



King's High School

Junior Creative Writing
Summer Anthology:
The Sea

Orion

by Ana

Orion. My name is Orion.

And what was his name?

Avander?

I'm sure it was Avander.

I remember a long time ago, my Father told me to keep calm if we ever went under. Recite facts.

His name settles on my tongue, a splash of rose-water amongst the salt and froth.

My name is Orion, I think as I try to come up for air. His name is Avander.

"Avander?" I say, mouth full of seawater.

"It's Eros." His voice floats through the air as I break the surface. "Orion?"

I turn around, encapsulated by him. I drift closer, kicking my legs to keep my head above water.

I reach out for him, his shining, coal eyes, and place my hand on his sun-kissed cheek, scraping for some reassurance that this is reality.

Then I draw back in horror.

His skin falls away, floating on the top of the water like a jellyfish. The rest of it, all shedding away.

The salt crusted on his skin and the seaweed in his hair become one with his body.

He belongs to the ocean.

I've fallen prey to the very creature that I had been warned of since I stepped foot on Father's Gemini II.

The very creature that left me petrified of water until I was ten, left me gutting fish for a decade.

A siren.

Just hours ago, I had been sitting on the harbour, when I saw him. Watching me.

I asked if I could help him.

Just hours ago, we had been strolling along the beach, laughing beneath the Mediterranean sun.

I asked if he wanted to join Father and I.

Just hours ago, I had fallen for him. For Avander and his voice. His beauty. The way his skin shone and his eyes gleamed when he laughed. The way his mouth curled.

I had been casting my net when he jumped.

No warning.

One minute he was there, next minute he had disappeared beneath the waves in a flurry of foam.

I had hurled myself over the side of the wooden vessel after him, my downfall.

Now, he wasn't drowning, but smiling.

Smiling as I thrashed against the current, fighting for air, blinking furiously as salt invaded my eyes.

I blink for a second, seeing the surface, just to be pulled back under by Eros. Just to disappear beneath the waves, and for my lungs to fill up with ice-cold water instead.

His neck opens up, revealing scarlet gashes. Gills.

His charcoal eyes swirl like a stormy sea, a shipwreck into a bloody crimson.

His hands and feet merge to be webbed and callous, teal scales emerged everywhere on his cheek, under my hand.

He sings again. A haunting lullaby that I can barely hear beneath the roar of the sea, sounding like bitter poison, harsh and abrasive.

But he already has me.

Eros hugs me close to his body and dives down to the ocean floor. I play dead, but keep my fishing hook to my chest.

He's meters from the floor, until I over and hook the weapon through his cheek.

Blood swirls in the water, and he floats up. I let go of his corpse and shoot upwards, feeling my breath run out, grasping at the light, too weak to break out towards it.

I look down.

Eros is dragging me down, his cheek mauled and bloody, gaping hole in the side of his face.

But he opens his mouth, grabs me, and still serenades me as he pulls me deeper and deeper into the depths of the ocean.

I'm slipping in and out of consciousness as he carries me further.

And I kick.

But I get nowhere.

The Mystery in Paris

by Charlotte

Paris

I got off the plane at exactly 3:00 am. I was exhausted. I don't know why travelling is so tiring, but every time I get out of a car or off a plane, I always feel as if I haven't slept for days – especially on long journeys. Long journeys, just like the one I took today, to Paris. So, I know you probably have loads of questions like: Why are you in Paris? and, Are you there on a work trip? Well to answer the second question, I don't have a job I'm 10. And I know that'll now generate loads more questions. But I don't have time to try and read your minds, because I'm on a mission. But I'm not allowed to tell you what it is, in case any of the important French people find this. And I know that's leaving you on a cliffhanger, and I'm sorry!

Anyways, I wanted to start by recording something, just as a place to keep my findings. And before I move on, I just won't to clarify that this is NOT a diary and I'm not a "dear diary" kind if person. Someday, this is going to become a published book- you wait and see-. Anyways, I'd better get some sleep before my big adventure tomorrow.

