

## **Lost by Sebastian Baines**

The wind bristled my face, as my hand roughly passed through the cold parted sand. Each individual fragment grasped the medium of my hand, that was so dried even it could drink water, if there was any. My right hand lifted to my forehead, and my hair crisped backwards and forwards. Now my movement flowed into a genuflected pose, and there was the outline of the sand. The transposing colours of the sea, or I would allude to more of a lagoon, with its merging blues. Not everything was right, just like my head, it had been bumped on the way here. I had questions that rarely brushed my mind, but was this island my deathbed?

The palm trees blew in the wind, but only the small ones, the big one was me. Far from my colony, they have each other, and I have no one. I now look back at the treaded trail my feet imprinted, that was my mark.

I came back in the evening with wood, which was pulled from the big tree. Sometimes you have to use a part of yourself to help someone else, it may have been preferred to me, but now he was my only friend. This was used to create a fire, not a big one, but big enough to keep the light on until I passed to sleep.

The next morning, I pondered if I would find something to eat, before I start to hallucinate. So I grabbed a stick and stabbed plants, I thought my happiness would bring me luck, but I could see nothing. Then I start to remember that good always comes from above, and there was the food, coconuts. It didn't seem like much but it would save me from starvation and de-hydration, it was a win for me, but I know I was put on this island but I have discovered true potential in survival.

I couple weeks have past, and now I have an abode, I have made myself at home, I was put up against challenges, but they were passed, I was forced to give up and die here, tear up my friend, find food, but that was it. This is why I wrote this story, it lies in my diary, and one day later I was found by a helicopter, I may have had disadvantages against mother nature, but I learned to work with it, I was left but now found, my message is to you, good things come to those who wait.

## **Evan Green – Power in Pain (Short Story) by Ollie Finnamore Year Nine**

Ever since I was a little boy, I did not know whether people would like me. Whether people would accept me for who I was. In the shadows of a bruised normality, I have adapted to being bullied for having down syndrome. Interchangeable I can persist on saying. Natural not anthropogenic. My life is a fallen tree in an abyss of non-existence. If only something could grow a new one for me.

Down the well of differentiation, or what Evan considered himself to fall under the category as, he lay in his bed staring, poising his neck towards the ceiling. There, he stared at the distinct nothingness patterned in front of him. What a mistake, he muttered to himself. At this moment in time, rays of sunshine refracting through his window, started to retract abruptly. It was 2 hours of him positioning himself upwards. Here, he could see vague fragments of thoughts display on the ceiling like a projector on a wall. Wind consoled his surroundings and thunder concaved, whining profoundly. Still, he knew he would only upset others. Several minutes later, a knock was heard on his door, and something was outside his bedroom. Without a doubt, the reinforced door ravaged open, revealing his mum. Consumed with the emotion of the room, Green's mum knew something was wrong. In a ginger motion, she walked into the room out of her paused state and sat on his bed beside him.

"Are you okay Evan, anything you want to tell me?" Mum asked in awe of knowing the truth. Evan embraced a moment of silence. He took a deep breath and cried, despite the unsettling demeanour of the bedroom. After a concealed start of the day, it was the right time to spill the green tea he was hiding. "I am different to everyone else. No-one likes me, they call me 'retarded.' You do not realise how much that hurts someone mentally and emotionally." A minor improvement to his emotions erupted as he emptied his tank with the bottled anger he had, overflowing his confidence. All going extremely fast, she shed a tear hearing those words. Feeling worthless. Worthless as a failure. Even though the temptation of releasing the flaring emotions instrumented in her soul, she committed to staying with him and acknowledging the fact that, he needed a desperate answer to his troubles, no matter if there is a solution or not. Cold – trees started being shivering souls in the tornado outside – stay still – keep on concentrating – Evan saw the look in her face – Mum took the chance to respond gracefully. "Look at me Evan, you are amazing. I love you to bits. You know you are better than that. Knock the people in your school from your vision, they all deserve to understand how much potential you have in the world." Green sighed impacting the conversation. "I cannot knock them out. I do not have the willpower to do that. You are better than me." A tertiary pause scoured the threshold of the atmosphere. Conversation commenced once again. "You can." replied Mum with an utmost confident spirit creasing her. She was not finished at all. "In fact, get in the car. I want to take you somewhere." Explained Sara, which was her actual name. Coughs emitted the stadium of solitude. "Haven't you forgotten that I am ill? That is why I am not in school today. As much as I love being off school- "You have been off school for almost 5 months. Just come in the car. We are off to *McDonalds* for a well-deserved treat." After the immediate interruption, something clicked in Evan's head, and he ran downstairs into the car for the first time since February.

It was a complex, corrupted, captivating motorway both Evan and Sara were on. Breaking tears of cake into smaller roads, more compact, more concise. Through the road 30 minutes in, on the left, was the entrance to *McDonalds*. Visible and secluded. But for some odd reason, as the car neared it, Sara bypassed it, and continued straight on. Evan was confused with her actions and could not tolerate it. "Why did you lie to me?" asked Evan directly to her mum. Within a few seconds of processing the question, especially in the snappy manner, she ignored him. This only

infuriated him even more. However, as he already mentioned, he did not have the willpower to do anything. So rather than let out his anger on someone loving and caring for him, he bottled it all into a fresh bottle, signifying the return to his frame of solitude.

