

Years 5 & 6  
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### **This is War**

When the worlds clashed, I knew there would be trouble. What a peculiar mix, monsters and humans. Monsters only ever wanted to see the light in the world and humans only to find answers. Earth was the perfect place for both. They knew they couldn't live in peace on one small, planet. This caused the tension to rise.

Now, they are at the brink of war. Nowhere is safe, monsters hide in the shadows. Soldiers are training, harder and harder but I know it's not enough. The monsters are strong and powerful. They come in waves and cause destruction everywhere they go. Humans don't stand a chance. The night is a dangerous place now. Monsters hide in every corner, waiting for their next victim.

I picked up my black bag and put on a dark mask. I slipped silently through my bedroom window, into the darkness of the night. These days, not even the moon gives light. It's always dark and cold. People are scared to exit their houses, but little do they know, they're never safe. I know one thing for sure though. One side must win. That's why I'm working as a spy. A secret agent, digging for weaknesses of the enemy. Our side wants to guarantee that they are gonna win. The first step is simple: decrease their numbers.

I looked down at the slightly glowing watch on my thin wrist. 10:39 pm. I needed to get to the base at 11 o'clock. I slipped through the empty streets, looking out for any possible threats. I entered into a small alley and pushed away the rubbish. A silver hatch with a password revealed itself. I typed in the code slowly and carefully – 9;#534#. The hatch sprung open with an audible pop. I swiftly dashed down the metal steps, careful not to make too much noise.

Finally, I reached an old, wooden door. I pushed on the wood gently and it creaked open. I trudged in, only to see my master. He was in his usual clothes; a black hoodie and mask, uniform for all us spies. I reached into my bag and hauled out a thick folder, full of details about the enemies I had killed. I exited and bolted up the stairs. I closed the hatch quietly and replaced the bags of foul smelling rubbish. I sprinted to my small apartment building and checked my watch. 11:57pm. Not bad. Climbed the fragile drainpipe up to my bedroom on the second floor. I slipped through the window and shut it quietly. I placed my mask in my closet and flipped my hood off.

In the corner of my room, a figure emerged.

“What have you been up to?” my older sister sneered, her face only visible because of the puny candle lit on my bedside table. I hesitated, then reached for my right pocket in my coat. I wrapped my cold fingers around the small syringe. I pulled it out of my pocket and approached my oblivious sibling.

She took one look at the syringe and opened her mouth to scream. I wrapped my hand to engulf the scream and took the moment to plunge the syringe into her neck. She was dazed and confused. Right before she fell back into her sleep, forgetting everything, I muttered in her ear, “We wouldn’t want mum to know that I’m working for the enemy now would we?”