

## Highly Commended

### The Only Survivors by Olivia Price, Cawdor Primary

Everything was very quiet and still. They were gone now, but so was the city. All it was was a pile of dust that had been showered with dead bodies. A blank sheet of dust stretching far out over what had once been the city. Her mind still spinning from the gun shots, the smoke and the sirens, Rachel slowly opened her weary eyes that stung from the sight that had pierced them minutes before. But that was all gone now. Everything, everything she'd ever known. Her city, her friends, her home and even her family, now just a figment of her past. There must be others, other survivors. She scanned the ground with her dust-filled eyes only to see blurred corpses sprawled, scattered like unwanted toys. Trepidation filled her as tears burned like acid down her cheeks and she remembered the sirens rising high then being reduced back to a low hum before starting back up again.

She remembered the buildings as tall as skyscrapers now just heaps of bricks and glass. What was left of the buildings groaned as Rachel watched the bricks one by one sliding then falling, creating yet another heap of dust. Her eyes were binoculars as they zoomed then scanned over the remains of the city. Something moved behind the dust pile. A human? Shaking as she picked herself up, her heart was fighting with her mind. Should she go and find out who it was or should she just leave them? It might be one of them, one of the heartless destroyers that left our city a ruin. Her thoughts were a ramshackle mess but so was the city. She ran. She ran towards the dilapidated buildings heart jumping tentatively inside.

A boy, about her age (15-16 years old?) lying in a pool of blood. He was coughing it up. This seemed like a horror scene Rachel had only encountered in movies. He was bleeding internally and she soon realised he wouldn't survive. A sombre feeling crawled inside her and her voice shook as she spoke through blurred eyes and tear-stained cheeks. "Are there any others," she whispered, "any other survivors?" The boy's voice shook, "That shack" he croaked as he slowly raised his arm and pointed, "they're about three in there," he whispered as he closed his eyes and the colour was drained from his dirty, red face. "Thank you" Rachel whispered, tears flooding her eyes. A hurricane of emotions filled her twisted mind as she took one last look back at the boy, then ran towards the shack.

Fear paralysed her as she broke open the door to find one girl – about age 15 and two boys about 18 years old. "They took our mother," the girl whimpered as she fell to her knees. The boys' heads hung low like puppets on strings. A tear rolled down one's cheek and a siren pierced the smoke filled air and a dark shadow swarmed over the sky. They were back...