

Foreword

Welcome to the third issue of SpOken, Oakham School's student-led literary magazine. Edited by the four of us (names below) and editor-in-chief Dr Reddy, we have here selected creative pieces to celebrate the end of the academic year. In this issue, you will discover explorations of the power of memory, intertextual pieces inspired by famous poets, and interpretations of spring.

We would like to thank Print Services and Marketing, Mr Deane for his summery photography, Annalise for her work as Editorial Designer while also preparing for her A Level exams, but above all the artists and the writers who have submitted work, without whom there would be no magazine.

As a special feature this term, we have included a beautifully-crafted descriptive piece by OO Christopher Cottam, grandfather of our Associate Editor Theo Gompertz, written at school when he was 16.

Remember: if you submitted something that hasn't been included in this issue, then it may be that we are holding on to it for Issue 4.

Finally, if you wish to submit your own work to the magazine, you are always welcome to contact Dr Reddy via email.

Dr Reddy - Editor in Chief

Lucas Leung – Deputy Editor

Annalise Tittensor – Editorial Designer

Theo Gompertz – Associate Editor

Zeme Ibhawoh – Associate Editor

SpOken wishes everyone a restful summer break!

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Lower School



Island of Many Places

by Ophelia Luckhurst, Max Hewson, Aryan Sharma and Joshua White, Form 1

Good Queen Bess

Harriet Devenyi

1583

"You can't make me!" screeched Anne's mum.

"Please, Margaret, you know the consequences," pleaded John. Anne stood with her hands clutching her dizzy head. Today was a Sunday. The day where all people in the land were obliged to file down to church in their best clothes, humbly serving as the dutiful folk under her majesty, Queen Elizabeth's reign. But Anne's mother, Margaret was one of many exceptions. She followed the good Lord as a Catholic, and the consequences for living as any religion, other than a protestant under good Queen Bess, was far worse than death.

Anne clothed the children. She was the loving mother to her younger brothers and sisters, attending to their every demanding need. Her father was occupied in the fields from dawn till dusk, harvesting crops for the hungry people of London. Her mother was always being a victim to dreadful turns. She would collapse onto the floor moaning and crying. Anne would have to nurse her back into good health, as she would insist that doctors could do no better of a job than her fabulous daughter. Now, her mother stood by the door, with a triumphant expression. Anne took the hands of her brothers and sisters and led them down the overgrown garden cobbles, as their father followed.

It was Monday. Anne's father had left home in the early morning, so, like always, Anne was left with the task of heading to market, for the milk, eggs, and meat. She scurried through the streets of London. Around these parts, Anne was obliged to keep her head down, as many people knew of her mother's sinful crimes, including the Queen's personal guards. Weaving through the stalls, she admired the clothes and embroidered handkerchiefs, displayed so beautifully across the colourful tables. The luscious smell of the bakery wafted towards Anne. Sampling crusts of all sorts of pastries, she savoured every bite. Soon, the stall owner noticed and shooed her away. She gathered the eggs, milk, and meat, keeping her head down. Always wary, always watching.

Hours later, she returned home to the cottage. The evening fog was slowly creeping in. Soon, the gloomy alleyways would be swamped by pickpockets and mercenaries, not a suitable setting for an innocent young girl. She unloaded the basket onto the table, and tiptoed soundlessly through to her room, shared with her five dear brothers and sisters. As Anne lay awake, her mind spinning with thought, she heard muffled whispers from the kitchen. Gracefully, she slipped out of bed and hid behind the door. It was her mother and father. She pressed her ear to the wood. She could make out little of their conversation. ".... church....... death...... this concealment......" The voices became louder. The door swung open, and, like a frightened rabbit, Anne scarpered, stumbling back to the bedroom.

The sun shone through the cracked windows at clove cottage. Anne sprung up from her bed and slipped into her lilac pinafore. She forced her bedraggled shoes onto her feet and dashed into the kitchen. Her mother sat, slumped on a rickety stool. Her skin was milky white. She appeared to be sewing the air. Her needlework basket lay carelessly tossed into the corner of the room. Razor – sharp pins scattered the floor around her mother's stool. She seemed as if she was in a trance. Anne rushed to her side, kicking the pins out of the way. Her forehead felt as cold as ice.

