

The Scribbler 2022



Felpham Community College
English Department

Contents Page

- Page 1:** Introductory Welcome
- Page 2:** A Building Of Love And Light by Lola Handson 10C
- Page 3:** A Journey To The Unknown by Elisa Cauchy-Duval 9C
- Page 4:** As I Lie Here by Samuel White 9C
- Page 5:** Beach Sun by Kian Phillips 7L and Blustery Day by Rubi Walker 8G
- Page 6:** Cut Paper People by Miriam Shelton 12GSL
- Page 7:** Dragon Acrostic Poems (Inspired by the Anglo-Saxon Tale Beowulf) by Lucy Pierce 7L
- Page 8:** Flatline by Wiktoria Giwera 10A
- Page 9:** I live In Old England by Conall Stair 7P
- Page 10:** It All Came Flooding Back... by Libby Pennicott 9A
- Page 11:** LOST by Lily Bamford 9P
- Page 12:** My Journey to Become Elden Lord (*Based on the game Elden Ring by George R.R Martin*) by Evie Selwood 9O and Mysterious Place by Zac Allies 8F
- Page 13:** Paint by Bethany Barnes 11E
- Page 14:** Run! by Gemma Lunn 8E
- Page 15:** Snow Days ... by Isabelle Proudley 7P
- Page 16:** Storm Of Terror By Tina Liu 8P
- Page 17:** Terrible And Amazing Days by Ethan Smith 7P
- Page 18:** The Castle by Lily Bamford 9P
- Page 19:** The Castle Time Forgot by Marley Elsdon-Webb 8G
- Page 20:** The Day I will Never Forget by Liwia Olszak 8L
- Page 21:** The Happiest Night Of My Life by Joel Makinson 7E
- Page 22:** The House on the Lonely Hill by Bafya Kugathas 8F
- Page 23:** The Lost Soul by Phoebe Sheppard 8L
- Page 24:** The Most Frightful Yet Exhilarating Day Of My Life... By Eleanor Carney 8F
- Page 25:** The Mysterious Creature by Heidi Porter 7L
- Page 26:** The Recluse by Joshua Saunders 9E
- Page 27:** The School Trip by Hannah Clarke 8F
- Page 28:** The Spring Sun Blooms by Emilia C Haines 8H
- Page 29:** The Taxi by Lucy Lloyd 9G
- Page 30:** The Trenches by Joshua Saunders 9E
- Page 31:** What Are We Running From? By Evie Reed-Harman 8E
- Page 32:** You Are Amazing! by Isabelle Andrews 9P
- Page 33:** You and I by Hollie Jones 10A
- Page 34:** You Versus Nature by Rachel Kuowska 8G
- Page 35:** Youth Lost by Mia Teasdale 8G
- Page 36:** ZOMBIES by Joshua Saunders 9E



2022

Dear Reader,

You are about to embark on a journey over land and through time; you will encounter criminals and victims, mystery and mishaps, chilling tales and tales that will suspend belief!

The writing in this booklet has been undertaken by students from across every year group; some has been completed as part of their English work, some for fun and some as part of our very own creative writing club. You will find poetry and short stories. Some of the writing is wholly original and others have been created in response to the reading of a published text, using a similar style or developing a character to present a new idea.

This is just a small sample of the writing that we undertake in English at FCC and we hope you enjoy reading it as much as we have.

We would like to say a big thank you to Maisie Davis in 7L for your wonderful front cover design and to Wiktoria Giwera 10A, Hannah Thomas 10A and Shayla-Grace Hill 10A, for your excellent illustrations. We would like to acknowledge the effort put in by The Scribbler's publishing team (you know who you are). Without all your expertise we would not have this wonderful platform on which to display the creativity of our students.

Best wishes...

The English Department

A Building of Love and Light by Lola Handson 10C

A building of love and light.

Yet a building drenched with sleepless nights,

I find myself constantly questioning if I'm doing anything right,

As I wait anxiously to test a patient, while the feeling drowns

Me in fright.

Treating careless injuries on people who have been wrestled down
by booze,

Doesn't match the unconscious feeling I'm flooded with when
telling someone the daunting news.

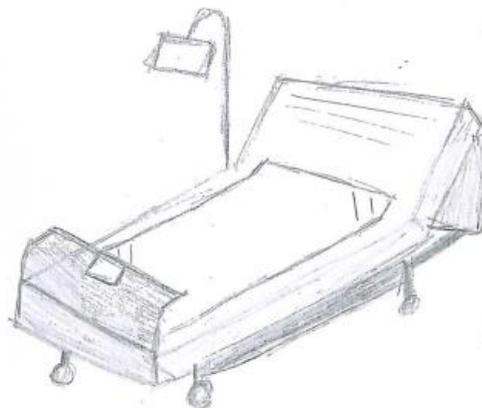
This broken system I'm willing to accuse,

Because of the constant fake smile, I'm having to reuse.

I want, hope and pray to give people the guarantee...

Although it feels as if the persistent hours are being carved out
Of me!

Does anyone really care? Does anyone understand my nightmare?



A Journey to The Unknown by Elisa Cauchy Duval 9C

It was a day I would never forget.

Peering through the canopy of the intimidating storm clouds above, the moon shone downwards menacingly like a searchlight waiting to attack. In a matter of hours, rain poured like a shower of arrows on a battlefield, piercing my delicate skin. I was desperately in need of shelter, so I frantically ran towards the nearest shelter... an ancient, mysterious and ominous house, my only option!

Finally, I reached the derelict doorstep that led to an empty door where there once stood a grand, majestic door leading to the inside of a beautiful castle; left now abandoned in ruins. Cautiously, I entered...

With care, I advanced until I encountered a barely recognisable staircase and to my left I could hear the wind howling like a soldier in agonising pain. Not only did this remind me of my worst nightmares; it was also my unfortunate reality and would be until the brutal storm came to a halt.

BANG!

Something or someone was upstairs taunting me. Should I investigate?

BANG!

I had to find out the source of the noise. Somehow, I managed to venture one by one up the squalid and collapsing staircase, which was crumbling under my feet. Finally, I reached the top and to my surprise...

It was a day I would never forget....



As I Lie Here by Samuel White 9C

As I lie here waiting
Embedded in this rancid stench.
I wonder how I came to be,
In this dank and dreary trench.



As I lie here praying,
O God O saviour come to me.
Help me to survive this horror
And return home to my family.

As I lie here trembling,
This innocent gunner hatches a plan;
To evade the deadly projectiles
I shall do all I can



As I lie here weeping,
I hear a shrill signal call;
The time to do or die has come,
So ashen faced I climb the wall.

