

Scribe

VOLUME III



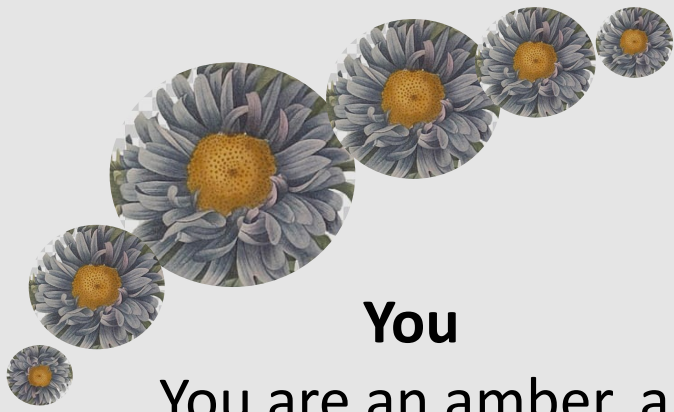
**Poetry and Prose
at
St Augustine's
Priory
May 2023**

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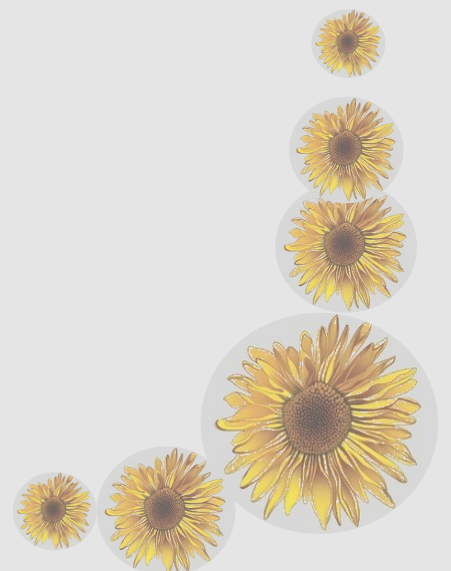


You

You are an amber, angelic sunflower,
You are as conspicuous as the moon at
night,
You are as strong as the sight of power,
You are the brightest of lights.

You are quick and smart as a calculator
You are the wise guide who shows me
the way to go,
You are the glowing symbol of gold,
You are the picture which cannot be sold.

Aishani Balukumar



A Song for Skeletons and Flowers

I saw the way you cried,
As we suffocated hundreds,
Ropes binding their hands,
Knives at their throats.

I saw the way you cried,
As the death machines marched on,
Unknowingly sent as cows to slaughter,
Rifles in their hands.

I saw the way you cried,
As millions died, for a cause,
For honour, for pride,
Blood filling the cracks of the dry
ground.

Then I saw the way your tears dried,
As you watched the last human
scream,
And you watched your children
Coming back out of their hiding holes.

I saw the way you smiled,
As plants slowly dared to grow again,
And birds began to fly again,
Filling the new world with music.

I saw the way you smiled,
As eggs hatched,
And the sky went alight with feathers,
Our skeletons hidden under soil

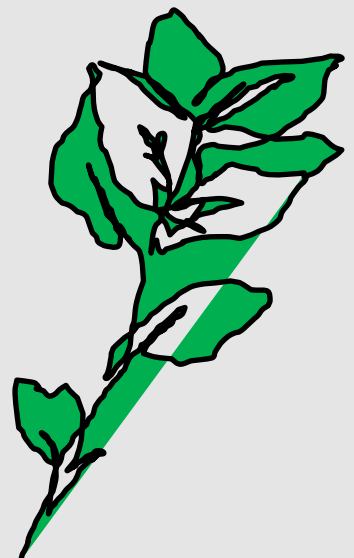


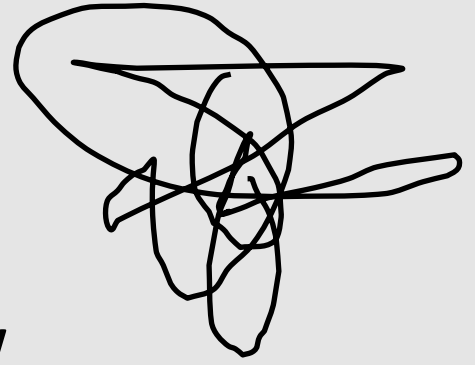
Summer Solstice

I watch the mint leaves swirl
In the warm water
With the fresh green smell wafting
As we sit together.
I watch the liquid work with the
Sunshine and
I think about the summer days
That passed
And will come.

The mint turns the water green
And reminds me of
The jade grass in the field
I remember now
The big field which lay next
To the forest and
Emerald mixed with jade
And bird sounds and
Peace.
Thank you mint leaves.

Ivy Lo





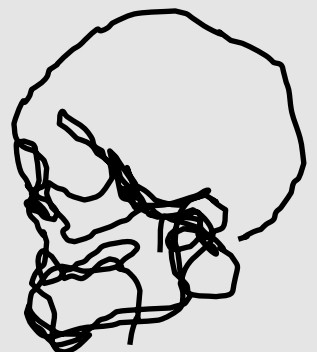
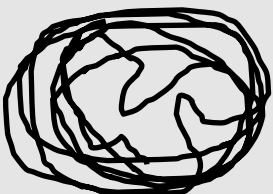
Your old bones are brittle now

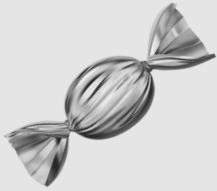
I see you in the studio,
Your old bones are becoming brittle,
You need the messy string to hold you
together,

I look at you again. In another world,
Where skeletons could walk and talk,
Would you choose to spend your days
here?

Standing in front of a group of children,
While they hold pencils and
paper,
Shakily drawing lines,
Grey graphite marks on their faces and
hands.

Or, would you walk in the city,
Feeling the wind on your pale white face,
Watching the living and the dead,
All together, walking on the same
earth.





Princess Anastasia—an alternative fairy story

Princess Anastasia (Ana) had everything she ever wanted, a castle, a ginger cat and a flawless man (Prince Edward) ,who was the Duke of Scotland. Her Mother and Father had promised Prince Edward that Ana would marry him. To the public eye it seemed she had everything but this girl took a turn. My name is Emily. Ana and I had little to no things in common. Everyone admired her (including me) but no one cared for ‘street rats’ as they call the homeless people. I was the revolting girl on the cold, polluted pavement and Ana was the fashion icon of the small town.

This story began after the Autumn ball. At the start of every season there was a ball in the castle. King Harrold, Princess Ana’s father, held a superb event and invited royalty from all over the land. Of course I wasn’t invited, why would they? I was never bothered by it though because I got the street to myself. It was my Christmas! Every ball ends with the King making a speech about his “Perfect Princess,” with a glass of champagne between his fingers at around midnight. Everyone, even the maids, go to the main room to hear his speech but tonight I spotted the glistening light gliding through the kitchen’s small window at midnight. Something was up...

