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Student work:

Darkness is a veil, a cloak of despair shielding us from the light.

I myself was wrapped in a cloak of darkness. Shielding myself away from the world of parties and fun. Not that I needed to try hard, I was pretty much invisible living in the alleyway. I was alone, There is nothing more scary than an eternity on your own, nothing and nobody to talk to. You'd ask for pain just to feel something. Countless years, no compassion, no remorse, your soul turned to the dark side without a hope of recovery. The alleyway was a dark place. No happiness just people heads down arms out begging for money. I would give them so much money. But it's not like I have money falling out of my pockets. You may be saying live with a friend. You don't have to be alone. I get it why should I choose to be alone in my madness.

But I don't want their pity, I am not a charity case. They have their lives, I have mine, and anyway it's not like I would have a lot to choose from.

I felt behind me for the soft material not daring to put it on, a lady was staring at me from where she was resting against the walls.

When she looked away I stood up and walked behind the big dumpster bins. Ducking my head I started to jump into the elastic suit.

Standing up I looked at me from the reflection of a puddle.

My hair was matted , my eyes were bloodshot from the lack of sleep and my arms and legs were skinny from the small amount of food I have. Yet when I put my suit on everything changes. I stand a little straighter, I hold my head a little higher.

Being proud is a funny thing, one minute you're worthless hiding away from the world you're so small that we can barely see you. Then the next you're a giant standing tall shoulders back, no more slouching or self pity.

As I strode out of the alleyways people started paying attention to me. Their eyes look up at me. A look of curiosity inside them. People whisper to each other. People scurry out the way as I come through the alleyways.

People often talk about an opposite universe, one where nothing is the same. I like to think of my life as split up into two universes, one where I am alone and unwanted, like I was just a part of the wall people walk by me not even giving me a second glance. A homeless man

begging for money. He doesn't matter, he doesn't influence society. Then the second world, the one with the cape. Suddenly I am a superhero, the pride of the city. I am not the one begging anymore, people are begging for my autograph. The headlines are of me saving lives. Two different universes.

I appeared on the busy street. The buzz was electric. Drivers honking their horns. Street vendors selling hot dogs. People walking looking into the windows of shops. I saw a man holding a little girl tight, she was crying. A feeling of dread took over my gut, something wasn't right, the way the girl was resisting the man, and the way the man moved quickly like he wanted to get out of the big public place.

I sprinted after him, people jumping out of the way.  
"There's that superhero," a vendor whispered.

Crash! I rammed into the man.  
The girl ran, bawling her eyes out. The Man stood up and accepted defeat.

By now the crowd had arrived searching for the hero that saved that poor little girl. But they had no hope they knew that I would be gone never to be seen until I am needed. They don't know me, or who I am. The man behind the cape. The man that started today in the alleyway.