

FIRST  
STORY

Creativity Literacy Confidence

# Nettlecombe 2014

An  
anthology  
by the First Story  
Summer  
Residential  
students



# FIRST STORY

First Story aims to celebrate and foster creativity, literacy and talent in young people. We're cheerleaders for books, stories, reading and writing. We've seen how creative writing can build students' self-esteem and self-confidence.

We place acclaimed authors as writers-in-residence in state schools across the country. Each author leads weekly after-school workshops for up to twenty-one students. We publish the students' work in anthologies and arrange public readings and book launches at which the students can read aloud to friends, families and teachers.

For more information and details of how to support First Story, see [www.firststory.org.uk](http://www.firststory.org.uk) or contact us at [info@firststory.org.uk](mailto:info@firststory.org.uk).

Nettlecombe Residential Anthology 2014

Published by First Story Limited

[www.firststory.org.uk](http://www.firststory.org.uk)

Sixth Floor

2 Seething Lane

London

EC3N 4AT

Copyright © First Story 2014

First Story is a registered charity number 1122939 and a private company limited by guarantee incorporated in England with number 06487410. First Story is a business name of First Story Limited.



# Nettlecombe Residential Anthology 2014

*An Anthology*

BY THE FIRST STORY GROUPS  
AT NETTLECOMBE RESIDENTIAL | 2014

**FIRST STORY**  
Creativity Literacy Confidence

As Patron of First Story I am delighted that it continues to foster and inspire the creativity and talent of young people in challenging secondary schools.

I firmly believe that nurturing a passion for reading and writing is vital to the health of our country. I am therefore greatly encouraged to know that young people in this school – and across the country – have been meeting each week throughout the year in order to write together.

I send my warmest congratulations to everybody who is published in this anthology.

HRH The Duchess of Cornwall

# Contents

Foreword	11
----------	----

## VERMILION

The Early Bird Catches the Worm	<i>Naemo Abdulle</i>	16
Dear Future Me	<i>Jenny Blackmore</i>	17
Missing	<i>Jenny Blackmore</i>	18
Take Over the World	<i>Patrick</i>	20
	<i>Burton-Morgenstern</i>	
Counterpart	<i>Mariela Krasteva</i>	22
Parrot	<i>Nelia Martins</i>	23
To My Twenty-five-year-old Self	<i>Aaliya McBean</i>	24
I Feel Like a Painting	<i>Tatiana Osorio</i>	25
Life as a Fangirl	<i>Charlie Stevens</i>	26
Hand-works	<i>Marvin Wangwe</i>	27
If I Ruled the World	<i>Dea Xherri</i>	28

## RED GROUP

A Pathway to Nothing	<i>Ryanne Binns</i>	30
Fat Old Rage	<i>Timon Blake</i>	31
Victory and Losing with Grace	<i>Joel Falconer</i>	32
Envy	<i>Stephen Hinds-Day</i>	33
Disgust	<i>Jordan Isaacs</i>	35
I Hate Phones	<i>Jack Isaaz La Grotteria</i>	36
Not Gonna Go There	<i>Chynyel</i>	
	<i>Ogunbayo-Emmanuel</i>	37

## PURPLE GROUP

Untitled	<i>Taiyba Ashfaq</i>	40
For A Seven-year-old	<i>Courtney Brewin</i>	41
War	<i>Hyaat Hizar</i>	42
Stranded	<i>Hyaat Hizar</i>	43
Another Summer Poem	<i>Hyaat Hizar</i>	45
Dream?	<i>Muhammad-Amin Isat</i>	46

Disgust	<i>Christopher Lang</i>	48
Patient 106	<i>Harriet Rhodes</i>	49
Tutti-frutti	<i>Millie Rossner</i>	50
A Spoken Poem	<i>Harriet Sutton</i>	51

## GREEN GROUP

The Fateful Event	<i>Tayjorn Alleyne</i>	40
Resurfacing the Lost	<i>Tayjorn Alleyne</i>	41
Ivory Sheets	<i>Sadia Begum</i>	43
Chinese Whispers	<i>Maya Cooper Griffin</i>	46
Large	<i>Anju Kamaly</i>	53
Untitled	<i>Che Maddix</i>	56
Chihuahua	<i>Nathan Payne</i>	57
The Walk but Not So A Walk	<i>Zharnai Scotland</i>	60
Unbridled Optimism Meets an Uncaring Universe	<i>Sophie Ulhaq</i>	62

## BLUE GROUP

Untitled	<i>Lauren Baker</i>	64
Untitled	<i>Jasmine Burgess</i>	65
Untitled	<i>Callum Ferguson</i>	68
Red Snow	<i>Joy Hartshorne</i>	70
Untitled	<i>Adam Herczog</i>	71
The Judgement of David Cameron	<i>Rebecca Hill</i>	72
Drowning	<i>Mukahang Limbu</i>	74
My Halo Ghost	<i>Elliott Rodel</i>	76
Envy	<i>Elliott Rodel</i>	78
Kashif and his Moustache	<i>Ernie Shelton</i>	79
Regret	<i>Joab Stewart</i>	80
Untitled	<i>Kitty Wright-Sheppard</i>	81

## BLACK GROUP

Why I Did Not Get You a Valentine Card	<i>Kikelomo Asaye</i>	84
The House of Genesis	<i>Armend Bajraktari</i>	85
Wrong	<i>Safiya Benmeriem</i>	87

One Day You Woke Up	<i>Meron Berhanu</i>	88
A Little Something	<i>Erim Bulut</i>	89
A Romance That Burns	<i>Michelle Cronshaw</i>	90
This hand has NOT been kissed	<i>Jasmine Foster-Cross</i>	91
Only Lived Once	<i>Eurica Mae Medina</i>	93
My Scrabble Bad Luck	<i>Bochr Al Saoulak</i>	94
To Go to London	<i>Bochr Al Saoulak</i>	95
I Am What I Am	<i>Zoja Wojcik</i>	96
Joy Joy Joy Joy Joy		
Joy Joy Joy Joy	<i>Scarlett Stokes</i>	97

# Thank You

**HRH The Duchess of Cornwall, Patron of First Story.**

**The Trustees of First Story:**

Ed Baden-Powell, Beth Colocci, Sophie Dalling, Charlotte Hogg, Sue Horner, Rob Ind, Andrea Minton Beddoes, Mayowa Sofekun, David Stephens and Betsy Tobin.

**The Advisory Board of First Story:**

Andrew Adonis, Julian Barnes, Jamie Byng, Alex Clark, Julia Cleverdon, Andrew Cowan, Jonathan Dimbleby, Mark Haddon, Simon Jenkins, Derek Johns, Andrew Kidd, Rona Kiley, Chris Patten, Kevin Prunty, Deborah Rogers, Zadie Smith, William Waldegrave and Brett Wigdortz.

**Thanks to:**

Arts Council England, Authors' Licensing and Collecting Society, Jane and Peter Aitken, Ed Baden-Powell, Laura Barber, BIG Lottery Fund, Suzanne Brais and Stefan Green, the Boutell Bequest, Anthony Clake, Clifford Chance Foundation, Beth and Michele Colocci, the Danego Charitable Trust, Peter and Genevieve Davies, the D'Oyly Carte Charitable Trust, the Dulverton Trust, Dragon School Oxford, the Drue Heinz Trust, the Siobhan Dowd Trust, Edwin Fox Foundation, the Ernest Cook Trust, Esmée Fairbairn Foundation, the Thomas Farr Charity, Martin Fiennes, the First Story Events Committee, the First Story First Editions Club, the Hugh Fraser Foundation, Alex Fry, Garfield Weston Foundation, the Girdlers' Company Charitable Trust, Give a Book, the Golden Bottle Trust, Goldman Sachs Gives, the Howberry Charitable Trust, John Lyon's Charity, Mark Haddon, Kate Harris, Laura Kinsella Foundation, Kate Kunac-Tabinor, Mercers' Company Charitable Foundation, Michael Morpurgo, Millichope Foundation, Nottingham Trent University, Old Possum's Practical

Trust, John O'Farrell, Oxford University Press, Philip Pullman, the Pitt Rivers Museum, Psycle Interactive, Laurel and John Rafter, the Sigrid Rausing Trust, Clare Reihill, the Robert Gavron Charitable Trust, the Royal Society of Literature, SAGE, Chris Smith, St James's Place Foundation, the Staples Trust, Teach First, Betsy Tobin, the Trusthouse Charitable Foundation, University College Oxford, Caroline and William Waldegrave, Walker Books, Whitaker Charitable Trust, the HDH Wills 1965 Charitable Trust and the H Steven & P E Wood Charitable Trust.

Most importantly we would like to thank the students, teachers and writers who have worked so hard to make First Story a success this year, as well as the many individuals and organisations (including those who we may have omitted to name) who have given their generous time, support and advice.

# Foreword

*So That Happened* – a found poem by James Dawson.

