

MOJZA

O'Levels

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Narrative Essay Samples

1123



BY TEAM MOJZA

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Sample 1

Write an essay that includes the words: “We were supposed to meet each other on the Bay Bridge at midnight, but he never showed up.”

Original Written by Esa Khan

Anxiously, I scanned every moving shadow until I lost their tracks in the fading dusk. The Moon had subdued the Sun, bathing the Earth under its luminous glow. “Is he even going to show up?” Whirling in my small bubble of qualm — like a loosened kite — I had no other option than to wait.

We were supposed to meet each other on the Bay Bridge at midnight, but he never showed up. As I stood over the sea, the water below me hissed faintly; the murmur of waves lulled me to sleep — perhaps my last moments in tranquillity...

Soon, the ominous dark clouds saturated the atmosphere, spreading deafening silence over the horizon. Meanwhile, the propinquity of danger ahead made me question my decision. But... but he promised me: he promised me to end my sufferings, didn't he? The plethora of misgivings interspersed with the bleak fact that he's never going to show up.

“His veracity has always been undoubted; he will show up”, I muttered, unable to help the quiver in my voice.

Suffocating panic crammed my body.

Clenching, suffocating, and staggering under the weight of desperation, the waiting strangulated me. I was vulnerable.

The melancholic gloomy clouds let out their incessant downpour. Rivulets of rain flowed down my neck, drowning me in agony, while internal bleeding of denser red rain poured inside me.

Ring ring... a message from an unknown number appeared on my opalescent screen. “... I'm sorry. I can't see you drug-addled like this; maybe this is how it ends...I won't be bringing you heroi-”

The shopkeeper brusquely whispered, “Are you going to buy this Coca-Cola or not? You were miles away, lost in your daydreaming... as usual.”

“What?” I blurted out, “No! No, I don't want to buy this”.

“The can's on me, pay tomorrow,” the shopper coaxed.

But what if there is no tomorrow?

I left the store. The sun had filtered through the night and chased away the hideous dark clouds. The golden hour had spread over the horizon. Maybe everything will be alright now... maybe.

I reached home and placed my 55th can of Coca-cola — unopened — on the table, as I got ready to meet him on the Bay Bridge...

(367 Words)



Sample 2

Write about an occasion when someone had a sleepless night.

Original Written by Miraal Omer

Another night of agony commenced.

How to remedy this misery? Is there any cure for this irreversible damage? Standing before the mirror, I looked at my dreary figure: my posture exuded lassitude, and my jaded eyes showed my sorrow. I was at the paramount of success, but what was wrong? What was ailing my poor heart?

I glanced at the book that lay across my table.

“New York Times Best-Selling Author”

That book, that phrase is what haunted me. It followed me around. It is the cause of my heartache. I sat down at the very table where my success started. But now there was a void in my soul. All those feelings that fueled my ambition and drove me to work hard seemed to have vanished. I was spiralling into a hollow pit of darkness where I could not escape from the ghost of my success. To me, success was glimpses of soft silver moons rippling in starry seas and deep velvet skies hosting the same silver crescent. Success is freedom from the suffocating embrace of perfection-the joy of running wild and free. But success is something that comes with its own shadows.

Leaves of ivy danced with the wind outside, tapping on the window, shadows waltzing on the floor. And so it began, the endless turmoil of never being able to put words to paper: never being able to decipher the ever-changing emotions and conflicting thoughts. Pen hit paper yet all that was left was a splotch of ink. I could feel my blood boil with rage at my inability to carry out the artistic skill I once possessed. At the same time, I could feel my heart burn at how I had become enslaved to the concept of accomplishment at the sacrifice of my well-being.

Anxiety came forth as fingernails were chewed down to stubs and bled profusely. I was pacing back and forth as I always do on such sleepless nights, waiting for an epiphany that would make things right. This would always end in my hopes being tarnished by reality. The very art that I once loved ardently was now killing me from the inside. I could feel the frustration build up inside of me and let out a shrilling scream. I was growing impatient and could not help but smash the glass bottle that sat on the table next to me. The shattered pieces of glass spread across the floor. The glass seemed to mock me; my aggression no longer brought me respite from this never-ending distress.

It was time. I stared at the glass vase that stood upright on the table. Glass was smashed, the candles had gone out but the smell of death permeated the air. A harsh draft came through the window, howling in the lifeless room. In the corner lay the body with bloody fingertips, gripping a blood-stained, jagged piece of glass embedded in the neck.

(486 Words)



Sample 3

Write a story in which a family possession plays an important role.

Original Written by Hasan Nawaz

Adam was really happy as he was coming out of the restaurant after celebrating his 18th birthday. He had one of the best dinners of his life. As soon as he reached the parking lot of the restaurant, however, he froze and was shocked as his jaw dropped.

Many years ago, when Adam was a pre-teen, his father showed him a vintage car. Being the only heir to his father, Adam got most of his father's love. His father informed Adam that this car had belonged to their family for nearly half a century. Being a kid, he was fascinated by this fact. This showed how prestigious this car was to Adam's family. Adam's father told him that it was tradition that every boy in the family got the keys to a sweet ride of this car for the whole day, on their 18th birthday. This was the spark that ignited the flame of passion, Adam had always kept within himself, to drive this old beauty.

Adam kept lurking around the car till he was 18. On his 17th birthday, he knew that he had a year left to learn how to drive a car. He awaited the same day for another year. He took driving lessons from a driving Instructor. Most of his weekends were spent with the instructor but all other times were spent fantasising about how he would celebrate his 18th birthday when he had his hands on the car. Eventually, he mastered driving.

And so came the day that made him the happiest man in the world. In the evening, he got the keys to his dream from the eldest person of his family: his paternal grandfather. He called all of his close friends, picked them up, and then went to a restaurant for his birthday dinner. He got out of the car while laughing and enjoying the company of his friends, and that made him heedless. At that moment, he forgot to lock the car.

Unaware of this fact, he enjoyed the dinner as much as he could but then when he reached the parking lot, his jaw dropped. The car was indeed stolen. Being in this unwanted situation, he informed his father. His father was enraged by this news and scolded him a lot for his irresponsible and careless behaviour. He was on his way to pick Adam and his friends up. They were all disappointed, but then they all were quickly relieved when his father reached to pick them up. His father was in the vintage car. It was a greatly planned prank by his father all along. When they got in the car, his father had to hold his stomach while telling them that he, too, made the same mistake of forgetting to lock the car. Even after all of the drama, Adam had a way better birthday than he anticipated.

(479 Words)

Sample 4

Write a Narrative that uses the line “I had spent days wandering through unfamiliar streets, looking for the places he told me about.”

Original Written by Farheen Pervaiz

I stared at the vastness of the moor of Yorkshire ahead of my window as I sat surrounded by the oak posters of the bed towering over me. Surrounding me was the musky scent of ageing paper and the sight of different sheets of paper turning yellow and brown. It had been five months since he disappeared, his letters were the only proof that he had once existed. I had spent days wandering through unfamiliar streets, looking for the places he told me about. A whoosh of wind rushed through the window, faintly rustling the letters scattered on the bed. Slowly, my fingers etched to the one closest to me. I recognized the first line he had scribbled...

“I’m in Yorkshire right now, Lily. Returning home feels comforting. I have already been to Madam Baker’s Bakeshop and have been greeted with a warm blueberry scone!”

I stared at the letter, the curves of the l’s and s’s providing an odd sense of familiarity. Half an hour later, I descended a stony pathway, the leather of my boots patting it down as a partially busy market came into sight. My boots halted as the warmth and scent of maple filled me. I allowed the warmth to provide me courage as I pushed the door, a bell chimed behind me. The sight of a variety of decadent pastries and breads engulfed me, the shop was tiny, but not constricting.

“A blueberry scone coming your way!” she exclaimed, hurrying excitedly. I continued to study her, bewildered by her knowledge of my order.

“I forgot to introduce myself. He told me all about you but never mentioned me to you,” she said, continuing to smile, revealing her affection for Simon. He had introduced all he knew of me to her before leaving, describing that a girl would show up to try the bakeshop’s infamous scones. Hours passed as we conversed about him and his childhood, and I finally gathered my coat to bid her farewell.

“Across the market, is the place he wanted you to visit,” she expressed with a glint in her eyes.