Exploring

So, I managed to suss out a little hotel room. One of the big mistakes I made, was bringing little to no money. We'll have to think about and find a way out of that later. I'm thinking about maybe going to that library today, to see if I can do a bit of "research" then after that I might do a bit of exploring. Paris is really big! To be honest I don't know why I'm so surprised.

Adventure

New day new adventure and today I'm going to do a bit more exploring. I'm beginning to get the feeling that someone is following me, it's just that wherever I go there's this same man. He has very dark rimmed sunglasses, with a VERY curly moustache.

The man

Ok, you know how I said that I through there was this strange man on my tail, well I saw him again today. I was in the library and he was sat opposite me and as I walked up to the librarian to ask if I could take out a book. He followed me!

The scream

I woke up this morning, to the sound of screaming. I wasn't sure who to was but I could definitely tell that it wasn't for a good reason. I think today I'm going to try and investigate it.

Investigating

Quick update on investigating: I currently haven't found out who screamed or why, so very little progress, but like I said I know it wasn't a good thing.

Library

I went to the library again, it was a very successful trip. I returned five book and took out another two. Overall, I'm extremely pleased with myself!

The smile

I spotted the man again today, he was smiling. I've never seen home smile before.

Jack Hardgreaves:
date of disappearance 25th February 2015

The Sea

by Sana

“Approaching 9,250 metres deep. PSI reaching 7000 lbf/in²”

Deep blue lights dance across the cabin. The sub continues its monotone whirring.

Outside the porthole, a cloud of bubbles is the only thing visible.

“Approaching 9,350 metres deep”

The Thalassa’s huge metal body sinks further and further. With each metre gained on that reader, the risk to its crew increases.

We are literally teasing Luck herself at this point.

I turn from the porthole back to the screens, hoping to God this mission doesn’t end the same way as the previous ones.

“Approaching 9,450 metres deep”

I guess missions like these didn’t even exist a good 30 years ago. Then again everyone was preoccupied with ethics, or politics, or countries that hadn’t been swamped out of existence yet.

“Approaching 9,550 metres deep”

This is the latest of many journeys to the depths, each one aiming to reclaim some fragments of life decades ago, before the Floods swept most of it away. With the pieces we might recover, we can attempt to rebuild that life. We could build a new economy based on the debris of old ones, revive the education system, allow us to not just survive, but thrive, like we did before.

But first, we actually have to get the pieces.

“We’ve reached the seabed, Captain.”

“Alright. Let’s get it over with.”

The crewman’s head shifts back down to the screens ahead of him. He fiddles with the buttons before turning to flick a glowing red switch on his right.

With a clank and a screech the metal diggers emerge into view on the large screen at the front of the room. A pair of rusting muscles glinting in the headlamps, they stretch towards the newly lit seabed. The ship begins to hover.

I pace over the seat by that large screen and perch myself onto it, my hands grasping for the joysticks.

“All clear for exploration.”

Gradually pushing the sticks forward, causing the ship to move forward, I scan the seabed for clues. Bits of rubble. Ancient belongings. Pieces of a tool. Anything. Any sign of old life in this underwater wasteland would be enough to score a big fat promotion for the entire crew, at the very least. See, becoming the first crew to make it out of the depths with some souvenirs isn’t much of an everyday feat. With the rewarded cash I could finally get an apartment with some decently sized rooms, one that comes with a bed and doesn’t reek of vinegar. Some of my crew members might actually be able to get their own place with this reward—

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The radar goes off with a start.

“What the hell is that?!”

The woman manning the radar glances at me with panic.

“Captain, something just appeared nearby”

“Is it something that moves?”, I reply.

I guess I should’ve mentioned that those who haven’t returned from the depths with something never return at all. In other words, if that thing on the radar moves, it’s probably not a fish. Fish were wiped out by the sheer force of the Floods long ago.

