

Tomato's Idea

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About a girl who is alot like me. She has a strong imagination and most things for her turn into adventures. Just a small story I'm working on

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1 - Rounders Game

SLAM! Two swords cracked together with a blinding light, each one defending their proud and fierce owners' brave and armoured bodies. The rubies on one of them glinted in the light whilst the shrunken heads on the other one slammed together with a loud crunch every time. The mid-morning heat created large droplets of sweat, big enough for a fly to curl up and die in. Deafening roars of fury vibrated the earth as one of the brave fighters surged forwards to begin her battle. Time was up for the other fighter. Time was obviously up.

"Tomato, hurry up!" An irritated young girl, named Tara, with curly blonde hair snapped Harriet 'Tomato' Illso and Geogi 'Lion' Vortex out of their incredibly well-planned daydream. They were immediately back in the boring school field, watching the rounders game with bored interest. The cricket bats that they were using for swords fell to their sides miserably and Lion sighed. Why was life so truly boring? Why couldn't they go on any real adventures? The answers were never clear. Maybe they were just too boring to have adventures. Just maybe.

Tomato ran over the muddy grass towards the large square in which she would have to hit the tiny white ball in. It was as though she had stepped into a spotlight as the sun glared down on her back, almost straight away burning and sizzling the milky-pale skin coating her.

"Ready!" she cried loudly, allowing the bat to fling backwards and in a ready position, pretending yet again that they were stuck in the tremendous battlefield - surrounded by death, fires, and swords - and fighting against the dreaded witch Yizaldo. Yizaldo, who was one of the most ugliest witches in Strangeland, twitched her long pointed nose in the emerald coloured light, trembling the huge wart that was balanced on the end. She raised her bubbling, green arm in preparation for the throw.

"Beware, Tomato Illso!" screeched Yizaldo, throwing her thick, heavy, rusty, and utterly dangerous metal ball directly at Tomato's face. One of her more successful tactics, she knew, as once before Tomato had gained a cracked tooth from this rather evil action. Tomato held up her glimmering sword as protection, although it probably would not work, and the ball went flying across the battlefield. A few of Yizaldo's warriors attempted to straight-off catch it, but, as predicted, it injured them instead. She ran away from the evilness, faster than is possible.

"ROUNDER!" roared the previously 'irritated' young girl, Izzy as Tomato ran all the way around the muddy, slimy track. The so-called 'warriors' who had tried to capture the metal hunk of death were scattered all around the place, fallen flat on their faces. A smile was cracking Izzy's face wide open and she looked happier than you could imagine. They had won the last game of the season, and now they were the year 8 champions.

"Winner!" she screamed, and Tomato circled the battleground, her head in her shirt, in victory. Finally! They were completely successful and would get the trophy for the first time in three years.

Of course, the whole battle had been a daydream. It was the muddy field that truly counted.

2 - Detention

A tall, lanky boy shoved past Tomato on his hurry to get out of detention. Yes - detention, again. Tomato was not one of the most well-behaved girls and so detention was almost yet another class to her. This time she had been caught by one of the teachers trying to stab Lion with a cricket bat. Maybe not one of her more sensible moves, but definitely one of the funnier ones. And Lion hadn't minded. She tried to stab back, except that she failed.

The spiky, bristled hairs from the coldness, revealed bare on the boy's pale arms, swept by her own arm and poked right into it. She swirled around, her poker-straight, jet-black hair lashing his face, and stood right up to him, attempting to look threatening although she was quite plainly several centimetres too small to be a threat. She was, unfortunate for her adventures, a rather short, little girl with almost no muscles at all.

"Nobody pushes me about and gets away with it!" she cried out, for Tomato might have been small but she was certainly a girl of independence, and when people tried to shove her about like a rag doll or maybe even tell her what to do (unless they were either teacher or parent) she would have them. Once she even tried to get one person arrested for assault when they bumped into her on the stairway, but the police got annoyed and bore a grudge against her since that point.

The boy swivelled around as well, shocked and amused at this small act of rebellion. He was the toughest boy in year 9, famed for being stubborn, horrible, and a bully all at once. His prickly, spiked-up blonde hair glimmered in the sunlight although it was getting splattered by the oncoming storm and his face contorted into an angry frown. In a matter of seconds his eyes were nothing more than small slits in his head. Angry is a slight understatement.

"What did you say to me?" he hissed, and they began circling like eagles cornering their prey together. In Tomato's mind, they were back in the battlefield and one of Yizaldo's evil warriors was trying to get her. Yeah right! Impossible didn't even come close to the possibility of him beating her. Even if he was a positively handsome warrior, as well as an awfully terrible one, she would not be beaten by him and that was that.

"I said; nobody pushes me about and truly gets away with it," she snarled. Even though she knew she was in fact getting herself into a deep, unfathomable hole of danger, Tomato was not afraid. In fact, she couldn't wait to get into another fight and back in detention. Detention was like a safe haven for her; the only place she could escape to from the horrid and teasing world around her. All she had to do was write lines, and seeing as she was a top class story-writer, it meant nothing to her. In the words of her father, 'She's a changed girl ever since her mother died'. And she was. The lovely, bubbly Tomato was gone and in her place came the detention-seeking, adventurous, imaginative Tomato. In her opinion: the better one.