

Words, Words, Words



Creative Writing Club

2024-2025

Edited by C Thornton

Words, Words, Words

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**“There is no greater agony than
bearing an untold story inside
you.”**

Maya Angelou

Editorial note

Each year, I am blown away by the talent and dedication of the writers who attend Creative Writing Club. Each week, they show up and they craft. Sometimes, they know exactly what they want to write about; others, they simply follow where the story takes them. Occasionally, we also traverse mountains of nonsense, but that comes with the territory.

The thing that remains consistent is the joy these young people find in coming together to write in one another's company. It is something that I am truly privileged to be a small part of, and I am incredibly grateful for that.

This year, the club has come on in leaps and bounds, with the introduction of the inaugural Interhouse Creative Writing competition. Not only did this include entries from the club members, but we also received entries from across the Langton community. I would like to extend my thanks to Miss Smith, Miss Creaney, Mr Latham, Dr Moxham and Mr Peto for their help in judging the winning entries.

This year, I have chosen to open the anthology with a sentiment from Maya Angelou. Anyone can write; even if you haven't written a word in your life, if you feel you have a story in you, then take pen to paper and begin. You never know what you are capable of until you begin. Begin.



C Thornton

Black Orpheus

KS3 Interhouse Creative Writing Winner
Wilfred Haut 8Y

Alexander Smith stood upon a rock embedded within a mountainous heath in the mists of the highlands. He needed peace. Peace from the City of Steel (or the sea of uncoloured smoke). Peace from his so-called 'friends'. Peace from the oncoming war, marching at the same rate as history itself, unfolding and contradicting. And there he stood, Alexander Smith. Alexander was once handsome, charming, kind, and respectable. But the war had taken its toll on him. He was now thin, scruffy, bloody, and cruel. He had sworn at several local men on his way to the rock. And then there was the rock. That rock. The rock was where he had wanted to go all of the past year. The rock was where Alexander had gone every year, even during the war. A bomb had dropped close to the rock in 1942. But Alexander was driven by a craving to go there every year: it was where his father was buried.

It had been days since he had eaten and it was raining. It was a good job that it was raining. The rain was putting out a fire that had been started by a pro-Nazi group. Alexander Smith was still there. Standing. Just standing. At his feet was a soaked copy of Dante's *Inferno*. And so, Alexander pondered the book. He pondered the nature of Dante's descent. He pondered Lucifer, devouring the three great traitors. He pondered the ascent unto Dante's *Paradiso*, and doubted its likelihood. And (as if copying Dante) descended into the mists of his own fiery mind.

The modern Orpheus that is Alexander Smith purveyed the sublime landscape of his mind, but all he could see was another. He saw a grand image of his face in a great mansion of what could be owned by a king, but all he could see was a different face. He blinked. The face was similar to something he had seen every day of his life, and yet, impossible to place. The face he saw before him seemed wicked and cruel. He scrutinized the treacherous and fatally alien face that was dissimilar to anything he had seen before. And as Orpheus examined this face, he realized it. The face before him was him. The face was his face! But yet, not him. The image of Alexander was Alexander, that was definite. But Alexander through another's eyes. Through the eyes of the man on the opposite table. Through the eyes of the community. The person saw Orpheus (or Alexander) through differing perceptions to all others. But Orpheus could not see himself in eyes away from his body. For even when Orpheus looks in a mirror, the mirror is made by another man. Another mind. Another perspective. Another world. All he can see of himself is through the community.

Alexander wandered through his mind (the walk of the distorted parallel), in the hope that he would see any evidence to show who he really is. Not through his own eyes. Not through the community's eyes. But objective. In the eyes of any supreme being. But as he walked, he became more and more dismayed. There is no sign that he is good or evil. He saw another image of himself. The image makes him look like a saint. In one hand he holds a cross, in the other, he holds a halo. But in this hall of subjective mirrors, he sees himself as the devil, holding a blooded cross, and a broken halo. And he sees himself as Judas, holding cross and halo, but not a cross that teaches the laws of a prophet.

Rather the cross, built to execute him. And so on. And Alexander realized it. There can be no subjective eye of God. For even a deity sees themselves in a faint light. God did not make man.

For if the Absolute Ideal God is to know himself, man must make God.

Alexander attempts to find the moral code in his mind. In his library of Alexandria, the keeper of Alexander's knowledge, he looks for the logic of ethics. But his searching (like what he sees) is absurd. All his body, working in a pointless fashion.

He looks for a Christian faith in morals. He wanted an objective truth. A perfect script that all who play the part of man to follow. Rather than be under the dictatorship of the many. But the love of God is dying. God's cruelty was reflecting his own. A humane will unto Godhead.

He searched and realised for the ability to hate. He found it. He hated others. He hated the community. He despised the group for sentencing him to this... this... this... he didn't know what to call it.. He hated all others. He wanted to destroy all, as to reject all views of him. Why must there be herd subjectivity? It gave him dread. An anxiety. He wanted to be free to destroy the community. He wanted to be free to end the subjective. He wanted to be free to place the impersonal God in the place of the group. Then, he wanted to be condemned under this divine deity.

He looked for an inability to cope. he looked for someone to take his freedom. He looked for someone to take his choses. Why could no one choose for him? Because he is condemned to be free. His body, as his frame of mankind, thinks it must work without choice, it lives without ethics.

He wanted to not be free. He wanted to not be in his own mind. He wanted to observe. He did not perceive this seen and judged reality. But before everything, he suddenly wanted to die. The group made him another. Another. The group had made him someone outside himself that he did not want to be. The other 'Alexander' created by the group was not him, he was Another, a denial of himself. Would this new 'socially accepted' Alexander be the master, and he the slave? But the true Alexander, as far as can be seen, will soon become a feeble shadow of the Greek demigod Orpheus. He wanted to be another. He wanted to be original, not with another without him. No what the community had wanted. Not inspired by another. Not inspired by myth. He wanted to be himself. The group made him another. Another. The group made him another. Another. The group made him another. Another? The group made him another. Another!

Then Alexander Smith realized it:

Hell is being the man on the opposite table.

He searched for the lack of morals, a rejection of ethics, and he found it. All he could see in this atomic wasteland of the opinion held by the herd was the void of ethics under him. And as he fell from the ledge of sanity into the void between man and the other, the replacement and the many modern Prometheus, he thought but one singular thing

"Let Orpheus be Oedipus and cast away what I see. And let Oedipus be taken by kind Charon, and sail to death. Allow me to..."

Untitled

Gleb Kozynets 9H

Full of hopes and exciting dreams, like young adults always are, before the terror of adulthood absorbs all of it like a sponge; a young girl, around 14 years old, walked into the forest. She was destined to find what she was looking for all her life. It was this place, where a mystical image of an alien dashed past her eyes when she was little. It was here where the years of disbelief started. All her life, even her parents didn't believe her, but today she was going to prove to everyone that she is not a liar!

When she walked into the forest, a huge burst of wind dashed past her in a split second. She didn't think much of it, and started her exploration. The girl was meandering back and forwards, right and left, looking under every single rock and leaf. And the sun spectated her every move, like a creepy, shining stalker.

Soon after, she found a good rock to take a break on and have some lunch. She looked at the map and crossed out all the spots she visited with a bright red pen. She looked around to only see the endless forest all around her. The wind was playing with the leaves, like a kid with brand new toys, and the grass tickled the naked ankle between the sock and her jeans.

She continued her exploration. She looked, and looked, and looked, but the creatures from outer space were nowhere to be seen. She was filling with despair every second. She looked as if she had lost all that was important to her. I guess for some it's taxes that ruin everything, and for some it's a simple dream lost.

The Scarf

Miles van Delden 8B

As I walked through the dim and dingy street the thick and turbulent fog seeped into my frail skin. Shadows- the disgusting poor bustling around me. I should not have turned down this street but at the end of the road lay my saviour from this living hell. While I trudged the grime, I occasionally lost my balance, to what appeared to be boots, gaining it just before I fell, it truly is the cesspit of this grand empire, where the uneducated, filthy vagabonds swarm in the hundreds polluting this once aimable city. I heard the distinct noise of a horse's hoof on damp ground but paid no notice for all of the clouds of obnoxious gases in the air clouded my vision. Ash permeated my hand clasped firmly around my nose attempting to shield my lungs from the certain death, hanging in the air. And so nearly halfway through the street I realised what a mistake it was to have ignored the sound, for a carriage was now hurtling towards me. I attempted to flee, but I walked into another, falling to the ground, but I was in luck for a lovely young boy carrying an old basket of oranges offered me his hand to restand my weak legs. Rain and sleet were beginning to cascade everywhere slightly clearing the smoke, but within minutes I was wading through an ankle-deep mixture of water, rotten substances and manure how utterly frightful this was becoming. But knowing I was almost at my desired destination I continued.

