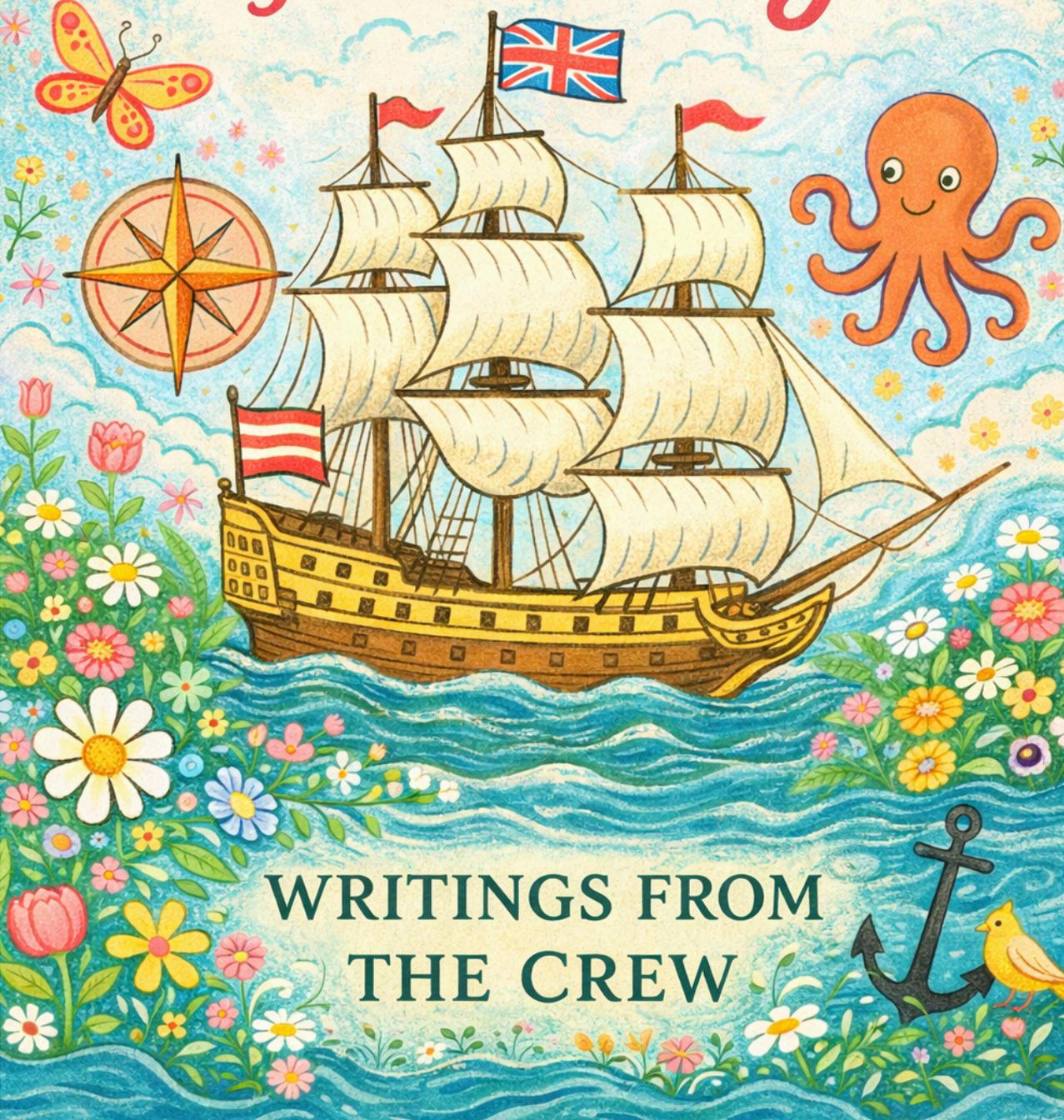


# The Voices of Victory



WRITINGS FROM  
THE CREW

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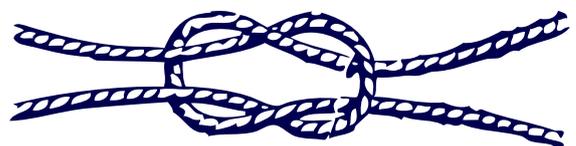
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## To Winter - Belle

Mercilessly bruises the village  
an icy cold punch,  
Snow twirled gracefully though the alleyway  
howling wind ripping to the bone,  
The people fight jacks presence.  
He laid back into bed, tossing, turning  
as villagers repel the settling snow,  
Homes and pathways covered in sheets of bright white  
women prepared and warmed their homes for if he wakes,  
Men prepare their guns of fire.  
The battle for heat started to wither  
As his wrath started to dither,  
There was a nostalgic chill in the air  
As he collapsed into despair,  
Until they meet again.



## **Winter - Lucy**

Colder then cold,  
Not once hot,  
Presents under the tree,  
Who got what?

Hot chocolate sits,  
Out on the side,  
One for each person,  
All that reside.

Nobody sleeps,  
On Christmas Eve,  
And when the night's over,  
No one stops to breathe.

Children will wake their parents,  
As early as they can,  
Because they've been awake,  
They always have a plan.

They sing Christmas songs,  
And have the time of their lives,  
As no one can wait,  
For Santa to arrive.

The elves are cheeky,  
The calendars are yum,  
People buy gifts,  
Traditions are done.

The flowers now bloom,  
The snow starts to melt  
It's the end of winter,  
The cold's no longer felt.



