**Week 2 Writing Homework**

[Go Back to Course](https://scholarlytraining.com/courses/year-5-scholarship-specialisation-zoom-with-mr-steve-mr-albert-term-3/)

Writing Prompt:

REDO WEEK 1 HOMEWORK Write a story with first sentence as ‘The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd…’ Include a trigger symbol, varied syntax, 5 senses, self-conflict, intense emotional description (400 words)

The first crack of thunder shocked the crowd, a thunder booming across the clouds like a giant's voice. In the middle of Willowbrook Park, sheltered by a sea of turbulent gray clouds, children stood frozen in mid-laugh, their smiling faces tilted upwards towards heaven. Felix Sun strode at the edge of the park, his heart beating louder than the thunder in the sky.

Felix was different from the rest of the children; while they danced in puddles and followed rainbows, he was more of a shadow—a quiet observer not a joiner in. His fingers brushed against his lucky charm—a smooth stone he had gathered on one of his solo adventures along the riverbank. It glowed faintly in the cleft of his hand, reminding him that even the smallest things could be of immense strength.

"Let's go on! Let's play!" Mia yelled, bouncing her unruly curls as she invited Felix. She was fearless and laughing—everything he hoped to be. But as another bolt of lightning lit up the sky, Felix's stomach twisted in uncertainty. What if he made a fool of himself? What if he wasn't good enough?

As each flash illuminated her face—her eyes wide with excitement—Felix felt the urge to move in with her but was rooted where he was as raindrops began to fall softly all around them like small drummers warming up for a show.

"Don't you want to have fun?" Mia asked again, noticing him standing off to the side.

"I. I don't know," stammered Felix. Internal conflict stormed within him as the storm clouds did outside. He wished to be as fearless and carefree as Mia but feared being drawn into madness in which nothing made sense at all.

The gusts of wind came fiercely, flinging leaves in wild spirals across the air. Felix closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath—filled was his soul with scent of wet ground and flowers blooming with it, even as he was afraid.

And then something shifted inside him; it was tiny but profound—a realization that this could trap him or set him free.

With the blink of an eye, Felix rushed towards Mia and all her friends splashing through puddles that were now full to the top with rainwater. Felix laughed—a stranger and yet a familiar laughter—when water showered them like fragments of shimmering jewels trapped in sunlight breaking through shades of dark clouds.

And so, too—with each laughter and splash—the storm above faded into the background noise while something else sprouted in Felix: a confidence rooted in proximity and not alone.

As the thunder grumbled softly now far away instead of looming over us threateningly, Felix discovered not only joy but also friendship—and sometimes we need a tiny storm to remind us how amazingly well our own light can shine when we take the time to dance among raindrops together.