

Creative Writing Competition 2016

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School: The British School of Beijing
Age: 12
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Title: **Tony's Lift Off**



“You will never amount to anything” my teacher spits; projectiles of saliva land directly onto my whimpering face. “You disgust me” he continues, “you fail to pass your tests- all of them, you seldom hand in homework and you disrespect me!”

Great, the last thing I need is another teacher furious at me. They all hate me ... well, except for Mr Frillock. Who's he you inquire? Well, I'm glad you asked, as he happens to be the head of Science (my favourite subject). Most kids my age loathe Science, but I love it. Physics, Chemistry, Biology... and Astronomy, I can hardly tell you how much I love Astronomy. There is so much to ponder upon, in fact, you'll often find me discussing Astronomy with Mr Frillock (often in my own insufficient free time). I'm not exactly the Teacher's pet, quite the opposite actually, but Mr Frillock says I've got potential. I sure hope he's right.

“TONY!” I groan as I get out of bed, maybe this is where the term ‘rude awakening’ comes from.

“What is it, Ralph?”

I was having one of those flashbacks again!” I grumble.

Ralph gives me a look that could cut through steel, his secret code for: ‘Get serious, this is important’. I've experienced the joy of witnessing that look innumerable times, and trust me, it normally doesn't end well.

“Tony,” Ralph uttered “We're heading towards the asteroid field, I just wanted to let you know.” And with that he swivels around and makes his way to the cockpit. I allow myself a smile, as I've just been reminded how I've proven the teachers wrong.

Tony Smith, successful astronaut, reporting for duty!

I advance forward to join Ralph, as the sight of asteroids is something not to be missed. Not because it's a particularly beautiful sight, but they are highly dangerous - lethal if they hit the ship.

Wait! I think I heard a sound... no I definitely heard something.

“Ralph? What was that?” No reply. Wow, he’s ignoring me, I must have somehow ticked him off... again. I reach the doors of the cockpit and hear a swirling sound, like a giant vacuum cleaner. Uh oh, that only means one thing. I burst inside, only to find a lifeless Ralph crushed by a giant asteroid. I start to feel dizzy, with my vision getting blurred and my feet stumbling over. I collapse to the floor and everything goes black.

I’m awoken, for the second time today, by a buzzing sound emitted from the speaker. My eyes flutter open as I try to make sense of what just happened.

“Ralph” a raspy voice mutters through the speaker. I rush over (well, as best as I can) and respond to the near broken piece of technology.

“It’s Tony... Ralph’s dead”, I reply, my voice as shaky as a toddler trying to walk “Please tell me what to do” but to my horror the speaker shuts down.

I’ve got to land this ship myself. I stagger over to the controls and fumble around with them. I just can’t concentrate! But then I picture Mr Frillock’s face, my parents’ kind words... and the teachers who gave me the motivation to thrive.

I carefully direct the ship onto the nearest planet.

Mars.

That’ll do.

It’s hero time...