

The Most Powerful Words

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Sometimes words can be too powerful.

I'm laying on a cotton candy cloud, drifting carelessly through the hot pink sky. A grape smoothie with flavour that dances in your mouth lies next to me, just waiting to be consumed. Thinking life is as blissful as strawberry ice-cream, an angry voice disperses the clouds. It doesn't seem to stop. My grape smoothie splashes my face, which exits me from my slumber.

"Riley! Wake up! You're going to be late for school!", my mother yells, with the clear anger visible in her voice. I barely wiggle a toe like I'm in a coma.

"Five more minutes," I groan, expecting my plan to foil.

"Okay, get a good five minutes of sleep," my mother says. She closes the door and leaves me.

I'm about as shocked as a toddler receiving their first bicycle. That usually wouldn't happen. I mean, I'm not complaining. I return to my slumber, resting as much as I can before I'm awoken again. Surely enough, five minutes pass and my mother bursts back into my room.

"Wake up sleepyhead! You're VERY late for school!" she yells.

"Fine," I say, as I rise from my bed. I look up at the clock. 8:30?! Homeroom starts in five minutes! I change into my uniform as fast as I can, snag an apple from the fruit bowl, hop on my bike and ride to school. My feet press down the pedals faster than lightning. I don't want my third detention for the third time this week. It's only Wednesday. I haven't even told my mum that I've failed half of my classes, and I have 13 pieces of overdue homework. School life just isn't for me. School is an open-air prison for children.

Suddenly, my bike tyre hits a sharp rock and soon my bike becomes planted like it's being dragged down by quicksand. A rush of anger takes over my body, letting myself lose control of myself. Out of spite to myself, I let out a scream.

"I wish school never existed!" I yell into the air. I eventually give up and walk to school however a large group of children, most of which I recognise, walking away from school like nothing has happened. I spot my best mate in the crowd, and I approach him. "Why

aren't you at school?" I ask.

"Have you hit your head on something? I've never heard of 'school' before," he says, with a confused expression on his face. What? How is that possible? My suspicions are raised when I take out all my homework sheets out of my bag, they crumble, as if they are disappearing from existence. I'm left standing still in disbelief while former students crash into me like I'm a fish trying to swim upstream.

It's so strange. Even when I asked for five minutes of extra sleep, it happened. I think I have an idea of what's going on. To test it, I run to the supermarket and straight to the chocolate section. I pick up my favourite chocolate bar and call out my sentence. "Every chocolate bar in the world is free!" I yell. In front of me, the price tag gets rid of its price. I knew it. Anything I call out; it turns to reality. As I exit the supermarket, a television from nearby.

"Unemployment rates have soared throughout the world, dropping by 20%. This is bad for our economy and if we don't see a rise, our global economy could fall," the spokesperson says. The news quite literally sinks in. That unemployment rate was all teachers. A wave of guilt rushes over me. Half of my body wants to reverse everything back to normal, half of me wants to banish school forever. I can't let innocent people lose a job they love all because a lazy 15-year-old boy doesn't like school. I can finally form the words that can revert everything back.

"I wish....," I say hesitantly.

"That everything went back to normal," I say, as I relax my body. A force drags me through a vortex, displaying events I experienced.

I'm back on my bed, right in time for my mum to burst in.

"Riley! Wake up! You're going to be late for school!", my mother yells.

I am getting up. Cause some things aren't worth wishing for.