

"Don't go to the end of the garden." That's what they all said. But they also said "Curiosity killed the cat". Humans have natural curiosity. It can be a good thing, it can be a bad thing. Yes, I know I was wrong to be disobedient. But I had to. So, I did. I walked to the end. And then I saw it. A bloated corpse, eyes bulging out. Rope burns on the wrists. And a small, dark hole in the middle of its forehead. There was no doubt about it. This man had been dead for a long time. I felt sick. It was disgusting, but I couldn't look away. I didn't notice the figure in the shadows. I felt an incredible pain in the back of my head. And that is all I remember.

When I woke up, I was sitting in a chair. I tried to stretch, but I couldn't. My wrists and ankles were bound to the chair. Suddenly, the door opened and a man walked in. It took me way too long to recognise him. Scarface. The police had shown me his picture. The man who shot my parents. I knew all about it. He broke in at night, armed with a SIG Pauer 226 handgun. My father surprised him, but Scarface turned around and fired a bullet straight through his heart. He died right there and then. My mother heard the noise and went to investigate. Scarface, taking no chances, shot her too. So here I was. Face to face with my parents' killer.

"It's you," I spat. "You killed my parents."

"Why, yes. Yes, I did," He replied. "And now I'm going to kill you." He raised the gun and fired.

I don't know how I survived. When I woke up, I felt a throbbing pain in my stomach. I realised that the bullet hadn't passed straight through. I was lucky. Very lucky. But I realised that I still had to find medical help. I staggered out into the street, blood pouring from the ~~dead~~ wound in my abdomen. A woman pushing a buggy screamed as she saw me. Someone called for the ambulance. I was rushed to the intensive care operating theatre where I was given an emergency blood transfusion. Not that I remember this, as I passed out in the ambulance.

I woke up five days later, in the intensive care ward. I was told I had been in a coma. There was an IV drip in my arm, and the heart monitor beeped at the foot of my bed. It was not where I intended to be when I woke up this morning. But I was alive. That's what mattered.

The next few weeks passed like a blur. Hospital food, ch

Bourne Grammar school

What ^{has} the world come to?

No one is safe ~~any more~~ ~~within~~ anymore

Nothing the government says is true

No one cares about the poor

Families are destroyed and no one has a clue.

How are kids meant to get to school?

When theres all these terrorists who think they rule.

The what has the world come to?

The Manchester attack

The Grenfell burns down

The NHS gets hacked

The ~~terrifying~~ ~~terrifying~~ Terrifying Killer clowns

What has the world come to?

people on the London bridge get shot,

while Dead bodies left to rot,

while favourite TV shows get ~~stopped~~ cancelled

Just think about how lucky you are,

because some people miss their house hold.

What has the world come to?

our world isn't all that bad.

Doctors save peoples lives

Comedians make people forget they're sad

Soldiers fight in the war and survive.

What has the world come to?

This may just be a poem

but the message that is spoken,

is not a joke and,

people are dying,

politics are lying.

but if we work together theres no denying,
that the world will be better,
for forever and ever.

CARRHILL

Karrhill high school

By Ben Lowe

21/6/17

DYSLEXIA

So there some thing wrong
with me I dont now ~~at~~ what
it is my teacher say it some
thing called dyslexia So
why does it have to be
me why do the word
have to move all the
time ever minet ever second
it's so anaying and
Frustrating So why cant
it Just Lever me and
go away So I'll have
to Fite ^{it} ^{with it} ^{and} work with
it because it makes
me me So all whay
rember your not dume or
stupid but smat working
with dyslexia.

Skye Powell 8 Gr Miss Rider

CHISWICK

Stay

A voice said: "Stay",
Stay closed,
Stay broke,
Stay thin.

My bones break,
my heart aches,
my soul at stake,
But Stay.

Stomach empty,
Palms sweaty,
Stay.

Take my hand,
I'll pull you through.

So put down the cake,
It's for your own sake,
Look in the mirror
you need to be thinner.

Stay.

25th June 2017
Ominous Tree

Thomas
Phung
7F

In a small town was a dark park. In the dark park were two children running around a tree. But these children were aglow. The youngsters ran and ran until their lungs gave out. They ran and ran until the sun gave out. They ran and ran until the moon came out. Yet, the strange thing was that they were the brightest things in the world and the tree they were running around was no ordinary tree either. This purple tree which glowed ominously gave out a luminous light and it stood its ground like a queen guarding her throne. But all it could do was watch them with its hidden eyes. It watched and watched. Just staring at them, wishing it too had legs.

It stared at them from night and day, back to night again. Then one winter's day it suddenly found its voice, it spoke, "Stay." The youngsters paused. They looked around. Nothing. It then spoke again, "I need your help. I have been in this spot for hundreds of years just watching time pass by. I haven't done anything with my life since I was a sapling just like you are now. So I beg your help to set me free." The children looked at each other and nodded.