## To 2025, - Belle

Ok new year new me  
Chinese buddies Toni left  
Photoshoot with friends

Chavy with Tilda  
Lillia has now left too  
Omg snow day

World book day Piggy  
Dancing with Lucas Tilda  
Walking on the coast

School Residential  
Six in London with family  
Ice bucket challenge

Christening for Rue  
At BeWilderwood with Ze  
Alice staying round

Sleepover with Ze  
Failed bake with my besties  
Frozen Musical

Sports day is now here  
Going to see Ed Sheeran  
Sleepover with Ze

Sunflower picking  
GoneWild is so much fun  
Camping with the fam

London with my Mum  
Me and Lucas, have broken up,  
Started dating Liv

Daisy, has left us,  
Pumpkin picking carved out IT  
Spooky sleepover,

Hellesdon fireworks,  
Watching Norwich lights turn on  
Trouble, with Charlie

Charlie is here,  
Christmas, Winter Wonderland,  
Fireworks, new year



## **Spring - Hannah**

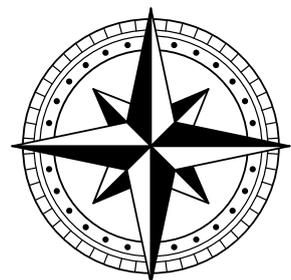
Spring is coming,  
What do we do,  
Play in the sun,  
And have lots have fun.  
Springtime is coming,  
It will be new,  
And special too,  
What will we do.  
With flowers in bloom,  
And many trees too,  
It will be fun,  
And that is true.



## **To You - Siobhan**

This poem is dedicated to my grandad who died on the 7th July 2020.

The sun was shining  
As bright as a light  
I wish you were here  
To enjoy the sun with me  
But I know you can't  
But I wish you can  
I miss you so much  
I know you miss me too.



## **Summer – Lina**

Its summer

It's still raining

I don't want it to rain

It's summer

Why is it raining

Summer means sun

It doesn't mean rain

It's summer

I want the sun

Again

It's not fair.



## **Special Days – Hannah**

Creating nice t-shirts,  
On my sewing machine,  
Are clearly creating,  
Those special days.

Long walks,  
And great days,  
Have memories of many,  
special days.

Having family adventures,  
Outside,  
With the trees.  
Are once again,  
These memories.

These are here to stay,  
For they are important,  
In every day.



## Happy Animals - Harriet, Harri and Lucy

There once was a happy giraffe,  
His name was Pip.  
He likes too laugh,  
He likes to skip.

There once was a happy cow,  
She likes to sleep.  
Her name was Meow,  
And she likes to eat.

There once was a happy duck,  
His name was Tom.  
He likes too laugh cluck,  
And set off bombs.

There once was a happy dove,  
Her name was Sam.  
She likes too laugh cluck send off love,  
And listen to wham.

There once was a Guinea pig,  
He was happy.  
His name was Steve,  
And he likes to play with leaves.

There once was a sad dog,  
Her name was Frog.  
She couldn't bark,  
But the animals made her laugh.

There once was some animals,  
They were happy.  
They always laugh,  
And play with feet!



## **Life's Too Much - Hannah**

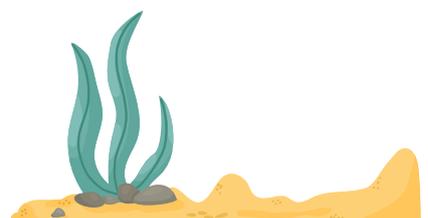
You know what it is like,  
When everything is too much,  
You can't keep going,  
Because everything's too much.

How come nothing ever happens,  
When you need it too,  
But when life is too busy,  
You have too much to do?

Homework, tests, writing competition,  
How do you feel,  
If this was you?  
What do you do?

Now life is now,  
Too quiet.  
Nothing to do,  
I don't know what to do.

How do I know what to?  
When life is too much,  
I haven't a clue.



## Why Poems? - Harriet

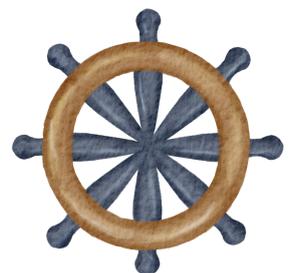
Poems, give me the.  
freedom.  
to do whatever, I want,  
My story. their, story  
any kind of, punctuation!

Spl it things  
how i

want

no. Grammar!  
Noh, spehlings  
NUMbeRs, 32  
anywhere

Poems! give, me The  
Freedom!  
that's Why I  
LOve them.  
2034 !



## What Have We Done? - Belle

Birds sing perfect harmony melody  
Grass miles and miles of luscious green  
River flowing like a ballet dancer  
Deers soft hoofs floating past the tangled bush  
Sky clear as glass bright as the warming sun

Screaming, scraping, scraps.

Cows steadily grazing on a cliff edge  
Flowers are tickled by the cooling breeze  
Trees stand tall and mighty like natures king  
Worms slide into their brand new cosy home

Banging, honking car horns as they rip through  
Slow burn plumes rise from the doomsday pillars

Fish glide through their crystal home with such grace  
Coral reef full of life colour and joy  
Vines hang upside down swinging in the air

Grey cloudy skies, same as every other day.  
Deafening ambulances, tearing through eardrums  
Crying animals, imprisoned by cold heartless steel.

Lion mothers cradling their soft young  
Morning dew calmly lays on the forest

butchered animals, spread over sticky tarmac.  
best oil and rubbish bin. Ocean.  
cranking up the oven heat, year by year  
another forest gone. Needed more city space.

what have we done?



