



Portfolio

Ben Mills

## Narrative 1

Approaching the clearing, I began to ease up. The threat of my pursuers, those creatures, seemed to have subsided, at least for now. I walked into the open and was soaked in moonlight. Being in the forest, it was easy to forget there was anything else except trees. It was this that made the pursuit all the more terrifying for me; I knew all too well the risk of vulnerability, especially here.

After my rest, I decided my time would be best utilised forming an escape plan, other than running that is. I considered traversing back along my previous route and escaping through the familiar, but that was too risky. I considered running randomly and hoping to **find the exit, but really I knew that wouldn't work; this forest was unforgiving, and going blind would be counterproductive.** My only other sensible option was to follow the moon to the west by any glimpe I could find through the dense canopy.

With my plan made, I took a step towards the west. Suddenly, a rustle on the outskirts of the clearing caught my attention. I reached for my spear on my back, first finding the stone head, then sliding my hand down about a third of the way down, ready to defend myself.

Another rustle. This time from the other side. I quickly whipped round, hand still on the **pole of my weapon. Suddenly there was rustling from all sides of me. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't defend myself from a full on ambush with one spear, not these creatures anyway.**

The rustling grew louder and louder until it was unbearable. I couldn't think, I couldn't hear and I couldn't see. **This was their way of wounding prey: disorientation.** They had chased me here and managed to entrap me. **That's why no one had ever seen one;** because no one was lucky enough to get away alive. There were rumours they looked like baboons, others said they were like giant bees, but no one knew, and I never would.

I pulled out my spear in desperation, hoping to preserve my life a little longer than **anticipated. I wasn't particularly optimistic about my chances.**

I had no idea how much time had passed. It could have been five seconds; it could have been five minutes. **I wasn't ready to die; I hadn't even begun to tap into my power.**

Then I remembered: my power! How could I forget the whole reason I was in this situation? If I hadn't have been shunned as a freak, I'd still be at home, which wouldn't have been burned down, I'd still be with my parents, who wouldn't be in jail for something that wasn't their fault; it was mine. I lost control and that boy got hurt. I swore I'd never use it again, but I had to now, surely?

The rustling was getting ever louder until I was forced to my knees. Images began flashing in my head of my house on fire, of my parents being taken away for harbouring me, of myself leaving them without any word or attempt to stop what was happening, and **I knew I could've. I was angry at myself, furious even, but it felt good.** I could feel it flow through my body and penetrate my veins like ice. The blood was pumping up to my ears, causing a pounding that even the rustling couldn't overwhelm. I let the take-over. The

wind swirled around me as it lifted me off the ground. I stopped a few feet in the air. I was unaware of the rustling sound at this point, even if it was still there. With a cry of anguish, I let the emotion blast out, sending barriers of air in all direction. The trees leaned with the force with some of the foremost trees exposing their roots. I hovered there, letting the chaos ensue around me, as the trees gave up their battle and were sent back into the forest, uprooting their comrades as they went.

Everything settled and I landed back on my feet, but immediately fell to my knees in exhaustion. The rustling had stopped, and as I looked at my surroundings, I understood why. The force of the gust I created had almost doubled the size of the clearing, leaving lone tufts of indignant grass and holes where the trees had stood strong and eternal.

This is why I had to run.