People start rushing to the large screen, crowding around me. Another group is formed around the radar woman, and a smaller one around the people operating the cameras.

Getting a souvenir is one thing. Making it out alive is another.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

“Captain, it’s getting closer!”

I swerve the ship around, trying to track down the could-be killer.

BEEP.BEEP.BEEP.BEEP.BEEP.BEEP.

A clamour of fearful voices starts up. In a frenzy now I continue to search the screen in front of me. It’s gotta be right next to the ship now. Whatever it is. Some sort of demon, like a siren, or a kelpie, or a—

Salmon?

A tiny streak of silver in the blue slips through the diggers. The radar calms down as it darts off.

Relieved sighs and confused chatter fill the cabin as crewmen make their way back to their stations.

I stare at the screen for a second before hesitantly letting go of the joysticks.

It was a freaking salmon.

“Guess not all the fish were wiped out?”, the radar woman says, a little embarrassed.

The Ship

by Mariam

It all started when I was on a huge ship with a bunch of my friends. We were all having fun until Emerald [one of my friends] suggested we all go for a swim in the sea. We all agreed and one by one we all jumped in. We all played around for a while and splashed the water at each other.

An hour later, I noticed that it was getting dark so I swam towards the ship to get back in until I couldn't find the ladder. That's when I realised that when Emerald jumped in she forgot to put the ladder out. Quickly, I swam to everyone and told them what had happened. We all started panicking and screaming for help but no one was around.

Then everyone started blaming each other and we all broke into a huge fight. Amelia started crying and told everyone to stop fighting. We were all nervous and worried.

The sun had set and we were all alone. The sky was black and we couldn't see anything. I rested against the ship with fear shivering all around my body. What If there were sharks swimming beneath us? What if they were watching us waiting for the right moment to strike?

I shivered.

I just wanted to be home In my comfy bed. But I wasn't; I was in the middle of the ocean.

Suddenly, we saw something moving in the water. It was coming closer and closer. Brooke screamed as something pulled her under the water. She didn't come back up. We all screamed. That was until we saw the creature again and this time was coming for me...

The Sea

by Charlotte

I am the raging terror,
My icy will is clear.
The salty spray flies from the tides:
I am the master you will fear.

I am the unsolved mystery,
Conundrums are my depths.
And those who venture too far down
Shall take their final breaths.

I will call my cyclones
Of wind and rain and salt.
I summon up my monstrous tides
Of which they have no fault.

I am the ship-destroyer,
Many of their hulls I've pierced.
None can fathom of my strength,
Nor of my anger fierce.

I make the huge tsunamis,
I birth the worst of waves.
You cannot escape my reach:
The path of doom I pave.

But look past my fierce outside
Leave your worries by the shore.
I will bring you secret treasures,
Shells and pearls and more.

Play with tides along the coast
Play with me through the sand.
Let my beaches be a bed.
When you can no longer stand.

Stay with me 'till dusk arrives,
Hold sunset in your palm.
Explore my world of peace and mute
Between sky and sandy calm.

The Seal Pup's Dream

by Rhiannon

I wake up from a long sleep. The sea near by sparkles and glistens in the morning sun. The sandy beach is warm. I clumsily make my way to the sea with the other seal pups. I stare down at the sea, and it smiles back. I look up seeing how big it is. The blue stretches for miles upon miles. I dive in.

It's beautiful down here. The other seals are playing but I feel different. I feel like I'm being called into the deep. I desire to dive down and swim wherever I want. Unfortunately, it doesn't work like that. I have to stay in this certain area. This side of the reef. Not the other side. I've always felt like the odd one out. Sometimes I do just want to run away.

