

# World Book Day 2023 Creative Writing Competition



WYCOMBE  
ABBEY

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## Lower School Winner: Sanvi (U11)

As snowflakes glided down from the sky like ballerinas twirling around the white landscape, I collapsed onto a bench, weary of the day's lessons and excitement. The frigid air caressed my cheeks as I rubbed my hands together, yearning for a warm fire to bring the colour back into them.

Shuddering, I slowly reached into my bag and my fingers fumbled around all my books, seeking the precious treasure I kept safely bundled away. I smiled as my favourite book emerged in front of my eyes.

"Private peaceful", I whispered and brushed off the dust covering the perilous title. I fingered the spine, preparing my itching mind to delve back into the book of war and love.

Carefully turning over the first page, excitement filled my veins as my eyes dug deep into the words, relishing the beauty and importance of each and every letter. My stomach danced with the swaying trees as the extraordinary descriptions bloomed in my mind, vivid with colour and action.

Laughing as Michael Morpurgo narrated the loving memories that Tommo and Charlie shared, a wonderful sensation tickled every nook and cranny of my body. Pulling my coat around me closer to the point where it was hugging me tightly, I dived back into the book. The plot carried me deeper and deeper into the story.

Suddenly in a blur, the pages whizzed past and the last chapter came into my view. Having read the book so many times, I prepared myself for the most heart-breaking and sorrowful ending. As I read, my vision suddenly became blurred before releasing salty tears which slithered down my face.

Holding the book close to my heart, I smiled while tears still trickled down, creating a metaphorical rainbow inside of me.

What a serene place to read a book..

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## Upper School Winner: Alice (UV)

A train carriage holds an enticing magnetism, I find the slow motions of strangers coaxing my attention from the novel. I fold it shut, allowing the pages to bind together, once again masking the depth and lyricism they encrypt. My gaze now rests upon a broad man opposite me - partially obscured by a newspaper to which he is transfixed, posture stiffened, unleashing occasional, low grunts. Delicate slumber submerses the couple to my left; a head balanced on a shoulder, fingertips interlaced, forming a portrait of ease and tranquillity. On the other side of the carriage, subdued conversations overlay one another, creating a thrumming euphony that listlessly intertwines with the collisions of wheels and track. Gently, I trace the bonded pages of the book, remarking how age and sunlight have instilled

themselves in the form of a rich, bronze frame. Soon I concede to the hypnosis of the landscape, ever-shifting beyond my carriage window. Undulating hills hold anonymous towns in their folds; the foliage thins and unfurls; lines of trees dissolve into an earthly blur under the train's pace. Yet it is the smooth fusions and divergences of the clouds that really entrance me: elongating, milky streaks and great, white puffs whose outlines have been emboldened by the sunlight, a metamorphosing veil across the sky. The train begins to decelerate, hedges and trees reclaim their intricate forms; I lift the novel, feeling the veiny twists rising from its spine, and place it into my bag.