Coventry Building Society's Young Writer of the Year competition 2023

The father

I looked out of the window, and I could not believe my eyes, every rose petal fluttered down on to the dewy grass, and the apple tree stood tall and proud, like a solider who stood for war.

Suddenly, something caught my eye. A statue stood there holding a valuable sword, its handle carved out of platinum. My cat, Tiddles purred softly beside me. I couldn't make out the face, but it seemed familiar to me. I ran downstairs and out of the door. It began the rain. The droplets fell on my soft, rosy cheeks.
Without warning, the expensive sward clunked at my feet. I picked it up and it read 'James Arthur Willow'. This really stunned me. Every inch of my body froze. This was my father's name, and my mother admitted he was the last man to keep his head up for war.

I tried to piece all of my memories together. I fixed my eyes onto his blank, innocent face. The world was spinning around me, and my vision turned black. The next thing I remembered is my mother bawling her eyes out like a new-born baby. I stroked her hair like a cat and whispered into her ear 'I saw dad'. She was shocked and chokedd, 'your dad?!'. 'Yep', I replied. She stood there gazing at me, perplexed. I needed some rest. 'Anyways', she began, 'your head's swollen'. I felt my head, it was true. My eyes gently closed, and I felt my mother's teardrop fall on to my skirt. A memory drifted through my mind where my father kissed me lovingly on my cheek and swinging the door shut for war and that was the last sight of him.

The moonbeam sliced my face. Every sound died away due to the thunder. Tiddles leaped out of the transparent window and landed softly on the pavement below. A thought struck me. If Tiddles was gone, there was absolutely no world, no life. I sprang after him. There was no sign of Tiddles, and tears filled my eyes.

A hand was placed on my shoulder, and I turned around to look. A shocking sight met my eyes as my father was standing there, a smile twinkling in his eyes. 'Judith, I'm grateful that you have not forgotten me' he mumbled.
My lips my stuck together, he held my hand to lead me into nothingness.

Aadhya
Year Group 5 winner 2023
Grange Farm