They started to glow with a golden energy until a bright light shot out of them. The sky turned blue again. The land turned green. Where the tree stood its ground, all that was left was a handsome young boy. He looked no older than 15. In front of him were two holes where the twins were. They were nowhere to be seen. The only explanation was that they gave up their lives for the sake of the boy's freedom.

21st JuneNational Writing Day

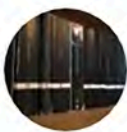
Holly Dodwell 9S1

School: CWLC, Worcester

It was a dark, grey day, ^{like usual, and} ~~and the day already~~ felt ~~wrong~~. Mum and I sat in the living room in silence for what felt like days. I couldn't get on with anyone anymore. Every conversation was an argument. If I opened my mouth, I'd start having a go at her for no reason, so it was easier just to keep my mouth shut. I used to get on with everyone, then ~~some~~ ^{me} thing changed, all I am is angry. I don't get on with my parents, my friends or my teachers, but I don't care anymore.

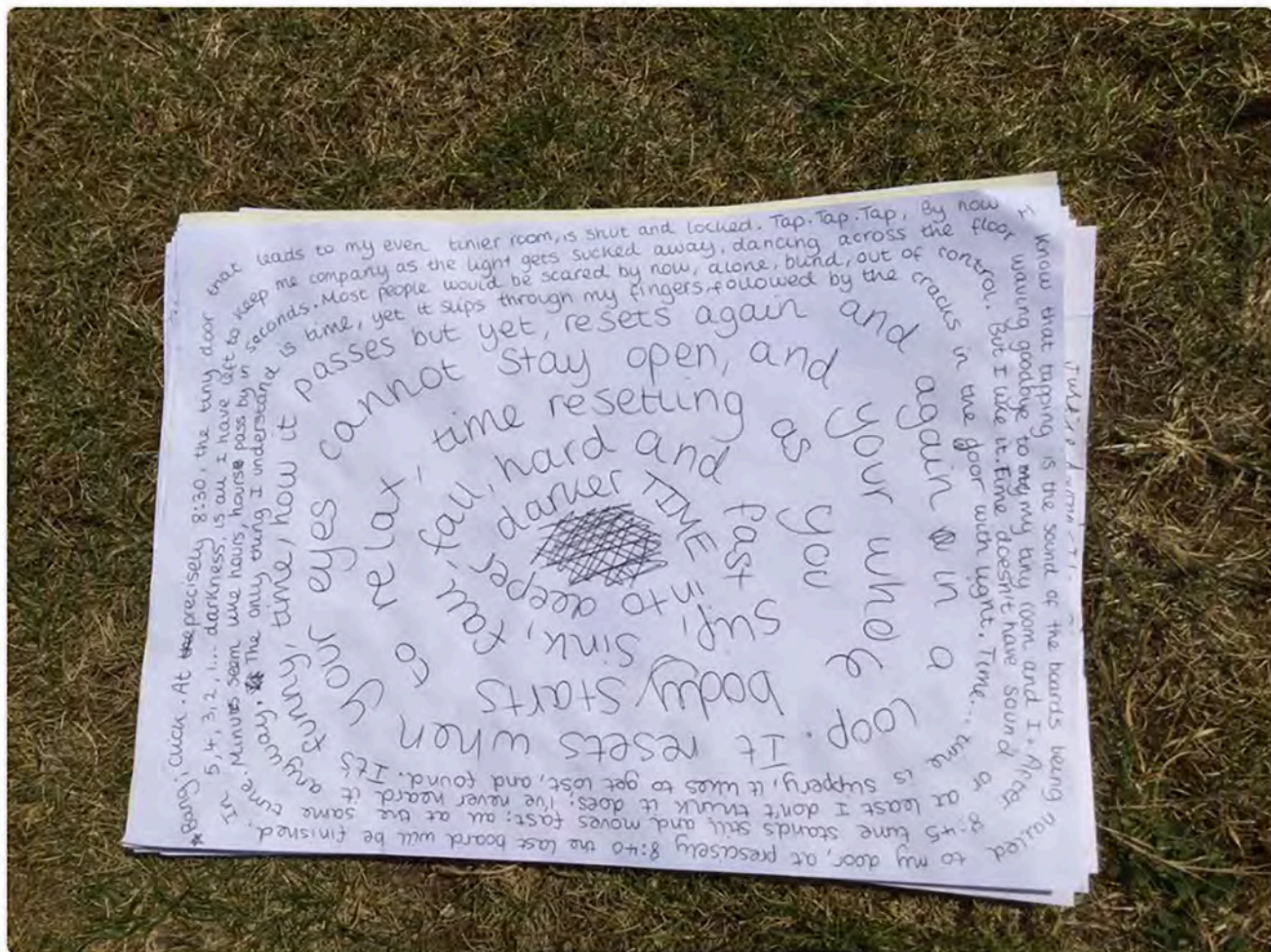
Ever since my brother ~~left~~ disappeared, nothing has been the same. My mum cries, my dad drinks, my teachers just tell me I'll be fine. But I'm not. No one lets me be broken; ~~so something takes over inside of~~ ~~me and I become angry.~~ I have to carry on like I always did, pretend nothing's changed. I want things to go back to how they ~~were~~ but they ~~&~~ can't, I know they can't.

