

The Day The World Ended

By Sophia, Year 7

Death engulfed earth. You could see people jostling left, right and centre. Buildings as tall as people's pride crumbled to the ground. Even cars were stressed since they were practically screaming. Clouds gathered as one, setting their eyes on their prey - ready to pounce.

A gorgeous girl as young as can be sat in a corner. Her eyes were cascading waterfalls. But no one stopped to comfort her. Soon the air crawled into her throat and she regurgitated blood. Then, she collapsed and a few metres away stood her mother. All she could do was say with a shaky voice: "I'm sorry my love."

Everyone was running to airports, decks, bus stops just to get out. They were all in a panic state; that meant they couldn't think straight. They couldn't comprehend in their malicious minds that there was no hope. No escape. Only death.

One after another, animals and plants consumed pernicious poison that lurked in the air. Every single building didn't even have time to look dilapidated. They just perished. The sun was a dimming lamp. The atmosphere was tense. The ground rumbled like someone who was hungry.

The Prime Minister went on all screens to make a statement before the power cut off and he joined the deceased. "Citizens of Manchester! This is the day the world ends. I can't bear to see your sorrowful souls suffer any longer. It's time to alleviate your pain by consoling one another and face acceptance."

And with that, everything was captured by the shadows. Never to return.

The streets were naked. It was like stripping someone of their clothes. Their dignity. Vines wrapped around the building as deceptive as a snake and feed.

All of a sudden, the earth shook. But this time no one stood to make the scene escalate. No one stood to witness the world end. No one stood at all. The earth became isolated in a time of need. And with that, this became the day the world ended.