

Statement of Intent

I chose to write about prompt 4, the image of the dead tree and a storm made me think about a dystopian future. I am going to write a narrative to make people think about how all things don't always end in a good way. I have written this for the teenage boy audience.

I slowly open my eyes to the stabbing feeling of dead grass on my back and the rattling sound of branches from dead trees around me. I gradually get up on my feet and have a look around, I can't recognise any of my surroundings. I have a look up at the sky and it looks miserable and gloomy like it's about to burst open. Once I had calmed down a bit I tried to remember how I ended up here but I couldn't remember a thing. Even after standing up and looking around for a while none of my memories come back to me. I can't even remember my own name. I start to have a feel around in my pockets to see if I can find any clues. There is something, a circular sort of disc shape. I pull it out of my pocket and I have a go at pressing a few buttons on the disc. Eventually it flashes to life with a counting downclock on the front of the disc. I stare at the countdown and I notice that there is a little symbol of a storm underneath it. What could that possibly mean? All of a sudden a loud and deep voice echoes through the area. "If you grab the disc in your pocket and turn it on you will see a countdown. This countdown shows how much time you have left before the storm arrives, and trust me you don't want to be in the open during this storm." Then the voice shuts off. I have a think to myself about what the voice just said and how I am going to survive the storm.

I have another look at the countdown and there is only 24 hours left. I need to hurry to find shelter. I head off towards a forest in the distance which will hopefully have the shelter that I need to survive the storm. After I had walked around the forest for a couple of hours, I spotted a bit of smoke hanging out above the trees. I cautiously start making my way over to the smoke, but that is when I start thinking. Am I not the only person here, are there more people here trying to survive this storm? As I get closer to the smoke I see a clearing amongst the trees. Across the clearing I see a cave with a fire outside. A mysterious man comes walking out checking if the food he has left on the fire is ready for eating. That's when I come out of the bushes and yell.

"Hey!"

He turns around and stares for a second, like he had just seen a ghost. After staring for a bit he says,

"Wow, I thought that I was left here to survive by myself." He invites me over and we start talking about this strange place.

"All I know is that I was in a field a week ago with nothing but a message about a gigantic storm that I have to prepare for," said the mysterious man.

"Same thing happened to me, I woke up in a field about three hours ago with nothing but a message talking about a storm in 24 hours," I responded.

"Do you have any memories about your life before waking up in that field?"

“Nah I can’t remember a thing, not even my own name.”

“Same with me.”

It starts to get dark outside so the man showed me a spot where I can sleep for the night. I wake up in the morning to the soft sound of birds chirping. I slowly roll over on my side and see that the man isn’t there anymore. A wave of panic rushes over me, I try to get up on my feet but I’m still half asleep. That is when a voice echos through the forest saying “There was never a storm approaching, we just wanted you two to both look for shelter and meet up with each other. Now only one of you can make it out of this place alive. I’m going to let you guys decide how you figure that out.” Says the loud and deep voice. I hear rocks moving behind me. I look up and see a spear pointed right at me. I quickly move to the side but the spear still grazes the back of my head. I quickly get on my feet and dodge the next attack, that’s when I see who it is trying to kill me. It’s the man who had sheltered me in his cave. It’s like he had seen red and didn’t care about what he had to do to get out of this place. For his third attack I move to the side, grab the spear and throw it against the cave wall. The spear head came right off of the stick.

We go back and forth in hand to hand combat until he over commits on one of his punches. That’s when I catch him off guard and knock him to the ground. I start to land some heavy blows, that’s when I feel a sharp pain in my stomach area. I look down and see the spearhead of lodged just under my ribcage. I fall down and look over at the man he’s lying on the ground just like me.

“I’m sorry that it had to end like this. All I wanted was to go back to wherever I’m from and leave this place,” said the man weakly.

“It’s ok I wanted the exact same thing” I whispered painfully.

We are both laying side by side when a rumbling sound starts making its way closer and closer through the trees. I’m too weak to realise what is happening and before I know it I’m in the back of a jeep going through the forest.