## **Sunny - Lina**

It's sunny outside

Everything is *great*

There's no cloud in the sky

I took the clouds and squeezed the rain out

I let it run all over ~~me~~

It's sunny outside

Everything is *great*

There's no wind

I took the wind and let it blow me away

I let it run all over me

It's sunny outside

Everything ~~hurts~~

There's no ~~me~~

Because you stole my heart

And squeezed it until it burst

And I let you run over

Me.



### **No one likes trees - Elna**

No one likes trees,  
people chop 'em down and take their leaves,  
Use the space to make a house,  
But don't think to give the trees their own house,

I like trees,  
I don't know why,  
They give me life,  
But I know other thing do as well like coral,

Coral is pretty,  
Coral is colourful,  
It is much better than trees



## **Trees - Lucy**

No one likes trees,  
They make us sticky,  
Chopping them down,  
Can end up tricky.

They give us oxygen,  
They give us paper,  
Cut them down,  
They'll come back later.

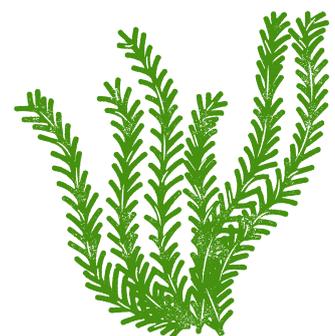
They give us life,  
They give us pain,  
I ran into one,  
I'll never do it again.

They're really needy,  
They always want water,  
If the leaves always fall off,  
They will get slaughtered.

They make my dog crazy,  
He always runs around,  
He has a stash behind the shed,  
Which we recently found.

They swirl around in circles,  
Like mini tornados,  
The leaf blower is loud,  
They're colours are volcanoes.

When the winter comes,  
They're covered in snow,  
I only like them then,  
Because the icicles glow.



## Things Changed - Belle

Things Changed.

It's crazy really,

just yesterday I was comforted

by the warm embrace of

Familiarities.

Peers, teachers, objects

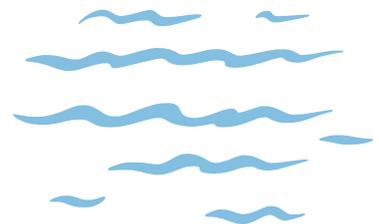
I knew everyone, every shortcut, every drill

I knew the

Flow.

and today

all the faces  
blurry and          unrecognisable  
no-one speaks to me  
I'm just the new girl.  
drills are confusing  
uniform, uncomfy  
the embrace I felt          yesterday  
gone  
here I feel cold, confused  
broken.



## **Climate Crisis - Ava**

Pandas can climb (if there is anything left to climb)

Polar bears can hunt (if there is anything left to hunt)

Rhinos can stomp (if their tusks aren't being harvested)

Elephants can run (if they aren't being killed for ivory)

Tigers can roar (if they aren't being killed for their skin)

And that's about it



### **Life - Lukas**

Life is an ocean  
Good and bad things can happen  
So try to stay strong

### **Pretty Day - Praise**

Pretty day today  
Glistering sun bright blue skies  
Day to ride our bikes.

### **Seasons - Belle**

Seasons falling through,  
A never-ending circle  
Of silent footprints



## **Seeds - Praise**

Break through

Struggle, anti-war, worms

Life; hard, freedom, out of bounds

Family, no-one, friends, gone

Me, stuck, where, underground.

Light, hope, freedom, a dream

Isolated, terrified, me all alone

Darkness, danger, scream

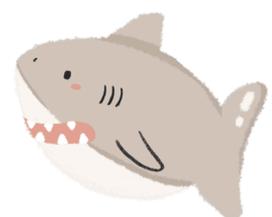
Forgotten, dumped, a clone.

Tingle, movement, light,

A dream, no, real, yes

Freedom, beautiful, bright

No test, real, bliss.



## **Me - Alia**

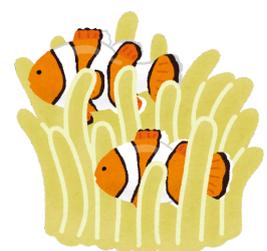
Happy, smiley, despite,  
The pain of my clothes  
And the loudness of  
My ears.

Heated hatred screaming  
Behind locked doors as  
They say it doesn't matter.

And shrivelled at the bottom  
If my mind is a calm rage  
Quiet, observing, listening.  
The murderous thing  
Inside me.

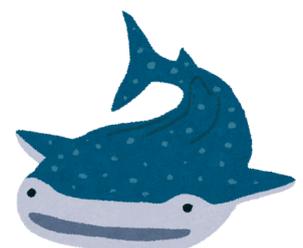
But it's not hollow,  
Like a Russian doll.  
I have layers and at  
The middle is me

Real happiness, real  
Me, not fake, not mean but  
Me.



## **Tightrope - Peyton**

Life is like a tightrope,  
The longer you balance on it,  
The shorter it gets.  
The tightrope starts long  
And seems to go on forever.  
When the line gets hard,  
The tightrope wobbles.  
Obstructions get in the way of  
Your balance but life will  
Become easier  
And your balance will  
Come back stronger  
If you keep holding on.  
Eventually, that rope will quickly  
Shorten and then, it stops...  
The rope cuts off...balance  
Disappears faster than you can  
Blink.  
A light will brighten at the end.  
A warm smile welcomes you and  
You leave the rope  
And everything you  
Loved  
Behind you.