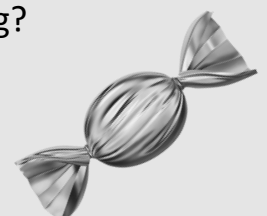
After scanning around the castle, I murmured to myself , “Coast is clear.” Cautiously, I crept towards the castle minding not to step on any litter. Unfortunately, the open window was raised above my ears. All the walls in the castle were holding in many secrets and couldn’t hold another in so the cooks’ voices rang out. Bingo!

“I cannot believe him, still making that speech after last night,” a masculine voice began. “I know, if the public found out about it King Harrold would be ruined for good,” another, yet different, deep voice appeared, “That’s all he cares about his image. I bet he loves it more than Princess Anastasia.”

They both snigger and a sizzle from a frying pan began to act up. That silenced them. What were they cooking at this time of night?

There wasn’t much sound from that point on, other than the crackle of the frying pan. “If the king found out about this midnight meal he would be outraged,” I thought. They always have the meals pre-made for the ball so it wasn’t for the ball. Exactly a week before the ball the kitchen’s light is turned on all night, they cook and cook and cook. My mind was so focused on the fact that they were cooking I almost forgot what the first cook whispered. Like a dream, the first cook’s voice pinged in my mind, “I can not believe him, still making that speech after last night.” Are they gossiping about the king?

Alice Poncia



You Are



You are a false oracle,
A cup of arsenic poison,
Disguised as the finest blood-red wine.

You are a barren, winter-cold wasteland,
Where people seek glory and shelter,
But find twisted decaying thorns.

You are a set of broken drums,
Promising victory and fame,
Though no sound can be heard.

You are a boa constrictor,
A silent, slithering serpent,
Suffocating and deadly.
You take happiness and leave us fear.

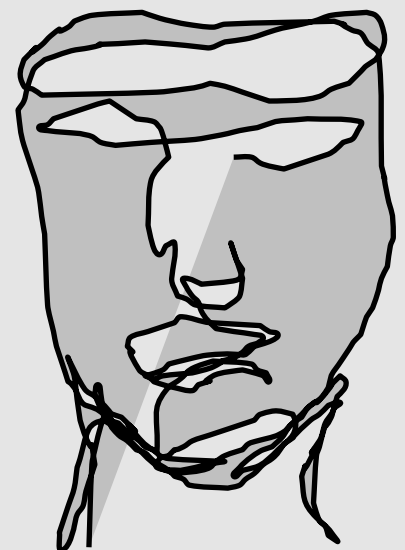
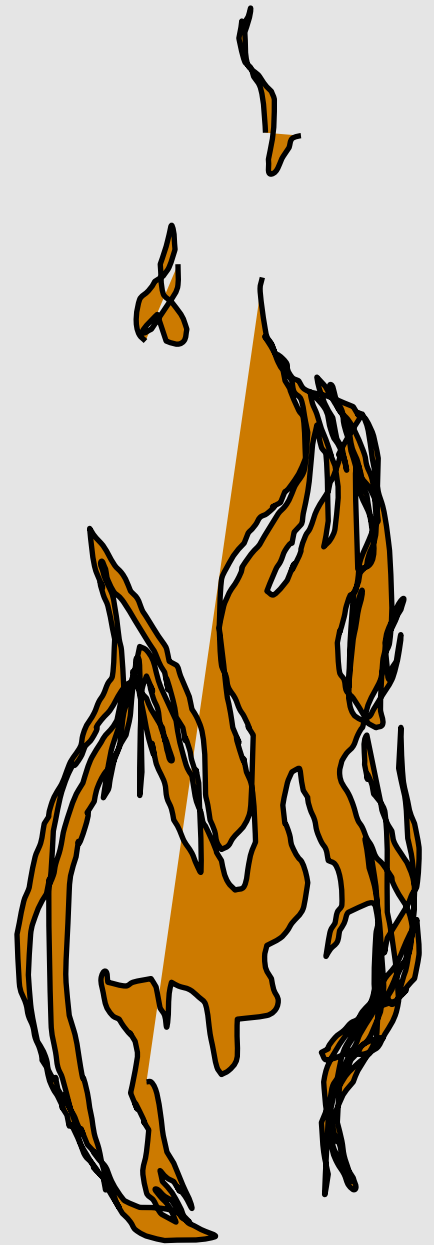
You are a bloodstained crown,
Yet no royalty you represent has been found.

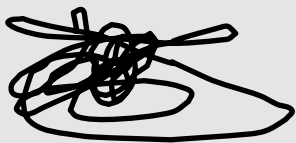
You are the colour of blood-red,
To represent all those you killed.
Innocent people,
Slaughtered to please you.

Hatred is a burning passion,
Raging like fire,
Yet it never burns out.

This Hatred will last for eternity,
Even after I am long lost to time.

Christina Miller





Rishi Sunak...You Are

You are a pair of dirty boots
Trampling over my clean and white carpet
Covering it in muddy mathematical madness.

My clean carpet was supposed to be my choice.
Not yours.

You are like Marmite
People either love you or they hate you
They praise you
Or they don't
I won't.

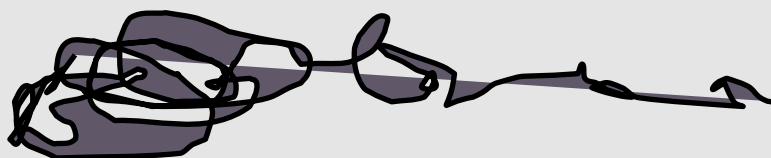
When I hear your name
Winter
Nighttime
Images flash through my head

When I hear your name
Rain
And thunder like a beating drum

I refuse to imagine you
At home in a busy city
Swimming in a pool of a millionaire's luxury
While I'm stuck
Wading through pages of fatiguing fractions



Milly Saber





Greta Thunberg

You are an eagle
Swiftly running through the world
Beaming in Red,
Bright red



You are sport shoes,
Racing around the world
An Athlete, Telling every day
Fight climate change!