There was a sharp knock at the kitchen door. Anne froze. Her feet felt numb. Seconds went by. Another knock. This time, sharper. Her mother rose to her feet and rushed to the door, clutching her cross.

The door burst open. A dozen soldiers marched into the parlour, with glinting swords fastened to their leather belts. Before they strapped Anne's mother into handcuffs, she slipped the cross into Anne's soft palm. The Soldiers took hold of her arms and heaved her out of the door. Anne desperately reached out for her mother's hand. It was too late. The soldiers shoved her into a black carriage. A man in a ruby waistcoat leaped onto the box seat and manically lashed at the horses' backs, prompting them to break into an increasing canter. Anne sprinted to the road, desperate to catch one last glimpse of her mother. She was gaining on the carriage. It jolted when she was least expecting it. The driver turned a sharp left, and her mother was lost forever.

Anne trudged back to the cottage, panting, and gasping for air. She would give anything to be in her mother's arms again. She stared at the bustling streets of London and held her mother's cross to her heart.

As she opened the door, her siblings rushed to her side. She pulled them into a tight hug, hoping to never let go...



Lunch with the Pensioners

'Clara Beetroot'

As soon as we walk through the narrow, wooden door, I am hit with the strong smell of must and alcohol. In every corner of the dingy room, people are downing great mugs of beer, their faces, plump and red, with stomachs as wide as they are tall.

We head to join the group, and I survey my companions-to-be for the next three hours. My expectations of a lunch with pensioners are undeniably confirmed. As we near the table, many friendly faces look up at me. There are a couple of interesting characters that instantly catch my gleaming gaze: a man with bulging bags under his squinting, piggish eyes, with ears larger than his hands, beams at me. He strikes me as appearing as a general, leading an army brigade, clothed in a vibrant ruby uniform with dazzling badges strapped to his chest.

There is a woman with red, protruding pimples up on her forehead, and a contagious laugh that ripples throughout the table. The colour of ripe beetroot is flushed across her face, her double chins reminding me of a bearded dragon.

Seated opposite me is a woman with colossal spectacles. Her wrinkled, ancient face is of a remarkably similar look to a shrivelled walnut. Her skin is sagging, oozing from her cheeks, with teeth so yellow and jagged that men of faint heart would surely collapse from witnessing such a bloodcurdling sight.

As we are perusing the menu, a waiter flamboyantly strides up to us. In his right hand, he holds a clipboard. I am shocked to witness the contrast between our vibrant waiter, and my dreary companions. His gorgeous hair is tied into a messy top bun. Wearing multiple colourful necklaces, he has many rings on his tanned fingers. I notice that the ladies in the group have taken an immediate fancy to him, tossing their scraggled hair, and howling at his slightly humorous remarks.

As our lengthy orders are being inscribed, there is a humongous clatter from the kitchen. A plump - faced girl, with rosy cheeks comes dashing out. In her left hand, is a cream-coloured tea towel, blackened with burns. The girl lets out a sob and scurries into the bar, drawing the immediate attention of our bohemian waiter.

As our food is served, I look down in disgust. Surrounding me are the pensioners enjoying – even savouring their lunch. Clearly their pallets are not as refined as mine. Prodding the potato, I feel obliged to speak out about the culinary calamity. The gravy is alarmingly similar to a bucket of contagious diarrhoea; the sausages float on a sea of brown, like unattractive ducks. I stick my fork into the heart of a sausage and raise it to my quivering lips. It tastes like a slug plucked from the oozing mud. The peas are like floating survivors off the great Titanic, sinking to their watery grave.

I wait and wait. Hours pass by while I watch my companions peck pathetically at their food, tiny morsel by tiny morsel.

I am unsure if you are familiar with the term 'time went by in a flash'. Well, if you used that particular phrase in this particular sentence, it would be officially announced 'the overstatement of the century'.