I just hope one day he'll come back and fix my mum and fix my dad and maybe fix me too. Until then, I'll just carry on and pretend I'm ~~fine~~ okay.



EASTBOURNE COLLEGE

A favourite from #eastbournecollege for the #EMCLetThemLoose project today. Prepare to get dizzy! @EngMediaCentre



National Writing Day

23rd Jan 2056 The sun awoke from its slumber and arose from the far away lands China. No birds cheeped; no cars drove past. It was truly silent.

Kim Jong-Un ~~man~~ was still sleeping. had a stressful time the previous. A British journalist had arrived in realm and Kim had dealt with

severely. The journalist in question, John Smith, had been asked to report on the Emperor's lifestyle, but Kim was having none of it. John was now in a high-security prison with armed guards at every corner.

At last, Kim woke up and pressed the button by his four-poster king-size bed, imported from Peru. This button unlocked the bedroom doors of every North Korean citizen, so they could get up and start their day. Kim was proud of his ingenious solution to solving night crime and, although he had suggested to his brother Donald Trump, to make it legal in America ~~to~~, the patented product was only in use in Kim's realm.

Today was a big day for Kim. He was planning to nuclear-bomb Britain at precisely 2:47 PM and he could not

be late.

At that very moment, Kim's nuclear-bomb-proof Lamborghini with a built-in missile launcher and a horn that was so loud it could be heard from South Korea arrived on the doorstep. He got into the one vacant seat and his 100%-not-kidnapped driver, Lewis Hamilton, sped off towards the launch site.

In only 3 seconds, they arrived. Suddenly, Kim had an evil and comedic idea. "Let's force our English prisoner to destroy his own country! Get me him now!"

Once John Smith had been cruelly dragged to the launch site, Kim tied him up and told him that when the clock hit 10:17PM (North Korea is 7:30 ahead of Britain) he must push the button.

The clock ticked.

Tick, tock, tick, tock.

John's heart beat faster.

And faster.

The clock got to 10:17. Kim raised his semi-automatic G17 pistol to the side of John's head.

"Press the button, ~~the~~ John. Press it now."

Time seemed to stand still. On one hand, John ~~was~~ knew that if he pressed the button, his country would be painfully obliterated. ~~On the other~~ On the other hand, John knew that if he didn't, Kim would shoot him then press the button himself.

It was then that John saw the self-destruct button.

He pressed it.

And that is how, North Korea became a deserted radioactive country that no-one had heard of.

National writing day

Another day, not just any ordinary day but where my journey began. The orphanage was not up to scratch in my opinion, lacking life's one ~~star~~ prophecy. I am Emelia Barecroft. One of those abandoned children, you know, left to face the cruelty of the ~~new~~ Earth. I recently ~~discovered~~ discovered I have a super power - not just any old talent, the power to scare people away. I also have the power to read minds and I can sense all the pity you reached creatures have for me. Thoughts flying here and there ~~lost~~ ~~some~~ some saying "Lord deliver this demonic soul, I'll have you know I am being delivered right now. I am all packaged up like a present on my way to Fellwick Ave. The old plonkers needed a Squidge buddy, reckons I'm the one. Excuse my English my ~~first~~ first language is slobberish - after all it is the only thing I understand. My parents are a lost cause probably some earl halfway across the world, I couldn't

c/w

Let Them loose !.

21/01/77

A SUBCONSCIOUS REALITY

Act 1 Scene 1

INTRO

- Black screen blurs into a bright lense flare. Close up shot of a young boy's eye slowly waking up.

(small breeze sand swayed with the sand of the train moving)

- Mid shot of the carriage revealing the boy lying on a seat. The carriage is empty apart from him.

- (the boy sits up) BOY

Mum, hello? Mum!

(the boy looks around then stands up)

Mum!

- Shot from outside the train of the boy going into every carriage finding no one.

There, must find a way

HAGGERSTON

Boy

(to himself) Where is everyone?

- A phone rings from the table beside him. Caller ID states unknown.

Boy

- (picks up the phone) Hello?

Caller

- (muffled, deep voice) hello James, I know this may seem strange to you...

- Long shot of the boy holding the phone to his ear. All sound cuts off as the boy starts to cry in fear and confusion.

Caller

- Now think, where are you really? Think James, how did you get here?

