



SAMPLE 2007 PERSONAL WRITING – STORY

6. “The day started the same as any other, nobody could have known that by evening ...” Continue this story.

Astrid Ryan- JC 2007 Story - Astrid is a 3rd Yr student who loves story telling, read on.....

The Day

The day started the same as any other. Nobody could have known that by evening, life as we knew it would end.

I hate thinking about that day. When I look back now, it hurts me to remember how I acted. If I had known that it would be my last day with my family, I would never have said those things. Those small, stinging, unnecessary comments that blemish that precious memory. I should have thanked Mam for the breakfast, made conversation with Dad about the news, smiled and forgiven Jack when he broke my favourite mug! But no, I had to be a selfish, ignorant brat. Making the atmosphere tense, ruining their image of me in their minds.

I would do anything to have those simple, insignificant moments back. Because what happened next was so horrific and world-changing that nothing would ever be so simple again.

The cops don't believe me. My 'friends' don't believe me. The people in the white coats with soft, soothing voices don't believe me. Apparently I am 'severely traumatised' and have been 'driven to mental disarray'. But I think they're scared - all they have to do is shake their heads, sigh, and mutter 'what a shame.....was a lovely, clever girl.....'

Will you believe me? Please, open your mind.

It was my 5 year-old brother, Jack, who saw it first. He had been looking out the window and he pointed up into the sky. “Look, big aeroplane!” he reported excitedly. “Ugh shut up Jack, aeroplanes don't fly over us.” I said, rolling my eyes. I was zoning out the sound of Mam telling me not to tell Jack to shut up when a movement in the sky caught my eye. “What the ****?!” I said. “EMMA!” my parents roared simultaneously. I just pointed out the window. Their gaze followed my arm and silence fell. We all watched as a round object, bigger than a plane flew directly towards our house. It had lights flashing, green, red, yellow, orange, all blinking at random times, making it look eerily like it was alive.

The object was now so close that I could hear it. A rhythmic whirring sound reverberated through the house, setting the plates rattling.

We gathered outside the house, huddling together shivering, even though the air was quite warm. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a grey, overcast day. The row of cream-coloured terraced houses facing ours seemed different. More empty, colder. Just buildings, bricks, certainly not homes. I



started looking around frantically, searching for something with meaning. I saw no places that held memories close to my heart, nothing that triggered a smile or even a tear. Perhaps it was because I was sure that I had not much time left to live, but it was just then that I realised that I hadn't done much with my life. My own childhood neighbourhood held no striking memories! What had gone wrong?

The wind caused by the on-coming object was like a gale. Toys from my garden were being picked up and spun around in the air. A Tomas-The-Tank-Engine train hit me in the side of my head. I gritted my teeth. I wasn't going to let this happen. Not now. My life was completely unlive!

Then the real hell began.

The silver, spherical 'spaceship' appeared to turn off. The blinding lights stopped flashing, allowing me to have a good look at it. The outside of the ship looked like it was made of metal, except every now and then a ripple would pass across the surface, making it look almost liquid. There were no joints, cracks or grooves on the surface where the material was joined together, which made me uneasy. What kind of technology did these things have? What were we facing?

The outline of a door formed as if by magic in the side of the ship. I almost laughed. Could it get more predictable! What was to happen next, steps fold down and green aliens with fancy-looking laser guns walk down and blast us to Timbuktu?

What happened was a thousand times worse.

A strange warmth filled the air, making me feel unbelievably nauseous. Reddish light poured from the doorway, illuminating the whole street. An in-humanly high-pitched noise came out of the ship, so loud and shrill that my eyes watered and I started to hit my head and ears, started to run around in circles, desperately trying to escape the deadly sound. Opening my eyes quickly I saw my family 20 metres behind me, writhing on the ground with their hands over their ears, being affected worse because they were nearer.

I was fortunate – the energy simply left me unconscious. When I woke up, it was dark, darker than before. I struggled to my feet, struggled to get my mind in order. Mam! Dad! Jack! All the memories, all the feelings rushed back into my head and I burst out of the glasshouse, looking around for my family. I ran onto the street with incredible speed. Something was coating the ground and made me slip. I pushed myself slowly off the ground. My hands and knees were stinging from the fall but all I was focusing on was the sticky, red substance that had made me slip. It looked like blood.

Three bodies were lying on the street, exactly where I had last seen my parents and brother. I walked closer, trembling, shaking my head, muttering "no" louder and louder under my breath. All that was left of my loved ones was bloody, mutilated torsos. No limbs, no heads, just a horrible mess of blood and their torsos. It was as if the combined noise and heat and light had made them explode, as if they had been in a giant microwave. I screamed and screamed and screamed until I literally collapsed onto the ground, my throat and eyes aching.



That was when I stopped caring. Maybe it was a method for my mind to protect itself from getting hurt again, by hiding my feelings away safely. Maybe it was because that all I had ever properly cared for was gone forever, because of me. If I had just gone back and grabbed my family, dragged them into the safety of the glasshouse, things would have been different! They would still be alive, we would have recovered and gotten through the ordeal, together. As a family. But I, the selfish brat, properly screwed up this time.

So I stopped caring about myself, since I don't deserve it. I didn't care when my neighbours pulled at me, asking me things. I didn't care about their empty promises that I'd be safe now, that everything was going to be okay. I didn't care that my new room was all white, with soft walls and a locked metal door. I didn't care when I was in the small, empty room being questioned by the police. I told them exactly what had happened, but seeing as they didn't believe me so weren't going to do anything about it, I didn't care about that bit either. Oh yes, I care about justice for my family, believe you me, but if the law won't deal with it, I have to do it myself.

I get paper and a pen when I ask for it, and I can write or draw while someone watches me. That's how I'm writing this. Warning the world, trying to make everyone believe. That's the only thing I care about. I can't let it happen again, I can't let them come back to a totally unprepared world!

I don't know how I'm going to get this vital story out of this room, to someplace where the right people will find it before the white-coated people get their hands on it. It doesn't matter though, I'll figure something out. After all, I have the whole rest of my life to do it.