Finally, once again our vibrant knight in shining armour returns to take our pudding order. The ladies take their precious time choosing a dessert, while eying up the innocent, sinless waiter.

As yet another century passes by while pensioners slurp their congealed custard, my legs have begun to fossilise. I glance desperately at my cruel captors as they continue to negotiate in small talk about the weather, their trials and tribulations with technology and Anne's cancelled hospital appointments.

At last, they pay the handsome bohemian waiter. Eventually, the monstrous sum is concocted, solely by usage of ten pence coins. I dash for the door, elbowing immobile pensioners from their path. Glancing down at my shrivelled palms, I notice that they have begun to sprout deadly fungi. I step into the sun and relish my freedom from the gloomy depths of hell. Mother nature welcomes me, and takes my soft hands, whirling me higher into the breathtakingly bedazzling sky of all beauty. I am gifted a crown of roses, and a gown of bluebells. I float, my senses taking in the fresh air and the stunning view. I am returned to my true calling at last.



Post Apocalypse

Jacob Littlewood

It's the year 3021. Our story starts with a young man. A young man who is the only proper human left in cyberville. He fought hard to survive through the apocalypse but nobody else did. Now, more than ever, Omega felt proud of himself but every day he feels like he puts his life on the line, just to go and see his friends.

The virus was first an experiment in lab PX-79694 in a top-secret lab. One night, after everyone had left, the flask containing the virus smashed to the ground, flinging glass shards across the lab but, even worse, the virus was unleashed into the world. It started "The Mutant Virus" more commonly known as "The Apocalypse". If you mutate you have no control over your mind or your limbs, you will die in 3 weeks after you've been mutated. Cyberville was all mutated bar one person.

Omega.

Cyberville was a pretty large community with a population of around 1 million people. To get around the city, there were 2 modes of transport: either take the Hyperlink or get a flying taxi. The problem with these however, is that the Hyperlink isn't fully prototyped and doesn't exist, but the taxis are a different kettle of fish. The taxis do work but every so often a taxi's engine fails and it derails, taking all its passengers with it.

Every day to get to school, Omega gets in a taxi and leaves it to chance whether he stays another day. So basically, Omega is playing a game of Russian Roulette but with taxis.

Omega woke up and got ready for school. He thought to himself "I wish mum was still here. I wish my parents had survived the apocalypse and were here now". Afterwards, he devoured breakfast, grabbed his rucksack and phone and got in his taxi. It was all plain sailing until suddenly the taxi jolted left and right. Omega and his taxi fell, waiting to find out what was in the stratos beneath the clouds.



The Day it All Began

Eliza Singhal

There I was, watching MY invention come to life. I couldn't believe it at first, but it was finally my time. As the light flashed and flickered, people gathered around my monster. The screen glistened as the testers slowly climbed up the ladder and into the pod. The battery purred like a hungry cat, as it slowly sauntered up. The roof revealed the glowing, radiant crescent moon.

The pod floated elegantly towards the midnight sky. It then slowly drifted up, up and away. It disappeared into the setting sun. The earth's outer atmosphere was getting closer by the second, the mist fogging the glass shield, there was a sudden wave of force as the pod entered space.

The earth shrank behind them, and the stars illuminated the dark night sky. They reported that they could see the "Milky Way" and the "Outer Orbits". Then the pod detected something in the distance pelting towards them. The ground crew started to worry and zoom in on what it could possibly be. Was it a shooting star? Or was it worse?

Our hands started to shake. It was, a flaming meteor, coming straight for planet earth. Thoughts started swirling round our heads. 'Was this the end?' It was flashed past the camera, people started screaming and howling from inside the pod. It started growing closer and closer. Radars beeped crazily around the lab, it felt like a nightmare.

The Head of Lab called the news and warned them about this. Sirens started all over the country. Radios and TV were flicked on. People were told there would be a "HUGE METEOR" to scare them so they would stay safe. We ran into the bunker underground and locked the door, tight. Fear rose in our stomachs, and I could feel the worry from my crew.