As I lie here bleeding,
My childhood flashes before my eyes;
Vivid memories of love enfold me
As my soul begins to rise.



As I lie here dying,
Mother's face is the one I see
And as my eyes are finally closed
She is there to welcome me.

Beach Sun by Kian Phillips 7L

It was a bright, beautiful morning and the sea was calm. The glittering, golden sun smiled in the sapphire blue sky as the seagulls sang their peaceful song. Ice white clouds drifted by as everyone was splashing in the crystal-clear water.

I could feel a gentle breeze as I skipped through the crowds of people. The smell of summer and salt wind drifted into my nostrils. The groynes stood proud and the sea swept warm, golden sand across the peaceful beach.

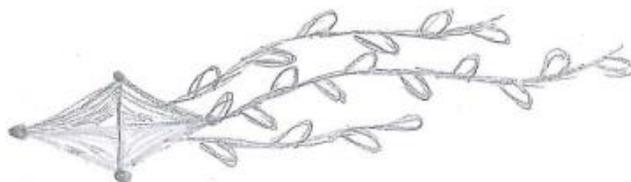
Happily, the children giggled, built sandcastles and were filled with excitement. Meanwhile the parents were enjoying the sunlight.

It was a wonderful day.



Blustery Day by Rubi Walker 8G

Smokey clouds painted over the dusty blue sky, covering the glistening sun making everything become dark. Trees bent in half as easily as paper, as if they were bridges. Leaves swept around hitting windows and walls, every so often landing on the floor. Whistling wind poured into the sooty chimneys and thundered heavily against windows. A frosty smell hit my nose as the wind turned it numb. Bins were knocked over, laying in roads and in the middle of paths. Electrical wires hung above acting like skipping ropes with pigeons swinging across like Tarzan.



Cut Paper People by Miriam Shelton 12GSL

The pale white paper falls gently,
long thin strands drop to the ground,
slowly becoming waste.

The adult scissors engulf her small fingers, she follows the outline, new to her, yet familiar to the mother watching.

A round head remains above two arms
as the small hand holds it carefully,
the part valued by the child's eye.

Slowly pulling apart the bodies emerge,
grabbing to each other they take their own form, realising they must now be independent.

They cling together as the world changes, a small arm thrusts them into a woman's vision, her eyes too glossed over to truly see.

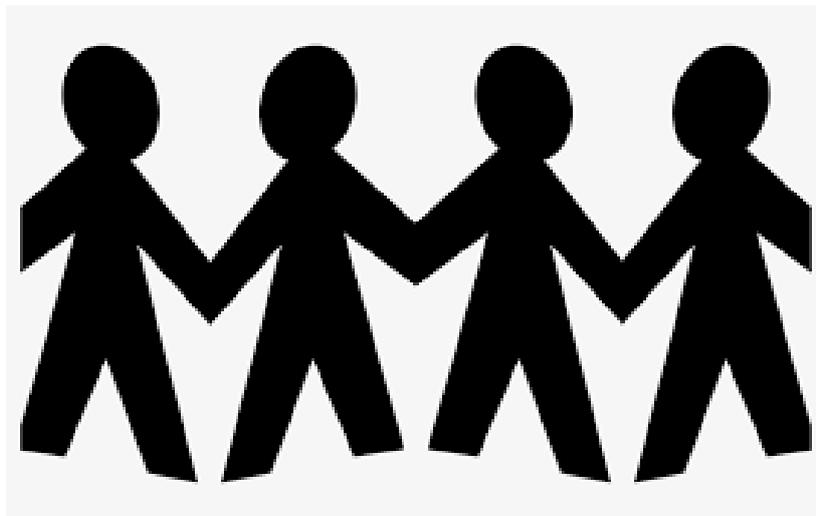
All too familiarly,
the delicate outlines begin to take the strain, they are pulled too far, too harshly, too thinly...

one must take the fall.

A tear and down they drop, joining the pile, to be recycled to something better,
something easier to maintain.

The rest are split but continue on,
they are fine alone,
they never needed to be together.

They never needed her.



**Dragon Acrostic Poems (Inspired by the Anglo-Saxon Tale Beowulf)
by Lucy Pierce 7L**

Determined to find his victim
Roaring louder than you've ever heard
Arching his back, ready to pounce
Growling
Observing the village below
Needle like fangs, sharp and jagged

Deadly wings spread across the skies
Rumbling stomach like a volcano
As you approach the beast, a chill runs down your spine
Gales of wind steal his smoke
Onwards I stare...What do I see? A deadly dangerous, deathly dragon ready to take me.
Needle like fangs, sharp and jagged... HELP!



Flatline by Wiktoria Giwera 10A

Laying once again
On the bed that has become sorrow
Surrounded by the memories of loved ones

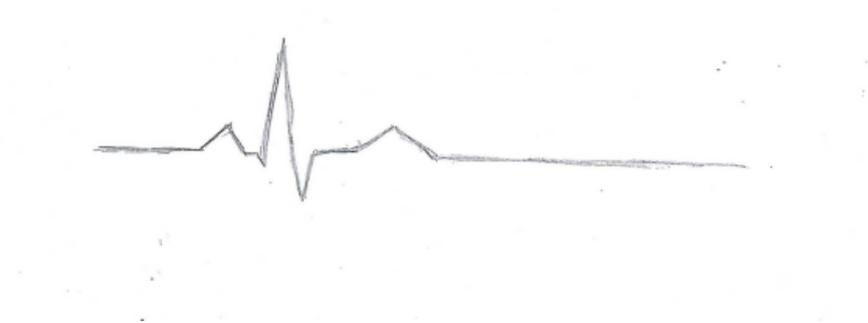
She knows it's time;
Last breath
She feels it's slow this fading

Memories of everyone die before her
Finally, peace she is ready
Leaving the mundane world

She smiles one last time
The flatline starts-

One-last-breath-

W.M.G



I live in Old England by Conall Stair 7P

I live in Old England
With its dreary days.
Too hot for now,
Too wet to play.



The place has nothing more to offer
In terms of the weather,
Than the rainy old days
That we must endure.

So why not look
At the weather elsewhere?
To see what's on offer
Other than rain in your hair?



South Africa maybe?
Not that much rain,
But its Mediterranean climate
May give me some pain!

If not hot, then cold.
Let's try Russia.
But its ice-cold winters
Would make for a cold-hearted crusher.

I don't like hot
I don't like cold.
So sad little England
Is where I'll stay till I'm old!



