

# Creative Writing

## Ode to Joy

Joy is something we all want  
 Joy is something that's in my life  
 Joy is something I enjoy and love  
 Joy is sharp like a knife.

Joy is mine and yours too  
 Joy is a gift from me to you  
 Joy in men is cars and cokes  
 Joy in women is wine and jokes.

Joy in life is a gift  
 Joy goes up like a lift  
 Joy must be found never bought  
 Joy is always in you as a thought.

Joy is simple with no instruction  
 Joy is the opposite of crime and destruction  
 Joy is the work of God not Satan  
 Joy is earned not created.

Joy in my eyes is an art  
 Joy will last forever in your heart.

*Daniel Chen (Yr 9)*

## Za Rodinu! Za Stalina! (For the Motherland! For Stalin!)

Laying low among the filth,  
 Bodies pressed to the earth.  
 Bitter winds and ice and snow  
 Are all we know,  
 This winter of 1942.

Just over the mound and through the trees,  
 Past the clearing, on their knees,  
 Crouch the beings we so much despise.  
 Waiting there to kill.  
 Waiting there for death.

Staring upon ranks of empty men  
 Sporting cloaks of darkness,  
 Can make all life seem a lie,  
 Until you look into the eye  
 And are drenched by the fear of another human.

Breaking the shadow of silence  
 Comes the cry, "Za Rodinu! Za Stalina!"  
 Over the mound and through the trees,  
 Past the clearing we stampede!  
 The mighty Red Army!

Ahead and behind  
 And on all sides men fall.  
 The metal flies across our lines  
 Like the Angel of Death,  
 Striking the mighty Red Army!

I can see them now -  
 The enemy.  
 A reflection of ourselves.  
 Just like us they shout.  
 Just like us they scream.

I charge on over the ice  
 Not looking back, not thinking twice  
 As I near the enemy guns,  
 My vision is blurred by these flashing suns.  
 At once I am torn apart.

Laying low among the filth,  
 My body pressed to the earth.  
 Bitter winds and ice and snow  
 Are all I know,  
 As I die this winter of 1942.

*Jack Miller (Yr 8)*

## Illusions

"It's impossible to keep thoughts still. Imagine a circle for example. That circle reminds you of something else and so on until you are nowhere near the original circle, but somewhere mysterious. Somewhere that you want to be, a place away from the grips of reality. Somewhere you can be happy".

The echo of running feet cascaded through the tunnel. Soap darted behind a barrel, panting for breath. He checked the clip in his gun. A full magazine. Slowly, he switched off the safety catch and steadied himself for the imminent future. The pace of the running feet quickened, as if the tunnel was telling him to run, but he didn't, he stood his ground, leaning gently against the muddy wall, boot enveloped in muck and grime. His breath slowed, the seconds seemed to drag on for hours.

Slowly, he raised his gun, ready to fire the moment he rose. "This is it," he thought to himself, he stood up and roared, aiming down the sight, ready to kill the beasts ahead. But suddenly, everything was silent and still. Next, the walls started fizzling in and out. Suddenly Soap was sucked out of the tunnel by a gust of wind and dumped back. Back into reality.

It took his eyes a few moments to adjust to the bright lighting right above, he carefully placed the visor on the floor and slid off the table, slowly adjusting to having to stand again. He glanced at his watch, 10pm, it had almost been five hours since he had started in the simulator and it was about time he got home. He strolled out of the building and into the busy and bustling street. He was Soap in the game, but everyone knew him as Gareth out here, Gareth the strange man who still plays games. But they didn't understand, they didn't know the thrill you got from playing them. They were ignorant and stupid!

He slipped out the key to his flat as he reached the third floor. He pushed in the key and gave the door a firm shove in order for it to open. He looked around the flat, trying to find the remote for the TV. The place was a mess, but Gareth didn't care, it was only a place to stay until he could reach the Simulator again, he'd devoted his life to the game, and he had nothing else in his life. Nothing. No one needed him, no one cared about him. But that was all about to change, Soap was about to become the most important person on the planet.

*Freddie Foster (Yr 9)*

## The Secret Room

'Snap.'