I slowly zoned out, hoping that it would never happen, hoping that their life wouldn't end before their eyes. I was counting down. The horror was there, swimming up my stomach, crawling up my spine. I felt the ground give way beneath my feet.

And that's when it happened...

Memories of Friends

Fraser Cameron

I remember when I was a child;

So foolish and arrogant, my temperament was wild.

My soul was a blazing fire,

Curiosity was my tool

Determination was my fuel.

No matter what through thick and thin,

Hope still aroused in me however dim.

I may have occasionally been the aggressive type;

But no matter how close my flame came to extinction,

My embers would crackle and bring me back with distinction.

Although this style was not mean to last,

I sure did have a blast.

Life rolled on

And I continued my tale

But my flame began to dwindle so my norm I had to bail.

My life was changed indefinitely

But then a new spark lit me again benevolently

From an igniter unlike any I would have expected-

Another fire, strong, bright and roaring

Came to my aid and sent me soaring.

Partners we were, side by side

Our radiating heat made everyone sigh

A smile would crease onto their faces

And show us both such kindness

Which we had to put behind us.

Tragedy struck

Life began to suck

Without my buddy next to me

Isolation?

I no longer could feel such elation.

Thankfully the dampening of my flame was put to rest

And once again I was at my best.

But alas all good things must end

And unfortunately our fires were fated to part

And I came to a new place for a brand new start.

So many new flames, it was like an overflowing lake!

Surely there are many new friends to make?

A few that I met I truly liked-

We became pals and together our flames were ignited;

A growing friendship our fires united.

My Closet of Memories

Lucy Carr

Today is the day I am finally going to take control of my life. This place is a mess. Where do I start? I decide to make my way to 'the closet'. You know, the closet that every household has. The closet that is just there to throw things in when you don't want them anymore. 'I don't even want to go inside', I think to myself, imagining the heaps and piles of toys and random things from years and years ago. After a few seconds I realise that it must be done. So why not now? I open the door and switch on the light to find mine and my children's childhood. Wow. All of my memories, sitting there, staring up at me, submerged amongst dust-covered 'things' that I forgot even existed.

Making my way through and over the piles of 'stuff', I notice a scarf. Not just any old scarf. It was a scarf that Grandma knitted for me when I was a kid. I pick it up to feel the smooth, velvety, sapphire blue fabrics woven together to make a warm material. Smiling, as I remember the many days of snowfall. Throwing snowballs at my siblings and making snow angels in the ground. All whilst wearing this exact scarf. I miss Grandma.

Placing the scarf down, I catch sight of some brown fur. I instantly knew what this was. She had been my best friend for many years when I was young. Suzie. That's what I named her. She is quite small with little ears, one of which is hanging off her head by one thread. Suzie the teddy bear. She used to have white fur, but now it's more of a dirty beige colour. I recall the many hours of just talking to her. She couldn't talk back obviously, so I would make up conversations. I told her all of my deepest secrets which she has never let slip, over our tea parties after school. I started to taste the extremely weak but sweet herbal tea in my mouth. The deliciously rich and scrumptious chocolate cake which I would steal from mum's secret cupboard. A tear drop streams down my face.

I spot the box of Halloween costumes on the shelf above Suzie. Lowering it down, I find all of the costumes that my kids wore when they were little. Now they are about to leave home. Time has gone by so quickly. I think of the times when they were both sick because of the immense number of sugary sweets they had eaten whilst 'trick or treating' every year. I remember my dad jumping out of his chair when he saw my son's zombie costume and makeup. We were rolling around the floor in laughter for a long time.

The final thing I see is my huge collection of murder mystery books, covered in a heavy coating of dust. I remember the hours and hours that I spent in my small, single bed, reading page after page after page, way after lights out. I couldn't put them down. They were too exciting. My favourite was 'Murder on the Orient Express'. I must have read that book over a dozen times. I wish my children would read as much as I used to. I can't help thinking about everything they are missing out on; a way to escape reality and to hide in a story that's not your own. Reading

the deep and thoughtful words that have been conjured up in someone's head. I can't imagine anything better. I don't have any time in my life for that anymore.

