

CREATIVE WRITING EXAMPLES



EXAMPLE ONE



Sunlight spilled through the stained-glass window, casting kaleidoscopic patterns onto the market's tiled floor. The air was thick with the scent of ripe tomatoes, crushed herbs, and the distant tang of freshly cut citrus. Voices overlapped, a chorus of haggling and greetings, laughter and the occasional sharp reprimand. Stalls stretched endlessly in both directions, overflowing with fruit that glowed like treasure, vegetables stacked in neat pyramids, and baskets woven tightly with care.

Beneath the golden light, an elderly woman lingered before a display of glossy peppers. Atop her head was a vibrant, knitted woollen hat, and she wore thick-rimmed, jam-jar glasses. A green bag hung from her shoulder, its strap worn, its contents unknown. Her wizened fingers twitched, hovering just above the produce. **Please don't touch.** The words were scrawled across a chalkboard, the white letters slightly smudged by hurried hands.

Tried, distracted, exhausted: a vendor in a red apron weighed a bag of plums on an old-fashioned scale. The woman hesitated. She reached out. A single fingertip grazed the surface of a tomato. It toppled instantly, rolling into another, and another. In a heartbeat, the entire pyramid collapsed, a cascade of red and green and yellow tumbling onto the floor. Gasps. The vendor's head snapped up. Silence gripped the air.

Heat rushed to her cheeks. Heart pounding, she bent down, scrambling to gather the fallen fruit. Around her, eyes watched—some amused, some sympathetic. Nothing to be said, nothing to be done - only embarrassment.

Before she could stammer an apology, the vendor let out a low chuckle, shaking his head. "It happens," he said, kneeling to help.

Together, they rebuilt the pile, placing each tomato with slow, deliberate care. When the last one was set back in place, the vendor picked up a particularly plump fruit and pressed it gently into the woman's palm.

"A gift," he said, smiling.

The woman's lips parted in surprise. Then, with a quiet nod of thanks, she turned, slipping the tomato into her bag. With a smile, she walked on, disappearing into the hum of the marketplace once more.

EXAMPLE TWO



Sunlight poured through the canopy, dappled gold flickering across mossy rocks and trembling leaves. The air thrummed with the steady roar of the waterfall, its voice deep and endless, as if the earth itself was breathing. Water tumbled from the cliff's edge, a silver ribbon unraveling in freefall before crashing into the pool below, sending a fine mist spiraling into the warm afternoon air.

Beneath the towering trees, a lone hiker stood, boots sinking slightly into the damp earth. His breath was steady, but his heart pounded with anticipation. The sight before him was mesmerizing, almost surreal. Trees, tall and ancient, framed the cascade like silent sentinels. A rainbow arched faintly in the mist.

The closer he stepped, the louder the falls became. The spray kissed his skin, cool and electric. His fingers twitched. He had to feel it—to be part of it. Kicking off his boots, he waded forward. Cold water lapped at his ankles, then his knees. Another step, and the weight of the falls thundered above him.

Like a curtain, the cascade shielded a shadowed space behind it. A hidden cove. Holding his breath, he plunged through, the water hammering against his back. For a moment, everything was noise and chaos. Then—silence.

Behind the waterfall, the world shifted. Water dripped from moss-covered stone, the air thick with heat. The sunlight filtering through the falls cast fractured, dancing patterns onto the damp cavern walls. He exhaled, laughing softly to himself. He had found a secret, a place unseen by most. A place only for those who dared to step through.

For a long moment, he stood in the cool shade, watching the world beyond through the shimmering veil of water. Then, with a deep breath, he stepped forward once more—back into the golden warmth of the afternoon, back into the world that felt just a little bit different now.

EXAMPLE THREE:



The station was silent—unnaturally so. A place built for motion and noise now stood frozen in stillness. Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, their pale glow bouncing off tiled walls, casting elongated shadows that stretched toward the empty tracks. A single figure stood on the platform, hands buried deep in the pockets of a heavy coat, shoulders hunched slightly as if bracing against an invisible wind.

The air smelled of damp concrete and old electricity, laced with the faint metallic tang of the rails. A flickering sign announced the next train's arrival in three minutes, though there was no one else to witness it. No hurried footsteps, no rustling newspapers, no distant hum of conversation—just the rhythmic drip of a leaking pipe somewhere beyond sight.

He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, glancing at the curve of the tunnel, black as ink. It yawned open like the mouth of some great creature, waiting, watching. He exhaled, the sound swallowed instantly by the oppressive quiet.

A distant rumble.