It All Came Flooding Back... by Libby Pennicott 9A

The wind whipped around my tender face allowing my auburn hair to fly freely in the frosty air. Warm autumn rays shone brightly through the golden leaves of the trees and birds chirped noisily from their branches. Soft, white clouds cluttered the baby blue sky, danced around like tiny angels. Leaves lay upon the damp ground creating a carpet of oranges and browns. With every step took a crisp; CRUNCH! Which echoed through the peaceful woodland.

In front of me, stood an ancient, derelict building; it was covered in moss, vines and fallen leaves. Towering and vain, it sat amongst green hedgerows and thorns. Stain glass windows were smashed and cracked, scattered along the ground creating a rainbow of light as the sun shone upon them. Grey bricks of decrepit buildings were broken and crumbled. A rounded spire couched upon the top of the entrance way like a tiger ready to pounce. Naked, a single tree stood, its branches like the arm of the skeleton. The ominous building as guarded by a steel gate its twisted poles of metal garnished with ivy. Like a soldier it protected the mansion, prepared to strike at anyone who dared come near.

In an instant, I was transported back to the day when everything changed. The building was now repaired; however, it still had an eerie feeling about it. It was a bitter winter and one that I could never forget. Outside, a ferocious wind battered against the window pane and an angry thunder grumbled causing the ground to shake. A flash of lightning lashed through the sky lighting up the room only to be plunged back into darkness seconds later. Awful grey clouds covered the sky blocking the blissful sun and forcing the world into darkness.

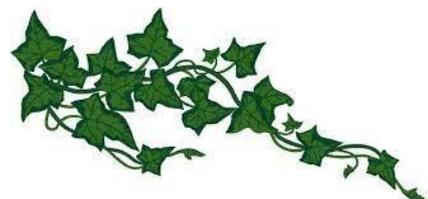
Hurriedly, I searched around; observing that I was in a long, straight hallway. The ground as carpeted with dust and walls had a grotesque stench of damp. I could barely see the end of the hallway as the darkness obscured my vision. In front of me however was an ominous, cracked, wooden door; the wood was splintered and had lost all its colour. A round metal door knob clung to the door as if letting go would only lead to a worse fate. He doo mitted an eerie green glow, tempting me in and taunting me to open it. Cautiously, I grabbed the door knob, absorbing its cold touch. I twisted my hand, allowing the door to slowly open.

The green glow seeped out of the door, racing away om the horrifying room. Short ones, tall ones, round ones, thin ones. However, the most grotesque part of it all was that each jar contained a yellow liquid and engulfed in this liquid appeared to be...

I should have raced away at that moment and never returned but my feet were glued to the spot. My body was frozen and unable to move. Terrified my eyes darted around the room searching for danger. A blast of cold air battered my back s the door slammed shut behind me. BANG! I was trapped. My feet unlatched from the floor and I spun around to face the exit. I grasped the doorknob desperately trying to escape...But it would not budge.

Five ice cold fingers pressed upon my shoulder.

It all came flooding back...



LOST by Lily Bamford 9P

I get lost with every page I turn,
With every word I read, with every letter I see.
And when I get lost, I am not frightened,
As I know that I am free.

Every sentence seizes my attention,
The more I read the less aware I become
Of the world around me, outside the fantasy,
But that place makes me feel so numb.

And no matter how hard I try,
I cannot escape from my fiction world.
Because I can't, I won't, I want to stay
Where I am lost but free in a place where I am undisturbed.

So, I will stay here in this magical place,
Where I can fly as graceful as a dove with the sun shining through the leaves.
Because when I leave this magical place,
I will know that it was all make believe.



My Journey to Become Elden Lord (Based on the game Elden Ring by George R.R Martin) by Evie Selwood 90

The moonlight glaze,
shining over the silent moor,
The chirping of crickets,
dancing beyond the elder shore.

A castle high further beyond my path,
Surrounded by whispers of those who passed,
My staff stood high in a fighting stance
This life I face still known as an outcast.

Fortune pleasing as I enter through the gate,
As i slain the demigod, and rest at thy grace,
My heart feels warm but empty inside,
Now to unveil the truth within this place.

Face what's harsh, what shall become of me?
Determined to seek what else remains,
Known to man as tarnished
Slaughtering evil and left with stains.

This Journey even though it's yet to end,
I still must take for my own accord,
Many still lie, out of my reach,
This, my journey to become Elden lord.



Mysterious Place by Zac Allies 8F

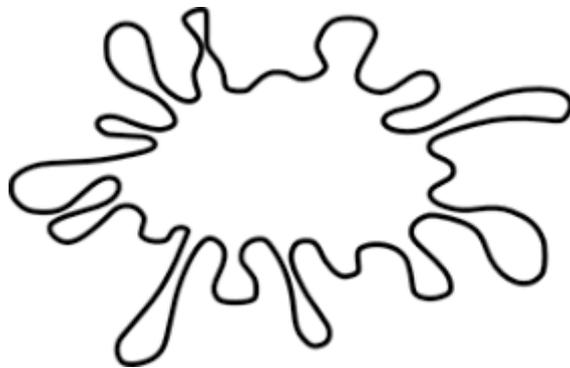
On a mild day in the jungle like forest, there I stood in the cool shade of millions and millions of trees. In the distance in front of me, layers of what appeared to be a weathered down church being eaten by the green foliage, clinging to it like a leech and eating it away.

This is a mysterious place....



Paint by Bethany Barnes 11E

I bought paint for my bedside table
The paint mixed with my supple streaming tears
It was the wrong colour
I wanted a lavender or sky blue but this is a deep plum
A brooding plum
I cannot take it back now
I had already started to coat the pale wood with strokes of longevity
Even if I went back and painted over it with a different colour the dark would still seep
through
A new paint will cost
The tears continued
It was ruined
Perhaps I could buy a new bedside table
But why would I do that?



Run! by Gemma Lunn 8E

Dark, unhappy storm clouds built on the horizon. Lost. Nowhere to go, with only an old path to follow. How was I going to find my way out? I'd been searching the woods for hours now in the hope of finding civilisation. 'Just keep walking,' I repeated to myself. 'Just keep walking'.

Abruptly, I was met with a looming clocktower. I knew I couldn't go any further. The manor had fallen into disrepair long ago, ignored, forgotten. It's old cobble-paths now littered with leaves and alive with moss. I would be reckless to go any further.

Still standing tall were two rusted iron figures encompassed by the overgrowth around them. Paint flaked off in patches, the years finally catching up. Twisting vines covered the unusual artwork thriving in a place no humans had survived. They were once at the height of popularity but now there's no saying how long they would stay there. They were onlookers to an ever-changing world.