Cut glass and condescending  
 I'm not religious but I still prayed  
 for the man who took her shoelaces.  
 Trenches of broken promises or  
 a kiss of a breeze on an August afternoon  
 drinking Ribena  
 milling around like dandelion heads  
 women baking cakes.  
 We will be the warriors of our time  
 in the solidarity of the teapot.  
 All children ought to endure  
 1,000 times each way.  
 Teen yellow with age  
 on the celebrity channel.  
 You can never have enough  
 red ice or red eyes.  
 A figurehead of a new religion  
 inflating inside me like a balloon  
 a mangled red cut.  
 You failed if you don't have a pet snake,  
 said the cowering kid –  
 a bored-looking girl behind reception.  
 When you look at old photos,  
 what do you see?  
 in case a monster finds its way in.  
 Backhand slap, roundhouse kick  
 as smooth as jazz

no one knew her name,  
 everyone knew her.  
 It smells of summer  
 and all the things that go with it  
 but mostly in a cage.  
 Let's play a game, it's called swap.  
 I'll come for your throat.  
 Split trust in two.  
 Head-to-toe because  
 we no longer speak the same language  
 of Batman socks and spag.  
 I is a letter I can now repeat, and  
 I am loveable, I really am.  
 The five that died were  
 love, hope, joy, lust and desire  
 and you cover the water smudges  
 with gin-soaked, fox-fur red.  
 Breathes in ellipses,  
 smaller on the inside.  
 Crunch. Snap. The desire to see things burn.  
 Rage rubbed off on me  
 and we fought to near perfection.  
 I need to see your eyes when we speak  
 bare with the hair of a bear  
 surprisingly easy to run your hands through.  
 The less-loved brother of  
 tight bloody vowels,  
 I am a supernova,  
 a substitute to plastic surgery,  
 perfectly on a shelf.  
 Like Paris Hilton  
 in frills and finest silk waiting



for Satan to feed me vicodin and vitamins.  
Mechanical ones and pirate games.  
Whisked away to Paris,  
following the path of water.

## VERMILION GROUP

TOGETHER



HIGH  
SCHOOL  
MUSICAL



# The Early Bird Catches the Worm

My mother  
 she was the early bird  
 only twenty when she caught the worm  
 Among us she shared the slices of pizza that were her life,  
 giving us the mozzarella and leaving the crust for herself  
 My mother devoted herself to my father  
 they are two peas in a pod,  
 where the peas were fashioned in hell  
 and their love blossomed around the dead.  
 Their love was cut into six parts  
 three of each gender  
 twelve little feet scurrying around  
 in a home where the walls were painted compassion-pink.

*Naemo Abdulle*  
*Wembley High Technology College*

# Dear Future Me

Dear future me,  
 Oh, how grown up you shall be.  
 You'll have some work and a flat,  
 Maybe a car and a ginger cat,  
 At thirty, oh how grown up you shall be.

Dear future me,  
 Oh, how grumpy you shall be,  
 With scowling kids,  
 And a demanding husband.  
 At forty, oh how grumpy you shall be.

Dear future me,  
 Oh, what a life you shall lead.  
 Sitting in a chair with a cup of tea,  
 Maybe moaning about how your children would be.  
 At fifty, oh what a life you shall lead.

Dear future me,  
 Oh, how old you shall be.  
 You'll have wrinkles and back pains,  
 Maybe creaky arthritis at sixty,  
 Oh, how old you shall be, dear future me.

*Jenny Blackmore*  
*Larkmead School*

# Missing

I giggled and snorted, my sister laughing too. Tabitha squealed with joy, her high-pitched voice echoing through the night air, drowning out the sounds of a groan, a painful groan from the woman parallel to me. Wait... What? There's no woman next to me. Tabitha sees my pale, stricken face and abruptly stops laughing.

"Amy? Amy, what's wrong? You're not 'seeing' things again, are you?" The looks of concern on Tabitha's face turned to pity; an exasperated sigh escaped her lips.

I shook the feeling off; the feeling of goose-bumps prickled my arms, the hairs on my neck stood on end.

"No" I lie. She doesn't believe me; no one does. So I put on a brave face, gave her a smile, and started to walk through the graveyards, the stars twinkling menacingly above.

"This is so cool right?! I can't believe we're doing this!"

"I can," I mutter. "You forced me." I said it softly so she wasn't able to hear it.

"At night as well," my sister waffled on gleefully. "I wonder if our parents will find out that we're gone!" She laughed almost manically at her newly found freedom. I was certainly feeling the opposite. I wanted to be in the confinement of my bedroom, safe in the knowledge that nothing can go wrong. Safe in my own familiar bed, lying in my own familiar covers.

Something flickered at the corner of my eye. This time, a young girl. A girl with an ugly, thin smile that spread across her face. It was almost maniacal, but I could see through this façade, and I only saw sadness within. The sadness, the melancholy aura which could eat up a person's sanity, that she dragged along with every step she took. She laughed, crazily maybe, and pointed with her pale, small hand at something behind me. I turn slowly, hoping to God that time doesn't repeat itself.

Like four years ago, on a dark night like this, the rope brushing against my best friend's neck – No! Of course not, what's wrong with me.

"You're too paranoid," I tell myself, quietly telling myself to calm down. Ghosts can be nice. I know that from personal experience. But I've never met a nice one in a graveyard before... Yet I turn. I stare at the scene before me.

Nothing. Nothing to be seen. But that's the problem. My sister Tabitha, last seen standing there moments ago, is now lost from sight.

*Jenny Blackmore  
Larkmead School*

# Take Over the World

Unruly brown hair  
Curled over her  
Ears.

Her eyes  
Were two lakes,  
Filled with mud.  
Her uniform was an endless wardrobe.

No one knew her name,  
Everyone knew her.

People loved her,  
She was despised.

Compliments,  
Our expensive currency,  
Were denied to  
Her.

There was no need,  
Invisibility  
Was her friend.  
Caring was a foreign language  
Her admirers didn't speak.

Love was all  
She received.

Attention was  
The only thing  
She craved.

*Patrick Burton-Morgenstern*  
*Wembley High Technology College*

# Counterpart

I walked around the house checking that all the doors and windows were locked. My little sister was paranoid that a 'monster' would come and eat her in the middle of the night. Now she makes me lock each and every door in case a 'monster' finds its way in. It's much harder to look after a younger sibling when your parents aren't home. After making sure all the doors were locked, I went to my sister's room.

"All doors and windows are locked now, goodnight!" I was desperate to go to sleep and didn't want to delay, but my sister sat up immediately.

"WAIT, you forgot to lock the back door!" she half-shouted.

"No I didn't!" I retorted.

"Yes you did, I know you did," she said in a mocking tone.

I left her room and contemplated going back to my room, but an unsure sensation was itching itself at the back of my head. I went downstairs and through the kitchen. I was confused by the picture in front of me. The back door was wide open, almost welcoming someone in. Puzzled, I cautiously walked to the door and locked it tight.

When I arrived at my sister's room I entered to confirm I had locked the door. As I entered darkness cloaked the room. My sister sat on her bed, her eyes unnaturally reflecting the light coming from the corridor.

"I locked the back door, you were right." I was about to leave when my curiosity got the better of me. "How did you know the door was unlocked?"

She averted her eyes and shrugged.

"Please tell me," I pleaded as I reached for the light switch, keeping my eye contact with my sister. She jumped at my reaction.

"No! Stop! She doesn't like the light!" She frantically shouted.

I stared at her. "Who doesn't like the light, who is 'she'?"

My sister looked at me with blank eyes and answered, "Me."

I went to switch on the light. I was not prepared for when my fingers touch the hand on the switch.

*Mariela Krasteva*  
*Woodside High School*

# Parrot

I am a parrot,  
Love to talk,  
But when I'm tired or hungry,  
I quiet down.

Mostly in a cage,  
Sometimes being let out,  
But after the sun sets,  
You will no longer hear a sound.

Like all parrots,  
I can be annoying,  
The best thing to do,  
Is just to ignore it.

People who think they own me,  
Oh my God, they're so wrong,  
Because I'm as free as I want to be,  
Just you try and stop me!

*Nelia Martins*  
*Woodside High School*

# To My Twenty-five-year-old Self

Oi you, with the cigars  
 Just because you're old enough  
 You, who doesn't smoke but buys,  
 Just because you can  
 I hope you're okay  
 I hope you're confident  
 And kind  
 And honest  
 And rich  
 I wonder if you remember me...  
 Do the amazing days outweigh the terrible days?  
 You've failed if you don't have a pet snake by now  
 You've failed if you're still living with mum  
 You've failed if you've left mum with dad's horrendous jokes  
 You've failed if you're still laughing at those jokes.

*Aaliyah McBean*  
*Wembley High Technology College*

# I Feel Like a Painting

I feel like a painting,  
 You ought to make me so perfect,  
 But you try to hide the water smudges,  
 And the mistakes you think make me so imperfect,  
 You fill me in with lead and cover all the blemishes I have to offer.  
 You soon realise that it's impossible to untangle those green and yellow  
 mixed colours,  
 So you adjust it to minimal perfection.

*Tatiana Osorio*  
*St Martin's-in-the-Field School for Girls*

## Life as a Fangirl

I'm praying like a fangirl -  
 Like the fangirl that I am.  
 Is Jordan going to die?  
 Yep. Damn.  
 At least it wasn't Raphael...  
 Nope, he's gone too.  
 None of the characters will be OK,  
 When Cassandra Clare is through.  
 Now, has Derek killed Tanith yet?  
 Not quite, but goodbye Ghastly!  
 I'm screaming with the feels, totally mad,  
 Like the fangirl that is me.  
 Angel, did you get your soul back yet?  
 InuYasha, seriously, dump Kikyo!  
 She's going to stab you in the back.  
 Ha. Told you so.  
 I'm as eager as a fangirl,  
 Blood of Olympus comes out soon!  
 Will Calypso and Leo get back together?  
 I really hope they do...  
 If Nico dies, would it be tragic?  
 Or would it be glossed over?  
 Well, I'd rather it was him to die  
 Than Annabeth or Grover.  
 I'm screaming like a fangirl,  
 As mad as one can be.  
 I'm praying for the characters  
 Oh, the fangirl that is me.

*Charlie Stevens*  
*Larkmead School*

## Hand-works

Over the years, this hand has slapped many faces, though the slaps  
 have become softer because I have become softer and better. This  
 one time when I was 8 years old, there was this boy who was chasing me  
 for a reason I don't remember, and I just turned round at a very high  
 speed and back-handed him. He cried. Looking back now, I don't think  
 I meant for it to happen, the same way I accidentally roundhouse kicked  
 my friend in the face as he was chasing me when I was twelve. He hated  
 me for two years. But we're cool now. Nowadays, when I slap my friends,  
 they say that my hand is as smooth as jazz.