The tunnel stirred, a whisper of wind slithering through before the train had even come into view. Posters lining the walls fluttered against their frames, and a discarded receipt spiralled lazily across the platform. He fixed his gaze ahead, the anticipation gnawing at the edge of his thoughts. Then—lights. Two glaring white orbs pierced the darkness, growing larger, brighter, reflecting off the platform's glossy floor. The train roared into existence, its arrival shattering the silence, sending a rush of stale air past him.

For a brief moment, he caught his own reflection in the windows as they flashed past—a ghostly, distorted figure, eyes shadowed, face unreadable. Then, with a mechanical sigh, the train shuddered to a halt. The doors slid open.

Still, no one else. Just him. A moment's hesitation, then a step forward. The doors closed behind him with a final, definitive clunk.

The platform stood empty once more.

EXAMPLE FOUR



The leash was slack, the way it always was in the beginning. A golden Labrador trotted ahead, nose skimming the ground, tail sweeping from side to side like a metronome keeping time with the rhythm of the world. The morning air was crisp, edged with the promise of autumn, and the earth beneath their feet was soft from last night's rain.

The dog was a tide, surging forward in excited bursts before retreating to check his owner was still there. Every so often, he would glance back, dark eyes glistening, tongue lolling in an open-mouthed grin, as if to say, Are you watching? Are you coming? And, of course, the owner always was.

Leaves tumbled from the trees like discarded scraps of gold, crunching underfoot as they wandered deeper into the woods. The world here was a patchwork of shifting light and earthy scents, the kind of place where time seemed to stretch and fold, where nothing else existed but the steady movement of man and dog. The Labrador's enthusiasm never wavered—each stick a new treasure, each scent an untold story. The owner envied that simplicity, the way a dog could find joy in the mere act of being.

A sudden flurry—movement in the undergrowth. In an instant, the leash snapped taut. A squirrel darted up a tree, claws scrabbling against bark, and the Labrador was a wave crashing against an invisible barrier, straining forward, muscles coiled, instincts screaming chase, chase, chase.

Then—stillness. A long pause. A deep breath. Slowly, the tension melted away, the tide receding once more. The leash slackened. The walk continued.

As they turned for home, the trees whispered in the breeze, the same path unfolding before them but somehow different now, touched by the quiet satisfaction of a journey taken. The Labrador trotted beside his owner, panting softly, ears flicking at every sound, but the energy had shifted. He was calmer now, content. The leash dangled loosely between them, like an unspoken understanding.

And as they neared the gate, the dog glanced back again—just like before, just as he always did. Are you watching? Are you coming?

And, of course, the owner always was.

EXAMPLE FIVE



Beneath the weeping arms of a willow tree, the old bench faced the water, its wooden slats worn smooth by time and touch. The lake stretched before it, a mirror of shifting blues and greys, rippling gently beneath the cool breeze. Like a whisper, the wind skimmed across the surface, carrying with it the scent of damp earth and autumn leaves.

Upon the bench sat an old man and an old woman, their forms hunched yet familiar, their presence quiet but not empty. The man, wrapped in a thick woollen coat, clutched a cane; the woman, delicate but steadfast, had her hands folded neatly in her lap. Every breath they took was slow, measured, deliberate, as if time had taught them to savour even the smallest of moments.

A bird called from across the water. A heron—tall, poised—stood at the water's edge, its sharp gaze fixed on something unseen. The couple watched, silent observers, their eyes following its stillness, its patience.

Then—a splash. A sharp, sudden cry.

Wings flashed. Ripples exploded outwards. No joy, no peace, no stillness, only the violent struggle of wings against water. The heron had misjudged its step. Now it floundered, wings beating wildly, long neck craning, desperate.

For a moment, neither of them moved. Then— lifting her head, the woman reached out, pressing a hand to her husband's arm. No words were spoken, but something passed between them, an understanding.

With effort, the man stood. His cane wobbled. His hands shook. But still, he moved forward, down the bank, towards the water's edge. A bolt of urgency struck through him, searching for strength he thought had long since forgotten.

The heron fought on. The reeds clutched at it, pulling, tangling. It would not last much longer.

Bracing himself, the man plunged his cane into the water, reaching, stretching, as if time itself had peeled away and left him young again. His breath came in ragged

gasps. The once peaceful lake was made restless by the flurry of movement. His arm trembled. His coat, heavy with age, dragged at his shoulders. But—at last—his cane found its mark.

A moment of stillness. Then, with a final, desperate push, the heron freed itself. Water streamed from its feathers as it stumbled onto the bank, its breath sharp, quick, alive.

For a long while, it simply stood there, sides heaving. The old man, too, stood frozen, watching, waiting. The bird had survived; that was enough. The old man exhaled. Exhausted and tired, cold and aching, he turned back towards the bench, where the woman waited, her eyes warm, knowing.

