

A Note from the Editors:

When I first joined Creative Writing in year 9, back when Mr Cooper set it up, I didn't realise the impact it would have on my life. Being given the confidence to put my own words out into the world is something that I will forever be grateful for, and I am so thankful that I have been able to have so many previously unimaginable experiences simply as a result of my friends dragging me along to a club one lunchtime. In turn, it has been incredible to watch the group develop and discover their own styles and words through my time of being a member to co-running the club. I have been sat for about 10 minutes trying to, ironically, put words to the feelings that have come from reading the work produced and knowing that in the years to come, everyone will only grow and develop from the brilliant people they already are.

Despite being a little bit of a poetry nerd, my favourite thing about this club isn't the writing. The girls who come along every week, or as many weeks as they can, have made it such a pleasure to co-run during my time in sixth form. There absolutely is no group I would rather have spent a lunchtime a week with.

To finish off, I would like to thank Evelyn, Jess, Eleanor, and Lily for putting their work out there so that Sophie and I can show the school the talent that these girls have. And, of course, to Sophie – you really have been the best co-runner of Creative Writing; thank you for dragging me into G15 way back in year 9.

I hope you guys had as much fun writing these pieces as I had reading them! You're all amazing.
– Annabel

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The Future

Some migrations span generations.
The knowledge of where to go is part of
their DNA and I hope, that I will have spent
so much time staring at the stars that the way
they glow,
the way they shine as the wind whips through
your hair,
will be so ingrained in my soul that my
descendants
will remember it too. So that when our lives
become trapped within steel cages,
they will bring their memories with them,
and we will live, bathed in a starlight
that spreads through the ground.

EVELYN BYRNE – YEAR 11

Demeter

She watches the vines crawl over her walls.
Slowly breathing, she thinks of the pain of a
world
without her shoots of green joy, intakes
catching on
outtakes and tears blending field into forest.
She waits for months for her daughter to
come home,
and, when Persephone finally rides out of the
underworld,
Demeter's heart sees spring again.

ANNABEL PEET – YEAR 13

Creativity

Once a raging inferno,
Fuelled by replenishing oil and coal,
Blazing day after day
Devouring, enthusiastic
It roars on

Now, a feeble ember
A softened spark of days gone by
Pale grey ash veils the rich black produce
Litters the dust and charcoal

On my hands and knees I blow
A breath of hope-
Will it relight?
Smoky tendrils curl skyward
The glowing ember remains unchanged

Dizziness disorientates my dilated
Pupils, swim in the heat of the mirage the
Oxygen, is stolen from my veins,
To rush out

Heaving, I huff, and puff
Again, and again-
Till a flare became a flame;
And I finally,
Finally, have my flair back.

LILY YANG – YEAR 10

Rumour

Iridescent rumours whisper through history.
Lonely Father Time collects memories,
 Hoarding lives like a silent magpie
Hoards shining fragments of fractious stories.

Consequences flit between the trees,
 Rough bark caressed by the
whispered palms of buried memories,
 Stories seep into cello-wood trunks-
 Soft, resonant.
Dripping silently onto a soft bed of lilies.

We fall into this flowered mattress:
Faded lives fading faster.
We sigh into our moss-stolen pillows,
And life breathes on.

Without us.

ELEANOR GRUNDY – YEAR 10

My struggle

A moth comes into my room for the fourth time that night,
flies against the glass of my light,
recoils, then flies towards it again.
My body heaves as I move to catch it,
to place cup against paper,
an inefficient method in all regards
but I can't find it in my to kill the thing
so I chase it round the room
frustration rising, until it finally
sit still long enough to place
the glass on top. It screeches
as I drag it to cover the paper,
or rather to cover the perfume
sample I use as a rudimentary bookmark
and I shove the glass out the window,
shake it and then snap it shut.
Deciding the sweltering heat beats
the incessant buzzing of flies
and the itching fear that my clothes are
being eaten away. And it's fine for a while,
but then the heat gets too much,
as I lie there, splayed out, with my
duvet at my feet so I tiptoe, open it up,
just a crack, surely they won't notice that.
But no, as I slump back down,
refreshed by the breeze, I see,
to my horror, a movement in
the corner of my eyes
and a moth comes into my room
for the fifth time that night.