*Marvin Wangwe*  
*Cheney School*

# If I Ruled the World

If I was the one to decide,  
 Poor children would be living with mine,  
 Warfare would change to be fair,  
 Dictators run and hide, to your painful rule we say goodbye!

No one would be hungry,  
 No one would be scared,  
 They'll all sleep in big marshmallow beds!

I would be fair,  
 I would be just,  
 I would be the one for everyone to trust!

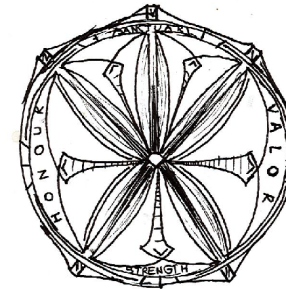
I assure you I just want the best for everyone,  
 No one would be alone.

*Dea Xherri*  
*Woodside High School*

# RED GROUP

B L O O D   R U N S   T H I C K   B U T   I T  
 S T I L L   S P I L L S .

R E D   G R O U P   P R E S E N T S   A N  
 E P I C   S E T   I N   T H E   F U T U R E



T H E

# FIFTH

ZEROS RULE!

JOEL FALCONER JORDAN ISAACS JACQ LA GROTERIA CHNYEL O.E ZOUA WOJCE  
 STEPHEN HINDS-DAY



# A Pathway to Nothing

Crunch, snap, Welch catapulted through the undergrowth, running from the crimes that had dissolved his soul. Every day of his existence he regretted burning that tree, giving in to temptation, the desire to see things burn. Even with this burden the satisfaction of feeling the ever-growing heat, the deep flickering embers, watching the great oaks fall was triumph on the greatest scale. Once they had taken him, the spirits of the trees had not released their grasp as they punished him for his crimes, taking away his freedom. The freedom to live life with a beating heart. He had waited a long time for the opportunity to escape the dungeon. He waited twenty years until that day came, when the spirits closed their eyes. He struggled through the labyrinth, hope in his dead heart, until he stumbled into the world he had once called home.

He looked into the distance, never to the side, never behind. His bare feet danced over the forest floor, gracing the fallen leaves with the miracle that he was. The aromas that wafted from the musky earth almost overwhelmed him, his lungs, and his brain. The silence rang throughout the trees, nothing resonating off the barks, accumulating to a deafening screech, seeping into every brain cell... exploding from within... decaying each morsel of grey matter until the unpredictable happened. His vision started to fade, the deep rich colours diminishing into a pale grey. Gone was the hidden wildlife escaping from the monstrosity that was treading on its path, gone was the faint wind stirring the only signs of life.

He collapsed onto the forest floor. He had to get just a bit further. If only he could make it. He gave up his mind, losing clarity, sanity. His eyes closed. The boy sat back leaning against the tree, content in the state of nothingness until a branch transformed into a claw, maliciously stroking his ear. Stealing him... recapturing him into the depths of the abyss.

*Ryanne Binns  
Highbury Grove School*

# Fat Old Rage

I grew up in a posh, quiet house where I lived with my mother, and Rage, fat old Rage. He always put me down, and I swore on my life that this would change... but it didn't. Every night he came home he swore at me, calling me names like 'boggy face' and saying 'You look just like me' – I hated that one – but at the end of the day he always went to bed early, leaving me and my mother starving. One night I asked him for ten quid and he pushed me down the stairs: that turned me into the man that he was.

I stood up and limped to my cold, dull room, plotting how to kill this vicious man. Then one dark silent night I heard Rage scream like never before... my mother stabbed him right in the back.

After the shock of seeing that, I ran upstairs to my room. I heard my mother scream, "HELP!" So I ran into his room and got his Desert Eagle – he called it his baby – and when I got downstairs there she was, covered in blood, while Rage tried to run out of the house. I ran to the front door, held my breath... boom! I fell backwards and I became the rage.

He died by the way; Rage rubbed off on us.

*Timon Blake  
Islington Arts and Media School*

## Victory and Losing with Grace

In this sport it is often said that it's not about the man who wins, it's about the fight, and our match will go down as one of the best matches in the new millennium, because the truth is: this was the one. The one for all time, because we fought to near perfection, because this was the perfect match and we can both say we made history... BUT! While you go down in history as the man who won the perfect match, I will be remembered as the man who lost, because I made one mistake – one mistake! But I'm not broken; I will never be forgotten, and I always remember, so when I say I am going to give you the show-stopper I mean it. You ever heard about old Yella? Because come Friday I'm going to take you, old Yella, behind the shed and put you out of your misery.

*Joel Falconer*  
*Islington Arts and Media School*

## Envy:

One of the four elements that determines the survival of every living human being that exists

Everyone in this room, including myself, has experienced the emotional reaction of envy. Maybe it was provoked from a better-looking person, or from someone achieving higher than you, but no matter the situation, we have loathed those with more success than us (to some extent). If I were to ask you about envy, I'm certain most would consider it a sinful and negative emotion that is for no use but literary inspiration and hatred. But what if envy was so crucial to the nature of humans that our survival depended on it? I believe it is possible envy has been misunderstood and has gained a reputation for its destructive influence, a reputation constructed, in my opinion, by what we are told by teachers, parents and educational books.

Envy creates jealousy, jealousy creates rivalry, and rivalry creates opposition, the disliked brother of co-operation. Yes, opposition and co-operation are contrasting terms, yet they serve the same purpose, to create a better and more controlled environment for those who are lost, or in what I call 'limbo'. But there is one distinctive difference between the two. Consider this statement on a universal level: my opinion is that co-operation can never be achieved, there are too many different opinions meaning that things like world peace are prevented. But where co-operation fails, opposition emerges and eventually after some time, peace is achieved by a party who has remained dominant. Agreed, there are destructive complications in the matter of opposition, but it seems in today's world that opposition is achieving more than co-operation, or at least most believe it is. The multiple wars going on around the world cause severe deterioration in the chemistry of man, that is undeniable, but the opposition between the two parties exploded merely because co-operation failed, and eventually a war will come to an end, leaving the aforementioned dominant party to control what's been left wild by

everyone.

Do not get me wrong, we are all complicit in this matter, even countries that fight, they are both complicit in the failure to create a better world through co-operation. But in this era, I believe there is more conflict appearing than togetherness.

I personally believe in peace and equality. Opposition is the loathed option of the two (co-operation and opposition). However, for the survival of man, could it be that we must yield to a higher power in order for stability to remain within this world? Let us not forget that revolt and revolution has brought us into 'a new day' time and time again, but what is it if not opposition that got us here?

So here comes the paradoxical conclusion of this theory. If indeed it is true that opposition is the key to our survival, must we oppose those who do not deserve the power they gained through opposition? Must we adhere to their rules, those of which may be for the better or worse. Or shall we join the higher power in their opposition of others? What is for sure is we are humans and we have the ability to make our own decisions, the ability to interpret the world and its events the way we would like to. So I say: oppose those who dictate and follow those you trust. Both could be the wrong decision, but it is our own decision that will allow the answer to emerge from the entangled opinions which fill the environment and world we are hopelessly stuck in until death.

*Stephen Hinds Day  
Loxford School of Science and Technology*

## Disgust

He sits on his pedestal  
His wooden pedestal that he makes us believe is gold  
Watching the slightest movement and words  
A face that only smiles to his own  
Self-hatred definitely, hatred for others maybe  
Living in his mansion which is actually smaller on the inside  
He thinks he's better, the master of all  
But lesser he knows only friends have it all  
He looks at you thinking you're lower, you're basic  
He says, 'I'm the king and I know all'  
For sure he's quite clever but so are many  
But only the intelligent accept all for themselves  
He may never change as few grow out of it  
His arrogance his self-obsession  
Of the nothing he has  
Put you down and keep you there  
But only the brave survive  
And sooner or later he will realise  
There's no one to laugh with up in the skies  
I hope he's above breathing  
There's little oxygen there.

*Jordan Isaacs  
Highbury Grove School*

# I Hate Phones

I hate phones.

Because I can't see you when we talk.

Because I can't see your lips move as you think, and your brow is invisible as it flexes about my idea of adopting six more dogs for you to look after. People who make phones should be scolded and told, "Phones are useful but they're not people" – but in an apologetic manner as if not to offend their brilliance and ingenuity.

I need to see your eyes when we speak so – wait... how will I know it's you?

*Jack Isaaz La Grotteria  
King Solomon Academy*

# Not Gonna Go There

He covered his hair with a dull blue cap. I don't know why he wore this cap, because beneath it he actually had hair.

It looks messy but stylish at the same time. Not many people can rock the 'I just woke up but I still look hot' look. He can though. But I'm not gonna go there.

Like foliage almost, but not dirty, and surprisingly easy to run your hands through. I bet it looks even cuter when it's wet, like he just got out of the shower. But again, I'm not gonna go there.

Honestly, I hope he gets rid of his cap. It's ugly, it's stupid, and as far as I'm concerned, it serves no purpose, because he has skin that would look lovely if tanned. However, I'm not gonna go there.

I'm glad he lost his cap, because underneath it is a head full of hair that indicates his outgoing personality. His great personality. But... I'm not gonna go there.

*Chynyel Ogunbayo-Emmanuel  
Loxford School of Science and Technology*



## Untitled

She's running, her brunette hair falling down her face like a waterfall as she twirls it with her black painted fingernails. Her honey eyes twinkling with no freckles to decorate them. Compassion burning through her pupils like black holes. She's a shopaholic, yet her black pumps show the utmost simplicity. Her general emotion, 'meh'. Flicking on Facebook on her beloved phone, all this whilst she's drinking Ribena.