- long shot of the boy falling the floor then vanishes. The train rides into the sunset. Black screen

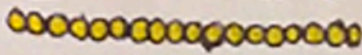
My Story: Larks of the Sky

It always baffled me how, despite our tiny density, and our wingspan of a butterfly, we can climb the clouds and be heard from below.

My parents glided softly, their minor shadows casting down on the ~~my~~ major territory they call their own. Their song massages my feathers, takes me into flight, though the sound seems to drown as I get higher and higher to ~~reach~~ ^{join} them, ~~but~~ ^{and} they're always out of reach.

A juvenile. That's me. ~~Barely a hatchling~~
Small, eager, but a brain of a hatchling. I have a lot to learn - a sky dreamer. ~~But~~ This morning the bluetits chirped on the brambles of our ^{vast} field, mother ruled the sky, father gathered food for ~~the~~ ^{his} young child who ~~was~~ ^{was} outside flapping his wings frantically with ~~his~~ determination replacing the adrenaline - a sky grasper. Father returned within a heart beat and ~~was~~ speculated my urge to be like him and mother. His beak touched ~~the~~ mine, releasing a gentle, encouraging 'hum' from his nostrils, which glided gracefully into my ears.

SHOES!



They're like my lucky charm.

They're like a forcefield for my feet.

I can go anywhere and everywhere
in my old, brown, wrecked shoes.

They take me places, I never dreamed of going.

Different cities, countries, the rest, still not knowing.

I can go anywhere and everywhere
in my unique, laceless, hightop shoes.

My parents beg me to buy new ones.

But I don't, I can't, I won't.

I can go anywhere and everywhere
in my different, dirty, leather shoes

I could get nike, converse, vans

So many different brands.

I can go anywhere and everywhere
in my favourite, lovely, comfortable shoes...

Rose Westerman (12 years old) 8v

1/6/17 @ National Writing Day #Letthemhose

ILKLEY

Flashing lights. Red on the mattress. A room with metal walls. A door. ~~Through~~ Through the door, a room with a box. No one, no where. A button. Big. ~~Box on~~ Press button. Next door opens. Go to door - let go of button. Next door closes. What to do. Box on button - Next door opens. Through next door. ~~On sheep~~ ^{more} ~~sheep~~ ^{wall} ~~sheep~~ ^{change} No one, no where. High walls. Can't climb over. Letters on wall. N, N, W, S, E, E, N, N, N. Squares on floor. Enter maze. Two North. One West. One South. Two East. Three North. See next door. Open. Through next door. Letters on wall. Padlock with letters on next door. No one, no where,

A collection of Haikus by Ross Thomson
RT

The clouds paint the sky
with splashes of blue and grey
The wind pushes them

The moon drifts across
Its dim light caresses all
As the stars twinkle

As the mountains stand
Beyond the valley and the trees might
where my freedom lies

In the desert heat
without the shade of the trees
time is almost up

The call of the Hawks
Echoing through the valley
The hunt for prey

As time marches on
I await my dreaded fate
I am Innocent

Resting under trees
The birds jump branch to branch
The day marches on

Just as the stream flows
my mind tends to drifts along
Mogami river

A Second collection of haikus by Ross Thomson
RT

My fate cannot change
Marching to the battlefield
My wife waits back home

As the shadows form
On the wall they come and go
The shapes dance along

As the light flickers
The candle is almost out
The darkness eats all

Evil demand him
At last I have to fight him
he is very strong

Mrs Finlayson

Who Cares?

The vacuum cleaner sulks,
I can hear its muffled grunts.
They seep under the cupboard door.
Every day I'm ignoring it more.

Kneeling in the carpet crumbs
Legoing and drawing and hugging
And watching
Too much rubbish TV.

There's nowhere I would rather be
Than in this detritus
Dust bunnies hopping across surfaces
Mr Sheen a distant pungent memory

Sticky floor patches hamper progress
To the kitchen
But a smiling jammy face
Means I couldn't care less.

I look around the classroom

I look around the classroom,
and this is what I see,
I see guides to the Beasty creatures of middle Earth,
all by TP.

I look around the classroom,
and this is what I see,
I see a wall of Pokémon,
all drawn by TE.

I look around the classroom,
and this is what I see,
I see many different posters,
all with a different theme.

I look around the classroom,
and this is what I see,
I see a shelf full of dictionaries,
waiting to be used by me.

I look around the classroom,
and this is what I see,
I see a clock,
ticking away at me, tick-tock-tick-tock,
Ooh it's time for break,
Got to go,
can't miss a panini!



My vacuum cleaner sulks,
He lives in my closet,
I got him out at 6pm,
'Too much dust' he said,
Then he went to bed.

My vacuum cleaner sulks,
He lives in my kitchen,
I got him out at 8am,
'I've got asthma' he said
Then he went to bed.

My vacuum cleaner sulks,
She lives in my garage,
I got her out at midday,
'No! I'll overheat' she said,
Then she went to bed.