Rubble lay weathered, once a part of something...Now nothing. Chipped off from a piece of architecture. Fallen leaves like fire ate up the floor. Branches reached out, arms stretching for those who dared disturb this hidden world. Pungent smells came from fruit-bearing bushes that never expected to be touched. Abandoned.

The hands of the clock kept moving, stuck chasing each other for all eternity. Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!... Five o'clock. I felt separated from time, from reality. I wasn't sure what was real any more. Just as the last ring sounded, rain interrupted the once eerie silence and my urgent breathing.

I looked up. A figure! There was a figure in the top window! Fear shook my body. I had to be imagining it. It was in my head, wasn't it?

I was frightened, rained on and maybe crazy. I had to do something, anything. I had to go in. Holding together all the will power I had, I hesitantly shuffled down the path.

My hand reached for the brass doorknob of the daunting oak door. Soaking wet, I opened it and was met with vast halls lined with faces of children, men, women, the elderly. The paintings were peculiar. I just couldn't realise why. Frozen, frozen still. Eyes. Every pair of eyes were looking at me. My sanity meant nothing to me anymore.

Run!



Snow Days ... by Isabelle Proudley 7P

Snow days, frost on the windows
Frozen puddles, awfully slippery
Schools closed, shops closed
Everyone excited to be in the snow!



Some people cosy inside,
Others playing boldly outside.
Snowmen and snow angels
Everywhere you go.
Snowy days are fun, right?

Late at night
The snow glowing in the half darkness.
The roads empty
Peaceful at last.
Snowy days, slowly melting away.



Storm of Terror by Tina Liu 8P

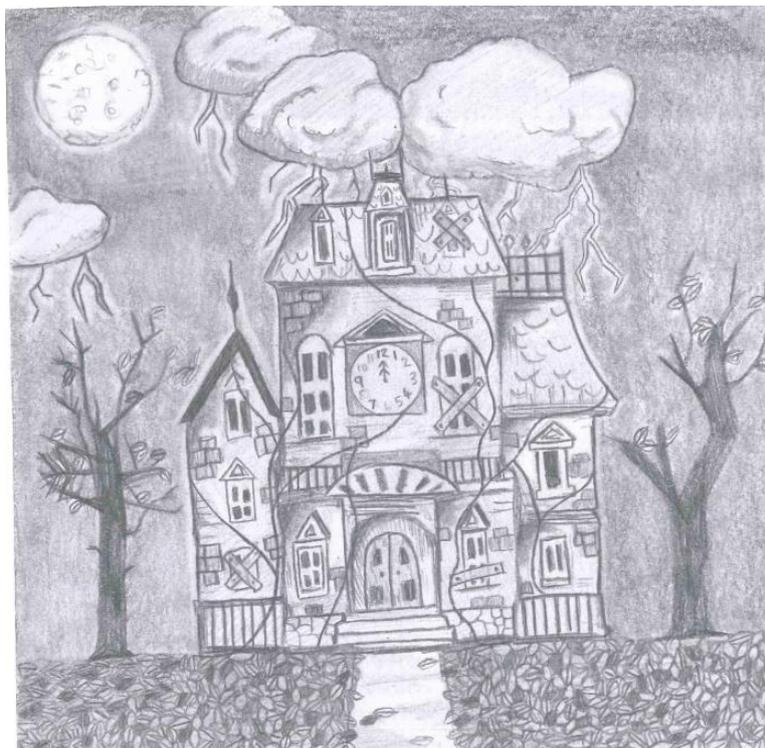
As night fell, the massive manor seemed to disappear against the black sky, only leaving a slight silhouette of the building behind. Trees, the leaves of which were starting to say goodbye, surrounded the place like a gateway made by Mother Nature. The pathway leading up to the tall, curved, wooden doors was barely visible; it was now hidden by a mixture of leaves, moss and mud that had built up over the decades with nobody caring.

The air was thick with doom. Fang-like turrets were on every tower and looked as if ready to fall on an unsuspecting victim. Intricate designs were carved by hand into every stone and brick wall and long tangled dark vines spread across them. Surprisingly, the clock in the centre still worked, the loud ticks never stopped, like a broken stereo on repeat. Most of the windows were smashed and there was nothing left inside.

Droplets of water fell from the sky. Loud splatters started as soon as they touched the manor. The trees shook viciously, clashing against each other.

Zap!

Lightning struck a metal turret. Electricity bolted through the building and with each strike, it lit up the place for a second. In that second, the building looked ethereal. The luminosity of the lightning contrasted against the midnight sky and vivid lights flashed crazily. The speed of the rain accelerated and the sound became unbearable. Combinations of the rain and ticking created a deafening noise. The wind growled and hissed, daring anyone to come close. Once the door flung open, its hinges whined with every move. The building became a discoloured mess: The vines, which were clinging onto it; the windows, with jagged edges along all the sides and the leaves sticking all over the walls- It was a horrendous sight.



Terrible and Amazing Days by Ethan Smith 7P

A dark and gloomy day crept upon me.

A frosty blizzard approached rapidly.

I wish these terrible days would end!

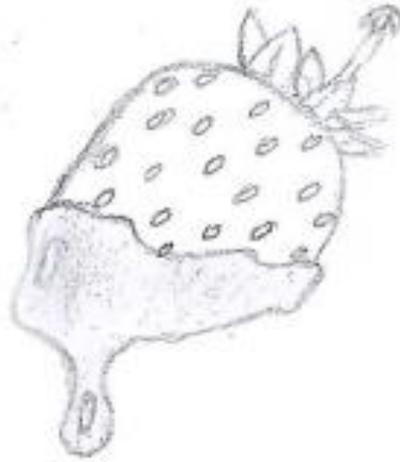
Finally, these terrible days have ended.

Today a drift of sunlight is approaching.

A diamond, golden ray of sun blinds me.

It feels like warm chocolate on a strawberry:

Yum!



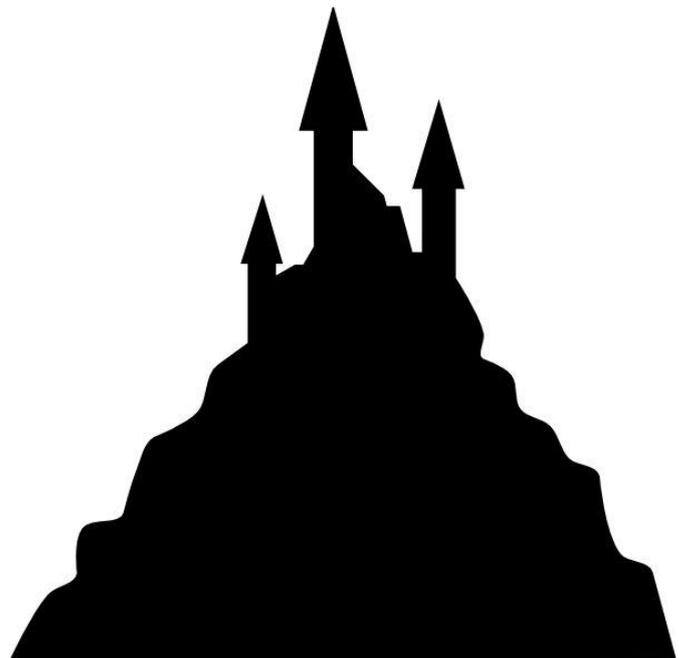
The Castle by Lily Bamford 9P

The clock struck midnight,
The day has concluded.
I looked up at the dark night sky,
Other than the wind, all sounds were muted.