I spotted the telltale yellow paper tucked under a tattered chair’s leg. I had crossed the market panting, eager to reach the small field that had belonged to his family. I was greeted with the spectacular sight of lilies, hundreds of them beautifully lined in front of me. The letter remained in my palm, unwrapped:

“I see you found the field, Lily. My thoughts terrify me. I’m told of the hate you feel towards me for leaving, even though I know it’s untrue for I have not left you, and you have not left me. I am present in every direction you look, in every cloud you see, in every face of the moon. I am present. I am a part of your world, Lily, and all these lilies around you are a part of my world.”

I read on, basking in the Yorkshire sun. Another whoosh of wind and I felt him near me.

(503 Words)



Sample 5

Write a story that includes the sentence: ‘Last night was the breaking point for me.’

Original Written by Hamna Zahid

The tips of my toes touched each step as gently as a falling feather, as I went down the staircase to the living room. I was careful to skip the creaking floorboards, which I had become accustomed to while sneaking to check on my brother Rodrick and my sister Elaine every time I heard my father's bedroom door creak open and slam shut. Although my uneasiness wouldn't allow me to relax, I forced myself to sit on the couch in case my father heard my footsteps. Glancing at the antique grandfather clock, I reminded myself that it would only be a few more minutes.

Every night, I would be on my feet, my hands sweaty and my anxiety at its peak because I knew that if I heard my father berating them or even as much as taking a step toward them with the intention of inflicting harm, I would immediately rush to protect them. All those years of fear, which had turned into anger, were fueling my determination for today.

Last night was the breaking point for me. He could thrash me all he wanted, but I wouldn't tolerate him laying a hand on my siblings. They were younger than me, and I wouldn't let anyone treat them that way. Elaine's horrified eyes, witnessing our father throw a glass at the wall just above Rodrick's head, will forever be etched into my mind like a photographic memory. Rodrick's hands were lightly grazed as he shielded his head from the shards of glass. Later, our father apologised to us, while I tended to my brother's wounds and Elaine sobbed in the corner, offering the same old excuse of him being unable to control his anger. I used to believe his lies about grieving our mother's demise two years ago, but it finally dawned on me that they were mere excuses. We all lost her, but we weren't bashing each other. I had waited for him to change, but instead, he had only worsened.

The creaking sound of the main door opening snapped me back to reality as Rodrick entered the house. I walked silently toward him and whispered, "Is the taxi here?" He nodded. As he answered my question, I knew what I had to do next. I went upstairs to Elaine's bedroom, after sending Rodrick back to the car outside, and picked her up gently in my arms. Returning to my room, I grabbed the large duffle bag containing some of our belongings and the money I had managed to take from my father's study, which would be enough to cover our expenses for the trip to Colorado to stay with Aunt Justine.

Placing Elaine in the back seat, I settled into the passenger seat next to the driver. The car started moving away from the house as I took one last look at my childhood home before informing the driver of our destination. It was time for me to leave behind

everything and focus on what lay ahead. All of this would now be nothing but a blurred past.

(511 Words)



Sample 6

Write a story which includes the sentence: 'I had never been so curious about another person before.'

Original Written by Syed Muhammad Shaheer Ali

Another strike of thunder sent shivers down my spine as I gripped the cup of tea harder - the only comfort for my frigid palms and I amidst the thunderstorm that had been brewing outside. My tired body slouched into a chair facing towards the glass walls of the cafe after another hectic day at work. As I wandered deep into my rabbit hole of worries, the thoughts I was completely engrossed in were brought to an abrupt halt by a silhouette that appeared outside. The better part of the hour had gone by since closing the cafe, so what business was someone looking for at my doorstep then?

As I ambled closer to the door, the figure in front of me became clearer. It was a teenage girl. But she didn't resemble any other teenage girl. There was something special about her that I couldn't quite put a finger on. Her blue eyes gleamed with innocence, her blonde hair was matted against her forehead due to the incessant downpour prevailing outside, and her poise was austere. I opened the glass door for her. In the deafening cacophony of the pouring rain, her muffled voice was barely audible. Without trying to make out anything of the muted words I heard, I let her in — a decision I would come to gravely regret later.

As I closed the door, the sound of the drizzling water faded and I found her quietly seated at the nearest table. The plethora of questions erupting in my mind had set an internal fire in me that was quenched by a cooing voice coming from the table in front. "I'm lost. Will you please help me?"

I found myself incredulous at her sweet demeanour, and unable to comprehend anything, I walked to her side. Her charm was beyond words, and akin to a moth drawn to a flame, I followed her to the seat next to her. I was utterly enchanted to meet her. But at the same time, her charisma had kindled a myriad of questions in my mind. I had never been so curious about another person in my life.

I couldn't help but ask her what she was doing outside at this hour, but she just repeated the words:

"I'm lost."

My spellbound body made a beeline for the counter and took out some of the cash and the car keys. As I turned around to ask,

"Where do you live? I can take you to your home," I was left in disbelief at the sight of the vacant table. Only then did a growing trepidation take root in my heart, as I realised how big of a mistake I had made.

The sound of the bullet was just as scathing as the penetrating bullet itself. And it didn't take long before I found myself in a puddle of blood, lying lifelessly on the cold floor. As life flashed away from me, her sweet voice rang in my ears again,
"Ha! It's always fools like you who fall for my charm. If it wasn't for that, would I really be the most successful swindler in town?"

(523 words)



Sample 7

Write a story in which a wooden locked box plays an important role.

Original Written by Nabeeha Shakeel

Guests mingled under the glow of blue, green, and red lights winking in the trees, their faces illuminated by the light of kerosene torches propped everywhere. Flares sizzled into bouquets of fire, gracing the sky with their majesty. Tiredness was making me bow to its will. My legs felt like bricks as if they just needed a flare of excuse to let loose.

'Anna, you are looking beautiful! Happy Birthday,' a girl shouted at the top of her lungs trying to cancel out the effect of the loud music that was blurring her speech.

'Thanks.'

That was the best I could say to make sure my inability to understand her wouldn't be visible.

It's a dream for everyone to have the best eighteenth birthday. It's the year when you are taking the first step into adulthood and are finally free to live independently.

I'm not sure if my eighteenth birthday went as I expected. It did not open the door to adulthood for me; however, it opened the doors to a dramatic realisation and apprehension. It opened a new chapter in my life, which I least expected.

'Daddy, where is Mom? I don't see her.'

'Your mom... She must have gone into the house,' my dad uttered while glancing here and there, looking for Mom. 'She looked tired.'

'Ok, let me go check on her.'

'Mom, Mom...'

I peered intently into a room and my heart sank. I felt as if my chest screamed for air and my eyes burnt to blink. I felt a strange sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

'Mom, please don't tell me, please don't tell me. Come on Mom, it's my birthday. Why are you like this every year on this very day? Can't you just be happy in your daughter's happiness?'

'It's nothing.'

I waited for an explanation, and just like every year, there was no response.

I ran down to the master bedroom with hundreds of thoughts rupturing my soul. Doubt had married my fears and moved into my mind rent-free. My eyes came across a wooden box that I had never seen before. I put all my effort into getting it; however, it was locked with no key in sight. Instantly, my eyes stumbled upon a key lying on the study table. I dashed towards it and tried to open the box. Thankfully, it opened, with a letter in sight.

‘It’s been 18 years. What a long time! Firstly, happy birthday! I don’t even know what to say. I hope you are somewhere safe, somewhere happy. I am sorry I couldn’t protect you. Today, Anna turned 18. We hosted a party for her. I can’t tell you how happy I am that my little girl has turned 18, but I miss you a lot. I wish you were here with us. I wish you didn’t disappear.
Love, Mom.’

Tears began flowing down my reddened cheeks. Moreover, my shaking head couldn’t comprehend what was going on. Just then a hand came from behind me, trying to stop me from sobbing continuously.

‘I’m sorry I didn’t tell you, Anna. On April 25, I had twins, not just you, darling. One of them couldn’t make it and lost the battle after 3 months in the ICU, so every year I wrote letters to keep some memories alive.’

My world collapsed. I pictured my life as a rotted rope; snapping, unravelling, the fibres detaching away.

(568 Words)

Sample 8

Write a story in which a sailing boat plays an important part.

Original Written by Maryam Farhan

The haunting trio of death, misery, and hopelessness had long haunted the residents of Nabi Saleh. They had become accustomed to the never-ending drone strikes and the relentless bloodshed inflicted upon them by the army of Ralph Luner, a dictator whose name would forever be remembered in history as the embodiment of mankind's most brutal tyrant.