*Taiyba Ashfaq*  
*Matthew Moss High School*

## For A Seven-year-old

I remember the sound of a door slamming  
 I remember how he didn't come back  
 And for once  
 It was silent that day, and  
 I'm not religious but I still prayed,  
 Prayed mum and dad would just sort it out  
 Even if it took a lot of screams and shouts  
 I just didn't care  
 Because for my seven-year-old self  
 To lose all hope of her life being mended  
 Only seemed to break me more  
 Even though I have two homes  
 Even though I understand things are better  
 I still ask myself  
 Why then, why not now?  
 The funny and weird thing is  
 I don't remember crying  
 But I know that there's a worse part to that  
 Because how sad must it be  
 When you can't remember the last time  
 Your family portrait wasn't lying.

*Courtney Brewin*  
*The Dukeries Academy*

# War

War. It is a word feared by most. No one wants it, no one likes it. When we hear about war on BBC News, we see it as a dispute between two nations over one issue: oil, land or religion. We think of both World Wars as the biggest, but what we don't realise is that the most significant war we fight is within ourselves. Some days, a few troops patrol a Chernobyl ghost town checking there's no one left, policing petty things like what to wear in the morning, or whether to have a salad or a sandwich. But some days it's a battlefield in which civilian thoughts get caught. Trenches of broken promises; rockets of injustice; yanks full of gangs; weapons made of cruelty.

*Hyaat Hizar  
Belle Vue Boys' School*

# Stranded

*This is the opening passage of the story that I'm writing.*

It was an average Saturday morning. Shawn, a thirteen-year-old boy from Dagenham, woke up to do his morning routine: get up, put on his slippers, pick out his clothes and go shower. But as he walked past the bathroom mirror, he noticed something he had never noticed before: a tuft of hair on his upper lip. He was overjoyed, ecstatic, over the moon. "MMMUUUMMM!!!" he yelled as he ran down the stairs. "I'm growing a moustache!"

As his mother examined her son's upper lip, the doorbell rang. It was the neighbours returning the ladder they had borrowed for some re-decorating. The neighbours, who had just moved in from a different country, gave Shawn a suspicious look. He felt nervous and moved out of the way from where the neighbours could see him.

The entire day he was stroking the barely visible whiskers on his lips right up to the moment he fell asleep.

This is the moment when all the weirdness started.

In the morning he woke up, but not in his bed. The sound of gunshots acted as his alarm and he took cover in the nearest crate he could find. He looked around to examine his surroundings. Blood on the floor around him, tape in the shape of a human body. He was in the middle of a murder scene, a crime scene, a war zone. He looked at his watch; he had been asleep for a full day, enough to travel halfway across the world. He had been kidnapped and sent to a strange land. Too scared to run outside, he muttered to himself, "This is so not Flamingo Land."

After about an hour, he finally found the courage to explore the warehouse he was trapped in. He saw a group of men, including the man who lived next door, speaking in Spanish or Portuguese - he couldn't tell the difference, but he knew he was in a South American country. He

slowly sneaked away but didn't dare to step outside the warehouse and risk death.

All of a sudden, out of nowhere, a refugee of war ran up to him, trying to mug him, and screaming in a language he didn't understand. His fight or flight instinct kicked in and he pushed the man away, who then tripped and fell backwards, cracking his skull on a crowbar nearby, dying instantly. He had to find a way home now, because if the men didn't get him, the government would, and this was no longer a fight to get home, but a fight for survival.

*Hyaat Hizar*  
*Belle Vue Boys' School*

## Another Summer Poem

We lay hand in hand on the freshly cut grass,  
The kiss of a breeze on an August afternoon passed us by,  
Flat cut, we rolled and tumbled, we laughed.  
It was the only sound we heard,  
As light as helium  
Her breath on my lips was like peaches picked from the finest tree  
Somehow it reminds me of a baby we haven't had yet  
I am comforted.  
I am still.

*Hyaat Hizar*  
*Belle Vue Boys' School*



# Dream?

I wandered down the old musty aisle looking for Father Aaiden.

'Father?' I called, my voice bouncing off the dusty walls. 'Are you there?' The silence echoed silence; it was too quiet.

My name is... Bridges. An ex-convict. I have been in prison for a total of seven years, three months and twenty-seven days. I was arrested for gang involvement and robbery. But that was before I met Father Aaiden. He was one of the kindest people I knew – he took some young homeless convict in for free and hadn't asked for anything in return. He was like the father everyone always wanted. If it wasn't for him I'd probably still be living in the street, a crazy heroin addict. He had sorted my life out.

I reached the end of the row and saw a figure lying on the floor, blood leaking from its body and flooding the dusty floor. I stepped towards the body, uncertain who or what it was. As I recognized the face a chill froze my blood and punctured my heart. Under the cuts and blood was Father Aaiden.

'He's dead' the nurse whispered sombrely. 'He died of blood loss. You have my condolences.' I stared at her, not fully processing everything that she had said. I felt my knees turn to jelly and collapse under my legs.

Beep beep.

My eyes flickered.

Beep beep.

My hand twitched.

Beep beep, the machine cried.

I fell unconscious and began to dream. Throughout my whole life I've only ever had one dream. In the dream I open my eyes and see bodies spewed across the whole room, the blood dripping from the walls and ceiling creating a gothic river flowing and spreading. I turn around to find a mirror and see a figure standing there, replicating every movement that I do. Its red eyes darker than blood stare at me as if creating war,

blood leaks from the gaps in its mouth. I stare back at it, trying to recognize it, or at least put a name to it. I stare back at it, the clockworks in my mind ticking and tocking: that's when I realize that it's... me. As this thought begins to enter my mind I feel a chill and a cold hand settle on my shoulder.

*Muhammad-Amin Isat*  
*Judgemeadow Community College*

## Disgust

He wears a tuxedo  
 Bowtie and all.  
 Impeccable manners,  
 He walks with a cane.  
 His accent is cut-glass  
 And condescending.  
 Never attacking  
 But always judging  
 Each morning he reads  
 The Daily Mail and  
 Tuts to himself.  
 Not ever willing to offend  
 He wouldn't say it to your face  
 He lets a disdainful stare  
 Do the talking.  
 He's always there  
 Ready to whisper in my ear.

*Christopher Lang*  
*The Lancaster School*

## Patient 106

Her voice abducted the silence: a high-pitched scream echoing  
 Around the four white, cushioned walls. These walls were her only  
 friends (aside from the man who took her shoelaces, of course). They  
 kept her company, talking to her without the babyish, moaning, groaning  
 tone, and without the constant questions of, "So... how are you today?"  
 or "Have you taken your medication?" The walls were the first to respond,  
 soon followed by the nurse's shoelaces. The bolts slammed across before  
 the fumbling of keys and the distinctive clunk of an unlocking door. The  
 emotion in his face seeped out when he saw her. Blood dripped as she  
 tore the smuggled knife from dinner out of her stomach. A grin of relief  
 expanded across her face. "Goodbye walls."

*Harriet Rhodes*  
*The Dukeries Academy*

## Tutti-frutti

Her tutti-frutti scent lingers in the air  
 her beauty ignoring her eye bags  
 her undaunted approach to everything  
 her eyelashes the perfect butterfly kiss  
 but as she catches her reflection in the mirror  
 her calmness turns to rage, she throws the toothpaste mug  
 it crashes to the floor onto the Ludo board  
 now she's an angry hovercraft her long blonde locks turns to a baleful  
 fright-wig  
 then as easy as pips she returns to normality  
 and no one will ever know.

*Millie Rossner*

## A Spoken Poem

How to write a poem about equality: not like this, I suppose. Definition and defining yourself cannot come instantly, and if it does you're doing it wrong. It's like the time you dived into a pool and ran out of air before you resurfaced. You learned from that mistake and will rethink, but your personal oxygen tank keeps changing and so does what defines you. Imagine a world where there's no gay community, no colour, and all the literary festivals have women baking cakes.

Differences make us diverse.

No regrets – that's a lie. Remember that time you sent a text to the wrong person or pooped at school and someone took a photo. Thought you forgot that? Well you didn't, and it's these regrets that still creep into the back of the mind.

Personality can't be shared. It isn't a packet of sherbet lemons or a fad that will just go away.

Everyone has things in common and some of them are completely different. So when was the last time you called something gay, saw a gender ratio or stereotyped someone's colour. Because it's these thoughts that keep coming up into our society and it's these thoughts that make us all stray. People fear these differences: the fear of not knowing, the fear of walking into the abyss. So we shall make people understand and we shall be the great warriors of our time. So take the common words like black, white, gay, straight, male, female. Mix them up. Hold your nose. There, all gone.

*Harriet Sutton*

*Matthew Moss High School*

## GREEN GROUP



## The Fateful Event

With bony, trembling fingers his hand clutched the edge off the cover and he opened the book. The fluorescent lights in the middle of the room cast dark shadows upon the pale face of one man and one man only.

*It is happening.*

The calm serene environment of the living room was now illuminated by indigo, and Alexis dwelt on the hopeful dreams of the few that perished during the apocalypse.

*It is happening.*

‘Alexis Rhines!’ said the voice of the fallen star. The light spoke. And then, he was enlightened.

In that instant, his hope of a normal life was shattered, along with the normal activities that occupied them: marriage, commitment, and fun. He was just too young. As tears welled up in the corner of his eyes, Alexis quickly batted them away. He was enlightened now, ready for the light to speak again. He had a new fate, a new life.

*Tayjorn Alleyne*

*Forest Gate Community School*

## Resurfacing the Lost

The map she's seeking is lilac with dashed lines, decorating the page in a pale, tragic pink. In the centre, is a big red cross labelled *treasure*.