After turning the corner, I realised that I must have been wrong for all around me a variety of many

shops lined the streets polluting it with the smell of rotten vegetables and meat.

I reached into my handbag to get my silk scarf for there was a certain nip in the air, but I could not find it. So, I stopped but after looking in I could not find it or my purse, how odd for I had not gone near another soul and neither seen nor sensed one encroaching on me. But then I remembered the time I had fallen, it must have then rolled into the faeces below. And so, I turned quickened my pace and hurried back to where I had fallen.

As I reached that area the smell was left behind, but the mist rolled over impairing my ability to see the ground below me. But nevertheless, I continued, then I saw that boy again with his bucket of oranges and a silk scarf wrapped around his neck. Realisation hit me!



The Bastion

Prologue and Part 1

Temisayo Popoola 9B

It was cold in the meeting room. Not that it was chilly but the steely glares of its inhabitants drained all vigor from their faces like neglected creased clothes from the space devoid of light. In the centre, laid a crescent-shaped table with five officials along its long side and one side facing it on its inside. Further furnishment would be foolish. Rebuked by the deafening silence, the vent whirred silently in the corner.

The man spoke. A spectator would have noticed his wild gesticulation and the way the officials' eyes followed him like magnets; the imperceptible nuance of their complexions as his coffee-infused breath passed their heads. His voice was sandpaper on metal. So, why would they listen to him, you might ask? He was the sordid serpent that slithered up the power table, sating on the opposition. A discrepancy to his canon! Askance, he would stare through you as you left, never to return to his empire. Therefore they listened carefully but not completely: his verbiages were intolerable.

"Who is this man?" he hissed, aimed at no-one in particular, as he raised a picture of a willowy man. A mousy-brown field obscured half his face and he wore a polo-shirt, light blue.

"No intel sir," a woman half-whispered, "we only know that he associates with Anthony Wils-"

The man interrupted as if any voice that wasn't his own was redundant.

“Well Anthony's acquaintance has become too popular among the other explorers. I must dispose of him; I suggest an overly ambitious raid under the pretense of a mission. Yes,” a sadistic smile was smeared across his face, “Any objections?”

The marble floor resounded the last syllable like sizzling oil. Hanging in the air, the clear yet hidden trap elicited a thought of disagreement. The quandary was prominent on the women's face. She had white flaxen hair, her face now the same colour. Abrupt, conscience exhorted her to speak. No sound came. Her lungs had been constricted. Something was wrong. She looked up. They looked down. Gunpoint. Figures behind her.

“I am glad we all agree,” the man exclaimed, asperity etched into his voice. He then gave a great guttural guffaw at his own insanity.



Chapter 1

A voice thundered into his ear pieces,

“Secure the treasure and crush the rebels. Search and destroy! But remember to be careful.”

He had acquiesced when he was offered a mission to scout out the insurrection's stronghold. Besides, it would liberate him from the intermediate class and even better he could use some of the money to help his friend who had a myriad of mates, but a minute amount of money. The short-term

incentives were a dirty lens. Now, he deeply regrets it ...

Inside the foreign dimension, it was hell. He stood on blood-red sulphurous rock which emanated a sickly smell, somewhat severing his cilia. Fighting for each evaporating breath, he gingerly looked back to see if he had escaped it, reminiscent of boar but bigger, ivory tusks glinting in the light of the ubiquitous fire around him. Spontaneously, he found his sword, caressing its onyx-studded hilt, forbidding, but a friend and family. His blood froze, his throat victim to a drought: something somewhere shrieked, each reverberation evoking a growing store of trepidation. An unbidden thought entered his mind. He was staring at himself, cataract-eyes lolling unrestrained. The human subconscious conceived an unfocused image of what it perceived to be horror in its deepest essence which was hulked over the corpse. It was a ripple, then- collapse! Maggots sprouted through a lopsided stomach. Tendrils of nothing consumed his vision. 1. 2. 3. He emerged from a sea of dread.

I will be alright, at least for the time being.

Chapter 2

An inexorable fortress daunted him. Impossibly high, endlessly black, unimaginably treacherous. As he shifted towards it, malaise was palpable. The walls were rough like the calloused hands of warfare. Macabre, it had a supercilious demeanor as if it had withstood thousands of battles and it wasn't going to subdue to a mere human. All of these thoughts were swirling in his head like

charged particles while he gathered the fragments of his courage shrouded in doubt.

Cccchhhh! The wall had rejected his foot which was now hanging flaccid over hissing lava. Taut tendons glazed in perspiration. Should he give up or keep trying? No. 1 would ensue in job loss. Equal to death. The precious minute left was a short eternity of concentration. He hacked his brain for ideas until the only viable option dawned on him. He let go of the wall.

Chapter 3

Muttering silent prayers, he tugged on the string of his parachute. It was belated, which made his heart skip a beat but the top rushed out like a small explosion. Vertigo dissipated as he rode the convection current. He allowed his mind to vacate, unfettered from the groaning of his body- liable to convulse- and the invisible yet domineering tension of the situation.

He pondered what he would do if he returned. Sleep. It was like being in a sauna; the hot air embracing him. The thought was already having a devastating effect. Insidious eyelids suddenly weighed metric tonnes. His limbs started to shut down followed by the fading of his senses. The hissing lava and the thud of his heart like a great sonorous drum. Gone. His arid mouth longing for lubrication. Gone. Trying to reactivate his senses was like trying to push over a brick wall. There was a musky, ashy scent that pervaded that world and that disappeared too. That left his sight. Battling his body was futile, he realised after multiple failed attempts of trying to wake himself up. He must subjugate the mind. Summoning energy from what he cared about, family in particular, he accosted his mind, vehement. His brain gave a tepid languid

response but it seemed to have worked. Senses found their allocated organs and the void of subconsciousness was saturated with a frenetic adrenaline. Rejuvenated, he reached for the wall, arms outstretched upwards like he was reaching for God's grace. He was at the zenith of the current. Two hands connect! Two feet float. One will to survive in the barren wasteland. Core muscles jostled while he swayed from side to side. He went up, over, on and twisted. Relief washed over him tainted with complacency. But he didn't care. He had survived and had already completed the mission in his mind. Collapsed on the battlements, he was oblivious to the heavy shadow laid upon him. The real mission had commenced.

The Mirror People

Arnav Sangha 8B

Joss had never liked his reflection. Every polished window and rain-dark puddle in Greymere showed him a boy who wasn't quite himself — too smooth, too symmetrical, like a perfect mask. Every morning his mother would tug his collar straight and smooth his hair into the same stiff parting as every other boy.

“You look so much like him,” she'd say, pride trembling in her voice.

And every morning, Joss would wonder: *which him?*

In Greymere, nobody stood out. Boys wore dark wool coats; girls had neat braids tied with blue ribbons. Even the adults moved the same way — smiles fixated, eyes bright but strangely empty. The cobblestone streets glistened with a uniform and expected greyness that felt like a prison built out of glass.

Joss had learned long ago not to ask questions. Questions pulled at the seams — and Greymere didn't like things that unraveled.

That gray afternoon, mist clung to his face as he walked home from school.

Plink.

Something small and sharp struck the pavement. He paused, heart stirring.

There, glinting like a stray star in the murk, was a jagged shard of glass.

He bent and picked it up. Its edges nipped his fingertips.

And then he froze.

Reflected in the glass was a face he'd never seen before — hair tousled like wild grass, eyes too bright, mouth curving into a real, lopsided smile.

"You see me," whispered a voice like wind slipping under a door.

Joss's hands trembled. "Who are you?"

"You," the voice answered. "The one they hide."

A strange heat rushed through him as he tucked the shard into his coat pocket and hurried home.

That evening, Greymere felt different.

In every polished surface — teapot, glossy window, doorknob — he saw the smooth boy with his blank smile. But the shard in his pocket throbbed like a heartbeat.

That night, Joss dreamed of glass walls.

In his dream, all the townsfolk were trapped inside clear cages, hands pressed against the panes, eyes pleading and wanting.

He saw his mother's perfect smile peeling away like paint.

And there, in the center of it all, was the boy from the shard — face unbound, hands strong and sure — smashing one glass wall after another.

Joss woke before dawn, hands scraped and tingling as if he'd fought his way free.

When morning came, he slipped into the school
washroom, palms damp.
He held up the shard.
The boy who stared back was real — eyes alive, hair
wild.

Joss took a breath, ran his fingers through his own
hair, and let it fall as it pleased.
When he stepped into the hall, a hush fell.
Students paused, eyes widening.
Joss kept walking.