EVELYNE BYRNE – YEAR 11

April 1st

How to reinvent yourself:

1. Sever Connections

Break off the rope of your life and use it to hang your old personality;
You can't start again when you're tied to something else.
Cut out memories – their broken deck is letting the water in.
Bury people – they were lost at sea.
Smash the steering wheel and drift free,
Burn the old map: it's over now.

2. Make Decisions

I know this might be hard because right now you're a little boat
floating
in an endless sea of desperation; Here Be Dragons!
But you can't start again without someone new to be.
Name. Hometown. History.
Choose: it's beginning now.

3. Moor up and live again

Tie up your boat in a nice new place.
Repaint the hull with a bright new name in a bright new paint.
Forget your old knots (even though they're imprinted in your rope).
Tie up loosely – remember the struggle last time.
Live again: a fresh start.

ELEANOR GRUNDY – YEAR 10

April Showers

pressed between pages of a book,
where they'd been placed hurriedly,
lie the reminders of my April showers:
tissues scorned by tears
and beginnings of incomplete letters
that do nothing more than scream
through my mind to the memories
of you.

hiding them –

– hiding you –

is to no avail,
because the spring-step of May
spotlights on you in my
scrapbook of experiences.

i never thought you could change my weather,
but here i am drenched
as you smile from under your umbrella.

ANNABEL PEET – YEAR 13

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i hope you remember

that day we jumped into the river.
Your hair glistened under the sun's gaze
And I hear your laughter in my head as if you were here with me:

once we shared the same beach towel
But now we're a thousand seas apart
and yet when your eyes cast their glance in my direction my heart still skips a beat.

I wonder if you remember me the way I do you,
Remember the way bedsheets brushed our skin
when mum would tuck us into bed.

But more than anything, I hope you remember that day we jumped into the river

SOPHIE FENNELLY – YEAR 13

If We Were a Beach

When we're alone,
you touch me like I'm broken glass
you picked up on the beach.

In your bed, I am
shards being pieced
back together by careful hand.

In your arms, I am
held together by tension,
waiting for the day you let me break.

When you left,
I crumbled into sand,
glass giving in through me.

In my bed, I find
granules from where my joints
filed themselves down on my edges.

In my arms, I find
signs of life in footprints
and discarded cigarettes.

The next time the tide brought you in
you were shocked that my corners were smooth,
forgetting that you were the one sharpening them.

ANNABEL PEET – YEAR 13

Diamond

The fish ate the diamond,
ate the pearl,
and the pearl became its eye,
which gleamed in the sunlight
as it's rays ripped through the sea.
But then the fish became woman
and she crawled her way to shore
where she was told you can eat fisheyes.

So fish-woman cut out her own eye
and ate it, so she could see or
breathe anymore but instead she saw
the future where her eye became pearl,
became diamond again.
And her eye diamond sliced her stomach
open and fish-woman began to bleed.

She bled until she wasn't woman anymore,
just fish, and fish was caught.
Gutted by monger who found that
her stomach held another fish, with
milky white eyes and pearly tears,
which fish woman had once swallowed down.
They tossed her body back into the sea.

EVELYN BYRNE – YEAR 11

She Was Turquoise

she always wore turquoise trousers
that caressed her legs down to golden shoes
all flares –
not caring
about the fact that people were looking
and saying she was crazy,
because in her mind,
her legs were water
and her feet were sand
and she was refusing to sink.
this time her femininity was not weight,
but tranquillity and patience
and when people met her,
she calmed them with her
turquoise serenity.
when she enters my home,
she brings peace,
and whenever i see her, i know that
i can do anything.

and she always wore turquoise trousers.

ANNABEL PEET – YEAR 13

Soulmate

Every time I look into those dark eyes
I find new unknown depths of boundless light
Though fear if I plunge I may never rise
I'm not afraid to let our spark ignite.

It is not merely curiosity
That binds the long and mesmerising gaze,
Nor a temporary intensity
Before we fork on paths and part our ways.

The power of our stares could light the stars
As I ascend the spiral stairs to sleep
Wisdom combined with similar past scars
Could reach Icarus; that far and thus deep.

Within my mind I gently alight,
So magnetised and drawn to your figure,
We hold ourselves and start to waltz the sky
Away with taps, slight steps, and flawless rhythm-

I clasp your hand, desperate to grip it tight;
But I cannot take off with you tonight.