*Tayjorn Alleyne*

*Forest Gate Community School*

# Ivory Sheets

Don't cry, because you're the most beautiful person I've ever met.  
 Inside and out you're perfect.  
 I love you for you.  
 And only you.  
 The hollows of your cheeks curve in just the right amount.  
 Rosy, matte lips that form a natural pout.  
 Can I say it's the curled baby tendrils of hair around your forehead that  
 interest me?  
 The way you use a slender forefinger to brush them back.  
 There's so many ways to tell you that I Love You.  
 And there's so many things in your head always trying to tell you, you  
 aren't-  
 I don't understand why those thoughts are there because your soul is  
 pure.  
 And if I could, I'd like to erase them once and for all.  
 They don't deserve to be there.  
 I can't live knowing they are.  
 I want to wipe your tears away with my lips and never make you shed  
 another tear of sadness ever  
 again.  
 Ma chérie, je t'aime.  
 In an ideal world, I'd whisk you away to Paris where our room will  
 overlook architecture hundreds of years old; they've lost their lustre but  
 yours will never taint.  
 When we wake in ivory sheets, I'd take my time to treasure our kiss,  
 making sure I caress you so you never feel unloved by me throughout the  
 day.  
 So come away with me.  
 To Paris.  
 The city of Love.

I'll speak the language of Love.  
 Take the reigns of every new day.  
 Build the life you've always wanted.  
 And I'll be there by your side, if you still want me.  
 Let's just go away.  
 You and I.  
 Come to Paris with me.

*Sadia Begum*  
*George Green's School*

# Chinese Whispers

One dead.  
 I'm being told carrots are the answer to night vision,  
 Another dead.  
 And that the wind is a substitute for plastic surgery,  
 Another dead.  
 Generations lacking education,  
 Another dead.  
 Parents' tales change every generation like Chinese whispers,  
 Another dead.  
 Don't sleep with your mouth open or you'll catch flies, she told me,  
 Another dead.  
 Baby food diet goes global, I guess she didn't listen to her mum's advice  
     and eat all her food,  
 Another dead.  
 But what better are we,  
 To keep the chain going?  
 Another dead.  
 And to make even more stories and tweaks along the way?  
 I'll let you decide,  
 Another dead.  
 I guess the world is just one big messed-up problem even the smartest  
 can't solve,  
 Last body found.

*Maya Cooper Griffin*  
*Acland Burghley School*

# Large

I want to be an elephant,  
 an African grey,  
 heavy footed in the scorching heat,  
 following the path of water.  
 I want to be an elephant  
 that follows the current of its own species,  
 drinking through nostrils,  
 grasping with a real-life trunk  
 instead of tree trunk-like fingers.  
 I want to move slowly  
 (or preferably not at all)  
 stomping because I'm heavy,  
 not angry.  
 I want to be a grey African elephant,  
 be peaceful  
 and slow  
 and large,  
 where society can't follow me  
 to shove expectations down my throat and eye sockets and ears  
 and in every hole in me,  
 whether it be in my body or  
 my confidence,  
 where family can't criticise me  
 because elephants are *supposed* to be large!  
 I want to be an elephant  
 in the humid African air  
 where the only reflective surface is water,  
 stretching across the vast landscape  
 where "society" and "family" are concepts unrecognised.

I want to be a large elephant  
 surrounded by other large elephants  
 because then  
 is anything large at all?

*Anju Kamaly*  
*George Green's School*

## Untitled

As water drips down the drain, darkness invades the streets, house windows shut, and lights go on and off on TV screens. Sirens go past, piercing the silence, only to slowly fade away, but people continue to listen, people struggling and trying desperately to hear them. The stars shine bright, and on the streets below people look up at the night sky; children become tired after complaining about going to bed and slowly go to sleep; cars go by, a mother's voice soothes the child to sleep. But down below, nightlife goes on, the families are in, the rest are out to the bars, they go gulping down drink, minutes turn into hours and from a bar to a dancefloor they go, the lucky ones have left already before they get a hangover. The others continue, only to regret it the next morning; some wake up in random places, others wake up at home, but they all made a scene to the kids above as they watched out the window, amused and intrigued by the ones below.

*Che Maddix*  
*Acland Burghley School*



# Chihuahua

I want to be a Chihuahua,  
 I want to be carried around by Paris Hilton in a handbag,  
 I want to be groomed and dressed,  
 In a ballerina outfit or as a bee,  
 Before I go to bed I want to lie on my back and have my belly tickled,  
 I want to enter dog contests,  
 I don't want to settle for third or second place,  
 I want the trophy,  
 I don't want to eat that dog food crap,  
 I want sushi,  
 I'll wag my tail and sadden my eyes,  
 Until my owner caves in,  
 I want to be lazy,  
 I won't run to the door and tear up the post,  
 I'm no numb-nut dumb mutt,  
 No chased tails, fetched sticks or chewed toys,  
 I am a Chihuahua.

*Nathan Payne*  
*Cranford Community College*

# The Walk but Not So a Walk

The first thing I remember is the cliché of the countryside; the smell of  
 nature  
 The smell of freshly cut grass,  
 Strong enough to trigger off irritating hay-fever,  
 The smell of animal poo,  
 Disturbing every thought of food in my head  
 The smell of algae  
 Making me sick to my stomach  
 But remembering that this is something I don't experience in London  
 It's actually like London's not.  
 It's something I cherish.

*Zharnai Scotland*  
*Acland Burghley School*

# Unbridled Optimism Meets an Uncaring Universe

I'm searching for a map  
With browning edges  
That crumble at the touch  
Like the wings of a moth

Dog-eared and creased  
Countless times into  
Origami folds  
All lines, and lines, and lines  
Pooled out like veins  
Across skin

A map so small  
In your palm  
It hides between your fingertips  
Like so much water  
Liquid sunshine on the tongue  
Yellow on the teeth.

*Sophie Ulhaq*  
*Cranford Community College*

## BLUE GROUP



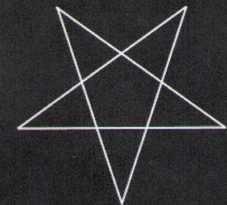
★★★★★ - The Times

★★★★★ - Guardian

This blend of horror and comedy will leave you gut  
bustingly disgusted. 5 stars! - **Horror Weekly**

Truly amazing book would recommend to everyone!

- No6 Mag



Billy would be met with a big shock when he  
mistakenly brought back his best friend from  
the dead using his book of black magic. When  
his friend accidentally kills someone it is up to  
Billy to get rid of the body... and the  
witnesses...

## Untitled

How did they get it up there? An abandoned swing held by a high, thick branch, too high to reach. As I clutch the rope connected to a makeshift seat made from a fifth of a tyre I feel the relief of being alone, surrounded by beauty, and finally free to think my own thoughts. As I step up to the worn slope, swing in my right hand, I strive for the rush of freedom I can always get at this secret place. I lean back, preparing to jump, with both hands wrapped around the rope like a vice. I jump and am seated perfectly at once. I feel the wind in my hair as I rise from the ground. I swing back down to earth, my eyes closed, relishing in the feeling of comfort only this place can provide. I glance at the source of this freedom on my left; a large tree with rough bark. How can something so isolated provide so much freedom? I smell summer and all things that go with it: the pollinated flowers, the clean, fresh air... It is blissful. As the swing peaks I gaze over to the high, wide hills, the grass is freshly cut and lets out a fresh and new scent. I think about the swing as the wind rushes by my ears. It is life: the swing shows how you need a good kick-start to get going but the thing you need most is the chance to swing yourself.

*Lauren Baker  
The Oxford Academy*

## Untitled

Anna flicked the T.V from channel to channel, bored: there was nothing worth watching. Sighing, she left the news on and flopped back on the sofa, not really intending to listen.

‘The war in Syria–’

‘Oh, no you don’t,’ Anna muttered, grabbing the remote. Her Dad had joined the army after her Mum had died of an overdose. Anna didn’t really blame him – she’d have got out of the house as fast as possible too, if she was an adult. The whole house was contaminated with the memories of Mum, of her laugh, of her accident... suicide... whatever it was. Even so, Anna missed Dad, and it was painful. She’d already lost one parent, and though she’d always thought it would be brilliant to have no one who cared if she revised for her GCSEs, or if she failed them, no parent who forced a curfew on her, or who tagged around embarrassingly at her school prom, it wasn’t brilliant at all. She felt that she could just die, and nobody from her family would care. Well, maybe her aunt, who had moved in to take care of her when Dad left, would know she was supposed to grieve and cry.

Anna jabbed her thumb against the button to change channels. Automatically, after almost a year of twinkling when anyone mentioned the war or her father, she grinned.

‘–Is becoming more serious. Many innocent citizens have been shot down, and several British troops–’

Dad probably wasn’t part of those troops. Anna looked down, staring at the remote. It was black with red buttons. She stabbed at the button. The T.V. was so old it was practically an antique. *It didn’t change channels.*

‘–were mowed down. Approximately one thousand are missing, and 450 are seriously injured–’

Black and white pictures began coming up, and Anna could have sworn she saw her father’s face. Anna wrenched her eyes away for a

moment, and pressed the 'off' button continuously for ten seconds.

Nothing happened.

It was lingering on the picture of her father – no, a dead man who looked vaguely like her father. He was lying sprawled on the ground, a mangled cut across his face, face twisted and furious. As the camera zoomed in on him, Anna saw his face properly. It had been months since she'd last seen it, but even in black and white, with a cut slashed across his face, Anna recognised him as the man who had hugged her goodbye ten months ago.

'He's dead,' she said blankly.

There was no way a man with a cut that almost sliced his face in half could be alive. But Anna saw, electric relief rushing through her, he was moving, stirring, alive... and looking straight out at her.