## **Flowers - Jessa**

Under the ground

It was warm

But now outside

There's lots of harm

Being short is not fun

But soon I'll be

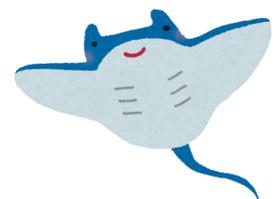
The greatest one

My petals will spread

and they will be

purple and with my petals

I will sway in the sunset.



## **Life - Alia**

Life is like a flower.  
You grow through the seasons  
Of your childhood but some  
Dies in the winter or aren't  
Pollenated.

If the flowers start to bloom,  
Some fall and some rise.  
They're cut and pruned until  
All that's left are the dying petals  
On the sidewalk.

And so, it begins.



## **Days - Nell**

I woke up although I wish I was still asleep,  
I have to get changed but want to stay in my PJs,  
I have to leave for school although I wish I could stay at home.

When I arrive, I fel a bit more right,  
Go to form, my mood's a bit more bright.  
There goes the bell, to RE I come.

One period left, feeling better,  
The bell goes, the day's gone, finally it's the end of Friday.  
I'll go home and have a rest, come back on Monday and hope it's not  
wetter.



## **Prison - Bailey**

Life is like a prison

Some people are controlled

Some people are controlling

Some people can't wear what they want

Or like who they want

And some people go to other prisons

Full of teachers and work.

Some are nice

Some are rude

And some of them have to go to prison themselves.



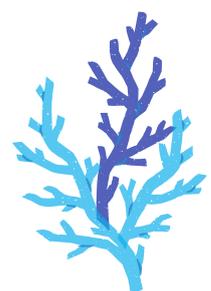
## Caring - Lilly-Rose

Outside you see me smile  
At home you see me smile with my family.  
We have a laugh,  
We play games,  
We watch films,  
Last of all,  
We care and look out for each other.

Even though I am a young carer,  
You see my trying hard,  
I am a kind, caring person,  
You would notice me helping others,  
I do my best at everything,  
I never give up,  
Last thing is, you are a star.

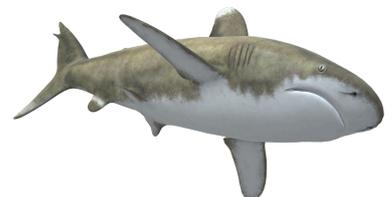
If you meet a young carer,  
Be kind and see if you can help them.  
Sometimes young carers need help,  
You'd never know unless you ask.  
Being a young carer,  
Means you look after someone in your family.  
It mainly occurs to people with disabilities.  
Last of all you should always treat others with respect.

People are kind,  
That's why people are young carers,  
Show them respect,  
Be responsible,  
Last of all, help.  
Treat them how you want to be treated.



## **A Flower - Bella**

You were once a seed, never loved,  
You grew and changed.  
And was worth something in this world,  
The sun shone brightly,  
There was no water for days,  
You cripple down dying,  
But one piece of water sparked you back up,  
Sometimes all you need are the simple things in life.



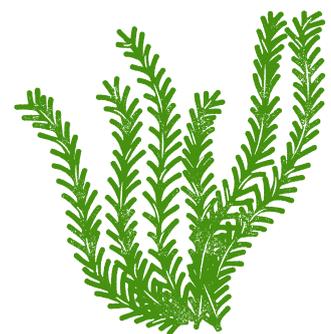
## **Growth - Ella**

I breath my first breath as I get  
Suffocated by the earth.

I reach,  
To try to push through  
But it's too strong.  
The surface level is too strong.

I push again, as I feel  
The drops of gold ricochet  
off my bumpy skin.  
The brown grains settle around me  
As I plant my roots into the ground.

The sun forms a perfect circle  
I look towards it.  
The rays hit me  
And I grow again



## **The Raven's Control – Noah**

In the night sky, the thunder was  
Was light showing the powerful  
Raven. When the ravens  
Screeched the people  
Would breach their doors.  
This is the powerful raven.

When people go near,  
They would go in fear,  
Except from Jack,  
Who never shed a tear.  
Legends say that Jack  
Wanders at noon with  
The powerful raven.

But one day, Jack's  
Betrayal came  
Near. The raven  
Killed Jack and took control  
And then forever he continued  
His stroll.  
This is the powerful raven.

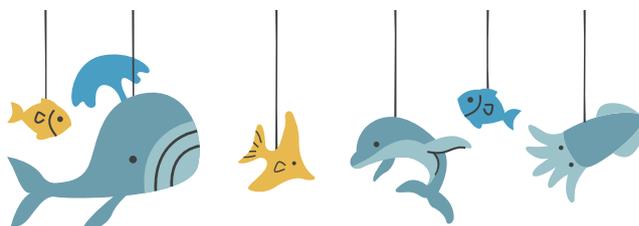


## **Fire - Praise**

Ding dong, flip flop  
Knock knock, wake up  
Weird noises from the top  
Strange voices from above.

Voices, noises, crying, shouting,  
Wailing, screaming - terrifying.  
People crazy, carrying on ranting  
Wood, debris all flying.