I swim down to a little ledge and think long and hard. Then I have an idea. I'm going to go adventuring. I look around to check no one is watching. At the right moment, I make my move. I swim as fast as my little flippers can carry me. I keep going until I reach the reef. I never noticed there were so many creatures. There are fish of all sorts of colours and names. There are turtles everywhere. Soon I find I'm swimming in amongst a rainbow of colour. This is the best thing that has ever happened to me.

I spent the whole day swimming around the reef but by the time night fell I had completely lost my sense of direction. I WAS LOST. I nestled down into a hidden corner of the reef and fell asleep. All night strange noises were keeping me awake. Noises I've never heard.

During the night my eyes open and I see something. I've never seen it before, but it looks scary. The thing has long sharp teeth and looks like a huge fish. I pretend I'm not there but suddenly... CRUNCH! The creature eats another seal in one bite. That wasn't reassuring. I'd prefer to not know that I was sharing water with big bloodthirsty fish that some call sharks.

In the morning I wake up and discover another 2 species known as seahorses and turtles. The turtles were incredibly friendly one let me swim with them and then gave me a lift back to this reef. I haven't seen any other seals for the whole of today not since I saw that devil fish last night. In my head I can't decide if that is good or bad as maybe there's a reason the adult seals told us to stay in that bay. What if it was for our safety.

I spend another week at the reef still seeing no seals. Though I seem to see the same monster every night. When I review the things, I have learnt so far all I can think of is stay away from the devilish monsters that are sitting or swimming waiting, just waiting to attack. All the days here have been used to explore and I've met at least 20 new species I never knew of like sea urchins and sea otters that I met on the outskirts of the kelp forests.

Right, I have thought long and hard about this and I have decided I am going to return to the other seals. I peacefully swim back while humming my favourite seal song until I bump into the beast. I catch its eyes and we make eye contact. We stay like that for at least five minutes before it charges towards me. I swim as fast as my little fins can take me but I'm still a pup I'm not ready to be chased by big hungry things with lots of teeth.

Suddenly, out of the gloom of the deep sea a whale shark pops up and chases the shark back to where it came from. With the whale shark leading the way I head back home with nothing to bother me. When I eventually return, I find no one's there except the old wise one. Once on land I can't move so well so I lolloped over and he said to me my name, Flora, and then he told me everyone has gone searching for me and that I should have never left. I didn't think much of it, and I don't think I will in the future either so what was meant to be a lesson learnt hasn't really worked. I then lie on the nice sandy beach on the same spot as this story started asleep and waiting for the others to return.

Honest...

by Katie

I didn't mean to kill her. Honest. It was an accident, I swear.

We were on the cliff edge.

I only meant to hurt her a little; maybe break a bone. To stop her from speaking out.

Just the two of us.

To stop her from telling anyone.

She told me that she knew what I had done.

I just panicked, that's all. It was a spur-of-the-moment decision.

She told me that she wouldn't let me get away with it.

By the time I had realized what I had done, I was here.

She told me she was going to kill me.

It was self-defence. I pushed her over the edge and the sea swallowed her whole.

I didn't mean to kill her.

Honest...

Diary of pig

by Izzy

Dear diary,

I am pig, pig of sea. I have just woken up from a very gooey place, but all pig can see is nothing, I pig, can hear sounds, swooshing sounds and pig is scared, pig is terrified. I can feel my swishy tail gently pounding on something, then that something moved, I am frightened so pig swished away but I pig keeps banging into things. Finally, I give up I's can not go on, I lie down my head, close my eyes and wish myself a very good night. As I wake up I feel the waves, and I awoke with a great fright. Over me's a figure seemed to loomed, he let of a sense of kindness. I yelled with scaredness, I squeaked with fright but he put his hand on my shoulder and all emotion disappeared he led me out the cavern of sadness I was in and I seemed to sense a grin. I finally had a friend, a new family, a new start. That was all I needed to save me from an eclipse which you could get lost in my sadness. He helped me to see, to write, to talk, he helped with my life and I helped him to sleep at night. Below is a photo of my brave friend, swimming in the ocean with me behind.



