

Junior Division, Prose

Isabella Sommerfeld, Happy Valley-Goose Bay

The letters we read (an excerpt)

As she read the end of the letter a tear trickled down her cheek. She let the letter fall to the floor.

That night she fell into a fitful sleep dwelling on the words in her brother's letter. She dreamt she was in a foreign land surrounded by smoldering buildings and wounded soldiers. She followed the narrow, broken road and several yards ahead she saw the figure of a soldier walking into the cold, swirling mist. Adeline continued to follow the figure, unsure of where she was headed. Suddenly the soldier came to a halt. Adeline stopped. The figure stood there frozen in time. Adeline's heart was pounding inside her chest and she felt the sudden urge to turn around and run, but curiosity got the best of her. Slowly, the figure's head began to turn until it was facing Adeline. Her breath got lodged in her throat. The figure was James. His eyes locked with hers before an uneasy whisper caressed her ears.

"I'm next."

Adeline jolted from her sleep. She sat up, her skin glistening with a cold sweat. Adeline couldn't shake the feeling that something bad was about to happen. She grabbed the lantern from her nightstand, slid on her worn woolen slippers and went to find Mrs. Scotch.

She silently entered Mrs. Scotch's dwelling and woke her from her sleep.

"What? What happened Dear? Is everything alright?" Mrs. Scotch asked, alert.

"I can't shake this feeling that something is going to happen to James," Adeline whispered shakingly.