

Neil Gunn Writing Competition 2016/17: Primary schools section

First prize: Millie Wood, Helmsdale Primary

## He was wakened by a loud knocking at the door!!

He ran down the stairs to see who it was,  
He opened the door and there was a pause,  
There was nobody there.. Just a fly,  
But WHY?

He stood still and pondered deep,  
What was the knock that woke him from his sleep?  
He went back, relaxed in bed and closed his eyes,  
Drifted into sleep and dreamt about lots of flies.

Flies flew into his mouth and into his ears,  
Filled him full of the most outrageous fears.  
The flies tickled him till he screamed out loud,  
And then they surrounded him in a crowd.

There was lace flies, Bot flies, horse flies and more,  
Mosquitos, blue bottles, even flightless fruit flies on the floor.  
They were between his toes and in his hair,  
This was turning into a nightmare.

He swiped them away, swotted one on his face,  
Jumped out of bed...ran out of his room like it was a race.  
He looked in the mirror at the top of the stairs,  
Who was this boy with a fresh black eye and absent stare?  
These flies are putting me through my pace,  
HELP he shouted HELP – I need to get out of this place!!

He grabbed his jacket and tied it to the top,  
Put on his boots and stood in thought.  
“If I wake Mam and Dad...  
...I will make them really mad.  
So I’ll take this adventure on alone”,  
He knew he could do this on his own.

He pulled pants over his trousers and wore a towel as a cape,  
He became a superhero.. and gave each fly a sell by date.  
He was going to get rid of them one by one,  
It was now his turn to have some fun!!

All of sudden he was wakened by a loud knocking at the door,  
His jaw dropped to the floor,  
Reality struck,  
None of this was real, it was a dream, he was out of luck,  
Because his friends were at the door ready for school,  
And the poor boy was standing dressed like a fool.