



JAIMIE BROWN
TITUS SALT SCHOOL

'The Bed'

In my dream, my mother's voice whispers from every direction. Something's beeping. Wires connected to my veins. Doctors and nurses walk backwards. My mother's tears follow one another into her eyes.

I wake up in a hotel room in a warm sticky liquid. My head drinks the blood back into me, leaving the floor immaculate. The air jerks me up like a marionette. It leads me to the creaky, ancient bed. I start jumping on it, laughing. My mother's shout trails out of my ear and she inhales it, 'Don't jump on the bed, it is very dangerous!'

**Overall Winner
of the First Story**
**100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION**

OVERALL RUNNER UP
OF THE FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

BATASONIC



LUCY COOK

ST MARY'S COLLEGE, HULL

'I am Batman'

My black cloak hasn't been washed in years.
I take down villains with my violent armpit smell.
I can't wait to get out there.
I am like chocolate spread waiting to be smeared
around the toast.

When I found out they were making a movie about me,
I thought I'd better wash my cloak.

Be more hygienic.

I found myself waiting in line to get the tickets for my
movie.

People staring.

I am so scared.

I make up an excuse to leave.

I say -

I am Batman.

I have dirty work to do.

And I am proud of it.

MURYAM MOHAMMED

JUDGEMEADOW COMMUNITY COLLEGE

The day she died was the day that door finally opened. The whole cul-de-sac was mourning – or at least everyone was pretending to. The old lady across the road had lived in that house for over half a century; her whole life. She had no family so her property was immediately seized by the council. When the last of the ambulances had gone, after the last condolences had been given (to no one in particular), when they finally fought through the jungle of ivy and weed and prised open that door, that was when they discovered it; the real body of Rosa Brown.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

ROISIN GERAGHTY
LANDAU FORTE COLLEGE

The scent of danger was evident in the air. Lisa could see a shadow looming around the corner. The shadow edged closer and closer. A gunshot could be heard and both girls jumped in fright. 'What the—!' Jennie was about to say, but got interrupted by her friend falling to the floor in pain. Red leaked from Lisa's body. She whimpered in pain as Jennie rushed to her side. Her breath hitched in her throat as tears rolled down her pale cheeks. Then her breath stopped as Jennie held her close. The shadow sneaked away as the girl lay limp.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

PHOEBE LEES

THE FARNBOROUGH ACADEMY

'Water Ride'

Overboard. That's where we'll be if we carry on this path. Rocks litter the river like toys thrown by a child from their pram. It's no help that we can barely see where we are going. We're drowning in a black abyss, occasionally pierced by a sharp strobe of light. Terror. It starts to choke us. And then we crash. The four of us are putting too much pressure on our damaged vessel. The plastic boat was weak before but now, impaled by a sharp branch, it fills with water.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

ANDZELIKA GRIGORJEVA

LINCOLN CASTLE ACADEMY

Clanks of metal, outcries of triumph and howls of pain.

Hand hovering over the sword's hilt; his weapon merely scrapes me. Swiftly, he shoves me, grass cushions my fall, he wrestles me. I am defenceless and he looms over me. He lunges but I kick his metal blade away from his grip. Anger flares in his eyes as he takes hold.

Stuck. Air is leaving me at a rapid pace. I panic and cut him. Blood spits onto my face; red seeps from him onto the emerald grass making it ruby red. I lie there greedily; heaving for air.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

DOMINIK ZIMNY

HULL TRINITY HOUSE ACADEMY

'The Jar'

23:00.

My stomach ties itself into a growling knot, making it more than clear that I should eat. Searching the fridge, a lonely pickle jar catches my eye; I take it, place it onto the counter. Just a jar, nothing special about it. I simply twist the lid.

No.

And once more.

I try again, gripping the jar with all the strength left in my arms. Yet still the jar sits there, apathetic. Stubborn. And closed – that too.

01:00.

I feel my arms go numb, with no pickles to keep them going. I look through the fridge again.

Ooh! Sandwich!

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

MIA WILKINSON

MELIOR COMMUNITY ACADEMY

'My Worlds'

I am a world of chance and change.

I am a world of pages in a book.

I am a world of pencil and point.

I come from nowhere on a hill.

I am a world of adventure and error.

I am a world of stars – away from reality.

I am a world of mess and terror.

I am a world of trees and night.

I am a world of dances of majorettes.

I am a world of horses.

I am a world of question and despair.