Although covered by clouds and fog,
The full moon shone brightly.
Inky black bats flew around my head,
Warning me about what happens nightly.

Towering over me was a tall castle,
It looked abandoned, alone, misunderstood.
I started to wonder if this castle was like me,
Maybe this castle could do me some good.

So, I slowly walked inside,
Stumbling in the darkness.
But when I found a source of light,
I was shocked to see...



The Castle Time Forgot by Marley Elsdon-Webb 8G

The castle's tall stone watchtower reached up to the heavens scraping the very cloud. The aged cobble was overgrown with thick, sturdy vines signifying years of steady growth. Worn, the stone was old and crumbling away and the once grand castle was now reduced to a crumbling pile of rock.

The sky was a deep blue with pure white streaks of clouds. Gusts of wind blew all around rustling the trees and lifting the dead leaves off the trees. The cobbled path was winding up to the once admirable oaken door now splintering with age. The grass was knee high and the only decoration was a rusted metal contraption of unknown purpose.

The trees were shedding their leaves and littering them on the floor leaving the branches bare. They surrounded the castle in a tight ring with only bushes to stand with them. The turrets of the castle were topped with a small metal weathervane which was rusty and looked as if it was about to fall off.

It looked like it had rained within the week as everything sparkled with droplets of water. The windows were cracked and when investigated showed only a very dark and dusty room. The chimney tops were cracked and overgrown with lichen and spiders had woven a massive number of webs into the chimney. The intricate stonework had now been grinded into insignificant little mounds on the walls.



The Day I will Never Forget by Liwia Olszak 8L

A scene as if from a horror story. A smell of death and doom.

I meandered along the wavy path, leaves and twigs crunched as they were crushed by my brown boots. Trees watched over me closely, often creaking with discomfort because of crows perching on their extended arms. The path seemed to narrow – my boss told me it was a sign I was close. This was proven to be correct. My golden locks blew off my upper arms, exposing my bare shoulders and sending a shiver through my spine that was not because of the wind.

The potent and foul smell of rust, rotting trees, rotting meat and mould made my face scrunch up in disgust. The house creaked and the crows cawed, as if acknowledging my presence or welcoming me.

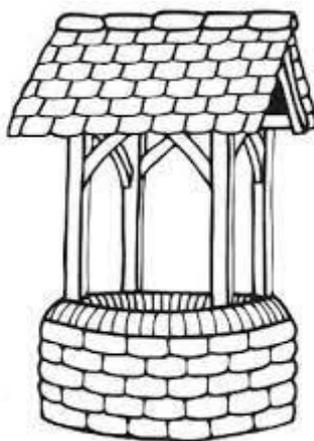
It was an old plot of land, first owned in 1895. The area had been used for farming them but when it was sold in 1962, a mansion was built. The trees roared, trying to hurry me, trying to give me the same fate as the previous owners.

I sighed, straightening my light orange plaid skirt and copper sweater, tucking it in a bit more before finally stepping forward.

It only took a few seconds before I reached a large well: It was old and rusty with bricks both inside and out. I peeled back some poison ivy, revealing a small lever engraved with a luxurious pattern of flowers. I placed my hand on the old, cold handle, shuddering at the temperature change on my palm. I pulled the lever down, my brows raised, surprised at the minimal force needed. It stayed the same for what felt like an eternity, as if buffering after its long break. I turned my head towards the house. Moments later, the well let out the most ear-splitting screech, as if it were yawning after waking from a coma. I flinched. Cowering, my ears plugged, watching the rows of machinery overhead turn.

“All I need is a sample,” I whispered to myself, as I watched the machine slow.

I heaved myself up, closing my eyes, indecisive about whether or not I should look. The feeling of dread as I opened my eyes will resonate with me forever.



The Happiest Night of My Life by Joel Makinson 7E

Shivering like a... (sailcloth in the wind), I trudged on through the snow. I felt drops fall onto my hands, only to further freeze me and turn my hands to frost.

The winter fair was the only thing keeping me going through January. The winter games and fun were just about enough to take my mind off the devastating cold and the crashing snow, which came down like an air void. But it will all be worth it soon...

After the long trudge through the snow that seemed to last forever, I finally saw a sight that was not heart-crushingly glowing white. Lights. I rushed forward tripping and tumbling through mounds of snow. There it was! The Winter Fair!

Rushing through the gates, I immediately gazed upon the glowing lights that stood above everything with a mesmerising white glow and a warm buzz of electricity. Entangled in those webs of lights, stands selling all sorts of things almost beckoned you to come to them. The shifty merchants showed you lots of things: cotton candy, a sticky scent that almost dragged you towards them, lamps and lanterns buzzing defiantly through the icy chill of night-time darkness and, best of all, the milky gooey warming of hot chocolate.

But not one of those things stood up to the exciting thrill of the ice rink. I bought some skates then glided onto the rink. It was amazing, like surfing the stars. The wind in my face no longer felt like a hurricane of fury, but more like a relaxing spritz of water. The snow floated onto my tongue, like a nice refreshing drink. I wished that it would never end, but it did.

The happiest night of my life, over in a flash. A dream that would always surpass the expectations of reality.



The House on the Lonely Hill by Bafya Kugathas 8F

High up on a lonely hill, surrounded by a dark, deathly forest, stood an ancient crumbling house. The gates were from hell itself and it was a place that nobody would tend to venture. Windows were smashed and the house was abandoned.

That night Dylan and I stepped through the rust gate. All of a sudden, the air became misty and the weather turned bitter. The trees looked as if they were alive. We continued to journey towards the house...

Carefully, we opened the antique wooden door and found ourselves in a dark, musky living room. It was filled with so much dust and cobwebs that it made it impossible to breathe. It was furnished with antique furniture. I thought I heard a sound from the rooms upstairs. While Dylan went to see the kitchen, I went ahead to explore.

