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(QA) As I bumped along the dusty road, my carriage rattled under the strain. My breath drew pictures as I exhaled it for the temperature outside had slowly made its way in. I felt the rain slap against my window as I peered into the dark abyss above. I was still far off from my home town but I knew it was growing nearer as the ~~the~~ weather, so treacherous, grew heavier in its rage. I had been waiting for my return for so long; my hands ~~sweated~~ sweating at the thought of the joy that would overpower me when I stepped foot into the flooding memories of my childhood. As a young boy I had frolicked in the moors, my parents lost as to my whereabouts, but it was my solitude amongst them that pleased me so. Alone with my powerful love, I knew nothing of my woes or troubles. My feet would set themselves free upon those overgrown pastures, unable to control where they were headed. Their ulterior direction was known only to them and the wind that whistled directions. ~~On~~ On days of torment my eyes would pour buckets as I lay, bare, in the stems that comforted me so. We need not speak a word but they sheltered me, their puffy arms engulfing my fickle body and setting me free. I thought of the times when the sun smiled down on me, praising me for

basking in all its glory. I found myself smiling upon the thought. I closed my eyes once again and imagined the wonder and awe that would overcome me when I was reunited with my soulmate. I wanted nothing more than to become drenched in its tears of emotion as it pelted raindrops down upon me and softened the ground under my feet. Perhaps the wind would direct me to a new destination where my newest phase of life could begin.

I slept awhile, but I only dreamed of trivial things. This day was to be the grandest of all; I had awaited it for so long. The rain had harshened and I memorised the timing of the wheels as they jolted along the cobblestone road. My driver passed me back a telegram, a message that excited my senses. "Only half an hour till we reach your destination." My mouth tingled at the thought.

I found it strange that I heard the bustling of cars, but I thought I must be dreaming it. Perhaps I was being tricked. The weather was still dreary but the colour of the sky was different for another reason. ~~The~~ ^{The} cabin stopped and I stepped out of it myself, confused as to why I couldn't hear silence. The sight that met my eyes when the door opened horrified me. I felt myself die inside.

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The road was no longer cobblestone, but a surface of which I didn't recognise. And the cars that bustled about nearly ran me off my feet! I stared in bewilderment as the reality of what I had arrived upon sunk in. I felt a fool to have not considered the thought but never thought it to be possible. The silos puffed out thick, black smoke and I choked on the ~~stench~~ stench that polluted my once beautiful air. I walked around my cabin, my eyes half shut, a wish upon my lips that wouldn't be granted. "Please, not my moors!" But ~~they~~ ^{even} they hadn't been spared and I cried out at my loss for my home was no longer to be found and I would not know the sound of the wind any more. The thunder cracked as my heart ripped in two and tears poured from my eyes. I felt the drizzle touch my skin as the rain tried to wipe away my tears but no, it was impossible.

I ventured along the steel railway and covered my mouth with my handkerchief as not to be polluted. My misery grew as I uncovered more of the devastation. Nanny Betty's old barn was now a gas station, the only evidence she ever existed was in my mind. No more eggs or chickens, not a thing in sight that soothed my saddened sockets. Everywhere was the steel and the roads and the cars, factories, smoke. I could not

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comprehend the enormity of the devastation. I spotted an inlet in the path where I could sit and find my breath. I made my way to it and slithered down upon the ground. I felt so small in the engulfing world around me. But what kind of world was it? Not one worth living in. I mourned my loss and how I could never again feel at home. My depressed thoughts overwhelmed me. I laid down on the cold pathway to make my head better, my dizziness nauseated me. My eyes blurred from my tears but focused on something minutely green. A small glimpse of hope in the overwhelming enormity of reality. "A sapling" I whispered as hope began to find its feet inside me. I stared at the small creature and wondered how it had managed to find its way up to meet me. I smiled at the thought of my soul, nature, and how its regenerative nature made it connect with me once more. I looked up at the sky as it rained down upon us and felt alive once more as I washed away my melancholy.