The Island of Terror

by Charlotte

The wind blew the sails of the boats like leaves on a tree, the breeze not quite hard enough to be “extreme” but not still enough to be “calm”. My friend Sofia stood next to me on the beach, calm as can be.

‘Where are we going?’

‘Wait and see. Aha! There it is!’

I look where she’s pointing and there’s this big... boat? I don’t like boats. I get seasick. She’s making me...

‘Surprise!’ Nico, Thalia, and Artemis yell. I look at them as they grin at me from the boat. Nico and Thalia are siblings, and Artemis is my little sister, so it’s great to see all of them.

‘Come In! There’s Me and Thalia and Nico and The Ship-Person-’ my sister babbles on, quite obviously speaking in capitals.

‘Alex.’ Thalia said, glaring at my sister.

‘Alex, Whatever.’

‘What are you doing here?’ I ask my sister.

‘Well, we’re going to this is-’

‘ARTEMIS!’ everyone yelled. ‘Not supposed to talk about it.’ Nico said.

‘What’s going on?’ I ask, but everyone just herds me onto the boat. ‘I get seasick, guys.’

‘Here. Put these on.’ Thalia said, pushing some wristbands in my hands. I put them around me wrist cautiously.

‘Where are we going?’

‘Wait a minute... where’s Alex?’ Thalia asked.

‘I don’t know, but why do you care so much?’ Nico asked, looking at his sister angrily.

She blushed. ‘Because some of us care about other people, unlike others.’ She said, glaring at her

brother.

‘Yeah, well, some of us care a bit too much.’

Thalia glared at him again. ‘Says you.’ She said, turning on her heels and going down below.

‘Well that was a good start. Good work, Nico.’ Sofia said, rolling her eyes.

‘Right, well we’re nearly there.’ Artemis said, looking at the horizon. ‘Five minutes and we’ll be close enough to harbour at the-’

‘Artemis!’

‘Sorry.’

‘Right. We’re there.’

I could see an island, a forest, a beach.

‘Let’s go!’ Artemis said, bouncing up and down.

We parked the boat and then stepped off. The sand was as smooth as silk, and the sun beat down on it, heating it up.

‘We need to set up camp near the edge of the woods.’ Alex said. I looked round. Alex was back, and Thalia next to him. Her hand was in his. She quickly dropped his hand.

‘We’d better get going.’ She said, picking up a bag the size of a bush and presently dropping it.

‘I’ll take that.’ Alex said.

‘Thanks, but I’m good.’ Thalia said, glaring.

‘Fine.’ Alex said, hands up in surrender.

We all hiked up the beach, carrying our bags over our shoulders.

‘Here is good.’ Alex said, stopping the walk.

I put my pack down, flopping down onto the soft sand, and lay there for an hour, sleeping soundly.

A couple of hours later, Nico screamed. I woke with

a crash, turning round and looking at what, in my eyes, was a disaster. Thalia was laid down on the grass, still, as cold as ice. I looked at Nico.

‘You- did you-’ I asked, stuttering.

Alex had disappeared, and Artemis was sleeping nearby.

‘What? No! I woke up... found her...’ he murmured, a sneer forming on his pale lips.

‘Stop that, Nico.’ I said, breathing heavily. ‘She’s alive.’

‘How did you know?’

‘I studied psychology and biology. I just know.’ I said.

‘Fine. She’s alive. But why is she...’

‘Shock.’

‘Why?’

‘Woke up, Alex gone, you gone?’

‘I didn’t...’

‘Who got the coconuts?’ I asked, smirking at his eye-roll.

‘That’s enough, Miss Sherlock.’

‘So... you and Thalia have seen your worst fears-’

‘I haven’t!’

‘You mean I’m wrong when I say you were scared of losing your sister?’

‘Ye- no.’

‘No... as in...’

‘You’re not wrong.’