As I reached the top of the stairs, I heard the sound again and I knew it was not my imagination it sounded like a baby crying. The sound was coming from the first room on the right. Just as I opened the door, I saw a rocking chair moving back and forth. Carefully, I went forwards to see what was causing the chair to move and that was when to my sheer terror... I saw her.



The Lost Soul by Phoebe Sheppard 8L

It was a cold September day. We had been sitting in the waiting room for a while. I could feel Buddy fidgeting by my feet. I could hear the wind outside – it was the type of wind that felt like it whipped your face. The sky a dark shade of slate grey.

Eventually, we were called into the office. It was dim in there. The chief was sat at the desk and he didn't look like his usual self. He was tired. I could see the bags under his eyes. He said nothing, he just pushed a file along the desk towards me. It read 'Little Boy Kidnapped, one hour again, last seen heading towards the container yard, kidnapper armed.'

I looked back up at him.

"Be careful," he murmured.

I nodded my head and quickly lead Buddy out of the office.

I headed to the main reception where they handed me a plastic bag with a piece of the boy's clothing in it.

Buddy and I jumped into the police car. I opened the plastic bag and pulled out the piece of clothing for Buddy to sniff. After he sniffed it, it was like Buddy was suddenly focused, eager to find the boy.

I followed directions to the container yard. It looked deserted. A sudden fog had come in, after the wind. I had my gun at the ready just in case.

"Find," I whispered to Buddy.

Suddenly he launched forward ready to go. I knelt down and undid his lead. Buddy sprinted off. He would bark every now and then to make sure I was still following.

For a while, it seemed that we were just going around in circles, until I noticed that Buddy kept sniffing a certain container. All of a sudden, he sat down beside it and started barking. I praised him and got my gun out ready. Slowly I pulled the container door open. It was pitch black in there. I heard breathing inside. Not normal breathing, this sounded fast and panicked. I quickly turned on my torch and there he was – the little boy!

He was sat on the floor with his hands tied. His face was bloody like someone had beaten him. I could see fear in his eyes.

"This is Officer Smith, do you copy?" I talked into my radio. "I have found the missing boy, do you –"

BANG!

I felt a sharp pain in my left arm. Blood was trickling down it. I span around. It was the kidnapper!



The Most Frightful Yet Exhilarating Day of My Life... by Eleanor Carney 8F

It was a Friday just after Halloween when my friends and I came here. We were rowdy, unruly and adventurous teenagers who just wanted to explore and discover new things.

After school, we left to the back field and kept walking and walking. Further and further. We crossed roads, bridges even a stream. We continued through forests and crunched the autumn leaves. The woodland, rich with reds, oranges, yellows and browns. We had never been here before; it was all new and our eyes sparkled with excitement.

It wasn't until about twenty minutes later of traipsing through fallen leaves, weaving in and out of trees that we noticed the clearing up ahead. The five of us ran on ahead to see what it was. One of the girls with us was worried and fretful that something bad would happen. She was called Poppy. She became concerned and worried. As he dragged her feet and shouted us to come back but her voice dispersed in the rustling leaves and sudden gust of wind.

Our feet skidded and we slowly lifted our heads up and in front of us stood an ominous building with harsh towers and turrets and broken, smashed windows. It crept out of the gloomy shadows towering above us.

A sign swung slowly and eerily creaking in the wind "Cemetery Manor." I saw a glimpse of something white in the window and I turned to my friend but only to realise that she had run out the door. I shouted at her to come back that it wasn't safe but she was too far away. I made sure we were all together and we briskly walked up towards the house.

Three of the group eagerly opened the rusty iron door, which scraped along the floor letting out an ear-splitting screech. I decided not to worry and have to have fun! After all you only live once!

We split off to explore around and said we'd meet back at the door an hour later. The hour passed and we all met back at the door. All of us, except Poppy. Of course, it was Poppy. It was always her. I tried calling her on my phone but I had no signal. Everyone whipped their phones out of their pockets but no one had any signal! We decided to stay as a group and search for her.

Outside, it started to drizzle, which turned into rain, which quickly proceeded to turn to hail. A cold, cutting wind picked up from nowhere and howled through the trees whistling in through the cracks of the window. Heavy clouds cloaked the ever-darkening sky. Fog enclosed the manor. Quickly, we Decided to go back in to the manor to keep dry. Instantly, a fetid stench filled my nose and mouth. Escaping the stench of decay and death, carefully we started to climb the rickety staircase. Suddenly we all heard a hollow cry. That was definitely not Poppy...Someone else was here.



The Mysterious Creature by Heidi Porter 7L

I remember it in clear detail. As if my memories were standing right before me. The day I would never forget. The day that started as an adventure and a dream.

It just stood there outside my window. Fur shimmering like ribbons under the silver moon. Almost blending perfectly with the December snow. My eyes widened. Never had I seen such a dazzling animal. It was almost impossible to believe. Like a deer, it stood as still as the moon itself. A work of art from a fantasy. It was almost too good to be true.

Stunned, I darted down the staircase still in my dressing gown. I ran out into the frost-bitten air, that's when my excitement slowly faded away. The moonlit creature was gone. I rubbed my eyes, just to make sure. However, it was no use. The animal had truly vanished. It couldn't have been my imagination. It was so clear, too real to be a dream.

Mum never believed me but I was telling the truth. "It's just your imagination darling" she told me that over and over. However, I wasn't a liar, I wouldn't lie. I would find an explanation, a reason. From that day on, I told myself I would find that creature.

I would spend nights, weeks even looking for this creature. It had not just become my goal, but it had become an inspiration that started an adventure. However, no matter how hard I believed, I never saw that creature. I started to think that it was a trick of the light, that what mum might be saying was true, so I stopped searching for the creature...I stopped believing it was real.

Days turned to weeks and weeks to months. By then, I had almost forgotten. I realised it had been two months since I saw it. The December snow had long since cleared and had made way for spring. I was almost certain I would never see it again.

I had lost all hope in finding the creature, I even stopped searching but people say things turn up when you are least looking for them. As I fell asleep, the silver moon woke me. There standing in the same spot as before, there was the creature. I'll never forget the way it stood in the snow like a work of art itself. Something from a fairy tale, I never thought was possible....



The Recluse by Joshua Saunders 9E

His head was buried in a sea of white hair, as white as the snow, that was falling outside.

His bushy eyebrows closed over his eyes in a deep frown.

I begged to be allowed into his house as the snow and freezing wind were becoming a blizzard. His gnarled hand signalled me to follow; through a dimly lit wood-panelled passageway into a gloomy room.

Inside was a large wooden table, covered in books and papers, that almost filled the room. A log fire burning low in the grate gave little warmth and the floor was carpet less.

