

# Creative Writing

## Poems inspired by Old Norse traditions

See how some latter-day Norsemen, in riddling and alliterative lines, have woven words for Thor's Hammer, Thor's Goats and the Rainbow Bridge that gives the gods their aerial avenue to the homes of men.

KS

### THOR'S HAMMER

I was crafted by cunning,  
 Forged in the fire with only one flaw;  
 And smelted by a sibling of Sindri,  
 Hence Thor must heave me with half a heft.

I exterminate all enemies,  
 And come back at Thor's command;  
 I brought back from the dead Tannigniost and Tangrisnire,  
 So I'm the lord of life and death.

I slew Svarang single-handedly,  
 I terminated the terrible Thiassi;  
 I tore to pieces the terrifying Thrym,  
 Because I'm the lord of life and death.

I jostled with Jormungand,  
 Whilst my master met his match;  
 Magni and Modi became my masters,  
 And yet I am still the lord of life and death.

So, impudent earth-being,  
 Who is the lord of life and death?

*Dominic Schaff (Yr 9)*

### THOR'S GOATS

Our master has muscles the size of mountains  
 With righteous rage and roaring voice,  
 His temper reels from tumult to tenderness  
 With big hairy hands he wields his hammer,  
 It breaks all it batters with one single blow.

We ferried Loki to his fight to eat faster than Fire  
 When Thialfi was thrashed in his face off with Thought  
 And when an old widow wrestled our master and won.

But high we hold our hornèd heads as  
 Rejoicing we run and race towards Ragnarok.

*Dorian Starte (Yr 9)*

## Gothic horror stories

**Form 9AFD read some of Edgar Allan Poe's short stories and then wrote some gothic horror stories of their own in his style.**

### The Clock

Its wide, pale face stared at me. It wouldn't stop. Its hands covered only some of its face, ticking away the night. The Grandfather Clock stood in the corner of the drawing room. I couldn't remember far enough back to when we had first got it. But I can say that it had never worked before that evening and we had lost the key, so no-one could have fixed it. My wife was out on a trip and planned to return in three days time. My head rolled back on my huge chair and the now empty glass of whisky rested between my tired fingers. I drifted in and out of sleep, the creak of the drawing room door keeping me awake. I was just about to settle back down when all of the lanterns on the front of the house went out. I sat bolt upright in my chair and scanned the area outside through the windows. The lanterns were candle lit, so after a moment I presumed that it was merely a gust of wind. I decided to retire to my bedroom. Nervous as I was, I did a quick check of the locks around the house. The long staircase spiralled through a tower on one of the four corners of the house. There was just one window in the middle of the staircase, providing the only light. Still unsettled, I peered through the window, the night drawing nearer forcing me to squint at the forest that encircled the house. I was just about to turn away when I caught sight of a pale face in between the dark trees. As I stared in fear, it stared straight back into my eyes. There was no expression as it slipped back into the darkness.

It had done nothing wrong to me, but I wanted it to die I knew it was evil. I raced to my bedroom and from a great oak chest pulled my hunting rifle. I loaded the bullets into the side and pulled a large, serrated knife from its sheath. I descended the stairs as fast as I could and onto the grass. I knelt on the wet ground and dug the scope into my eye socket. I could hear nothing. The sound of my own breathing filled my ears. I could see only foliage. Slowly, slowly a greyish hand moved around a tree. My body started convulsing wildly. I drew the knife and hurled it at the tree. I blinked. Nothing. The knife stood quivering in the tree. I followed its footsteps deeper into the forest. I paused to listen for any clue. A metallic thud and a hideous scream erupted through the forest, the wildlife fleeing beneath my feet and above my head. I took my chance and dropped to my knee. I caught sight of a body clad in torn clothes and closed my eyes. I pulled the trigger. The gunshot blared all around, briefly illuminating the surroundings. After a few moments the forest was once again silent. I cautiously moved forward to see just what the phantom figure was. It lay on its

