



King's High School



Junior Creative Writing
Winter Anthology:
Animals

Death in the stars

by Dixie

A deer stood standing; eyes boring into me. I looked up at the stars, the grim reapers sign stared back at me. Someone was in danger. The deer would be the last thing they saw it was written in the stars and you cannot change the stars. If I blocked of the woods no one would see this mysterious deer and no one would die at least that is what I thought but I was terribly wrong...

Running towards the town, my heart was pumping faster than the speed of sound and my lungs were aching, the pain was screaming at me to stop. I knew that I must keep going as when I got there it would still take time for the mayor to get guards around the woods. I saw the edge of the woods creeping nearer to me and the town nearby. I hoped the mayor would listen to me as he might not believe me. When I finally reached the town, I ran to the town hall to let the mayor know we had to block off the woods. I called his name then pulled him aside and in a faint voice so no one could hear, I told him the situation. The stars lit up the town giving it light so there was no need for streetlamps because we were the closest town to the stars.

The mayor went to the telephone and called his guards and in half an hour guards came flooding towards the woods protecting everyone but then I saw the deer in the woods waiting for someone to come. Heading home, I wondered whether to tell my mother about what had happened as she was always over-protective of me, ever since my father died. I decided to tell her as I hated lying to her and she saw through my lies anyway so there would be no point. My hand opens the door I slid to the warmth glowing from the living room fire. My mother was lying on the sofa completely wrapped in a book, so I had to call her name a couple of times before she responded. My palms were sweaty, but I knew I had to tell her so eventually it came out in a nervous hurry. Before she could respond a blood-curdling scream echoed around the town. It was too late. The deer had been seen and I could not change that.

The Fox's Human

by Dixie

My person was gone lost amidst the waves of time. My person could not come back to me. When I was small and abandoned by my family in a shed, he came to my aid and protected me. He knew when I grew, I had to go back to the woods where no one returns but when he tried to make me leave, I came back. His light was the only one that guided me. He gave in and I stayed with him but what light would guide me now. I was lost in the dark with no warmth. I curled up under the tree and thought this was the end. A light was glowing in front of me I thought it must be death coming to take me away, but then warm strong arms picked me up and took me away and I was soon dancing through dreams. When my eyes opened again, I was on something incredibly soft and was in a cage in a strange place. A woman came up to me and lifted me out my cage and I instantly recognised them as the arms that had carried me from the tree. The arms that had saved me. She checked me over then stroked my back. I wondered where I would go next and whether I would stay with her. A big sign on the door said Veterinary so I assumed that was where I was. The woman left the room then came back and scooped me up and put me in her car and I knew she was my new person.



The Bat

by Dixie

The bat could be a life changer or a life ender, so no one knew what to expect when the bat came. One time a lady had been boasting about her riches and good fortune and someone saw a bat flying through the village. The next day she disappeared and was never heard from again. Another time a young girl had helped a robin learn to fly again when it had damaged wings, and the bat came and gave here poor homeless family a wonderful house and infinite money for essentials. When the bat came for Luna no one knew whether it was a blessing or a curse. The day before the bat came Luna had noticed the bat circling above her and knew she was next. The only question was what was it? Luna had never been bad, she had never boasted or lied or hurt someone, but she had never done anything particularly good like helping a bird or feeding the poor or something helpful and good like that. She was good and kind and well behaved but there was nothing that stood out that she did. That night she prayed to the bat as most people did before the bat came for them. She told him that if she had done something bad or disrespectful then she apologizes and admits to her wrongs and if she did something good what was it? When the bat did come no one knew what it was as it was neither a miracle (like most good people got) nor bad, it was in the middle. She had been given a tree. Now she did not want to upset the bat, so she was incredibly grateful but confused. Why had the bat given her this? It was something everybody had so it cant have been for being good but it wasn't like she had been punished? Then she heard a voice in her head, "the tree symbolises growth and how you may not have done anything good but you will grow up to be amazing" and she knew what the reason was.



Starling Fowler

and the Wolf of Snow

by Charlotte

Under the light of a cold moon and the bright stars, the hunting lodge of Evyelion stood proud and tall amongst the trees of the Frozen Forest, torches of fire hung up against the stone walls to guide the many students as they train, fight, and hunt. Inside the second-largest building were a group of children, who were practising fighting against each other.

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‘Get into partners and spar with your chosen weapon, then I will watch each of you and decide which weapon you will need for the next task.’ Lydia, the weaponsmaster said, and immediately the children split off into pairs, and moved into space to practice. Soon, the only person left partnerless was an older girl, who’s dark hair was tied tightly in a plait, her ice-cold eyes bright and cold. ‘Partnerless, again? There is only so much you can do without a decent sparring partner, Starling.’ Lydia said, scowling at Starling.

‘I’m sorry, Lydia.’

‘You can partner with Jago; he’s in a three with Jared and Lucio.’

‘No!’ Starling cried. ‘Anyone but Jago. Please, I’ll try harder next time.’

Lydia ignored her and marched across the room, over to Jago, who saw her coming and started sparring with Jared.

‘Jago, here, please.’ Lydia snapped and walked him quickly across the room to where Starling stood angrily. ‘Now start.’ She scowled and continued to the next pair.

Starling scowled fiercely, and lifted her mace to shoulder height, and attacked Jago with all the force and anger she could, using the techniques the weaponsmaster had taught her. Jago lifted his sword angrily, and swiped at Starling, barely missing her blade. The weaponsmaster walked past, critically scowling at the pair.

‘If you weren’t so angry, Fowler, you might not miss.’ She growled. Jago sneered. ‘And Jago?’ Lydia asked.

‘Yes, miss?’

‘Don’t forget that although you are currently training, all of your past records are still accessible at any time.’