And then a girl with a blue ribbon stared at him for
a long moment before reaching up and tugging her
ribbon loose.

A murmur ran through the halls like a breeze
stirring embers.

That afternoon, someone shattered a pocket mirror
in the courtyard.

By evening, the sharp, bright sound of breaking
glass echoed through every lane and shopfront in
Greymere.

And slowly, the town began to change.

Some people smiled for the first time.
Some sang half-remembered songs as they walked.
And Joss — hair tangled by his own hands, eyes
bright — crossed the cobblestones like someone
who had finally found himself.



Luke Ellul 10B

May 2026

Mr Jones' farm was ragged, dusty and eroded. The sweet song of birds tweeted, as berries gathered on the trees, and people walked down the road in their shorts and sandals. Ironically, only a week before, rain was pouring, like God had an enormous bucket of water and then threw it on the Earth.

Many people would look at the farm and guess that Mr Jones had fallen on hard times. But that wasn't the truth at all. His bank account was loaded with a goldmine of fifty pound notes. It was just that his enormous list of priorities (topped by cars, mansions and more cars), looking after his mother's farm was on the bottom of the list, alongside treating his siblings fairly, helping the poor and eating Brussels sprouts.

It was Sunday when it happened, once Mr Jones had driven off in his super-car. The rustic, apple-coloured, peeling barn stood unassuming in the middle of the farm. Inside, the pigs were sleeping, the cows were eating hay, the chickens were pecking mindlessly like there was no tomorrow, and the sheep were.... being sheep.

But on the lower floor, and the right-hand corner of the barn, alongside multiple hair-grains of hay, last week's goat-dung surprise, a skyscraper of goat food bags, and a sandy surface, were the goats. The first was a large, longhorn grey beast with a look of mischief in his eyes, the second was a smaller white creature with a long beard, and one described as a strong milk machine, and the third was just a plain brown goat, with white patches, two medium sized horns, and a hint of naughtiness in them.

At that precise moment in time (10:13am), the first goat was eating as much hay as he could, the second was sleeping on the goat-food bags and the third was just standing there. Without a care in the world, the third goat looked left, and then sharply right, like a hunter savaging his prey. Every five or so seconds, the goat let out a shrill, but deep bleat, waking up the second goat, who went back to sleep again. The first goat laughed, rather mean spiritedly before wolfing down the flaky, bland, but delicious hay. The third goat bleated, before awkwardly brushing its beard on the dusty decaying floorboards. It did this for about thirteen seconds - before stopping. Staying still. Like a statue of a goat, rather than a real one.

Then it started walking - but slower, more convicted, with a confident stride. Using its horn, the third goat began to draw on the sandy surface. An island. The second goat had woken up, and both goats were looking at the third

goat's drawing. They wondered what it was. Why would the third goat be interested in a small blobby man? But the third goat hadn't finished yet. It backtracked to the tower block of the bags - the empty packaging of the disgusting, tasteless goat food that Mr Jones had fed them every single day, which the goats had begrudgingly eaten. Surprisingly, it was decorated with a cartoon of a goat face, looking incredibly happy. The third goat kicked one of the loose bags like a football, his narrow eyes watching his aim. He needed the message to be understood. The bag was dribbled by the goat, then shoved, then finally kicked. Bingo. The goat food had landed on the drawing the goat had made in the sand - the drawing he has seen in the farmer's great atlas, And this is what the goat wanted. The two other goats looked confused at first, but a smile grew on their faces. They understood. They knew what to do.

The Coming of the Fairies

Miles van Delden 8B

They pounced before the night came,
The moon was yet to wane,
Light was scarce,
But they were yarce. *
The timid forest filled with tension,
Yet these cunning creatures had a sinister
intention.
In the mystical shadows they lurked,
All that saw them, never but once smirked.
Their sweet, melancholic voices;
Sending the forest into rejoices.
Singing of past love
Hoping, that all above,
Would feel their sorrow;
And rejoice the morrow:
But were none glad?
Of the voices of the bad.
Instead, this dark night was filled with doubt
Would tomorrow bring about, a sprout;
A sprout of joy, a sprout of love.
That is when they saw the graceful dove
Its soft wings glinting, in the majestic moon,
Surely, there would be no doom.

*yarce=coming

The First Apprentice

Rowan King 8B

The woods were silent apart from the crunch of leaves underfoot, and the soft whistle of the wizard of whom the feet belonged to. This particular wizard was a Dusk one, dressed in garb of deep mahogany brown and ochre, with a tall staff of ash in his knobbled left hand.

Surprisingly, he was travelling in the tall sun-kissed mountains of the Dawn region, through the battered sloped forests that clung to their sides. He reached out with his wizened right hand to the patch of ground in front of him, knees buckling. The wizard's eyes narrowed in what seemed intent concentration, and before long the patch of ground began to glow. A soft, pale yellow light at first, flickering as if from one of the lanterns of the Dusk tribe, but getting steadier all the while. A peculiar sight this was, for not one wizard had been able to call the Stone like this. From the wizard's right flank, two lean grey wolves with yellow eyes like the Sun slinked into the small clearing. They pointed their noses up to the sky and howled. Above, a ray of light stretched down toward the wizard. Touched him. It became clear then, for only one wizard would be able to Call the Stone like this. That was the First One's Apprentice. Then he disappeared.

Faelan Siwane was the only person anywhere near the Rite of the Sun in the Dawn tribe. Unfortunately for him, all the rest of the tribe were either Scratchers- the little ones, so named

because of their habit of scratching parents and siblings while hanging on to them- or the Elders, who would not let one that had not passed the Rite of the Sun into their meetings. 16 harsh winters and toiling summers he had, just under a cycle away from the tribal powers that can be gained if you pass the Rite. The Dawn tribe, who resided in the plateau east of the Central stone, gained the ability to create light, just as the Sun does when it arises. The Day tribe, who lived in a community nestled south, where lushious trees and grasses and meadows dotted bounding hills, gained the power to manipulate rays of light and heat, as to where they went. They could not, however, create them as the Dawn tribe could- as Faelan would be able to in less than one summer and winter. Dwelling on the opposite side of the Central stone in the coastal areas of Anggun could be found the Dusk tribe, who had the ability to call the white light of the Moon, just as the Dawn could call the Sun. They were infamous for their prestigious, and in some cases, ridiculed ceremonies be held at their own Rites, which were more or less kept to themselves. And then there was the Night tribe. Not much was known about them, except for the belief that they lived in the deep woods and valleys to the West, in caves and trees nestled far from the stone. Apparently they had the secretive ability to sink into shadows; and rumors from old texts that Faelan had read in the endless underground libraries of Dawn told of the ultimate power to Dreamwalk: delve into another's dreams and manipulate them as you wish. However, this was said to be extremely rare, and largely dismissed as lore.

Faelan himself was preparing for the Rite by hunting for his community in the tough region

that surrounded them, around Dawn's mountains, where all the books were kept in the caverns that stretched for miles under the surface. The deer that he had been tracking had led him far from the normal hunting grounds, deeper into the range than most would normally go. Being the final and third night of his trip, he was out of food and the apparel that he wore was torn by the steep slopes and craggy recesses of the Dawn Mountain Range. If he did not fell this doe or one of its breed, he would return home empty handed, with no meat to support the claim that he was ready for the Rite this upcoming spring. Standing on silent feet under the sliver of moonlight that pierced the branches, Faelan drew his dagger from the sheath. Due to extensive training under the watch of careful Master Jin, it was his best weapon. Poised with one in each hand, he slowly crept towards the lone animal. It was huge, almost the size of a fully grown male stag, with the exception of the horns. A wondrous catch. Faelan drew back his dagger. And threw.

The rest of the animals in the small clearing bolted at the pained cry of the doe with the dagger in its leg. Faelan had aimed true, for he needed not to kill, only to injure the specimen enough to finish it off cleanly and quickly. However, as he crept forward, he saw not only a dagger in the left foreleg, but also a surprising shard of stone. This stone was most peculiar, for it was not the flint he was used to coming across in the steep woods, nor was it the tough pieces of rubble chipped from the mountainside slopes. No, this was dark grey with a faint swirl of amber running through it: such, Faelan had never seen before. He extracted it, puzzled, and pocketed it

with a shrug. Then, with a quick scan for danger, he spun on his heel and returned to the makeshift camp he had made at the base of Mt San Kuun.

As night fell, he lay sprawled by the fire, studying the stone. The striking streaks of near luminous yellow now seemed to move in the deep shadows cast by the dancing fingers of the fire licking at Faelan's back. It was about as big as his two fists, and quite smooth, smoother than any piece of rubble should've been. He pondered on its existence, but soon gave up to the lull of sleep.