back in the mud. The thud of metal was a fox trap on his right ankle. The metal spikes had ripped through the bone and left his foot hanging at a right angle. The bullet had ripped right through his chest. Horror struck me as I turned him over. He was just a little boy, only six or seven. His eyes were open wide but there was no expression on his face. What had I done? The phantom was just a little boy. I acted without thinking twice. The face stared at me as I began to cry. I drew my knife and began to cut through his body. I bit into his face, his eyes bursting. I continued to devour him until all that was left was the flesh scrawled across the bones. I bundled them into my shirt, ran back to the house and threw them into the furnace. I washed myself and redressed to try and make myself feel better. I headed down to the furnace to remove the remains. Nothing was there. It was stone cold. I hoped that they had burnt quickly and the fuel had run out. I headed up to my bedroom to sleep off the guilt. I caught sight of something at the window smiling at me. I turned. Nothing. My heart doubled its pace. I rushed outside, slamming the door behind me. I knelt once again and aimed the gun. I waited until I could hear nothing. Slowly, the door began to open from behind me. I didn't dare to turn around. When I did I saw the footprints heading into the drawing room. I turned the corner and saw the footprints leading straight up to the clock. It was ticking. It didn't tick. The key was in place in the lock on the front, the key that had been lost for over 20 years. I fired five rounds straight into the front. I turned the key. A little boy, similar to the one before stared at me smiling. There were no signs of bullet wounds on him. He began to laugh. The single laugh turned into many. The room, which had windows on three sides, now had hundreds of children looking in. They began pouring in through the door until I was completely surrounded. They stopped laughing abruptly and all pointed at me. There must have been two hundred of them, outside and inside, pointing at me. My heart stopped. I fell silent on the floor.

I was found by my wife and taken into mental care. An unconscious man found in an empty, locked house. Five bullets through a broken, locked grandfather clock. Three trees with bullet holes in them. No one believes my story. Well, the bits I tell. But there was something. I know it. As I write this now I stare out of a barred window. Behind a tree there is a face.

*Seb Wiseman (Yr 9)*

*MSP*

## GOTHIC STORY

Humphrey Peterson is my name. I was once such a loved character, cared and thought for, and yet now, people would pay money to be blanked from any association they have had with me. Before all these events though (which I shall explain later), I was 32, and believed to be the luckiest man alive. I had a beautiful wife, Sandra, who was pregnant with my first child, and I was on £300,000 a year, attending a job I adored. I was Creative Director of an advertising agency, and I was sure for promotion to Chief Executive in the near future. I was good-looking, confident, and physically fit, looking at the 90 mark for my departure. But, despite all this, I was living in denial. Such a great denial in fact, that it drove me to absolute insanity. Let me explain.

My mother was told at birth that I had an extreme case of Autism, where the consequences were dire, and I was unstable. The doctor also said that it may take years to develop into something remotely obvious and otherwise I would stay naturally good at artistic and expressive subjects, and show no real sign of being a complicated human being. After ten years of a normal childhood, my parents cast all thoughts of this aside, and believed me to have an entirely normal personality. This sums up my parents perfectly. Shameless, self-righteous and entirely single-minded. Seeing the world with tunnel vision, only paying attention to the outside face of everything, and their own personal needs. They were sly, and sneaky. They never appear to do anything wrong, and yet contain the utmost scorn and snobbish opinions. If they had wronged you in any way, it was impossible to explain to a court, or anyone for that matter, what they had done wrong. And yet it would seem so harsh and obvious to you. It used to anger me as a child, watching them arrive home from one of their extravagant holidays, and asking me if I was “alright”, in a jokey, friendly kind of way, still in denial to any negativity or inconvenient truths. To think, they were slowly killing their child, unable to see his inner-unhappiness. But, I bottled all this anger and frustration up, and played along. I “played along” for 25 years – turning 32 in the latter months. I ignored any foul play, negative gossiping, fights, insults, and lived in denial as my parents had done.