Great. I have got side-tracked. This place is still a mess. Eventually I decide to box up pretty much everything that still has some value, and I will drop those off at the charity shop tomorrow. I throw everything else in the bin, except for Suzie, of course, who I will give to my daughter.

A Medal

Rafe Howett

When I looked at my medal, memories flooded from a special day when I was eight and I played at Twickenham, the home of English Rugby. My brain often replays my favourite memory of that amazing day when I was storming down the wing of the pitch at a thunderous pace. Sadly, this memory passes as quickly as it came. Luckily, I have my medal to hold onto when I want to relive that moment.

Sat in my bedroom I looked at the finer details on the medal; the roar of the flame around the centre engraved in gold, reflecting my own rise of emotions as I thought about that memory. In the centre, England glorious red rose distinctive as a plane in a clear sky. The petals wrap around each other just as each team member plays an integral part of every move of the game. The green leaf encasing the delicate petals, as if protecting them from the bitter autumn wind.

Another memory flashed before me. I cut inward off the wing where I could see the whole stadium in front of me, I imagined it full to the brim with screaming fans singing sweet low sweet chariot and chanting my name. Alas the stadium was empty and I could only see the vast empty green seats. But one day they will be full, and they will chant my name. Until then I'll keep hold of my medal.

The Box

Poppy Lovelace

She handed me a box.
Its musty woody scent,
Transporting my mind
Memories in the aether of time.
Lifting the dusty lid,
Recollections of my youth flooded my brain;

The soft, satin pink,
Of my first ballet shoes,
My past passion of dance,
Gracefully leaping in time,
At one with the blissful melody,
The roar of applause like a song.

A glimpse of desiccated petals, Long since lost their radiance of youth, Echoing what my life now is. Picking them gently one by one, Frolicking carelessly through fields; Days seemed to feel like years, Now, years fly by in mere moments.

A deep sigh escapes my lips...

My hand reaches deeper,
A soft, fuzzy hand reaches back,
Cozy feelings wash over me,
The feeling of finally being home.
My vision suddenly blurred,
Obstructed by a flood of longing tears.

Digging further,
A photo frame,
Holding a frozen memory;
An image of a younger me,
Staring back, cradling a child.
I get back to reality and look up,
Scanning the face of the girl beside me,
Searching the maze that is my mind,
Alas nothing is found.

As I stare blankly into her eyes, She murmurs, "Mum..?"

Bittersweet

Clara Morgan







As I dug through the dusty box my hand reached a familiar feeling. Slowly I prised it free from the tangled mess. A puff of dust burst in face making my nose tingle. As the cloud cleared, a wave of memory flushed over me.

Bunting! The frayed fabric was weaved together like a spider's web. The vibrant and bold writing burst out. The bright blue was the colour of glistening water I knew so well. The texture of the colourful triangle bunting brought me back to the laughing and screaming of my fourth birthday party with the sun beating down as the bunting flapped in the wind. While carefree children speed around. The delicious smell of rich chocolate cake danced in my nose filling me with a warm, cosy feeling. A lifetime of memories flashed by the bunting was always there. Watching, absorbing the ups and downs and the memories made all year round.

While I carefully place the now faded fabric back in the ancient box a object catches my eye. Preciously, I grasp the crisp object. It slowly comes to sight. A bouquet of dried flowers so filled with memories. The bittersweet smell washed over me; I find myself in tears remembering the celebration of my grandma's life. The flowers were dark green just like her favourite colour, they were a little rough around the edges just like her.

Did I really want to remember the sounds of heartbroken relatives, forgetting the flowers were still sat in my hand tentatively. Sadly, I placed the dark flowers back down in the box geady to rest.

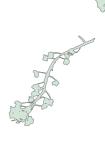
I suppose all memories are bittersweet no matter what.











All those years ago...

Adam Bell

I slowly climbed up the splintering wooden ladder, my old knees rattling in annoyance at the final heave into the dimly lit attic. Choking on the dusty air, my eyes swept through battered boxes and obscure objects until they landed on a set of mahogany drawers.