You are a strong sound,
Travelling through the world
Getting absorbed in some peoples' hearts
There's no planet B

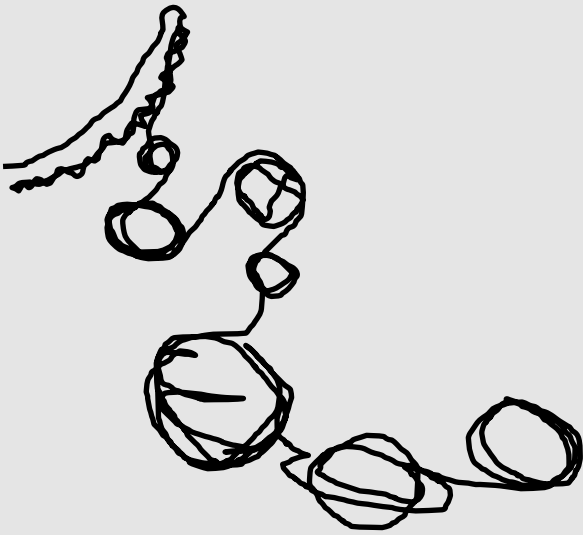
You are the sun rising in the morning
The sun is still up in the sky
It is midday and still,
it's bright

But no night
It is still bright
You are Greta

Night will come
But is not now
You are still bright
Under humanity's heart

Chika Watanbe





Earthshaker

✦ I do not think we can change the world
✦ The world is just a glittering ball in the sky
The world is illuminated by us all,
But dimmed by the frowns
If we change the world we must change ourselves
We can change,
Our eyes ✦
Our ears ✦
And our mouth ✦
Let your ears listen
Let your eyes see injustice and sadness
Let your mouth curl up into a smile
Smile and pass it on ✦
And let the world no be just a ball in the sky
But the home of lively people
I now think we can change the world
But it starts with me and you.

Ruth Johnson

What can I do?

What can I do?
If there is nothing I can say,
No whisper is heard,
All my words seem to fade away.

What is my purpose?
If I'm not listened to,
If it's not clear to me,
What can I do?

Cannot you hear me?
Is this really meant to be,
The way I live,
My fate, Is it not up to me?

My words seem to betray me,
As the lies fill my bones
My chest feels heavy,
As if filled with stones.

Lost in my own mind,
Bitter The words seeping through
If I can't trust people,
What must I do?

What can i have I got to lose,
If nothing is truly mine
If all those memories have reached
The end of the line.

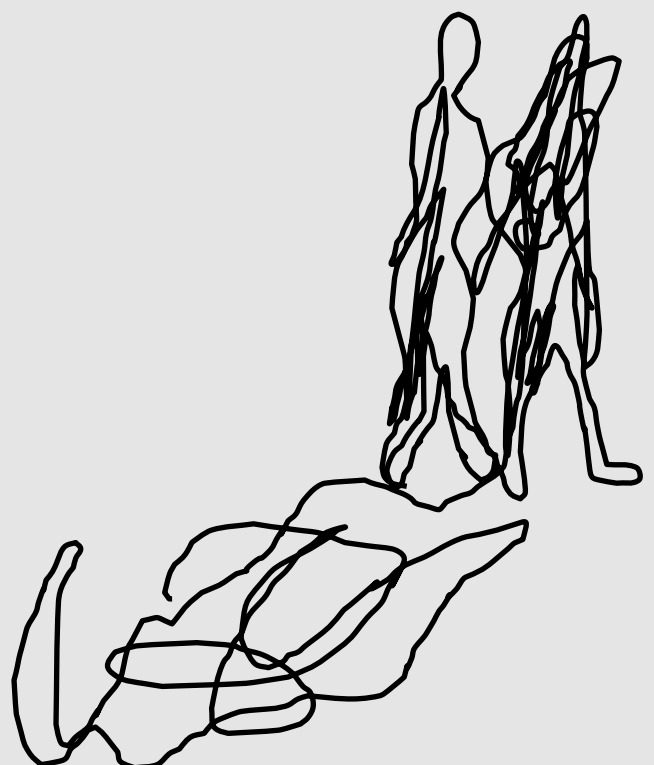
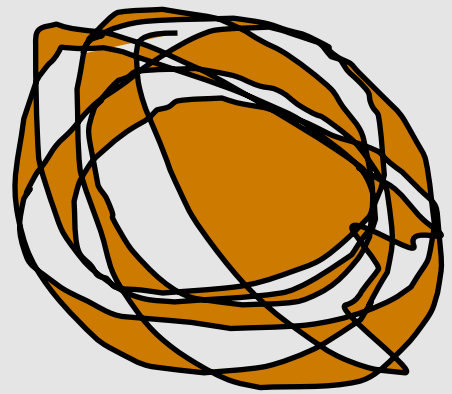
How can I take back things those,
Which were my own,
Taken from me,
If I feel so alone?

I'm wandering through
A graveyard of nightmares,
Nowhere to run,
The worries seem to ensnare
Me.

Trapped in a pool of shadows,
Drowning under all the weight,
Voices in my head, whispering,
Hate, hate, hate.

-

Isabella Nossa



Trapped inside my own imagination

Hurtful memories flash in my head,
I cling onto safety as if it were a thread.

Darkness envelops me and my world turns to ash,
Distorted voices laughing, my mind starts to thrash.

An invisible rope is looped around my throat,
I don't struggle, I'm a sinking boat.
I'm drowning in a sea of shadows and I've lost all hope,
But you just shrug and think I can cope.

I walk down a fading path, with nowhere to go,
There's nothing inside me except a faint glow.

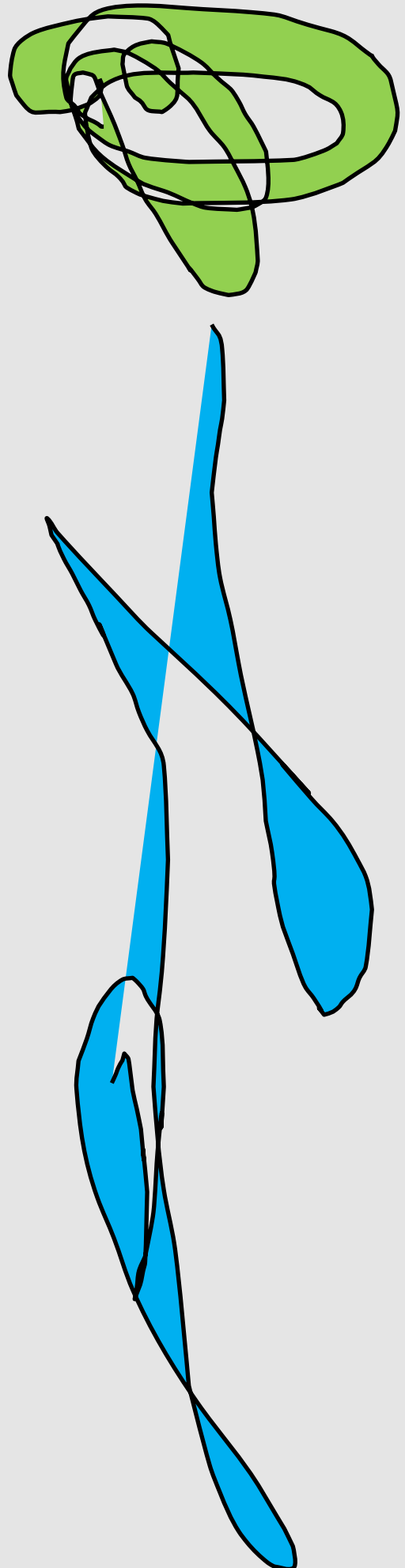
I try to escape the nightmares and despair,
But I only see the shadows which were always there.

