

### **Apocalypse by Alicia**

The red moon had suddenly dwarfed in size since yesterday. The sky was orange like a vampire's eyes. What was going on? All was static and silent; spookiness ran through the air, filling the world with terror. We were captivated, spellbound with perplexity. The blood stained sky sent quivers down our spines and we shuddered with anxiety.

Sand and dust filled the sky like a car windscreen clogging up with mist: it grew darker and darker – night time at just two o'clock. The world froze in a trance, creating an experience like no other. Distressed birds quivered and fled; squirrels sat bewildered. Stealthily the black clouds danced around the sun like wispy smoke from a chimney. The eerie atmosphere haunted us. But then the silhouette of the school gradually became clearer and once a silent site was now normal. Almost normal...

### **Paranormal Universe by Savannah**

The air was calm but terrifying, the normal sound of birds and animals had dissipated, leaving an eerie, hollow atmosphere. A tea-stained sky was painted against dark buildings and figures. It was almost as if London had been disturbed by a paranormal universe with only thick, dusty clouds guarding us from a haunting awakening.

I stared out of the window, captivated by the sky's rotting glow. People lurked among the streets surreptitiously, cautiously waiting for something to happen... anything to happen. I wondered if this would last forever and if this was our new world. I could feel my heart beating in my chest and lay back with my head rested against a pillow. At this moment I felt at peace but little did I know the apocalypse had only just begun.

### **The Lace Blanket by April**

An orange lace blanket thrown over the sun projected an eerie glow amongst the ghostly sky. The dusty sky closed in and the musty atmosphere felt small. The overpowering blanket obscured the distant horizon, hiding the warmth of the sun from the earth. The sunset in the middle of the day confused the birds, as they retreated back to their cosy, feathered nests. People strained their necks glaring at the blazing red football hanging, suspended in time. The blinding sun stood still as if it was a red traffic light stopping the world in its tracks. The buildings stood as silhouettes as the perfect picture was glowing like a candle in the dark.

### **The Scarlet Sun by Sofia**

Dust motes hang above our heads, smothering daylight, forming huge clouds like a deadly plague of locusts. Filtered through them the sun glows red as though drenched in blood. The murky shadows all around rise up to give this mesmerizing performance a standing ovation and the sky is filled with darkness.

I stand there on the dusty tarmac, mouth slightly agape. The ethereal eeriness has me transfixed. Then, gradually, timidly, the darkness shrinks back. The sun flashes a golden wink, signalling that a fragment of safety endures. The sand particles flee. I think I just survived the apocalypse - apocalypse as in 'great revelation'. The revelation of how incredible nature can be.