

**CREATIVE WRITING
COMPETITION ENTRIES
2022**



WILMSLOW
HIGH SCHOOL

A Guy that I shouldn't have been into...

Darcy Cassidy 8NJB

"So, how's the prison life treating you?" He asked, that oblivious weirdo. I glared at him through the glass, holding the plastic phone to my ear. "Oh yes, what a *wonderful* life it is behind bars!" I groaned sarcastically; he rolled his eyes in response. He gave me a questioning look and sighed; I clenched my fist, squeezing the speaker tightly. "Why did you do all of this?" He asked, he sounded sincere but I'm not sure. If he *really* cared, then *why* did he crush me like a piece of paper?

"Charlie! Please, listen to me!" I could hear him running after me. My head was telling me to turn around and listen to him, but my heart said otherwise; the heart is always the best thing to listen to, isn't it?

"Charlie Cruz please wait!" He screamed, I turned around; my vision was blurred from the swelling of tears and the speckles of rain that pattered all around us. "Why should I wait?! *You* broke my heart, so suck it up and *deal with the consequences!*"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you." He said with a look of melancholy in his eyes, he put his hand against the clear barrier between us. "Then what *did* you want to do?" I asked raising an eyebrow, he moaned.

"Not for *you* to spiral so far you ended up in the slammer!"

"Girl, you've got to get your revenge on that little... That little..." My friends tried to comfort me but didn't seem to do a good job going about it. "Oh, Lola can you just *be quiet* for *two seconds* while we let her have a moment?!" I don't think Bailey realised that *she* wasn't being very helpful either. But maybe they were onto something? I think that a little revenge wouldn't be *very* far-fetched.

I didn't respond to the last comment, he didn't mean to hurt me. What a pathetic lie. "Okay, I came here to try and be comforting. But if you're going to be *selfish* and only think about *your feelings* and not mine, maybe I shouldn't have come!" *Selfish?! He's really calling ME selfish?! How dare he?! I grimaced, trying to process what could be going through his mind to make him think that was okay to say.*

"Egg his house!" Lola suggested, but it seems she's dumber than we give her credit for; we wouldn't want to go to jail now, would we? "Why would we do anything *that* extreme?! Why not just run off with his car?!" Bailey isn't that bright either, that's why *I'm* the queen bee around here. I growled and slammed my hands against the table, gaining frightened jumps as well as the girls' attention. "*Listen numbskulls!* I don't feel like being locked up at sixteen, so let's do something *less illegal* and *more embarrassing!*" They nodded, their eyes looking upon me as if I were some saving grace in the pit of deepest despair. I flicked my hair behind me as I glared over at the girl who caused my ex to become a dirty cheater.

"*I'm* selfish?! *Are you sure?? I'm* not the one who cheated at the sight of a pretty new girl!" I spat; he clenched his teeth together in anger. "There's that *foul beast* I fell in love with!" I smirked, and he only got angrier from here.

I approached Little Miss Perfect, fake smiling. "Hey honey!! You're new, aren't you? I'm Charlie!" It hurt me so much, but I had to know what he sees in this girl! "Oh my goodness! Hi I'm Leah!" She said excitedly, she's so happy it's pathetic.

"Leah, do you want to talk *outside* to avoid the crowd?" I said 'sweetly'. She giggled and nodded. We walked around the front of the school, right next to a busy street. "Listen Miss gumdrop sweet happiness! *I know you stole MY man! You came here and ruined my reputation!*" I roared. She punched me in the chin, knocking one of my teeth loose. She grabbed my neck and wailed, "*It isn't MY fault he never loved YOU!*" That was it, my breaking point. I shoved her off me, but I didn't mean for her to get hurt...

"Even if you were mad at her.... That was no reason to KILL the love of my life." He murmured. How did he not understand?

"You think I meant for her to get run over by that car?! She was strangling me and nearly knocked a flipping tooth out! I cannot believe you cheat on me, then you don't believe anything I'm saying! *Don't you think this has affected ME worse?! YOU only knew her a few days!!! I have to live with this for the rest of my life!*" I threw the phone, smashing the protective glass. A large piece gashed against his cheek, as well as my arm.