My vacuum cleaner sulks,
she lives in the cupboard,
I got her out at 11am,
'I feel mistreated. I'm going on strike' she said,
Then she went to bed.

My vacuum cleaner sulks,
He lives under my table,
I got him out at 3pm,
'Too much dog fur' he said,
Then he went to bed.

1. Thou shalt not use your ignorance as an excuse; take responsibility for your words and your actions.
2. Thou shalt not call me 'half-caste'; I am more than just two halves making a whole.
3. Thou shalt not call me an abomination or disrespect my parents; they are living in the modern world and are not letting race decide who they love, and neither should ~~you~~.
4. Thou shalt not make assumptions of me based on my skin colour; I am more than my race.
5. Thou shalt not ask me to identify as being either white or black; no one should have to pick sides.
6. Thou shalt not ask me what race ^{my preference} I want my ~~partner~~ future partners to be; I will love who I love, ~~of~~ race doesn't matter.
7. Thou shalt not call me names or use ~~and~~ any derogatory or racial ~~terms~~ slurs towards me; that's just rude and no one deserves that.
8. Thou shalt not say a ~~or~~ certain item of clothing or hairstyle is 'ghetto' on me then call it 'cute' on ~~a~~ someone of a ~~diff~~ ~~a~~ white girl; If it's ghetto on me it's ghetto it's ghetto on her. ~~End of story~~
- ~~What's up with all this racial appropriation?~~
9. Thou shalt not attack me or voice my opinion on how I feel to be my race; I'm simply stating how I feel. ~~I have the right~~ I appreciate you have the right to free speech, but so do I.
10. Thou shalt ~~xxx xxx~~ ~~except~~ everyone except everyone for who they are; no matter race, creed, colour, origin, gender, beliefs, sexual orientation. No matter anything. Embrace diversity. Love all.

20th June

MAYFIELD

Tuesday 2017

Struggle

Life is never easy it's always a struggle
There is always that one thing that will try to burst your bubble
That's the way of life obstacles will try to make you stumble
But conquer your obstacles be the King of your jungle
Always be grounded be grateful stay humble
Because you came from the mud through the ground like ~~it~~ rubble
Because you've ~~seen~~ ^{had} all the hardships and seen all the trouble
Wake up at night no mum or dad to give you a cuddle
Had highs and lows like ~~an~~ an outer ~~space~~ space shuttle
Still dreaming about living in paradise everything kept subtle
Everyone against me I'll still rebuttle
Life is never easy it's always a struggle

\$ The struggle is raw coming straight from the streets
People selling drugs so their families can eat
People being neglected don't have a voice to speak
I'm trying to let them be heard in the power of my speech
So listen to all the struggles I preach
Because from here you can learn and hear you can teach
Want touch everyone's heart everyone each
That the struggle is real never sweet

I Can't

I could risk everything. I'm losing it again. I think too much. My own mind is my only friend but my greatest enemy. All my thoughts run around my head like a dog without its leash. It takes a long time to tame them. Yesterday they broke free. It was like I was trapped in a box with no holes and the air was running out. I couldn't breathe. I was so unhappy I thought of the worse. I didn't have the strength to tell anyone and I still don't. I don't know if I should do what I am deeply afraid of. Bad bad memories are returning and old feelings are found, ~~the~~ new ones are lost. I am alone. It's horrible but at the same time it's wonderful. I must keep myself safe. I tell myself it's too dangerous. I can not cope with it. Do I do something? Despite the risks and breaks do I risk it? No I can't. I can't, I can't I just can't. I know my heart breaks everytime. I am scared. So very scared. All these thoughts which one to choose! Oh god I can't! I need help! STOP! Breathe! I do not have the answers. Yesterday I was breaking down. I thought about crossing that line that once was the only choice. I survived however it was only the beginning. Words won't help me now. I have some thinking ~~and~~ to do. Break downs to have ~~the~~.

I don't know

Dear reader,

my name is Escargot, And don't fret out but im a snail.

I know what you're thinking "snails can't talk", "snails can't lead" and snails definitely can't write but im special, I don't mean special like "everybody special" I mean im really special.

And this is my story.

A few years ago today I lead the "snails revolt" the most poignant part in history, the crime de la crime in the world of the escargot.

I mean who wouldn't want to be part of the 'SHS' (snails history syllabus, never mind the peasants revolt or the industrial revolution the "snails revolt" is what it's all about ~~and~~. Now im a hero, a leader and i made my family proud, And it's all because of this.....

