HIGHLY COMMENDED

YEAR 9 AND 10 CATEGORY

A Story in Miniature

The weather within

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The morning felt like spun gold. Sunlight glittered my apartment, making abstract patterns as it shined through. I hummed gleefully as I watered my precious, lively green ferns, looking more alive than ever before. One of those charity workers knocked on my front door requesting donations to reduce the rate of ocean pollution. *How typical*, I thought, but it was expected considering the current trend in the news. My jolly mood however dominated the thought of saying I have no cash on me. I bestowed a crisp, new fifty-dollar note I obtained which was sitting idle on the display table next to the door. The emotional appreciative look on his face displayed the passion he had to raise money for a good cause. It warmed my heart. It was a perfect cloudless day, and I was in the very picture of peace.

Then the sky bruised.

It happened in seconds. The strong golden beams of the mighty sun got swallowed by the emerging dark, violent clouds. I dropped the watering can from shock as the first crack of thunder blared an intimidating boom, the most extreme sound I've ever heard.

The warmth in my blood transformed into ice. The jolly thrill wrenched into an electric fury. I clenched my fists, trying for dear life to control myself, but the storm had already arrived, and it demanded to escape.

CRASH!

My hands began acting entirely on their own. It was like they belonged to those of a malicious stranger. They hurled a heavy oak chair with ease, smashing it through the lavish glass coffee table vehemently. Glass shards splattered across the floor, as if an artist was doing the same action with a paintbrush on a canvas. The deafening boom of each passing thunder prompted me to a new form of destruction. Punching colossal holes into the walls, looking like attempts to dig a tunnel to abscond from a jail cell. Grabbing vases, mugs and other kitchen appliances and kicking it like an AFL ball through the six-point goal. I was a helpless passenger stuck in my own body, witnessing a hurricane of rage destroy the furnished apartment which I committed so diligently to make it my dream home.

Then, as quickly as it began, the thunder faded.

The heavy clouds diminished, enabling a single ray of sunlight to strike the ruined floor. I collapsed to my knees, the rage evaporating in the air, leaving the remains as a hollow, heavy exhaustion. I blinked a few times before my vision cleared, along with my ordinary mind returning. I glanced at the dystopian wreckage of my home. The shattered glass, the holes in my wall, the debris of my beloved household items.

Only a singular terrifying question echoed in the small, quiet apartment: *What have I done?*

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