The Battle of The Odd and Even Numbers

It was a cold, dark morning, when the silence of the night was shattered by the sound of Sam’s new alarm clock screaming “WAKE UP!” Sam reluctantly opened one eye and groaned as the clock continued to command him to wake up. Stretching his arm out from the warmth of his duvet he stopped. Rubbed his eyes and sat up in shock. Were his eyes deceiving him? He rubbed them and then looked carefully at the clock face. Something was odd, very odd. The clock only had odd numbers on it’s sparkling new face. Sam shook his head and looked again. One, three, five, seven, nine and eleven were the only numbers visible to him. What had happened to the even numbers?

Feeling confused, Sam leapt out of bed and began to run rapidly around his room. As he ran, he muttered to himself, “Am I dreaming? What’s going on? Where have all the even numbers gone? I am sure they were there last night.” Abruptly, he came to a stop. He stood as still as a statue staring intently at the clock. He began to inch closer to the clock hoping as he did so that the even numbers would reappear. As he came within touching distance of his bedside table, Sam noticed something he had never seen before. His new clock was blinking at him. Yes blinking. The alarm bells on top of the clock were eyes! Large, staring, shimmering eyes.

Sam looked closely and followed the direction the eyes were moving in. Was the clock trying to tell him something? Standing as close to it as he could he made his eyes follow the same pathway as the clock’s. Over by the door Sam could see a colourful, wriggling mass on the floor. Bravely, he moved towards the door to investigate and once again could not believe what he saw. There on the floor were numbers two, four, six, eight, ten and twelve.

Suddenly, the mysterious numbers levitated to life, Sam stood petrified. The even numbers danced down the stairs pirouetting at each step, teasing him. Sam came to his senses and rapidly bolted after the cunning numbers. Just as he was about to grasp them the mischievous numbers fled through the shining letterbox. The disappointment flooded through his pulsating veins. What was going on? How can numbers come alive? Where were they heading?

The door flung open. Sam burst through it. Hot in pursuit of the mystery.

To his amazement, Sam gazed at a tsunami of even numbers streaming down School Lane towards a beaming light. Numbers of different shapes and sizes twirled and somersaulted towards the menacing glow. The only thing they had in common was that they were all even!

Suddenly, a lorry that seemed like it was breaking the sound barrier, zoomed past Sam. The raging gust of wind from the truck threw Sam off his feet. Stumbling back up onto his feet, he felt the ground below him tremble as the lorry disappeared over the horizon, in what seemed like a pursuit of the even numbers.

Although the even numbers were getting further away, the trembling tremors from below only intensified. With a mortified look on Sam’s face, he anxiously turned around to see an army of odd numbers marching down the road. He stood, frozen to the spot as a row of threes, fives and nines passed by in unison.

Unsure of what to do next, Sam could only think about what life would be like without odd or even numbers. Would he be able to share anything again? Snapping out of his reverie, Sam couldn’t believe his eyes, the once inanimate clock that begged him to wake up every morning was limping out of his house, like its power was coming to an end.

The clock’s newly found eyes gazed up at Sam, “To stop the war, use… code…” it spluttered, “ One… three… five… seven… and… and… f…,” the begging clock was no longer begging. The hands of the clock fell, with no numbers on it’s face it no longer had a purpose. Sam wondered, will time ever move on?

Sam knew he had a mission, he accepted the sacrifice of the clock and knew that it was ironically time to move. He glared at the monstrous amount of numbers disappearing slowly into the distance towards the unbearably bright beam. Sam sprinted as fast as his terrified legs would take him, as he got closer and closer towards the beam he noticed things around him disappearing and transforming into a land that he was never prepared for. BOOM!

Sam’s eyes slowly opened. Where was he? What had just happened? Silence was all around him. In the distance he could see a castle at the far end of a misty, green land. Without warning, a repeating thud echoed over and over again. The echoing thud started to turn into words as the sound got closer and closer. “Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve…” chanted as an army of numbers marched towards where Sam was stood. Sam suddenly realised he was in the middle of a battle. A battle of the odd and even numbers.

Led by their mighty general, the even numbers lined up in arrays. One lot of two, two lots of two, three lots of two, four lots of two, five lots of two and six lots of two. Making all the missing even numbers from Sam’s clock. Dressed in their finest armour, on their general’s orders, they charged towards the mighty army of odd numbers who had gathered unorganised on the other side.

Their swords clashed, their shields clanged and their chainmail rattled. It was a difficult battle, all the numbers unable to defeat their rivals. In one last attempt to gain their place back onto Sam’s clock, the general sent down the field, twenty of his finest knights.

There was no plan, the odd and even showdown was taking place and there seemed to be no winner in sight. All of a sudden, the evens felt to be the stronger force. The odds needed a plan and they needed it quick. Two odds put their heads together and discovered they became an even number! Working together in a pair seemed like a good move, the odds were now in their favour.

Quickly the odd numbers started to pair up; at last, they had a plan to beat those even numbers! However, they needed another plan, another idea. What could do they do? One and three thought, lets plan a surprise attack on the even numbers. They could hide behind some green, spikey trees. They could hide behind some giant, black rocks. They could hide behind the massive, spooky castle. Off all the odd numbers galloped, feeling a little bit scared. They were all in position, ready to fight but where were those sneaky, cheeky even numbers!

Sam was rushing up and down the battle field. He shovelled up each number. The even numbers were already squashed in his big sack on his back (just like Santa Claus!) He was now searching for the hidden odd numbers.

Sam was sweaty and shattered but he had found all of the sneaky numbers. He could hear the grumpy, fighting and arguing numbers in his sack.

He jumped on the nearby motorbike and rode like a lightening flash all the way back to his home. Sam put each number back in his alarm clock making sure they were all in the right order. He closed the sticky glass of the clock. The numbers were trapped!

Sam sat on his bed, got his favourite book and then put his feet up to lie down. He fell asleep.

Hours later he woke up. Everything was back to normal except his bedroom had ten doors and his dog had ten tails. He looked shocked as he looked at the clock on his wall. The number ten had gone! Missing!! Who had taken it????