Sauleha Bibi, with her four daughters: Amal, Umme-Kulthoom, Leyla, and Neha was also one of the inhabitants of this small, exotic town located in southern Syria. Sauleha Bibi had seen miseries upon miseries throughout her own life, but she remained steadfast thinking of it as one of God's plans. However, all her hopes crumbled and came tumbling down the hill, once she lost her partner, Jamal, and her 19-year-old son Abdullah in the bloodstained war. Caught in an endless cycle of hopelessness, Sauleha Bibi and her four daughters lived each passing second thinking of it as their last.

Time passed, and the war continued to escalate with more people getting murdered at the hands of this ruthless dictator. Sauleha Bibi only hoped to see her daughters alive and healthy. She often used to sing them Arabic poetry to calm them down, but after some time, the poetry no longer brought them comfort. It was the darkest of times when Ralph Luner commanded his soldiers to raid every house in Nabi Saleh and spare no one. Having heard this news, Sauleha Bibi decided to abandon their home and seek refuge elsewhere.

Upon hearing advice from men from her neighbourhood, urging her to seek refuge in a distant land called America, Sauleha Bibi's heart filled with fear. In the grip of sheer dread, she hastily packed a few belongings, gathering her four daughters to embark on a daunting journey across the vast expanse of the ocean aboard a small rubber boat.

The rubber boat became their sole beacon of hope in a world consumed by pain and agony. It teemed with individuals, each desperate to escape the clutches of death and find sanctuary in a distant haven. Though they were acutely aware of the perilous odds, with the great Mediterranean Sea posing a constant threat to their vessel, their journey commenced nonetheless. The boat, burdened by the weight of countless fearful souls, navigated the deep sea, but before long, signs of distress began to surface.

"Help us... Save us!" Chants echoed from every corner of the vessel. The air filled with screams, gasps, and fervent prayers, as the desperate voices of the people united in their plea for assistance.

Minutes passed and there was no sign of help. Dismal, Sauleha Bibi had then given up all her hope and decided to summon her daughters and herself to death. However, the universe had other plans in store. Suddenly, they saw a giant, red ship on which was boldly written, "RED CROSS". The devastated faces now glowed up with flickers of hope and bright smiles.

In that profound moment, as their hearts brimming with gratitude and relief, Sauleha Bibi and her daughters found solace in the belief that there is always a plan woven by the universe even in the darkest of times. They clung to the notion that amidst the shadows of life, a glimmer of light would guide them to the end of the tunnel. Surrounded by the compassion and aid of the Red Cross workers, they were carried to safety, their faith in the unseen forces of destiny restored.

(571 Words)



Sample 9

Write a story about someone who had to look after a younger brother or sister on two occasions – one occasion which went well and one which went badly.

Original Written by Anonymous

Sophia was always a responsible and caring older sister. At the age of 16, she found herself entrusted with the task of looking after her younger brother, Max, on two separate occasions. One of these instances would go smoothly, while the other would turn out to be quite challenging.

The first occasion took place during a family gathering at their grandparents' house. Sophia's parents had to attend an important event and couldn't bring Max along. With a sense of excitement and confidence, Sophia eagerly took on the responsibility. She knew her parents trusted her, and she was determined to prove herself worthy.

Sophia prepared in advance, making a list of activities and snacks to keep Max entertained. She had planned a treasure hunt in the backyard, complete with clues and hidden surprises. The day started off perfectly as Max's eyes sparkled with anticipation. Sophia led him on an adventure, laughing and bonding with him along the way. They spent the afternoon playing games, sharing stories, and creating lasting memories. The atmosphere was filled with joy and happiness, and Sophia's confidence in her caregiving abilities soared. As the day came to an end, Max hugged her tightly, expressing his gratitude for the incredible time they had shared. Sophia felt a sense of accomplishment, knowing she had successfully taken care of her brother and created a memorable experience for both of them.

However, the second occasion would prove to be quite different. It was a Saturday afternoon, and Sophia's parents had to attend an emergency work function. Sophia was caught off guard, as she hadn't anticipated being left alone with Max again so soon. Nevertheless, she embraced the challenge, assuring her parents that everything would be fine.

But as the day unfolded, things began to unravel. Sophia's lack of preparation and the unexpected pressure started to take a toll on her. Max, sensing her unease, became restless and demanding. Sophia struggled to keep up with his energy and needs, feeling overwhelmed and frustrated. The absence of structure and planned activities left Max bored and agitated, leading to frequent arguments and meltdowns.

Sophia's patience wore thin, and she found herself reacting in ways she wasn't proud of. The once-strong bond between them seemed strained as frustration and tension filled the air. The day turned into a series of mishaps and misunderstandings, leaving both Sophia and Max exhausted and emotionally drained.

Reflecting on the experience, Sophia realised that her lack of preparation and inability to handle the unexpected had contributed to the challenging situation. She understood that being responsible for her brother meant more than just being physically present; it required careful planning, patience, and adaptability.

From that day forward, Sophia made a vow to herself. She would learn from her mistakes and make every effort to be a better caregiver. She educated herself on child psychology, discovered new activities to keep Max engaged, and practised effective communication and conflict-resolution techniques.

Over time, Sophia's commitment and growth as an older sister paid off. She developed a deeper understanding of Max's needs and interests, and their relationship flourished once again. The trust and bond they shared strengthened, as Sophia consistently demonstrated her dedication to providing a safe and loving environment for her brother. Looking back, Sophia recognized the importance of both experiences. The successful occasion gave her confidence and a sense of fulfilment, while the challenging one taught her valuable lessons in responsibility, preparation, and self-reflection. Through these contrasting experiences, Sophia grew into a more resilient and compassionate caregiver, forever committed to being the best sister she could be.

(594 Words)

Sample 10

Write a story which includes the sentence: 'It suddenly became clear that they were not as lazy as everyone said they were.'

Original Written by Sara Hassnain

The sun hung low in the sky, casting a golden hue over the sprawling campus of Eastbridge Academy. Amidst the buzz of students and the hum of anticipation, the inter-school sports competition was about to commence. As a spectator, I found myself drawn to a group of students huddled in the corner of the field. They were known as the "Misfit Team," a group of misfits and outsiders that everyone deemed lazy and unmotivated. But little did they know that fate was about to reveal their true colours. Curiosity piqued, I approached the team and struck up a conversation with their captain, Ethan. His deep-set eyes sparkled with an unyielding determination as he spoke passionately about their dedication to the game. "It suddenly became clear that they were not as lazy as everyone said they were." His words echoed in my mind as I watched the team prepare for their first match.

As the whistle blew, the Misfit Team took to the field with an electrifying energy. Their movements were unified, their coordination seamless. They defied the expectations placed upon them, displaying a level of skill that left the crowd in awe. It was evident that their perceived laziness was nothing more than a mask that concealed their true potential.

Their opponents, the reigning champions, were caught off guard by the Misfit Team's relentless determination. The match became a battleground where grit and resilience clashed against established prowess. Every tackle, every pass, showcased the team's unwavering commitment to victory. They fought tooth and nail, never succumbing to doubt or fatigue.

In the stands, the atmosphere shifted. Whispers rippled through the crowd as people began to see the Misfit Team in a new light. The initial scoffs and dismissive remarks transformed into gasps of admiration and respect. The team's performance shattered preconceived notions, challenging the notion that success was reserved only for the chosen few.

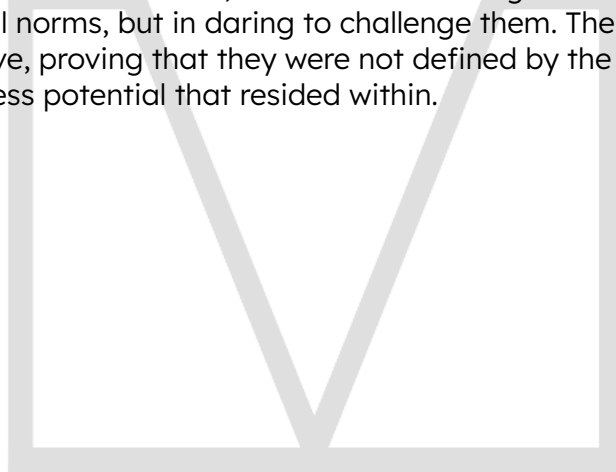
As the match drew to a close, the Misfit Team emerged victorious. Cheers erupted, drowning out the lingering doubt that had once plagued their reputation. They had proven, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that hard work and passion could overcome any obstacle.