LILY YANG – YEAR 10

My Dad's Music

my dad plays the best music –
and it's not just his
childhood chart-toppers,
he plays music with his thoughts
as if every moment is a dream.
my dad plays the best music –
his memories plucked like pizzicato
as he restrings us with stories of harmony.
my dad plays the best music –
he doesn't create cascades
or frantic chromatics,
but places mordants and trills on sunny days.
my dad plays the best music –
filling our house with sound,
sound that says
"don't worry, you're home".

ANNABEL PEET – YEAR 13

Summer Moment

Birds whistle in the trees and fill my ears with the sound of laughter.
These days the summer slips away so fast,
Doesn't linger like it used to,
But this year I will try not to let it escape -
I'll hold on to the days
Of the grass between my toes and daisies in my hair,
drink wine on the riverbank,
dip my toes into the water,
And breathe.

I wonder if that's what it's like to live in the moment.

SOPHIE FENNELLY – YEAR 13

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Bearing Ghosts

Worn wood sways in the whispering wind. The ghosts of child's hands play over the seat, shadowed imprints of intangible Time. Fraying knots twist in the wind, rough under soft smoke-hands. This is a window into fractious solitude – lonely here yet away from the chaos. A soft breeze murmurs through the leaves, rippling the water like rifled pages of an archaic text. The hands run up the knots, up the ropes, to the tree. Down the bark, knots in ancient Time, rocky and veined.

Worn.

Bearing the ghosts of lost Forever.

ELEANOR GRUNDY – YEAR 10

(half a phone call)

Hi. Yeah, no I'm good. Nope, still dead. Nope, nothing. Well clearly not. I think I might need more candles. Yes... Yeah, I know I just can't help but feel that pumpkin spice latte isn't going to cut it. Anyway, I'm sick of the flat smelling like a hipster threw up in it.

Yes, technically but that was ages ago, it doesn't smell anymore. Look, can you just grab a couple of packs on the way back? Yeah, the big ones. Black's good but I don't think it matters.

You sure? Have you checked the big Tesco's? Okay, yeah normal's fine. Yes, I know what I'm doing, okay? Yeah, actually I have- I mean I've watched the poltergeist and before you say anything, yes that does count it's based on a true story. Well, yes, they do all say that, but it actually is. Yeah! I read the Wikipedia page and everything. *Yeah.*

No. you don't *have* to come but it is meant to be a circle. No, two people can't make a circle; at best we'll be a line.

Ten. Yes, I know but I want a couple of hours to set up. Yeah. I got Pringles? Yeah, original. Well, obviously. Great, thanks, yeah. No, it's cool, just bring the candles. 2 packs. Ten.

JESS BASSIL – YEAR 11

Wax

My mind is wax:
Moulded,
Shaped by what I witness,
Everything I see.

Hot in my head,
 Burning holes through my happiness.
Dripping down, red rivers running.
Leaving raised scars of broken memory-
 Wax-pain moulded by time.
Spattering like tears,
(Blood red tears)-
Melting.

ELEANOR GRUNDY – YEAR 10

Target

You were trained young,
First it was soldiers in the garden,
They were only toys back then and
I would only pretend to fall.

Hours passed by playing games
On the computer, the perfect
Training sim, the graphics so
Vivid I could almost feel the cuts.

You were older when you first went
To the range, first taught to lock,
Load, aim and Fire and the guns were real
Now - no more plastic bullets.

But I don't know when the paper targets
Fist tinged pink, but flesh can tear just as easy
And when you shoot, when I fall,
That's real too.

EVELYN BYRNE – YEAR 11

Waiting

Sun, spilling fire on
Black horizons, dark skies as
Waiting hopefuls watch.

Horizon lines watch:
Young tyrants trying wisdom
In wide skies, waiting.

ELEARNOR GRUNDY – YEAR 10

When the Party's Over

when the party's over
the music goes down and the lights come up
cast out the shadows from an empty night.

the memories persist
through the sweat that trickles down the back of your neck,
through the sugar that coats every inch of your teeth
through the pain searing the soles of your feet...

the walk home feels dark and dangerous –
or maybe it's always been that way
but now the fog has sobered you
up enough to see it.

