

# ilkley literature festival

## Be All Write #ILFWritingChallenge

**Prompt: Write a short story that includes 5 objects found in your home beginning with the letter B.**

He got up early today, and it was the first day of a new month. While still lying on his Bed, he kept thinking about what to be done in this present scenario - when the pandemic has forced everyone to remain inside their home with no one to chat or discuss. He wanted to indulge himself in something substantial and informative.

Numerous activities ran across his mind and, after a big tussle of thoughts he narrowed down to 3 things. First, he thought of resurrecting his old skill of drawing. Reading a Book was second on the list, and as the third one, he chose to learn a new or work on an old language. He got up from his bed, took a Broomstick, cleaned the house and got the setup ready after completing his daily chores.

As he took out the drawing sheets, he realised he doesn't have a Brush to paint as it had been a long time since he had left this activity. So, he resorted to his toothbrush for the same and tried his hand in something new – the spray painting. And yes, for the colours he turned to natural things, like – turmeric powder, kumkum, flour, indigo dye, kohl etc. He made a list of books to be read, and the first one he chose was – “The Handmaid’s Tale” by Margaret Atwood. And, for the language, he returned to his old school subject and his favourite one – ‘Sanskrit’.

All this he did just to survive and to keep himself occupied – as there wasn't any gas to cook food and just Biscuits and fruits to help him maintain his energy level, and being alone in his room, he had no one to talk to except the four walls.

- Rohit Gupta

“Where’s the bog roll?” I said.

“You mean toilet paper? So rude” replied the better-half.

“Yes the toilet paper. Is there any in the building?” I shouted back.

“Why would I know? Have you looked behind the boiler?”

“Oh yes. Found it. Should have looked there before. Thanks love. Have a biscuit on me!”

- Paul Redhead

## The Devil

Prologue [5 years ago]

The gods [controlled by me] let out a flash of thunder so powerful it knocked me off my feet and hit the devil in his weak spot [the top of his head] then with a swipe of his hand his faithful companion devil dog leaped over to his side. Then the devil jumped on his devil dog, wearily and they left. Bounding over the hills until they were a tiny dot on the horizon.

Now [5 years later]

I'm sailing across the ocean in my boat made of steel because I knew the devil would want its revenge. And I was right. As soon as I set out on my journey across the deep, blue sea I saw to my horror that we were being followed. So I ran down the stairs as quickly as I could then I took a quick glance over my shoulder and to my astonishment they had vanished into thin air! I ran into my bathroom made out of bamboo. Then I locked the door but suddenly I heard voices outside so I unbolted the door and poked my head out to see my brother! Then he said "goodbye ."Then I leaped into his out-stretched arms and then we started to cry a lot !with him he had brought a tamed badger .He said "you will never be lonely again ."Then it started to rain so he left .When he had left I let the badger out of his cage so it could roam around and explore its new home .Soon I was very tired & I wanted to go to bed . luckily for me I had brought my bed along with me .I had decided to bring my book on times-tables along with me .

The end of book 1

- Toby Garrido

She wishes she had never set eyes on that bright red bowtie across the dance hall, his bassoon crooning seductively at her. She wished she hadn't fallen for that trimmed but slightly scruffy beard. She knew she shouldn't have opened that box by the bannister while he was at work, but she did.

- Frances Wilde

“Bobby, get your head out of that packet of bog roll, it is not for you,” said my mum.

Mum came rushing out of the bedroom in only her bra.

“There is bleach in there as well as biscuits,” she said.

- Amanda Redhead

She was eating her biscuit and reading her book when she heard a knock.

"Who could that be at this hour?"

Begrudgingly, she got up and opened the door.

How strange - no one was there! She looked around and was about to close the door before she looked down and saw it. But how could it be?

There on the ground was the old, blue box. She grabbed it and raced inside before anyone could see her. She opened it and, to her surprise and horror, saw the gold chain bracelet and the royal blue bowtie in perfect condition.

"Impossible," she said to herself. For this was the very same blue box that she burnt to dust over 15 years ago.

It was still dark when little ball crept from his bedroom and down the stairs. On the bench in the hall way he picked up his school bag and made his way quietly into the kitchen. He picked up some bananas from the fruit bowl on the kitchen worktop and from the cupboard helped himself to three tins of baked beans and a loaf of bread.

"That should keep him fed for the next two days," he thought, as he headed to the back door and slowly turned the key...

Outside darkness reigns.

The bolt slides silently.

Inside, a single bulb glows weakly. It offers little light and shares less warmth.

A bookcase is visible. Just.

Books line the shelves. Some in neat rows, others crammed haphazardly into the spaces in-between. The titles are indiscernible in the poor light. But that doesn't matter.

Not to you.

You move slowly and your foot touches something. You pause, probing at the dark with your boot.

The boy.

You've found him.

– Gavin Dimmock