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The Mayflower School

1st Place in the ESU Chile Creative Writing Competition

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Junior Category

This document contains two texts. First one is the Round 1 Finished Work Entry on the theme of “Opposites”. Second one was done on the day of the in-person final 8th June 2024, as a Freewrite/First Draft activity, associated with an Emotion.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION

discovering voices

First Text: Round 1 Entry

The Ghost in My Home

I put my shoes on quickly, stumbling out of my room only to see my mother already walking out the door, only muttering out the words - “I'm leaving. Behave”- with her characteristic cold and dismissive tone, I fell down the stairs hitting my head on the way down, only to hear the loud closing of the door.

I don't know how much time passed as I laid there, but when I stood up i felt oddly dizzy and disoriented, almost lost, I sighed and walked up the stairs again, to go to my room and get some rest, as I walked up the stairs I swore to have seen a figure, something lurking, I felt watched, observed, a piercing gaze burning through me, one I couldn't pinpoint.

“Hello?”- I called out into the nothingness, reluctantly stepping into the dark desolate hallway, to be met with the figure of a pale, anaemic looking boy, with short fluffy black hair and eyes similar to the remains of the burnt wood left after a fire. “WHAT THE- WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?!”- I shouted, frightened and stumbling back, the boy looked at me blankly. “Your house? It's my hou-”- before he could finish I started talking again. “What are you? A ghost? You look freaky- how did you-?”- the boy seemingly sensing I would just shut up talked over me, he spoke softly yet in a stern tone compared to my anxious words. “I’m not dead, nor a ghost, stop screaming please”- I rolled my eyes at that and reached out to him, I tried to touch him, to no avail. “WOAH that's so- so- so weird.”- I said amazed.

Well now I have a problem, what would I do with a ghost inhabiting my home? Well first I need to get to know him ... .right! Maybe I could take him for a walk? Can ghosts walk? That's an odd thing to think about, in his case would it be a ‘float’? That's a silly word. “So uh- what's your

name?”- I asked out of the blue, a bit anxiously. “My name is Anthony wood”- he spoke softly yet again. “So boring, too boring for a ghost” I thought to myself.

“What is your name?”- he suddenly spoke, still softly, a bit too soft for my liking, but he spoke again. “Evelyn, Evelyn Johnson”- I replied, his eyes seemed to be deep in thought for just a split second after I told him my name. “Is everything alright?”- I asked, he simply nodded and asked, “Can I take you somewhere?”- I nodded. “Sure, where?”- he paused for a moment - “You’ll see when we are there”- he said walking down the stairs, I followed.

Eventually we ended deep in the enormous forest, walking in silence, a silence interrupted when I spotted a dying rabbit. “Oh no! Wait- look at that poor thing- it’s suffering.” He stopped walking and looked at the rabbit, it couldn't move and had blood coming out of a bullet wound from his torso, the crimson contrasted its white fur, he approached it and pet it, before I heard a loud CRACK, he broke the rabbits neck, ending its suffering, I flinched at the noise, and covered my mouth with both my hands, standing there in utter shock, Anthony looked at me and tilted his head. “It needed to be done, just like you said, it was suffering.”- he stated as if matter-of-factly still with his soft tone. “But it was still alive- it's cruel!”- I retorted back, with tear filled eyes. He then spoke again whilst continuing to walk. “Life cannot exist without death, they may be utter opposites, but they need each other to exist.”- he paused and looked at me - “Even though it hurt it was a moral act”- his tone was so cold it was getting to be irritating, it was so soft yet so emotionless, it angered me so much, poor bunny.

He kept walking and I followed suit, close behind him. I was still angered, but for a different reason now, his coldness and lack of emotion intrigued me, more than I'd like to admit, god dammit.

“…So….what do you do? For free time? Do you like, party or….?”- my words trailed off, leaving a rather awkward space for him to answer. “I read, uh, play video games, and play the piano. I don't go out much”- he said with his tone still cold as ice, but this time slightly more

welcoming, that's progress? “You don't like parties and stuff? Or well, used to since, you are dead and all?”- after that question there was an awkward silence neither of us dared to fill, we eventually reached a rather deep part of the forest that seemed familiar to me, I swear I've been here... right? We eventually reached a tree that seemed decently isolated from the rest. “Where are we?”- I was intrigued. “I swear this place looks so familiar! And it's so beautiful! But it's getting a bit dark- makes it unnerving”- I commented, he just pointed somewhere and said “Look”- so i turned my gaze to wherever he was pointing, a stone in place, next to the tree, there was a picture next to it, out of pure curiosity i grabbed it, it was…a girl with brown hair, brown eyes, smiling happily with a few bandages on her face, it was…me? “What IS this? How the hell did this get here?!”- I asked Anthony, who just replied with a sigh, a pause and then he spoke. “Can you check the name on the stone?”- so I did that, I looked at the stone.

“Evelyn Johnson 1984-1997”

“WHAT THE HELL?! WHO MADE THIS?! IT'S SICK”- i barked out, and he interrupted me with his icy voice. “Evelyn, EVELYN, calm down. I'm not the ‘ghost here’”- he paused and sighed. “Evelyn, the only one dead here is you, you used to live in the house I live in, you need to move on, or acknowledge it, at least”- not a single trace of empathy in his voice, at least not an evident one.

