

Junior Division, Prose (16-20 years)

Ally Wragg, St. John's

**Death (an excerpt)**

I have no right to complain compared to those who I have visited this morning, despite my uncomfortably squishy shoes and tired legs. For I am death himself. I visit my list of names day in and day out and insure by the end of each list, no one remains. Now Anne Morgan will be the same, meeting her end in the early hours of this cool October morning. No amount of screaming crying or even praying can save poor Anne; her death is inevitable just like the others I met. Though I may hate it, my job is to help the living move on whether they want to or not. Today will be no different.