

## **2<sup>nd</sup> place winner**

### **The Tormented Tower**

Thud... thud... thud... It's grandiose stomps caused even the earth to shiver and rumble away in fear. But what a fear that was compared to that of the little boats bobbing along in the water. Thrashing on the waves, cannibalised by the bitter frost of seafoam and persecuted by the hypothermic waves.

The sailors screamed for what more could they do when the eldritch beast came strolling leisurely with carnage in its wake? Desolate landscapes of rubble and waste pursued the towers gleam, bricks crashed into the ocean with tsunami's and all the tower could muster was a solemn, reserved expression.

A pasted, alabaster face that echoed the notion that it did not care. Eyes glassy and numbed to the shame. Standing 170m high, the minuscule men were just that, minuscule. Like ants crawling frantically, yet the tower was a spoilt child ready to toy with them, drown them and commit only the most heinous things a child could only conceive of upon them. The tower would shatter hopes, level towns, crush all in its path, a forever dull, looming testament to man's own shortcomings. The folly of hubris to think they could ever dream of controlling something so impossibly vast. The puny minds, frail bodies and frailer buildings all were to fall as the spinnaker traipsed onward.

In amongst its gluttony and greed, the towers eyes pain in sorrowed aching for no one would ever choose to be so monstrous. The concrete that ensnared him, the climbers that pierced his flesh, at a point, it was too much. The tower's face was now withered and old, grime and grease oozing from every nook and crevice, every pore sunken in and stabbed. The gashes, the scratches all sorted with just one new layer of paint to hide the suffering. To frame the tower's outburst as diabolical hatred, pure malice on his part and nothing more. Humanity could never admit it's flaws. Though he was barely even a teen, his skin still hung from his face, dripping like scorched candle wax into the sea.

He was decaying, melting, escaping the city outwards into the sea, for it was not his intention nor his fault that the sailors were sailing the sea that day, that the fisherman still fished or that the shoppers still shopped.

Today was the limit, the end of it all, not a second longer could the tower remain encased, imprisoned within those wretched constraints, Cracking the chains to now traverse the ocean freely in solitude. To the peace and quiet humming of the ocean floor, to the tranquil swaying of the seaweed, to the soft pillows of the seabed. To a sleeping forever.

Nevermore would the tower be confined to the black and white world that so despised him.

Thud... Thud... Thud... **Written by Chloe Martin, 16 years old**