



**1st prize**  
**14-16 years age**  
**group**

**Name:** Lucy R

**Age:** 16

**Bio of author:** My name is Lucy and I was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. I'm 16 years old, I love to read and write and my biggest dream is to be an author one day.

**Title:** Light My Way

**Judge's notes:** "This story really touched me - I could really feel the love between brother and sister and felt her loss deeply. Beautifully written prose."

"I was sure I had my number 1 choice picked halfway through reading this age categories entries but Lucy's story was so captivating and quickly stole the number one spot. The visuals were so beautifully written I could picture everything she described."

"The thoughtful details here really immersed me in the story."

"Beautiful descriptive prose and very moving."

“Lucy has such a strong use of language and imagery, I felt like I was looking at the night sky with the character. Melancholic but beautiful.”

“Very well written, powerful emotions & imagery displayed.”

## **Light My Way**

Moonlight dances across the surface of the serene sea. The warm sand falls between the gaps in my toes, the satisfying scratch of the granules grazing along the pads of my heels. The soft crash of the waves sound in the distance, music to my ears.

My hair hangs down my back, sticking to the nape of my neck as it dries in the warm summer air. I suck in a breath and smile at the smell of the salty breeze. Sighing, I fall back, not caring that my hair will be matted with sand and I gaze up at the night sky. The full moon shines brightly as it casts shadows, half silvery light and half inky black on the beach below. The stars twinkle like specks of white glitter on a black canvas. My eyes travel along the bow of the Sagittarius constellation, the brightest constellation to spot and I remember when we'd lie side by side here, as he pointed out each star.

My brother, my best friend. His passing was like the tide going out, slowly, inevitably. His absence feels glaringly obvious in the quiet of the beach. In his last few days, I had wheeled him down to the boardwalk and carried him to the water. He would joke about how if I tried to pick him up before his diagnosis, I would have fallen flat on my face. He had lost so much weight that I had been

able to carry him with ease. The chemo had made him so weak.

The beach was his favourite place. When we were younger, we would come down with our parents. He and his friend would splash around and swim out until their feet would no longer touch the ground, while I stood safely in the shallows. I was terrified of the ocean, still am. I had refused to go further when the water lapped my knees.

In his last days, he had wanted to get in the water again. He had known that I was terrified and held my hand as I went torso deep. He had floated on his back, his muscles not working like they used to, as I kept him afloat on the surface. I had done it for him. If the ocean was what he wanted, I would have dived right in to make it come true.

Those last few days reminded me of all the summers we had spent together. The memories of hide and seek in the garden; sneaky sips of our parent's alcoholic drinks; warming our frozen feet by the fire; the bike rides to the ice cream store; and those late-night talks using our phones for light under the covers. Those bittersweet memories.

I continue to stare up at the night sky, my finger tracing the edge of the moon. His words still echoing in my ear.

"When I g'o, I'll look down on you from above. I'll be the moon, so that I can light your way."