'we won't go back to the old days', we say,
'And live forever on the edge
What's the point in acting like we'll live forever?
Soon we'll all be dead'

but sure enough when the morning comes
and the sun rises anew
our promises become empty words
waiting for the next party...

SOPHIE FENNELLY – YEAR 13

Tapestry

The sky is crying, leaves dance in the blustering wind and the clouds frown-
Darkening.
Grass ripples,
Smooth like glass;
Shivering in the cold as the wind
Caresses
The perfect, distant hillside.
And I wait.

I wait for the storm to hit
to pass
to die.
Watching
As the hills shift,
Seemingly folding,
A tapestry of light,
The sky,
Landscapes.
As I wait.

ELEANOR GRUNDY – YEAR 10

WINTER

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Twisted Insecurities

We flit, swirling
 Merging and splitting
Connected
Your twisted insecurities intertwine with mine
Writhing snakes of cold anxiety
 As we touch.

Archaic worlds collide, crashing
 Mixing perfect versions of ourselves in a
Cocktail of desire a
Mocktail of fakery
Half-formed thoughts and wishful thinking
Creeping tendrils of broken hope
 As we touch.

Then we are shattered
The touch is cracked
 We are lost
Our burdens grow as they cease to be shared
And our insecurities fall into place
 As our own.

ELEANOR GRUNDY – YEAR 10

The Birch Trees

The eyes in the trees are watching me,
Or perhaps watching over me.
I still bleed - they can't bleed for me
But in summer they bleed with me,
Cuts berry red,
And in winter they cry sap filled tears,
We share our pain. And
They hold me in their bony arms,
To keep me safe from cold in moments of rest.
And as winter passes, as the years pass
Their bodies begin to scar,
Same as mine.
We grow together.

EVELYN BYRNE – YEAR 11

If Only You'd Listen(ed)

You didn't stay for long this year:
Greeted me with a bite that stung all day long
then left without a word
Leaving me to thaw.

You remain in whispers,
The weeks that lead to spring
Feel like decades as I ache for you:
Your refreshing embrace haunts my dreams.

But they drove you away:
No torches or pitchforks,
They didn't need them;
Their careless disregard was enough.

SOPHIE FENNELLY – YEAR 13

Christmas Without You

It gets harder in winter,
as the nights draw in -
there's more time to think in the dark
and ice cold thoughts crystallise
like ferns of frost on the windowpane.
It's not the same without you,
sickly sweet puddings with
bittersweet undertones
and loud silences,
not the gentle ones.
did you know we ate
Christmas lunch in the kitchen?
couldn't bare the implications of your empty seat
or traditions that hurt too much to continue.
but there's hope in starting
new ones? A quieter kind,
and there's hope in opening presents,
while you watch from the mantelpiece.

EVELYN BYRNE – YEAR 11

Ragged Shadows

A grey cloth
 Caught in a fence.
A scrap of faded human life,
Threads of broken hope
 Woven through the fabric.
Dappled greys of faded personality,
 Shadowed life
 Emotion
 Love
 Stitched into the rag.
The bright pattern of life, once interwoven,
 It's dark now. Ragged threads hang loose.
The scrap flutters and rips in the biting wind-
A decaying flag marking tragedy.

ELEANOR GRUNDY – YEAR 10

Tear

A rustique pink stains the corners; the colour
Of withered Damask petals- yellowed by age

All is a misty blur-
Gaze into the heart of a translucent crystal;
Milky orbs, glazed and glossed sheen
Once resided a nebula of life and light.

All of her anguish, agony, curses; pour down,
Stream
In silence, deep within-
A compromised quiet; slit
As she sits
On her feet.

Drop
Down the pallid wax
Dusting the satin corollae lustrous
Gossamer flakes
Of liquid light
Prance
Past the protrusion
To meet a saline pool
Below

Her tears fall
As her heart
Is torn apart.

LILY YANG – YEAR 10

Hibernation

Each time you leave
An icy chill creeps up my spine and takes over my mind.

Toes frozen in my boots, leaves frozen under my feet.

Retreat inside and lock the door,
Safe from the howling winds.

Wrap up warm and go back to bed
With a book, a hot drink - thaw the ice.

There's no better time to hibernate.

SOPHIE FENNELLY – YEAR 13