'And two hundred have been confirmed dead,' finished the news reader.

'I don't want to hear this!' Anna blurted, blushing at how shrill and stupid she sounded. It probably wasn't her father. After all, it had been many months since they were together, and the cut, as well as the beard he'd grown, disfigured his face a lot. She was being an idiot.

Anna reached for the remote for one last try, but she didn't want to try to switch it off and have it keep playing. This way she could kid herself that she could stop it at any moment. Then it zoomed even closer onto her father's – no, the man's – tortured face, and she grabbed it, pressing the off button for ten second again, then again just in case. And again. The voice didn't even falter.

"Anna."

She dropped the remote to the floor, with a clatter. The voice seemed to be coming from the television, but it couldn't – no.

"Anna."

This time she saw her father's lips move on the screen. He rose unsteadily to his feet, his eyes never leaving hers. They were bloodshot, wild and even cruel. Her father had never looked at her like that before.

He seemed to move *towards* her, not just on the screen, but as if, God, it was stupid, but as if he was coming out of the TV.

Anna jumped up and ran from the room, but the TV continued to blare from the room, and Dad's mangled face was printed in her mind. She slammed the door behind her, but the volume remained consistent.

"Anna."

This time the voice didn't crackle from the TV. It came from directly behind her, and slowly, very slowly, the door was pulled open. The man who had hugged her goodbye ten months ago was standing there, a mangled red cut across his face, his eyes cold and wild as he stared at her.

*Jasmine Burgess*

*Oxford Spires Academy*

# Untitled

Dear ?,

Thank you for making me stronger. All the times you made me cry myself to sleep. That time when we talked all night.

I thank you for it all

The day that you made my heart shatter into a million pieces by saying a few, destructive words which hit me like an avalanche.

I thank you for it all

Or each time you made me cry with laughter, with happiness inflating inside me like a balloon.

I thank you for it all

Everything that happened between us two, the good and the bad, it all made me stronger. Because you were my first love, my middle and end. You were everything to me. You meant the world to me.

And I thank you for it all.

I often look back and wish there was a remote which could take us back to the perfect moments that we shared. Like the time we got ice-creams on a beautifully hot summer's day. Just to feel that, feel that same love and wantedness in me again.

I thank you for it all

Sometimes, when I've had a bad day and I need to get away, I go on my phone and look at a photo of us when we were in school. Everything used to be so easy and simple. I was lost and you were the key to me.

I thank you for it all

And now I can look back and happily say...

Thank you for everything you did to make me stronger.

*Callum Ferguson*  
*Judgemeanow Community College*

## Red Snow

Fresh white snowflakes fell onto the red stained ice. The fallen were covered in snow, Mother Nature tucking them in for the long, long sleep.

Wind howled along the ice plains, where the final battle had taken place. Friend and foe lay side by side in the frost. All hate had melted from them.

I stepped among the graveyard, recognising too many faces, frozen in time. Crimson snow crunched underneath my boots as I finally found our recently departed King.

He was mutilated, unrecognisable apart from the sword by his side and crown still firmly seated on his stubborn head.

A mess of flesh and blood. The enemy had won, and our hopes dashed.

My solitary footfalls echoed in the freezing cold of my home, as I remembered its glory, no more.

*Joy Hartshorne*

*The Nottingham Emmanuel School*

## Untitled

You get out of your tiny cubicle in the office, just to see that you're the last one remaining of all the accountants who worked in the same room as you. You gather your coat and search for the keys that you could've sworn were in one of its pockets. You finally find them thrown into a corner of the cubicle. 'Huh,' you think. 'I must be getting old,' you mutter, quietly dismissing this oddity with a brief smile on your face. You wave to the tired-looking girl standing behind the reception desk, who waves back, with a weak and obviously forced smile. You go to the place where you parked your car this morning, only to find nothing there. 'This is really weird. I'm sure that's where my car was standing.' Nevertheless, you go on a walk to find it, which you quickly manage, and get in. After the motor reluctantly hums to life, you hastily race home, even driving past some red lights. Upon entering your apartment, you throw your jacket on the sofa, and kick off your shoes, which fly off in random directions. You go to the bathroom, do what people usually do when they go there, and then carelessly switch the lights off as you leave. When you notice something scurrying off in the corner of your vision, you're already too late, realising that you never turned them on the first place.

*Adam Herczog*

*Nottingham Academy Ransom Road*

# The Judgement of David Cameron

David Cameron was an ordinary, lying, greedy politician, until the day he was summoned to Killachter Meadow. There, a judgement was made that he would never forget. This scene is from the third night of the Camerons' stay in Killachter Meadow, when David thinks it's all safe, but where things begin to go wrong.

"David Cameron!" A voice boomed from the shadows. The meadow was silent as David began to think how in living hell he was going to escape this.

"David Cameron!" The voice bellowed a second time. David decided that was it, and bolted for the car, but something grabbed his shoulders. He let out a blood-curdling scream, trying to make out his assailant through the fog of darkness. Some sort of light was switched on, but it only turned the attacker's face into a silhouette – that was when he really began to panic.

"Do you know why you are here!?" The oddly familiar, although slightly distorted, voice barked. David shook his head quickly and wrinkled his nose in disgust, starting to feel sick from the strange smell emanating from behind his captor. "I have come to—" that was when he vomited right at the mysterious stranger's feet. His captor was outraged.

"Peasant, you shall not vomit in my presence! I am the mighty Clegg, and I have come to pass judgement on you!" That was when everything fell into place, and fear was mostly replaced by anger.

"Nick!? What the hell!?" David yelled, bemused at his deputy's behaviour. Meanwhile Barack Obama, who had also been summoned nearby, saw the scene unfold and was planning on how to save his dear friend.

"I do not know this 'Nick' of whom you speak! I am the mighty

Clegg, and all shall tremble before me!"

"Nuh-uh, sister!" Michelle Obama appeared in a cloud of sass, and the Clegg knew he would be defeated unless serious action was taken. Barack watched in annoyance – Michelle always had to have the spotlight. Meanwhile, the Clegg was beginning to increase in size...

"Do not sass me! I am the Clegg! I am invincible! I am mighty! I am unstoppable!"

"So was yo mama!" Barack retorted, a smug smile appearing on his face. A small crack appeared in the Clegg's still expanding skin, but his expression turned to one of pure rage.

"Cameron, the time for judgement has come! Prepare for destruction!" David started to sprint as the Clegg began its attack.

"NOOOOOO! Don't hurt Davey!" Barack yelled, standing between David and the Mighty Clegg, who was now tripling in size.

"Your friend cannot save you now!" it roared, and Obama let out a feeble whimper as he was absorbed by the ever-growing Clegg.

"One million new jobs!" Nick growled mightily. The phrase shocked the hearts of those who heard it, and for David and Michelle, it was the last thing they would hear the Clegg say...

"Why didn't we visit a library....?" David whispered sadly, as he too was engulfed.

*Rebecca Hill*

*Nottingham Academy Samworth University*



# Drowning

"No!" Rosie cried, as she dropped her little doll off the bed, with a small thud! The little doll's daffodil hair, sprawled outwards like the silk work of a spider web. Her bright azure eyes pierced the darkness. Her gesture frozen like a raven perched upon an autumn branch.

"For heaven's sake!" Rosie's father growled as he stormed in, his pastel grey bathrobe wrapped around him like a cobra enticing its prey, in a deadly bind.

Rosie fell back, frightened, clutching her purple encrusted arm. Cowering.

"I dropped Annabelle," Rosie whimpered, pointing to the little doll. Her father swiftly and irritably picked up the little doll.

"OW!"

Red liquid beads trickled out of his index finger.

"This is your fault!" he shouted, pointing at Rosie, dangerous rage intoxicating the whites of his eyes with a bright scarlet. He quickly hurried out of the room, and washed his finger underneath the tap, the cold numbing the burn in the hole of his pierced fingers, and the little ruby crystals dissolving into the clear water and through the white, worn out, rusting paints of the sink.

"Did you do that Annabelle?" Rosie whispered into the little doll's left ear, "Thank you... When is the time right?!"

"You stupid girl, who are you speaking to?!" Rosie's father cried from the bathroom, as he swiftly turned off the tap and strutted towards the bathtub.

"Nobody," Rosie whimpered in reply.

"Then be quiet and go to sleep!"

Rosie's father proceeded toward the bathtub, and with a twist of the icy handles, hot and cold water jutted out instantly in an explosive burst, as they fused together, slowly filling up the tub. Rosie's father was patient, but a frown clearly disfigured his chin.

From her room, Rosie opened her eyes, and her eyes twinkled with glee. "It's time now," she whispered.

§

Victor had always been a tough person, and a tough father, or so he told himself. He had never cried, and in fact possessed immense pride on this fact: he had not cried when his parents divorced when he was nine; he had not cried when his father beat him with thick bamboo, the size of a baby elephant's limb; he had not cried even when his wife died, leaving him to look after a five-year-old plump child, who did not bear any resemblance to him (not even a speck of eyebrow lashes). From then on he had acted on this toughness that he thought all children ought to endure, and he did so until blue, peach-like bruises became green to dark eggplant.

Victor stood over the filled bathtub, thin streams of wisps hovering in the air. The water was filled to the very top. He looked at his reflection; he saw the dirty unshaven beard, the darkness of his hair, and bright azure of his eyes... He looked again, realising his eyes were not that bright shade of blue.

Before he could scream, before he could yell, and before he could even signal his tongue to move, to do something, Victor was plunged head first into the water, iron hands clawing him down. The liquid jostled out of the tub, and like minor chords splashed onto the red unwashed tiles, as he flailed and struggled. Liquid poured into his lungs, contesting the air, pushing it out. He was the caged bird, and the warm water a katana slicing away the winter feathers, making him unadaptable, unable to survive. Eventually all movement stopped. Victor lay, face down, muddy hair sprawled out, his hazel vision lost forever in the whiteness of the tub.

