

# Creative Writing

## The Angry Tiger

The slate clouds gather  
As the torrent begins  
The huge, forceful tiger prowls  
Through the circus tent,  
Sees a tree and pounces.  
It flies high into the sky,  
The tiny chocolate drops  
Of earth falling beneath it

The predator moves on,  
Setting off car alarms like  
Birds stuck in the trees.  
The rope drops from the sky,  
The knot at the bottom destroys  
A house like a box of dynamite.

The world is sucked in,  
The black hole slows down time  
As the tiger gets bigger,  
Its hunger gone, now mauling for pleasure.  
The trainer and his whip come,  
Putting a brief and sudden end  
To the roaring madness.

All is calm, like a peaceful lake.

Suddenly the tiger turns, and  
Eats his trainer, it is free once more.  
Dry leaves jump off branches  
Like lemmings off a cliff,  
Looking for salvation.

The world in terror, the audience terrified,  
And the tiger stops.  
It is bored of playing  
With its squeaky toys.  
It scampers back to its cage,  
And leaves the circus cleaners  
To pick up the mess.

*Owen Tuck (Yr 8)*

## Log Flume

I joined the queue. It was dark and warm that night as the line of people wandered nearer to their shocking destination. One step, two steps, the red stone pinnacles spiralled into the night sky as if to slice through the clouds. Three steps, four steps, we were drawing nearer. The lake, inky black, stirred around the island of red stone. The sounds of explosions were deafening and I knew that, soon, I would be there. A shiver of terror ran over me and I turned back, but the line of people pushed me forwards, closer to my fate.

Five steps, six steps, we were nearing the turnstile. I could almost see the carriages taking their victims, deep into the heart of the island. I could smell the gunpowder and burning wax from in the tunnels. A sharp gust of wind blew one of the gas lamps out. Everyone froze as a silhouette lit it again.

Seven steps, eight steps, I saw a group people in front of me climb into the carriage. I heard their shrill screams as they were plunged into darkness. It was almost funny that these people came and waited for the horror. What lunatics they must be...

Nine steps, ten steps, I was there and unwillingly, my legs dragged me onto the cart and the bar came down on my knees.

I was going to go now, and there was nothing I could do about it. A hiss came from the wheels and the train moved off, veering to the right and then plunged itself headfirst into a dark tunnel. Bats brushed past the train, which was moving very fast by now. A series of sharp turns forced the air out of my lungs, and then the train slowed and climbed a hill. I was thrown down the other side into yet another sharp turn. Again the cart dipped, but this time we hit the water's edge sending freezing spray flying everywhere. The track spiralled downwards and re-entered the tunnels. The carriage hauled itself up the steep slope and came to a standstill.

*Harry Higginson (Yr 7)*

## The Morrow

The sun glows red just before it disappears behind the horizon. As it dips it lights up the grass like a fading torchlight. Suddenly I got a good look at my surroundings before being abandoned in a dark empty void. The only light came from the stars shining above. They twinkled like crystals embroidered on a black blanket.

The crickets chirp and every so often a bird flies out of a tree and makes a rustling sound. Somehow I don't feel alone out here. A gusty wind suddenly blows through the trees, chilling me to the bone. The wind whistles gently through the trees caressing my ears. A sudden creak from behind me makes me spin around like a curious dog trying to catch its tail. Each of the sounds is eerie.

A second, more powerful gust of wind unnerves me and this is the first time I feel properly scared. I just want to cry out, but when I try, my voice fails me.

I stumbled and smashed my head on the rough, rigid bark of the tree. For a few seconds I lay unconscious. Then that feeling of numbness and spikiness entered my body like a lethal injection. Gradually the signs of day started to creep up over the horizon revealing the landscape I had wrestled with all night.

*Kaisun Raj (Yr 8)*



## Empty Blankness

I gaze into your empty blankness,  
Losing my train of thought,  
No references to time or memories,  
Just infinity.

Swirling invisible forces,  
Kiss me with frozen lips,  
I am infected by your calmness,  
As time stands still.

The patter of your footsteps,  
From multiplying feet,  
Dissolve my senses and fill me,  
With a never-ending chill.

The icing is spread along the hard dry crust,  
Covering me in a blanket to keep me,  
Nice and warm, or cold?

Cover me in your excellence,  
Bombard me with your beauty,  
The air is disappearing,  
As I travel from one white place to the next...

*Yomi Ogunyemi (Yr 9)*

## The Listeners

On a brisk, misty ice cold evening the son kisses his mother, father and young sisters goodbye and without a look behind him jumps on his horse and leaves. As he rides away, kicking his spurs into his horse's sides, he calls a promise to return, no matter what.

The mother, hugging her daughters and husband breaks out into tears as she watches her son disappear into the darkness of the night. An owl flew from a tree as it was woken from its rest by a fox's shriek. The cold night's air was chilling to the bone and the mist mixing with the blackness was like an artist's palate.

