

CREATIVE WRITING SESSIONS



Sharing the Writing Talents of SNHS Students



WRITING BY:

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Jonathon Spencer
Alex Bailey
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Write
It Out



FANCY A GO?

We have more representation from other year groups now but we still welcome new faces!

NEW WRITING EVERY TERM

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Neologism Writing.

Coin a new word from two existing words. Write.

Young Writers Competition: MISSING! Saga

100 words to create a thrilling piece of narrative.

NEOLOGISM WRITING

Coin a new word from two existing words. Write.

Liberning

Running for
my freedom,
Caged for
you,
I want my
liberty,
The bell
goes bong,
And you
chase me,
We are stuck
in a deadlock of wills.

You cannot
capture me unless I give up,
I will not
give up,
I break the
fence,
I am free,
Yet I am
hurled into a world I do not know,
So much for
my liberty.

We are still
running but you can't go beyond the fence,
I hurtle on,
past the staring people.
I run and I run.

Then, someone stops me dead in my tracks,
I am called
a traitor, they take me back,
To where my liberty
is lost, where the mind games begin.

Jonathon Spencer

Dwilting

Dwilting leaves collapse
Realising their gold nuggets will be no more
Wealth cannot be real
Regardless of your beliefs.

Decomposing in the ground
Retaining nothing but the
Dismal nutrients that will eventually
Run into your surrounding walls.

Amy Herman

Liberalrest

Darkylight hovered in my surroundings.
Silence hung in the air. Ants crawled on the
fallen twigs. The flames performed freely.
Wolves roamed without boundaries.
Tweeters had no limit. Trees were allowed
to dance. I was allowed to sleep.

Without Taxes visiting me.
Without Anxiety trapping me.
Nothing kept me in a cage.

I didn't worry about fitting in. I already did.

Liberalrest is somewhere I fit in.

Naisia Hassan

Ambivalrried

The soot and sweat combined to create
a toxic concoction on his brow.
Running down the back of his neck,
provoking the little hairs and collecting
his starchy collar.

Elly Sanderson-Joyce

MISSING

Young Writers Competition

100 words to create a thrilling piece of narrative.

The Wreckage

Missing, the people on the street were missing. Missing. The buildings were missing. Missing. My body was missing. I was floating, disembodied over a vast empty landscape. I remember an alien ship coming down, zapping us. It got my body but not my head. I wanted my body back. I would fight until I won. I started to follow the trail of destruction it left. I floated until I found a military road block. "You cannot pass", the guard said before freaking out that they were looking at a head. I floated on until I met the wreckage.

Jonathon Spencer

The Cellar

'No, No!', he screamed. He crashed his hands audibly on the cold, damp floor. The murky, brown water splashed on his stained shirt. He didn't care about the chilled wind brushing through his grimy hair; he didn't care that the water was seeping into his blackened jeans. He didn't care. At all. That's when he realised. 'I don't care, I have nothing to lose', he said to himself. Whilst walking through the door he felt the tornado of thoughts surrounding him. Walking towards the group, all huddled together, he heard the sirens, but the screams wailed louder - drowning out everything.

Alex Bailey

Missing

Once upon a time, Martha and her Dad lived all alone. Martha's Mum died when she was two and all she gave her was Martha's favourite teddy. She takes it everywhere with her. One day, everything changed...

"Dad! Where's Tilly? She's not on my bed!" Martha shouted, as she ran down the stairs.

She ran into the Living Room. Dad wasn't there.

She ran into the Kitchen. Dad wasn't there. He wasn't in the house.

Where could he be?

Everything went black.

She awoke hours later.

"Where am I?", asked Martha. "Who are you?"

Isabelle Wignall



More of these to come in our next issue...