

Junior Prose Section (15 years & under)

Kate Brown, Gander

**Drifting Memories (an excerpt)**

So, I did the only thing I could do, draping my body over the fatal object. I could hear Benny shouting- no, howling- my name, and for a moment my thoughts wandered back to the golden years of my childhood. During the hot, humid summers, Benny and I would have what we called a 'water war', drenching each other in water collected by the creek between our houses. I remember, once, I dumped a whole bucket over his head. How he howled! And for a fleeting instant, I could imagine that. Benny hollering at me with a type of fond anger, instead of the current horror so evident on his dirt speckled face.

But as a sudden force slammed against my chest, my heart beat faded like the wings of a distant bird, my thoughts dulling into a comfortable darkness, as my memories drifted away.