

Junior Division, Prose (15 years & under)

David Humby, Torbay

The Winds (an excerpt)

Far down below, the men didn't exactly hear her say it, but they *felt* her say it. They joined in:

“We will remember you, John,” they said.

And suddenly, John began to fade into his shadow, which, standing behind him, was just as terrified as he was. With the crossing over, a great wind began to sweep across the valley. The loss of life, a rift in the world forever.

But when the wind came, it didn't just fade. It moved in Lucilla, too, and all the people who remembered John.

They carried his life, his memory, so that he would always have existed there.



And so, the wind goes to this day, on the hills of Clusia. It comes and goes in the changing seasons, and it brings new things each time. And each time it comes, the name bearers would always know it was him, because it moves within them, as well.