Hot, scorching, burning bright  
Flame dancing over head  
Smoke choking, making faint  
Lay paralysed fading away on the bed



## **To Spring - Belle**

Awake  
Blooming flowers  
Colours all around  
Darkness is cast away  
Everlasting days embraced by sun  
Fawns  
Graceful skips  
Hoofs petting earth  
Inkless blue paper sky  
January is a distant memory  
Kicking  
Legs around  
Movement is finally achieved  
New places to be  
Orange sun supervising her child  
Plants  
Quiet power  
Rising Reaching Up  
Strong roots thread earth  
Taking in the fresh air  
Ululation of distant birds  
Vows  
With life  
X-ray of joy  
Yellow happiness is revealed  
Zooming bunnies lambs bees goats,



## **Easter - Elna**

**E**ggs hidden in the garden,  
**A**nd children all exited,  
**S**ummer coming closer winter and winter disappearing,  
**T**he joy of spring all around,  
**E**aster lambs and chicks  
**R**eady the baby birds fly for the first time



## Cursed - Harri

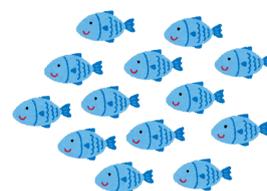
People. The word is like a stranger now. I tried for decades to contact someone, but I have given up now. There's no point. The curse has taken them all. What's worse is that I had found the cure, but it was too late. They were gone, and I couldn't bring them back. No one knows what it was, how you got it, or even how it was created; it just happened. It spread so fast it was like a disease, and it wiped out the entire population without any remorse.

Although, there's one big mystery for me: why? Why didn't it take me? My mind swirled with confusion, less like beautiful colours imitating curiosity, but more like a grey, black-and-white storm in my head, making it hurt. My heart aches with loneliness as I scream into the abyss, "TAKE ME! JUST DO IT! I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE ANYMORE!" Tears roll down my face, my knees buckle, and I'm left alone once more, I should be used to it by now, but it hurts more than ever.

\*\*\*

Lying in my pathetic excuse for a bed (a torn mattress and some sort of ripped fabric), I could only dream. Dream about life before all this. Before we were cursed with inevitable death. But my dreams quickly became nightmares. The screaming. The horror. The fear. I wake with a start, sweat pouring down my face and my heart pounding so hard it makes my chest hurt. As my breathing slows, I sit up, brushing my matted brown hair from my face and glancing over at my silent radio. I wonder why I've kept it all these years when it doesn't do anything but give me false hope.

I reluctantly get up and play with the buttons of the radio, not expecting much but static like usual, when I hear something. Something human.



A voice like sandpaper, as if barely alive. My eyes widen with shock, and I respond instantly, my voice shaking. “Hello? Is someone there? Please, respond.” I wait for what feels like hours, and I begin to lose hope when suddenly the voice is back.

“Hi! I’m here! Is that another person?” the person responds, his voice croaky and dry.

I collapse in relief, my whole body shaking as I sob. “Hello? Are you still there?” the person asks, slightly panicked.

“Yes! Yes! I’m still here!” I exclaim, still crying with happiness.

He exhales with relief. “Hi! My name is Adam. What’s yours?”

“Charlotte. My name is Charlotte,” I reply, wiping my eyes. “Where are you? Maybe we can meet!” I ask, practically bouncing with excitement and hope.

“I live in Belgium. What about you?” Adam asks hopefully.

My heart sinks, “I live in London,” I say, my voice cracks, and I begin sobbing again. All my happiness disappears as if it was never there.

“Don’t worry,” he says, then went silent as if debating whether to jump into a pool of sharks or walk through a stampede, “I’m coming to you. Stay where you are.”

“What?” I sniff, as my heart begins to race, “H-how will you get here?”

Walk, obviously,” he says casually as if he’s forecasting the weather.

“I sat on the floor in disbelief, my mouth hanging open.



“W-w-wait, I uh, huh? You’re miles away, y-you’ll never make it,” I stutters in disbelief.

“Trust me. I’ll make it,” he says and I can practically see the smirk on his face.

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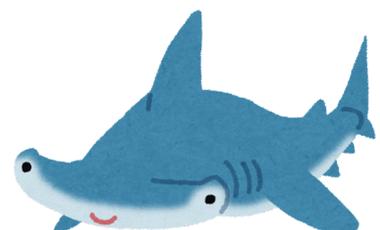
I wait for days. Then days become weeks, and weeks turn into months. I can’t sleep.

I keep imagining the worst. He’s dead. My mind flashes with terrifying images - him on the floor; his arms and legs sticking at unnatural angles, and blood pooling around him.

“Stop it,” I whisper shakily to myself, and my eyes filled with crystals that threatened to fall. I stumble outside my shaky tent, out onto the roof of the abandoned building that I live on, and gaze out at the jungle of crumbling buildings illuminated by the fiery light of sunset. As I feel the cold breeze whip past my face, I sat on the edge of the roof praying for anything that shows that he is still alive.

I’m about to go back inside when I spot something in the distance. It is a black figure, so small it only resembled a dot. I strain my vision in a futile attempt to figure out what it is, but, in the end, I have to resort to waiting until the figure is clearer. As I stare out at the figure, it begins to form a shape.

“What is that?” I ask myself “Some sort of animal? No, no, that’s not it.” I lean forwards as the figure came closer and closer, “URGH!” I shout as the frustration of not knowing bubbles in my chest, but I



flinch as the noise echoes through the abandoned streets, bouncing off the buildings. As I look closer, I realised it isn't a 'thing' at all. It's him!

I run so fast down the stairs I almost trip, but I don't care. All I cared about is seeing Adam. My mind races, and my heart pounds.

I burst through the doors but stop dead in my tracks as I see him. He smiles with pearly teeth as I study him up and down. His slightly matted dark brown hair. His perfect emerald eyes, that glistened in the sun. His dark clothes, which contrast with his pale skin.

"Charlotte?" he asks uncertainly, emphasising each syllable.

"Adam?" I ask, my heart starts racing, and my eyes prick with salty tears. He nods slowly, and I can see his eyes sparkling as well. He runs up to me before I collapse sobbing and he pulls me in tight. As I feel his warmth, I let the tears fall.

