



Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

105

Hope on the Cold Street

~~on the Cold Street~~

Annika Trotsky couldn't go back to sleep, she tossed and turned. Somehow her bed seemed strange to her. She gazed across her tiny quarters, it was early. A beam of ambient sunshine streaked across her room, illuminating the the dull and ancient walls, making their oldage disappear. Annika enjoyed the warmth of the sunlight, she knew soon her friend would leave and be replaced by the chilling russian frost, winter was coming.

She slowly got up and gave a low sigh. As annika prepared to get on her feet the old rusty bed let out a moan of relief, afterall it was old just like everything in the orphanage. Annikka brushed her curly brown hair which was all over her pretty face aside. Her mystically emerald green eyes hovered across the room. Nothing had changed

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The miniscule room was as intact as she could remember. After an idle second, she walked towards the only tiny window in ~~the~~ which was spreading the weak rays of the dying autumn sun into her quarters. The

The window was just high enough for her to peer through. Annika was thin and surprisingly fair. She was small for a girl of 10 years and very much smaller than all the other girls living there. She gazed out of her window down into the small street. The echoes of people talking, the rhythmic footsteps or the rumbling of automobile engines didn't bother her. She gazed ~~outward~~ into the world lost in her thoughts, lost in a world of her own. Annika spent a lot of time peering out through the window. She almost spent all her time there thinking, weaving thoughts and worlds and she didn't have any friends either. Annika always her own company.

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"Such a lonely soul" the Warden Dorothy antoniette Karpov would say. Yes indeed she was a lonely soul.

The streets weren't very busy today perhaps it was too early for the bustling activities of daily life to begin. annika realised. she started with her dazzling green eyes into nothingness and slowly slipped into thoughts. She was very matured for a girl of her age. Annika thought about horses, the white-white clouds, Queens and their colossal castles. But the ones saddened her the most was her mother. Annika couldn't remember anything about her, she couldn't remember what she looked like, How she laughed or what songs did she ~~sing~~ ~~to~~ sung to annika. Her father was a railroad worker. He earned a meagre figure but loved his family and eventually died of pneumonia when annika was still an infant with his love as

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intact. Soon her mother too left leaving annika at the House on Hopestreet, As everybody calls it the Gabriel Simon Chekov's House for children. She even thought about hot Cabbage soup on the cold evenings.

But what annika thought about the most, no dreamed the most of was a house, a home of her own, filled with loved ones and warmth of their bond. Her house would be huge with light curtains and large paintings. This dream of her lightened her heavy heart. She always dreamed of her own house, on her own Hope Street.

The curly grey smoke had started to rise from chimneys and occasionally a vehicle passed, speeding. Annika came back to her senses when the door of the bakery slowly swung open. She watched as a tall lady wrapped in a cozy brown jacket walked outside her hands were dug deep into the jacket's pocket

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With a black scarf wrapping around her neck she walked forward modestly. She walked a few feet away and signalled to someone inside with her hand, following the order a tiny human stepped outside. He was insulated so thoroughly with a puffy jacket a large scarf and a cute red cap too big for him. The little boy, ~~limited~~ with his mobility limited by the extravagant clothing did a funny walk. Annika raised her head. Strangely the little boy seemed like a large muffin escaping from the baker's table. Annika's eyes widened and watched them closely with a keen mind. the curiosity of a cat.

Just then something fell out of the little muffin's back pocket and landed on the pavement with a soft thud. Unphased by this, the muffin rushed to his mother and ~~started to~~ slowly walked away. Suddenly her attention turned to the strange object on the pavement. it was something red. She

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Squinted her eyes looking more closely it was a red toy, a red engine! Annika never owned anything and couldn't remember when she had. Looking at the little's boy's toy most probably his favourite play pal something filled inside her. A strange sensation of determination. With an instant annika was outside the door in the corridor. She knew what had to be done.

Annika sprinted with all her might aiming for the stairs, with her brunette hair flying behind she jumped down the stairs as she descended the wooden stairs thuds echoed across the hallway. Finally there it was the exit. The gigantic, antique door stood cracked open in front of her, she burst opened the door landing on the cold russian street. The chill tightened her grip but annika was already running, aiming for the toy. She didn't have any shoes on, the freezing ground

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was stabbing her feet with cold. She picked up the boy muffin's Pal and desperately looked for them. There, she saw them take a turn. In a flash she was sprinting again, her fluttering white frock couldn't shield her from the unforgiving cold anymore longer, the cloths of the winter wrapped around her but the warm sensation coursing through her body resisted it. She couldn't feel her feet anymore. But she kept going. sprinting like a wild mare towards the boy, clutching the only thing that mattered to her now.

Annika ~~at~~ was almost there, she could feel there warmth. "Just a little more". The final push she repeated in her mind. Sensing a strange - something rushing towards them both the lady and the boy turned back instinctively. Finally, she had done it. Annika gasped for breath, skidding to a stop just in front of the two. she looked up.

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Struggling to breathe. There the body stood, his cheeks red and bright blue eyes astonished at what he was witnessing. Slowly she held the beloved play pal, the engine towards the body. His eye's widened, flushing his cheeks even more and as he was about to hold onto the toy. A large brown figure stepped in pulling the metal toy out of annika's grip with such tremendous force, almost toppling her.

"Verem Bahn! Theez wretched street children, can't lose the dahm sight of zem," she muttered pulling the boy behind her, disappearing into the streets..

Annika stood there on the ~~hoop~~ very hoarstreet, staring into nothingness again. Something colder than the winter winds started filling inside her. Tear drops like crystals trickled down her chin. She turned and started walking, Her mind racing off annika walked into the fog. 'Street children' the

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orderly arranged syllabals resonating inside her small head. How badly she longed for her home dream, her home, her house on the hopestreet - without the thought of where to. annikka disappeared into the dense fog, Challenging the dead silence and unforgiving cold. The house on hopestreet battled and lived inside her small heart.

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