I try to fight them, but I feel like I'll lose,
It's like a curse, one that I didn't choose.

The voices murmur of treachery and lies,
An evil whisper, in a friendly disguise.

I'm wrapped in a blanket of isolation,
I'm trapped, inside my own imagination

Isabella Nossa





Take an action

I once saw nature
Sometimes feeling the pain
When remembering
The beauty of them
Seen from far,
faraway
Is now gone,
Goneaway

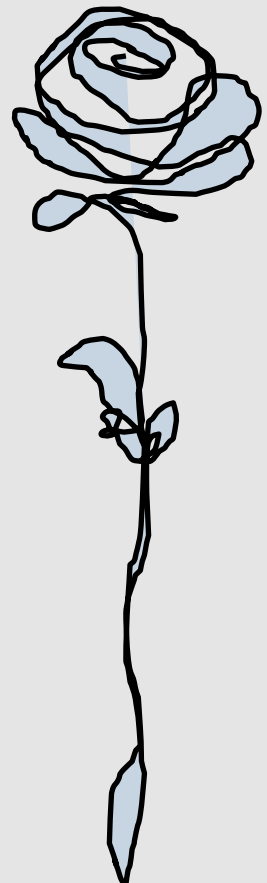
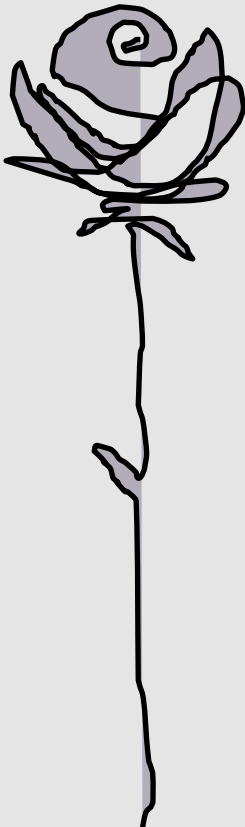
Oh, has nature ever betrayed us?
Never
Yet, we all overlooked,
we overlooked

Once there were birds,
Flying
Through fluttering Once there were trees,
Dancing
Oh happiness has vanished
Is there nothing we can do Lord?
Is there nothing?

It is the punishment
From the nature
They were crying,
Suffering,
Calling for help
Yet, we betrayed them,
We betrayed them
We betrayed ourselves

Before nature vanishes
We have to take action
Action, to save the nature
Who is to be blamed?
It's us,
It's all us

Chika Watanbe





It was Christmas at Camelot. A period of quiet, jollity and happiness. Yet it may be hard for you to trust my word, but I assure you for what happened that night is a tale most truthful. The banquet hall was filled with so much pleasure! Ribbons of flame danced and swayed, all ladies and lords were luminous with joy. And there watching it all was Arthur himself along with all the most courteous knights known in Christendom. But Arthur did not eat, instead he waited until all were served.

The hall was lit, not only with lights but also with happiness. The joy of togetherness. Who knew that all this contentment would mold into a gruesome fear. Frost spikes hung off windows like a phantom's glassy finger. A benevolent melody was drifting through the busy atmosphere and food had now been served, we sang and celebrated together.



In the distance though, the noise of feet on powdery snow or like muffled grenades could be heard. No one thought much of it at the time but as the sound drew closer the more our fears grew. The laughing stopped...The ladies and lords stopped dancing. I picked up my golden spoon to see a reflection of a dark, verdant figure. Outside the window, deep in the dull dark and soundless night a frightening figure emerged wearing garments and gear as green as emeralds yet no armour or shield for defence. A man so enormously tall and strong, like a giant!

Tick tock The grand clock chimed midnight.



I steadied my breathing as I tried to calm my panic, instead of the laughs and snickers only the heavy breathing of the brawny man could be heard. There was one thing spiralling through everyone's mind, confusion. Who was this? And why was he here? Little did we know, our questions would soon be answered.



This peculiar man stands in front of us and asks for our leader. There is silence, no one can muster up the right words, we were mute with amazement. For no sight like this has been seen in a while. Soon after, our king finally speaks and welcomes him in. This Green knight offers an aberrant proposal. A *Game*? Any knight brave enough to strike off his head may keep his axe, but that man must accept a return stroke in one year. Again there is silence. This knight calls us weak and cowards and insults us right in front of our eyes. All our dastardliness makes Arthur embarrassed. Our King, Arthur, accepts the challenge because none of the other knights will. In the end, Gawain (his nephew) steals forward to take the challenge because it would be improper for the King to risk himself in this sort of game. So to show his courage Gawain grabs the silver axe and in one blow the Green Knight was no more. Blood curdles from the severed head and just as we thought the night was over, the strange man grasps his head, mounts on his horse and peers over us. Before he leaves he warns Gawain to keep his word or else lose this lethal game he will, and with that, he exits. Paralysed with shock and drenched fear, we start to return to reality. The once joyful atmosphere had now turned stone cold.

Zoe Tsokou





Christmas At Camelot 2

Today was bleak and wet and the snow coated the floor like a velvet glove, although with the pounding rain it was thinning to an icy frost. Several blades of grass stood despite the thick snow, and were the only spots of colour in sight. I took a deep breath, taking in all of the festive scents, after all today was Christmas. Christmas at Camelot generally meant (to me) meeting with those closest to me and sharing a meal and smile together. But this year would differ since I have been knighted and have joined King Arthur's court and round table.

Therefore, when the light was fading into darkness, I trudged through the snow and ice towards the mighty stone castle that towered over the small town of Camelot.

As I entered the great hall, I took off my sodden coat and placed it carefully where the others were stowed. I joined the rest of the knights of the round table, taking our usual seats, then standing to greet King Arthur. And next, the feast began. We all took abundant amounts of food from the feast that was laid out for us, and we talked and stayed in each other's company until there was not a trace of light outside.

All of a sudden, we heard the resounding sound of the large wooden doors that were at the front face of the castle, open. A sliver of icy wind entered the hall, sending shivers down my spine, and for half of a second, I heard the steady and heavy rain outside.

A tall and powerful silhouette was seen, which dominated all of our thoughts. Followed by the familiar sound of clopping, then the bright green face of a horse and its rider, also a peculiar shade of green. The rider dismounted his placid horse, and took several steps towards us. The metal on his olive boots clattered on the floor.

Everything was silent.

Fear was a phantom that hung over me. All of the colour in the room drained to grey, of course apart from the verdant knight and horse.

Truthfully, I felt like I had seen a ghost. I had been used to seeing terrible sights in battle, but never in my darkest nightmares, had I envisioned this.