The creature ~~thinks~~ wakes from behind the door. It scrapes ~~it~~ its large claws across the latch of the door. It clicks. Frank Lemance hears the dread-dreadful scrape as the door handle turns; ~~no the doesn't move~~ door doesn't move. The boy sits too frightened to move. But then the words came. ~~the~~ "Stay, I'm coming," the voice says, making the ground shake. But all goes silent; Frank flicks the light on to examine the room. Then ~~the~~ a shadowed figure sits in front of his bedside table. It pounces he woke, startled but glad. He was dreaming and only to be woken by his little brother, ~~the~~ Eli. How could this be? He closed his eye to make ~~sure~~ sure that he was alive. The words "Wake up, if ~~you don't wake~~ you stay, ~~stay~~ ^{balged} it will be coming for you." Opening his eyes Frank ~~was~~ past Eli, who stood outside the door, finally getting the sun to beam in his eyes. It was too bright, how? Suddenly the weight of the world dropped; it was dark again. But ~~he~~ it didn't change, it stayed like it. He was ~~not~~ put in a coma.

Focus by Tabby Rose

She looked left, she looked right.
The sun setting, for the night.
Focus, Focus, Focus, Focus.
A bird, an owl, flying.
A cat meowing or crying.
Focus, Focus, Focus, Focus.
Trees whispers, floated by.
The light dimmed, the night sky.
Focus, Focus, Focus, Focus.
She looked up, she looked down.
No-one there, No-one around.
Focus, Focus, Focus, Focus.
Crickets creak, in the grass.
Webs are spun, will they last?
Focus, Focus, Focus, Focus.
Flowers pink, green and blue.
Ants left wondering: what to do.
Focus, Focus, Focus, Focus.
She looked left, she looked right,
the moon rose, for the night.
Focus, Focus, Focus.

RACEL LATIMER

#PortobelloHigh- Jorkey Scott-Learmonth

"I can half hear you John!" My granny shouts from the hole beneath. The shovels are upright to my left as I wipe away the sweat from my forehead. My granny looks up at me. Her eyes are squinted and her glasses are filthy from the dirt. Her jaw is sticking outward and her blouse and skirt is ripped and darker in colour. "I said, I can't believe you've done this." *"It was he's only bloody fault"* she shouts from the hole *"if he just crossed at the crossing I wouldn't of run him over!"* "Way to be blunt about it gran! We should of just called the police the minute it happened not stuff him in the boot and hope from the best!" *"Well I thought I'm great at gardening so I could burry this we tot no bother!"* Is she insane? Does she seriously think this is going to work. That we're going to get away with this? That SHES going to get away with this. I was just the innocent bystander I had no part in this. I mean he was the bully at school. He did treat people badly. I did want to see him dead. But not literally. My gran is my hero. I love her to pieces she picks me up every Friday with no hassle in her little cabbage coloured Corsa. But today was different. We ran over an innocent boy, stuffed him in our car boot, didn't pay for petrol or the twix gran bought, drove out to a private property, took the boy out of the boot and dropped him many times and now me and my 67 year old granny are digging a whole in the ground to bury him in. Not a typical Friday night.

RACHEL LATIMER

2 o'clock: strong moonlight, few stars. Not the perfect cover, but the weather can't be controlled. The stench of dustbins lingers in the air, and the rain thunders on the hard concrete. A sharp, cruel breeze sucks the warmth out of the dingy alley, someplace in New York; the city that never sleeps, or so they call it.

And they're right. Even at this ungodly hour, there are windows that glow yellow with vivid life behind them. However, none of the light makes it down this side street. In the distance, and sometimes much closer, traffic roars through the night.

A woman leans in the corner. Her calf-length black boots shine in the rain, and her wide-brimmed red hat is pulled low over her fiendish eyes, getting more sodden each second. She wears a burgundy duffel coat with gold-painted cuff-links over a white blouse and shining red bow-tie. From her pocket, she takes a silver lighter and a white roll. She snaps open the lighter and an orange flame illuminates her pale features, just for a second. Her sharp blue eyes sweep the area like spotlights, and an angry red scar races down her cheek.

She knows that this transaction has to go exactly as planned. She knows that the surgery isn't possible without some extra funding. She knows that if this event doesn't happen the way she needs it to, then she won't survive the week.

She pulls up her collar. As she inhales the thick smoke, she looks down at the decrepit brown leather briefcase by her feet. It's tattered frame would never be suspected to be carrying that kind of package. The sooner she's rid of it, the better.

Footsteps echo through the air, and she glances up at the silhouette that walks down the alley. He wears a bowler hat and a tuxedo.

The woman picks up the briefcase and strides towards him.

'Do you have the green', she inquires in a Belgian accent.

'I do'. He sounds Russian. 'But I'm afraid I can't give it to you'.

From his pocket, a gloved hand pulls out a silver revolver. The woman's eyes widen; she slaps the gun barrel away and slams the briefcase into his head. The man falls to the ground, and looks up to see the woman sprinting away. He picks up the gun and a crack echoes through the night.

