

Neil Gunn Writing Competition 2016/17: Primary school section

Third Prize: Louise Tod, Castletown Primary

Home?

It was a dark, gloomy winter's night and Will was snuggled up in his cosy bed sleeping quietly. His window had been left open, leaving a whistling draft echoing around his empty bedroom. He and his family had just moved into their new house and Will's room only had a bed and a dusty picture hanging on the plain white wall.

Will didn't like the new house. He thought it was creepy and smelly, and he felt uncomfortable in it.

"Brrr!" Will woke with a chill running down his spine; a gust of cold air came in through the window. He slid out of bed, plodded to the window and shut it with a sudden slam; luckily he didn't wake anyone up. He went back to bed again, trying to get to sleep, but he couldn't. There was a strange noise coming from the kitchen that sounded like someone was playing with a plastic wrapper. Will thought it was probably his mum or dad so he fell back asleep.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

He was wakened by a loud knocking at the door of his bedroom.

"Will" called his mum, sounding frightened. "Quick, try and open the door. There's a fire downstairs. And the door's jammed!"

"W...what?" mumbled Will.

"Hurry!" exclaimed his mum.

Suddenly, Will realised what was happening. Adrenalin pumped through his body. He rushed to the door and shoved his shoulder right into it.

CRASH! The door had been shattered into pieces. Will was knocked off his feet. His mum grabbed his arm and ran downstairs. His dad was already outside. The three of them stood, huddled in disbelief, watching the house crumble like burnt toast. Will was devastated even though he hadn't really liked the house.

"Well I guess we'll be moving again" said Will, hugging his parents tightly.