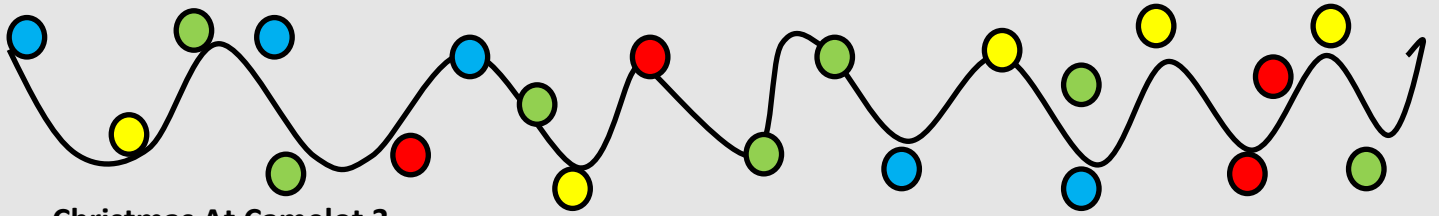
He loomed over us. His voice, compelling and authoritative and deep, rang through the hall like a siren. When he spoke, my heart skipped a beat. I closed my eyes. His voice seemed so close yet so distant. Everything else that happened next remains only a blurred vision in my head, like a drop of water on freshly-used ink on parchment.

I reopened my eyes to the sight of our noble Sir Gawain holding an emerald-shaded, gargantuan, curtal axe over the green man, and swiftly letting it go through his neck. His blood was, surprisingly, not green. I wish I'd never open my eyes. But now, it seemed like I wasn't even able to blink. The head rolled on the floor and came to a stop at my feet. I felt the blood dampen my leg and trousers. I was petrified. Willingly, I kicked the head away with all of my might and power. For a moment, I thought I felt a bone with my foot, surrounded by wet flesh.

I didn't even notice that the rest of the man's body was still standing, as though what just happened was normal. He bent and with his hands searched for his head, which was still speaking in perfect English. It was an abhorrent sight. Holding the dripping head by the beryl-coloured hair, he introduced himself as the Green Knight. Although, he was definitely not a knight that I wish to remember.

Georgia Carraretto





Christmas At Camelot 3

Dear Diary,

I am still mulling over the events of this evening. I can't seem to make any sense of them, and I hope putting it down on paper will provide me with some clarity.

It was Christmas, and I had just finished a long day's work. The serving dishes rattled as my arms shook under the weight of all the chicken, pork, ham and beef dishes. As I forced open the door to the dining hall, the sound of merriment and jollity could be heard over the loud clatter, which meant that the other dishes were being served.

As I was the maid with the most dishes, it took me rather longer to serve than it had the others, and as a result, I was the last servant in the dining hall. Just as I had finished dishing out the starter to a small knight (who didn't seem to have much to say), and had turned to leave, booming footsteps echoed through the hall, ricocheting off the stone walls. I spun on my heel, and blinked rapidly as I took in the giant framed in the doorway. More eye-opening than his size (which, let me assure you, was eye-opening), was his attire. The giant was green from head to toe. Even his steed was green. Most noticeably, he carried an axe that would likely reach from my head to my toes.

I froze in the doorway, unsure whether to leave quickly or stay and watch. While I was debating this, however, the giant spoke. In a low, gravelly voice, he challenged the party to strike him with his own axe, as long as in a year, the challenger would seek him out and reap his reward. I remember thinking: "Surely even this giant couldn't withstand a blow to the neck with an axe like that?"

Arthur, the King, stepped up to volunteer. Before he could land the blow however, I heard a voice offering to sacrifice itself instead. With a slight shock, I recognised the small knight I had served previously. I watched, sure I should leave but unable to move my legs, as Gawain (for that was his name) picked up the axe and covered my eyes as I heard a swish and a sickening thud. Upon peeking out from behind my hands, I beheld the headless stump of the giant on his hands and knees, searching for his missing body part. Dumbstruck, I stood, rooted to the spot as he lifted the bloody, dripping head onto his neck and held it there. He soon rode away and, upon finding the movement in my legs restored, I turned on my heels and ran.

Lily Young

The Storm



The wind growled as the thunder rolled in, roaring deafeningly.

Lightning crackled ferociously and the gloomy clouds sobbed.

Waves were flung viciously at the protective walls of hard, cold stone and air lashed vigorously at the mounds of sand on the desolated beach.

Waves crashed against the battered lifeguard's tower as lightning slashed through the diabolical, star speckled sky.

Billowing wind thrust the towering waves into the sand. Chaos shook the trees and the sky's electric grin flickered maliciously.

Slowly, the sea built up mountainous waves which rose from its monstrous, dark depths.

Splintered rocks were falling down, clattering over the pier.

Howling like a wolf, the wind whipped them far out to sea.

The storm shook the land and sent the walls tumbling down onto the rough sand.

Without warning lurid lightning shot through the indigo sky and struck the beach with such force that sand exploded in all directions. The earth shook.

The bright, sapphire bolt illuminated the turbulent, raging waves crashing down onto slippery, wet rocks

Alice Mecelis Fortes



My Uncle

Terrifying tickler, Giant bickerer

Television hogger, Big sleep slobberer

All day snorer, annoying horror

Full-time gamer, naughty blamer

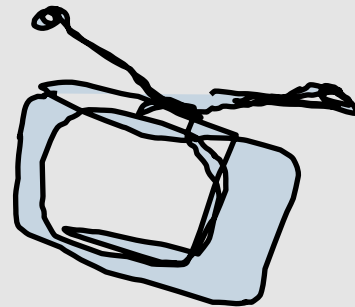
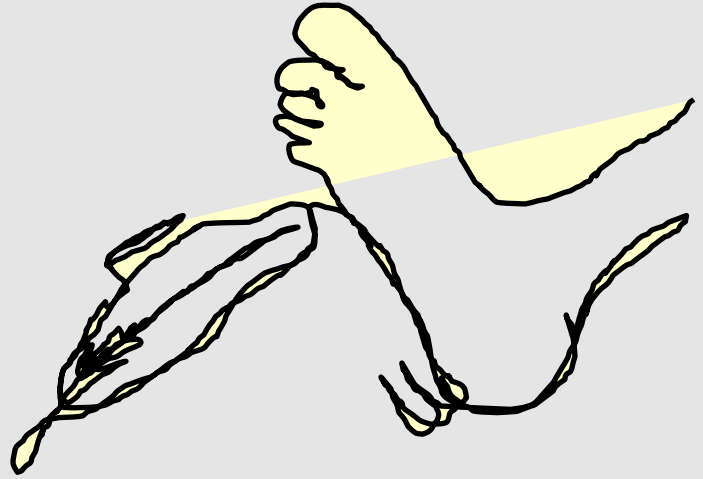
Hardest worker, bathroom lurker

Kindest carer, Bully glarer

Technology explorer, Sadness destroyer

Soft-hearted lover, even better brother

That's my uncle. My best friend.



Victoria Macharia

Kenning poem about me.

