

Freya Fox (7C) – Junior Runner Up

IMAGINE IF YOU WERE ME

Death. More death. Bombs. Screaming. Blood-soaked tears.

I wake up with sweat rolling down the side of my neck. Stupid. So stupid. Assassins shouldn't fear dreams. Dreams are dreams. Assassins are assassins. Assassins are strong, stealthy, and your biggest nightmare.

I sigh in relief. It's around 2:30 am. And a whole army successfully exterminated all by me. Time to get some rest, what most people call sleep, but I can't, not when I wake up screaming most nights.

'But mother...' I start to protest, but she gently lifts her finger to my lips. I sigh.

'Hush Sophie darling. This is for the best. You know that. The whole wide world is at war. And so was your father, until he died, sacrificing himself for King George. You aren't a boy, but that's fine, you will start your training tomorrow at dawn.' She smiles sadly at me.

'What am I training for?' I ask, suddenly feeling confused 'I thought I was going to fight.' I look into my mother's eyes.

'Sophie, sweetheart, you're only twelve.' She chuckles 'you're going to be an assassin.'

I gawp at mother. She says it lightly as if that's been the plan the whole time, but this is big news to me. It is World War II, and I'm going to be an assassin.

I sit up, shaking away the dream. Or to be more specific, the memory.

Why do I keep on having that same dream most nights? I gloomily look around at my trench. I always dig my living spaces, (you can't call it a house or home), a new one every month. I'm constantly traveling around, so I always need a new place to stay. I never build my places because that is too obvious. Obviously.

It's raining. Again, and this means my trench will be a complete mudhole. I scream internally.

I stomp around my cell. It turns out when I tried to scream internally, I couldn't; I screamed out loud. A loud agonising scream. And it turns out there was a hidden enemy nearby, and of course they heard me.

I am their prisoner.

I snicker softly to myself. You just can't imagine how easy it is to escape a low security prison. Or maybe you can, after all I don't know you.

I start digging right away, down, down... I am so caught up in my thoughts about escaping and my progress that I don't notice the male assassin sneaking up behind me. Closer, closer, closer. Chop. Best assassin dead.

I'm in hell. You don't know how bad it is down here. Goblins, ghouls, devils, evil spirits, and other creepy creatures, all telling me how bad I am, all my sins, (mostly murder) and how I can't escape this place.

Its rich coming from them really, they're all as 'evil' as I am. Except they're more evil. But that's nothing. I bet you could never image this hell. Actual hell. I know what you are thinking that I deserve this and blah, blah, blah. But I had no choice. So just think about that for me.

Imagine if you were in hell.

Imagine if you were an assassin assassinated. How embarrassing.

Imagine if you were me.