

Write a story about an event that cannot be explained.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

The notion of freedom lingers within my dreams for as long as I can remember; but today, today is different. This is the day of all days; the week of all weeks; today is the day when I am the only individual in the house. This is the first time I have been granted permission to spend the night alone, (with no draconian restrictions). I feel a sense of jubilation, nestling into the warmth of the soft, soothing duvet, during a period where the weather wages a war against the city. Outside, the wet, damp smell of the rain pouring down the roof of the ostentatious house, fills my nostrils. Its grand walls, holding paintings—worth a fortune—tower over me. The roof groans in the relentless assault of the storm.

Knock, Knock, Knock.

These knocks shatter the deafening silence, raising the hairs on my neck. This coerces me into making the vital decision to take a peer cautiously outside the misty, miniature window located in my room. Nothing... just the streets that lie beyond. "It must be the howling wind", I whisper, and carry on with the euphoric, enjoyable experience.

Knock, Knock, Knock.

This causes me to freeze in place, instilling a thought within my mind: "How is this possible? I did not have a view of anything outside of the bedroom pane." I stealthily descend the carpeted, grandeur stairs in a slow, indignant manner. As I enter the living room with great caution, a sense of dread hangs in the air, yet I gain the substantial courage required to draw back the curtains and reveal the source of the deafening knocks.

Behind the curtain, a gargantuan figure stands in front of the window, clothed in full black like the darkness of the stormy, humid night sky, a mask covering the discreetness of his face, gloves worn on his hands, holding something long and sharp, (which seems to be covered in an oozing, fresh liquid), a backpack hanging off his shoulders, and an ulterior motive concealed within his thoughts. This evokes a sense of apprehension: “this matches the description of a stereotypical burglar”. Could this be one of them?”, I question. I ascend the staircase with frenetic movement and enter my room, locking the door immediately.

I dial my parents... No answer. I dial emergency services... No answer.

This is an unexplainable conundrum, causing me to fall into a state of complete perplexity, bewilderment, and despair. I can feel a flame ignite within me. My throat tightens. My airways close. I gasp for air...

A volcano erupts within me; a tsunami drowns me into a train of thoughts; an earthquake rips me apart; yet I stand up with newfound valour, opposing the emotional, mental, and psychological turmoil, and prepare for war against this unknown figure, as I am the only one able to safeguard this property before its value is ransacked. I grab a hefty pot, utilising it for head protection, scissors as sharp as a scalpel, and anything else I can find that could defend me against the wrath of this criminal. I write what may be my last diary entry, understanding the severe ramifications, and unlock the door. I charge down the stairs and see pieces of the window smashed. I enter the living room with utmost dignity and ransack the room but discern nothing. I feel a drop of saliva land on my forehead, sending frigid shivers down my spine until I look up. The malevolent beast, covered in full black, jumps and lands onto me. I shout, “let go of me you uncouth beast!”, but my whole world plunges into darkness...

My eyes snap open—with a deep feeling of contrition—to an familiar, incoherent sound: Knock, Knock, Knock.