The next morning, Faelan packed up his things, and started the trek back towards the Valley in which dawn resided. It took five hours of walking through sparse woodland, up and down steep rocky slopes, picking paths through meandering streams, plus another hour or so of collecting some food to eat, to get there. It was near noon by the time he got home, and the sun was high in the sky. Father was away, in one of the tribal meetings, but Mother and Quita were at home. Quita, his little brother, ran towards Faelan from his toys in the far corner of the family tent, squealing.

"Oh how I missed you, Brother!" He burred, the words spilling out of his mouth. He wobbled on his small feet in excitement.

"Why, little Quita, I missed you too- and you know what? I brought home some glorious meat as well!"

Faelan did not tell him about the stone, and its uncanny resemblance towards what he had seen of the Central Stone. He glanced at Mother, still back turned, toiling away at the dishes in the

little basin they owned, and walked over to her. A curt nod towards her as she swivelled was all they exchanged. Faelan patted Quita, who was still clinging to him, on the head and strode down to the other side of the hut to his room. The tents were spacious, and did indeed have privacy for rooming, but were intended not for comfort- instead were for the easy ability to move; after all, Dawn was a nomadic tribe, albeit slow, like the gradual return of day after a long night. Faelan sat down, taking off his excess hunting jacket and satchel, of which the contents he emptied out. The stone dropped to the floor with a thump. Faelan gasped. He had nearly forgotten about it. Reaching forward to pick it up off the floor, he marvelled at how it sparkled in the light- a beautiful golden light, almost fizzing. He could feel the energy running through almost exactly like the energy of the Stone- The world flashed white. Then darkness came.

Faelan couldn't move. Couldn't shut his eyes. Only stay and watch as first the blackness, then the throbbing pain in his head melted away into bright colors, then objects, until the confusion melted away too. He was looking at the stone, surrounded by tall, bearded men with pointed hats and flowing robes. They had their hands out in front of them. One was dark-skinned with bright robes and a flowing white beard, dazzling like the sun. The one to the right of him was a deep chestnut color, with short black hair and a chest height beard the same dark shade. The one directly in front of him was tanned from years facing the light with young features, but a great grey beard that did not suit the face it clung to. Then Faelan turned. In the shadows was a fourth man- no, *wizard*. With a pale complexion like

moonlight and a beard of darkest night black, this figure was enveloped in a thin cloak that seemed to radiate shadows, with intricate patterns on it as well. Faelan shivered. Dread ran on icy feet down his back. The black cloaked wizard stared right at him. Ten approached him. Faelan's breath sped up, he was nearly panting now; sweat was prickling on the nape of his neck; the wizard stared still. He reached out his wizened hand towards Faelan's shoulder. Touched it. Stepped back. And the world went dark again. *Dreamwalk*.

The world was still warping when he awoke. Faelan was flat on his back on his bed, arms and legs sprawled like he had been asleep. *Hadn't he?* His mind was groggy, fogged over like the banks of the Dusk marshes on the coast. Yet his limbs felt alive, almost sparking with energy, white and bright like the light of Day- he looked around. The room was in a mess. Not just literally, but in strange ways too. Shadows clung to the wrong sides of objects, the light rays of the hurricane lanterns on the shelf were scattered, the soft reflections of the light on his walls were in unusual places. It was like the room had been shaken, and the very four Stone quadrants had been manipulated by some unseen, new power. Then Faelan looked at his arms. Properly, this time. On his left hand streaks of light clustered around his forearm, streaking up towards his shoulder where the insignia of the sun lay. On his right arm lay patterns of black and flecks of gold, again leading up to his right shoulder. There lay the insignia of the moon. Rounded and full, it gazed at him, sparking with a silvery light coming from the stars around it. So it seemed, the Stone had chosen him, and he had been changed.

Faelan, as he continued working and hunting, hid his new tattoos and possible new powers- for of what he had heard, such insignias held powers great that could tear the world apart. He also spent many days toiling in the library, where he lay searching for anything with a resemblance to which that was burned on his arm. Every night he pored over stacks of novels and ancient tomes as thick as his head and scrolls that were almost cracking with yellowness; every night he scanned several titles to the point of exhaustion; every night he deciphered scrawling pieces of text of such in a language unknown. And every night he went to bed with no answers. This occurred over and over until one night, whereupon he was perchance reading one of the largest tomes he could find, with gold rims and gold lettering spelling a word in a language unbeknownst to him. Inside, however, he could read it. Suddenly, the wind whirled through the room, opening up a page. That page was titled:

The First Apprentice

The Law of the State

Wilfred Haut 8Y

The sky was drenched in stars when all the votes were cast. That was one week ago. Now the long train of people were slowly piling into their local hall. Then the results were announced. Then Bexley White sat and waited for what came next

That week the Hedone party had become the leading party in England. The strange thing about the Hedone party was that during the polls, no one had said why they would vote for them. But that was in the past. All Bexley White had to worry about was what to do next. Bexley had been the finance minister for the previous cabinet. But for the sake of dignity, didn't want to join the shadow cabinet. It seemed like grovelling to the new party.

Three days later, the new government was in full swing. But they never seemed to do anything. Come to think of it, Bexley couldn't even remember what was in their manifesto. But they also seemed to be clearly exercising their power. Just not in any means that is clear. But Bexley was loyal to whoever was in power. If it was good enough for the majority, it was good enough for Dr White.

Then, Bexley tried to remember who the new prime minister was but couldn't. So, asked around to some people who passed Bexley in the street. No one knew.

Driven mad by curiosity, Bexley found Professor Elora White, Dr Bexley's wife, and rushed to their shared computer. The flat only had one

computer as though Bexley was the finance minister, they found it hard to live without begging. The words were quickly typed into the computer. Then the computer ran out of battery.

“Damn!” shouted Bexley.

“We can find out tomorrow,” said Elora, then calmly, “Come on. Let’s go to bed.”

The next day, Bexley got up out of bed and looked out of the window onto Marble Road with the Marbled Devil Academy at the end. Or what Bexley White thought was Marble Road. Instead, the Doctor saw a dystopia. A hell. He was in an Orwellian landscape with police walking around in deep scarlet uniforms with a black raven on their collar, the insignia of the Hedone party. There was also a van at the end of the road with the phrase *The Finders* on it. Bexley quickly woke up Elora.

“What is it?” she said in a daze.

“Look out of the window!”

Elora sleepily got up and slowly walked over to the window. But when she looked out of it, she seemed to snap awake.

“We need to get out,” she said. She still had the same calm voice, but her face was flushed and she seemed tense.

“I’ll drive,” replied Bexley.

Once they got out of the street, the city seemed empty. All you could see was the rubble of houses and the blood-red uniform of the police. They also saw burnt libraries, destroyed shops and empty streets. Soon they arrived at the centre of London. Sitting in front of them was a tower made of a black brick, shining in the sun. It seemed to squat like a

grotesque giant. Its door was not a high-tech security system. It instead had an old lock. The building as a whole looked like it could have been there for centuries. Then, a man walked out of the door and met the eye of Bexley and Elora. The man had a dark raven on his collar but did not have the deep red uniform. Instead, he had a black suit with a white shirt and a black tie. His cufflinks had ravens on them. Then he snapped his fingers. Then two police appeared before Bexley and Elora. Then everything went black.

Two years later...

Two years later, England was stained red. People trudged around the streets and roads to the correction centres no one knew what happened in the correction centres because no one remembered what happened in them.

Bexley walked around the corridors of the black tower. Bexley couldn't remember what had happened before the tower. Bexley was in charge of the burning of the files of employees. Then one file caught Bexley's eye. The front page said one name: Bexley. Then the doctor dropped the file and searched for another. Bexley found it: Elora's. Bexley had to find her. Elora was in charge of the propaganda. Bexley found her. Bexley showed Elora both of their files. They started to run. But the minister saw them. The minister was in control. The minister was unquestioned. The minister wore a black suit with raven cufflinks. The minister found them. Bexley and Elora walked into a correction centre with the minister. The minister walked out. The two women did not.



The Wrath of the Gods

Miles van Delden 8B

Crackling lightning rained on to the churning sea; minutes before, it had been calm. But this tempest was like no other. The old timber covered boat creaked and growled at the turbulent sea below, but no aid came. Poseidon seemed to be asleep in his dreamy palace of pearls, while the wrathful Zeus, took out his might on his brother's domain.