Jago scowled. ‘I thought-’

‘You thought wrong.’ Lydia sneered. ‘Speak the pledge.’

‘I give up my past for the hunting lodge,

I will forgive all family feuds,

I will forget any blood ties I had,

And hunt not for myself,

But for all towns and,

I will not lower my weapons in the face of darkness.’

‘Good. Keep training.’ She said, strolling away into the crowd.

Starling snarled and laid her mace and flail down on the ground. ‘You can go and join Jared again. I don’t want you.’

‘You think I want to be here?’ Jago said, placing his sword in its scabbard. ‘But you and I both know that she won’t let us, unless you’re even more stupid than you look, which would be saying something.’

Starling smirked, and looked at Jago, amused. ‘Stop talking to yourself, Jago.’

‘I’m not-’

‘Suit yourself, you witch.’

‘You little cave-creeper.’

Starling hardened, her blood frozen, and she stood up, mace and flail in her hand. She flew down at him, eyes bleeding ice and her hair flowing like a river of ravens, her mouth curled, and Jago howled,

blood pouring down his screaming face, and Starling stood over him like a hero who’d defeated a monster and held the mace and flail angrily. In a second, Lydia had arrived, and disarmed Starling with one strike.

‘WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? HE COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!’ she yelled and dragged Starling away from Jago’s flailing and cowering body.

‘Good.’ Starling breathed, anger fuming through her snarling lips.

‘What happened?’ Lydia scowled. ‘Why?’

‘He- cave-’

‘What happened?’ she repeated.

‘Called-!’

‘He called her a cave creeper.’ Jared said, smirking.

‘Jago, stand up. Starling, go to Chief Sanders NOW.’

Jago slowly crouched, wincing at every sudden movement his frail form took, hardly bearing the pain of the weight resting on his fragile legs. Starling scowled, picked up her fallen weapons and walked angrily out of the building. Her mind was filled with horrifying memories of death and, worst of all, her sister.

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Jago’s scarred face looked up at Lydia, sneering.

‘You know the rules. You know the pledge. If word of this gets to the tribes- do you know what you have done, you stupid child?’ Lydia snarled, taking Jago’s sword, and handing it to a passing hunter. ‘Take this to the confiscation room.’ The hunter nodded.

Jago looked at Lydia’s snarling face, stood up painfully, and stalked off in the direction of the exit.

‘You’d better go to Chief Sanders’ lodge.’ Lydia yelled, running after him. He shrugged and kept walking.

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‘So, he called you a cave-creeper, and you attacked him?’ Chief Sanders asked.

‘Yes.’

‘Although I know why the insult is particularly painful for you, you shouldn’t have attacked him.’

‘I know that, but it’s my fault Lyra’s dead, and it’s all because of the cave tribe, and I-’

‘Starling.’

‘Yes, Chief Sanders?’

‘It is not your fault. Nothing you did could have changed the circumstances that night.’

‘If I’d only-’

‘Starling. This time I will not punish you, but if I hear it happen again...’

‘It won’t, Chief. And thank you.’

‘You may leave. Ask Jago to come in when you leave.’

Starling turned on her heels, opened the lodge door, and said, over her shoulder, ‘Goodnight.’

Starling ice-cold eyes looked into the dark ones of Jago’s, and she pushed past him, and into the darkness of the grounds.

*

Jago looked, as Starling’s weeping face shone under the light of a fire-torch, as she ran past him. He walked into the building, scared for his life. Chief Sanders looked at the quivering boy, and mercilessly called him to the chair.

‘Many years, I have watched you grow, child.’

‘Yes, Chief.’

‘Yet still, you are an unsatisfactory child, even to your own mother.’

‘Yes, Chief?’

‘By now, you may have known something about us. You understand, child?’

‘I think so.’

‘You and I are here because of one reason, and one reason only.’

‘To take down Fowler.’

‘To take down Fowler.’ Chief repeated absentmindedly. ‘Follow her to the forest. Lure her to there, if needed. Take her to the hidden base. Then...’

‘Yes, Chief.’

‘Go!’

*

Starling quickened her pace, holding both her weapons tightly in either fist. She heard Jago’s urgent cries but ignored them and turned behind the weaponry. She paused for a second of breath, before going inside, looking for a bow and arrow.

*

Jago’s eyes looked twice at the dark alleyway, but he could not see Fowler’s black cape, nor the flail which had, not so long ago, been at his throat. Jago walked cautiously down the alleyway. Jago’s hand crept to his throwing star, and he skulked towards the darkness of the weaponry.

*

Starling grabbed the bow and arrows and hid under the wooden desk. Not a second too late, as Jago’s slowly creeping shoes came into her vision, and her eyes crawled towards the throwing star he had in his trembling hand. She stood up, bow in hand, her flail discarded to the side.

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And Starling struck, her eyes were frozen, struck on the only victim, her former enemy, Seth. And as Starling hit the final blow, which struck Seth down to the ground, she turned into her true form, and ran off, a White Wolf among the melting snow.

The Sea Kraken

by Charlotte

Sometimes when I look out at the ocean I think I see a glimmer of a fin, a shining flipper of a wandering dolphin, as the sun is setting. Sometimes I think I see a tentacle of a drowning squid as it is washed up against the shore. But only once have I seen the legendary Kraken, the tall, shadowing monster from hell, its skin scaly and brown, eye’s bulging and teeth baring as the ocean followed its movements, sending a roaring wave at the shore.