Word of their triumph spread like wildfire throughout the academy, and the Misfit Team became unlikely heroes. Students who had once written them off now flocked to join their ranks, seeking solace in a group that embraced their individuality. The team had become a symbol of defiance, a testament to the power of perseverance.

Inspired by their story, the academy's principal recognized the Misfit Team's achievements and invited them to share their journey with the entire student body. As they stood on stage, their heads held high, they spoke of the challenges they had faced and the stereotypes they had shattered. Their words resonated with students from all walks of life, instilling a belief that dreams were within reach, regardless of societal labels. In the end, it was not just about winning games; it was about the profound impact the Misfit Team had on the collective consciousness of Eastbridge Academy. They had taught us that appearances can be deceiving, and that true strength lies in the resilience of the human spirit.

The legacy of the Misfit Team lived on, not only in the trophies they had won but also in the hearts and minds of those they had inspired. As I watched them embrace their newfound role as mentors and leaders, I realised that true greatness lies not in conforming to societal norms, but in daring to challenge them. The Misfit Team had rewritten their narrative, proving that they were not defined by the labels thrust upon them but by the limitless potential that resided within.

(613 Words)



Sample 11

Write a narrative about fear.

Original Written by Irza Mir

The birds had come together to form a conglomeration of soloists, busily singing as loud as they could as a type of fanfare for today. The cerulean blue of the sky domed across the city while warm yellow rays wafted through the window of the convocation hall. Everything was perfect, and there was little that could go wrong. Jenna peeked from behind the curtain of the stage to see parents and students filing in, her breath hitching as she surveyed the vast audience. She edged back and sat down on the small wooden box placed backstage and opened up the crumpled piece of paper for, what could possibly be, the fiftieth time today. She'd learnt the lines by heart a week ago but was still not satisfied and wanted to prevent any sort of slip-up from her side. It was her big day and everything had to be perfect.

Sometime later the ceremony began and one by one, students were called up to receive their degrees. There were tears, shouts, lots of clapping, and the occasional laugh when someone tripped while coming up on stage. Finally, it was time for Jenna's valedictorian speech. She had prepped herself within time, reminding herself to keep breathing. It wasn't like her to be this nervous, but seeing hundreds of people all fit into one auditorium was daunting for anyone.

"It is now time for this year's shining star to take her place at the podium and tell us a little about her journey to success. Please give a huge round of applause to Jenna Ashford."

A beam masked her anxiety, her eyes crinkling at the corners as she began to walk out. But instead of claps, there was something entirely different. Ear-splitting screams echoed the corridor outside the auditorium, followed by thunderous footsteps and a cacophony of gunshots. The whole room fell silent, no one daring to even breathe until everyone finally registered what was happening. There should have been some sort of safety protocol that was to be followed, but at this time of frenzy, even the professionals became amateur. People were rushing out the emergency exits clawing their way to the front for a means of safety.

Jenna slipped back in, behind the backstage curtain, unable to comprehend this situation. She'd only seen things like these in movies, far, far away from her own protected and secure life. The juxtaposition between what the scenes of the day were now and a few hours before was almost laughable. To think, it was meant to be her perfect day and not a day of mass murder.

With every gunshot, it became harder for Jenna to breathe. Her thoughts went to her parents, who were too old and sick to come to the ceremony today. Indescribable pain

washed over her as she slipped out her phone, wondering about how she would be able to tell her parents that they might not be able to see her again. Tears clouded her vision as she raised one hand to cover her mouth, in order to prevent her sobs from escaping.

A few moments passed before she realised there was complete silence and that there were no more gunshots. She waited longer, not daring to breathe in case the eerie hush would be broken. Maybe she wouldn't need to send a text to her parents. Maybe she would make it out alive. Maybe this was just a bad dream and she'd wake up in her cosy bed wrapped in the duvet, on which her mother had sprayed her own scent for comfort. Legs trembling, she stood up and edged towards the curtains. She extended a shaky hand and fisted a part of the red cloth.

“On three, pull. One....two....three.”

The curtains snapped back at the same time the safety of the gun did.

“ I'm sorry Jenna, but I was meant to be the valedictorian.”



(649 Words)

Sample 12

Write a story that includes the sentence " Nobody could have prepared him for what he saw".

Original Written by Mahrukh Hafeez Siddique

His mouth was parched. He stood staring at the people in front of him with hollow eyes as his throat closed up and streaks of water painted his forehead. He stood there, dreading all of the events that had taken place during the last few days.

It all started one rainy, gloomy night on Sunday when Edmund Robert's stomach growled and churned as he tossed and turned on his bed. He stared at the dark ceiling as the rain cried against Sister Susan's orphanage. It was as if the ceiling would swallow him whole, bones and all, carrying him away from his warm bed and into the realm of the dead. His stomach roared again, disrupting his unsettling thoughts, and Edmund got up at last, with a sigh. He made his way into the dark, twisted corridors, shivers creeping up at the back of his neck with every step as he entered the glum, desolate pantry to satisfy his howling stomach. Nothing could have prepared him for what he saw. Another kid, probably his age, had buried his face in Edmund's favourite cake and was now looking at him with wide eyes as if Edmund was also a sought-after delicacy. The scrawny kid said in a low, deep voice, "The name's Ray Badger. Care for some cake?" Edmund stood still with his mouth agape.

The next few days in this little orphanage of this little town of Bloomsbury would fly past while eating plums in the kitchen, watching sunsets by the banks of the river, and playing hopscotch, all through the day. Edmund's life was filled with joy as he had found a brother in Ray Badger, and he only hoped for their friendship to grow. But fate had something else in store for both of them. Ray's amiable nature and graceful mannerisms earned him much praise from everyone around him, and although Edmund was happy for his friend, he could not help but provide a slight smile and look at the ground, in fear that someone might catch his eyes and disclose what was in his head.

As time went by, Edmund noticed his things were missing: first his shoes, then his crystal ball, and finally his watch. The watch was his most treasured possession, and upon finding it lost, Edmund was blinded by fury. Anger fumed inside him, and in his rage, he blamed Ray for the theft and accused him of being a betrayer. Perhaps it was anger swelling inside Edmund, or perhaps it was jealousy that had led to this. Wretched, miserable, and broken-hearted, Ray turned around and, with a sullen face, walked away sulkily.

It was the next day, when the weather was hot and dry, that Edmund saw the twins, Jacob and Marcus, playing with his crystal ball and his watch dangling from Jacob's small wrist that he realised the cruelty of what he had done the previous night. With his

heart racing, he sprinted across the hall, up the maze of stairs while knocking down the janitor's bucket, and entered Sister Susan's office to inquire about Ray's whereabouts. He stood staring at the people in front of him with hollow eyes, as his throat closed up and streaks of water painted his forehead. He stood there while dreading all the events that had taken place during the last few days. If only he hadn't sowed those seeds of envy within him, he could've avoided the disaster before him. Sister Susan looked at him with pity and revealed to him that a very noble family of great fortune had come and — Edmund covered his ears with his hands to block her voice — took Ray with them, forever. The impact of her words was so hard that Edmund fell to the floor. and his tears trickled down his cheeks like a little stream. It was a lesson that Edmund would remember for eternity, of how great misery is often caused by simple misunderstandings..., and a little bit of jealousy.

(664 Words)



Sample 13

Write a story in which the fear of flying plays an important part.

Original Written by Omaima Faisal

I crouched on the cold bathroom floor, my chin resting on my wet, tear-stained knee. I could see feet pass through the little gap underneath the door: polished, professional shoes, tall, uncomfortable heels. I felt a tinge of disappointment. Disappointment, that they were not a single comfortable pair of weathered-out sandals belonging to a particular individual. My mother had not come back for me. And even though I had expected this, it still hurt.

The minutes ticked by with slow agony, and images flashed in front of my eyes. It would be a nice aeroplane they were now seated in. Big comfortable chairs, and a screen containing every movie I could have wanted to see. The plane would just be about to take off now. My pulse quickened at the thought. I could visualise, clear as day, my mother turning back and raising her hand in a cheery wave to a daughter she could not see among the crowds. Feeling proud that at sixteen years of age, she had finally, finally conquered her stupid fear. The tears that had ceased, now, welled up again.

An announcement rang, piercing the air. The Emirates flight 2K24 was just about to take off. It was now safe to come out. I pushed myself up, my back now protesting. I grabbed my plane tickets and in one swift motion, ripped them to shreds. I washed my face, grabbed my purse, my suitcase, and the house keys my mother had entrusted upon my insistence and was soon out of the airport bathroom, feigning a confident gait I didn't feel.

