

The Countdown

William W, Year 9

We don't remember when it came.

We don't remember why it came.

We don't remember how it came.

We don't remember what it does, but what we do know is that we have 7 months, 14 days, 2 minutes and 4... 3... 2... 1... 0... 7 months, 14 days 1 minute 59...

The ticking repeated and the illuminated counter could be said as the definition of stress, pressure, uneasiness.

44... 43... 42... 41... 40...

Mystery wrapped in trickery, contained in an enigma, carefully sprinkled with lies and truths.

26... 25... 24... 23...

It will forever continue till 3... 2... 1... 0...

It ends in 7 months' time.

Alex H, Year 7

As sunrise began to occur and nightfall was preparing to leave, the day I dreamed of the most had finally arrived. Her coronation. Birds chirped, bells rang and music echoed through the country of Strase. "Whose coronation is it?" you may be asking. Well, I have the answer. Today was Princess Maisy's special day when the title of 'Princess' would become 'Queen' once and for all.

Why did everyone adore such a useless excuse for a human being? They don't know the truth. They don't know what I do. After a while, I got out of bed and left my home to pay Maisy a little visit. The clock struck 10am which indicated it was starting.

5 minutes later, I arrived at the coronation fully loaded.

The speech was boring as ever. Just Maisy pretending to be thankful for something she didn't deserve, meanwhile the crowd cheered. Helplessly, this nightmare was being broadcasted to live TV everywhere. Very soon, the devil would be the ruler of where I lived. It was unbearable. I couldn't bear to let this happen and began to create the perfect plan.

A few minutes later, I was on a nearby wall aiming a sniper at Maisy. As the crown lowered onto her head, I pulled the trigger.

Princess Maisy never became queen.

Maisy T, Year 7

February, 1956. Amara had her 16th birthday as she was in year 11. Little did she know a mark would determine the rest of her life. She looked in the mirror and SCREAMED!!! It was a skull, which means she will determine whether people will go to heaven or... you know. This was going to happen in 9 days, well that's what she had been told. She had told her best friend and made her promise not to tell anyone.

Since her best friend promised her, she thought she wouldn't tell anyone... she hoped. Each day she went to school and was being stared at by more and more people by the day. She wondered... my best friend wouldn't betray me, would she? Everyone else's mark was normal, like a thumbs up or down. Amara hid her mark with makeup.

Someone ran up to her and said, "don't make me go to a bad place!"

Amara thought, "Oh gosh, I bet the whole school knows!" She stared at the floor and walked off.

Soon enough, she was the most popular girl in school. Requests came shooting in and she had enough.

Eventually, enough was enough. She had dreams which involved suicide thoughts that gave her a chill down her neck. He went to a nearby shop and went to the bathroom. Her mark had changed to a green blob and that means she is healthy again.

She jumped with joy!

Caitlin D, Year 7

June 1994. I was 16, a runaway, yet I loved my parents along with my sister. Well, my whole family really. I had been living in my own apartment but still keeping contact with my friends and family. They supported me with money, etc. It was not a bad life, well until one point. It was the 13th June. My post had come through. Addressed too me, of course, but from ??? No name. Strange. That's never happened before. My curiosity grew, so I opened the letter. Inside it read:

*Dear Jules,
From, ???*

*Jules, let me put you as one word. Traitor.
You betray and befriend on repeat. So I will
repay your favour. Everyday one of the
people you love will die. You have a
countdown until they die. You could save
them... OR NOT!*

Panic overwhelmed my entire body, yet I managed to calm myself. It's probably just some letter. But why would someone send a letter like that? I ignored it.

The next day, 14th June. I awoke having forgotten about the letter until I received the news. My mother was dead. Shot dead. My mind immediately went to the letter - the count down letter. I ran to my bin, quickly rummaging through it, searching for the letter.

I found it. I read it again. I had thrown it away before I could finish reading. The following I missed read:

Your mother will be shot dead at the clock tower when she is there with your father. Your father will leave your mother in a silent and empty section of the clock tower and I will shoot her dead.