A Handful of Fire

by Charlotte

An ice-cold feeling of despair crept along his back, his eyes frozen in place as he stared into the distance, and neither time nor space seemed to exist as the creature crept towards the crouching boy. The boy’s face twisted, excruciating pain rocketing throughout his frail form. The creature-animal- whatever it was, launched it’s tall, dark body at the boy, and attacked, claws half a metre long scratching inch deep cuts into the boy’s back. The boy’s face contorted with pain, his hands shook as he stood tall and ran, watching behind him as the creature roared, and sent a wall of fire in his direction. The boy’s hand steadied, his face set, eyes bleeding fire as the monster crept closer and closer. Time seemed to slow down as he summoned a fierce shield of fire and deflected the arrows that came from the wall of fire. He rose, his body lifted into the cold air, and death unleashed through his rage, as, one by one, the creatures vanished, and what was left of them sank into the ground, never to be seen again.



An Unexpected Disappearance

by Jess

The man walked slowly round the corner. He gazed around cautiously, looking for the source of the sound. “Who’s there?” he mumbled.

There was no answer. He hesitated, wondering if he had just imagined it. Sighing deeply, he turned on his heel and began to walk back round the corner. It had probably just been Tabby, his cat. No one would come down here, hardly anyone even knew this place even existed. He began to stroll lazily up the stairs to his small flat, and back to the comfort of his bed.

There was a loud ringing coming from somewhere on the left. The man grunted and turned over, waking from his sleep, then sat up lazily. His phone was ringing on his bedside table. He stretched out an arm and grabbed the phone, holding it close to his ear.

“Hello, who is it?” he asked.

“It’s Monty, and where are you?” came a worried voice from the phone, “All the animals are gone!” The man froze, horrified.

“What?” he exclaimed, horrified, “You’re joking!”

“No, I’m not. Come and see for yourself!” Monty told him.

“I’m coming. Wait by the stairs to my flat,.” the man said seriously.

He quickly got out of bed and dressed, and within minutes was hurrying down the stairs to meet Monty.

Monty was a thin, ginger-haired boy of around 17, who wore thick-framed glasses and had been the man’s assistant for over a year. “I just don’t get it!” he said, looking very frustrated. “They can’t have been stolen, I mean, barely anyone knows about this place!”

“I can’t believe this,.” muttered the man, stunned.

“Did you hear anything funny last night?” Monty wondered aloud.

“Actually, I did hear something,” the man replied, “It sounded a bit like someone going out through the back door. But I thought it was just Tabby”.

“Uh? But no one’d ever come sneaking round here. I just don’t get it.”.

The man thought for a moment. Monty was right of course, the idea of people trying to steal from him was absurd, even laughable. Nobody who would want to steal from him knew he owned any animals. Not that he knew of, anyway. But what if they did know? Now that he thought about it, if they had somehow learned he had all these animals, it would have been easy for them to sneak through the back door, which he hardly ever locked, past his flat and to the room where he kept his animals. The man owned a pet café, but he had barely any customers. People these days preferred famous cafes that sold fast food, like McDonald’s and KFC. The few customers who came to his cafe weren’t the kind of people who were likely to steal from him.

The man explained this to Monty, who wasn’t convinced. “Who could know about this place?” he asked, shaking his head, “it’s in the middle of a tiny village! Maybe you left the back door open and the animals got out.”

“No. That sound I heard last night sounded like human footsteps.”

“Well, you can’t be sure. It woke you up, you were probably tired.” Monty sighed. “You should call the animal rescue services, John.”

The man called John nodded. “You might be right. I suppose you can have a day off today; we can’t open because the animals are gone. I’ll go and call the animal rescue services.”

“Okay, well good luck finding the animals. I’ll be off then.” Monty picked up his bag. John bid him goodbye and began to climb the stairs to his flat.

He called the animal rescue services as Monty had

suggested, and walked down to the café, putting up the ‘closed’ sign in the window and sitting down at one of the tables. How strange, he thought. He’d heard a strange noise in the night, and the next thing he knew, all his animals had gone.

He spent much of that day in his flat, waiting for the animal rescue services to call him back. He had no word from them that day, so in the evening, he picked up the telephone on his bedside table and dialled Monty’s number.

“Hello?” came Monty’s voice from the telephone.

“Hello Monty, did you have a nice day?”

“Yeah, quite good.”

“I’ve had no word from the animal rescue services all day, so I’ve decided to open the café tomorrow without the animals.”

“Er...John?” Monty said uncertainly.

“What?”

“John, dad just asked me about something he saw in the newspaper.”

“The newspaper?” asked John, confused.

“John, you’ve made the front page.”

There was silence.

“The front page? This place made the front page?”

“Yep. He showed me the newspaper. The animal rescue services reported it, I mean they still can’t find the animals, and they just can’t have been stolen, so like, it’s quite strange.”

“Yes, erm, I suppose so.” John muttered. He felt totally stunned. He couldn’t quite believe what Monty had told him. People all over town would be reading about his café. If nearly everyone in town was reading this newspaper article, they would all be finding out about how all his animals had been stolen. He would be getting more customers, at long last.

“We’ll reopen tomorrow, whether we’ve got the animals back or not. We’re going to have plenty more customers than we usually have.”

“Okay, I’ll be there.”

John put down the phone, his arm shaking a little. He still found it a little hard to believe what he had just been told. For about 2 hours, he just sat on his bed, letting it all sink in.

He had just had his evening shower, and was about to get into bed, when his phone started ringing on his bedside table. He picked it up, and immediately a voice began to speak on the other end of the receiver.

“Hello, it’s the animal rescue services, is that John Marshall?”

“Yes, that’s me.” John replied.

“We’d just like to inform you that we’ve found some of your animals.”

“What, really?”

“We found them in a field not too far from Gloucester. I suspect they got out through an unlocked door. We’ll be at your house in about 15 minutes to bring them back.”

“Er, ok. Thanks for your help.”

He couldn’t help but grin as he hung up. He called Monty to tell him what was happening, they would need to work extra hard in the café the next day, and he continued to grin as he sat on his bed, waiting for the animal rescue services to arrive. In a whole day, he had gone from a prospect of having to close his café to being in the best business situation he had ever been in. Lots of people now knew about and would want to come to his café, and he would very soon have some animals back. He didn’t think he’d ever been better off.



