

*KS4 Top band story (narrative writing)*

The Lucky Escape

The music from the large stage pumped around us, the vibrations from the speakers behind us causing our bodies to shake with the music. The whole hall was alive with sounds of singing, laughter and music. Me and my friends were on a night out at the concert, one we had been looking forward to since forever. My best friend Sam, who was standing next to me belting out the lyrics at the top of his voice nudged me, pointed to the speaker and laughed. I laughed as well at the fact that our bodies were jumping around to the rhythm of the song. We were all unimaginably happy.

A series of larger crashes tore me out of my laughter – I looked around, my heart pumping “what was that?” I mouthed to Sam, the bass still pumping away right behind us, but he shook his head, as confused as me.

Looking around me, not many people seemed to have noticed. The main singer on stage looked a little bit dazed, missing out some steps on his dance routine. The couple beside me, however, were still dancing and laughing, so I brushed my fear away. I continued to dance.

Suddenly, more crashes as what I could suddenly realize to be gunshots echoed around the building. Masked by the sounds of music, I could hear screams pouring out of the hallways all around the buildings. At both ends of the concert hall, the doors were kicked open. As the artificial light flooded in, my blood ran cold. “Sam”. I grabbed his arm and gasped, “Sam, look”. But he had already seen, and so had everyone else.

Standing in each doorway were two masked men, their bare skin, excluding eyes covered in dark clothes, and in their hands, guns.

For a moment, my ears stopped the encore of sound. I couldn’t hear for at least two seconds, and that was a relief as I didn’t hear the first shot being fired. Before the couple next to me could even open their mouths to scream, Sam had pulled my leg so that I toppled down and was protected by the plush red seats in front of us. Glancing up for a second, I saw our other two friends were ducked down and shaking with absolute fear.

The air was awash with screams and gunfire. The sound of running feet and orders shouted in my own native language made me tremble. Next to me, Sam peeked through the seats and then jerked his head down again before he was spotted.

I prayed, inside my head for the safety of the other people. I wondered what happened to the band. I hoped they had made it off the stage.

Beside me, the couple were praying too, and the nightmare inducing screams and gunshots echoed all around.

I felt a hand poking at me. I whipped my head around and saw a hand pushed between the seats from a man in the row in front of me. He was repeatedly stabbing the air, pointing at something. Twisting my head around, I followed the direction of his finger, and my eyes landed on the light co-ordinators room. My eyes filled with tears as I realised there was a chance of getting out alive. The

lights co-ordinators had left a small hatch in the windows open, presumably to air out the box. As we were in the very back now, this was in the wall, just above our heads when we were stood up.

“Thank you,” I whispered, loud enough for him to hear, and squeezed his hand, tears dropping freely. I turned over to my other side, and shook Sam, who looked at me with an expression of crazy fear.

“The light box!” I muttered and pointed.

Sam’s body started to shake as he saw. “Thank you” he whispered the same as I had done.

“But we are never going to get up there” he said. “They will shoot us if they see us”.

“Then we must create a distraction” I said. With a start, I realised the couple, my friends and the man who had pointed to the box in the first place were listening attentively.

“I’ll go.” The man in front of us broke into sobs. “I will go. I will run down the steps and take their attention off you.”

“Sir we ....” But before I could utter another word he stood up, his clothes stained with blood. His own or someone else’s, I will never know.

He ran crazily fast, legging it down the front where our cruel captors were shouting commands to the poor people down below.

“Now!” Sam hissed, dragged me up and lifted me by my waist up to the window.

Still completely stunned at what had just occurred, I dragged myself up and through the small opening, holding onto the ledge. I immediately turned around, grabbed hold of the woman who had been sat next to us with her husband, and pulled her through. In a fluid motion, I pulled each person of our small survivor group through the window, and each time it became harder.