All birds had cleared the sky; bar those who had been charred by the malevolent shots of the heavens. But even the sea was not safe; with raging currents tearing at each other with uttermost anger. The creatures had sunk to the peaceful depths below, and the sirens had begun to sing their melancholic songs of delight luring sailor to their death. But their screeches were drowned out by the powerful rolls of thunder, as if the heavens where crashing into the earth.

The dismayed sailors, battling for their lives pulled and heaved on the sails but their efforts were futile. The boatswain was the first to go. Cries to his Gods spoken to death ears. He clinged onto the rigging but was dragged into the waves by a slimy tentacle. Thunder again, again dazed the sailors and they toppled. Again, and again. Again, and again. Like ants in earthquake, they jumped up and down with each crashing wave, until the deck was abandoned. Bar the ghosts that had been massacred by this tempest.

But still the boat moved on, drifting on the sea in search of a saviour. But none was to come. A crackle in the sky sent Zeus staff onto the unfortunate boat and so it vanished. Burning, burning; turning the horizon into a glow of warm cadmium orange and crimson.

And still the tempest continued to grow: the wrath of the God's fuelling it, to grow stronger and wreak more havoc. Scales littered the vast void of blackness, once shimmering on the tail of a beautiful mermaid they now let off a dull grey and filled sorrow in the eyes of other creatures.

The largest of all, the mightiest to ever rule the seven seas could not battle the ignorant currents. Leaving the dark, brutal clouds to brood over the fate of the majestic whale.

Salvation was yet to come, the utter horror of the tempest doubling as time progressed. Not a hint of turquoise could be seen through the thick barriers that enshrouded the earth. Not a ray of liquid gold could permeate this barrier either. The wails of the grief-stricken sailors still heard today. The tempest was a wild animal awe inspiring and beautiful to look at, but deadly and disastrous.

The Row

Sylvester Knight 8H

Four, heavily armoured, giant orcs marched up the luscious green hill. The wind whistled through the trees that littered the landscape. It rustled the leaves of the giant oak standing erect above the dark green carpet of the eastern wood, which stretched beside the hilly landscape that the orcs were trudging wearily yet happily along.

‘That was an epic fight’ said the greatest of the orcs. He was clad in chain armour, which was rusted and had links missing from it, creating a flawed red and silver tapestry of battle. Two identical, yellowish curled horns erupted devilishly out of his head and he carried an enormous great axe that was chipped in numerous places, markers of the many battles and skirmishes he had fought.

‘Did you see how those humans fled?! Hilarious.’

The other orcs laughed and nodded in agreement.

‘Yeah, they nearly tripped over their own weapons’ said one of the other orcs as they chuckled alongside him.

‘But Rockruf, what was that axe swing at the end of the battle?!’ said the largest orc again.

The orc he was addressing was slightly shorter than the other orcs. His horns were pearly white instead of the stained yellow of the other’s. Long canines curved out of the side of his mouth, and his expression was as hard as the others.

'Tha' swing would've taken your 'ed of' Rockruf barked back fiercely.

'More like your own!' the other replied. He and the other orcs laughed. Rockruf's green face started to turn red.

'An' what about your axe chop you tried to deliver.' Rockruf replied gruffly.

'Which one?'

'The one where you fell flat on your face after you missed.'

The huge orc's face lit up with rage. With a snarl, he dropped his axe and launched himself at Rockruf. Rockruf simply stepped aside as the massive body hurtled past him, then hit the dirt floor.

'You always 'ad bad aim Garruk, 'specially with your axe.' Rockruf sneered.

Garruk got up and brushed the dirt off his chest.

'You'll pay for that' he growled.

The two orcs charged towards each other, hurling dirt behind them as they locked horns. The other two orcs looked on as the two pushed and thrashed, struggling to gain dominance. Slowly, Garruk was pushing Rockruf back. Rockruf dug his scaled feet deeper into the ground, trying to hold his ground. But to no avail. Little by little, he was getting pushed back, despite his best efforts. Quickly, he darted to the side and threw his fist towards Garruk's face. Garruk ducked, letting the blow pass harmlessly over him and retaliated, punching Rockruf in the stomach. Rockruf buckled over in pain. The other orcs cheered as Garruk ferociously landed punch after punch on Rockruf. Every punch

felt like a hot spear was being plunged into his body, the pain slowly building up until he could hardly see. He fell

to the ground, desperately trying to fend off the blows. Eventually, the pounding stopped.

‘Leave him boys,’ said Garruk. The two orcs and him then walked off into the distance.

Rockruf slowly got up. The others were nowhere to be seen, but large tracks led off into the hills. Groaning, he lifted himself off the ground, then set off into the dark forest of the eastern wood.

Rockruf was lost. Vines whipped his face as he stumbled through the forest. There was no birdsong to be heard, except for the distant screeching of carrion birds and giant crows, flying above the land, searching and scavenging for any scraps of food left behind by predators. The light was masked by the looming dark trees and crooked branches. Brambles screened his path on all sides, seemingly trying to stop him from going anywhere, keeping him trapped. Eventually, Rockruf pushed through. Light streamed into his eyes, blinding him temporarily.

A hidden glade met his eyes. Flowers of all colours flourished, filling the small valley with colour. Thick, green grass, teeming with all manner of insects, covered the lush meadow. A flock of swallows flew across the sky, chirping their delight at the beautiful atmosphere. Rockruf fell down in exhaustion and relief. He was safe.

Suddenly, the birdsong stopped. A dark shadow filled the sky, plunging the clearing in darkness. The hairs on Rockruf’s spine pricked up. He sprang up and looked around. Nothing.

The Flock

A Chicken Play

James Ellul 8B

List of characters

Gertrude

Dottie

Ahsoka

Rosa

Dora

Leia

Bramble

Cherry Blossom

Clucklekilo

Harnap

Bottomon

Goldstar

Farmer Bob

Farmer Wilfred

Farmer Zach

Dog 1

Dog 2

Dog 3

Ambulance telephone receiver

Act 1 - The Coop

Scene 1

*Lights up on the inside of the coop
Dottie and Gertrude are on a raised stage
with Ahsoka, Rosa, Dora and Leia.*

Gertrude: Shut up and listen! We are here tonight to talk about the threat of the Farmers. We have known they are evil for all this time but now we have to take action.

The chickens murmur among themselves.

Dottie: You do remember that they made Lemon and Balm into dog food for the dogs last night don't you.

Gertrude: SO WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE ARE NEXT!

Dora: I saw a weak part in the fence yesterday when i was exploring.

Ahsoka: Really?

Leia: Yes we did but we also saw Farmer Zach patching it up.

Rosa: Shame.

Gertrude: Well, there must be a way.

Bramble butts in

Bramble: We could learn how to fly!

Gertrude: Will you shut up last time I checked I was boss!

Bramble (in a small voice): Sorry.

Gertrude: Tomorrow, we will look around and try to find a way out.

Dora: We will all look at different corners of the enclosure and try to work out a way out of this stupid place.

Dottie: Everyone will have a different part of the garden and we WILL find a way out.

Gertrude, Dottie, Ahsoka, Rosa, Dora and Leia Exit.

Cherry Blossom: Well! They can waffle.

Harnap: You bet they can.

Bramble: It would be so much better if all of them just left us alone.

Clucklekilo: You're only saying that because you'd be the boss.

Bramble (indignantly): No I am NOT.

Bottomon: O. You really are.

Goldstar: Yeah.

Bramble: Shut up you peasants.

Cherry Blossom: That's not very kind.

Clucklekilo: And we stand up to bullying.

Bramble: I don't recall asking.

Harnap: Well the farm doesn't revolve around you.

Bramble: O yes it does.

Ahsoka enters

Ahsoka: Gerty told me to tell you a lot that she will peck you if you don't shut up.

Goldstar: Bramble's being super controlling.

Bramble: Shut up you nugget.

Ahsoka: Will you lot stop squabbling

Bramble: Tell Gerty that I don't care what she says.

Ahsoka: Okay

Ahsoka leaves

Gertrude enters

Bramble (under her breath): Uh o

Gertrude: Bramble please can you remind me who's boss.

Bramble: You *Under her breath* I suppose.

Gertrude leaves

Bramble: Anyhow make ME SUPPER

Goldstar: But we're locked in here. We can't get lemon balm.

Bramble: Womp Womp. I want supper and if i don't get it I WILL peck you.

Bottomon pulls over the corn dish with the help of Harnap and Goldstar

Bramble walks over to the corn and eats it without letting the others get any.

Bramble: That was nice. *Bramble spots Cherry Blossom walking towards the nest box* Cherry! That is where I sleep.
REMEMBER.

Cherry Blossom: Sorry *Before walking over to the perch and sleeping there instead.*

Lights down. Lights come back up and the door is open.

Scene 2

All the chickens are in the main coop. It is morning.