The son turned and rode as fast as he could into the night. After two day's riding without rest, he arrived at his destination, the coast, and a ship as large as a blue whale and as busy as a bee hive disturbed by a grizzly bear. There was noise and action everywhere in all directions, upwards from the sails and the mast. Below, in the hull, men, animals everywhere all preparing to set sail; a voyage that few would return from and that none would forget. No man would ever be the same again.

The boy joined the ship and departed to adventures, storms, disease, water beasts never seen before; of shapes and sizes and colours that his imagination could not comprehend. War and death, pain and suffering, love and loss, understanding and ruthlessness and tyranny; friendship and fear, brotherhood and bewilderment.

Twenty years later, the son, now a man, hardly recognisable from the young, hopeful boy who rode away from his family, returned to keep his promise, which was to return to see his family again. Throughout the time he was gone, he never forgot his family or the promise he made to them.

As he rode the return journey, nothing seemed to have changed, except burnt out houses sitting derelict like a shipwreck. He thought only of the promise he made and his yearning to see his loved ones again.

As he approached the house, his worst fears were confirmed. There was no sign of life and it was clear that no one had been there for some time. He called out "Is there anybody there?" But no one replied. He whispered to himself, "I promised that I'd come, I kept my word." Although no one replied he felt them there, their spirits listening. He knew they could rest now, knowing he had come, they could now rest in peace.

*Miles Clifford (Yr 8)*

## Two extracts from Year 10 'Rite of Passage'

### First Day at School

You never think about what you might fear until you actually face what you are scared of. There you are, schoolbag over your shoulder, wandering dizzily down the road, towards your new school. It occurs to you that, although you have moved up years in school before, never have you taken the daunting steps into this new abyss. Everything is a rush, the new school uniform, the new blazer, crease free, stain free. A car comes flying past, snapping you out of your thoughts. You stop, glance up at your mother, the warm reassuring face is there, smiling down at you, a firm encouraging hand on your shoulder. You slowly start moving again, looking down, trying not to bring too much attention to yourself. You notice your new shoes, black and gleaming in the summer sun. You long for the days of trainers and football, the sound of laughter; now that sound has been replaced by a new sound, the sound of conversation, the sound of girls. You notice their eyes observing you, judging you, then quickly flick away like a spotlight, examining other new prisoners meekly wandering towards their new school.

*Freddie Foster (Yr 10)*

### Rollercoaster

A wave of panic hits you like a tsunami. Just in case you were wondering, you are standing in the very middle of a pedestrian walkway at the heart of Chessington World of Adventures, Surrey. 'Why am I doing this?' you ask yourself. You feel a chilly north easterly breeze picking up but then dying down again peacefully. You are dripping. You are playing the part of a mop in a very large puddle. The taste of musky water is overwhelming your taste buds and leaving you with a dark blue flavour congregated in the centre of your mouth. The rain persists with increased fury and bitterness, only easing

with exhaustion. A chilling sound floods your ears and the desperate screaming of riders is travelling deeper and deeper into your fear making it excruciatingly painful. Look around. Sounds and feelings are swirling uncontrollably around you yet nothing moves. Still. You see happiness, tranquility even, yet the battle with your nerves is not even half-over.

Your older brother Ted is begging and pleading you to join him on Dragons' Fury, but you still cannot overcome your panic. The experience would be entirely new to you – for the last seven years of your life your parents have surrounded you with care and love, and finally you're let free to have fun. Motion slowly resumes around you. You begin to feel like normality is resuming, but you still need to make your decision. The muffled echoes around you begin to clear, and your parents' voices are slowly becoming audible over the surrounding uproar. Should I do it? Should I go on the ride and face my fears? Should I? Should I? The question begins to reverberate within your brawny head. I must! The answer comes gradually into focus.

Slowly, very slowly you creep forwards. On your left is the petting zoo, and the dirty odour clings to you like sweat in the depths of summer. Who would want to spend time there? Anyway, back to your dilemma. The queue is moving quicker than before, and with every metre you trudge the quicker your heart beats. With Ted to your right and your parents to your left, you feel cocooned in a safety blanket, as always. You hate being protected, yet you struggle to break free when given the chance. Your head is spinning, fast, faster, quicker. You're next in line.

*Alex Vassilev (Yr 10)*

## Extract from 'Train'

Howard stuck his head out of the window, and watched the huge carpet of green racing towards him. It was midday and the amber sun stood proud in the sky above, its rays glinting off the steel panels on the side of the huge clumsy train in which he rode. He glanced over at his father's motionless body on the seat adjacent to him and then, turning his head the other way, he shouted down the length of the train to the Sri Lankan men, women and children who clung like monkeys to its sides.

"What's it like riding like that?" he asked enthusiastically, not really expecting an answer. His perfectly shaped voice carried along the length of the train like a bell. No one answered; his voice was heard but the travellers just turned away in disgust. Even though he had been in the country for only a few weeks, he was already part of the aristocracy and here communication between the lower and upper classes was non-existent. He looked over at his father's crumpled form once more and then silently, so as not to wake him, picked up a book of short stories from beneath his seat. Picking it up he started to read, squinting to see the text. He had dropped his glasses in the

bustling market in Kandy, and now every word was agonisingly difficult to read. Frustrated, he threw the book to the floor and turned his gaze towards the window.