Unless you stop me.

That's it, my life was over. Why me? Why? Just why?

I watched as another letter was handed through the slit of my door. I opened it in tears. It was from the same sender addressed to me.

YOU WILL DIE!

It said on the letter repeatedly.

I turned as the footsteps of an unknown person alarmed my ears. I covered my mouth whilst tears fell down my face. I know it was the killer, but who really were they? They were there, I know I would die there and then.

They pulled off their mask along with a gun from their pocket.

It was my mother.

I froze in shock and soon I stayed frozen forever, with a bullet in my head. Dead.

Scott C, Year 9

6 years.

It says about 6 years on the clock. This is New York. The doomsday clock in the city towers above us. 6 years. 6 years to change the world - before it's too late. Already, our problems start. Nature's unforgiving wrath, yet we are at fault.

6 years.

We all have 6 years to think of something. But as this time goes by, people already have their problems.

"6 years?" they say, "6 years? That's hardly any time!"

And with that, half the world gives up.

"6 years!?" some exclaim, "6 years!? What balderdash!"

And with those words, another quarter gives up.

6 years. 6 years to change. To fight against our fate, to cheat our extinction once again. 6 years. 6 years is still enough time to try. With these thoughts, these hopes. With these hopes and dreams of so many humans. That lost part of the world starts to fight. 6 years is not too much time.

However, 6 years, if one puts their mind to it... can be so much more than just time. 6 years is a chance. A chance to save the world. We have the power to save the entire human race from something we have caused. The last stand is created. 6 years to change everything. God has given us 6 years. 6 years to pick up a shovel, pick up an entire petrol station. 6 years to give everything we have to prove ourselves to the world that not only can we destroy, we can help.

6 years to make a difference and we all have the ability to do so. To change the environment for the better. And so, with but a quarter of the world, and 6 years... The ones that do not give up. The ones who care to make a difference. Can change everything.

ALL WE NEED IS A CHANCE.

Aimee D, Year 7

A light. Fluttering rain came down in sporadic waves, I couldn't help but think, "What if I am not making the right decision?" I set up the most romantic setting for my soon-to-be ex-girlfriend. Her name is Kimberly. It's her 16th birthday and I have planned the perfect date.

Beautiful candles were arranged in centric circles. A blanket was layered on the creaking floorboards that are coated with a thin layer of dust. This place was almost uninhabitable... which is exactly why I picked it.

Kimberly (my girlfriend) showed up in a radiant red dress. I almost felt bad for what was to happen. Her crystal green eyes and her soft tanned skin reflected the light from the clock tower. The time was almost right. It was 11:59pm, all we needed was one more minute.

Kimberly stated, with her eyes as wide as the ocean and an amazed look on her face, "Sophie! This is beautiful!"

I replied, "Are you excited? One more minute until you are finally 16."

What she didn't know was that it was her last minute.

The first bang of the clock tower brought back a lot of memories. It took me back to when she stole my role as sleeping beauty in the play years ago, so I am turning her into sleeping beauty. But this time it will be permanent.

The 12th ding was getting closer and closer.

DING! DING! DING!

This is it. I started pulling the gun slowly from my back pocket and then, on the 12th ding, I pulled the trigger.

The last thing I heard before sirens was her blood covered body hit the floor with a long THUMP!

Rhys G, Year 9

Like a cloud, you watch
Drift by ever so slow,
Our distance between us grows
And you still watch
The sun burst through the white cloud. Happiness
Bound forever, yet slowly
Slowly drifting away

Like a cloud you watch
Still drifting by slowly,
The sun hides, like a pearl in its shell. Come out,
Please. For the clouds
Have grown, big and grey
Still drifting away from me

Further apart, life leads
You astray, I see no sun now,
No happiness, you keep drifting away
I try. I try to pull you
back but you are
Determined.

Clouds let no rain fall
Yet choose to crash violently instead
And you still watch us
You watch us drift apart.