*Mukahang Limbu*  
*Oxford Spires Academy*



# My Halo Ghost

I have been a long-time gamer. Ever since the glory days of Goldeneye on the Nintendo 64 I've been hooked on consoles and their games. I've moved through Nintendo to Playstation, to Xbox, owning a range of systems and handhelds, and, although 'sad', gaming has been a big part of my life.

My room is littered with gaming memorabilia, be it my Pacman lamp, posters ranging from Minecraft to Call of Duty or my 'I like classic games' tee. Not to mention the physical consoles themselves.

Despite these and more, I believe the one which tells the best story is my Halo Ghost.

Right from the original Xbox, Microsoft has been releasing a franchise called Halo, which they acquired the rights to from creators, Bungie.

The series is huge, with millions of players, a massive amount of fan content, and even official products from companies such as Lego.

I have been a fan from a young age and could probably tell you most of the game's lore.

One of the things which made Halo special on what was then the 'next generation of consoles' was the ability for players to choose and drive vehicles: an expected feature of games today, but back then it was revolutionary, and that's without even covering the 3D graphics.

Right back from when it was in Beta, and televisions still used RGB leads, up until now, it is undeniable that the use of vehicles made Halo what it was and is.

One vehicle present in almost every game was the Warthog: a green Land Rover-style car with an open roof and a mounted turret on the back. So, understandably, when a signed model of one came up in a school raffle, I was a little excited, and by a little I mean I bought as many tickets as was humanly possible.

It was for me then a great despair when I didn't win the model

despite my hope and hints from staff.

So what did I do?

I did what any sane person would do! I didn't let it go. I browsed the internet for hours on end looking for an identical copy.

£400 average. Nope. A fan I was, but not a £400 fan.

What I did find however was a model from the same company called a Ghost. A purple alien vehicle which floated about two feet above the ground. Then I remembered what fun it was, driving it around, running down little spacemen in my Ghost, and although it wasn't my first choice, it is my favourite.

It is a symbol for me of all my gaming joys and history, and also provided an important lesson that what you want is not always what you need.

*Elliott Rodel*

*The Nottingham Emmanuel School*

## Envy

Envy. Simple. Very sleek. Suited in a fine tux; a beard and moustache grace his welcoming face. A salesman. I bought all my being from him. He offers me the next big thing, what's hot. He stocks anything and everything: phones, cars, clothes, computers, houses, anything. I often wonder where he acquires them. He always seems to be there; when you least expect him, there he is, sitting in his ever moving chair, popping up wherever I go.

Envy is always there; should I ever feel inadequate, he's there, he cheers me up, he knows I can be anyone I want to be. He likes to play jokes, always sneaking in and putting the celebrity channels on my television. Asking me if I saw anything I liked, the next day.

I often buy things from Envy; the more I buy from him, the more and more I visit him. He says to me, 'Wouldn't you be happier with a nice new phone?' 'Wouldn't you be handsomer with a nice new suit?' 'Wouldn't you be popular with a nice new car?' One thing... Two things... Three things... You can never have enough.

His service seems to worsen in quality, and occasionally he passes sinister smiles as I turn away, or mutters under his breath should I refuse an offer, often leaving me thinking, 'What?'

Envy shows me his store, full of his wondrous things. I catch a glimpse of a changing room, one of Envy's suits on the floor. A dark and dirty room, the inside of a suit torn and dirty, littered with...

He slams the door...

'You are never to enter this room,' he says.

One must not be deceived by the kind face of Envy, as under his suit lies a vicious monster full of anger and rage, a plotting liar. I can't get away from him: he follows me, it gets worse every day.

The only way to be rid of Envy is to leave him with nothing more to sell, but once you let Envy enter, he never. Goes. Away.

*Elliott Rodel*  
*The Nottingham Emmanuel School*

## Kashif and his Moustache

Kashif loved his moustache, and funnily enough it went where he went. He groomed it every day, a thousand times each way, and he even conditioned it in the bath.

It was all going well until his mother asked him to go to ASDA for some potatoes. He didn't want to go, but his mum forced him, so after slowly putting on his shoes Kashif left. The journey flew by – it always does now that he's got his moustache to walk with.

He finally arrived at ASDA and while he was frantically looking for the potatoes he fell, and saw to his surprise a book saying on it, "Protect your moustache! Someone is watching your every move."

He took the long journey home. It took him fifteen minutes longer, but he didn't want to take any risks. He arrived home and gave his mum the potatoes.

Later that day Kashif wanted to go play but just as he was going to go out his mum called him and said, "Get your damn hair cut." Kashif sighed as he took the money.

The walk to the barbers wasn't long from Kashif's so he arrived at the barber's in no time. Kashif likes the barber's; he likes the smell of the tinted blue gel and the red walls that shone bright like the sun on a summer's morn.

It was his turn now, so he stepped up to the old wrinkled leather chair and slumped his body in it; the air slowly pushed out and the chair sucked him in. The barber whipped the apron around his neck and asked, 'What is it this time?' Kashif said, "The regular." Picking up the shaver, the barber slowly began hacking his hair off his head. Kashif was reading a magazine and he did not notice the horror which was about to happen: the barber's hand fell and sliced off his moustache...

*Ernie Shelton*  
*Bluecoat Beechdale Academy*

## Regret

When I was younger I had an imaginary friend  
 I used to talk to her everyday  
 She lived on the corridor in the twenty-sixth room  
 She only comes out at times I think of the past  
 With her black hair  
 Nails double the length of her finger  
 Green eyes that shone through the night  
 Teeth that were yellow with age  
 Despite this she was pretty  
 She moved my thoughts around  
 Changing  
 Developing  
 Growing  
 Which muddled me up, messed me up  
 But still I learn to cope with it  
 I remember when I was younger I loved chocolate  
 But when I left one open in my pocket, it looked like...  
 She held on to that memory,  
 Hid it from me  
 Swore it would return  
 Then in the future when being asked about my childhood  
 She came out screaming yelling this memory,  
 At this moment all I felt was regret  
 But I still looked after her, fed her, kept her warm in my head...  
 I loved her  
 That when I realised it because...  
 I only have her.

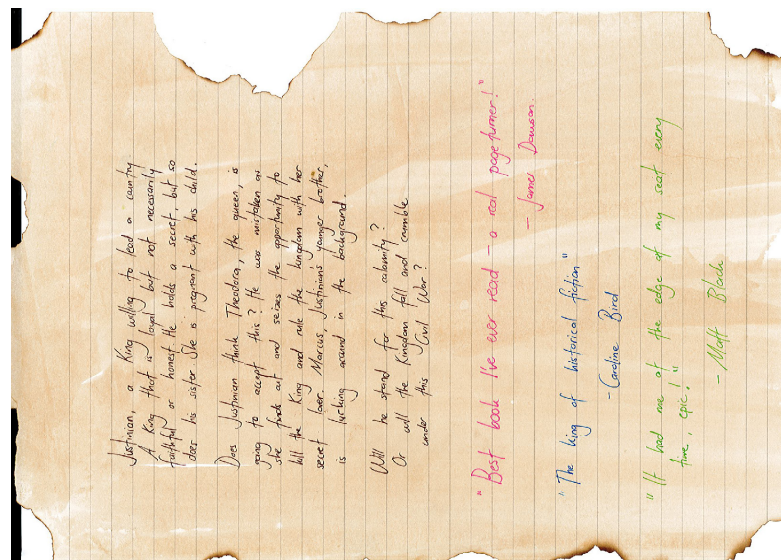
*Joab Stewart*  
*Bluecoat Beechdale Academy*

## Untitled

She shrieked like a wounded animal, clawing at her scalp, clumps of  
 her hair falling away. Her once beautiful face was warped, twisted,  
 as her perfect delusion shattered around her. She collapsed to the ground,  
 silent, her hands scarlet with the blood from her now mangled crown.  
 Her mind and her body finally entwined, mirroring each other. No longer  
 could her angelic exterior mask the monster within.

*Kitty Wright-Sheppard*  
*Nottingham University Samworth Academy*

# BLACK GROUP



# Why I Did Not Get You a Valentine Card

1. I do not need to proclaim my love to you in a 24-hour national day. I text you every day "Luv u, LoL."
2. My love for you I cannot sum up in a paragraph on a card. I could be folding your batman socks at that moment.
3. I have to spend more than £5.50 to show how much I love you, when I could use that to get you the latest Playstation game.
4. I don't want to take you to a romantic dinner so everyone can see that I care. I can do that in the comfort of our own space, eating a bowl of spag.
5. Quite frankly, I forgot.

*Kikelomo Asaye*  
*Saint Gabriel's College*

# The House of Genesis

## Casablanacas, Spanish SA, San Ángelicus

Darkness loomed over the island like a starry blanket, the sun staying just above the horizon, as if it was gasping for air. The city of Casablanacas was glittering and pulsing with light, its white walls illuminated by street lamps and the stars above. Cobbled streets and winding staircases wrapped the cliffside city in a cage of stones and tarmac, high walls and swaying trees pushed cool air into the streets and the smell of fresh paella and fish rose into the night sky.

The cobbled roads, however, led to a darker, more abandoned part of town. *El Mundo es en tu manos* is a local saying meaning 'the world is in your hands', but they don't use it in the 'you're our saviour' kind of way: it means the world is at your mercy but you have to make the right choices. I obviously didn't. I've read this case file over and over and I still came to the house, 3125 Strada Levitico, La casa del La génesis: famous for being the setting of a mass murder during the 1500s and another one in 1968, where a room full of bibles covered in pools of blood was found and the bodies of eighty-nine men, women and children were found in the basement. Two weeks ago, the body of an American national was found in the house: the FBI have sent me and a forensics team to search this building from head to toe.