The sun which had before stood proud in the sky was obscured by a huge rain cloud which now loomed over the train like some malevolent beast towering over its prey. He watched as the heavens opened and the fresh cool water came tumbling down. As it did so it bounced off the steel panels on the side of the train just as the rays of sun had done a few minutes ago. He stuck his head out of the window and felt the cool drops fall onto his neck and slide down his back like tiny ice crystals in the sweltering heat. From the short time that he had spent in this country, Howard had learned to love the rain. Here it gave him a cool refreshing feeling, releasing him from the giant sauna in which he had spent the last few months, and as it fell he wondered what fate would deliver him next...

*Javin Raj (Yr 10)*

## Some interpretations of Puck's Speech from Act II, scene 1 of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

I am a cat on the prowl of a night,  
 And when I leap out I cause a great fright.  
 I am a cushion, still as the blue sky,  
 When someone sits down then is when I fly.  
 I am a swan as white as an eggshell,  
 But then you never properly can tell.  
 I can mimic a band playing medleys,  
 I am quite silent but very deadly.  
 I am a horse riding in the darkness,  
 Others are good but I am the fastest.  
 I am mischievous and have a laugh,  
 Many of my victims say I am daft.  
 I am a fire, wild and amazing,  
 Don't come too close because I am blazing.  
 I am a lightning storm, fast and loud,  
 The people look up and for a crowd.

*Michael Bleyswyck (Yr 7)*

Sometimes I become a loud barking dog,  
 How I laugh as they chase me through the fog.  
 Often on the motorway I appear,  
 Before whispering in the driver's ear.  
 Then sometimes I do resemble a horse,  
 And when they climb on, I turn into gorse.  
 When the whole house is asleep and dreaming,  
 I love to wake them with some shrill screaming.  
 I sometimes create strong dust-filled breezes:  
 How I enjoy the old men sneezes.  
 It fills me with glee to snuff out the light,  
 Then hide around corners, give them a fright.  
 I spill the water and upset the game,  
 Then laugh as the children get all the blame.  
 Oh how they hate me, the young and the old,  
 And of my antics unfair lies are told.

*Dominic Lester (Yr 7)*

I can run round the world before you say 'One, Two'.  
 If anyone saw me, they'd think that I flew.  
 I jump over mountains and volcanoes too,  
 If you hear how I sang, you wouldn't think it true.  
 Come watch me belch fire and swallow it whole,  
 I even dig far, better than a mole.  
 I tell yarns and tales for Oberon's sport,  
 I sail the sev'n seas and dock in the port.  
 I sell pretty trinkets for silver and gold,  
 I'll fight with a bear to show that I'm bold.  
 I hide in the forest for hours on end,  
 If someone was injured their cut I would tend  
 Buckets of caviar go down my throat,  
 I am more nimble than a mountain goat.  
 For I am quite special, a mischievous sprite  
 And I play by the moon, all shiny and bright.

*Tom Jagger (Yr 7)*

## Extract from *A Boy in the Sand*

Shells fell and sand sprayed all around him; he had to close his eyes to keep it out. His heart was in his mouth while the gun nearly fell out of his hands. A shell landed near him and stones jabbed into him as he was flung into the heavens. He felt the back of his helmet crash into a sharp rock and he felt a spark of electricity going through his body. Slowly, he was slipping from consciousness and a flash of light broke out before he collapsed on the sand. Alone.

Adeep opened his eyes. Another nightmare, it was the second one this week. He knew he could never forget it but somehow he had to try. The memories were too painful to remember and at this old age, it was draining him of his life.

On the third week of the seventh month on his fourteenth year on this earth, Adeep's world was destroyed forever. One would think, to see a young boy malnourished and his straight black hair already soaked with sweat after an hour in the sun, hanging over his face, would have already felt hopeless and depressed about his life. However, the love he received from his mother was more than enough for his young innocent heart. His face lit up every time he saw his mother, whether she was cooking his dinner or she was sleeping on her bed, her energy drained out of her by the day's work. Each day he would come home from a day's work at the fields, picking cotton under the glaring sun and each day his mother would have cooked his food for them.

One day, however, as he was walking home, the smell of sweet, fried onions, the savoury, mouth-watering smell of the chicken curry and steaming rice didn't come surging out of their home. Assuming his mother had just gone to the market, he went and played with some boys from the village, as his mother often encouraged him to as he often stayed home to look after her. His spirits were lifted by the thought of playing with his friends again; he ran off to call the boys. After a few hours of playing various games in the forest and over the plains of the baking sands, all the while running through the fallen leaves, ducking under the branches and jumping over the grass in the sand, he returned home.

As he walked through the village, he saw women staring discreetly at him all the while talking to their friends in hushed voices. Their eyes bore into him. The village had gone quiet. As he neared his home he saw the village herbal doctor come out of his house. He stopped. As she walked out of the small front yard which was littered with plump chickens pecking at the floor and their chicks following them, she looked up and saw him. Her face was grave and sad, for his family had done a great deal to the village. Everyone knew the story.

*Keerthikan Thirukkumar (Yr 10)*