapphire blue, shimmering like an ocean. It floated towards the creature, softly wrapping itself around the creature’s lustrous wings. Immediately, I saw tiny little seashells, meticulously patterned with detailed waves and zigzags.

I watched in amazement as more ribbons emerged from different books. A golden ribbon burst from a chapter book, while a silver ribbon drifted from a science fiction novel. They swirled around the room like graceful dancers, floating in the room with the quiet breeze. As they passed each other, faint

melodies filled the tranquillity. The sounds were different, yet somehow, they blended flawlessly.

“The Great Library is filled with endless stories,” the creature slowly explained. “Every story has its own idea, and when you combine all stories together, you can create something extremely elaborate and unique.”

The ribbons collided with glitter falling. A new character appeared before my eyes. It had butterfly wings made of starlight and it held a small compass. Around the library, more characters appeared. Some had adventures and fairy tales woven to them. Even though they were all different, they were still connected like instruments playing in a great orchestra, playing one elegant song.

As they played their harmonies and melodies, the music grew louder. It echoed across the room, between shelves and books. Because of this tune, the library felt alive. Well, even if it *was* alive, it felt more alive.

As quickly as it started, the bookmarks flew back to the books they were originally in. The melodies faded, and the magical characters started to fade away, sparkles being left behind. The characters had fully dissolved now, only glitter to be left behind. The creature gave me a gentle smile one last time.

“Remember,” it murmured. “The best books aren’t always alone. They’re connected with other books, hoping to create something great.”

Then in a flash, it disappeared, with only the honey scent being left behind.

The library became tranquil and quiet again. I looked around and because of what I have just experienced, the shelves didn’t seem ordinary anymore. Every book had a different voice and a different world waiting to be read and shared. Together, these books formed a symphony, far more magical than I could have ever imagined. What I had seen was truly wonderful indeed.