



Shades of Difference

Aminah 8U



Lyra had just set the seal on another ceaseless day of utter exhaustion and enervation at school. Endless days of being pushed around, being brainwashed and influenced to do numerous unspeakable things by her supposed 'companions' due to her unique skin tone, she had finally decided to subjugate her incomprehensible feelings.

Lyra sauntered off home, the evening sun shone upon her; making her rich, glowing, umber skin glisten and her tight, thick ringlets bob to the sway of the brisk wind. She gazed at the enchanting woodland before her. Leaves of brilliant yellow, beaming orange, and subtle red tainted slightly by the brown crispness of late autumn. The leaves were gently swaying, dancing in the breeze as they took the last steps of their lives to their bitter inevitable death.

As she continued ambling her way home, she caught a glimpse of something that had a lustrous luminosity. It had a rather eerie, deformed shape making it quite difficult to make out what this peculiar object might be. Nevertheless, she couldn't have been more awake with inquisitiveness. The nearer and nearer she went, an intense sense of familiarity overcame her. She couldn't quite place her finger on this bizarre feeling.

Bewildered, Lyra stood there, gaping in awe as a large door stood before her. Wrapped in cumbersome thick vines that enveloped themselves around the door, mesmerising moonflowers that had a light aromatic scent, and a mystifying symbol embellished on the unfathomable wooden door. The door seemed promising enough but was her judgement worth the risk?

At this precise moment, the urge was too forceful and she felt as if the door was beckoning her to come inside. Instantaneously, Lyra seized hold of the tarnished doorknob and gently swivelled it round. WOOSH! At lightning speed, she was being transported to some innominate realm. Her mind was whirring with thoughts, thus making her oblivious to what was happening to her surroundings. Here and now, she began questioning her actions. How could I have been so half-witted enough as to follow this object? What had drawn me to this outlandish object? What could possibly wait for me? These were only a few of the questions that raced across her mind. Anticipation was killing her as she waited for what lay ahead.

THUMP! Lyra lay flat on the surface of a large field of dewy grass. The grass gently oscillated in steady waves, those long heads of golden seed as calming as the harbour waves. There was something about it, their movement synchronized yet independent, their hues so adjacent yet so distinctive. And whilst they danced came the melody of crickets and the twittering of birds, grateful to be warmed by the benign rays of the celestial fireball in the sky. She walked a little further until she stumbled upon a place named Montgomery, Alabama in the United States.

At once, she ran her fingers through her tight, voluminous, ringlets but to her surprise she realised she had lost all sense of touch. She winced as she suddenly came to realise she was invisible since she had arrived in this remarkable place. She continued to traipse her way around this queer place until she came across a bespectacled girl around the age of 15 years. She wore a name badge which had Claudette Colvin imprinted on it. It seemed as if Lyra had gone back in time and her assumption was correct, as coincidentally there was a tall antiquated clock tower where she was passing showing the date, March 1955.

Lyra followed this young girl, as she made her way onto the school bus home. A problem arose as all the seats on the bus were taken. Lyra looked at Claudette's reluctant face as her and her friends placed themselves in a row a little further than halfway down the bus – two were on the right side of the bus and two on the left – and a white passenger was standing in the aisle between them. Lyra sensed that something was wrong.

Lyra saw that Claudette remained firmly in her seat whilst all her school mates rose from their seats. She analysed the bus from a distance and noticed a young white citizen was expectantly waiting for her to get up from where she was sat. From where Lyra stood it seemed as though Claudette was telling the driver she had paid for her bus fare and that it was her constitutional right to remain where she was seated. The driver kept on going but came to a halt when he reached a junction where a police squad car was waiting. Two policemen had boarded the bus and asked Claudette why she wouldn't give up her seat. Instead of being taken to a juvenile detention centre, Claudette was taken to an adult jail and put in a small cell with nothing in it but a broken sink and a cot without a mattress.

Lyra was dismayed at the atrocious events that took place in the past and began to be filled with gratitude as she realised she should be thankful to have not lived in a reality such as Claudette's. Lyra saw something that had a familiar luminosity as the door that had taken her to the past near Claudette's jail cell. With the same curiosity, Lyra made her way towards the glow.

POOF! The same obscure wooden door appeared and she entered the door knowing that she was going to be on her way home. Lyra returned back to the place where she first was. Filled with euphoria and optimism, Lyra ran back to where her beloved home waited for her. She tenderly opened the doorknob, and a gust of a creamy, meaty scent hit her. She realised her dearest mum had made her favourite dish. At this present moment, Lyra realised she had never felt more appreciative of her life. She had now been inspired by Claudette to believe in what is right.

The End.