Nearing the end of the journey, Sara told Evan essential information, grimacing upon her words. "I'm actually taking you to school, whether you like it or not. Best of all, you cannot change your mind." She resonated herself into saying. Vengeance took its toll, as a few seconds into processing the message, Evan ignored her in return of her petty actions towards him. He knew, deep down, he could not go back home. Heart in his mouth, Green remained silent through the rest of the trip after this experience.

'Leicester Secondary Academy for Boys' was the first lofty signpost both the Green's in the vehicle could visualise. Whilst knowing full well Evan was not ready to go, Mum turned the car a sharp left from the stretched plethora of roads and found a parking spot in the premises accordingly.

A lengthening journey, that did not go swimmingly for Green. Pulses racing, the car stopped and a sharp, abomination of a pin was heard screaming at the floor below. An attitude of stress reverberated through Evan's mum, and it retraced as uneasiness for Evan. 10 minutes, and not a sign of any movement from either of them. Arguments, instead, contradicting both of the figures' intentions. "Look at me son, do you want to go in or not?" Sara cried feeling a rivet of guilt. The atmosphere was far from sublime. She could sense a feeling of distress, and frustration raiding out of his system. Little did she know, what would come out of his mouth.

"What makes you think I do not want to go in? I want to go in. I will go in!" answered Green. Stunned, Evan's mum gave her some approachable advice. "Look at me. You are going to do this, and you are already proving you can. What does not happen, does not exceed. Stay in your comfort zone or out of it, your choice. Make the most of it, or the least of it. At the end of the day, have a great time through it all! I have faith you will have a great day". Looking back, she was right all along. Amazing how far words can take you.

# Anne Frank

By Sophie Finnamore

## All about Anne Frank

- Anne Frank was a German-born Jewish girl who kept a diary in which she documented her life during the terrible events of the Nazi persecution. She was born on the 12th June 1929
- Her diary was all about her life while she and her family hid from the Nazis in an annex.
- She lived in the Netherlands in an Amsterdam attic.
- Anne is one of the most-discussed Jewish victims of the holocaust.
- Anne died in either February or March 1945, in a Nazi Concentration Camp.

## What adversities did Anne overcome

- Anne had to face the challenges where she hid in an annex, from murderous nazis who wanted to send Anne and her family to a concentration camp to be murdered; simply because she was Jewish.
- During her time in the annex, Anne had to face lack of food, electricity, and security. As well as the overwhelming anxiety of being found and killed.
- Anne survived the anxiety and kept strong throughout. However, she was discovered in early November 1944 and was transported to a horrible concentration camp. She kept strong though, even through her last moments, when all hope was destroyed.

## What life lessons can I adopt?

- I would like to become as brave and resilient as Anne Frank was.
- She is extremely inspirational and strong, and I hope to adopt these traits.



## Overcoming a Rumour by Lily Marshall

Since the day I started at Aroura Education Centre everybody knew I had a crush on Dylan Frant. He was and still is the "Popular" guy. He's captain of the football team, captain of the swim team and is surprisingly quite smart. When walking through the halls he would always pass me, and I would notice him but, I always went unnoticed by him. Until the day he pulled me aside, out of sites by everybody striding in the corridor. I thought I would want to be the last person he talked to since "The rumour" came out of someone's gossiping lips. However, as soon as he began to speak, I knew it wouldn't fulfil the dreams I was partially expecting.

"Your Fleur, right. I know the rumour is going round about you, and I want to make sure you're alright."

Okay. He wanted to check if I was good. He wanted to know how I felt. A bit of my dream fulfilled. "Uh, yeah, I'm fine thanks" I stumbled. I felt the heat rising at the back of my neck, praying it didn't reach my face intime.

"See you round Flo" And he left. I followed soon enough, giving myself some time to take deep breathes. As soon as I hit the familiar crowd of eyes, they started to pierce through me again. Whispering things like, "skank" "look at her" "Did you hear what she did?" It's normal at this point but it still hits me in the heart. Sometimes.

Walking home I bumped into Dylan again. He noticed it was me and asked, "Do you fancy getting a snack with me, it'll be quick" Of course I couldn't say no, so I said, "Yes, of course."

Sitting down in the local café Dylan started the conversation, "So, do you, do it?" I knew what he was asking me straight away, and I wish we couldn't have this conversation, but I knew it would have to happen anyways. "No, from going into the disabled toilets to doing drugs with you, it was a complete a lie. Never touched anything in my life."

"Fair enough, I mean, you don't look like the type of girl to do that stuff" He admitted. We chatted forages and then we departed. He asked to do the same thing tomorrow and I said yes. Of course. The next day the rumours started again. For some reason, since Dylan talked to me about it, I felt like they didn't matter as much, and I was starting to overcome it.