Cunning deceiver,

Ravenous biter,

I'm a hungry shouter,

Going on and on and on chatter,

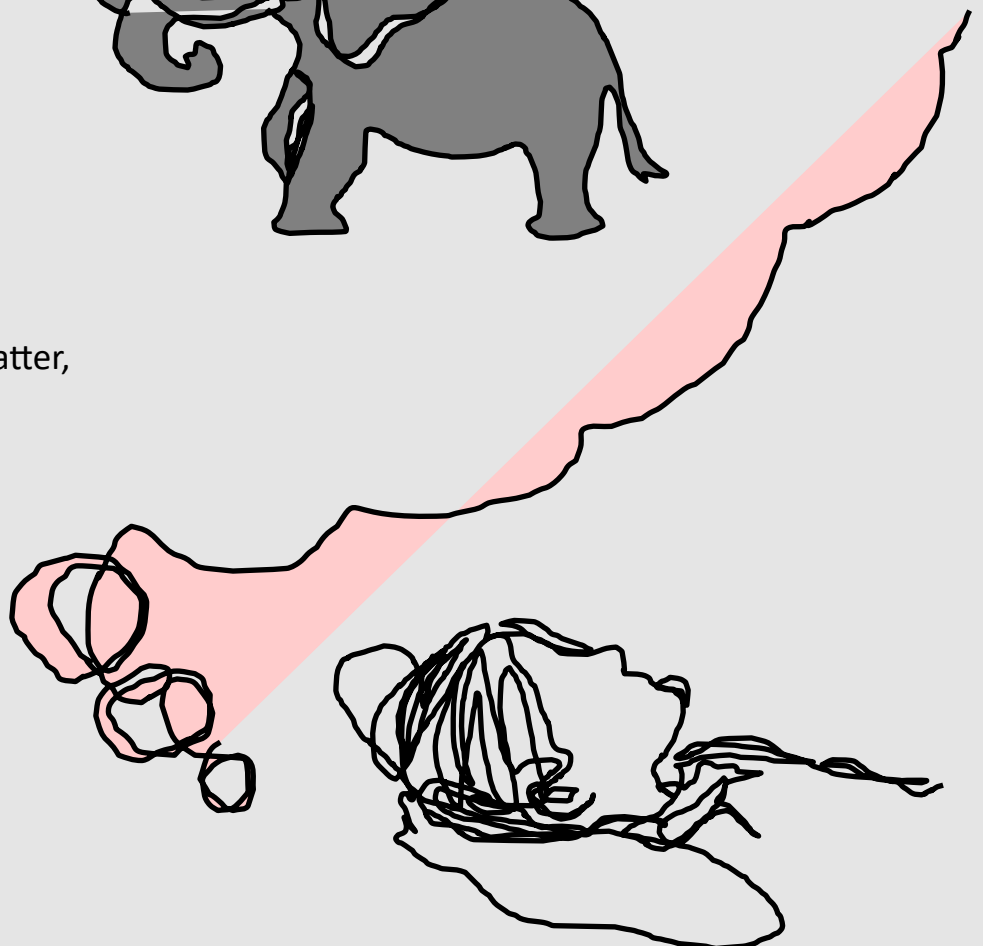
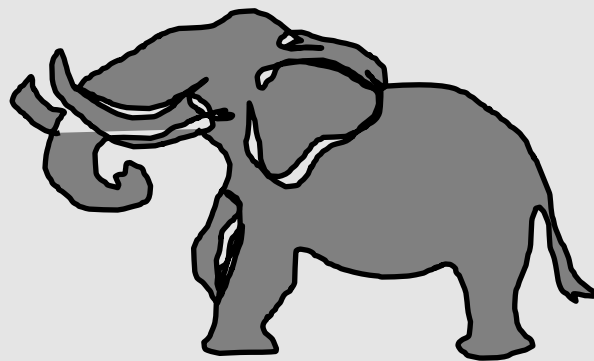
Telling off helper,

Magnificent eater,

Elephant lover,

Imaginative explorer,

Pen nibbler



Aishani Balakuar

My Doggie

Pigeon grabber,
Milk slurper,
Toy chewer,
All-day sleeper.

Quick runner,
Toy fetcher,
Meat eater,
Family protector.

Big yawner,
Bum stretcher,
Treat lover,
4-leg walker.

Sea hater,
Boat rider,
Bed hogger,
Food stealer.

Jumper wearer,
Hand licker,
Loud growler,
Squirrel catcher.



Alice Poncia

A Stranger Is Among Us – a thriller

Wandering through the lost city of Castello. I open the door to my new house. It's dark and eerie, full of cobwebs and mice scuttling along the red stained floor. I slip and slide through centuries of dirt, dust and other garbage. Moths slowly destroy down the once majestic carpet.

It's been about a week since I moved here. It is cold here. And yes, I do have working radiators, but something seems to keep this place icy .

Maybe the red stained floor is creeping into your mind? I assure you that it's not what it seems to be. I am sure it is some sort of red wine spilt onto the floor that nobody bothered to clean up. Murder isn't impossible, just unlikely.

Even if someone was murdered here. I can not believe that their vengeful spirit has risen to kill me. No. That ghosts exist is impossible. Not unlikely, impossible.

Anyway.

Today, I am throwing a party with friends who have come all the way from Venice to be here with me .

It's half past six and the guests are starting to flood through.- all stopping at the red stain on the floor. I tell them that it's just wine. Some are sceptical and some take it light-heartedly. I can't believe I befriended such fools.

Half an hour into the party and there is a loud shrill scream upstairs. as. We rush out I am shocked to see Anna buried in a pool of her own blood.

Someone who was invited to my party is hiding amongst us. blending in with the crowd. A stranger is among us, seeking vengeance .

Another half an hour passes and another is someone was killed. This time it is Raena.

Every half an hour another victim is murdered.

And now it's nine o' clock. There's now five of us left. Myself, Kylie, Nala, Zane and Trevor. Just all of my closest friends stand beside me and one of them is not who they claim to be. I try to interrogate them in my mind but all seem too innocent to kill.

I sit with my head in my hands.

There is a knock at the Library door. But all of us are in here? Someone else is out there. We all creep up to the door with light footsteps. Just then the window behind us shatters into a million pieces. When I turn behind me. ...

All are dead except for me.

I stand in an immense and growing sea of blood.

Shibani Clington Fernando

In the Pursuit of Happiness

I will chase you down through fields
Of canary yellow tulips gleaming in the sunlight.
The beauty will not stop me.
I will run through bushes of fragrant roses and,
The thorns will cut me
I will chase you through the deepest, darkest, murkiest waters,
But I will never drown.
There is no beauty in right now,
Until I find you.
The colours will never shine,
The sounds constantly muted,
And the light will flicker,
Until I find you
I will follow you down every road but not get tired because,
In the pursuit of happiness,
I will search every corner,
Every crevice
And every point of the world.
Until I find you.
You

Ruth Johnson



Fires

Friends are like fires.

There can be good fires,

And bad fires.

Most ones just get put out,

But others like to stay about.