~Alexander Marriott. #Portobello

National writing day

RAMLSEY

Wednesday 21st June

~~You know I was wondering about what it was like
when all of a sudden you get it
It's like a sudden jolt
It was~~

So, where shall we begin? I suppose that we should start from the beginning, well, that's how these things normally start. There's one thing you should know about me, and that's that I'm not an author. Furthermore, I was never great at writing when I was younger, so don't expect this to be filled with all those mistakes and simiphors. Anyway, enough about me, onto the story.

It all started when I was fifteen and it was just after my GCSE, (which I was relatively successful in). I had never been one of those kids, that believed in monster stories, like the ones under your bed or the boggyman, so obviously I was a teenager and still didn't. However, maybe it was my disbelief that made it so surreal. I've realised that I'm playing the pronoun game here, so I'll be honest, there was a monster. I know the term monster is a bit vague, but I'm not sure how else to describe it. Spiky ball, green, big ears, Scottish accent, but that's about it.

Ever since that night, it was every day I was visited by the thing for the next year, and would just stare at me, whispering the word, "layers".

廖向荣 大家你们好,我的名字是廖向荣。
如果你想知道我的英语/文/国名字,
我我就告诉你吧。TIM LIEU. 我的朋友
都叫我 TIM 当是 MR DICKEY 很时间都叫
我 TIMMY. 大布/不分时间我的字都会笑。
这没有什么。我现在就开始告诉你一点讲
我的生活吧。

我现在十二/12岁了。我早 2004年 8月27日
出生的。你们是不是觉得我在中国/China
出生的? 你们现在看,你们不对我是在
英国出生的。MILTON KEYNES HOSPITAL.
那个以后我就回了上海去见我的爷爷和
奶奶。她们一看到我就非常高兴。抱来
抱去。我很爱她们。她们也爱我。

我大部分都在上海长大的。在上海我做了
很多朋友。我去“小红屋”/kindergarten. 我非
常爱乒乓球/ Table Tennis. 从我三岁的时候
我就开始学打球。当是那个桌了太小。
后来我回到了英国我就去了 HILTON KEYNES
TABLE TENNIS CLUB. 我在那里最大的
也打的是最好的。我是队长 Captain. 我
班上现在共有 29个队员。他的名字是:
MILLY, NICHOLAS, JAMES, GRACE, CONNOR,
RYAN, NICOLE, CUCO ALLEN, MATTHEW, DAVID, OLIVER,
GRAHAM, JENNIFER, JACQUELINE, BROGEN, JAKE, HOPE, LUCY,
GREENWOOD, SAM, RAMPAGE, FLORENCE EDWARDS, ARUL,
NOZHI-SANTIL-KUMAR, ETHAN STONE, ISABEL CUTTY,
JAMES, BAXTER, MIA ROSQUELIN, BRENDAN JOYCE,
FAHEEM HAN, EULIE MURPHY.

hard time they have marking
all the work,
has to listen to ~~fight~~ quarrels rudeness
and disrespectful words,
~~he~~ works 6hrs a day looking after
everyones back,
to keep them safe and avoid
a single one from getting a scratch,
comforting those needing comforting,
correcting those who need ~~ed~~ correcting
teaching everyone that needs to
be taught!

Tough life as a teacher!

Creative Writing,

41. It wasn't 42; it was 41. The answer. They all said ~~knows~~, but did they really know. They destroyed it. The computer, the universe and everything.

This all started when people built a great computer and asked it to figure out life, the universe and everything. The computer gave the answer 42. 42. Everyone thought it was nonsense, but was it? I was the only one who knew. They all died, life, the universe and everything. I survived.

~~When I was nine I figured out~~ I was 14. I ran away from everything. everything. I knew the real answer to everything; it was 41. That was the answer. I knew, because of the way the stars were aligned and the way that life grew. Life. No more life.

I went back. I could see the Blue Zubril shining brighter than all the other stars. I was home. I was sage. I told everyone the answer; 41. They said nonsense girl, nonsense. Humans destroyed themselves, the universe, life and everything. They didn't listen. They should have listened.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

How much do you think humans know about Earth? A) Everything there is to know, B) Quite a lot, C) Not much, or D) Nothing at all.

If you guessed D, you're correct. Humans think they know everything about the Earth, or at least that they know lots and are finding out more everyday. But actually, humans know NOTHING about the planet they call home.

That thing they call science? Rubbish. Not a word of it is true. And religions...

A word of advice. Whatever you believe in, even if that is just that nothing controls anything, keep believing. If you don't know what to believe, make something up. Whatever it is... if you believe with everything you have, or even if you don't, what you are about to be told will turn your world upside down and set it spinning in circles around you, bringing your very foundations crumbling to the ground around you. Once they've fallen to the ground, a howling wind will sieze them and hurl them at you, again and again, until your very essence is destroyed.

That is why I'm asking you, for your own good, to stop reading right now. If you continue... perhaps your curiosity will be satisfied, but your very essence will disintegrate.