A couple weeks later the rumours died down and moved onto another one, still about me. But with someone else as well. As soon as me and Dylan walked into school together, rumours built up with "Are they dating" "No way he would go with her" "Who does she think she is" But I didn't care one bit. Dylan made my life better, and I met him through a rumour. I am glad that rumour happened because without it I wouldn't have met the person who saved me. You must survive the nightmare to be able to live the dream.

## The Stardust Slippers by Daisy Riddiford

In the quiet town of Willowbrook, where cobblestone streets whispered secrets, lived a girl named Evelyn. At fourteen, she was a bundle of nerves and dreams. Her heart pirouetted to the rhythm of the classical songs, yet the stage terrified her. The velvet curtain seemed to swallow her whole.

Every evening, Evelyn tiptoed to the dance studio. Miss Clara, the silver haired ballet teacher, believed in her, but Evelyn couldn't help but hold her own breathe afraid of every stage. "Fear," she said, "The stage, the curtain, the lights shining, I just... I can't do it" Wheeped Evelyn as she narrowed her eyes towards the exit. Evelyn's fear was a tempest, the stage lights blinded her, and her legs trembled like wind blowing the autumn leaves. All She could see was the laughter of everyone as she stumbled through pirouettes in her mind, her heart pounding louder than the piano. She took one look at the stage and decided to give up on all her dreams for her stage fright to take over her heart and wishes.

One moonlit night, Evelyn discovered an old music box in the studio, its delicate tune whispered forgotten stories, she wanted it, the rhythm stopped her fright and gave her joy, and the melody spun her into a trance. She danced, barefoot, free and under the silver beams. The music box held secrets, it belonged to a prima ballerina named Darcie, who had vanished decades ago, Legend whispered that she danced so beautifully that stardust clung to her slippers. Evelyn hoped to unravel the mystery, she practiced, her fear melting like snowflakes on paths to victory, the music box became her confidence, its notes guiding her leaps.

At sixteen, Evelyn stood backstage, her heart a fluttering bird. The velvet curtain loomed. But this time, she wore Darcie's old ballet shoes, the ones that shimmered with stardust, Evelyn took a deep breath, the audience hushed. The spotlight found her a trembling star, Evelyn stepped onto the stage, her legs remembering the leaps, like she had practiced with the box. The music swirled, and she danced. Her fear dissolved, replaced by fame. Miss Clara wept in the front row. "Darcie lives in you," she whispered. After that day Evelyn's fame soared, she danced in Paris, London's Royal Ballet, and New York. Critics called her the "Velvet stardust Ballerina." But Evelyn knew the truth, the music box had woven her destiny.

In her late twenties, she returned to Willowbrook. The dance studio had become a museum, and there, under glass, lay Darcie's slippers. Evelyn touched them, the stardust still clung. She danced one last time, a grand jete that defied gravity. The velvet curtain rose, revealing the stary night beyond. Evelyn leaped, her feet weightless, her heart soaring. That night Evelyn retired from the stage, but her legacy twinkled. She opened the Evelyn Darcie Ballet Academy, where young dancers learned to dance with stardust in their veins. Every night since the day when she was fourteen, she wound the music box, its melody echoing through the empty studio. Evelyn knew that somewhere, Darcie watched, a phantom in stardust and velvet, whispering courage to the next trembling star. "Fear", Evelyn told her students, "That is the shadow that dances alongside courage." The velvet curtain rose and applauds filled the room.

## Snowed Inn by William Sayers

On a cold winter morn, with blanket perfectly laid out by my chair, I grasp my mug filled with liquid caffeine, piping hot to touch, and finally laid to rest for the day. But as I glance over, to the window far left of me, I find bundle upon bundle of snow left dormant right outside my own door. As I gawk at the sight left in front my eyes, I ponder about how the dastardly weather would affect the poor abodes of my inn below, as warmth and cheer won't last all year. Tenants might grow, angry, weary, or cold, and as I pull the sleeves of my gown just to the tip, I find my mind wondering, focus is needed, I remind myself, Concentration is in the eye of the beholder. Apon a second gaze I turn to my right, the window tinted with frail icicles, and to my surprise I see a small boy, look almost tranced by the strange concoction of unfortunate weather. His hypnotic like glance fell right on the front of my door, and as soon as I opened the window he flew to attention. "Boy!" I bellowed, with much gruff in my voice "For heavens Christ, why do you lay dormant in such horrific weather, this is the season of illness and peril!"

The Boy never answered, no change in emotion, as flaw and communication didn't change in his motion. With one swift flick of my eye he was gone, leaving snow prints on the log he was standing on. While I stood, ago on these supernatural events, I caught in my eye, flakes of snow in my vents. As I hunkered down, for a long winter season, I pondered upon the boys meaning and reason. I had come to the conclusion that these walls were very thin, as I sat in my very cold little abode, snowed in.





# Malala Yousafzai

By Noah

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Who was Malala Yousafzai?

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- **Malala Yousafzai became an international symbol of the fight for girls' education after she was shot in 2012 for opposing Taliban restrictions on female education in her home country of Pakistan.**



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