Friends are like fires.

With some friendships there's a spark,

That becomes a flame.

Some friends warm you and fill your heart,

Others just leave you cold in the dark.

Friends are like fires.

When the friendship bonds closer,

You burn and blaze brightly.

But when they forget you,

You're lost and cold and hard to find,

Like burnt ashes from a fire,

Emptiness is all that is left behind.

Caoimhe Sheffer

Drawing Life

The scratching of the pencil in
harmony with the thunder,

All she ever does is wonder,

What would life be without
pen and paper,

To be honest it would probably
break her,

Squiggles and colour all over
the place ,

Your imagination isn't in a con-
fined space,

Draw what you feel and close
your eyes,

And soon they will come alive,

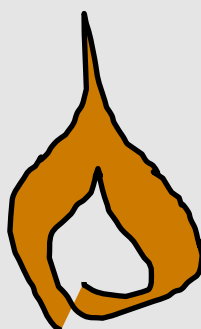
Trees and grass a seaside
beach,

All you have to do is believe,

Believe in the world in times of
grief,

Believe, believe and believe

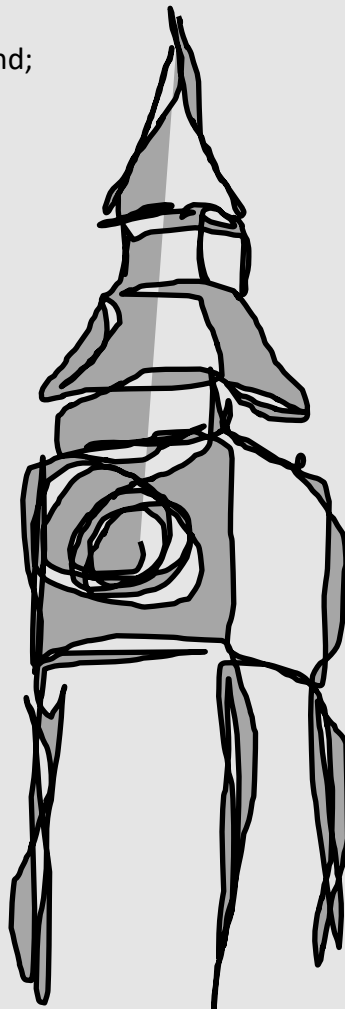
Lucia Gulian



A New Beginning

stained with the tears of betrayal
an ongoing shattering of trust
broken into a million pieces
impossible to put back together.
although with every chapter
comes a new beginning
a fresh renewal,
a plate turned clean.
and the present becomes nothing more
than a bad memory,
meant to be forgotten
in those eyes
that I once saw a friend;
I now see a stranger

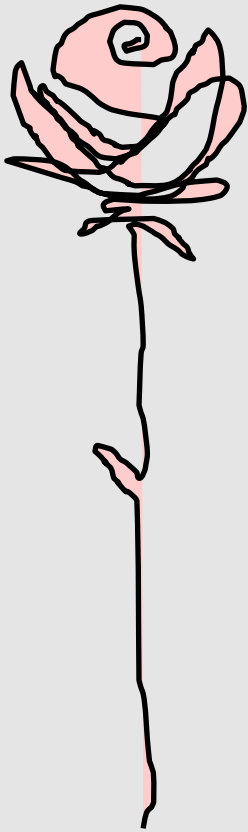
Hannah Jalal



Frenemies

London-unusually sparkling
Was a new world to me.
I met you when you were clammy with sweat
A somewhat strange duet we were.
BFFs one day
Enemies on another
I want to understand
We are each other's mystery
Is that why it's special?
Stay by my side for eternity
Longer than seven summers and cold winters
Longer than numerous promises and memories
One day the world stopped without any warning
The next day Spring didn't know to wait
Showed up, not a minute late
Time goes on without a single apology
It looks like it is going to rain today
I'm soaked to the bone and it won't stop
Running faster than that cloud of rain
I'm in a world of pain,
this cold prompts me to press
the dust-covered rewind of you and me
Let's thread tomorrow with today
Stop for now but don't hide in the shadow
Once again daylight will glow.

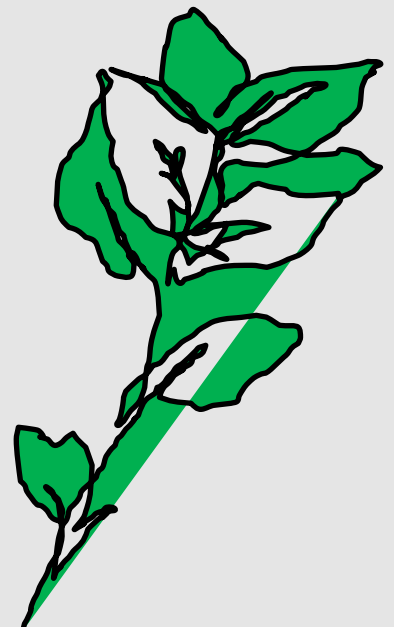
Sumatee Nakarmi

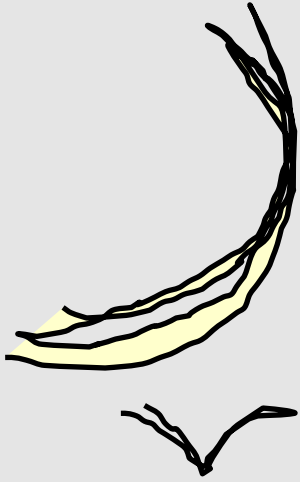


This is Friendship

Late in the night,
Thunder from the sky,
People in cosy houses, a place of safety.
Three girls standing in the lonely street,
holding tight to their only umbrella.
Embracing themselves, walking together step by step.
Healing their arguments through the day
Sprinkles of rain cure their friendship with understanding
Giving each other a hug,
This is friendship.
Supportive of our differences,
Laughing off our similarities.
Comforting when we are moody,
Being together as a team
Teasing doesn't ruin our friendship,
Trusting is the key.
Keep your head up high,
Know your friends are there for you
Being lonely doesn't help,
Going on our own pathway,
We come together in busy times.
This is friendship.

Sze Wing Ng





The Sea

Where the light of the sky
Meets the depth of the sea.
Among damp, golden sand
And drying seaweed,
We hop, skip, jump into the water
Sound of breaking waves mingled with
laughter.

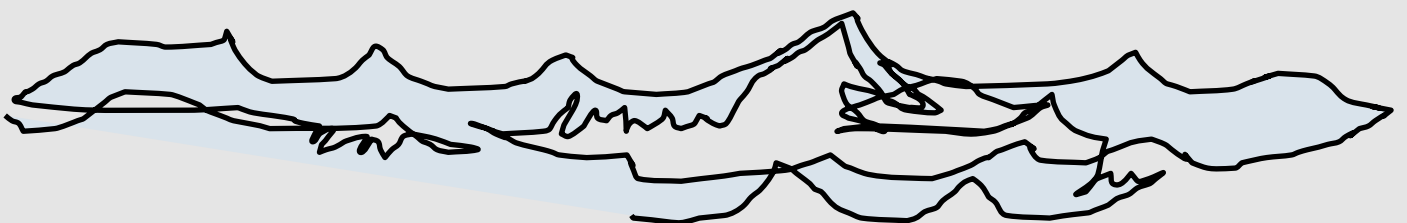


Down, down, down
Where sea creatures swim,
Your vision starts to dim.