We stand there hugging for what feels like hours, before I lead him to my tent and ask him all sorts of questions about his trip. He responds as if he was a mighty warrior that went on a treacherous quest - which to me, he did.



## **The Principal's Office - Yvaine**

In this school, I will not say where, for your own safety, a dark legend lies.

This began when a child got sent to the principal's office, a muffled scream was heard, and the child was never seen again.

This petrified other children to good behaviour... until me. I ran in the corridors, skipped the lunch queue and even started a fight.

At the last second, I reconsidered my options. No, I will fight onwards.

I was finally sent to the dreaded room, where children are lost. I heard a roar behind me. Is this the end?



## Girl Life - Praise

You know the feeling when you are about to start something new that you think you might enjoy but you don't know if you will, well that is exactly what high school is. One moment you like it because you've been to all the Parents' Evenings and Tours. And you have been shown your forms, so you feel very settled. Well, that's what's happening to Sofia. Let's look into Sofia's life.

### Chapter 1

"Aww it's morning!" exclaimed Sofia on Monday morning. It was the first day of high school after the summer holidays. Sofia's high school was about a mile from where she lived so she has to get the bus to school. Sofia reluctantly woke up, after snoozing her alarm for about the 10th time that morning. "Sofia... Sofia... SOFIA!" Mum called loudly, "Wake up sleepy head; it's nearly 6:30. You will be late if you don't get up right this minute, by the way your breakfast is getting cold".

"Mo...orn...ing mum" says Sofia yawning slowly wiping the rest of the sleep away from her drooping eyes.

"Hurry your sister is waiting downstairs for you, I would advise for you to get ready quickly before she turns to the grumpy old Lauren, we know". With that Sofia got up and got ready briskly for school, she took care in putting on her perfectly crisp white shirt, her newly bought blazer, her neatly ironed trousers and glimmering black shoes.

### Chapter 2

The bus ride to school was bumpy and slow. By the time we got to school, the bell to signal the start of form had already rung and Lauren started moaning about how I always make her go late to every planned event. I stood there looking for any of my friends who went to the same primary school as me, although only a few of us came and none of my best friends came with me, I still looked around looking for any



familiar faces to see if either they went to the same primary school or if they were in my form, when from the corner of my eye I spotted one of my friends Nathan. “Hey! Nathan over here!” Sofia said surprising herself in the process.

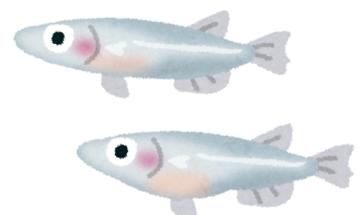
“Hi Sofie, we have to hurry the bell just went if we don't start heading to form now, we might be late.”

“Relax Nate it's just the first day; I don't think they would count if we were a few minutes late because we are still familiarising our way around school and any way when did you start liking school this much you weren't always a big fan were you?” said Sofia.

“Well, guess what? I have decided to turn a new leaf this time around. And you might want to walk faster than that.”

When Sofia got to the class she felt mixture of feelings as she walked to her seat in the corner of the form room when she heard whispering and sniggering in front of her, but before she could react the teacher called for silence as she started to introduce herself. “Good morning Year 7s my name is Mrs Wright, I am your form Tutor, and I hope you have a wonderful time in Year 7. If you have any worries over the course of the morning, please don't hesitate to come and speak to me. I hope you had an amazing summer holiday. Now, I shall let you talk among yourselves quietly as I take the register”.

After the register, she handed us all our timetables and a little map to help us get around the school. I used the rest of form time to work out my timetable and where my classes were. When the bell went, I went off to my Period One lesson, Maths, which I kind of liked and didn't. As I walked off to Jubilee, where I had my lesson, I saw one of the students who went to the same school as me, called Natalie. We weren't the best of friends back at school but as the days went on that



was when we came to realise that we had a few stuff in common i.e. favourite colour (pink) but I think she copied me on that one as she waited for me to say my favourite colour before ending the conversation with me too.

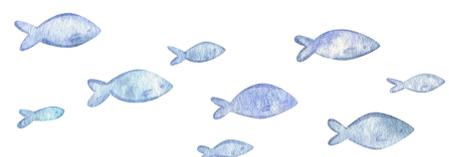
### Chapter 3

The rest of the morning went really well, but by break I was getting quite scared that I wouldn't find anyone to hang out with. I couldn't walk with Nathan because we didn't have the same lessons as each other and I didn't want to walk with Natalie, so I resolved to wandering around when I saw the girls sniggering in front of me in form. I went over to them to ask if they had space for one more. "Hi, Sofie, is it? I'm Daisy, you can call me Dais for short if you want." Daisy was a bit tall for a Year 7, and she had glossy brown hair with blonde highlights in it. She had skin as fair as a summer's day; she looked really pretty. I was going to respond when all of a sudden, I felt a tug from behind, so I swivelled round quickly only, so quickly that I came toppling to the ground and a group of boys walking past giggled when they saw me. I turned around to see who pulled me back when I saw Natalie sniggering, but she changed her face as soon as she saw me staring at her in bewilderment.

"What did you do that for?" I exclaimed "You can't just go around tugging at people like that" I snapped, before she could answer the first question.

"Well for your information" she snapped back "I was coming to ask you if you would like to hang out now, I'm with Nathan and Andrew and we are playing tag if you are coming, we are just over there."