I looked at my hands, translucent and with a lifeless tone, how can I be so oblivious? I felt myself breathing quicker, panicking, I stumbled back into the cold moonlight, this didn't feel right, I didn't feel right, I shook my head and tried to speak, a futile attempt. It felt like I was melting, disappearing, and the last thing I'll see is the boy- no wait- his name- Anthony- I'll remember it.

He seemed so calm in contrast to me. Has he seen this happen before? I fell to my knees, and faded into history, history which could only be remembered or told by him, history that will surely be forgotten.

Second Text: Free Write / First Draft 8th June 2024

“THE DEATH OF ALISON WOODS”
(Guilt)

There she stood, glancing around like an idiot, but with good reason, who wouldn’t be scared after all? She sighed, people were starting to stare, she hated it, so, so much. She put her headphones on and kept walking, pondering on that feeling, of unease, of utter danger. Eventually, she got home. Home, a safe haven, a place free of questioning glances and prying eyes, such a disgusting feeling, she hated it. After the long day, she finally tossed her things to the corner and laid in the bed, looking at the ceiling above her, finally drifting to sleep.

The next day she woke up, same routine as always, as she brushed her teeth she couldn’t get rid of the same feeling as before, she looked around the bathroom paranoid, nothing, maybe it’s just her imagination? She knew it wasn’t but she rathered believing that for her sake. She grabbed her things, a bag, with her phone, headphones, a single notebook, and a pencil case. She checked her pockets, wallet? Yes. She walked out of her apartment, and began walking to university, the same route as always. She arrived there, she couldn't even remember what they talked about that day, the teacher was too dense for her liking, most fall asleep in the class, others are glued to their phones, such a ‘lovely’ environment.

As she once again walked back home, she felt the same piercing gaze, this same routine and abnormalities have been going on for weeks, driving her crazy, just who is following her? Or looking at her? Why can’t she find them? Desperate, she turned around, she knew someone was there, somewhere, somehow, but she just couldn’t see them. Finally, she saw it, or well, her. Her legs began moving before her brain could even process it, she ran, as fast as she could, eventually getting to the building and speeding up the stairs in a blink, opening the door to her apartment and locking the door behind her, back pressed against it as she locked it, she heard

someone panting heavily, and she herself felt out of air, it took her a second to realise it was herself, panting and with a cold sweat, it didn't help that she heard **the footsteps** she recognized from all those years ago, accompanied by a call — *Evelyn! Where are you? This isn't funny*— it sounded so desperate, so young, why must this be happening now? And to her? She is purely innocent, she swore! And they had believed her, she had repented…right?

She felt banging on the door, was she the only one that heard this? Surely her neighbours must've heard, not like she will go out to check with **that** outside, hell no, she could surely wait it out, she reached into her bag and put her headphones on, she took out her phone, and turned on the headphones, which immediately turned off, no battery? Why now? Her thoughts were interrupted by yet another call — *Cmon! This isn't funny, where are you?!*— Evelyn was going to reply, but no words got out, her throat felt dry, and she had an unfamiliar feeling, a sinking feeling in her stomach, accompanied by the feeling of being choked, as if she had a tight rope around her neck, after a few minutes it stopped, she unlocked the door she had been leaning against, and peeked outside, no one, no voice, not ***her*** , Evelyn closed the door again, and went straight to bed, she tossed her things to the corner, left her phone and headphones charging, and dozed off.

She found herself in the snowy forest she once knew, with the familiar figure, looking back at her, slumped on the snow, Evelyn lowered her head, she looked at her hands, covered in crimson, she looked back at the now empty spot where the figure was, just what had she done?

She woke up, shaking, panting, breathing heavily, *it was just a nightmare, she isn't there, not with her, not with anyone, she is safe.* Although that was cut short, she heard something fall on the kitchen…but how? She doesn't have a pet….the door, did she lock it again? She gulped and stood up walking over to the kitchen, she saw it, a woman, with pale skin and eyes that lacked any life, wet hair covering her almost naked body, the room felt so cold.—- *no..nonono, NO, how can that be? She thought she had gotten away with it. The same feeling of unease returned, accompanied by the feeling of the noose around her neck, and the sinking feeling.*

—get out. Get out now!— she yelled, only to be met by silence, and a cold petrifying gaze. — can't you hear me? get out! Please!— she cried desperate tears, her actions have finally caught up to her. The figure began approaching her, placing her cold hand on Evelyn's shoulder as it stared at her on the eye, Evelyn quickly backed off, walking backwards until she felt herself against a wall, she turned around and quickly went to her room, closing the door behind her, grabbing her phone….***no battery…..****why? She left it charging right?*, she looked at the cable, it looked as if it was…chewed or something.

She looked behind her to be met with the pale girl, standing behind her, just staring, Evelyn couldn't take it anymore — *please leave! I'm sorry- I'm so, so sorry,*— she said between sobs, which were once again met by utter silence, that night surely ended with a bang.

The police found a note that stated — *my name is evelyn Moore, two years ago, I murdered Alison Woods, I dumped her body in Westwood county lake, I can't keep this secret anymore, the guilt is consuming me, I hope I can be one day pardoned for my sins, knowing I'll take one more life this night, but I just can't keep like this, she follows me everywhere, it's in my room, staring me down.*—