They had never taken me seriously. I had been called stupid and superstitious, vying for attention I did not deserve. I had been counselled, taken to therapists, and had been forced to meet other children my age facing agoraphobia. I had been taunted, teased and even bullied out of my absolute stubbornness. But I stayed resolute. Unable to describe how I felt imagining myself in that giant, silver vessel, I remained silent. It wasn't a fear of heights. It was a hunch. A gut feeling that something bad was about to go down. It was a sinking of the pit of my stomach. The racing of my heart, the absolute, absolute conviction that if I do this, today might be the last day of my life.

I had tried to tell them this, ever since they had planned this vacation. I tried to make them visualise the picture I saw, but they could not. I cried. I had begged them not to go, or maybe not to take me along with them. I had been dismissed, first patiently, like I was a stubborn five-year-old child wanting too much candy, later by brute force. And that was when I made my decision. I valued my life more than I valued this trip.

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The taxi driver dropped me off in front of the building which I had left a mere two hours ago. I had left with a family giddy with excitement. I now returned alone. The silence was deafening. I unlocked the door, and made my way inside, my footsteps echoing in the silent halls. I left my things at the front of the empty hall and ran to my room, unable to keep the tears in. I buried my face in my pillow and cried.

-

The newspaperman hummed cheerfully as he carried out his work. He stopped in front of a wrought iron gate, unsure of whether to ring the bell or not. The owners had only yesterday gone on vacation. He decided not to and made do with simply dropping off a thick wad of newspapers on the foot mat outside.

‘The Emirates flight 2K24 crashed at 6 PM yesterday. No passenger has survived,’ the headlines read. The newspaper man whistled on, not knowing what it read, not knowing that it would be discovered in five minutes, by a sixteen-year-old girl, and not knowing that at that moment, the world would stop spinning for her.

(671 Words)



Sample 14

Write a story in which a train ticket plays an important part.

Original Written by Anonymous

The train station buzzed with life as travellers hurriedly made their way to their respective platforms. I stood amidst the flurry of activity, clutching a worn-out train ticket in my trembling hands. It was a ticket that held the promise of a new beginning, a ticket that would transport me to a world beyond the confines of my small town.

As I approached the platform, my heart raced with anticipation and a hint of anxiety. The rhythmic chugging of the approaching train sent a shiver down my spine. This journey marked a turning point in my life, a leap into the unknown. With each passing second, the train grew closer, its hulking presence filling me with a mix of excitement and trepidation.

Boarding the train, I found my seat by the window. The worn leather seats creaked beneath me, echoing the sentiment of countless travellers before me. The train conductor announced the departure, and with a lurch, we began to glide away from the familiarity of home.

As the train gathered speed, I gazed out of the window, my eyes capturing fleeting glimpses of passing landscapes. The fields stretched endlessly, adorned with vibrant hues of green and gold. It was as if the world itself was bidding me farewell, urging me to embrace the adventure that awaited.

Lost in my thoughts, I failed to notice the elderly woman who had taken the seat next to mine. Her weathered face spoke volumes of a life well-lived, and her eyes held a twinkle of wisdom. Curiosity sparked within me, and I struck up a conversation. She shared stories of her own travels, imparting nuggets of wisdom that would guide me on my own journey.

As the hours slipped by, our conversation wove together the fabric of human connection, bridging the gap between generations. In the midst of our exchange, I realised that I had forgotten to validate my train ticket. Panic gripped my chest as I imagined the consequences of such oversight.

I confided in the woman, my voice tinged with worry. To my surprise, she chuckled softly and reached into her bag, producing a tattered train ticket of her own. "You see, my dear, life is full of unexpected twists and turns. Sometimes, we find ourselves with a ticket that doesn't quite fit the mould."

With a mischievous glint in her eye, she handed me her ticket, urging me to exchange it for mine. It suddenly became clear that this encounter was more than a chance meeting; it was a lesson in embracing the unpredictable nature of life.

As I held the woman's ticket in my hands, a wave of gratitude washed over me. It was a symbol of trust, a small act of kindness that had the power to alter my journey. I approached the conductor, explaining my situation, and he graciously accepted the exchanged ticket, allowing me to continue on my path.

The remainder of the journey unfolded with a renewed sense of purpose. The landscapes blurred together as the train propelled me closer to my destination. With each passing mile, I shed layers of doubt and fear, embracing the unknown with open arms.

When the train finally pulled into the bustling station, I stepped onto the platform, my heart brimming with gratitude. The elderly woman had vanished, leaving behind a profound impact on my journey. Her ticket, now crumpled in my pocket, served as a reminder of the unexpected gifts life has to offer.

As I ventured into the new chapter of my life, I carried with me the lessons learned during that train ride. The ticket became more than a simple piece of paper; it became a symbol of resilience, adaptability, and the profound connections we forged along the way.

And so, as I stepped into the world beyond the train station, I walked with a newfound sense of purpose, ready to embrace the twists and turns that awaited me. The train ticket had played its part, guiding me not only to my physical destination but also towards a deeper understanding of the journey we call life.

(680 Words)

Sample 15

Write a story that includes the sentence: 'It was my fault so I decided to do something about it.'

Original Written by Muhammad Ammad Khalid

After the party, the three of us decided to go and grab a bite. It had been a long, tiring day with the last day of high school in the morning and a farewell party for our class in the evening. As per tradition, students got their shirts signed by their teachers and classmates to cherish them as a souvenir in the future. There was also the obligatory emotional drama with hugs and tears everywhere. Looking back at my time in school, I realised that I barely knew a handful of people, and even among these, only a selected few had become an integral part of my life.

Arriving at the parking lot, Saad called my name and tossed the car keys over to me as an indication that I was the one who was going to drive. Reacting to this, I quickly tried to run to the car and sit beside the driver's seat, but it seemed that the other two had the same idea. I found myself isolated outside, forced to sit in the driver's seat. I pleaded my case of being tired against them but they wouldn't budge, and thus I was forced to drive the car.

Rubbing my eyes, I put the car in the first gear and started to drive. It was not long before I lost all concentration on driving and my attention diverted to the conversation about where to eat. In the blink of an eye, an old man appeared in front of the car, who was trying to cross the road. My eyeballs expanded and I pushed the horn with all my might but it was no use. The old man was starstruck and froze in the middle of the road. I only saw one possible outcome in which the old man's life could have been saved. Within a second, I turned the steering wheel violently in the direction of the footpath.

There was a loud thud, and then the car stopped. I looked back at the bewildered faces of Saad and Ali, trying to process what had happened. I quickly got out of the car to see the situation of the old man. He was still lying there with an unreadable expression on his face. I quickly picked him up, dusted off his clothes, and asked if he was alright. He nodded and then walked off without another word. With shivering legs, I went back to examine the situation of the car. Saad and Ali were already there as if waiting for the verdict. The bonnet of the car had been completely destroyed and there were scratches here and there. The front left wheel also seemed like it wasn't of use anymore. Saad looked like he was on the verge of tears. I remember him taking care of his father's car like a baby. I could not bear the look on his face. It was my fault so I decided to do something about it.

We drove the car back to Saad's house and I met up with his father. Saad was too scared to even be in the same room as him. Although I was scared too, I plucked up all the courage inside of me and told him everything about the old man, and how, to save him, I had to sacrifice the front of the car. I was on the verge of tears at the end of the story. I swore to him that I would pay whatever I currently had in my account and work even harder at my part-time job to pay for the damage I had caused. He raised a hand and I braced myself for a reprimand, but to my surprise, he put it on my shoulder and said,

“There will be no need for that. You have saved a life which is not equal to this car. The car can surely be repaired but a departed soul cannot be brought back. I am proud of the judgement you made and how you decided to step up in this situation”. A few minutes later, Ali and I were on our way back, still unsure of what had happened.

(693 Words)



Sample 16

Write a story about a time when you felt overwhelmed by your responsibilities.

Original Written by Shumaila Khalid

“Goodbye children, we will be back by tomorrow! Shumaila, take care of yourself and the kids.” My parents left my four younger siblings and me home alone and rushed to the airport. Unfortunately, my grandfather had suddenly fallen ill. Therefore, my folks had to leave urgently and had no time to hire a nanny. This was the first time in history that I was left with my four pathetic little siblings I hated with all my heart and soul, and if there was anything I could do to get rid of them, I definitely would!