Carefully, she reached for his hand, clasping it gently in her own. Neither of them spoke, but they did not need to. The lake had returned to its quiet rhythm. The wind hummed through the willow branches. And, side by side, they sat once more, watching the world settle into stillness.

EXAMPLE SIX



Beneath the grand dome of the museum, light cascaded through stained-glass skylights, splashing pools of colour onto the polished marble floors. The air hummed with the murmur of voices, the shuffle of footsteps, the soft beeping of security sensors. Every artefact whispered of lost worlds and forgotten hands, their stories sealed behind glass.

A boy stood alone in the vastness of it all. Small, still, silent: he barely seemed to breathe as he gazed up at the towering skeleton of a prehistoric beast. Its ribcage curved like the hull of a ship, its jagged teeth frozen mid-snarl. Like a ghost, the past loomed over him, ancient and unknowable.

He should not have been here alone. But he was. His school group had moved on—he had not. Something about this place rooted him to the spot, held him in a grip he could not name.

Then—a crash. A gasp. A thousand hushed whispers sucked into silence.

The boy spun. In the centre of the hall, a case had shattered. Glass shards glistened on the floor, reflecting the high ceiling like jagged pieces of a broken sky. The once-pristine museum was made chaotic by the scatter of alarms, the sudden rush of people.

And at the heart of it all, a man stood frozen, his hand outstretched.

He hadn't meant to do it—anyone could see that. His face was pale, his eyes wide, his breath shallow. But the artefact he had reached for now lay at his feet, fragile and fractured beyond repair.

For a moment, no one moved. Then, the guards descended, their footsteps sharp as hammer blows against the marble. The crowd parted, a sea of accusing stares and whispered speculation.

The boy gripped the strap of his backpack. Chaos, panic, disaster: the noise was almost violent. The man's hands trembled as the guards stepped closer. Yet,

something in his face—the way his lips pressed together, the way his fingers twitched as if reaching for something long since lost—made the boy hesitate.

The past was fragile. So easily broken. So impossible to put back together.

Slowly, the boy took a step forward. Then another. He bent down, plucked a single shard of glass from the ground, turned it over in his fingers. A quiet offering. A gesture of understanding.

The man's eyes flickered to his. A moment passed. And then, as the guards took him away, he nodded—a silent thanks, a shared regret.

The museum would recover. The artefacts would remain. But as the boy walked away, he knew: some things could not be restored, only remembered.

EXAMPLE SEVEN



Above the restless city, the night pulsed with light. Like scattered embers, the fireworks bloomed and faded, casting flickering colours across the towering buildings below. Every explosion shattered the darkness, sending gold, crimson, and violet streaking across the sky. The air was thick with smoke, the tang of burnt gunpowder, the distant echo of cheering voices.

On the rooftop of a crumbling apartment block, a girl stood alone. Wrapped in an oversized jacket, hands deep in her pockets, she watched the sky burn with colour. Down in the streets, the city roared with celebration—people dancing, laughing, shouting into the night. Up here, though, everything felt still. The world, which never truly stopped, seemed to hold its breath.

Behind her, a door creaked open. Footsteps. A boy—her brother—joined her, breathless, face flushed from running up the endless flights of stairs. He held out a small, battered lighter, flicking it on and off, on and off, its tiny flame swallowed by the night.

They had done this before. Every year. Every time the fireworks lit the sky, they had climbed to this spot, away from the crowds, away from the noise. And every year, they had waited.

Then—a deafening crack. A scream of light.

A firework misfired. The explosion was too low, too close, sending a cascade of sparks tumbling down towards the city below. A collective gasp rippled through the streets. For a moment, everything was colour, chaos, confusion.

The boy flinched. The girl did not.

Instead, she reached into her pocket, pulled out something small, something hidden. A single firework—small, unimpressive, but theirs.

She handed it to him.

For a second, he hesitated. Then, lifting his head, he set it down carefully, struck the lighter, and touched the flame to the fuse.

A hiss. A spark. A rush of heat.

And then—light.

It wasn't grand, wasn't powerful, wasn't like the great, golden displays that painted the sky. But it was theirs. Their small rebellion, their private celebration, their secret piece of the night.

The city cheered below. The fireworks raged above. And on that lonely rooftop, two figures stood together, watching their own ember fade into the darkness.

EXAMPLE EIGHT



Beneath the towering arch of glass, the greenhouse stretched like a hidden paradise, bathed in golden light. Every leaf shimmered, every vine curled, every surface was alive with the soft murmur of growth. Like jewels, tomatoes hung heavy from their stems, oranges dappled with sunlight swayed gently, and plump strawberries peeked from beneath lush green foliage.

