

Untitled – Matthew 8D2

Bombs were scattered across the war-torn land like seeds being scattered in a field. People were fleeing for their lives. Screams echoed into the distance, but nobody was going to hear them anyway.

Amidst the chaos, a boy tripped and fell over, hurting himself in the process. He started weeping and crying as he felt he was at death's door. But then he saw fire next to him. It wasn't hot or cold – it was warm. He embraced the fire in his small little arms. It was like waves of colour were splashing over him like tides hitting the beach. He felt ecstatic.

Just then he heard a voice. "Please save me". It was just like a whisper, but it ignited the fire in his heart. Hope... That's what he had lost before. Without a thought in his head, he started dashing, running like his life depended on it.

At last he made it to the top of the building and poured the blazing hope on top of it. It burnt like fuel on a flame. He saw a military helicopter flying nearby and he yelled to his people "Help is come!". They all boarded safely with enthusiasm buzzing in their heads and the blazing hope in their hearts. He realised that it wasn't real, but that didn't stop the flame it produced. It burned for all to see.