

## CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17

Full name: Angelina Trang

Age: 11

Full school name: British International School Ho Chi Minh City Vietnam

Title: The Half

Word count: 550

It was time.

He held my hand tightly for the last moment. I plastered a soft smile on my face and gave him my final glimpse.

“F1990!” my number echoed through the wind across the horizon of immigrants.

He was an other. I was a human. Problem.

Why?

Because we’re in *love*.

“I want F1880 Ben Parish to be your captain, obey him or die in his hands.” She glared at all of us. We headed east, trying to leave no trace behind, we were ready.

“You be my assistant and follow me or I’ll tell everyone you and that *other* were together” he threatened. His words ran through my ear.

My head swarmed through all my memories I had with *Evan Walker*. I don’t want all those loving memories to go away.

Ben grinned with his eyes looking through me. *I had no choice*, I obeyed him and stood by his side. I sighed already given up my hope to escape with Evan.

“Go! Go! Go!” Ben yelled one by one as the team marched forward. Not long after the running, we arrived at the east gate. The team broke out of the diamond formation and started to take cover.

Ben was in front of me like a shield. Then there was a tap on my aching shoulder...

I turned around. It was him. *Evan Walker*. The problem right now was that he had a gun. Pointed straight at Ben’s head.

“Evan what are you doing!” My heart thumped rapidly.

“I came here to rid of that horrible monster !” Evan pulled the trigger, as soon as Ben heard it go of he instantly turned around.

“No! No!” I hollered as I fired a single shot into Ben’s head in fear that my love would be killed, as well as myself.

“Oh my god, I can’t believe it. I killed him! What have I become?”

I rested my shivering knees beside Ben.

There was an eerie silence.

The silence was broken by a gunshot overhead.

*Why did he do such a thing?*

Evan shot Ben.

Blood stained, Ben's plain white shirt-his skin; pale as his once living body, now emerged into crimson red.

But that wasn't the end.

Just before we could escape this crime scene, I felt a swift of wind blew through my arms. I turned to see nothing. I questioned myself whether my vision or mind wasn't clear because of all this drama happening at once.

"You," A whisper was echoing into my ear with the breeze. I was met with a familiar face again. The face was covered in wine red. He stared at me with green piercing eyes.

*Ben Parish.*

Finally the scream of fear let out of me, roaring and bouncing of the prickling tree's back to me. Evan quickly whipped back to see what was going on. We had a perplex, bewildered and astounded expression, not to mention *horror*.

I took Evan's hand and bursted out in tears running down my face like wild horses. Evan embraced me giving me the warm nice feeling that I should've gotten, but didn't. I looked over at Ben, although this time he was... '*different*' so different I couldn't even tell whether he was even human.

"But how?"

*Ben replied in a deep mellow laugh.*

*The half.*