I tugged sharply on the rusted silver handle which abruptly squeaked open. My frail wrinkled hand crept in with caution and rested on a cool leather ball. I grasped it excitedly, already knowing what lost treasure I had laid my hands on.

There it was: my signed baseball from Fenway Park; almost sixty years on I could still feel that scorching Boston sun, could still hear the roar of the crowd and see that white spec flying through the air.

I turned the ball over to reveal the faded signature, now barely visible in the present, but crystal clear in memories.

Orange

Cressie Whitehead

I must win
I must beat him,
Banana has won too many times,
But today will be his last
And I will have a blast.

Banana has bruises And he always has excuses, While I have perfection Without misdirection.

My colour is orange.
It is the colour of a flower
And gives me the power.
I can peel,
I can feel,
So why wouldn't you pick me?



Worth Fighting For

Ella Jones

I can barely see through my tears
My beautiful wife
My son
I do not know when I will see you again
But our country needs soldiers
Our country needs me.
I will fight until you are safe
Our country is worth fighting for.

I have been out here for weeks.
I miss my home.
I miss peace.
But it doesn't matter.
I will clutch my bible in the palm of my hand I will trust my Lord
And have faith
For you, Heavenly Father,
You will not lead me astray
God is worth fighting for.

God. Why did you do this to us
You tore our family apart
You tore our country apart
Yet here I am
Clutching a bible
A bible, covered in blood
But inside it
A handwritten letter
'To Dada from Sonny. I love you'
I can just make the words out Sonny.
I miss you,
But you, my son
You are worth fighting for.



Wishbone

Ella Jones

```
I clutch it in my hand.
It's been so long since I saw this.
A memory.
A shard
Of my former life,
It pierces my chest.
Laughter.
The distinct smell of chicken
Concerned parents
As I pull
     Apart
        The
          bone. The
         Memory.
           THE
    WISH.
I wished so hard.
And yet,
I fail to recall
Why can't I remember ...?
But it doesn't matter.
The Children still laugh.
And shout.
But right now
In the present,
THIS present,
Those children
The nameless smiles,
They are all grown up.
Just like me.
Right now,
I am holding the memory
So hard,
It bends.
I loosen my grip
So I don't
          Break
                The
                     Memory
I cannot stay here
I cannot live in this memory
But I
Will
Never
Forget.
```

The Bible

Malaika Atkins

'Please come home! 'It all seemed real, images whizzing and whirling around John's mind and traumatised brain. Where was he? Who was he? All John wanted was to be with his desperate son but instead he was stuck in a world of war. He glanced down at his exhausted leg and couldn't quite believe what he saw. Bright scarlet streams were sprinting down that seemed to come from the huge hole ... the wound!

How would he ever get home? The earth around him was devastated, desolate, and destroyed. Had the 5 years of turmoil come to an end or had his life? Was he dreaming? No, he certainly wasn't, it was all too real. Laying next to him was a tiny book – his scratched mind couldn't quite work out what it was but there was a symbol. It must've belonged to the dead man next to him.

When he impatiently flicked through the delicate pages, he saw a message:

'Dear Dada, love Sonnie'. Who is 'Dada' and 'Sonnie'. He tried to find out who it really belonged to but since it lay next to the corpse beside him, it must be his. BOOYAH! There's an address '42 New Bridge Street'. How would he ever get there? He had to - it was his duty! He had found that bible and he must fulfil his purpose. John knew that he would really want someone to let his family know the bad news rather than fear the unknown.

John rushed back to the trenches to fix up his leg before the big mission. The trenches weren't how they used to be, they were silent, no one was coming back – ever again! The lack of white noise filling the air from the bombs, planes and desperate cries for help was incredibly overwhelming. Would he ever find that dead man's family? Should he try or just go home to reunite with his own depressed family, who are already grieving him.



