

SCARED

Joe – Year 6 Chilli

Silence. The light flickered and dimmed. Fright fell upon the class.

No-one was outside. The 25 students of the maths class knew something was wrong.

In a raspy voice, the teacher uttered "Escape," and his head lolled, his eyes closed.

Frightened whispers broke out between the children.

One stood up, "We have to go," he said, horrorstruck.

Slowly - yet hectically - they made their way into the lunch hall.

No sight of anyone.

A small group pulled at the door, nothing.

"We're trapped."

A flicker of hope appeared as the headteacher was seen further down the hallway. That flicker sizzled away as a boy named Theo noticed the teacher's strange walk and crazed eye. "No no no!" he

exclaimed, "We'd better leave!"

The headteacher broke into a run.

All now overtaken by fear, the class ran aimlessly away from the mad teacher.

A particular boy, Daniel his name, had run into the school's kitchen, and the smell of all horrible smells hit his sweating face. Looking across at the cook, to his misfortune, he found out what the source of it was.

He immediately shot out the room to join the rest of the kids in a year 2 classroom.

"What shall we do?" Daniel asked, his voice faltering.

"I've heard of this before" a nerd by the name of Jamie blurted.

All eyes turned to him.

"It's some sort of disturbance in a particular matter," he continued, "causing people to disappear or..." he paused, "or go crazy, to the edge of death. I thought it was a myth."

"How can we stop it?" someone asked.

"Well, the thing is..." Jamie trailed off, "you can't."

"WHAT!?" a large majority shouted.

"Well there is one way..." he whispered - not purposefully being ominous, "but no, that would never happen."

After a minute or so of silence, Jamie decided the owners of the eyes that were staring at him wanted something else to be said. "It's not you!" he exclaimed, exasperated, "it's just the chance of finding zen particles is literally 1 in 13!" He lowered his voice, afraid to continue, "the rest is death."

Yet again, silence smothered the children in an itchy blanket of worry.

Although not a minute later, it was broken by Daniel in a defiant voice, "We can try..." then he stopped in his tracks, "Oh no, that can't be good."

Then he fainted.

As the children followed the unconscious boy's gaze out of the large window, many mouths fell open and some fainted just as Daniel had.

A bizarre purple substance was outside, at about 2 meters high. CRACK!

The window, which was holding out the liquid broke. CRACK! SMASH!

The words "Zen particles!" were muffled by the rushing liquid.

Everything went blurry.

Death. Most people die of old age, some murdered or pass away from untold causes.

In this case, Daniel, Jamie, Theo and all the rest drowned.

Maybe some simply gave up on life. Who knows?

Maybe no-one ever will.