"Sorry, I'm a bit busy right now, so no I won't be coming. I never knew you hung out with Nathan and Andrew".



“Both of you, enough of the sass right now because this conversation is getting on my nerves, we don’t want an argument on the first day of school, do we?” questioned Daisy as she grew tired of the growing argument.

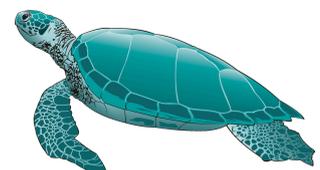
So, yes that was how my very first break time, on my first day of high school went. The day is going well, isn’t it?

For lunch I had, or shall I say should have had a packed lunch, if only I had remembered to bring one with me. Without any food at lunch, I started feeling ridiculously dizzy during the afternoon. Luckily, my partner sitting right next to me noticed in time before I could faint or even WORSE!

“Hey, you alright there? You look faint, shall I get the teacher for you? I don't mind.” I heard someone say before I fell in a messy heap on the ground. It turned out that I had lost consciousness, due to not eating anything during lunch. Well, that's one thing to remember in the mornings. ALWAYS REMRMBER TO PACK YOUR LUNCH IN THE MORNINGS BEFORE LEAVING FOR SCHOOL, that's except if you normally get a school lunch.

#### Chapter 4

The school called my mum, and I went home about 45 minutes before the bell marking the end of the school day went. Mum was terrified and worried when she came in, I could just see a well of tears gathering at the corner of her eyes. I was really upset because I didn't really to make mum start crying again but it happened again, it's always me. Lauren on the other hand always seems chill with mum and I feel like I'm always left behind when I'm with them. Lauren always gets really along with mum, but I always seem to be the one spoiling the mood when with them. And yes, that's how my first day went very well didn't, wasn't it the most exciting school day ever?



When we got home mum sent me straight to my room to get me changed 5 minutes later she popped her head in my room startling me in the process, she had a tray with: a ham sandwich cut in gigantic stars (the way I loved it); a box of apple juice; and some squares of watermelon - my favourite fruit.

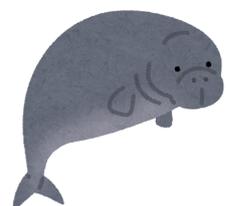
“Hey Sofa I got a tray of a variety of food for you to eat. The guy at first aid said you needed to eat something and have lots of fruits and water, so I've brought some. If you want any more, just call me. Your phone is just over there and please make sure you get a lot of rest, darling, if you need me I will just be downstairs in the living room”.

I hate it when mum called me Sofa it just sounded weird when other people were around because they don't know how I got the name. When I was little, Lauren was asked her opinion on what I should be named and she suddenly screamed “SOFA”, so ever since, mum and Lauren just call me Sofa instead of Sofie so yeah that's how I got the name.

When Lauren got back she started asking if I was alright that she got the message, but when she came to check on me she I was already gone so as soon as the bell went I rushed down to the bus stop and got the earliest bus that I could get, that was how I got home this early.

I was really surprised, because this morning she was annoyed with me so how has she changed emotions this quickly? I wondered quietly. I guess she did care about me after all.

“How was your first day Sofa? Did you get lost at all? Were you able to find all your classes? Did you find any classes interesting? Who is your favourite teacher so far? Do you have a nice form tutor? HAVE YOU MADE ANY NEW FRIENDS?” Lauren blabbered on however, the last

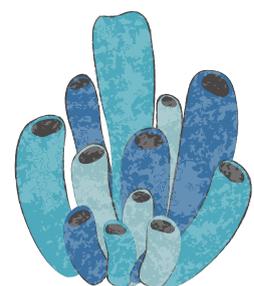


question sent a chill down my spine, it made me freeze in shock as I tried processing the question. I didn't know exactly what to say. I couldn't just say that my primary school bully goes to the same school, and is making it hard for you to make new friends and that it also feels that she is settling in more than you.

“Sofa, Sofa, SNAP OUT OF DAY DREAMING! Sheesh how still can you possibly be? You scared me! I actually thought you weren't breathing for a second; I was about to rush out to get mum. Back to my questions. Mm where did I stop? Oh yes, I remember. HAVE YOU MADE ANY NEW FRIENDS?” asked Lauren.

The same feeling came flooding back, but this time, it felt different my throat suddenly grew dry if felt like a whole desert has been forced down my throat. My vision started to go blurry, and before I could stop it floods of tears cascaded down my face. I couldn't stop it and I felt like a baby I know I have to tell someone about it but I don't know what would happen if I tell Lauren would she laugh at me and call me a big baby for worrying about it as she normally does, or would she pull me into a hug and tell me that it was alright and comfort me and give me advice? I am really hoping for the second possibility even though I know it highly unlikely.

“School has not really been going well; Natalie has been really mean and I am finding it really hard to make new friends because she is always there causing little mischief. Like during the first half of Period 5, she started spreading a rumour about how I am not being well-fed and that that was why I didn't have any lunch. It is very hard to just ignore it ‘cause she is in all my classes, and I can't help wondering and imagine what might happen if this continues. I am really scared Lauren,



and I don't know what to do. Please don't laugh and make me feel like baby.” I suddenly blurted. As soon as I said that, the lump in my throat dissolved, the tears ceased and my tightened chest was released.

## Chapter 5

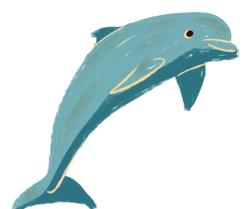
Lauren stared at me for ages before she answered me. Emotions flashed across her face, first, anger, guilt, then pity.

