

Coventry Building Society's Young Writer of the Year competition 2025

I came home from school and there was a mystery box at the end of my bed, I couldn't believe what was inside ... It was a snowglobe, the most exquisite snowglobe I had ever seen. Its ancient design made me more and more curious. The icy blue gem on the front matched the colour scheme perfectly.

"Lyla!" I shouted down the stairs "Come look at this!"

"What is it?" asked Lyla, running up the stairs.

"A snowglobe, it's beautiful." I replied, still gazing into the falling snow inside

"A snowglobe?" replied Lyla, looking puzzled "What's so great about a snowglobe?"

"Come look at it, you'll see what I mean." I said, my fingertips still brushing against the glass

"Let me see!" shouted Lyla, prising the snowglobe out of my hands, As if in slow motion, the snowglobe fell from my hands and cracked against the floor.

"NO!" I shouted, desperately trying to fix it.

A fury of ice swarmed around me, my vision blurred by the rage of the snow.

A moment later I woke up on a snowy hill, opening my eyes and blinking away the ice, I was inside the globe!!

"Lyla?" I called out towards the glistening trees, swaying in the snow. She isn't here then, I thought. I looked around and saw a cabin in the distance. As I walked through the snow, I felt uneasy, as if someone (or something) was watching me. Every minute I turned around to see if anyone was there. The eerie silence sent a shiver down my spine, I wasn't used to silence. Finally, I approached the cabin, voices came from inside so I crept towards the back. Carefully not making a sound, I peered inside wondering if the person was a friend, or foe. He was covered head to toe in ice, but obviously wasn't bothered by it.



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It was as if the ice wasn't there. He left the cabin, going towards the glass of the snowglobe. Curiosity took over, and I crept towards the door. As I stepped inside, the warmth of the fireplace overwhelmed me, it was relieving from the frost outside. I walked over to the plans on his first table, and I was horrified to see what was written. Plans of world domination, escaping the snowglobe and turning everything to ice were scattered across the desk. I stumbled back in shock, hoping for the best on the next table.

Unfortunately, on the second table there was a drawing, and a gem. The gem was an icy blue, just like the one on the front of the snowglobe. I picked up the gem and held it tightly in my hand. The drawing was of a crack in the snowglobe. Then it hit me. The crack was the door to back home. I bolted out of the cabin, my heart racing as I sprinted down towards the crack. I finally came to the glass, gem in hand, heart beating out my chest. I was just about to slip my hand through when all of a sudden,

"Not so fast." said the figure standing behind me.

"You have led me to the exit, a good job for a mere mortal." he said, smiling down at me.

Shining the torch towards me, he peered down at my face.

As the torch was above me, I seized my chance and knocked the torch out of their hands and threw it as hard as I could at his face. Flames flung around me, the reverse of the spell to get in. Screams of terror came from the icy figure as he began to melt, my vision blurred. Opening my eyes I found myself back at home, staring into the snowglobe where the nightmare had begun before. Where there used to be ice - was flames!