The Fall

I got my bag and headed towards the door.I was ready for a peaceful and calm walk. As I took A step outside I took a deep breath in and closed my eyes with a smile on my face. I started walking looking at the trees and the plants.

It was amazing.

Suddenly, I heard a bark and when I looked behind me I saw an angry looking dog about to charge at me. Quickly, I started running while the ferocious dog was chasing me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a large skyscraper with a ladder going up it.I raced towards it and hurriedly climbed up.I kept climbing till I got to the very top.

Finally, when I reached the top I was exhausted and my legs felt like they were about to fall of. When I looked down I jumped back, I had climbed up so far without noticing.I shivered as a chill went down my spine.

A few minutes later, the dog had left so I started looking for the ladder but I couldn't find it. I started panicking and my heart beat was pounding faster than ever.

The ladder was gone!

by Mariam

The Pigs in Blankets

A strange little pig was looking up at the sky,

It wailed and shrieked a terrible cry.

It was by itself and it had no friends,

No one was there with a shoulder to lend.

It drooped to the floor in a pool of misery,

It was cold, wet, tired and it was all shivery.

If only there was someone filled with joy and kindness,

Who would make its little heart shine with brightness.

Then came along a girl in the dark,

Whose heart raced around with joy and was filled with sparks,

As the piglet lay there tired and afraid,

He started to think that maybe this was his last day.

But then the girl came up to the little poor pig,

She drew out something dark and dangerously big.

It was a nice warm blanket covered in pugs,

And then the girl gave the pigs lots of hugs

by Isabella

The Robin of Elders Wood

by Isabella

I am the robin,
Yes, the robin of elders woods.
And I am A lot braver than I look.
Although I am small and timid in looks,
I am the robin,
The robin of elders woods.
One step, two step, and a third I take.
Whoever gets in my way will start to shake.
Although I may be small and adorable in my looks.
I am the most powerful robin,
The robin of elders wood.



The Language of the Unspoken Robin

by Isabella

My throat is full and so is my head,	I bowed my head and closed my eyes,
With all the words that can't be said.	As my heart's rhythm started to die.
I call out to you to see if you can hear,	You finally saw me,
My chirps and squeaks of my inducing fear.	you ran to my side,
My confused panic starts to increase,	and you helped me regain all my pride.
as all these words push against my beak.	you heard my call of sadness and pain,
All you do is look up and stare,	you did something I cannot explain.
as my little heart fills with despair.	Holding me close,
Why am I like this,	Holding me tight,
I do not know,	You tried to help me through the big fight.
Oh, how my heart's beginning to slow.	Sadly I died, But now I'm your protector,
Can't you see me,	When I am close to you I will not be slain,
I'm right here,	I will now protect you through all my pain.
My wings hurt and I'm filled with fear.	
I will call you, one more time,	
See if you notice my little chimes.	

Winter's Wilderness

by Lucy



The dappled morning sunlight shone sleepily into the large hornbeam tree’s windows, and yawning deeply, stretching out as far as she could, was Flora. Calls from the woods seemed to summon her, as if adventure were just over the horizon, and so she twitched her glorious sky-blue eyes and bounded daintily out of her primrose and daisy quilt, embroidered with dancing, and diving branches, wrapping their fondness and affection to cradle her to sleep. Opening the carefully draped, pale pink curtains, she revealed a frosty winter’s morning. Snow gently blanketed the quietly sleeping hedgerow, and how fabulously excited the young, little mouse was; remembering tales of merry moments told and retold by her dear father. Skipping gleefully down the smooth carpeted stairs, round and round the great trunk of the towering tree, she finally reached her three boisterous brothers’ room. “Wake up Basil, and you too, Teasel, come, come, come and see! “She hollered for all around to hear. Clattering and crashing, they thundered down and down, until they reached the welcoming sight of the kitchen, warm, wafted smells reached them and so they were greeted by the wonderful sight of their mother, Primrose. “Morning my darlings, what a surprise to see you all up early, but on such a fabulous frosty morning, I suppose?” she questioned them as she danced merrily around the small kitchen, her feet prancing

lightly as she dusted large oak shelves and stirred a marvellously huge metal pan by the crackling, roaring fire. “Could we, could we, oh please mummy?” squeaked Flo excitedly, yearning for adventure, as she gazed longingly at the vast valley of snow, covering the entire hedgerow.

Their dear mother, Primrose, was the daughter of the slightly exuberant Lord Quercus and Lady Daisy Woodmouse, their kindly grandparents, who lived in the ancient, grand oak palace, with greatly furnished and highly decorated rooms and tall, twining staircases going up to the secret rooms discovered by their parents. “Well, my little rose blossoms, we’ll have to see, after all, it is still rather dark,” pondered Primrose, “perhaps after a little food?” This quite reasonable suggestion was not met with any form of agreement, but reproachful glances and drooping whiskers. Yet, not all was lost, for the brand-new day had a great abundance of new, exciting adventures, just waiting, for a certain team of thrill-seekers to choose to intercept them. And so they quickly demolished breakfast with that inkling of fear bubbling inside you creeping in when your joy is at its height. Tugging their stripy, woollen hats, knitted with love and care in every stitch, and yanking on their sturdy, black boots, the team set off out into the open...and what a gloriously picturesque sight met their round, sky blue eyes,

drifts of soft, fluffy snow dived and soared all around as they blanketed the Brambly Hedge. With their faces lit up with wonderment and joy, they gazed at the falling snow landing lightly on their little noses and so they set off, to all the different mysterious paths just waiting, to be taken, to be followed, leading to the unknown.

