

Keira Woodard's Story

He was confused, stressed and sad. He didn't know why, he didn't know how and he didn't know when. All he knew was that it was all over. He was thinking about his wife, his children, his friends, and how they were all gone.

One day he heard a strange and confusing noise. It was coming from the green wet bush behind him. He found a stick and approached the bush. 'Aah !,' he cried. Nothing. He ran up to a tree and carved 'You need help' in the trunk.

He was confused and scared and wanted to escape, so he walked five miles to a nearby town. The town was called Futureville because it had been built in the future and hadn't been started yet. He slept in an abandoned prison. The following morning, he stepped out of the building. Everything was gone. In its place was a building with entirely white walls. This he walked up to and slowly opened the door.

Inside there was a hallway with paper on the floor, bullet hole in the walls and a broken chandelier hanging limp from the ceiling. It was a mess.

He walked cautiously down the hallway, toward a sort of portal that was flashing purple. He had nothing to lose, so he walked inside. The door closed behind him.

A whirring sound and a humming. A strange feeling of movement.

Suddenly he was in a dirty-looking place that reminded him of the 1600s. He walked around in a sort of daze, observing everything, then a sharp sound sent him diving behind a curtain.

Which, it turned out, was not such a good idea.

‘Get out !,’ shouted a big fat man that he knew from his studies to be King Henry VIII. So he ran and ran and ran some more. He could hear the sound of galloping horses coming to get him. He screamed and screamed; there was a ringing in his ear and he didn’t know why.

Exhausted from his running and his screaming, at last he came upon some women dancing a Tudor dance with their children which reminded him of his own wife and children.....but then he remembered that they were gone, and they were gone forever.

With sad thoughts he carried on walking through the town; still there was the sound of galloping horses behind him. Although he was lost he kept on running until he felt he was nearly dead. He fell to the ground beneath a dirty tree and fell asleep.

He woke up in the middle of the night. It was dark and scary and noisy; the birds were singing, the foxes were asleep in their sets unable to sleep as they waited for the complete silence of deepest night. All he could think was that his wife was gone, his children were gone, his life was gone. Nothing, he thought, could get any worse. So what could he do ? He could do nothing or he could move on.

He gathered some sticks and leaves and started making a hut. This he glued together with mud.

When this was done he made a path and small pieces of simple furniture.

Here he lived for exactly one year. The place reminded him of the prison - dirty floor, no food, cold wind coming through the gaps in the walls. But worst thing of all was the fact that he was so completely alone.