My heavy boots crack a splint from the creaky floorboards as I step in front of the old and rusty door. My unsteady hand slowly reaches for the ice cold door knob. A residue of some sort covers it. I can feel it squelch under my hand, bulging out from the cracks between my fingers. I turn the door knob, engulfing it with my hand. It shudders, screeching. The door creeps open. A foul stench greets me as I walk through the almost unhinged door. My eyes flood with tears as the smell grows stronger. The scarlet wallpaper flakes off as I drag my hand across the wall. It displays dusty white plaster. The original colour long dead. I stop, very sharply in the middle of the hallway. The stench was from a dead rat! Laying there right in front of me. A rat's fly-ridden carcass. I wanted to shut my eyes and walk away, but instead just blocked out the stench by closing my nostrils tight with two cold fingers.

BANG!

My head turned. It was the door. I turned back again and slowly crept around the dead rat, trying not to let my eyes meet its own spine-crawling beady ones that share this room. After passing the rat my legs have a slight spring in them. I move to under the doorway of the next room off the hallway, the bathroom. It is pitch black like midnight without shining stars. My hand reaches for the chain that turns on the light and slowly pulls it down. It clicks on and suddenly the room lights up like the sun on a morning in Africa. But now, I wish it hadn't! The carpet is green, a sickly green stained yellow next to the toilet from you know what. The toilet seat has been left up rather impolitely allowing anyone who enters to see what the visitor before has left behind.

Anyway, that was enough for me so I walk out of the bathroom and back into the hallway. I step towards the next door, a new smell leaks out, I can't seem to put my finger on what it is, but for sure it smells bad. I look at the red sofa that has been ripped and sat on so much that it slouches down nearly to the floor itself. In front of it is a rug marked with, I think, dog's slobber. It is an old rug and smells like fish, but that's not the main smell that I still can't put my finger on. It is odd. Discarding that thought from my mind I think back to the final room, the one I haven't yet ventured into, the bedroom. My heart starts pumping as I stumble through the living room door on the way to the bedroom door. The smell it seems might be coming from here rather than the living room I just left. The door is shut, as if the previous occupier didn't want anyone to know what was in there. Still, my mind is leaping with strange and wonderful curiosity, strengthened by the thought of the forbidden room. So I do it. Turn the knob as quick as I can and the door breaks open releasing a flood of that smell! My heart strangely sinks from my first impressions of the room. Just a smelly single bed with some smelly clothes on the floor: BIG DEAL. Just like my bedroom! But the weird thing is it has no wallpaper, no tables or desks or anything really. Except one wardrobe to which I am drawn. So much so I can't stop myself as I walk towards it and pull the door open...I almost faint...I know what the smell is now...there in front of me is the remains of a dead body!!!!!!

*James Schindele (Yr 7)*

## A Ghost Story

Jack slammed the door shut behind him. "I goddamn hate you!" he turned and yelled. Vicky leant out of the window and shouted "Well I hope you ain't coming back!" but by then Jack had already turned and started walking down the road.

The snow and the cold wind were biting bitterly at his hands and face. He could smell the fresh crisp air. This would normally have made him happy, but not now, not tonight. He had been walking for hours, he could feel the burning pain of the blisters on his feet, but he didn't care, not now, not tonight. He was feeling sick. He finally got onto the main road. He needed to stop, but he didn't care, not now, not tonight. The bright streetlights, the white snow, it was too much, it was going black. All vision was slipping away from him. He fell to the ground.

His whole body was aching, but he could feel something warm and soft. He opened his eyes slowly and cautiously. He was no longer out in the cold. He was in a bed. He had never been in this house before. He got up and went down the stairs. Walking was painful because of his blisters, but he didn't care, not now, not tonight. Downstairs, in the front room, there was an old lady sitting in a tattered old armchair, "Hello dear, how are you feeling?" she said. Jack closed his eyes and scratched his head, "Yeah, I'm fi- "... but when he opened his eyes she was gone. Then, from a door behind an old man stepped into the room and collapsed to the floor, Jack went down to help him, but the old man just disappeared. All of a sudden the TV came on behind him. He turned around and there was a three year girl sitting on the floor watching the TV. He turned around and counted to three, when he turned back the girl was gone and the TV was off. This was beginning to scare him, but he didn't care, not now, not tonight.

He walked into the kitchen where a young woman was making some soup.

"Hey there sleepy head, this is for you, I hope you like tomato," she said. "This is pointless, I know that you and your soup are just going to disappear."

Jack replied. But he was wrong she didn't disappear. "What on earth are you on about?" said the woman. "Oh umm, nothing," he said. "And yes, I do like tomato."

"I found you out there in the snow, so I thought that I would bring you in," said the woman, "And by the way I'm Emma." "Thanks for bringing me in Emma, I'm Jack," said Jack. Jack felt tiredness creeping around him, begging him to close his heavy eyelids. Eventually he gave in.

