The Girl that Stopped a War with Only her Determination

999 Words

I am always alone. My mother and father are away in the war and I have no other family. You can't trust anybody anymore and the war has split the world in half and life is failing.

My name is Thora and I have bright orange hair that falls to my shoulders with thunder blue eyes.

Our house is falling. It hasn't been cleaned in over a year. Our house cleaner died when her house fell and there was nobody there to help her get out of the rubble.

I walk through the dusty kitchen and try to think when was the last time I ate something fresh. The only food left is dry pasta, rice, dried fruit, and spices. Fresh water is hard to come by, too. I step outside and look around at the once marvelous garden that is now full of dead plants and the only thing that grows is spiky weeds. I walk the winding path through the garden to the big front gate. I push it open and look outside.

There is chaos.

Buildings on fire, people screaming and blood so much blood. I look back at the house and see the big old building I have lived in for my whole life. It’s crumbling around the edges and windows are cracked. I try not to think about my life before the war. Everything was perfect. My parents were here and we could eat anything we wanted and the plants were alive. Then my parents left for the war. They said they were going to fight for peace.

How do you fight for peace? Peace means no fighting!

I only saw them once after that then they left again. Anger bubbles up inside me and I storm inside. Hot tears fill my eyes and I try not to blink so the tears don't fall but soon the tears blind me and I cannot see. I'm glad there's nobody in the house to see me cry. I've always been the tough one who can climb on roofs and trees and get scrapes and cuts without making a big deal about it and here I am crying because my parents left.

I don’t get it either. I'm mad at them for leaving. I'm mad at them for not coming back. I'm basically mad at them for everything. I'm also mad at them for thinking I'm going to stay in this house all alone and be okay! That last thought hits me like a bullet. *They can't expect me to stay can they?* And that strikes me with an idea I should have thought of long ago. *I'm Leaving.*

That night I pack my bags. I decide to wait till morning to leave. In the early morning I make my way out of the gate and down a hill to the town. I expertly avoid all dangers as I go past the market.

“Ello Thora,” Mr kily says. “A bit early to be going anywhere, don't you think?”

“Early bird gets the worm!” I reply cheerfully.

“Okay,” he replies doubtfully. *That sounded so fake* I think and pull the hood of my cloak up so no one else will recognize me.

I walk quickly and soon I am far away from that wretched town and passing over an unknown mountain range. I get to the top and see in the field below a small battle is raging on. This fills me with determination to stop this war. Little did I know this was going to be my greatest superpower later on.

I run as fast as possible down the hill seizing a sword from a fallen body and crossing blades with anyone who is in my path. I taught myself how to sword fight many years ago. When I taught myself I’d never thought I'd use it for anything important. But here I am fighting in a battle that I don't even care who wins I just want it to stop. I scream in rage and knock someone's sword aside.

Suddenly, I see a clear path to a big boulder in the middle of the field and run at top speed to it. I jump up and climb up the boulder and scream as loud as I can, “STOP!!!” My plan works. Everybody stopped immediately and looked at me but I am too determined to feel embarrassed.

“What are you actually fighting for?” I say.

A few brave people respond, "We're fighting for our side!” and they get a few shouts of agreement.

“But are you?” I say. “Raise your hand if you joined this war because you wanted to.”

A few people raise their hands. I am disappointed but I continue, “now raise your hand if you were forced to fight! Either because your town made you or because starvation drove you to fight!” Everybody else raises their hands and I feel braver to keep going, “don’t you think there's a better way to do this? You can’t fight for peace! Peace means no fighting and no death! So let's stop and try to fix our broken world in a different way! Who's with me!”

I get a chorus of yelps of agreement. I shout, “Then let's go stop this war!” I jump down from the boulder and run down the mountain with a whole army of soldiers following me.

We stop more battles like this, convincing other people to stop fighting and they listen. I am now the leader of an organization made to stop the war and we're doing pretty well. I have not found my parents nor am I trying but I have found my aunt on my dad’s side and she's super fun! We are now planning to go to the Commander and Chief on both sides of the war to talk to them to figure out how to try to make peace. I hope the world can mend itself and it will get better. We need to keep going with determination.