

3<sup>RD</sup> PLACE – YEAR 7 AND 8

LOOMING

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MATAKOHE SCHOOL

One spark is all it took...

Rain fell gently through the forest canopy trickling down the tree trunks and sliding off the leaves. A small stream glistened as a soft beam of warm light filtered between the high branches.

An eye blinked. A small, bulging, brown eye. It's little moss green slimy body in a glob, enjoying the drops of rain that fell upon its back. The frog croaked, a short, low, crackling noise, then abruptly hopped away into the shadow of a tree.

All was quiet, only the sound of pattering rain dared to break the silence. Suddenly a bucket of water droplets showered down from above. Sunlit turquoise feathers ruffled as a cold, soaked pigeon sat miserably on his branch. He flapped his stunning wet wings and took off, swooping between the tree trunks. A gush of wind whooshed past a dead cabbage tree as the pigeon swept by.

Two pairs of large orange eyes glowed in the dark hole of the tree. As a clawed, umber paw gripped the rim of the gap, the rain fell harder. Hammering the moss, wind ripping through the bush tearing at the branches as it went. The sky turned dark. Gloomy clouds drifted wearily across the sky. A train-like

rumbling arose from behind the hills. As mist drifted through the forest, the streams began to rise, turning into mighty rivers and surging through the bush. The sky flashed white, a snaking strike of lightning slithered to the ground quicker than a blink, crashing into the forest.

One spark is all it took ...to set the whole thing alight.