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Beyond the Horizon

A cliff is a turning point. A point where a decision must be made. You can either turn around and walk away from the teetering edge, away from danger and settle for the safety of solid ground or you could jump, taking a risk. Possibly falling to your doom and dying a terribly excruciating death however there is a chance that if you jump you could fly and soar over the restless waves as free as a bird. If you never jump you will never know.

Now I stand on a cliff, the sharp teeth of rocks grinning menacingly below, smiling awaiting their next meal. The raging waves crash against the rocks making the teeth froth and foam with saliva. The waves slowly retreat out to sea, leaving a trail of foam behind which slowly fades into the dark blue of the endless swirling sea. Out past the cliff the sea stretches out as far as the eye can see until it reaches the horizon where contrasting sapphire is met by a bright band of crimson streaking across the sky fading into coral then a soft pink, painting a rainbow in the sky. The half-moon of the sun peeps its blushing face just above the surface of the water, lingering as it's last rays of golden light caress the earth. The sun seems to call me welcoming me but it's not just the sun that calls me it is love, somewhere across the ocean he needs me, and I know I need him. My heart yearns for him and every second I'm not by his side, it feels as if someone is slowly cutting a hole deeper and deeper into my being and slowly tearing my heart out ripping tendons, sinews, and muscles leaving destruction in my heart's place.

My heart compels me beyond the horizon, but fear rises in me threatening to straggle and break me, like a violin string being tightened I am on the verge of snapping, of breaking the string, turning around and never knowing what beautiful melody could have been played if I jumped. Not knowing what endless possibilities and adventures could have been explored but most of all not knowing whether I could have saved him. I won't let the fear snap me. I jump. I soar and I stare beyond the horizon, as I catch the faint whisper of the beginning of a beautiful melody.