"I'm gonna go back to sleep, Emma."

"Oh yeah Jack, stay away from the attic it's, not safe," said Emma.

Jack climbed up the stairs and crawled into bed. Sleep fell upon him and he welcomed it. He woke with a jump. He looked at his watch: it was 1:30 in the morning. Instead of going back to sleep, he put on his blue jeans and a white t-shirt and decided to explore. After looking at almost all of the rooms in the house he came to the one door that he hadn't been through. The attic. He could remember Emma saying something about the attic, but he didn't care, not now, not tonight. He opened the door and climbed up.

It was cold, it was ice cold. The attic was just a black room with white writing scrawled all over the walls. As soon as he stepped in a tremendous force threw him into the corner. He was injured, his head was bleeding. Then he heard it, footsteps on the stairs, closer and closer. Then there was Emma. "I tried to warn you, but you ignored me!" she yelled. "NOW YOU'RE MINE!" Her eyes were no longer hazel brown, they were burning red. And her fingernails had been replaced with demonic claws. Emma began furiously attacking Jack. This time he cared, he cared now, he cared tonight.

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"Hello, is anyone there?" the man called out as he stepped in to the house. He walked into the front room and saw an old woman in an arm chair, an old man on the floor, a little girl watching TV and a man, standing in the middle of the room in blue jeans and a white T-shirt. Then they all disappeared.

*Nathan Stables (Yr 9)*

## Big Al's revenge - A Monologue

No, no, no, anything but my shoes!

Why did I use that damn credit card? Why? Why? Why?

No! No! Not my shoes! Oliver where are you man? I need you man! My phone, is that my phone ringing? I guess I better pick that up then huh?

He answers his phone.

Dad? Is that really you? I am good, well not really but you know how it is. How is what's her name? Your wife, the one that looked like Linda my pet pig. Oh Cam! That's it. Cam, how is Cam? No, NO! I will not call her Mum. She just barges into our life and thinks she can take over. Wow. She has got some nerve doing that!

Dad, Olly is really sick, my son Olly! Sick as Linda was when I was younger.

Pause

Dad?

Dad are you still there?

His phone rings again

Dad? Oh Kit! Kit is that you? Finally some good news! I can't believe that's really you. Kit...Kit? Are you there? Have you hung up? Oh okay you want to take the kids. That's great. You want to take the kids well do it, do it. Good bye Erica, good bye Olly and Jake, stay good kids I love you. What the hell is wrong with this phone, they can't hear me, I doubt they even want to...or...or can they? What's that Kit? Big Al's coming? Oh joy! Maybe he will put an end to my sorry life. But not my damn shoes. Don't put an end to them. I got money. I can pay you. I got money on my credit card. I can have a lot of money for you whenever you want just don't take my shoes. I ain't lying. I wouldn't lie to you or Big Al, Kit. I'm a Christian. I go to church every Sunday. Okay, okay, every other Sunday. Alright I don't go to Church, but I'd like to, I've thought about it. I might do.

He takes the phone from his ear

Okay. So you found me out. Kit is imaginary. Can you believe it? My six year old son has grown out of imaginary friends yet here I am thirty years old and my only friend is imaginary. There is no Big Al, there is no Kit, there is no....

Big Al walks in.

What!! Big Al!! You don't exist!

Whh...wh..what you got that gun for...

*Noel Fernandes (Yr 7)*

## Farmer Larkin

I love this place. It's so peaceful here. Just listen to that – silence. Except for the swallows. And that cockerel and the wind whistling through the corn. I've got a good crop this year. I'll be harvesting in a few weeks time.

I hope it doesn't rain, or that any of those blessed rambles come through and damage the crop. I remember when people knew how to behave in the countryside. In the old days they didn't leave their litter behind. They didn't trample on the crops; they kept to the footpaths. These days they don't have any respect. For me, my farm, or the countryside in general.

Saying that, times are changing all around though. In the old days we did things properly. I hate the heavy machinery we use now. It makes the work easy. I liked getting my hands dirty. Feeling the land in my hands. Feeling myself as a part of it. Those were the days. We used to be a team all working together at harvest time. It was hard work but we knew how to have a good time. That and how to respect the fields.

Yes the times are changing and not for the better I say.

*Tommy Walters (Yr 7)*

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And finally...

Is this the best opening to a short story ever...?

## Alone in the Dark

Alone in the dark she reached for matches, and the matches were passed into her hand.

*Elliott Smith (Yr 7)*