If my parents had left me all by myself, I would have been fine. However, taking care of these annoying brats was certainly the worst task in the world. For the first couple of hours, I tried to keep my cool and calmly play board games with them. However, then things took a wild turn. Firstly, my youngest brother, Saad kept on crying and told me that he missed Mom. There was nothing I could do about that, so I tried giving him some chocolates, but apparently it did not work. Secondly, my annoying sister, Laila kept on begging me to take her to the park, and God knows how badly I wanted to smack her. Lastly, my exasperating twin brothers, Omar and Hamza kept on chasing each other while running around the house, like some feral monkeys who had just been released from their cage after centuries.

“Urgh I can’t do this anymore! Get your stuff, we are going to the park.” I realised screaming had no effect on them. Hence, I decided to take them all to the park, so I could use my phone and have some alone time. I grabbed Omar and Hamza from the kitchen, picked up Saad, and called out to Laila to wear her shoes. I had no experience in babysitting; after all, I was just 14. Although it had only been four hours, I was wishing our mom would come rushing back home and tell me everything was fine now, but, woefully, that was not possible.

I took the shortest way to the little park behind our place. Upon arriving at the park, Laila and Saad played on the swings, and Omar and Hamza played hide and seek, while I sat on a bench.

It was all going perfectly well until I saw heavy smoke coming from behind the alley. I instantly realised the smoke was coming from our house! Firefighter vehicles rushed towards our house. I started panicking and hyperventilating. I ran along with my siblings with all my might and did not stop until we reached our house.

Everything we had owned had been destroyed and our roof had been reduced to a giant skylight. All our belongings had turned to ash and the only walls that remained standing were a sombre shade of black. Omar and Hamza had accidentally turned the gas knob on and I didn’t pay attention to it. “Shumaila, O’ Shumaila, how stupid can you be! What will we do now? Mom and Dad will surely kill me!”

I sat in the middle of the road, whimpering like a lost puppy with some part of me wishing that a car would run me over. My siblings cried and screamed in the background but I was so numb that I was barely able to move. Our neighbours had called our parents and they were on the way back home. I had been given a responsibility and I had miserably failed at it. My parents arrived and stood there staring at the house. My mom's face turned white as if she had seen a ghost and my dad mumbled gibberish and incomplete sentences. I stood there wishing it was all a bad dream; I wanted my mom to come back but definitely not under such horrible circumstances. After a while, my mom started screaming, "My kids! Where are my kids?" and turned around to hug my siblings and me tightly. My dad joined us and whispered, "It will all be okay. We have each other, and all our money is in the bank. The only thing lost is the furniture. It will all be okay," he reassured us.

(704 Words)



Sample 17

Write a story in which an umbrella plays an important part.

Original Written by Zunaira Faisal

They had always told her they loved her, that they wanted what was best for her. They shielded her to the best of their abilities. What she called prison, they called home. What she called injustice, they called 'care'.

She was trapped, suffocated by rules, laws and codes she must not break. Every step she took was the wrong one, and the chains around her hugged her tighter. She would cough, and she would wheeze, and she would cry, but her tears were like rain falling on barren ground. Hard. Unyielding.

They told her she was too ill, too weak to go out and see the world; that she couldn't, wouldn't, breathe without her oxygen tank, couldn't walk without doubling over with pain, couldn't live; that her life, after her cystic fibrosis was diagnosed, was nothing short of a miracle. She knew all of that. But she wanted to try. She wanted to go out and see the hues of the ocean, the majestic crests of its waves, as they rose and crashed, like the kingdoms that she read about. She wanted to feel the grass crunching underneath her feet and smell the freshness of mildew. She wanted to explore the world. What was the point of her life, when she wasn't living it?

Time stretched and flew. Until one day... it stopped. She was left alone in the world. Her parents had died. Car crash, she was told. She didn't want to investigate and taint her ecstasy. Now was her chance. Her chance at a new life. To let the world know she was here — living and breathing, at least till yet.

She slipped on her mother's shoes, knelt to tie their laces, pocketed her cylinder, and was off. Her heart was racing. If only her parents could see her now. It was raining outside. The heavens had broken open and raindrops fell like pearls on the road surface. She sucked her breath and placed one trembling foot across the threshold of her front door.

Nothing happened. No attacks, no coughing. Nothing.

She screamed. She screamed and shouted and stomped, announcing the freedom she had just received. It was a scream of victory, of triumph. It had all been a hoax. Her whole life, she had been trapped because of an illusion her parents had had.

'We are your umbrella. And we will protect you from the storms that this world brews'. Her mother had whispered into her ear once, and she had believed her.

But here she was, fine, standing without anyone, without any umbrella, in the rain. She was proof that she didn't need them. She never had. The air whooshed through her sticky mucus-filled lungs, cold and wet. It scattered her hair and tickled her cheeks. This was what it must've felt like to live.

She waded across the puddles of the road, wandering, her eyes brightening with childish astonishment at even the most trivial things. And then she felt it. The smallest tickle in her throat.

‘No,’ she whispered, her voice hoarse. It grew, like vines wrapping themselves around her voice box, constricting it. She was fighting it. She knew if she gave in to the compulsion to cough, it would never stop. It never did. She tried to breathe in, but her air passageway was blocked. She doubled over, coughing, trying to clear the ball wedged in her. She bent, and she forced until her knees buckled. The world darkened around her eyes and her vision blurred. She felt the faint trickle of water run down her back as she fell, face up, on the ground. There were bright lights of an ambulance. The now barely audible shouts of people around her.

Somewhere, far, far away, she heard the words, ‘We found her like this. It was raining, and she didn’t have an umbrella.’

She had tried to prove she didn’t want their umbrella all her life, that she had never asked for its protection, that she was fine without it, that she hadn’t needed it. And only after it was gone did she realise that she did, she needed it desperately. That the miracle of her life was only possible because of it. They hadn’t let her hear how loud the thunder was, how cold the rain was. Underneath the umbrella of their care was the only warmth she was going to get in this bleak, cruel world.

Her thoughts raced. And the world then darkened.

(744 Words)

Sample 18

Write a story in which a mirror plays an important role.

Original Written by Nabeeha Shakeel

‘Help! Help! Please somebody help me!’ Anna shouted at the top of her lungs. Flares sizzled and exploded into bouquets of fire around her. Black smoke, like oil, was oozing out destroying the peace of the air. The unwelcome smell was finding its way to her, rupturing her lungs.

It was mayhem, a commotion, a havoc. The urge to save her most prized possession was visible. Crawling through that smoke was strenuous, but her urge to survive, her urge to save her treasure which she had hidden under her arms was crystal clear in her eyes.

Her legs became weak and the splatter of the strawberry milkshake she was drinking was visible. She tried to ask for help but it only came out as a muffled sound. She tried again, making sure to gather all the strength from her core, to utter, ‘Please... somebody... (cough) please ...’

Her eyes soon began to give up in that long battle that seemed impossible to fight any longer. Her eyes started coming together; each eyelash was trying to find its peaceful position. It seemed the world was sagging beneath that blaze. Oxygen seeped out of the room. Her chest tightened and she collapsed on the floor, gasping in her little bubble of atmosphere. She clasped her hands together, making sure that her treasure remained safe, lost in the thought that the spell had become a reality.

After 24 hours

‘Ah... Ah...’ Anna’s world was spinning. She found herself in an unfamiliar environment staring at the ceiling. She tried to get up, and soon her eyes were fixed on the reflection in the window; she could not believe it.

‘What in the world — it can’t be true. No! No! I... I... Please tell me it isn’t true, please,’ Anna sobbed in the calming grasp of her mother as a storm found its way into her mind. All these thoughts started rummaging through her mind. She was trying to put the pieces together, but there was no luck. Her memory was hazy and all she could feel was rage and nothing else.

‘Mom, it was just a fire. Mom....’ she shouted in rage smashing the coffee mug placed on the bedside table into pieces.

‘Anna, it’s nothing. You are still the same, my daughter, you are still you,’ her mother tried to reason with her and tried to console her, but she knew Anna was different now and so did Anna. Everything was different now.

Interjecting the storm, the door opened, and a blond girl made her way through. ‘Meerene, what have you done? You did this, right? I know you were in the kitchen at that time. You were jealous of me, that’s why you did this.’

‘No, the maid forgot to turn the pressure cooker off and it burst. I had already left for work at that time. I’m sorry. Maybe it was just God’s will. Please, Anna, try to stay calm. Everything will be fine.’

