

Creative Writing Competition 2016

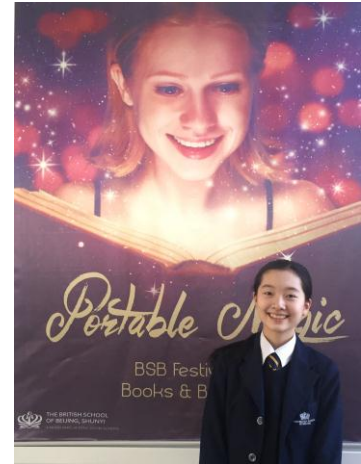
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Title: **New Life**



Emptiness. Nothing, only the dark silence, the dripping rainwater echoing throughout the damp, endless alley. Soft breezes came somehow from the non-existent entrance, as if reducing the pain of the sudden sounds, dwindling away the alarming sounds of the drops. As if giving hope, as if spreading despair, the wind passed through the passage unnoticeably. Each drip, each sound, each movement seemed so unnerving in a place this quiet, this lifeless. Sunshine never had the sympathy to take a look at this pathetic place, not a single glance. Its glorious light is avoiding this dark place.

Deep under the ground, a new life is however, slowly, carefully reaching out its hands, trying to push away the barriers on top of it. Perhaps just a peek of the world outside would be more than enough for it. It, as a youthful sprout is not yet aware of the severe conditions outside its home. As soon as the strong protection of soil on top of it is gone, it will have to face its burdensome future alone. Not a single accompany of another living being. It is now only filled with hope, hopes for the 'astonishing' life outside, hopes for the 'fascinating' creatures above the thick layer of soil, hopes for the pride and accomplishments it will have after breaking through the ground that locks it inside.

It is not an ordinary sprout, but a hopeful dandelion, always anticipating what lies in the future. Dandelion, a faithful being, symbolizing dreams and freedom. It is happiness and it is hope. It will blossom someday, revealing the golden, delicate flower. These flowers are definitely not the most stunning and dazzling, nor would they be the most attractive and glamorous plants. On the contrary, it spreads a refreshing feeling, a pleasant feeling, and a peaceful feeling. Like the pure cloud, the clean wind, the vast meadow, the yellow flower is a representative of the nature. When the flower is no longer able to gleam and smile to the sun, when it is near the end of its life, close to fade away from the land, it is still as dutiful and stubborn. It insists on continuing to spread the attitude and faith of hope. Fluffy, spotless white seeds of it succeed the job. At a time, they will one by one flutter to unlimited pale sky, to seek and pursue their dreams. Taking their luggage with them and begin a valuable and significant journey.

This innocent seed had landed gracefully in this narrow lane, not noticing the deadly silence. Its biggest target is to sense and experience the outer world. The dandelion stretches its arms and for every single second, it is trying to reach further upwards, even just a faint shift would make it feel much closer to its destination. Sunlight is what it desires; it is what encourages it to persevere. To feel the warmth of the light the sun sends down on earth. No matter what disastrous future lies in front of it, it will not prevent and destroy the hopes it has to achieve its dream. An aim, a target, a dream is essential; perhaps one day it will become the reality. It is not being simple and naive, it is being ambitious.