

My Hero

"I'm not scared of you!" I quivered, snapping my head around to examine the tree-covered landscape around me.

Soon the wind died down and nothing but an opaque mist covered the scene. There was no sound.

The moss on the ground created a plush, green pillow beneath my feet and trees as plain as the truth stood darkly silhouetted around me, like frightening giants. The desolate silence didn't last long as I let go of a shaky breath. It clattered in my throat like a rattlesnake and the sound of my own breath scared me. This place looked vilely fearsome and yet strangely beautiful. The trees shrivelled over, creating arched pathways to the north, south, east and west. But, no matter how imposing it was everywhere I looked defined despair. The grey mist clung hopelessly to everything. The swampy air smelt of death.

"You saved m-my l-l-life so I-I'm not that scar-red of you-u." I added, but behind my 'tough girl act' you could clearly see I was panic-stricken.

"I'm no hero; I was just there at the right time," a chill voice hissed, every word dripping with venom. "Besides, there's no such thing as a 'good' villain, is there?"

I reached into my back pocket as my fingers skimmed over a small, keen, pocket-knife and I gripped it tightly for comfort. I knew that voice ... but surely it couldn't be ... not him!

"Don't hide away in the shadows, step into the light!" I barked, presenting my knife to the glimmering fog that was creeping forwards.

With every terrified step I took backwards it got closer and closer.

"As you wish" he drawled.

The ground shook as large leather boots stamped forwards until he finally shone in the light before me. The blistering smoke covered and limped back into the forest, eventually revealing his face. Why did it have to be him? That monstrous face that lingered in the back of my mind, haunting my thoughts.

"Is this what you wanted? To see your precious 'hero'?" He smiled sarcastically.

He was just what I'd feared, the vicious and most blood-thirsty villain of all. The one who I could only see in my nightmares stood before me. His presence had sent me into a hushed silence and my flesh was as cold as ice.

A single frozen tear slipped down my face as I instantly recognised him and put my knife slowly back in my pocket before turning away from him.

My eyes welled with tears and a lump stuck in my throat.

"Hello father..." I said in a barely audible whisper.

**Amy Hawke, Cronk-y-Berry Primary School
Primary – 1st Prize**