A flashback came through Anna’s mind, disturbing the little peace she had left.

Standing in front of the mirror, her resplendent features were visible which led to many eyes being glued to her.

‘Anna, stop staring in that mirror, we are gonna be late for school.’

‘Oh sis, chill out. Look at yourself. We are going to school, not a nursery. Please stay away from me in school. I don’t want anyone to know you are my sister. Oh, just saying this word makes me cringe — yuck, just look at you.’

‘Oh, come on Anna. Don’t be so proud of your beauty. You never know, Snow White’s story may become a reality.’

In that hospital room, the chilliness passing through her spine was making her shiver. Anna thought to herself what had she become? All the years of bullying Meerene were playing in her mind. Was it true that she had become so evil? Tears trickled down her saddened face. Had the spell been true as she looked at her reflection again in the mirror? The answer was known to her to some extent. She could feel it. She knew what she had done, but now it was too late. Too late to apologise, too late to start over, too late to forget. She questioned herself hoping for something that would take the guilt away. She didn’t want it, did she? She was just a little insecure, that’s all. But, was it? She tried to mutter her thoughts, asking herself, ‘Have I become a monster?’

(747 Words)

Sample 19

Write a story about the death of a loved one.

Original Written by Alizay

Door hinges creaking as Aine pushed the oak wood reverberated in the otherwise silent house, echoing through her and bringing back nostalgic memories that brought a hint of a smile on her face even as her eyes clouded with unshed tears and a sharp pain pierced her chest.

Walking past the door with her fingers trailing across the wall, unaware of her actions as her eyes stared intently at the couches she had spent her entire childhood jumping on, the television screen blank yet the phantom figures of her favourite cartoons practically moving across her eyes, the carpet she used to trip on while frolicking around the living room while her mother's voice reprimanded her for playing indoors, all she could feel was the unfamiliar hollowness of her chest. How did it all change so fast?

A gentle hand caressed her arm, making her shake her head as she prompted herself to focus on the words that escaped her father's lips.

'Don't cry, my child, you've done enough of that in the past few days.'

It was only then that she realised the streaks of tears which had slipped past her eyes unnoticed. Nodding, even as her aching cheeks and prickling eyes warned of the relentless tears that were to come, she propelled her legs to enter her parent's room.

The beige-coloured insides and the curtains swaying gently as the window her mother refused to close let in the light breeze blowing outside, all reminded Aine of her dearest mother.

Her death had come as a numbing shock. Who would've thought the lively woman who wore an unwavering, radiant smile would disappear just like that? Like a snap of a finger, in one shuddering breath in the middle of the night with no palpable reason.

The pain came again, sharper than before as it hit Aine like a wrecking ball, destroying and tearing the last piece of control she had.

Agonising sobs bubbled out of her and she wrapped her arms around her father to keep her balance, the harsh reality picking at her sanity.

'Why?' She choked out, 'how?'

No one could answer her questions, for who could battle against the works of God.

When she had calmed down enough to stand on her own, she stepped back from her father's embrace, the question yet again crossing her mind.

Didn't he feel any sorrow? Why was his stoic appearance still as unperturbed as ever?

She remembered their fights, their arguments, her mother's voice raised into a shrill screech filled with angst while her father's deep voice bellowed at her.

Where was his remorse? All the small arguments that she had had with her mother had plagued her mind ever since her death, why didn't he show any pain, any guilt?

After the pain had washed away by her violent sobs, she felt exhausted, too tired to feel anything anymore other than a numbing emptiness inside of her where her pain burrowed itself to return a while later with the same vigour.

Her father pulled out the big suitcase from under the bed and placed it up on the bed. With trembling fingers and a wavering breath, she reached for the door of her mother's closet and pulled it open to reveal all of her clothes.

Cradling each piece of clothing gently close to her heart, she assembled them in the suitcase with her father's help. Time seemed to pass in a blur as she basked in the familiar fabric and her mother's comforting scent.

As she reached for the last set of her mother's traditional shalwar kameez, her eyes fell on the stone-studded, old jewellery box, her mother's favourite item in all of her belongings.

Pushing the clothes down with one hand, she helped her father zip the suitcase up before he hoisted it off the bed while she retrieved the old box from the closet before it.

Softly brushing her fingers over the top of it, she brought it up to place a small kiss on its edge, imagining it as her mother's hand.

As she twisted the steel wiring and pulled it up, she felt her father coming up behind her. When they opened the jewellery box, they couldn't believe their eyes. It wasn't her mother's jewellery, wrapped up in plastic sheets that caught her eye.

It was an empty bottle of sleeping pills with a note. Her lips moved soundlessly, reading the words scribbled messily in my mother's handwriting.

'I am sorry.'

(761 Words)

Sample 20

Write a narrative that uses the sentence “When he answered my question, I knew what I had to do next.”

Original Written by Irza Mir

“Do you have your phone?”

“Yup.”

“Charger?”

“Yup.”

“Are you sure you haven’t missed anything?”

“Yes, I’m sure, Em,” I replied, exasperated by this sudden interrogation at 7 in the morning. Emma was practically my mother at this point and I loved her with all my heart. We had been roommates at university and she knew me inside out. The amount of appreciation I had for her felt as if it was never enough because she’d helped me in ways no one else could ever.

She returned a tight-lipped smile while the speakers overhead announced that my boarding gate had opened. Today was my flight to Delaware — home, I guess. Don’t be fooled; it isn’t because I’m on vacation, or to enjoy my summer. It was only recently that I found out my father had lung cancer, and a week ago my brother phoned me, letting me know that the chances of him surviving were low, but not none. They all depended on me to pay the hospital bills as I was my family’s only source of income. The only problem was that my boss had laid me off from my job three days before, due to the company suffering a huge loss, and thus, being unable to pay its staff.

What was I going to do?

“Well, you better be going out. You’ll miss the flight,” Emma said while extending out her arms and engulfing me in a long hug, worry seeping out of me as if it had turned into liquid and puddled on the floor. Her hugs were the best and I would miss them for sure. It made me realise how fortunate I was to have someone like her, always eager to help another person out in any way possible. Except, my problems weren’t meant for her shoulders to carry, and I’d already asked for so many favours before.

I refused to tell her about my new financial crisis.

I escaped the comfortable bubble she had made around me and waved my last goodbye, tears threatening to break out from the barricade I had enclosed them in. After I had checked in and rushed to the correct terminal, my mind started contemplating deeply on how I could get enough money for my father’s treatment, while still having plenty for domestic use.

In my hurry to reach the boarding gate, I accidentally bumped into someone, both of us spilling our hands full of belongings.

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t see you at all, I hope you’re not hurt”, I profusely apologise, waiting for an answer from the stranger. Let’s just say what I got in return has the least of my expectations.

“You need to help me.” The tall man began, uncovering a small box from under his coat.

“I need you to take this to Delaware, please!”

The pain in his voice reminded me of my own helplessness, but this was a suspicious-looking box he was offering me to take. We all know how that ends. “Sorr-”.

“I’ll give you money.”

My tongue seemed to have healed while the cogs in my brain started turning. We were past the security checks now, so if the staff had found anything suspicious, they would’ve taken the box away. Maybe this man just couldn’t go to give the box?

“How much money...?” I inquired. If I was going to do this, it better be worth it.

When he answered my question, I knew what I had to do next.

“A million dollars. Right now. Please just take the box”. And true to his word he opened his suitcase and dug down, taking out a massive stack of money. This could be the answer to all my problems.

The stranger put the bag of cash on my feet and placed the box in my hands, knowing that he’d fulfilled his desire.

“When you reach the airport, a person will collect the box from you. Don’t worry about anything.”

Easier said than done. Still, I remained calm and entered the aeroplane whilst the boarding was nearly over, me being the last passenger to board. I had hidden the box deep into the crevice of my hand carry and prayed everything went well because of the colossal task I had taken. We patiently waited on the plane for a good half an hour before someone questioned why we hadn’t departed. As if on cue, two police officers entered the place, both possessing an aggressive demeanour. They marched along the aisle, getting closer and closer to my seat. Their presence silenced everyone - even the wailing baby behind me.

“Miss Brooklyn,” the senior police officer smiled sarcastically, coming to a stop directly next to my seat, and my heart sank to the ground.

“Greed makes a man blind and foolish, and makes him an easy prey for death.”

(803 Words)



Sample 21

Write a story that includes the sentence "His finger hovered above the trigger as the man with a gun to his head wailed for mercy."