“Oh, Sofie I am sorry you have to go through this much drama in your first day of school. And does she really get to you that much? If she does here are my advice for you: normally, it would be for you to tell a trusted adult, but you have told me I think that was very brave of you. My second advice would have been to try and ignore the rumours, however you have also tried that, so my next opinion would be for you to speak to your teachers about it and I hope that that really helps you. And lastly why would I laugh at my lovely sister when she is going through hard times? Always remember that you can come to speak to me if something is bothering you.” said Lauren.

“Thank you so much Lauren you are the best sister in the whole wide world. Thank you Thank you, Thank you. I love you so much”. I blabbered. I felt a sudden flush on my cheek as I realised the last couple of words that had just slipped out of my mouth, I felt instantly embarrassed. But Lauren just smiled a pulled me into a hug warmth filled me as we sat there quietly.

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The next morning, I made sure was ready early, and this time I even remembered to pack my lunch and bring it with me so I wouldn't go starving or faint again in period 5. Lauren was really surprised to see me already having breakfast by the time she came downstairs.



“Sofie you are really early today how excited are you? Are you ready to give today a brand-new start? Come on then since you are already this early we might as well try and catch the early bus so we can get to school early and do some of the before school clubs if you like or I could just stand and chat with you until the bell for form time goes?” said Lauren.

“I didn't know that our school did before school clubs maybe that was where Lauren went yesterday after we walked through the school gates. I was very excited about the clubs that I pulled Lauren out the door and ran all the way to the bus stop just in time for the next bus. The bus ride this time was amazing because Lauren and I chatted for the whole bus ride and when we got to school, we had 5 minutes to play basketball. I always knew Lauren was great at sports but not as good as she was when she played basketball this morning.

When we went outside of the sports hall, I caught sight of Daisy I tried looking away but she saw me and started running over she invited me to come hang out with them during break and that if I also wanted to come during lunch that I could join them. I felt really happy at that, and I started to feel excited about to me. From the corner of my eye, I saw Natalie walking with Nathan and Andrew, I started to feel tears building up at the corners of my eyes, but I pushed them away when I remembered that I now have new friends. The sight of her also reminded me that I needed to speak to my teacher. I decided to speak to my head of year instead, so I started making my way over and I was able to speak to him about the ‘Natalie situation’. He ended up moving me to completely different classes from her and it turned out that now I have my new classes with my new-found besties.



## **Aiode - Sienna**

There I was on the mountain alone. Again. No-one came here; too scared of me, I guess. I'm on my own anyway, so why does it matter?

Do you feel bad for me – Aiode – yet?

The truth is, I don't care.

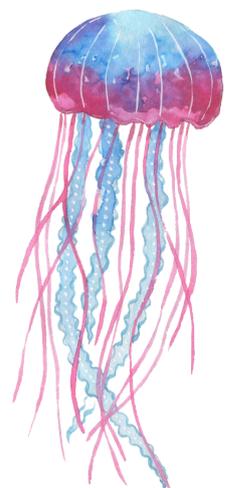
Instead, I sit on my throne of guts, proud of my work. Their ancient treasures surround me; but everyone hates me. The horrid weather consumes me, and the harsh wind whistles through my treasures.

The town below has seemed full of hope lately, not deprived of joy like I carved them to be on the day I almost died.

Then a man in a full set of armour trudged up the mountain. This would be easy, I wrongfully thought. Blood. Guts. My blood. My guts. He's dead. It was a fight for my life.

I stand there, my blood weighing me down. At least I'm conscious, I thought to myself.

The townsfolk hope is no more.



## Dystopia - Ananya

Slowly, the ramshackle, towering trees swayed as the wind wailed; looming over the equipment area like a distant memory that held despair. The bleak wind howled while the players bodies trembled with regret and agony. Rain poured violently into the derelict pond that was clearly neglected.

The soft, innocent faces of the shrinking fawns mirrored the players, mewling and yearning for a sense of safety. The magenta, lapis blue berries were a whimper of hope that rested within the forlorn bushes, drowning I the rough rain. The blanket of clouds hovered, crying. Sobbing. Every cautious step the ground let out a cry of mercy – its twigs and sticks crackling and shattering.

The murder of crows screamed and yelled with conviction, circling in the desolate fog; holding a sense of mocking. Almost laughter. Lingering was the squalid scent of rotting corpses of young rabbits, mauled by evil. Its crimson blood spilling out of its tangled, baby pink intestines that were stained with ruby.



## **Lottie Rivers - Elise**

### **Chapter 1**

A young girl called Lottie is walking in the middle of nowhere when she spots an abandoned hospital she had never seen before. She notices there is a sign in the window, and she reads it its says: 'UP FOR SALE', so Lottie buys it. She thinks about what she will turn it into, but she sticks with a normal hospital. As she starts to roam around she notices what seemed like a girl. The girl stops in her path and turns around. Lottie asks who the girl is, and the little girl does the same.

### **Chapter 2**

Lottie comes back the next day to see the girl sharpening her knives. Lottie accidently steps on some glass, and it frightens the girl. She edges closer to Lottie, but Lottie isn't scared. Lottie pushes the little girl and decides to go to bed as she needs a rest. The girl walks into Lottie's room and lifts a knife to her chest....

### **Chapter 3**

Lottie Rivers, 14, was suspiciously stabbed in the chest by an unknown human being. She lived a peaceful life, and her family loved her very much. She now sits in heaven, with no doubt her killer did it on purpose.

Lottie Rivers 1930-1944 RIP

