

St Leonard's Y/6 Storm = by Kara O'Keefe

"Oh no!" Fleur shrieked as she saw the colossal, grey, swirling tornado heading her way, as she wandered through the forest. She looked for a tree frantically with her deep brown eyes to support herself; however the nearest one was approximately 20 metres away.

Panic shot through her body.

She stood on the spot, confused about what to do. The fierce tornado grew nearer, and nearer - until it swept her off her feet. It tore her away from the cold, damp ground beneath her.

All that was left was traces of her tiny footprints amongst the damp moss and withered leaves.

Seconds felt like hours as Fleur was dragged by the tornado like a rag doll being thrown by a child. Her soft, brown hair waved violently as her white dress was torn. Suddenly, Fleur

noticed the angry tornado die down and her heart sank...

Mushrooms. Giant, red mushrooms were everywhere. Fleur had never seen a place like this before.

"Hello!" She cried, hoping for an answer.

She knew this place was deserted when all she heard was silence. Questions ran through Fleur's mind: "Why am I here? How do I get home? Will I be here forever?"

Fleur began to cry. What if someone missed her?

"No," she said to herself, "No one will miss me at the children's home. They hate me there."

Fleur wondered about her real mother and father. Where were they? Did they ever think about her? These were the questions that always ran through Fleur's mind when she was alone.

Fleur began to look at her surroundings. The mushrooms were not as scary as she first

thought. They looked soft and fluffy - gentle almost. She began to walk along the soft, yellow path and she felt a calmness come over her as the warm sun tickled her face. She noticed that the grass was greener and somehow like thin, silk ribbons. She took her pretty blue shoes off and placed her toes on the grass. It tickled her feet and she giggled softly.

Without warning, Fleur heard voices. Kind voices. Without a further thought, Fleur ran towards the kind voices - leaving her pretty, blue shoes behind. The voices took her along the soft, yellow path and towards a beautiful forest. She paused as her nervousness got the better of her.

Fleur looked at her surroundings once more. The trees were in full bloom. They looked truly spectacular as they waved at her in the gentle breeze. The leaves on the tall trees were crimson with speckles of jade - two of Fleur's favourite colours.

The voices grew nearer, so Fleur began walking again...

"Finally! You're here!" A sweet voice said.

Fleur looked at the woman. She was beautiful. Fleur had to stop her jaw from dropping.

"Fleur, we've been waiting for you! You're finally here!" The man exclaimed next to the beautiful woman.

Suddenly, it all made sense. Fleur didn't need to go home.. She was already there.

The end