But by all means, suffer the consequences to satisfy your curiosity, and turn the page.

Day of the Dead

All the bones pure white, and dry, and chalky, jumped in front of me, smiling their rotten teeth at me. I saw them, more clear than anyone, because they had come to haunt me. My ancestors. There was uncle José gobbling down a flask of wine clasped in his bony hands. He touched the bottle lid to his mouth and tipped the bottle. As he drained ~~the~~ the wine, it splashed from his mouth down his throat and his ribcage. The wine looked as if it were his blood and stained his bones a ghastly red. He couldn't taste the wine and, yet he exclaimed "Delicioso!"

Next to him was Aunty Bonita who was trying to dance the salsa. She died from arthritis and so everytime she took a step she crumbled to the floor, her bones piled in a heap.

Buried with Aunty Bonita was ~~my~~ her dog, ~~Pequeño~~, who was barking furiously, his deep howl echoing ~~th~~ through the bones. His tail was waving, unable to bend and ~~so~~ ^{was} as straight as a stick.

I looked at my family. They may be dead but ~~they~~ still have their spirit.
no doubt

I can half hear you John. Sometimes, when I focus hard and block out all the outside noise like the chattering voices and rumbling traffic I can hear a whisper of your voice a few words at a time, barely decipherable and I don't know how to feel. Sometimes I feel a wave of happiness that you're here, you've come back for me and others I feel the sadness swamping me and dragging me under. The emotions pull me away from the real world, I lose my grip on reality and forget where I am.

These days I drift through life, it still has a purpose but you've changed it somehow. I still go to school, I still hang out with my friends and I still do my homework but I can't quite focus without you here. I know I can't lose hope but the fake positivity is hard to keep up now. I've begun to question why you'd do this to me and I can't seem to find an answer. So John why did you leave me?

Yelena Moss

The Cotswold School

Thursday 22nd June 2017

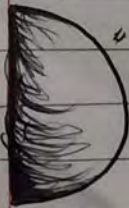
National writing day

In the mindset of a 6yr old

* When I'm older *

"

One day I will go all the way up to the moon just like the man on television. He left on a big shiny rocket that is even bigger than my house but then shot out into an even smaller rocket. Mummy turned the radio on and we listened to a man with a deep voice telling us all about the special mission. It sounded so important and I was so excited. Daddy says it's a very tricky thing to do and maybe, you will never go back down again! That is a bit scary but I want to do something that is impossible and amazing, when I'm older. In my room, I made a poster with pictures of all of the planets because I know so much about them as I watch programs with a man who has a deep voice who teaches me new exciting things! So that one day I will finally be able to go zoom in a rocket and land on the moon. It will be so fun and also, then, I won't have to go to school because you can't go to school in space and the aliens who live there don't have schools so I won't have to do any work, especially maths. Maths is my worst. When I land, I will take a photo and send it to my family because they may miss me as it takes a long time to travel. Just at school told me I was silly and that of course I wouldn't be able to go to space but she is wrong. It'll be nice not seeing her in space too! She's mean. One day I'll be on TV and children will be looking up to me so there will be even more astronauts. WHOOSH! BANG! AND OFF I GO!



Cleopatra

The shouts are muffled by the stone walls.

Here she is safe,

However briefly.

A thousand thoughts spin through her head.

Plans, dreams,

A decision.

She calls a slave,

Gives her the instructions,

Then waits.

Her life plays in her mind.

Her achievements and regrets,

Loves and hates,

Survivals.

Escapes.

But everything must end eventually.

The slave returns,

Panting,

A basket in hand.

She reaches in.

The snake coils around her arm.

Kissing gently.

She breathes deeply.

Holds her wrist to the fangs.

They sink in.

One grasp.

One breath.

One death.

throat

My shoes were now dirty,
but the atmosphere wasn't murky.
My smile shone brightly,
but his did not.

In the forest for hours,
but his smile was still sour.
The rose bush was beside us,
but the thornier are what we discussed.
My smile was still bright,
but his was not.

Tired, I sat near the tree,
but he stood, and towered above me.
Thinking back when we ~~was~~ were young.
Why didn't I use my tongue?
I was still slightly smiling,
but he was not.

Snapping back to reality,
thinking, will I ever live happily?
I sat on the chair,
my life a living nightmare.
His hand rose to connect with my cheek.
In shame, my head fell to my feet.

His smile shone brightly,
but mine did not.

Ms ferrester

A trio of hollyhocks, one pastel pink, the other two custard yellow, tower over our picket fence. The last of the summer light oozes through the wooden slats, bething the hollyhock stems in a sepia glow. I spread my toes wide, gathering clumps of young grass between the gaps. Eyes closed, the warm rays of sun blanket my face. I breathe. A deep, swelling, swallowing breath, like trying to capture a butterfly in a jam jar.