Middle School



Photograph by Mr Deane, Teacher of Computer Science

When I'm Older

Tahliya Khan-Marshall

When I'm older I'd like to wake up late, And eat omelettes for breakfast every day. I'd like to have a cat, or twomaybe three. and have seven pairs of Converse one for every day of the week, Like someone with a good wage and a brilliant taste. When I'm older I want to learn to bake. Be skilled. Be wise. Be better. But not look like someone who's under a spotlight. Who's trying so hard to be seen. I want to have a little café, Where people come to sit, 'n' old ladies chat and knit, There nothing'll make me fret. And I'd love to be great. But I don't have the energy, To make myself a well-known face. When I'm older I might have my grandma's short temper, Hopefully not my mother's skill of jumping to obscure conclusions, And if I'm lucky my dad's knack at making the most Out of a few things But I'll probably Just be Me.

A little bit taller A little bit older.



The Escape

Isabella Nixon

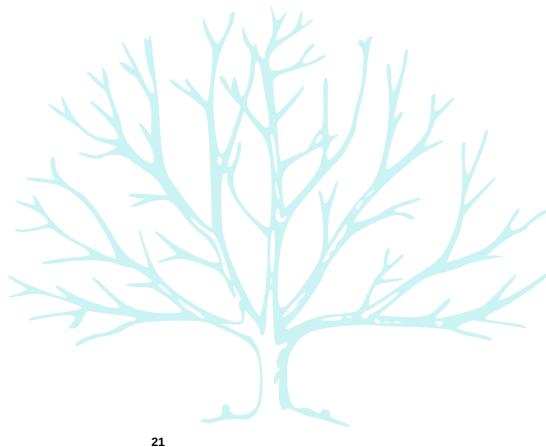
Do not go gentle into that good night, Do not go alone, endeavour to find the light, Do not turn around, Do not get found, Tread careful on the soggy winter ground.

Go faster now than ever before, You don't want a trip to the Devil's door. Keep your wits about you, don't let your smartness stray, Don't let concerns seep in, there is only one way to escape and begin.

Through the branches ahead a glimmer of enticement, Could it be that the end is in sight?

Do go gently now. Are you alone? Do turn around,

There is no one to be found.



Identity

No two people's Identities are ever the same,
Identity defines you
Finding it is your aim.

A kaleidoscope of feelings, bright like flames
Identity is self-image wild, never tame
And...

Identity is belonging,
It makes you strong
It's shaped by experience lifelong.
Identity is one's authentic self all along
And...

Identity is heritage, all your past scars
Identity is individual, but it's also bizarre how people have shared identity,
because...

Identity is individual your character your roots Identity can be lost but you never lose your attributes

Other

i am not saying that I want not this but another where the lights twinkle like wishes in the sky

i am not saying that the other one two four are mine like the ocean everyone can swim

i am not saying that the ones left are evergone never lasting drifting into the dawn

i am not saying that i am whole once more lying as the pieces left behind

i am not saying never knowing is worse than ever knowing

every piece is there



Poem at 15

Matt Smith

I'm fifteen,
Only ten years till I'm twenty-five,
Only ten years after that I'd be thirty-five.
Would I remember what its like to be fifteen?
I may have a life to love.
Or one to hate.

I'm fifteen, Its far away, isn't it?

I may have a nice car.
Or one that gets me place to place.
Would it use fuel.
Or would it be electric?
would the world be a better place?

I'm slowly getting older.

Nothing will stop it.

Time feels fleeting,

My memories slipping through my fingers.

I'm fifteen, Every hour is sacred.

Upper School





Spring, as Violet Saw It (after Larkin)

Mesi Johnson

Green-endowed people sit, with wedding rings,
Their children, they don't do anything crass,
Calmly a cloud stands, calmly a bird sings,
And all is joy and joy and joy and laughs.
Sun lights the games they play, the dogs that bark,
The joyous joyful time of spring, and me,
Prancing with happiness across the park,
I am Larkin, as happy as can be.

Spring of all seasons must be innocent; Is fold of untaught Violets, nothing about seminal fluid. To think a river's phallic would be stupid.

And those she has most use for see her best, The poets with their themes of joy and love, Their writings yonic-clear, they're not depressed.

