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Age/Category: 14 years (13-18)

Word Count: 444 words

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Title: A stranger I met

A loud crash makes me jump out of my bed and tumble to the floor. I glance over at my bedside clock, 3: 44 a.m. Whoever woke me up clearly doesn't value their life, especially when there is no sunrise beautiful enough to justify waking me at daybreak. Three in the morning? It's off with their head.

I grab the baseball bat and tennis racket my friend Elena left by my bedstand, and quietly head out of my bedroom, making my way down the stairs. In the obscurity of the downstairs living space, I make out a sharp silhouette in the kitchen. I silently stalk up to the figure, and I shout, "Hey!"

The figure, who I will assume is a man, jumps out of his skin and turns to me. I must look like a vision. I can feel my bonnet slipping off my head, and I sport a mismatched pyjama set, complete with mismatched socks. I feel a little like a made-for-TV ninja, brandishing my sports equipment like a set of twin swords. I swear, I can even hear the theme music...wait, it's actually playing. It sounds like a ringtone. The man picks up his phone and answers the call.

"Hello...Yes, I'm at the house...I haven't finished robbing yet...I'll be done in about twenty minutes...sure, we can get food on the way home...okay, see you, bye." He cuts the call and looks over at me. "Sorry about that," he says.

"Excuse me? You think you can waltz into my house, attempt to rob me, and not even afford me the courtesy of a dramatic showdown? Forget the police, I'll deal with you myself." I take a step forward, and he lets out a shrill scream.

"Please don't hurt me. Y-you know what? What if, you give me your money and the key to Mr. Walter's safe, and then we can have that face-off?"

“Who on God’s green earth is Mr. Walters?” I ask, completely confused.

“Your husband? Are you not Alicia Walters?”

“Not at all.”

He has the sense to look sheepish. “I must have the wrong house, then.”

“Yeah, no kidding,” I scoff.

“I’m so sorry, ma’am. It’s been a while since I’ve done this.” He scratches his neck.

“Perfect,” I say sarcastically. “Now I’m hungry, and you’re not even giving me my showdown? You’re buying me food. Let’s go, genius.” I slip on a pair of shoes and my jacket.

“W-well, you see...” I level him with a look, and he shuts up. “I’m Joshua, by the way.”

“Finally, manners. I’m Monica.” We share a smile and exit the house. I have a feeling this is going to be fun.