

# Invisible

HW WRITTEN BY: Claire Wang

Blinding fulgurating lights blurred my vision, engulfing me with beaming rutilant valencia and fuchsia pink colouras. Polychromous, lustrous light danced teasingly in mockery as crowded mobs of people bustled down the immaculate streets. It was late in the afternoon and the sun shone a scintillating, resplendent light, casting its radiant beams of fulgor like the phosphorescent twinkling light of the Eiffel Tower. Towering, upheaved buildings glared down, stretching towards the never-ending sky, light radiated off the pristine windows. The air was alive, mixed with the clamorous sounds of honking cars, the swish of shopping bags and the hum of traffic. Endless opportunity fluttered through the air as I took one vacillating step forwards. As lovely as it seemed, there was the umbra caliginosity of darkness that broke me from the chatter of pedestrians, the tiny sliver of hiemal gusts, weaving through the convoluted maze of people, the murderous voice that hit me, sending a shiver down my spine.

“Move up!” A voice shouted behind me, I rushed forwards, instantly getting a welcoming embrace from the warm vibe of the city. The boreal chill vanished, overpowered by happiness that defeated it, I didn’t let the feeling shake off me though. I knew it was still there. The wave of people lifted me off my feet and pushed me deeper into the city. My eyes turned, mesmerised by the bewitching sights, enchanting me, pulling me into their captivating depths that threatened to strangle me. The more I walked the more entranced I felt, surrounded by throngs of people. I kept a lookout for the same chill, but none came, it was gone . . . gone. The crowd thinned and I scurried forward, eager to get away from the chaos. My footsteps echoed, bouncing around the secluded alleyway, dilapidated buildings looming over me. Unlike the rest of the city, the streets were laced with ashen grey grime, trailing up and down. I felt separated, separated from the rest of the throng as all the happiness seemed to seep out from me. I turned to go back, and found the exit to my escape was right there. My slow walk turned into a sprint as I raced for the exit, wanting to feel the warm engulf me once again. I crashed to the floor in pain, I hadn’t slipped through, I had been thrown back almost as if there was an invisible force field. Panic raced through me, my heart bombastically beating in my chest. What was going on?

“Your trapped, that’s what’s going on.” I whipped my head around, my eyeballs swivelling in their sockets, looking for the person whispering. I saw nothing.

I quickened my pace, back the way I came, feeling around for the exit. I could see it, but why couldn’t I get through? I screamed, words spilling out of my mouth in a high pitched vociferating screech.

“Help!” I thought to myself how nobody could miss it but they all seemed to not have heard a sound, only casting looks at where I was standing before strutting away.

“Stop. Stop!” I muttered. “Please, someone! Help!”

“No one can help you. No one can save you.” The words cackled mockingly. “And you know it.” I swivelled on the balls of my feet. No one. Why was nobody there?

“Who’s there?” I stuttered, the words tumbling through my mouth.

“Clara, I will help you,” I froze, he knew my name. . . Hands tightened around me, it felt as if invisible fingers were clamping down on my throat, squeezing out all the life I had left inside of me. I struggled in its grasp, as it tightened I thrashed kicking, punching every part I could find. My feet hit a solid figure and the grip loosened as someone howled in pain.

“How dare you!” Air escaped through my lungs, my throat burning. This was the end. I let out a scream of pain and glanced down at my right arm, flesh had parted and blood was cascading down, dripping onto the stygian floor.

“Ah, ahh!” I twisted out of the grip and slammed down into the figure, from anyone else who looked as if I was levitating. My hands fumbled around for a hood, only to feel another searing pain. This person was armed, with a knife. I pinned down an arm that I assumed was holding the knife, letting my other arm trail up while I located the hood. I grimaced as I felt something. In great triumph I threw the hood back, expecting to see a Undesirable No. 1 prisoner concealed within the invisible cloak. My jaw dropped. I knew that face. I knew that cunning face. I knew the man staring back up at me. Blood dripped down from my arm, splattering his face.

“Dad?”

“Clara, I’ve missed you.”

Note:

This is yet again a amazing story, Claire! You have effectively shown the themes of discovery, alienation, and danger through your plot. Meanwhile, I am mesmerised by your word choice. Indeed they have fueled the plot of this piece. Moreover, good work on the application of figurative language, imagery, dialogues, and emotive language. They added flavour in your story. Continue to write like this again. #Slay.

Mark: 50/50