Whirling and swirling snow fell all around the astounded mice. They gazed looking around, their glorious sky-blue eyes darting about this magical image laid before them. A gentle whisper seemed to wander, aimlessly, yet mysteriously around the impending trees, reaching higher and higher, up to clouds carrying dreams and hopes, floating gently on. The three young, playful mice bounded and dived down deep drifts of soft, crisp snow and gazed, cherishing the moment of picturesque views. They soon came to a clearing in the beautifully perfect wood, with a clear, crystal pond, a delicate, perfect scene frozen in time. For the mice, it seemed wider than a mountain range, this new hard water, slippery and smooth. Yet, one wrong step, and you would be plunged down to icy depths of the pool. Flo gazed down, curious and intrigued, she lurched back hurtling towards a snow drift, landing smoothly, but nevertheless looking bedraggled and confused. When Flo had peered down, a figure seemed to stare back up,

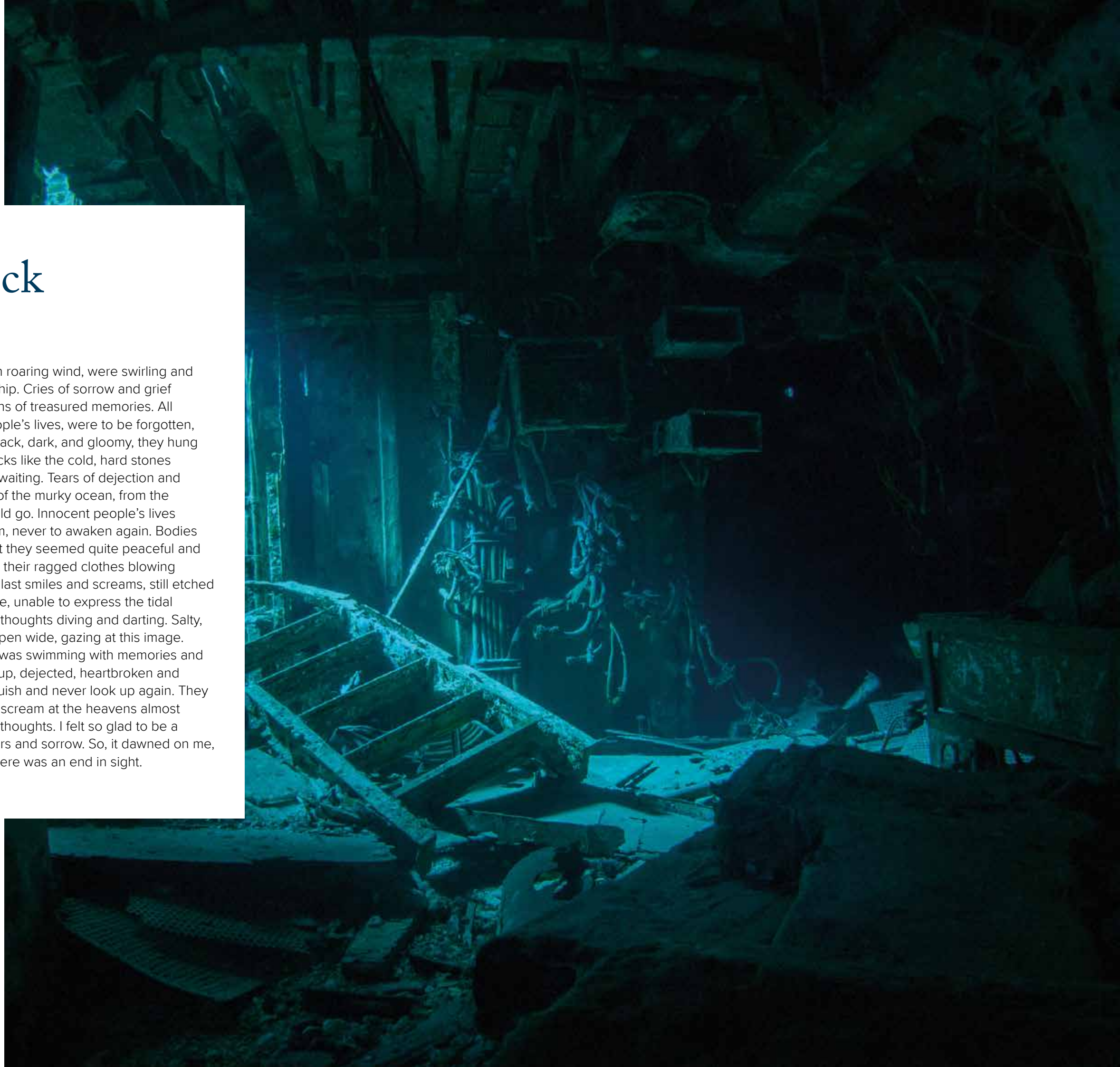
almost identical to herself; only a little frostier. Was it a magically mysterious snow-mouse, come to life hiding like a timid hedgehog in its frozen home? Gently blanketed and carefully cradled was this strange new world; their wondering thoughts whirled around them like a blizzard of dancing snow, questions, and queries, with no answer.

A while later, the little mice had long since departed from the frosty snow-mouse; for their only intention was to dart about, scaling tall, towering trees and dancing in deep, delicate drifts. Laughing gaily, and beyond merriment, they were plunged. Plunged deeper and deeper into the wood. Flo’s whiskers twitched, buzzing with glee, but three small, round, cold, wet, balls of snow hurtled dangerously towards her and... Wham! Flo turned around her face contorted with rage, but before she could help it, she was howling and hooting in hysterics and soon snow was flying at top speed all over the place. Whistling and wandering, they danced around the trees, darting between low branches and sliding down deep drifts, this blissful merriment continued for some time, but slowly a gradual realization, frightening yet crucial they turned their attention to it. The homely, welcoming trees had gone, the squirrels were gone, the path was gone, the light had gone: they were lost.

