

Writing competition

With a sprinkle of inspiration, little ideas can grow into big ideas.

READ
GROW
Inspire

Write a short story about your best idea ever.

The Whistful Wind

I watch the unrested grass moving to the beat of the wind, pushing against my hot pink face drooling with sweat. As the whistling wind goes past I hear the screaming voices of my parents, but it's too late. The mystical wind starts to pick up and I get one last picture of my petrified parents.

Everything is a blur. I barely get any time to gulp fresh air that my tired body rejects still. After my eyes adjust, I have the sudden realisation, I'm not home anymore. I take my time as I get to my legs tired and exhausted yet my curiosity is as strong as ever, if only that was my body. I check every aspect of this long abandoned and forgotten place.

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While checking some peculiar puzzles a
slight voice ~~send~~ sent petrifying chills
down my spine sending me down faster
and faster then thud, I hit my head
on some gray bricks devoided of any
Love or glory. When I finally got back
to my feet I heard the voice, "Hey, im flourer,
flourer the flower and it looks like your
all alone, With no one With you". As fast as
lightning he sends a spiky vine hurling towards
me, but, little did he know I was ready. I
swiftly dodged the attack and, with little strength
I had, I managed to get one precise and effective
attack of my own. Pow! "heh, your a determined
little one aren't chu, well ill see your around." I
pick myself up than instantly collapse to the
cold hard ground and the cold harsh reality,
it will take a miracle to get out. The moment
I wake up innumeres monster gather around,
each with a distinctive colour, shape and abilities.
Though I'm a child, they still look at me with
a look of distrust in their glaring eyes, looking
at me with a look of disgust. Even though it
looked like "I" was the enemy they still gave me

The basic gist on what the heck is going on." A long time ago humans and monsters had an everlasting war yet one day the humans won and locked the monsters underground. Many years went by and more research was going to break the BARRIER and soon a solution was found. The power of a human SOUL was eminently more powerful than a monster's yet seven was needed to break free of the barrier and every day since we've been collecting souls for our vengeance to turn our loyal king into a god. But one thing changed when all six souls, bravery, justice, kindness, patience, integrity and perseverance. And with that power the anonymous monster plunged every thing we had to this and is now coming for us yet, it looks like your the last soul." Everybody looks at you with a greedy heart yet you are filled with determination. Just before you get rampaged a mountain of people pile to run away to wherever they can get to and colossal vines cover every inch of ground surrounding you, mega herbs and leaves grow to make a neck. I hear the screams of a monster saying "he's absorbed the souls!" You look up and hear the whistful wind once again then you see a sadistic familiar face pop up to the ceiling and laugh like a maniac looking upon you. You see the petrified looks of all the monsters. Next page →

And even though they tried to you, you
look up at the true monster and for
one last time you take a big deep
breath and you are filled with
DETERMINATION. And that is the beginning
of a endless cycle of killing. ⇒