

## Peace at Last

I looked out at the dull canvas of a river. I could feel the wind blow against my face abruptly. The calm water and cool wind made me feel at peace. The clouds above me were darker than the void. I could hear the roaring lightning inside the clouds, ready to cause havoc, making me feel agitated. The wind swiftly started to spiral into a hurricane drawing in all the clouds and creating a whirlpool of chaos; it was as tall as a mountain as it began to dance to the rhythm of the thunder. I could see the blank, plain area whither into oblivion. I could smell the humid air rush up my nose. I was hurled into the hurricane as I got hit in the face and chest by flying debris. I could taste the blood in my mouth. I closed my eyes and thought deeply about how the most blank, tranquil and solitary place had become a horrifying warzone. As I sat there thinking, the harsh winds shrunk until the hurricane shrivelled into nothing. I was once again at peace with the calm water and gentle breeze.

By Milo – age 12