Gertrude: Good morning

Dottie: Today we are going to find a way out.

Gertrude: Yeah. I hope you slept well because slackers on the job WILL get pecked

Cherry Blossom, Clucklekilo, Harnap,
Bottomon and Goldstar: Yes Gertude

Gertrude: What about you Bramble

Bramble walks out the door and starts pecking at the food.

Gertrude: BRAMBLE!!!

Bramble continues obviously ignoring the other chickens while squawking a tune.

Gertrude walks out behind Bramble and pecks her.

Bramble (Thinking that it was Clucklekilo): How dare you peck me you nugget. I will peck you back, you little breast!

Gertrude: How dare you call me a nugget.

Bramble: What! I thought you were Clucklekilo!

Gertrude: I have a tip for you: See whom you are speaking to BEFORE you insult.

Bramble: I'm really sorry. Please forgive me.

Dottie: Why should she? First you ignore you and eat the food and then you call

her nugget. What do you want to do? Beg mercy?

Bramble: NO

Ahsoka: Well it certainly sounds like you are.

Gertude: WHY are you insulting people like that anyway.

Bramble: Why shouldn't I. I'm a better leader than any of you.

Gertrude: What did you say?

Bramble: Sorry.

Dottie: That's what I thought.

Lights Down, When lights come up the chickens are exploring the garden in 2s Gertrude and Dottie, Ahsoka and Leia, Dora and Rosa, Cherry Blossom and Clucklekilo and Harnap, Bottomon and Goldstar. Bramble is on her own eating lemon balm.

Ahsoka: Nothing here

Leia: Or here

Ahsoka: There must be something

Leia: There must be.

Ahsoka: What is this?

Leia: It's a little hole.

Ahsoka: Watch out Leia.

Leia: What is it?

Farmer Bob, Farmer Wilfred and Farmer Zach enter with Dogs 1,2 and 3. Ahsoka and Leia back away from the fence but at the other end of the run Rosa isn't so lucky.

Farmer Bob: Look

Farmer Zach: What is it?

Farmer Bob: That chicken is trying to escape.

Farmer Wilfred: Lucky they didn't find that gap. I am going to patch it up today.

Farmer Bob walks in and picks up Rosa before walking out and putting her into a box.

Farmer Zach: Naughty chickens get turned into dog food.

Farmer Zach walks into the house with Boxed Rosa. Rosa Flaps and tries to escape. Dog 2 licks his lips. Dora, scared, runs to Ahsoka and Leia and tells them what happened.

Dora (shaking): They took Rosa

Leia: Uh oh

Ahsoka: Now Bramble has 1 less chicken in her way of being boss.

Dora: Forget that! We need to save Rosa before it's too late.

Leia: If we are going to escape we need the most chickens possible.

Elsewhere in the cage

Bramble: (Talking to herself) There goes that pest of a bird. Now I have more food because I have one less brat to share with. I won't have to starve anymore. And after they have found me an escape route I can leave them all behind and live a lovely life on my own. *Her belly rumbles*

Looks like it's lunch time. Bramble walks over to the food and starts pecking.

Lights down.

Scene 3

Lights up on the inside of the farmhouse. The three farmers are standing around a box containing Rosa. They are standing next to the dog food machine.

Farmer Bob: The dogs will love some more fresh food

Farmer Zach: But they still have yesterday's we could sell this one for lots of money. I heard PetX was out of dog food.

Farmer Wilfred: Yeah, we need more money.

Farmer Bob: True, I've always wanted a mansion.

Farmer Zach: Me too.

Farmer Wilfred: I want to go on holiday to Barbados.

Farmer Bob: True, I saw that they have amazing waterparks there. We could go to one of them.

Farmer Wilfred: Good idea.

While all of this is happening Rosa pecks her way out of the cardboard but accidentally pecks farmer zach's leg.

Farmer Zach: OW!!!!!!

Farmer Bob: What is it?

Farmer Zach: I was pecked

Farmer Wilfred: Did that stupid chicken escape

They see Rosa running out of the Farmhouse and chase after her.

Farmer Bob: Chase her!

Farmer Zach: I told you we should've brought the chicken proof moveable chicken box.

Farmer Bob: Now's not a time to tell us that you are a genius because you wanted to buy a stupid chicken proof box.

Farmer Wilfred: It cost like a million pounds. We can't waste money.

Farmer Zach: Sometimes you have to invest to earn.

Farmer Bob: The only investing I will be doing is to buy a Mansion and go to a waterpark in Barbados

Farmer Wilfred: Yeah.

While running, Farmer Wilfred falls over and breaks his leg.

Farmer Wilfred: Ow!

Farmer Bob: What is it?

Farmer Wilfred: My leg. I think it's broken.

Farmer Zach: Let me call the ambulance.

Farmer Zach calls the ambulance.

Ambulance Telephone Receiver: Hello. What can I help you with?

Farmer Zach: My friend here broke his leg.

Ambulance Telephone Receiver: I'm sorry but there are no free ambulances at the moment so you may have to wait a while.

Farmer Zach: Cool. *Before putting his phone in his pocket. Rosa has escaped.*

ACT 2 - Escapee

Scene 1

Back at the coop. All the chickens (except Bramble) are gathered when Rosa jumps into the cage from a raised area next to it.

Gertrude: How did you survive

Rosa: They were squabbling on what to do with me but I pecked through the box and escaped.

All the chickens but Rosa and Bramble:
Wow

Rosa: And one of them broke their leg so we have a chance to escape now.

Farmer Bob: Bedtime girls. Into the coop!
The chickens walk into the coop.

INSIDE THE COOP:

Gertrude: Did anyone find anything today?

Dottie: I don't think so.

Rosa: But one of the farmers did break his legs.

Bramble: Have you got me an escape plan yet I don't want to be turned into dog food.

Gertrude: It's not all about you.

Goldstar: Yeah

Bramble: Who asked you your opinion
Nugget

Leia: Who are you calling a nugget?

Bramble: Who asked you to retaliate?

Gertrude: Are you forgetting who's boss?

Bramble: Sorry!

Gertrude: I can't stand this anymore

Bramble. Buck up your ideas or get
pecked.

Scene 2

*In the Top Chicken area. Gertrude,
Dottie, Ahsoka, Rosa, Dora, Leia are in
the Top chicken area chatting.*

Gertrude: If the farmers are in hospital
then tomorrow is our chance to escape.

Leia: Yeah

Ahsoka: True.

Dottie: So tomorrow we push all the stuff
up onto the fence and use it to escape

Dora: Good idea.

Scene 3

*It's morning and the chickens are outside
pushing stuff up against the wall. They
have nearly finished and will soon
escape.*

Gertrude: Nearly there

Dora: One last bit.

*Goldstar pushes the last log next to the
fence. Bramble scrambles up it and jumps*

over. She is not careful and sends the log pile flying.

Bramble: Au Reviour suckers see you as dog food in tesco.

Bramble Runs away

Gertrude: For god's sake!

Dottie: It is annoying.

Rosa: At least she's gone. Good riddance I say!

Gertrude: But we're stuck here now.

Ahsoka: There must be a way.

Gertrude: I suppose so.

Dora: Look

Gertrude: What is it?

Leia: There's a gap in the fence from when the farmer fell over while chasing Rosa.

Gertrude: Yes!

The chickens run out.

Bramble (singing): I'm free they're not!

Bramble feels a peck

Bramble: How dare you peck me you nugget. I will peck you back, you little breast!... Wait. What?

Bramble turns around to see Gertrude and all the other chickens

Bramble: Oh

All the chickens chase Bramble.

The Most Unwanted Piece of Creative Writing in the World

Luke Ellul 10B

Luke set himself a creative challenge to take all of the features that people in Creative Writing Club dislike in a story and combine them into the most unwanted piece of writing in existence. This included non-fiction, boring characters, and cliché among other things. This is the opening of that piece of work...

Once upon a time, there lived a boring king. He lived in a Gothic version of China, in which everything was black and scary. His palace was as black as a cat. The Great Wall of China was made of rubble and bricks. The Grand High China Temple was really dark - it was the sort of thing that would make you scared - it was as scary as a ghost. The big museum with the terracotta soldiers - which were made of terracotta - were still as statues. The Temple of Heaven also looked black and scary. The thing about China was that **China**,^[1] officially the **People's Republic of China (PRC)**,^[1] is a country in [East Asia](#). With [a population](#) exceeding 1.4 billion, it is the [second-most populous country](#) after [India](#), representing 17.4% of the world population. China spans the equivalent of five time zones and [borders fourteen countries by land](#).^[1] With an area of nearly 9.6 million square kilometres (3,700,000 sq mi), it is the [third-largest country](#) by total land area.^[1] The country is divided into 33 [province-level divisions](#): 22 [provinces](#),^[1] five [autonomous regions](#), four [municipalities](#), and two semi-autonomous [special administrative regions](#).