The Shipwreck

by Lucy

Howling and weeping, gusts of sudden roaring wind, were swirling and whirling all around the carcass of the ship. Cries of sorrow and grief seemed to be whispered by the remains of treasured memories. All hopes, dreams, and cares in those people's lives, were to be forgotten, lost, forever. Clouds lay in mourning, black, dark, and gloomy, they hung lazily in the battling sky. Tall, jagged rocks like the cold, hard stones of a graveyard, stood waiting, waiting, waiting. Tears of dejection and misery fell down, down, to the depths of the murky ocean, from the opened heavens, where surely all would go. Innocent people's lives were snatched, stolen, taken from them, never to awaken again. Bodies lay scattered around the wreckage, yet they seemed quite peaceful and unaware; their eyelids gently fluttering, their ragged clothes blowing gently in the breeze, the ghost of their last smiles and screams, still etched clearly upon their faces. I hovered there, unable to express the tidal wave of emotion flooding through me, thoughts diving and darting. Salty, sorrowful tears blinded my red eyes, open wide, gazing at this image. Was this what death felt like? My mind was swimming with memories and grief. An urge washed over me to curl up, dejected, heartbroken and sorrowful, in a ball of emotion and anguish and never look up again. They were gone, never to return. Desires to scream at the heavens almost overwhelmed my muddled and tearful thoughts. I felt so glad to be a seabird, able to soar above such horrors and sorrow. So, it dawned on me, regretful though it was, that perhaps there was an end in sight.





My Garden

by Isla

I have a garden,

The very best garden

In my opinion

For it blossoms with tulips and daffodils

In spring

And has trees aplenty

For the birds

To nest in.

With lush long grass in the summer

It becomes my jungle

With lady bugs to crawl up my arms

Various creatures to tame

And all sorts of strange flowers

To pick and press between newspaper.

In autumn

It's a squirrel haven

With plenty of mushrooms

Conkers and acorns

For them to store

And perfect trees

For me

To build tree houses in.

And finally in winter

When all the non-evergreen trees

Have lost

All their leaves

And the sky becomes depths of grey

With every possibility of snowing

My perfect garden

Turns into

A mysterious place

Of frost and dead bracken

Of bare trees and creaking branches

It becomes the unknown.

And that is how it will stay

Until the spring transforms it

So that the flowers bloom again

In all their glory

And it is my perfect garden

Once again.



The Owl

It was dark. Too dark. A dark that suggested that the world was waiting, waiting for something magical to happen. And then, as the clouds finally parted, silhouetted against the milky glow of the moon, soared an owl.

She was snow white, with eyes of sapphires and such attitude she conveyed through her swooping dance was unimaginable from such a creature as her. She glided as effortlessly as if she were merely turning her head and as she drew closer, the fierce yet determined glint in her eye portrayed a feisty character. As she ducked and dived and spun through the inky night sky it was immediately noticeable that she was a true dancer, dancing to her own rhythm.

Then, as suddenly as it started, the clouds drifted across the moon once again and she was gone. A fragment of my memory. A shadow in the night. A breath of wind. A star in the sky. Gone.

by Isla

Search Of Life of Winters Lost Myth

by Georgia

Past Day 1810

In the crisp of the cold winter's night, emerging from a dark spooky cave was a great fierce shadow. It had white ruff fir and teeth as big as a pinkie finger and know matter where you went you were never out of sight of this fearful creature.

A dainty, slim, blonde haired nine-year-old girl approached the dark cave. Not scared, but faithful that this creature was nice. Suddenly she took multiple steps forward until she was entirely under his nose. Just until the creature was about to pounce, he looked in her eyes and paused. He noticed she had faith in him.

The small girl entered the cave with the creature and started to live with him and from that day forward that creature was then known as a moonlet.

Even though they were from two different worlds, the moonlet cared for this girl as if she were his own child. The girl told him that she was homeless and had no parents and she was living in the woods for many years since her parents passed away; and that she was not cared for in the orphanage and ran away. That night both spotted a blinding fire light coming their way. They are hiding spot was not safe anymore. They ran into the opposite direction and stopped to look at each other that moment they vanished into thin air and have never to be seen again.

Future Day 16th of December 2015

In the present day, the story of the moonlet and the small girl remains a myth to people; but some people believe in the story and want to search for them in the forbidden hair-raising forest.

Lying on her perfect purple bed, Becca woke up and stretched her arms as far as she could reach. She popped herself out of bed and slid her small pale feet into her fluffy soft slippers. She exited her squared room and went down the wooden, carpeted staircase.

Becca was your average thirteen-year-old girl, and she does not expect much. Her Father has not got much, and she has no other siblings to have fun with at home. She has a best friend called Zoe and she is the only one she can rely on. Becca's Mother went missing three years ago and no one had found her. The Police searched for months but there was no luck.

Before that tragedy happened, Becca got bullied at school a lot and she always spoke to her mum about it. People at school make up different stories about how she went missing; saying stuff like she was getting so sick of Becca she ran away. Others say that the moonlet snuck into her house and kidnapped her. Not knowing saying all of this was making Becca miss her mother even more.

Becca approached the steamy kitchen, where her dad was attempting to make fried eggs but burning every single one. It got to the point of waiting so long Becca decided to just have cereal. Becca was shovelling big bits of crunchy nut corn flakes into her mouth when her dad pulled out a long slim box wrapped in paper with snowflakes and mountains on. He handed it to Becca, and she read the tag. It boldly read out "happy early Christmas, love dad" Becca smiled and started to tear the thin piece of paper off. Her eyes lit up as her eyes could make out what it was. It was a flute. Becca had been playing the flute ever since she was five and it was her favourite thing in the world. She was the only one in the school orchestra that did not have one. "Thank you, dad I love it,"

"Well, I just thought because you were going through a rough time at school and with mum and stuff it would be a nice surprise."

