

# 'Portsmouth 2029' Short Story Competition Entry Form

Name of entrant..... RUBY WILCOX.....  
Date of birth..... 17/12/2005.....  
Name of school..... SPRINGFIELD.....  
Contact person at school (teacher or librarian)..... FERN BICKEND.....  
Phone number of contact person at school..... 02392379119.....  
Title of entry..... PORTSMOUTH 2029.....  
Total number of words in story..... 823.....

## Rules:

1. Stories should have a theme of 2029. The maximum number of words per entry is 500 for year 5 pupils and 1,500 for year 8 pupils – there is no minimum number of words. Entries which exceed the maximum number of words will be disqualified.
2. The competition is open to anyone at school in Portsmouth (PO1-PO6 area) in year 5 and year 8 in January 2019.
3. Entries must be the original, unaided work of the stated entrant.
4. All entries must be accompanied by a completed entry form which includes a contact person at your school - a teacher, teaching assistant or librarian.
7. Entries must be submitted to the entrant's school contact, and submitted by the school to a Portsmouth City Council Library or by email to [libraries@portsmouthcc.gov.uk](mailto:libraries@portsmouthcc.gov.uk) by 5pm Friday 29<sup>th</sup> March 2019. Any entries received after that date will not be considered.
8. Entries will not be returned. The decision of the judges is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
9. By entering the competition, entrants are deemed to have agreed that their names and their entries may be used by Portsmouth City Council Library Service in publicity material associated with the competition

By Ruby Wilcox

Ash. A black smoke filled my lungs making it hard to breathe. My lungs got tighter and felt like someone was tugging on them. I was rushed to an emergency room and was put as their first priority. I have never been in one of these situations before. My mum and dad were stood round me telling the doctors to do whatever they can to keep me alive. I suddenly felt sharp pains in my arm. Before I knew it, I was being injected with different liquids and substances. I was afraid. I was panicked wondering what was happening. I tried to talk but the nurse told me to shut my mouth straight away. In the back of my head I could hear a quiet voice saying "you can be with me now ". I recognised it. It was my grandma. It was at that moment I knew I was ascending to the sky. My eyes started to close and I could faintly hear the panic of all the doctors and nurses around me screaming "he's dying, we are losing him!" In just a few minutes I went from having the best time to be in hospital ... dead!

I'm awake again. I'm in a house this looks very familiar. It is like I am in my room. Wait. I am. It looks so different. The walls are covered in wallpaper, so bright it's blinding me. My old wardrobe is now storage for laptops, phones, I pads , hover board and so much more . Where am I? What year is it? I decided to adventure out of this room of horror and tried to figure out what year I am in. Gracefully, I drifted down the winding stair case. I got half way down a I spotted a lever on the wall. Curiosity got the best of me so I decided to pull it. CRANK! Whoooooooooooooo! What once was the strains was now a slide. I slide all the way to the bottom. When I was at the bottom I was greeted to see a family that lived in the house. I sat still for a moment hoping they could not see me. I was still until, I noticed they couldn't! I was intrigued to see who this family was so i grazed over to where they was sat eating there morning meal. The mother of the family looked me straight in the eye that was when I noticed it was my little sister. Connie. She had come so far with having her own children and a darling husband to look after her. With the path I was taking I was never going to have what she is working towards. That path led me to here. I knew I should have listened to my mother I should have quit drugs years ago, but I didn't.

I was still on my hunt to find out what year it was so I started to search the kitchen. I found this solar panel with numbers on it, I'm guessing it's some sort of calendar. Yes that's it! At the top there is the year. Year 2029. Wow this is Britain in 10 years' time! So much has changed. I was studying the calendar when I heard that one Connie' sons was going to work . So I decided to follow him. He called an Uber and waited for it outside the house. The air was much polluted and made me cough when I took a deep breath. People were driving past in cars the hovered above the ground. How can this be? Within seconds of waiting, the Uber arrived. That was floating too! I drifted behind the Uber as fast a I could trying to keep up with its increasing speed. Luckily I could I we got to the boys work in one piece. He works in a hospital. The same one I was rushed into the night I died. As soon as he went inside he was called to help give birth to a child. He ran all the way to the top floor of the hospital. He ran to room 176 and flung open the door. I followed him in. The lady was screaming so loudly the midwife had to put earplugs in.

I started to feel funny. My head started to spin and so did the room. As the head of the baby got closer I began to feel ever dizzier. I realised what was happening, I was being reincarnated. I was going to be her baby. I said a silent goodbye to the world around me and knew I was going to be REAL again. Here I go. Ten seconds to go. Nine. Eight. I. I can't wait. Six. Five. It's really happening. Three. Two . One .

CRASH. BANG .WHOOSH . BOOM.

WAAA ! WAAA ! WAAA !

Word count : 803