I have always used an accurate analogy of my personal distress. I had a demon living inside me. This demon, my bottled up anger, was inside a cage in my body, in my heart if you must know, and it was trying desperately to get out, and express its true feelings of all morals and rights. It was dark and dingy in this cage in my heart, smelly, eerie, and frustrating. I felt I was the demon, desperately trying to break free from this small, airless, claustrophobic room, and at no point in these twenty-five years did I feel at home with myself, or remotely whole and genuine.

When the day of my first born arrived, I was tenser than ever. I sensed a mishap for no apparent reason, and was extremely nervous. I sweated all the way through the ordeal, which turned out to be quite horrific and bloody. After David, as he was to be called, came out completely, my wife held him. She suddenly fell back onto the bed, and stopped moving, her eyes wide with shock. The beeping hard machine stopped creating the weird and wonderful patterns, and slowly turned into a straight, horizontal line, with one constant beep erupting. Blood seeped from her nose and mouth. It was like something from a cliché movie. She was dead. My emotions were far from expected. I simply walked straight from the room, my eyes wide open with shock, and left the hospital.

I had always known even at this point that David was not mine. The father was Jason, my best friend. I knew this, and my wife not suspecting my knowledge, I kept it bottled up, like so many things. He would not get away with this. I felt it was almost his fault she had died. They were indirectly connected, Jason and the death, but he should have been there. She loved him really, but I never told anyone. He was responsible; so he would pay.

*Tom Wilson (Yr 9)*

## Poetry and Prose

### An early morning in the Park

The sun was just peaking over the rolling hills, silhouetting them against a backdrop of golden orange. Rays of fuchsia fell onto a nearby pond, a canvas to the morning glow dappling the shimmering surface in to a brilliant mirror. A trout peered through the dancing screen of water, winked then dived down into the depths of his murky realms, splashing the tip of his tail in the air before darting off.

The trees' branches projected contorted monstrous shadows on the ground below. Their colourful, yellow leaves had finally settled in heaps on the ground below, only to be scattered once again by a brisk breeze. The naked trees sighed in the cold.

In the nearby playground, discarded swings creaked. The wind brushed against them, swaying them back and forth like a nervous child, awakening them from their slumber. A flash of dazzling red flitted through the air as two robins danced upon the draught. Another had perched itself on the rusty frame of the swing-set; its jovial chirrupy state and brilliant, red breast a perfect contrast to the abandoned and neglected state of the jungle-gym.

*Harry Bentine (Yr 11)*

## Work Hard, Play Hard

Workers all around the world,  
have many jobs to do,  
Some write,  
Some read,  
Others pack,  
and some brew,  
Whatever job they have to do,  
I'm sure they work their hardest too,  
  
But when their work is over,  
and they have travelled home  
They may do other things  
Some run  
Some sing  
Others dance  
and some moan.  
Whatever they do to relax and play,  
It helps them work hard the next day.

*Jacob Povey (Yr 7)*

## The Cosmos

My father built me the perfect room,  
A playroom in the heavens,  
My toybox is the stars.  
  
Mars, like a beach ball,  
Bouncing into the darkness,  
Earth, my very own dolls' house,  
Men, animals and machines are my  
playthings.  
  
Saturn, my Frisbee  
Zipping and zooming,  
Around the blinding sun,  
Never slowing,  
Never halting.  
  
A blanket of stars,  
Is my roof,  
Protecting me,  
Covering me,  
Keeping me warm.  
  
I like it here,  
In the stars,  
For I am the creator's child.

*Alex Lomas (Yr 8)*

## Factory Life

Like a robot,  
All day long,  
He pulls a lever,  
And sings his song.  
  
A massive hiss of steam,  
And a giant metallic arm,  
Lunges down but,  
Doing the package no harm.  
  
At the end of the day,  
He throws his arms up in joy,  
Runs out,  
Of the factory,  
Like a small boy,  
  
Yet, again in the morning,  
Another day of work.  
Dreadfully trudging to his station,  
Wishing that this he could shirk.

*Sam Parry (Yr 7)*