

Title (up to 20 words) - 1889's adventure

Strapline (up to 40 words) -

Copy (between 900 and 1000 words) -

24-year-old Bly Willows had a lot that she wanted to do in the span of her life. Starting off right at the top with travelling the world: however, in only 80 days. As a child she had set herself high standards and ensured she could at least attempt at the impossible if not succeed. That is Bly for you, determined and strong. Yet now, things began to seem a bit more different to what she had expected.

Her suitcases resided in the corner of her dull and empty room, contrasting to how intoxicated on excitement she was. Humming along to her favourite part of 'Freakin Out On the Interstate', Bly sat on her freshly made bed with determination painted on her face. Her mind racing on thoughts of how today was the day that she had been waiting for the last 4 years. Standing and gathering all her thoughts and bags, she made her way to somewhere that would soon lead to her demise. Bly was at a point where she believed she was finally ready to take on the challenge of going around the entire world, she was certain that it was possible. Although no one was there to guide her, she had spent 4 years creating a timeline that seemed upmost near perfect to her. Keeping this in mind, Bly made her way to the plane that would surely start off her career in the right way and allowed herself to reach a state of mind where she knew she could conquer this.

Everything was running smoothly for her; Bly had gotten past 167 countries in 58 days and was slowly counting down to her victory. Throughout all 58 days, she had met some questionably diverse people, some taking a liking to her more than others. Wren Davies. A girl whose path had aligned with hers whilst she was travelling in Greece. Immediately, there was no initial spark of friendship between them. Wren was a short, long haired brunette whilst Bly was a tall girl with a pixie cut. In the span of 2 hours, Bly was convinced she would not meet anyone that was quite as candid and eager as her. The regret of leaving her was coursing through Bly's veins: knowing that she could not stay and spend some more time with her newfound friend was a pitiful pain that Bly had slowly succumbed to. Reminding herself of her mission, she had to leave. Promising that she would keep contact, it was known to Bly that she would have to continue with her journey.

That was just a small content part of this unfortunate tale.

Bly had just boarded her next flight. Her destination was one that she had been wishing to come to for quite some while. Madeira. Boys, beaches and barbeques! What more could she want? Taking a moment, she had closed her eyes and appreciated how far she had come; her mind racing between how proud her single mother would be of her.

'Excuse me, do you mind if I sit there?' the voice of a soft-spoken English boy called out to her disrupting her peace. Oh, the irony of that sentence.

'Uh yeah sure, do as you please', Bly was in awe of the boy standing in front of her. If she had known that she would meet someone that would catch her eye on the way here she would have at least tried to look a bit better.

However, as the plane flew through the sky, so did the emotions that were passing between the pair of them. As the journey continued, the friendship bloomed between a young boy named Ezekial Rayne and a naïve girl named Bly Willows.

There was a lot of things that Bly did not know. But from all the things she did, she was surprised with how similar her and Ezekial were. There were many things that had sparked a flame between them, ranging from their favourite song being 'First Love / Late Spring' to how they both loved travelling and exploring the world.

There was an unexplainable connection between them.

Bly had spent her day with him, it was one she would never forget. It was soon coming to the part which would hurt. She knew not to get attached to somebody she would never meet again but she had still let it happen. Now it was time to face the music.

'Ezekial, I know that I've been here for a short time, but I have to leave. Thank you for everything, all that's happened today. I will never forget it or you. I hope that we can continue whatever this is but for now, I must continue and finish travelling,' saying this was truly heart wrenching and painful for Bly, but it had to be done.

'I've been thinking about this since our plane journey and I know this might seem crazy but Bly, what if I just come with you? All my luggage is already packed, and I can pay the travelling fees for the remaining countries.'

'Babe I have only just met you and you don't need to throw all your plans away for someone you haven't known for long.' Bly's guilt was eating at her.

'I know but I know that there is something between us and I am not ready to let go of that yet. We could travel the rest of the world together and you know you can depend on me.' Ezekial spoke in desperation whilst stroking the back of Bly's hands with his thumb.

So that is exactly what happened. Everything worked out well for them both however slowly Bly's independence was slowly being ripped from her. Ezekial had forbade her from doing anything by herself. All the trust was disappearing, Zeke (something she once loved to say) became too overbearing for her suiting. Some may even say that he had an unhealthy obsession with her.

So, as she packed all her belongings into a carry on, the three words that had been on the tip of her tongue for quite a while turned bitter and cold. She left him. Laying there in their bed. No longer knowing who that man was. With no contact ever to be made after this. Or as she hoped to happen.

That was it. Her trip was complete as she arrived at her small-town home.

There was nothing better than the feeling of home.

A small cassette consisting of their song, sat in the middle of her bed. Playing it, shivers ran down her body as the song blurred into the background.

'Please hurry leave me

I can't breathe'