The room reflected his clothing: drab, worn, untidy, far from ostentatious (an eccentric recluse) ...



The School Trip by Hannah Clarke 8F

It was a day I will never forget.

The day started out wonderfully. I couldn't see a cloud in the sky and the sun shone down on us accompanied by a gentle breeze, which was perfect. For a history project, with my school we had to go on a trip to 'Ghost Manor.' Of course, there wasn't a ghost, it was just stories of villagers hearing screams and people disappearing but no proof was ever found and those people were never seen again. Honestly, I would have never picked this place for a school trip, but there we were standing speechless at the front gate shocked at the sheer size of it.

It was comfortably the size of Buckingham Palace but appeared older. There was a huge tower in the middle of the manor made out of grey stone and narrow windows. It had two turrets as well as a clock that I doubt worked. Right at the top above the pointed roof, there was something moving in the breeze but I couldn't make out what it was. The rest of the building was made out of the same stone with three stories and a unique pattern between the roof and the building. In the background, I could see further towers looming...How large was this place?

Once I had overcome my shock, I edged forward trying to take it all in. The front door itself was a work of art, with a spiral pattern making it look magical. Once inside, my mouth opened in shock again. There was a long corridor leading straight on and either side. Alongside, them, there were doors upon doors all leading somewhere else. However, what took my breath away, was the wide staircase leading up either side of the room. It was covered in a red and gold carpet and joined at the top forming a balcony overlooking the entrance. On top of all that, there was a silver chandelier hanging from the ceiling. When somebody lived here, this place would have been gorgeous. However, now it was covered in cobwebs and layer upon layer of dust. I could hear scratching and see sections of the carpet moving like ants when their nest is disturbed.

Quickly, I headed left away from this vile scene and ended up at a moving door. It was slightly ajar. Curiosity got the better of me and through the gap, I thought I saw something move. I froze, my heart started beating uncontrollably. I expected someone to be there from my school, however my eyes saw nothing but doors and dust. I was alone...

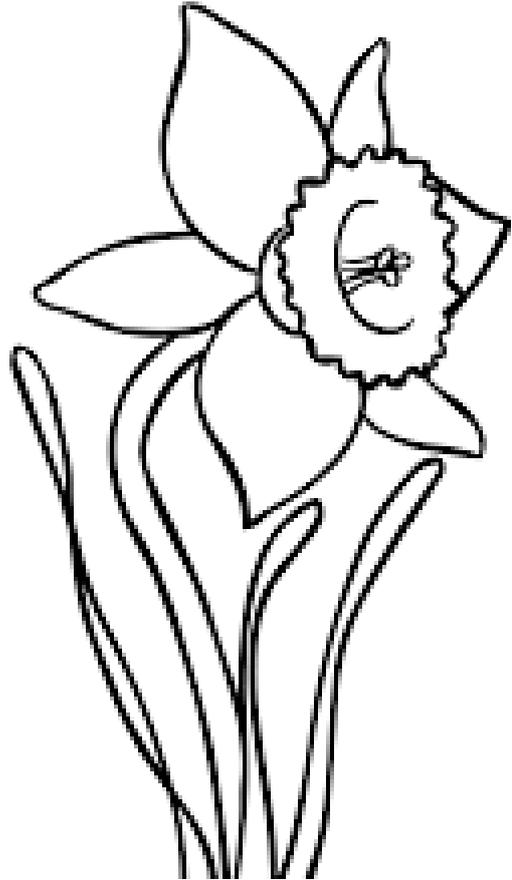
Suddenly, I could hear whispering it was coming from my right. Carefully, I peered into the darkness but again could not see anything. Whispers started to fade, but I had a mental fight with myself. I wanted to run away, I wanted to escape, I wanted to be free...But I was lost.

It was a day I will never forget....



The Spring Sun Blooms by Emilia C Haines 8H

As the winter winds fade,
And the cold frost too,
I look around and say,
I need something new:
I need a warm day,
I need scented flowers,
But most importantly,
I need the spring sun to bloom.



Through the darkness
I see a light,
A little sprout of sun
Breaking through the clouds.
At last, I say,
I have something new!
I lay on the grass
As the spring sun blooms.



The Taxi by Lucy Lloyd 9G

A damp, musky smell hung heavily in the taxi. The rusty taxi rumbled along, letting out a final choke before it rolled to a stop. “Here we are that will be twenty-eight pounds” called the driver. Sally fumbled around in her bag and settled up. She picked up her belongings and reluctantly left the confinement of her taxi. Sally looked up in dismay at the wretched pile of wood, which stared back and as she did she felt a deep wound within her heart reopen leaving an empty chasm. She felt she was falling into.

Sally shivered in the cold, crisp air as she made her way through dead leaves that crunched underneath her leather boots. It wasn't just the cold that made her shiver. Twenty-five years! Twenty-five years of wondering what had happened to him and now she was back where the nightmare began...

Sally stared at imposing, decrepit building that loomed above her. Autumn leaves scattered the floor in different colours of reds and browns. The few remaining leaves clung to the skeleton like trees, which seemed to whisper nothing but malevolent omens, crowding together as if for protection against some unknown threat. Broken windows and shards of shattered glass scattered the winding path below. Once lavishly painted wooden planks were now left rotting – paint peeling away from the mouldy walls. Long dead withered wisteria had snaked its way along the drainpipes, its long roots holding the ancient, crumbling building together.

Beyond the wild overgrown hedge cornfields swayed rhythmically in time with the wind. The only noise that could be heard, were the cries of crows, hopping and clambering a long-forgotten scarecrow as if it was designed as a perfect perch to view the cornfield from.

They stared. They stared beyond Sally. Their beady black eyes unblinking. Sally wondered what they were looking at.

It would be dark soon.

The distant rumble of the neglected excuse for a taxi could be heard fading way into the distance and it a shivering realisation, Sally realised she was completely alone; or was she?



The Trenches by Joshua Saunders 9E

We stand here in the trenches

In the darkness night

Deafened by noises

And flashes of light.

We cower in coldness

Wetness and mud

Bodies bandaged and strapped

Red coated with blood.

We hear screams all around

Friends fall to the ground

Ignored and in pain

Left, just as they've lain.

Oh, why did we come?

It was for England and glory

But will they remember

To write the real story?



What Are We Running From? by Evie Reed-Harman 8E

The drops of rain sailed down my window. I watched them as two formed one. Trees danced to the birdsong that was so sweet to the ear. I longed to be out there dancing with trees, singing with the birds and playing with the rain.

