

Loveday 9C: The Outside

Throughout my life, my world was built upon one floor, four rooms, and three people. The landscape I viewed from my window was how most describe a painting - a fantasy, out of reach. The wallpaper sat there, intricately patterned with poppies and peonies and periwinkles and petunias resembling that outside world I had never met. They mocked me, cackling at my entrapment and laughing at my helplessness.

Every day, I woke up before the sun, changed into my marigold dress and sat down at the table with mother, father and my sister.

My sister, Lily, was older than me. She represented the shining role model my parents required me to be, quiet and submissive, though her perfection often sparked rage within me. How did she never wonder what life was like on the outside? Why did she never rebel? Had she always lived inside, like me? These questions stalked my mind, like a parasite, draining what little life I had.

During the day, my life was revived through pages and pages of experiences I would never encounter. From Stephen King to Suzanne Collins, whether it was fiction or nonfiction, my life was built upon the stories of others. Though the world outside was unattainable, I could build my own; I finally had some control.

As the sun set, I would stare outside of my window, fixated by the riotous poppy field that lay before my eyes. Just a few metres away, yet we had no contact.

Life went along for 15 summers. That was until the late days of winter that year. The day had gone along as usual, and during sunset, I again stared outside of my window. However, this serene environment was soon interrupted by the sound of the front door opening, Lily's scream and a bang.

I never saw Lily again

After she left, things got worse. Each window was barricaded with wooden planks, and three extra locks were installed on the front door. My books were hidden, and my persistent searching was to no avail.

So I devised a plan. Every night, I began cooking dinner for my family, slowly regaining their trust. By spring, I had my books back. But it wasn't until mid summer that my final step was to go ahead - that evening, after cooking dinner, I left the gas on. I watched as the sapphire flames danced, spreading into ribbons of scarlett, engulfing that floral wallpaper. I laughed.

Mother and father rushed down, unlocking the front door.

I was out.

I cannot describe the feeling of leaving my world.

It's as if you wake up one day, and your life isn't your life, your home is no longer your home and the foundations of life have collapsed. But instead, you are greeted with a new world, a new life with more hope than the last.

The warm, sweaty heat of the outside was strangely refreshing. Those poppies I had seen

for years now looked different to me; one with dried-out petals, one with a tall stem, one drooping so close to the soil it almost toppled over. Though all were flourishing, and free to move however so they wanted.

Megan 8R

I wish I lived in that Beautiful house. Or that's what I thought when I first saw that house. So, let me explain. What could you ever wish for more, a beautiful piece of architecture surrounded by trees. Peace. Calm. Until there isn't.

The sky. The floor. The trees. It all seemed normal but the more I look into the sky, the more you can see. It looks like it's been painted, clouds flowing past you, the sky all the same shade. The leaves are a luscious green, until you look at the floor, you see autumn. The candles burned bright, all night, all day. So I have decided. Or, there is no other way to find out. Enter the Beautiful house.

I walked up the stone steps, the unnatural ones, the ones that would send a chill through your spine. Finally reaching the wooden door, I took a deep breath before opening.

The hall was honestly gorgeous. It had a certain feel to it that would just lure you in. Candles smelling sweet, leading all the way down the corridor to a metal doorway. Out of place, totally. I took one of the oil lanterns just sitting at the table to my left before taking footsteps. Step. Step. Left. Right. I tried to gather as much information as I could, for that I might be needing it later.

The iron door was marked with claws, spelt with symbols I couldn't understand. So instead, I turned to the room on my left. A library. Shelves full of books, you couldn't possibly count them all even if you had all the time in the world. I ran across the spines of the books, before looking at my hands, expecting to blow. But no, there wasn't any dust. *Someone is in here.* I quickly ran to the table accompanied by a luxurious red mulberry silk sofa. *Paper. Stacks and stacks of them.* I scramble through all the papers, only to find out I can only read a few of them. *So many languages.* I pick one up before plunging into darkness.

Such an easy target. Failed that game far too easily. How on earth did she even get into this house? Well, I better go and check whether she's woken up now.

WeLcomE to thE gAMe. Do yOu reMemBer anYthinG? Words fade in and out, black dots blurring my vision. *Game, game. Why does that sound so familiar?* I try to stand up just to realise I'm tied back onto a chair. A yellow figure moves past, too swift for a human. *Bright colours mean stay away!* But I'm too tired. I slump back, waiting for the thing to take me, waiting, waiting, waiting...

Thuba 8R

The alarm sounds its gentle, delicate electro-waltz. It does not wake me up; I have been awake for almost two hours now. Sleep can put you in danger, and you always have to keep moving. I made sure that no one was around me, so if they turned into one of them, they couldn't come after me. I made sure I was isolated from everyone, or as I should say,

everything. The land around me was barren. Sand dunes stretching for miles and miles. I was normally not this lucky, to find a house in the middle of nowhere. But it wasn't really secure. The roof was made out of straw, and my water reserves were running out. I relentlessly got up to store all of the clean water left, not knowing when I would get this chance again. This small hut has a few left over supplies, but was really useful for my long journey. I'm going to have to start moving again, aren't I? I grab what I need and head out. I look behind me, knowing this is the last stop I can make. I will reach my final destination soon. I admire the small hut. Its acacia - type door and windows look brand new and vibrant. They stand out a lot in the scenery of a desert. Like a tree in the middle of antarctica. The rest of the house tries to blend in. It has a straw roof and wooden chairs, something you might find in a small fantasy village. I take my suit and belongings, and start walking. Towards... hope. Towards possible signs of life remaining. A PROPER shelter with defences and the sort. I look forward to where I need to go. There is nothing but desert for miles. Just barren wasteland. Not even any plants. I remind myself to put my suit on before I step into our new sunlight. Underneath the suit, I already seem to be completely covered, wrapped from head to toe with layers upon layers of clothing. Even my head is wrapped with 2 winter scarves, trying not to expose my skin. I found thick, black sunglasses that barely allow me to see, but it was a big improvement from covering my eyes with a thin fabric, one I could see out of. The suit was falling apart in my hands, so I thought of going back into the hut. I looked around, making sure those 'creatures' were not anywhere near me. I made a run for it, reaching the hut as quickly as I could. I had one last look at the interior. Nearly everything is made of sticks. The table, chairs, even the bed frame, all made out of sticks. The rest being a bit more modern. There was working electricity, food and an extremely comfy mattress. I decided to leave the suit, knowing it was irreparable. I then left for the final time, knowing I will have to continue this journey without any more stops.

Ceci 7R

My Home

I love my home.
It's the best one I own.
With its amazing roofs
It really just proves,
That this is the best one I know.

I don't get much peace and quiet.
My family is as loud as a riot.
But I don't mind,
As there's plenty to find
in this house with a wonderful climate.

All day I do lie,
Waiting for food to fly by,
Delicious creatures
with tasty features
that hover up in the sky.

It has been said
the house is red
I wouldn't know
My vision's like snow
I can only see green instead.

I hang from a string.
I'm a very small thing.
And don't think I'm wider.
For I'm just a little spider,
But in this house, I'm a king.