Right now, I'm in the house by myself, writing this diary entry. I'm absolutely scared shitless because I've been made to stay overnight. The locals say this house is haunted by the spirit of those who die here, and every time someone passes the house they have to shout *El padre! El Hijo y espíritu santo!* but I know that tonight not even the Father, the Son or the Holy Spirit can protect me. The house however is (structurally) sound: the only terracotta coloured house in Casablanacas boasting marble pillars, stone fountains, colourful flowers, handmade tiles and intricately carved statues and detailed paintings across the property. Spanish

colonial revival architecture is very popular in San Ángel, and I can see why. Even after all the death and destruction, not even the thickest of bleach can wipe the blood off these walls.

*Armend Bajraktari,  
Skinners' Academy*

## Wrong

I thought you were everything.  
Everything and everyone sealed together  
But I was wrong  
I turned your flaws into positives  
And now I realise, I was wrong.  
Wrong to think I would be yours  
Wrong to avoid the negatives  
In my eyes, the eyes that you oh so deeply adored,  
negatives are positives. Flaws are capabilities.  
About you, about everything, my everything, I was wrong.  
Cells surround me and jail is where I feel I am. "I" is now a letter I can repeat, repeat as many times as I would like.  
Bodies engulf and breath doesn't account to me. Worthy of nothing.  
The sizes of our lips didn't fit but moulded together.  
Togetherness is what we owned.  
"We" is what I will never repeat.  
I was wrong to think I was wrong when I was with you and that kisses were tender but not from you.  
Therefore, I was wrong.  
Prisoners in their own space are usually wrong.  
I was unusual.  
That was my flaw.  
I'm guessing eternal wrongness lives within. Always.

*Safiya Benmeriem  
Saint Gabriel's College*

# One Day You Woke Up

One day you woke up  
 And we no longer spoke the same language  
 The words spoken  
 Didn't have any meaning to them  
 Because we didn't understand  
 No, we didn't understand a word.  
 There were warm smiles and hugs that could give better comfort than  
 words  
 But even those gestures seem foreign now.  
 One day you woke up  
 And we no longer spoke the same language.  
 I haven't heard from you since.

*Meron Berhanu*  
*St Augustine's Secondary School*

# A Little Something

The things I want to address are the things that no one wants me to see. The things I want to expose are the things that no one wants me to feel. The love I want to address are the things people ignore. The love I want to expose kills people inside. Love is misunderstood. Flip it backwards and you get 'evol'. Love evolves because evol needs to evolve by adding a 'v' and 'e'. People have trusted, and people still trust, but why trust someone who breaks your trust, because breaking trust breaks the word trust. Split trust in two and you get 'tru... st'. Even trust evolves because a simple 'e' brings a whole new meaning to the word. Even trusting the truest can break you, because the things I want to address will break you. The things I want to expose will kill you... inside. The love I want you to feel is the love that people have felt, the people who have had their love taken for granted and messed about because they trusted, because they exposed their trust and addressed their love, and that's why I'm here trying to EXPOSE the truth and ADDRESS the ruthless... world.

*Erim Bulut*  
*Skinners' Academy*



## A Romance That Burns

Playing with fire only gets you burnt.  
 The romance quickly turned to a game of Russian Roulette.  
 I had the game all mapped out  
 Until there was a twist. The tables were turned. Six of us around a table.  
 Five loaded guns, one chance of survival.  
 I put my finger on the trigger for my dear Juliet.  
 With all odds stacked against me. I pulled the trigger.  
 I felt nothing; all I could see were bloodied bodies. It brought me joy.  
 I've won. No, actually I'm alone surrounded by the prisoners of love.  
 The five that died were Hope, Happiness, Love, Lust and Desire.  
 The appetising aspects all gone.  
 I'm the only survivor. An empty corpse. Desperation holding a disruptive  
 relationship together.  
 It's toxic. I'm toxic.  
 I load the gun. Nothing can help this.  
 The bullet flies through the only thing keeping Juliet sane.  
 I ripped it away. Away from her, away from me, away from us.  
 Romance burns. Burns like the rush of vodka streaming down a throat.  
 Romance burns.  
 Romance, burn.

*Michelle Cronshaw  
 St Martin-in-the-Fields High School*

## This Hand Has NOT Been Kissed

This hand has not felt the tender warm lips of a partner of potential love.  
 This hand has not been kissed, nor has it been held close to the opposite  
 sex.  
 I am loveable, really I am, but the place that is now anorexic and  
 neglected to this dainty emotion which is love, is my hand.  
 This hand, that has healed the sick, helped the poor, this hand that has  
 brought life into this world safely, has not been kissed.  
 You may ask, "Why do you wish for your hand to be kissed?" I will tell  
 you.  
 My hand has given you pleasure and you've played with my fingers,  
 however no thanks has been given, no kiss has been placed on this hand,  
 My hand has NOT been kissed.  
 But... this hand is still shy.  
 This hand has been longing for the grasp of another.  
 This hand has spotted another.  
 And wished to play hand games such as Ribena and Numbers,  
 However, to him, it's like my hands have been hidden, with gloves, and  
 now are not visible.  
 I like him; no, in fact, I love him. His hand has a full grip on my heart,  
 but yet he is unaware of my dying love for him which is slowly slipping  
 through my fragile fingers day by day.  
 Yes, you may think this is all some kind of girly fantasy  
 But no, you are wrong.  
 How can it be fiction if just thinking about a kiss placed on this hand  
 makes me giggle uncontrollably?  
 How can it be fiction if just by licking your lips gives me butterflies?  
 How can it be fiction if I am split between when the two potential lovers  
 don't look at me at all but yet are willing to hold my hand?



Yes I am in love with two lovers, and it's just a race to see who kisses my hand first.

However, right now,  
My hand has not been kissed.

*Jasmine Foster-Cross  
Saint Gabriel's College*

## Only Lived Once

My father  
only lived once,  
so he surrendered his life  
to labelled bottles and doses.  
He only lived once  
since he spent the rest of his life dying.  
He'd swallowed bullets  
for all eternity;  
yet, he only lived once.  
His breaths were short, they were ellipses.  
His very own body became a toy.  
He was an experiment because he only lived once.  
His legs were wheels,  
his heartbeat was artificial.  
He ate syringes, drank poison and inhaled chemo.  
Then he became a vegetable  
then sleeping beauty  
until he became a painting.  
He only lived once,  
but he died every single day of his life.  
Once lived my father.

*Eurica Mae Medina  
Wembley High Technology College*

# My Scrabble Bad Luck

I always pick up four of the same letter  
 My luck in this game needs to get better  
 What can I do with X R L T Z and P?  
 I sit there like an idiot while my friends stare at me  
 These crappy letters need to just change  
 Is everyone's Scrabble luck bad or am I just strange?  
 The score sheet is still staring at me  
 well at least I pick up my fifth letter P  
 Another Q another Q and another Q  
 What do I have to do to get good letters like you?  
 With these letters, this game is so hard  
 I feel like dipping these letters in a fat block of lard  
 My luck is so bad. How? Just how?  
 What can I do with eight bloody vowels?

*Bochr Al Saoulak*  
*Queen's Park Community School*

# To Go to London

Touching his card flat on the reader at Oxford Circus,  
 Recalling the moment when he entered the school building for the first  
 time  
 a glorious aroma of Pomegranate & Peach Heaven from the Body Shop,  
 He could imagine the smell of fabric being hand-made by all of his  
 siblings  
 the smell of tobacco coming from the diverse Edgware Road,  
 The smell of happiness when it rained, fresh, blessed water sent from the  
 one in the sky.  
 The sound of the thunderous roaring from the specimens in the iconic  
 museum,  
 The sound all the locals made when there was no ball or no stones to play  
 with,  
 the bittersweet feeling of being central, central line, central London, the  
 centre of the universe, the world's capital.

*Bochr Al Saoulak*  
*Queen's Park Community School*

# I Am What I Am

I am a raven, mysterious yet cunning.  
I fly through the night sky unseen and unheard.

I am like the attic.  
Lonely and desolate but when you get to know me, you may find some treasures.

I am like chess.  
You need strategies to avoid me or anything bad that will be inflicted on you.

I am like an amphibian,  
Free to roam the sea and land of the world.

I am Atlantis.  
Yet to be discovered and known to mankind.

I am like a seal.  
I can hide under the dark, cold depths and be unreachable,  
Don't be tempted by my acrobatics.

I am like a Supernova.  
I shine my knowledge and secrets out to my fellow stars.

*Zoja Wojcik*  
*Queen's Park Community School*

# Joy Joy Joy Joy Joy Joy Joy Joy Joy

Joy lives in a speckled teapot,  
Atop our mantle piece.  
Her clothes consist mainly of green and blue hues.  
She owns property by the seaside.  
Her favourite music is orchestral,  
She says it takes her back.  
She has a cropped inferno of red hair,  
Grey and green eyes, one colour for each.  
She is often flustered from so many requests,  
So returns to the solidarity of her teapot.  
She is a consequence, but considers herself a liability.  
She can often become a conflagration,  
Converting happiness to ecstasy,  
The ambience she emits often infuriates others.  
Joy is careless and unreliable.  
She has preferences and often deserts others,  
So as to contaminate one individual.  
She is forever the optimist, so is easily deceived.  
She once rode into battle without a helmet.  
She once proposed a drunken mess.  
Such relentless euphoria surrounds her,  
That people slump to her feet,  
Willing, as ever, to fulfill her will.

*Scarlett Stokes*  
*Pimlico Academy*

