

Up on a cliff, high on a ledge the humble abode of an eagle perches. His feathers tousled and beak glistened as it caught beams of light. With pride he stood in a bundle of emerald green moss and precious sticks. His laser eyes pierced through the golden chip stranded on the grainy sand. The creature's eyes focused on the van and decided it was his next target. He didn't care who got in the way. Excellent vocabulary/ verb choices and use of sentence structure

The sand was tattooed with tyre marks as the van swung round to park. Business was going to be good. The cover slid down and Terry shovelled chips into the fryer. Fatty and salty. The smell comforted Terry like an old blanket. He rubbed his thighs with chewed fingertips and his mouth was screwed up. The van was his haven, his safe spot, his escape from the roaring world and he would always feel comfortable there. Well controlled and use of the motif to engage

Terry was a troubled man and had issues big and small, far and wide. He felt like a fly trap about to snap and he didn't care who he engulfed. As long as he had his van. Terry had no parents growing up and as a result he resembled a chick without its mother. When he saw happy family's his mouth went acidic like he was about to spew. He wanted to take away their curved mouths and sparkling eyes. It's what he didn't have.

An eagle landed near the tyre of the van and lurked behind it waiting for a golden chip to be dropped. The tyre was now its safe spot just like the cliff had been. A claw grabbed a crispy piece of gold and then retreated back in behind the tyre.

The droplets of liquid poured from the skies and dribbled down the little boy's hood. Wetting the tips of his fringe and blurring his vision. Chips would hit the spot. He strained his eyes over the counter, hoping to be met by a smiling server. Instead a man with bitter eyes and a sickly sweet scowl was glaring back. He looked like an eagle about to pierce it's claws through a rabbit's skin. Terry saw this happy child and knew what he was about to do.

Time sped up and Terry nabbed the little boy and swung him into the back of the van. This devious little scum was now in his van. Terry could hear the lullaby of his parents shrieking and the little boy's whimpers were like a soothing melody. The van sprinted forward and knew the route it was taking. The water under the arch churned and bubbled and if anyone were to plunge they would be dissolved by the current. Terry decided this is what the joyous, innocent boy deserved.

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