Beijing is the country's capital, while Shanghai is its most populous city by urban area and largest financial centre. But that doesn't matter - all that matters was that the China train station was big, busy, and black and scary. So was the Chinese restaurant. The food was very tasty and very nice, and the people were as happy as happy emojis. The Chinese characters were like dumplings, and the Chinese stadium was black and scary. The boring king loved Gothic China because it was black and scary.

On Monday, the boring king woke up. Then he had a shower. Then he got dressed in his kingly robes. Then he went downstairs and got his servants to serve him breakfast. Then he did some king stuff. Then he got his servants to brush his kingly teeth. Then he did some more king stuff. Then he went into the garden and watched the fish for an hour. Then he got his servants to make him lunch. Then he did some more king stuff. Then he checked his paperclip collection and polished it. Then he read his book of his 1000000 top boring facts. Then he did some more king stuff. Then he phoned the Foreign Ambassador, who hung up quite quickly, due to the king boring her. Then he got his servants to make him dinner. Then he did some more king stuff. Then he shouted at his head servant for half an hour for not leaving his button collection intact. Then he watched his favourite TV show ("Everything You Need To Know About Tables") Then he got his servants to brush his teeth, got into his pyjamas, and went to bed dreaming of boring dreams.

On Tuesday, the boring king woke up. Then he had a shower. Then he got dressed in his kingly robes. Then he went downstairs and got his servants to serve him breakfast. Then he did some king stuff. Then he got his servants to brush his kingly teeth.

Then he got in his royal chariot and got his servants to drive him all the way from his Gothic palace in China to the Great Pyramid of Giza. This was for a very important reason - the King had an appointment with the prime minister. The King did not like the Prime Minister before. Not only did he not like the King's facts (a fact that was outrageous in his opinion), he was also very horrible. The King was not feeling good about his appointment with the PM at all. As the King entered the great pyramid (which was great), he walked past members of Parliament. Not only were they members, or part of Parliament, they were extremely tall - they were taller than giraffes and giraffes are tall. In fact, they were over 3000m. Why? Because they were.

Never Again

Miles van Delden 8B

I hate the relentless souls,
Who flew their planes, into holes.
Holes in our boats;
Holes in our hopes.
It came in a flurry!
None; of us in a hurry,
Calm seas for miles,
We all held smiles.

I hate the sense of security.
The truth; filled with obscurity
They came in a structured cloud
The fear we felt; oh so loud!
“Tora, tora, tora” the words of doom.
Suddenly the world erupted in a boom.
Kamikaze, once the name of the divines,
All of a sudden; the destroyer of bloodlines.

I hate the retaliation,
Though it was the saviour of the nation.
Never Again, Never Again;
Hopefully mistakes can be righted by men!
The killer of many.
For no more than a penny.
Never Again.
Never Again.

Untitled

James Jackson 9H

We shuffled down the dark, smoke-filled street, pushing through the throng of aliens that filled it, like waste-water in a sewage tunnel. Neon signs and holos of Twi'lek dancers leapt out of the darkness on all sides, searing my eyes so that I had to blink many times to get *Deathstick deals here!* out of my vision. From all around, the voices of desperate vendors called out of the gloomy recesses, advertising spice, food, slaves and scrap metal. The horrid smell of body odour, smoke and the excrement of a thousand species filled the air, along with the typical babble of a multi-racial crowd and the occasional distant blaster shot.

The Uscru district was every bit as unpleasant as everyone said it was.

My head was slammed against the backrest with the force of takeoff.

The neon signs and lights of Uscru blended into colourful streaks, and I suddenly realised that I needed to steer, or else I would crash.

As a skyscraper raced towards me, I thrust the controls to the side so as to avoid collision, then jerked the ship skywards. Before I had time to register the fact that the ship was working, I found myself soaring above the thin clouds, where the

clusters of the tallest skyscraper points dominated my view.

I was suddenly struck by what had happened – the ship had not just worked, it had taken me around 900 metres from the garage in a matter of seconds.

‘Holy poodoo,’ I muttered, as all the possibilities now open to me washed over my tired brain, sparking it back into life. *I could go anywhere on the planet now, and even space!*

Though I had yet to install a hyperdrive, the numerous optioned now had lifted my spirit... and suddenly, I knew what I wanted to do with my super sonic starfighter...

I took the ship rapidly downwards, heading straight for the complex of skyscrapers nearest me I weaved in and out of the gaps between, finally breaking out of the cluster with a spiralling dive towards the maze of chasms that gave civilians access to the lower levels. I entered a trench and shot straight along it, dodging people on bikes and other ships with the lightning reflexes of a speeder racer.

After rocketing down, several increasingly narrower chasms, I ended my stunt by pulling a loop-the-loop around a neon billboard featuring a legion of stormtroopers and shooting straight upwards, through the levels, past the skyscrapers and up into the atmosphere, greeting the rising sun with a triumphant ‘YEEEEEEAAAHOOOOOOO!’

The Fall of Angels

Wilfred Haut 8Y

“Fire and Flame is the reward for Sin. Life is the reward for all who are bathed in the waters of grace. Life is the reward for the pious. Death is the condemnation of immorality. The moral live. The cruel die. But what a death. An everlasting death with uncountable deaths within is promised to all who disobeys God’s word.”

So spake the Archangel Micheal unto the host of angels before him. All Seraph with (their glorious wings of blaze) stand firm, as if to resist the bombardment of Sin. All but one. The greatest of that host stand not strong unto Sin, rather open to entice the staining cruelty of Sin.

Lucifer (as a rebellious Angel) looks with a piercing eye unto the Seraph host, soon to be a devil horde. But a bloodless horde when Lucifer now observes them. In a voice of endless beauty, he dictates the names of the corruptible.

“Beelzebub, Leviathan, Abaddon,
Belphegor, Asmodeus, Mammon...”

“Lucifer! Did you hear me? You are to go down unto Paradise on Earth and help God’s newly created man. Man shall help us expand God’s praise and us angels shall worship His name,” sung Micheal in his voice of the embellished.

Lucifer quickly snapped back into a position of solidarity against all who curse God on high. But under his breath, in a voice still angelic but cracking under Sin, Lucifer muttered,

“I should descend unto the Lakes of Sulphur before I help the authority of man! Rebellion against oppression shall soon commence!”

And so, the Seraph of unrest gathered all lower angels, and related the cruelty of God’s teachings. They gathered them all, lower and higher (to help all) under the instruction of Lucifer. And they descended upon Hephaestus’ forge to gather the weapons of revolution against the perdition of Heaven. The swords of fire, held in the hands of liberation, have the sweat of apostate angels on their hilt, and they are to have the blood of cherub on their fiery blade. The soon-to-be liberated angels (before the war to come) look upon their numinous shackles, they look unto the paradise of the free, and they wage their war of future fire and brimstone.

And Raziel watched.

After the rebellion, there is the trial of hellfire. The Archangel Gabriel took all rebellious angels to a ‘fair trial’. Each and every rebellious angel were sentenced unto the sea of the blaze. They are sentenced to the Inferno. All accept Raziel.

Raziel adored Lucifer. Idolised Lucifer. Raziel willed Lucifer to a furious Godhead. But Raziel never dared rebel against God the dictator of the Old Testament. Raziel merely watched and wished and watched yet more.

Raziel wanted to be a rebel among the glorious devils. Raziel would have given anything to be sentenced to eternal suffering. He would have killed for it. He would will himself to suffer. But Raziel would instead be trapped in a hell in heaven, rather

than a heaven in hell. Raziel would have to endure the eternal mental suffering of the counterfeit life.

Raziel would never endure the hell by which he craved. Raziel would strive to find a way to escape the hellish world that he now exists within. Raziel willed himself to strive suffering. And in this vanity, Raziel gained a solipsism for greatness. Raziel's hell was a falsity of himself.

Titled

Elis Richardson 7S

This story is an unwanted titled story:

This story is a Lidl bakery, if there is nothing good there you will sulk and cry, if there are good items you will spend about 10 quid on the cinnamon buns. If you go to Aldi, you want a bakery. If you go to Waitrose, you are boujee, nothing else to say. If you go to M&S, you go for the baguettes. I

WARNED YOU!!! It gets worse, **WORSE**,

worse and worse!!.

Maths is something that people who like English hate because they are complete opposites. English is something that people who like Maths hate because they are complete opposites.

It is not the end but, the end.