The air was thick with the scent of earth and ripening fruit, the warmth clinging to the skin, settling into the breath. The once-crisp morning was made humid, wrapping itself around every plant, every branch, every visitor who stepped inside.

A girl wandered between the rows, fingers trailing across leaves, feeling their waxy surfaces, their soft veins. In her arms, a basket rested—half-filled, half-empty—waiting. She had come here every summer, plucking fruit with careful hands, listening to the quiet hum of bees drifting lazily through the air.

Then—a rustle. A shift in the silence.

She turned.

Something—someone—was there.

At the far end of the greenhouse, half-hidden by broad banana leaves, a figure stood still. Watching. Waiting.

Her pulse quickened. Not fear, not yet—just something sharp, something electric running beneath her skin.

The figure took a step forward. Light fell across their face. A boy—no older than her—eyes dark, expression unreadable. His clothes were streaked with soil, his hands stained green. For a moment, neither of them spoke.

Then, wordlessly, he reached down, plucked a single fruit from the nearest vine, and tossed it to her. A peach—golden, blushed with pink, warm from the sun.

She caught it, hesitated, then took a bite. Sweetness burst across her tongue, fresh, sharp, real.

The boy smiled—just slightly—then turned, vanishing back into the maze of green.

For a long while, she stood there, the taste of summer lingering on her lips, the greenhouse breathing around her.

Then, lifting her basket, she continued down the path, weaving between the vines, where the fruit hung like tiny suns, waiting to be gathered.

EXAMPLE NINE:



Above the waking earth, the hot air balloon soared. Like a lantern set adrift, it floated higher and higher, its patchwork fabric glowing against the morning sky. Beneath it, the world unravelled; fields folded into rivers, roads stitched through towns, everything shrinking into a miniature masterpiece. The sky stretched vast and endless, a soft, unbroken blue.

In the wicker basket, a boy gripped the edge, knuckles pale. The wind tugged at his hair, cool against his skin, carrying the scent of earth, of sun-warmed grass, of distant rain. He had never been this high before. Never felt the ground slip so completely away. It was both terrifying and intoxicating, this sudden weightlessness, this quiet detachment from everything below.

Beside him, the pilot—an old man, weathered and calm—adjusted the burner with steady hands. A rush of flame. A burst of heat. The balloon swelled, lifted, danced higher into the endless blue.

Then—a lurch. A shift. A sudden, jarring tilt.

The basket rocked. The ropes groaned. The boy's breath caught in his throat. Too high, too unstable, too much space between him and the safety of solid ground. His heart pounded. The urge to crouch low, to cling to the basket's edge, to beg for the descent was overwhelming.

The old man only chuckled. "*Wind's playing with us,*" he said, tightening a rope. His voice, steady as the horizon, grounded the boy even as the world tilted.

For a moment, fear still clung to him, sharp and unshakable. But then—he looked down.

The earth stretched before him, vast and endless, bathed in gold. The rivers curved like silver ribbons, the houses clustered like scattered seeds, the roads wove delicate

patterns through the land. It was beautiful. A beauty he had never imagined, never truly considered. The fear did not disappear, but something else pressed against it—something warm, something light.

He let go of the edge. Just a little.

The wind hummed softly around him. The balloon drifted, weightless, carried by unseen hands. And for the first time, he let himself believe that maybe—just maybe—falling and flying weren't so different after all.

EXAMPLE TEN:



Beneath the vast, brooding sky, the church stood in quiet majesty. Its stone walls, worn by wind and time, rose solemn and unyielding, the weight of centuries pressing into every weathered crevice. Like fractured jewels, the stained-glass windows gleamed in the fading afternoon light, their colours burning rich and deep—ruby, sapphire, emerald, gold.

A girl stood at the foot of the steps, head tilted back, watching. She had never been inside. Never dared cross the threshold. But something about the way the light bled through the glass, casting shifting colours onto the grey stone, made her pause.

Behind her, the wind stirred. It whispered through the empty courtyard, rustling the ivy that clung stubbornly to the walls. No voices, no footsteps, no movement. Only her. Only the church.

She took a step forward. Then another. Lifting her hand, she brushed her fingers against the heavy wooden door.

Then—a chime. A deep, resonant toll.

The bells rang out, shattering the silence. The sound pressed into her chest, ran through her bones, called to something nameless inside her.

And in that moment, the sun broke through the clouds.

Light spilled through the stained glass, igniting the colours into something almost too brilliant, too unreal. The once-muted walls were made radiant, glowing as if lit from within. Red danced with gold, blue melted into green—shifting, living, breathing.

For a second, she stood in the kaleidoscope of light, caught between hesitation and wonder. Then, slowly, she reached for the door handle.

And pushed.