Near the glowing surface I rise
While you sink slowly to your demise.
I float to the shore with one final wave
The one sealing you in your watery
grave.

Harriet Wood



Escape

I have no interest in this lesson,
Staring out the window at a pigeon.
The words echo in my ears
As the teacher talks.

It feels as if I was dreaming.

And as I stare.

The world around me begins to fall
into a magical place,

No one could bother me in this space.

I sit in the huge bubble in my mind.

Lilia Peters

Sometimes it seems

Sometimes it seems

That even though the world is big

There is no place big enough to hide and rest a little .

Sometimes it seems

That even though people are around

There is still that lonely feeling -

Those churning waves of sadness that always bring you down

That darkness hanging upon you ready to consume

The happiness inside you

Sometimes it seems that there is no escape

From the reality that seems like a muddled misshape

Everything lies still, empty and silent

I feel alone like my mind is twisted and winded

Sometimes it seems

that while you dream

nightmares come to life

and trap you from freedom and daylight

Sometimes it seems

That whilst I lie staring at the sky

Which slowly waves goodbye

Our world is shrinking

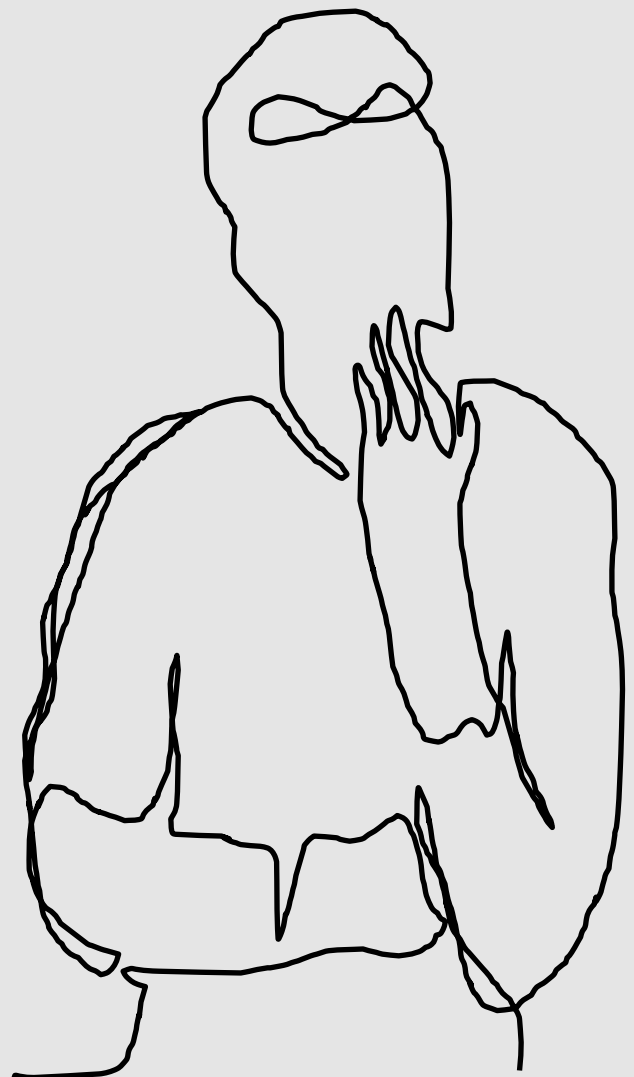
Ice caps sinking,

As time keeps flying by

We must act now

Or our world will just all be a lie.

Elisabetta Lincoln





Story Openings

I didn't mean to kill her. . .

I didn't mean to kill her. I still remember holding the cold handle of the knife as the blade pierced her flesh,
I didn't mean to.

I had no choice.

But I wish she hadn't threatened my family; I wish I had never grabbed the knife.

But wishing isn't going to get me out of this situation;
I'm being chased by the police, I'm running on the rooftops trying to escape this dreadful fate, but there's no way out.

I wish ...

Suddenly, I slip over a loose tile,

I fall and fall and fall

this is it, this is the end.

It seems like forever as I fall,

Guilt floods through me,

Regret seeps through my bones,

I deserve this, this is my fate,

I close my eyes, falling,

I wait until finally,

I slam against the solid floor.

I hear sirens wail, ambulances came rushing,
but No

This was how it was going to end, I closed my eyes and soon,
the merciless arms of Death wrap
around my heartless soul and every
noise fades away. . .

Isabella Nossa





Story Openings

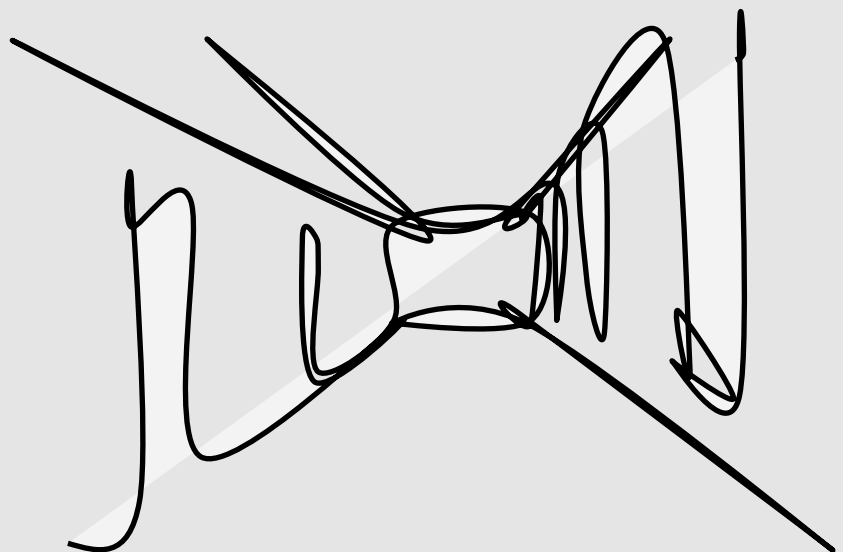
Automatic writing

'Student safety' was the only reason given for the school basement being off limits. But rules are meant to be broken...

Natalie, Emma and Steve crept through the long eerie corridor. Their footsteps echoed as they inched their way towards the door to the school basement. Natalie rushed forwards being careful not to make any noise. Pressing her palms against the icy door she tried to push it open. It was locked. She tried again - still nothing.

They exchanged worried glances. . .

Isabella Nossa





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