I rolled my eyes as the shriek of my mother's voice rang up into my room. I scurried down the stairs cautious about not keeping her waiting. When I got to the doors of the drawing room, I stopped. I took in a breath and as gracefully as I could, opened door and floated inside.

As soon as I met my mother sitting in her usual chair like a queen, I curtsied. I nodded at my father and two brothers in acknowledgement, and then the conversation started, the one I had been dreading my whole life...

I found myself looking outside. I could have sworn I saw something move. I tried to bring my attention back to mother but I couldn't. I kept my gaze outside.

"Run! Someone breathed.

I looked up and my mother was clutching a candle-holder as if she was about to throw it at me.

"Run!" I heard again. This time with more urgency.

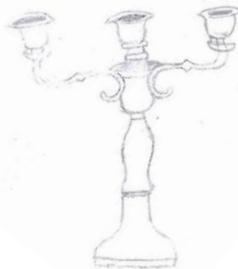
I took a few steps back.

"RUN!" my father bellowed.

Running through the doors, I could hear clattering of silver-ware and the screeches from my mother. My heart was in my mouth. I kept running, I could not stop. Water started pounding on my head. My dress caught in the breeze. I kept running. A crunching beneath my feet. Tears hurtling down my face. I didn't stop. Bushes cutting my arms. Wood carving up my feet. I ran faster. No matter how many times I got hurt, I kept going. I just ran and ran and ran... straight into something solid.

Someone or something just laughed, "Now what are we running from?"

RUN!



You Are Amazing! by Isabelle Andrews 9P

We were ourselves

And look where that got us.

We're at the top

Where everyone wants us to be.

Dreams set years ago like:

The dream job or dream holiday

That seemed impossible, hopeless or unachievable.

Were reached

Because we were ourselves

And here we are now

Soaring above the stars like the astronauts in the international space station

Where nearly everything is within reach

The same simple advice we were given

Is used as a reminder

That everyone can achieve anything

Just be yourself...



You and I by Hollie Jones 10A

As I wave goodbye to you,
The world, the sun, the winter dew.

I think of all I didn't do
Whilst the sky was bright and blue.

Your tears trickle like a tap,
Finding the words that don't come out.
Clouds roll over the house with a clap
My eyes shut down; I am lost without.

I rock off to sleep
The thought of you playing on my mind.

No one says another peep...

I'm leaving you behind.

After all it's true,
I was made for you.



You Versus Nature by Rachel Kuowska 8G

As I ventured into the forest, fire-like leaves drifted down to the ground covering the gravelled pathway. The leaves crunched as I trod on them. I examined my surroundings. Trees towered and the feeling of uneasiness alarmed my body, causing my hair to stand like soldiers.

The wind whistled, as birds soared above my head. Determined to find their prey, they dived in and out of the puffy clouds. It was an extraordinary experience seeing birds being brave and vile scaring away others, while they brandished their claws.

I carried on walking and out of nowhere a huge opaque cloud covered the calming blue-sky causing tension. It Blocked the view of the horizon. Suddenly, I saw a tall castle in the distance.

It looked dilapidated, as if stolen by nature. Bushes crept onto the wall of the building, Vines dangled to the ground. Moss covered the bricks growing and expanding. Some windows were smashed, cracked and unfixable. I stared at the intimidating building, all the bricks told a story, a history of this area. One which no one cares about, one which no one remembers. One which will always stay a secret forever.

Next to castle stood a rusty well, with flowers tangled in the metal. At the top of the wall stood a little wooden cross, perfect in every way, untouched. As if reserved.

As I looked down into the mossy water, a very damp smell filled my nostrils, a stench of ancientness. The smell that is found in a horrible museum.

At the top of the roof of the tower perched a crow watching, keeping guard of the garden where the sprinkled leaves lay. Where rats scurried away into the darkness of the forest. Where no one knows about a castle of mystery stood, where life is hidden under a mask of nature...Where nature was the villain.



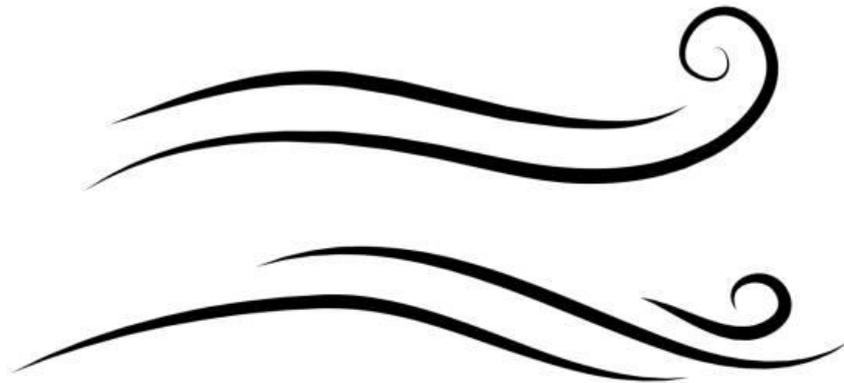
Youth Lost by Mia Teasdale 8G

I stared down at the world as it collapsed. People running, cars flying, animals hiding. The world screaming; finally saying it's had enough. I floated into my house and watched out the front window as the wind thrashed and flickered. It paraded down the street, pushing people over if they got in its way.

Inside I felt broken and cold, I didn't know how I got here, was I dreaming? I wondered. I swore I had just been running down the street with the other people in chaos. I faced to the left where a golden hanging mirror hung, and I was deathly pale and emotionless. What had happened to me? Then I realised.

I darted out of the house and ran down the road. The wind curled around others, flinging them into light poles and buildings as if a gorilla hit them. When the air hit me, it felt as if a feather touched me on the shoulder. I kept on running down the street, I rushed past people lying on the floor not moving, while other being beaten by the furious wind. Suddenly I started seeing more pale people, who were (in my view) almost translucent. I reached the end of the street and turned sharp left. The wind chased after me, exasperated. I zoomed down the road with cars flying one way or another.

Half way down, I slowed down, searching for something, but I didn't know what to be looking for. Then I found what I was looking for. It was me. I was spread on the floor, my face bruised and cut. I kneeled down in horror as I understood the truth. I was dead.



ZOMBIES by Joshua Saunders 9E

I heard footsteps down the corridor,
Shuffling along towards me
A zombie coming closer
Almost able to touch my knee.

Rotting mouldy, smelly, body,
Zombie hands search for prey
It begins to howl and moan
So close to me, its skin is grey.

Blood is dripping from its mouth
Eyes are staring, crazed and red
Teeth are stumped and blackened
Human beings are filled with dread.

I hear a young girl screaming
No one to help, no one to see
I begin to scream as well
It's here and no one can help me.