I am a world inside a kitchen.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

RACHEL WILLIAMS

UCL ACADEMY

'Beauty Myth'

Damn the beauty myth
We declare a ban on all superficial angels
We want liberty from the sparkling teeth,
The glassy skin, the tinted brows
I refuse to worship the 'goddess' placed on
the pedestal
To hell with her bewitching powers
I disown all media that spread the false
gospel of beauty
How dare we raise a generation to be lovers
of themselves, yet
We are blown away by 'likes'.
Beauty lies in the little peaks on our chins,
The fading scars tell a story, and the
inevitable wrinkles form our glory.
They makes us human. Acceptable. Beautiful.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

KALKIDAN BIRUK

THE CUMBERLAND SCHOOL

A borrowed phone on a Sunday
afternoon,

A thank-you note slipped into a blazer
pocket during school,

A group project with two leaders,

A chair, an empty chair, a chair,

A trip to hospital with a mind clouded
with thoughts of guilt and nostalgia,

A broken pair of headphones thrown onto
a double bed with only one occupant,

A red rose blown 27 degrees to the left
by the wind, the thorns cut off,

A gravestone.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

IVAN GUTIERREZ

CHELSEA ACADEMY

It is sad, cold and foggy – an average day. Our protagonist is sitting in an average school in an average classroom on an average chair. His name is Tobias and he doesn't want to be average. He feels oppressed. He wants to be different and wants to make a change. One Monday morning, Tobias is copying down a quote that is very 'inspiring'. It says: 'Being average is just being yourself.' Tobias hates this idea. He isn't average: he's unique. So instead of copying it, he writes his own quote: 'Don't be the same, be better.'

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

ELIZABETE BONDARENKO

WILLOWFIELD SCHOOL

The blind nun sat quietly on her rocking chair, slurping her tea as usual. Nothing bothered her any more, not her nieces, who came to visit once a month. Not the knocking on the door, perpetually, back and forth, back and forth. But then, she stopped. While still holding her tea, she turned around, noticing with the little hearing she had left that the crackling of the fire had stopped. The room went cold. She was found. The thing that had made her blind all those years ago had found her. Crazy people slurp loudly, and so she was taken away.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

SOPHIA HAKIM

WHITEFIELD SCHOOL

The snow fell softly, quietly and delicately, covering the path with a thick blanket of snow. A cold feeling ran ferociously through my body. I felt fragile. Out of nowhere, a strained voice whispered, 'help'. I searched through the trees to ensure I hadn't gone crazy. I found her. Relief flooded through her features as she saw me. The bitter wind of England nipped at every inch of her exposed skin. She had soft freckles that peppered her light skin, dancing across her face as if Van Gogh himself had painted each one with care and purpose. She was beautiful.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

JASMINE JAHANGIR

FULHAM CROSS GIRLS' SCHOOL

White City, a dodgy place. Who knows what is around the corner. One night, I even heard a gunshot. One night, I even convinced myself to investigate. The smell of metal seemed to be blood. I was left isolated in my pyjamas with nothing but my slippers on for comfort. The only thing that startled me was a click.

I went outside to investigate a gunshot crime. I went outside with plans of returning safe and sound. I left with plans of my mother calling me back. A gunshot, a siren, my mother's call back home, was all I heard.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

AMELIA NG

WEMBLEY HIGH TECHNOLOGY COLLEGE

'Sunset Approaches'

She sits before me, my wrinkled fingertips dancing through the translucent pages of the notebook. Reading out the faint sea of ink on the pages, my hoarse voice recounts a story – one of friendship, love, proposal. She says she's never had romance. I continue. Chocolates. Flowers. A platinum ring. I find her eyes; they're fixated on the platinum bands we both wear.

A solitary tear plummets to the ground.

There's clarity in her eyes: they catch mine with sincere affection and apologies. Before I clutch them, they vanish. My beloved wife – lost in a labyrinth of forgotten memories.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

DEBORAH OMLEGAN-OBE

FAIRFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

'Parents'

Sixteen leaves, one for every year dance up my arm angrily. The group stretching session has begun and I can't help but jealously observe them. Each limb extends out in a swift, neat movement. Faces moulded into fixed expressions by coaches. But even their harsh instructions can't hide the ever-present gleam in their hopeful eyes. Eyes that hunger for the opportunity only I can present. Those eyes hunger for fatal fame. My job, my status. Elite dance moves, social power, swift silent leaps and thunderous, violent applauses. I envy their fire, passion. I didn't choose this perfect life.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

TAWFEEQ HUSSAIN

THE HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC SCHOOL

'Virtual Dream or Reality?'

There was a streak of gleaming and scintillating sparks, combined with no time to spare. Visions of my dream, that I was chasing, flashed before me. With only two alternatives to choose from, panic began to rise rapidly within me. *What do I do? Do I take a risk to receive what I yearn for or stay away?*

I decided to take my chances, but my head screamed, 'No!' The machine whirred to life and a white light that resembled a whip pulled me into the screen. I was inside the machine! I was trapped, but in my dream: virtual New York City.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

KATIE GREAVES

APPLETON ACADEMY (SECONDARY)

'Alone'

I see people walk past me every day. Rich people, poor people and mums with rude children. I've seen friends die of starvation, dehydration and drugs. I worry for my life, of losing hope as my friends often have.