‘There. Easy.’

Sofía walked into the clearing, holding some wood.

‘What’s up, guys?’ she said, seeing our faces.

‘Thalia.’ I said, indicating her on the floor.

‘How do we wake her up?’

‘Water.’ I said. ‘Nico, take her shoulders. We’re taking her for a dip in the sea.’

‘Yes!’ he yelled, and grabbed her forcefully.

Suddenly, Thalia shuddered and woke, hitting at Nico angrily.

‘Thalia.’ I whispered.

‘Thank you.’ She whispered back. She turned back to her brother. ‘WHERE DID YOU GO, YOU IDIOT?! IF IT WEREN’T FOR YOU I WOULD-’

‘Thalia. Enough.’ Alex said, appearing from behind a rock. Thalia sighed in relief and rushed to him, crying heavily on his shoulder. He smiled sadly down at her and patted her back. I looked at him evenly. His actions seemed kind, but in his eyes was a glint of malice, a hint of evil lurking behind a kind face. I gasped, turning round and running to the shore. My eyes glanced upon a glistening pile of sand, sparkling like the sun. I ran towards it, hurriedly uncovering it, and soon my hand hit something sharp. I dug harder, looking for something, anything. When footsteps ran behind me, I ignored them, until my hands were flung from the sand, and dunked in the sea. When I looked down at myself, all I saw was a mass of red, blood pouring from my cut hands. Sofía sat me on a rock and I breathed heavily, staring desperately at the sea, longing to go home.

‘Home-’ I gasped. ‘I need- need to go home-’

‘One night, Mila. One night.’

‘Alright. But only...’

‘Come. The tents are ready.’

We walked back in silence, her holding my shaking hand, me staring at the blood on my fingers.

When we got back, Thalia was lying down in a tent, Nico next to her. Artemis was standing next to Alex, smiling happily and eating a coconut. When we approached, Alex looked at my hand, and looked away. His eyes, once again, malicious and horrifying. I gasped, looking suspiciously at the person we all thought as Alex Duran. Artemis’s eyes looked up, and, after one glance at my hand, ran into the woods. I looked at her as she ran, but she didn’t look back, nor turn around. I looked at Alex and Sofía imploringly. They ran after her, with only a second’s hesitation. I went into the tent. Nico was sitting down, Thalia next to him.

‘Hey.’ I said.

‘Hey.’ He replied, completely ignoring me.

‘How is she?’ I asked.

‘Shocked.’

‘Artemis ran away.’

‘Not surprised.’ He said.

‘Why?’

‘Her worst fear? Duh?’

‘Oh my god! I forgot.’ I shrieked. Of course. Artemis’s worst fear- blood.

If three people had already faced their worst fears... who’s next? I thought, dreading every second. Sofía stumbled into the tent, panting.

‘I couldn’t find her. Alex has disappeared. I don’t know what...’

‘It’s okay. It’s not your fault.’ Nico said.

‘It’s not okay!’ I yelled, ‘My sister is gone and it’s your fault! She’s only seven.’

‘Mila. Stay calm. We can look in the morning. Sleep.’ Thalia said. I protested.

‘We can’t separate- we all stay here.’

‘Yes, yes. But sleep.’

I nodded and lay down.

When I woke up three hours later, there was no-one there. No Thalia, no Nico, no Sofía. I shivered. This was weird now. I froze, and a voice came through the darkness.

‘Mila!’ it shouted. Another voice. ‘Come on Mila!’

I called out, ‘I’m here!’ but the voices just got quieter.

‘MILA!’ it shouted, and I was jolted awake.

It turned out that I’d sleepwalked far away from the tents and fallen over, bashing my head on the rocks.

‘We’re going home now. We think that...’

‘Good. This island is horrid. We nearly died.’ I said angrily.

‘One thing.’

‘Yes?’

‘We found Artemis.’

‘Good.’

‘Her dead body.’



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