Original Written by Talha Rajput

"His finger hovered above the trigger as the man with a gun to his head wailed for mercy."

The explosions, the crack of gunfire, the whoosh of fighter planes overhead, the screams; the crazy cacophony of a battlefield ... it proved too much for one lost little messenger boy, alone, amid a haze of red and destruction, forgotten. The smoke, thick and hazardous...

He saw death all around him, bodies on the ground, blood pooling from their wounds, and their once proud uniforms now torn and dirtied. Wails of terror echoed across the walls of the trenches in which two clashing forces fought.

The boy found himself overwhelmed, and as such started hallucinating (such is battle trauma). Demons wreathed in shadow came up from the ground with bright, glaring flashes of light emanating from their hands, only to stop short and disappear; it wasn't real, but the boy, naive as he was, did not think so...

As the scared youth cried and yelled, back to the wall, the demons suddenly stopped, as if deterred by something. There, standing tall in front of the boy, appeared a red-hued figure. The demons backed away, vanishing into the ground. The boy hesitated, his cries fading away, feeling a small glimmer of hope, as the figure turned, his eyes a dark, penetrating void. It had indiscernible features; no mouth, no nose, no ears, just red all over — except for those terrifying eyes staring right into the child's soul. It was too much, he started screaming again, and ran away from those eyes, anywhere but away from them! The figure just stood there, menacing in its imposing bearing.

The boy had not realised that he had strayed too far away from the little semblance of safety behind the friendly trenches ... all that was on his mind was to run away from this place; the noise, the maddening reality of it all, he was numb (poor thing). Tears streaming from his face and his throat dry from screaming, he stopped, panting. He was tired, collapsing to the ground, not realising where he had ended up.

When the boy came a few minutes later, he opened his eyes and stood up, ahead of him there was something he dreaded, another one of those demons! The thing was unmoving, staring at him intently. The child shook his head, looked around for a means of escape, and realised he was at the opposite end of the battlefield! When he looked back at the 'demon' he realised who it was, a soldier in an unfamiliar uniform, an enemy. The boy looked down at the soldier's hand, seeing for the first time a gun in his hand, aimed right at him.

He fell back on the ground, trying to scramble away, but the soldier shouted at him to stop; the message was clear, even if the boy couldn't understand the language being spoken. Standing up, he closed his eyes and bowed his head, knowing what was to come (he had been told since birth what the people outside were like, killing without a glance, he himself had seen it today but hadn't he also witnessed his people do the same thing?). As the soldier's finger hovered above the trigger, looking at the boy's dirty visage, and his torn clothing, the dried-up tears on his cheeks, his closed eyes, he found himself unable to kill the boy, no matter what orders said.

'Dammit! To heck with that!' he thought, 'I'm already bound for hell, I won't bring one more down with me', as he swallowed and lowered his gun.

The fallback horn sounded just then as the day of fighting ended; the low visibility spelt disaster for any large strike force; they would regroup and defend their position. The soldier retreated and fell back, leaving the boy where he was ...

As the boy waited for his fate, he thought of the blood and death and gore he had seen today,

'Why', he thought, 'Why are we fighting, shouldn't the grown-ups talk to each other and settle it, like they did back home? If it were up to me, I would have had them stop'.

(If only it were so simple...)

Then, as he thought of this, a wave of hysteria crashed over him,

'No, I would kill them where they all stand, trying to kill my people and take our land!' 'But I won't be able to... I'm going to die right here, aren't I?'

The boy waited, steadfast, but the shot never came, no sound at all. He opened his eyes, staring right back at the (in his eyes) demon, wondering why it wasn't killing him, as that red figure emerged again from behind and attacked the demon! A swift punch and it was down! As the demon disappeared, the red figure looked back at the boy, his dark black eyes only now seeming comforting to him.

As the child realised that the figure had saved him, he thought perhaps this was his chance to start what must be done, he would grow up and purge the bad people who dared to strike at his homeland. With newfound determination, he trudged back to his side of the field, confident that the red figure would save him at every step, not knowing how delusional he had become.

(887 Words)

Sample 22

Write a story which includes the sentence "With trembling hands, I began to pen down my words".

Original Written by Anonymous

I stroked her hair as her head rested on my chest. Her hazel eyes locked into mine, I fell deeper and deeper into them. I saw all the memories and great times we spent together. They say your life flashes before your eyes before you die, but I wasn't the one dying. I kept reassuring her with words that did not express a fraction of my feelings towards her. I love you. I love you. I love you. She breathed her last, I cried a river, but the words kept flowing. I love you. I love you. I love you.

The clouds poured above us as everyone stood in black suits with umbrellas to lower her into the ground. A cliché funeral. I hated clichés. I did not have the energy to hold up an umbrella. I was grateful for the rain that disguised my tears. I don't understand why people give speeches at funerals. They did nothing but sprinkle salt on my already fresh and burning wound.

"For 6 years... 6 years, we waited to get married. We counted the days as children do for holidays. The day did come, we tied the knot. We said our vows and signed the contract. Where on the contract did it say it was only for a year? Tell me. We vowed to be each others' as long as life breathes within us and blood flows in our veins or until the heavens and earth come falling. I see the heavens are still standing. But mine has toppled over."

Six months passed, and the sorrow didn't leave me. I grew apart from my friends. I don't talk to my family. I quit my job. I forgot all my passions and hobbies. The only thing left with me is my pain and my memories of her. I stood in front of a mirror. My appearance disgusted me, I hadn't shaved in a while, my clothes were dirty, and my dark eye bags seemed as if I hadn't slept once in 6 months. There was a knock at my door. It was my mother. I wasn't expecting her, nor was I jubilant upon seeing her. I had nearly forgotten her face. "Sweetie pie, what's happened to you?" she said as she sat down on my untidy bed. "Do you want coffee," I asked, ignoring her question. I gave her a cup of coffee and sat down beside her.

"It's been six months Ozzy, it's time you move on," she said with a pitiful expression.

"I can't"

"You have to, you can't just live the rest of your life like this"

"Is this all you've come here for Mom?" I responded, raising my voice out of irritation.

She gave me a look in the eye. I knew that look very well. I sighed and asked her to leave. She placed the cup she hadn't sipped once and left without saying a word. I kept staring at the cup, how the liquid bounced around inside it hitting the walls but falling back in as it slowly came to a still.

I knocked the cup over, screaming in rage, it shattered on the ground. I buried my face into the pillow, punching at the bed and yelled into it till the roar broke into a cry. I missed her.

The moment rang in my head again, I could feel her weight on my chest, I could feel her smooth as silk hair, I could feel her heartbeat as it gradually slowed down and came to a halt, just like the liquid in the cup.

I got onto my feet and opened the closet. I took out our photo album which I had spent much of my time staring at in those 6 months. I flipped through it, looking at all the amazing moments captured in it from behind the blur of the tears in my eyes. I wished she were here. I threw it to the floor out of fury. The images scattered everywhere, some went into the coffee I spilt. I quickly realised what I had just done and began to collect the photos. Some shards of ceramic pierced my foot and left prints of blood, but I didn't care. As I gathered the album, a strange thing caught my eye. It was a letter. "To my Oz" read the envelope in her gorgeous handwriting.

"Hey, my love,

I know this must be really hard for you. I promised you that I'll be with you till the heavens come falling, but I left pretty quickly. I'm sorry. Sometimes, not all your dreams come alive, not all your vows hold. Even though I won't be there, I'll love you forever. Our time together may not have been much, but I'm grateful for every moment. Please don't despair over me. I will watch over you from the heavens, till they come falling and time permits us to reunite, let that be of solace to you.

I love you my Oz. I love you. I love you. I love you."

A teardrop appeared on the paper and brought me back to reality. I looked up, sobbing. I scrambled on my desk for paper and pen. With trembling hands, I began to pen down my words on the page. I pocketed it to seal the end of a journey, and step into a new one.

"To my Lizzy"

(896 Words)

A Note from Mojza

All sample essays have been compiled with prior consent from the original writers. These samples for English Language (1123) have been compiled by Team Mojza, covering the content for O' Levels 2024-26 syllabus. The content of these samples has been prepared with utmost care. We apologise for any issues overlooked; factual, grammatical, or otherwise. We hope that you benefit from these and find them useful towards achieving your goals for your Cambridge examinations.

If you find any issues within these samples or have any feedback, please contact us at support@mojza.org.

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