

# STUDENT WRITING

## Topic - "Explode a Moment"

It's the middle of the night. Or at least you think it is.

Since you fell asleep, dreams have been playing tag with each other in your head, chasing each other in circles and casting the nasty sensation of pure madness across your slumbering form.

BRINGGGGGGG! It's the aggravating alarm clock on the bedside table, sending waves of noise as an all-out attack on those pesky buggers hiding deep in your brain. Your eyes burst open. Multi-coloured patches of light cloud your vision. Your eyes feel like they're permanently blind but that doesn't matter. You made it. You got through. You survived.

But at what cost?

Turning over to block out some of the pain, you do something so unimaginable, so crazy, it couldn't possibly have happened to someone as superior as yourself. You fall out of bed. Sprawled across the icy wooden floor, you lie. A clamour echoes from your sister's room upstairs, molding with the gently swaying and tapping of the trees outside as they waltz in the wind.

Swishing and swirling  
Thumping and bumping  
All never-ending but always ascending  
The sound and motions for ever and ever.

Ashleigh McPheat - Yr 7

The unassuming box slams down on the table with great force. I can't contain my immense excitement. In anticipation, I glide my fingers across the corrugated cardboard, before tearing it open like a savage animal, as temptation gets the better of me. Looking through the gaping hole I've created, I see a foaming ocean of bubble wrap covering my treasure. With all my willpower, somehow I resist the corrupting urge to crush each plastic jewel in my hand.

As they tentatively push through the sea of temptation, my fingers brush against a cold, glossy surface. Abruptly, I plunge both hands inside, grabbing my long awaited prize and lifting it high into the air! This glorious tomb of information was mine! Scarlet text was blazoned across its cover, reading: **Dungeons & Dragons: The Monster Manual**

Delicately, I peel the book open, the calming odor of freshly-printed paper wafting into my nostrils.

Micah Johnston - Yr 8

My eyes slowly peel open, adjusting to the blinding light seeping through my curtains. The soft sunlight melts onto my face in a thick line of warmth. Wrinkles on my pillow have painted pale, red streaks on my cheeks. I push back all the strands that have come loose from my cleverly braided hair. Sitting up, my eyelids droop with what seem like heavy weights taped to them.

I sluggishly worm myself back into bed and pull the covers up extra high. Snuggling into the perfect position, all I can feel is comfort. This is what every morning should feel like.

Chloe Leahy - Yr 8

Apprehension churned inside me. I sat on the edge of my chair as I thought about the odds stacked against me. The deadline loomed ahead. This was the maths test.

Beads of perspiration formed on my forehead as I clutched my pencil in a death grip like it was going to magically answer all the questions. My pulse vibrated through me. The pin-drop silence made me look around in apprehension. The chilling fear was like a cloak, stifling everyone in the lecture hall despite the advanced ventilation system. I quickly scribbled down the solution, with my handwriting looking like I wrote it in the middle of an earthquake. My eyes faltered in fear as the next question arose. The question was as foreign as landing in the middle of another planet. Shrill panic flared up in me as the erratic thumping of my heart drove me into a deeper panic. I tried to put on a calm expression, but I realised I had failed miserably when the examiner started to glare at me. I wrote down what I assumed was the correct answer; each number I wrote seemed like a wave of anxiety.

After what seemed like an eternity, I finally wrote down the answer to the last question. Relief washed over me unexpectedly as I loosened the grip on my pencil. Reluctantly, I handed the paper in. Stillness slowly took over me.

'Time for writing,' said the examiner. The fear slowly crawled back into me.

Shihui Wang - Yr 8

Time slows down. You don't realise the sheer horror of it until it is seven feet away from you. No matter how much you want to run away, your feet are powerless against the flapping blob that keeps flying towards you. Your feet start to run but the balloon keeps following you no matter how fast you are. You turn a corner, but it's as if the water balloon is magnetically attached to you. And then it happens...

The splat comes down hard on your weak face and within seconds you are soaked with all the water dripping down your clothes. While at first you are dumbstruck, slowly you begin to realise the villainy of the whole attack scene.

You look around for a weapon but there's nothing except... the hose. Thinking this is your best shot at a counterattack, you grab it and try to get a good range on your attacker. For a second, you see your foe but in the next moment, they're gone and you realise your attempt is in vain. At this realisation, you have an urge to tip over the entire paddling pool.

But revenge is a dish best served cold.

Ned Polaschek - Yr 8

New pens, a new beginning. School starting so soon. Slowly scraping tape from the box. The irritating stickiness of tape on fingers. Flicking away the clingy menace. Pulling the box apart, like unlocking a chest of gold. Removing pens delicately. Could just put them straight in the pencil case, but popping the caps now is too tempting. Clicking the end of the pen, revealing the tip, but most importantly, the lid. Slowly sliding a thumb across the tip. Nearly there... POP!

The cap flies off, never to be seen again. Such a vast space for such a small thing. Like an ant in a skyscraper, a needle in a haystack. Lost in the tangled mess of the carpet, or missing in the crack above the cupboards. Gone. Lost in time.

Now that's what I call awesome!!!

Blake Baker - Yr 8

The most heavenly smell in the whole entire world: freshly baked cookies. If you disagree, then how could you? Homemade cookies are so sweet, and so painstakingly delicious that you could hardly live without them. What kind of maniac would?

You practically glide into the kitchen, as sunlight falls on top of the cookies on the tray. The light melts on them, and highlights each and every single, imperfect, perfection that the cookies hold: the soft, chocolate chips, the round, crunchy crust, and the wonderful, soft dough in the middle. The cookies glow, and maybe even sparkle a bit, as the steam wafts into the air and into your nose.

You carefully choose your cookie.

There's that one, with a bountiful amount of chocolate chip cookies... Oh, how you would love it to just ooze on your tongue...

Or maybe that one, with a crisper edge than the others... The warm crunch would feel so satisfying, too...

You end up selecting the most delightful cookie in the tray; one with enough chocolate chips, but not too many to drown the dough.

Raising it to your mouth, you carefully take a bite...

Oh, how lovely it tastes! The crispy edge is just right, and the chocolate chips melt perfectly. But then, you realize another glorious fact:

The cookies are chewy.

You smile in delight as you chew on that part; the taste of the thick dough so exquisite you could faint. Relishing the feeling, you wish for more.

Maxin Bautista - Yr 8

She suddenly felt like she was on top of the world.

Looking around - left, right and down - she could see the barely-visible faces staring up at her. They were watching her. Expecting her. Waiting for her to step forward into the danger.

Eight hours ago she was safe at home, hyping herself up for the challenge of a lifetime. She had never felt more of a need to be there now, safe and sound. She grimaced, thinking of the challenge she was yet to face.

Focusing back on her surroundings, she fought back panic at the height. Trying to distract herself, she took a long look at the city below her. Seeing that it was deserted made her even more alarmed. Everyone had come to see her. Looking back down at the expectant people below her, she could see that they were getting impatient, murmuring to each other and shuffling their feet.

Forcing her mind back to the tightrope in front of her, she took a deep breath and stepped forward...

Lucy Willson - Yr 8