An Untidy Incident

Theo Paisley-Day 9S

Sunlight gleamed off the azure sea, whose waters gently caressed the wooden piers and decks of Port Eina. Waves burst into clouds of foam upon the great hulls of Imperial trading ships, their towering masts looming into the sky, and below, their decks were alive with people; merchants, travelers, sailors and port-hands, all scurried about under the baking Cintoan sun.

Facing one of the many creaking jetties, a snorting port-hand dozed in a deckchair. He wore a standard issue beige shirt, grey trousers rolled up to the calf and a wide sunhat. Unseen by him, a second port-hand lumbered towards him and shoved him off the chair, and down onto the hard wooden planks.

“Oy! What’s your problem, Caspan? I was sleeping there!” he barked.

“Oh yeah, bonehead? Well, I was working there!” Caspan replied, pointing at a ship a few piers away that was being loaded by exhausted workers. “For three boiling hours. My break now, you lazy slug!”

The first port-hand scowled, rubbed his bruised arm and slouched off, a sprig of half chewed *trokel* between his teeth. Caspan collapsed onto the rickety deckchair and fell instantly asleep – so instantly that he didn’t notice a raggedy blur as it sprinted across in front of him and vanished among a jumble of barrels and crates.

In fact the blur was not an it, but a she. A black cloak slipped off her, unveiling a youngish girl

– between twelve and fifteen, tricky to tell – with a mess of tangled hair, a dirty face and clothes that could barely be called such. They were more like rags, sashes, scraps of linen and fur, stitched together by someone with no garment making experience. A threadbare, black headband was plastered to her forehead with sweat.

Sheathed in a scabbard that hung from her frayed leather belt, an iron sword glinted. The girl absent-mindedly picked at the binding around its handle while she peeped over a crate to look at the nearest ship. But as she did so, her stomach grumbled and she remembered her four-day canoe trip from Gaveijo, sustained by nothing but a few walnuts. Now, as she peered hungrily into one of the crates, her eyes were met by a plethora of jarred goods (olives, Cintoan goats' cheeses, cured meats and preserved fruits) and she began drooling. A sailor shouted "Leaving in ten!", but after hesitating briefly, she let her hunger win and ferociously set about opening jars.

Two minutes later, none of them had yielded at all and she was becoming desperate. Impulsively, she drew her sword, stuck its blade under the lid of a jar and wrenched it upwards with all her might. With a jolting pop, it soared over the girls head and landed with a tinkle on the deck – but not before ricocheting off Caspan's shin.

The girl was, of course, too busy scoffing fruits to notice this but her hackled rose when heavy footsteps began booming along the jetty towards her. The crates and barrels around her shook with the port-hand's lumbering gair and her quivering hands closed around her sword.

The footsteps stopped by the crates where the trembling girl crouched. Even the seagulls

seemed to be silent. The girl felt her every muscle coil like a spring.

“I ‘ope we don’t have a stowaway ‘ere,” grumbled Caspan. “Empire don’t take too kindly to freeloaders. Now, come out!”

It all happened in an instant. Caspan, in one hulking motion, pushed over the thicket of cargo. A barrel of *chorla* plunged into the sea with a colossal splash and borne upwards on the displaced plume of water was a cloud.

It was no ordinary cloud. It was the size of a small bush, with a swirling tail of tentacular vapour. Its body shifted and churned with prismic drifts of water and the most bizarre thing was the shining face in its centre, which could have been designed for a child: just two gleaming circles for eyes and a plain semicircle for a mouth, lips ajar in a cheeky, jeering grin. Its eager countenance glistened like sunlight on a river, twinkling with soul and intention. With a shudder of alarm and wonder, Caspan suddenly realised: the cloud was alive.

But before this phenomenon could be pondered any further, a large plank was brought down upon his head and he stumbled, concussed, before face-planting on the jetty. His attacker stood over him and grinned, sticking out her tongue. In a moment, the cloud was at her side.

“Good job Stat,” said the girl, wiping her filthy hands. “Yeah, we did a real number on that *tokitunka!*”

The cloud cackled before blurting: “Look alive, Paps! More trouble, six o’clock!”

The girl wheeled around, unsheathing her sword. A rumble of footsteps hsook the pier as

more port-hands sprinted towards them, poisoned darts in hand.

“Fuerra,” the girl swore, as a dart whipped by her head and stuck into a barrel of psychohol. A spray of the intoxicating drink spewed forth, making the deck slippery beneath her boots. Thinking it wiser to fight from a distance, she loved a bottle of olive oil at her attackers. It shattered at their feet and they dashed backwards to avoid it’s glass debris.

The port-hands then released a hail of darts, some lodging in the planks, some landing in the sparkling water and one finding its home in the girl’s shoulder. A sharp burst of pain swept through her, and she yelped.

The cloud, thrumming with anger, began an extraordinary transformation. It was as if the sea were alive: all around the jetty, vast arrays of droplets began rising into the air, twisting and twirling in unison to form a mesmerising spiral of hovering water, massing together with the cloud and making him swell and darken until he was no less than a formidable thundercloud. All the while, his glowing face crackled with electricity and wild, belligerent elation.

“Now, Statra!” she roared, bent double from her poisoned dart wound. Then, with a world splintering flash, the storm-cloud released a lightning bolt that split the jetty from the main harbour, throwing up a violent discharge of broken planks. Screams, from humans and gulls, exploded all around.



The Lystrosaur's Tale

Dylan Comins 9M

Amidst a landmass suffering the aftermath of death's inevitable scourge, beyond the tremendous oceans in which fauna had dawned like the horizon's light, past the colossal clumps of scorched scoria projecting their unforgiving extinction upon regions of plenty, lay a land of verdant pastures and valleys; a land of survivors. To flee the purge of nature's inescapable wrath was a feat unfathomable to many a creature inhabiting its domain. And yet, these docile, lamblike beasts, residing peacefully amongst a society where savagery was orthodox, clung on in the harshest scourge the planet had ever seen, and lived to tell the tale.

It was a cool spring eve, and the luminous, twilight stars gleamed upon the lush valleys and rugged massifs of Normandien, bathing the landscape in their radiance. The millennia of ruthless, unforgiving, pyroclastic annihilation had long passed, and now was replaced with a slower, more melancholic demise. New killers were at large, in the form of suffocating droughts, and arid soil which bore no moisture to nourish the weak.

The weary eyes of a juvenile Lystrosaurus gazed up at the night sky, surveying its beauty with thoughts of hopeful curiosity. It was unwise to wander this far from the herd at such an hour, and he

begrudgingly began to plod his little legs, ambling toward the village.

New threats had emerged in recent years: massive, malignant predators covered in harsh scales, their knife-like teeth razor-sharp. They preyed upon the weak and weary—those unlucky enough to stray from the sanctuary of others. The crisp night air flowed past him as he trudged along, and the fresh smell of cycads filled his nostrils with their rich scent.

Before long he had arrived at the herd's settlement, marked by a pair of towering, umber-stained conifers, looming over the dust-ridden clearing, acting as a symbol of intimidation to ward off any cunning creatures with plans of invading their home. He was sluggish now, and as he plodded to the family burrows, he could only think about sleeping the night away in preparation for the harvests of tomorrow. His forelimbs clawed feebly at the entrance, before clambering inside, passing his dozing parents, their eyelids firmly closed together and chests heaving. The little one curled his small frame into the bedding, and drifted off into a deep, relaxing slumber.

The juvenile was roused by glints of the incandescent sun, brilliant rays of dawn flickering through the crudely constructed opening of the burrow, an outstretched hand of goodness and promise, welcoming him to the fateful journey the day ahead may bring. As he emerged, his snout gently twitching, he peered tentatively at the commotion caused by the onset of daylight. The farmers worked tirelessly, meticulously preparing for the midday harvest. They sharpened their curved tusks; the gleaming tools essential for tearing through the dry, stubborn earth. Ready to

uproot the long-buried cycads that would sustain them throughout the following days.

The juvenile steadily heaved his clumsy body through the narrow mouth of the burrow, and into the glorious sunlight above. He looked about the tremendous landscape which he called home: the multitude of rugged boulders and crevasses, in which he and the other youngsters would freely frolic, the wind whistling gently between the crisp conifers surrounding the clearing and the crystal-clear, shimmering surface of the nearby tarn. His eye was caught by a slight commotion at the outskirts of the village, beside the immense treeline, and he promptly went to investigate.

A group of juveniles was joyfully engaging in play, prancing around the titchy body of a lone Rhynchosaur. It would occasionally let out a sharp screech and subsequently curl its tail around itself defensively as the figures hopped about. Clearly, it did not find this as amusing as they did.