I see drunks staggering home after a night slurping expensive beers. 'Money well spent.' They'd say. I suppose that's because they have food in the fridge and bills settled.

My name is George Gresson. I live on a bench. It's quite comfortable, actually rather satisfactory. I don't eat much but it's enough. So I suppose I shouldn't complain

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

MOLLY SUGGITT

APPLETON ACADEMY (PRIMARY)

‘Wasted Breath’

January the twelfth 1892. Janet’s born, bringing much joy. She’s taken home in her tiny baby outfit, a home full of love.

October the first 1908. Janet is sixteen and on the cusp of adulthood; living life, meeting friends, starting to date.

November the fifth 1912. She is now twenty and has found the love of her life, her perfect match, her life mapped out ahead of her: children, lovely home, good friends.

December the twenty-ninth 1915. Illness has struck. Her last breath is wasted. Janet is ready to say goodbye, but her beloved Albert is away in the trenches.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

PHOEBE CREMIN

ST BEDE'S CATHOLIC COLLEGE

The clock was ticking. It was the only thing keeping me sane. Tick tock, tick tock. The door opened smoothly, no creak, no noise to permeate the tension. The policewoman ambled into the room. My palms began to sweat.

'Look at the camera and tell me what happened.'

'O...okay,' I mumbled back.

'The camera is on, whenever you're ready.'

I took a deep breath. 'I was thirteen when it started, on 22nd April 20...'

My heart started beating fast. The heat. The red light. The memories flooding back. I bolted outside the station and vomited on the cold pavement.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

RAFEHA SHAH

SOUTHFIELD GRANGE TRUST

Bella sat in the sewing chamber, dwelling on the events of that day. The argument with her sister was still on her mind. She wanted to tell her mother how she was feeling. She wanted to confide all the awful things that had happened.

Where was her mother? Nowhere to be found but in her heart.

Bella quietly wished her mother was there, holding her. She began to cry her heart out. Yet, as she cried, she felt the heart repair like the clothes her mother stitched together. She left the sewing chamber without a fuss; optimistic, relieved, mended.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

LYNDSIE EDWARDS

HAVEN HIGH ACADEMY

'Purple'

It's the year 2099. A potato has just become President. Not just any potato, but a purple one. It was a close call but it happened. Many promises were made about getting rid of the Orange Carrot. I believe that anything and everything can be purple in the same way people like to say 'anything is possible'. When I dyed my hair bright cyber-purple it was bold and I'd never done that before. I stood out, as not many others had purple hair and it made me different from everyone else. It stayed in for ages.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

DEACON PHELAN
SIRIUS ACADEMY NORTH

‘The Battlefield of Absence’

The cold wind brisk, our uniforms as valiant hearts wait for the intruders to continue their mission. Agitated warriors prepare for their next encounter with the Hunters; they are the prey, just sitting row by row as the paused battle gets ready to continue the bloodshed. The mist rolls in and the absence of figures rises and risk arises. All there is to do is wait, to sit, to hate, aiming their rifles, searching for movement in the cloud of emptiness. Or is it?

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

SONIKA BISHOP

CITY ACADEMY, BRISTOL

Consumed by her thoughts, she wanders through the park, green leaves now white. The air, cold and sharp. Goosebumps on her skin. The warm, cloudless sky a figment of her imagination. Warmth, nothing but a memory: of the next-door neighbour's barbecue; of the sweet melody of the ice-cream van; wearing crop tops underneath the scorching sun. A harsh slap from winter brought her back, back to the bitter reality of gloomy short days, windows closed to create a warm home, being swallowed in jackets and scarves. Summer, she could see it – but would she ever feel it again?

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

RAJ CLARKE

ABBEY MANOR COLLEGE

The smoke had been imprisoned, eager to escape the heat, suffering from the evil flame trying to bring it down without mercy. Swaying from side-to-side as if trying to escape a tight space, trying to get out with its last breath. Smoke slipped away, anxious to be free. It flowed freely, like it was being sucked up into the air in slow motion. The satisfaction the smoke felt was exhilarating. But there can't be smoke without fire. The smoke was excited to be free, escaping from fire, but with his joy released he felt himself fading slowly, fading.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

CORY JOHNSTON

GILES ACADEMY

'The Old Family'

I don't know much but they were still young. The dad, the mum, the triplets aged nine and the dog, a terrier. The noises in the attic were faint and only I could hear them. All of their footsteps sounded different. The footsteps of the dad were louder. My clothes that fell out of the wardrobe were always put back in the morning.

Since turning eleven, they've stopped and all I hear are birds and a faint dog bark. Mondays, my wardrobe is empty. Once, I was pulling out some bed sheets and a baby corn snake was in there.

SCHOOL WINNER OF FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION