



First Light

by Niamh Gibbons

A video of people walking through a canteen stylishly and you had me. You lured me in with a movie and I stayed for the book. A difficult task now joyous fun. The book illuminated a path I never would have explored, yet alone I travelled. A new world of opportunity. A new view of stories set once upon a time. They are now exciting and gripping.

It was my teenage formulative years when I discovered your love story so intense, it could rival Romeo and Juliet. A monster and its love of its destined food. A child who struggled to complete the burden task of reading, now an interested reader. Your film had me considering the complexity of storytelling; your book made me love storytelling.

Thus, a writer was born many years later after numerous movies and books. My brain works unusually compared to normal folk, but I am a writer all the same. The overcoming of ones learning disability was done with my tears of frustration. A triumph battle, a victory. My journey has just begun on the yellow brick road of life.

My internal writer was built on a foundation of a one book and one good teacher. The book was your first book. It was my first book gladly read. Due to complications, I must make haste for there is not a moment to waste. My journey may be delayed an annum but there is difficulty to face.

A cold one's hand with the crimson apple of its prey. A van captured by black ice from the day, halted by a single hand imprinted upon the metal. The thunderclaps on a stormy day and the cold ones almost lurking away. The blood red fangs covered in the blood of its weakened, feeble prey.