

EmaN-oN

He slid down from the ceiling effortlessly; leapt down from the table noiselessly, and slunk around the classroom like a rabbit exploring a new burrow. 10-year-old emaN-oN, the boy who had been cruelly, ruthlessly and heartlessly rejected by his classmates, was ready for that night's cleaning, tidying and sprucing the place up. He was a kind-hearted boy and had taken it upon himself to take over the cleaner's duty. It had been 2 years since he had dared venture out of his home in the roof of Puffins class in daylight. The room was an unusually orderly, welcoming, spacious place in school hours, yet when it was locked up for the night it became sinister. In the darkness, every chair threatened to trip him up, every poster doing its best to dive onto his head, coated with tangled cinnamon-brown hair as it was.

As emaN-oN stretched his fingers out from underneath the nest of fabric he called a bed, he realised he could see the pale moonlight filtering through them. He knew he had no time to lose, he sprung down to the floor, scraping his knees in the process. EmaN-oN knew he needed to make a friend to anchor him to this world, or he would fade away into the darkness.

The clock struck 10 and the children filed in through the ancient oak door. He quickly dropped down from the white-washed ceiling into a vacant chair, as he did so, he felt a wave of nausea wash over him. His legs were vague shadows, his arms a muddle of hazy smoke. The teacher came over and exclaimed,

"Hello, are you joining our class today? Could you maybe sit somewhere else today, Holly wanted to sit here. Maybe you could work next to her." She patted the blue, plastic seat next to where he was sitting. A young girl, about nine in age, with a mop of tangled blonde hair on her head, lowered herself down into her seat.

"Hello." The girl murmured quietly, "My name's Holly." She nervously peered at him. "You're new here. What's your name?"

"EmaN-oN." He replied.

"No, it's not, your badge says No-Name." She stated this with an air of puzzlement and confusion.

"Quiet at the back!" The teacher yelled over the babble of voices. "In case you haven't noticed already, we have a new addition to our class. Please give a warm Puffins welcome to... Sorry, what's your name?"

"EmaN-oN." He repeated.

"Please give a warm welcome to... EmaN-oN!"

As the applause died away, EmaN-oN felt a new feeling welling up inside him: one that made him want to laugh, and skip, and smile. He had found a friend, someone to share the rest of his life with.

(EmaN-oN (No-Name) was inspired by the boy with no name from a photo of our school in the past we saw on our school trip to Morrab Library)

Text 460 words long.