"I thought we could not afford it"

"I got a raise at the office, and I used some of that to get you this and your other gift, which you will get on Christmas Day." This was the happiest Becca had been in a long time. There was a piece

that her mother taught her when she was six and Becca started to play it. Her dad looked emotional. Becca got a text and started to read and got a bit distracted.

"Hey dad is Zoe allowed to come over later to work on some holiday work?"

"Of course, she can"

Becca ran out of the kitchen, ran up the stairs and into her room. She went straight to her music stand and went to look at her pieces, when suddenly the door rang. She jumped to her feet and ran down the stairs. She opened the front door and there stood Zoe. They went up to Becca's room and got out all their books. They were just about to start when Zoe noticed a floorboard that was sticking up.

"Becca why is that floorboard sticking up like that?"

"I don't know I have never noticed it before." They both walked over to have a look. Becca pulled up the floorboard and there lied a dusty piece of paper.

"Oh my gosh" Becca spoke in shock

"What is it?"

"It's a note from my mum" a tear went down her face. She opened the letter and they both began to read it.

"Dear Becca If, you are reading this that means I am not there. I want to let you know that I am fine and that you don't need to worry. You have heard about the story of the moonlet and that young girl. Well, I must tell you that girl was me. We both disappeared and I ended up in this time and I have known idea about where the moonlet is. I think that the Moonlet is going kidnap me and take me to our old cave. If this does happen look at the map below. Love you darling.

Mum"

Becca started to go back into the floorboard and look for the map she pulled out the dusty shred of paper and opened it up. She ran to her wardrobe and pulled out a bag. She shoved a torch, some granola bars and a blanket into it. "What are you doing?" Asked Zoe

"I am going to look for my mum and you are coming with me"

"I don't think that is a very good idea"

"You read the letter my mum has been kidnaped by this scary creature. I am not going to let her down."

"Fine I suppose that if my mum went missing, I would want to look for her too."

The two girls were about to enter the forest. They both looked scared, but they didn't give up. They were both wearing warm cats and trousers because it was winter, and it was very cold. They ploughed through the snow, and it started to get dark. They decided to stop for the night. Becca new how to make shelters in the wild so she gathered logs and long sticks. They both settled down and made a rest for the day.

It is now six o' clock in the morning and they set off again. After several hours of travelling, they finally approached a cave. They both looked at each other. They slowly peered round and there it was a large white hairy creature. Becca started to walk in, and Zoe stayed behind. "MUM!" Becca shouted

"Becca is that you. You found my note" Becca's mum shouted. Suddenly the moonlet stood up and started growling and getting closer to Becca.

"Stop" Yelled Becca's mum, "she is the one I was telling you about." The moonlet walked back to his seat and Becca ran over to her mum and gave her a huge hug and they could both go home.

Guinea Pigs in the Snow

by Rhiannon

The lights glow and dance in the midnight sky. Reds, greens, blues and purples shine above the Northern guinea pig village. Where guinea pigs Maple and Arianwen are chasing and playing round their cottage. The little Christmas lights on the cottages twinkle under the continuous dancing colours of the midnight sky. Everything is well.

The sound of the local train in the morning called The Snow Pig was close to deafening it was all that could be heard for miles around. The morning mist was only just starting to lift, and the chill was almost too cold.

Maple and Arianwen jump out of bed and rush outside with excitement because this was the day. The day they finally got to ride The Snow Pig. The two guinea pigs have known the conductor of the train for quite a while, and both know how feisty she can be at times. Her name is Raven, and she loves trains. She loves them more than anything else in the world.

Maple hops onto the train closely followed by Arianwen. They sit down on two seats near the front and off the train went. Chugging through the snowy countryside on its way to the southern guinea pig village which some call the land of squeak as the locals have a horrible habit of squeaking every thirty seconds.

CRASH! A tree falls onto the track. The train screeches to a halt, and Maple, Arianwen and Raven rush out of the train to inspect the situation. There's nothing left of the suspect who caused it. But then Raven finds some paw prints. These prints were rather large compared to the guinea pig's small paws and weren't quite the right shape to be a guinea pig's either. With a big jump Raven hops onto the passenger carriage and announces what's going on. Maple and Arianwen wait outside in the snow for what feels like ages until Raven joyfully leaps out of the carriage.

The guinea pigs sit in silence for a bit wondering what the best thing to do is until Maple makes a squeak. She tells the other two that they should follow the footprints so that is what they do. First Raven rushes inside the train and grabs some

food to make sure they don't starve and off they go feeling prepared to take on anything that might come in their way.

Hours later Raven starts complaining about her paws hurting and that they had been walking for days which was, of course an exaggeration. So, they decide to have a rest before going any further.

The wind was strong that night but all three happily sleep through it all even when the snowflakes start to fall over their resting heads. It was well below freezing but these three hardy guinea pigs didn't let that get in their way to find the cause of the random falling tree.

Early that morning the guinea pigs packed up anything they still had out from eating last night and started walking through the misty woods of the arctic circle. The deeper they got the darker it was around them. Arianwen was shivering with fear but stayed strong as no one knew what might come for them. The weird thing about this forest is the fact that the morning mist never rises. No matter how hard anyone may try it can never be lifted.

After walking for over an hour the three stop at a rather gloomy lake. The mist almost took over the appearance of the lake making it the perfect place for anything hungry to strike. CRACK! There was a loud noise coming from the other side of the lake. There it was again. And again. Slowly but suddenly a dark shape was appearing through the mist it was nothing like what the guinea pigs ever thought possible. It was a ghost. A ghost of a guinea pig.