Spring, 1848 (after Larkin) Lucas Leung

Across the cobblestone-paved avenues,
The People cry out their sacrosanct songs,
Shaking the world's thrones, shaking the morn's dew,
And, above the teeming and massing throngs,
Rage lights a path to war, a path to change,
A path to topple King and Prince and Peer,
And nips like lightning 'cross the gunfire's range,
Until the cry of revolution's here.

Spring, of all seasons most gratuitous, Is most pure-borne racing mare, is mud-soaked soldier, Is earth's most two-faced, impassioned daughter;

And those she favours will become her Blessed, Their destined roads go straight, most fortuitous, To neither failure's woe nor mansions of rest.



Photograph by Mr Deane, Teacher of Computer Science

The Rose

C. W. J. Cottam (SH 51-60)

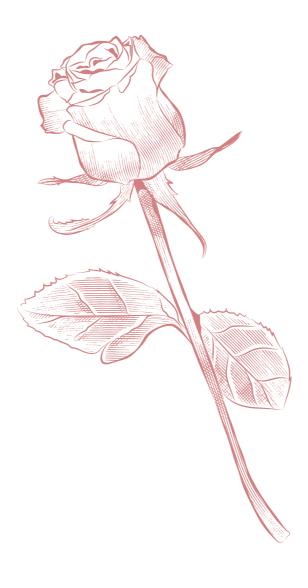
The wind pierced the frozen canvas of the tent with icy fingers. Outside silence lay heavily over the white, featureless wastes. Inside, on the floor, lay a groaning man. He was dying with frostbitten limbs and lacking even the warmth of an awaiting grave. As he lay there, the wreck of his former self, his fingers clutched vainly at the scattered, unopened tins in a paroxysm of agony. His feeble mind was straying, wandering into the catacombs of memory. He could remember little of his child-hood, and indeed, little before he wandered off from the expedition lost in a blizzard. Yet the mind did seem to be clearing slightly. . . his memory was returning . . .

It seemed he was at the edge of a wood peering out between the branches at a wide sweep of lawn, leading to a large house. The building seemed vaguely familiar, perhaps at one stage of his life it had been his. He could not remember. The wood, or rather the copse, was small and the leaves rustled high above his head. It was not until he left the shade of the trees that the full force of the sun hit him. His breath was momentarily snatched from him, and the gravelled path burnt under his lightly clad feet. The air was full of minute whisperings and the softest murmurings; all was covered in a shimmering haze of heat. He strolled his way across the lawns, buttercup pollen on his shoes. He passed a pond where fish swam lazily in a cold inviting world of pebbles and shadows, and on to some rose beds where the flowers fought together in a riot of colour . . .

The roses were beautiful, very beautiful; but as he glanced up the sun seemed to have suddenly lost much of its former brilliance, the light was dimming. A wind began to chase the fluffy, spongelike clouds. The scene before him, the trees, the lawns, and the pond were rapidly changing. They were becoming wild animals cringing before the approaching onslaught. A frigid tempest caught him, turning him round, twisting him. The Valkyries themselves riding on the back of the storm seemed to screech at him. He became wild with panic, something was gripping his throat, pulling him away. He desperately clutched at the wind-blown roses, the thorns pricked him, cut him; yet, agonized, he held on. With astonishing suddenness the tumultuous kaleidoscope before him vanished. Once more the walls of the tent revolved round his head and then closed in, crushing the life from him

. .

The barking of the dogs and the crunch of ice filled the air. For over a week now the despairing searchers had trudged through endless stretches of snow, with hope of finding their lost companion waning with each receding footprint. A shout from ahead halted the dog teams. One of the guides was pointing with frantic gestures at a mound of distant snow. By the time they had reached the spot, the guide had scraped the snow from the sides of the tent and was looking aghast into the opening, his beard bristling in the pale, insipid light of the Polar sun. Their companion was lying inside with starting eyes and blistered limbs. But it was not at the corpse itself they stared amazed. In the hand of the dead man was a fresh, red rose.





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To submit your work, please email it to Dr Reddy eer@oakham.rutland.sch.uk

