

Capture the Flag

“Freet!” One long blow of the whistle; the match had begun. I tore across the field, mud sucking at my shoes. The ball was in reach. As soon as I grabbed it, I whipped around and split right back to my team. All the balls in the central nest had gone. Scanning the area, I spotted a team that seemed vulnerable.

Cautiously overstepping the mud and the sludge, I went off to scout for any weak spots. I came back to report, but my team was under siege. Invaders — all teams, all directions, everywhere — snatching at our nest. There goes our chance at winning, I thought. Arthur came back with a declaration. Apparently, peace had been called with red team. Not a chance!

Layton came sauntering down the wet slope, looking for an opening. “Traitor!” the voice in my head told me.

“Peace, peace!” he called, hands in the air, edging forward. Suddenly, he lunged for our nest, stealing a ball. That was it. “Traitor!” the voice screamed louder this time. No peace, no truce, lies, lies, lies! By now I was shuddering with rage. I wanted to strangle him, throw him into the mud and laugh about it. Of course, I restrained myself. “Save that for later,” I thought.

Let’s finish this!

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