Arianwen squeaked with fear at the sight of a ghost. The ghost claims its name is Gilbert and died on a train that crashed into a fallen tree ten years ago on a railway not far from where they were now. Raven knowing every railway line in the whole Arctic circle swiftly replied saying that the closest line to them at that moment was the one that they had come from. The one where they had left their train unattended. Maple spoke up in a squeaky little voice about how she hopes everyone will be alright back at the train.

After a while of talking to Gilbert the ghost they eventually continue on their journey. For the first few minutes Raven skips along the path like a cheerful

girl until she got bored of doing it. While Maple, Arianwen and Gilbert have been engrossed in their conversation about what it's like to be a ghost. The three were so interested in their conversation Raven started playing tricks on them to entertain herself.

This went on for quite a while until when Raven went off laughing about what she had done to Arianwen, she didn't look where she was going and fell into a big hole. The hole was deeper than the train was tall. It was dark in there and it was absolutely soaking. You could see worms crawling out from their tunnels just to find a large pit. It wasn't the most pleasant of places. I even might go as far as saying it was one of the most unpleasant places Raven had been.

There was panic it Arianwen's voice as she tells Raven it will be alright. They had to get Raven out and they had to do it fast. As the seconds ticked by rain started pouring down from the sky just making the forest a worse place to be. Maple wondered around impatiently searching for something, anything that could get Raven out. A fallen tree. That will work. She pushed and pushed but the tree wouldn't budge. Even with Arianwen's help the tree stubbornly stayed in the same place.

In the hole Raven was desperately waiting to be rescued it was squelchy under her paws now. Her belly and paws were caked in mud. Puddles started appearing as she tried getting herself out but all that did was make her out of breath and she just wanted to lie down.

It was hopeless that tree would never move they'd have to find something else. They heard a shout. It was Gilbert. He had found something. What would it be? An abandoned ladder. Perfect. There was no question to say that the ladder was easier to move than the tree because with one small push it moved quite a bit. Maple and Arianwen pushed the ladder almost to the hole. Once they were there, they shouted to stay clear of random falling ladders and with one great flip the ladder went into the air. It fell right in the hole and Raven clambered out happily though tired. The guinea pigs wandered a bit away from the hole to have a relaxing sleep.

The next morning the guinea pigs woke up like they normally do but they have a visitor. A wolf. Staring right at them. Raven froze with fear. While Maple and Arianwen asked the wolf what it was doing. It tells them it goes by the name of Ember and that she knows who is to blame for the tree falling. She claims it was a beaver called Willow who is responsible. Willow slowly edges forward from behind an oak tree. Raven gets mad and starts shouting at her. But willow explains it wasn't her. Ember set her up to it.

By this point Raven is fuming. Willow explains how Ember said that she'd get a large wood supply to help build her lodge if she chopped that tree down onto the track. She did it out of fear more than anything. Raven asks a question about the other tree the one 10 years ago. Was that their fault to? Ember spoke up. She says that fortunately yes it was them. Ember explains how it was one of her most proud moments then one Gilbert turned into a ghost. Maple sneaks off and calls the guinea police. Due to the force Ember used on Willow means that Willow was innocent.

Ember was taken away a few hours later by the guinea police because of her often violent ways and to make sure no more trees fell on train tracks. The guinea pigs celebrated. They rushed back to The Snow Pig avoiding the hole and when they got out of the forest it was the best. No more never-ending mist. No more falling trees. Well except the ones near the pond where Willow now lives. They travel all the way to the Southern guinea pig village and have a great day out. Finally, they go back home on Raven's beloved train. Right in time for Christmas. Choo Choo.

That was It

by Arabella

A dark moment,
A crisp crunch in the snow,
A cry in the wood,
Happened so long ago.
Soft drop of snow,
His sleigh in the moons light,
Wishing all that were present,
A jolly good night.
A haunting growl in the wood,
Turned Christmas around,
The sound was so daring,
Heard by anyone around.
Squeaks and howls,
Made everyone shiver,
The children were crying,
And the pets started to quiver.
No more to say,
All the animals were gone.
A monster was there...
Not fearing us at all

The Mouse

by Arabella

A mouse.

May sound weird,

And not best to be mentioned at the darkest of times,

But,

It was probably the last thing I'd ever see. The dark, decaying cell, more like a tomb, was stretching high with cobble stones scraped down to jagged shapes on which a body could be pierced against. Which held memories of crumbling bodies who tried desperately to make their escape... before their time came to an end.

The mouse ran in narrowly escaping the large hovering dog, which was more like a monster. The mouse ran up to the other side of the cell, where I was crouching down. It was the only thing apart from the dog and cell guards that I have seen in years. Its unkempt brown fur looked like a heavy coat on the mouse hanging on its tiny body, he had large ears, more like a rabbits to be precise but his eyes. Large

ruby red eyes looked at me softly; before he turned away scratching at the only smooth gravel stone at the bottom of the cell wall, he wouldn't stop. I pulled myself up and crawled over to the mouse, he scrambled a few steps back. I carefully examined the stone on the tall climbing wall, however this one was different to all the decaying ones around me. It has a narrow outline on where, if I looked

closely, I could see a beady light. The dog growled, I gasped and sat still in front of the mouse so the dog wouldn't see. The dog settled again. The mouse started scratching with its overgrown nails at the same stone. Suddenly, the stoned moved a little. I then edged closer, I pulled the rock out a little more, holding my breath as I did so. I kept pulling until there was a large gap in the wall, just about large enough to climb through.

The mouse hurriedly, scampered through the gap and I followed. Suddenly I saw a light, so bright I had to squint a little. I narrowly drew closer and closer to the opening at the end. I stood up.

I made it.

Now, I can't tell you what exactly it looked like.

But it felt like freedom...





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