

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.

Clutching my book I felt at peace, a drizzle outside and a story to get lost into. As I began to read a voice called out "Caroline"

"Caroline." It was my mum so I darted down stairs only to feel a pit emerging in my stomach, my mother wasn't home. Just as I turned to go upstairs it called again but this time from upstairs. It wailed my name once again, it echoed around me, my heart pounding as I curl my knees to my chest it was closing in... I hear the keys turn in the door as I slam the book into my lap welcoming my mother home, as I store my book away in the shelf.