A police car pulled up. Everyone ran outside to witness the consequences of what I had done. I was frozen, trying to take in what has just happened; suddenly, a swarm of armed police officers surrounded me. They grabbed my arms, handcuffing me and pushing me into the back of the car. "What was going through your head for you to do that?! You *do* realise you're going to be put away for a *long, long, long time.*" But I didn't respond, tears streamed down my face. My whole body was numb, I couldn't muster the strength for a single word.

Blood. Blood *everywhere*. A lot of guards swarmed the area, pinning me to the chair I was sat in. They checked on *him* and he was taken away, I was seen as too dangerous for contact with *anyone* from the outside world. I was taken back to my cell, the iron barred door smacked closed for the final time. Eternal sentence, here I come.

Timeline Twist Up

Madison Priestley 7TAB

“What, in the Lord's name is going on!” Corra screeched with confusion as she saw multiple of herself standing right in front of her.

Now, we have all heard of the theory - or a variation of it - that Time Travel exists. Yet; with Time Travel, comes Timelines. Timelines would be different depending on which one it is. Some could be about your past/future: however, some could be an alternative Universe (AU) to you e.g the opposite gender, different family etc.

And this thing happened to one specific person.

So it is 2122 - exactly 100 years into the future - and scientists have figured out how to Time Travel, but haven't told the public yet. The daughter of scientist R L Herron - Corra Herron - was always curious of what her father and his colleagues' next experiment was but it wasn't until she was 15 - three years after the experiment started - that she would find out.

“Uhh!” Corra groaned as she kicked off the sheets and pulled herself out from the abess of her bed. Her tousled golden hair shined in the July morning sun and her sleepy, chocolate-coloured eyes glistened like gems. She sleepily dragged herself downstairs into the kitchen to meet the kind, also tired, eyes of her father.

“Morning hon,” he said with a soft smile.

“Morning papa” Corra yawns, stretching her limbs and arching her back to get a cracking sound, which would - for some reason - make her feel happy.

“Well, I need to head off to work. I've left you a cup of coffee and a piece of toast.” He told her and then as quick as a cheetah catching prey, he was gone. Corra’s smile at not needing to make breakfast herself for once quickly faded. All she wanted was to spend time with her dad as her mother left them when she was 6. She pushed her sad feelings aside and ate her breakfast before going back upstairs to get changed.

She wore ripped jeans and a black t-shirt under a grey hoodie with her hair in a tight plait. Today, she knew exactly what she was going to do. She looked up her father’s laboratory location as she walked slowly down the stairs. Corra got to the door and unlocked it with her spare key. She stepped outside and took a deep breath, she was scared yet so excited to do this. She then turned around, locked the door again and started walking. She found a shortcut through the forest near her house that would take roughly 27 minutes to walk, which she didn't mind. She liked walking. She entered the forest and was faced with fallen trees, a few rocks, and the odd cracks in the floor; but she still handled it.

“Yes! Got out with 2 minutes to spare.” Corra yelled excitedly. Yet that excitement soon disintegrated as she remembered that she would need to face the security guards, or did she.

She ducked behind them and slipped her way behind the guards and into the laboratory. It was oddly empty for having thousands of people in it a day. She remembered the room

where the unknown experiment stayed - VP374. She looked at the note in her pocket that says what level the room is on - level 4. She walked over to the other side of the corridor - being silent and watching her step - to get to the staircase. While walking up (she was again silent) she felt butterflies in her stomach. She was extremely excited to do this but somehow, she felt this was going to be too good to be true.

She managed to climb up 8 sets of stairs (because it was to sets of stairs to each level) to the 4th floor and walked along the corridor to find the room she needed to.

"VP370, VP371, VP372, VP373. Here we are, Room VP374." She whispered to herself. She then took out her phone and tapped on a link that she found on her dad's computer, the digital card used to open VP374. She then pressed her phone to the little scanner on the door and then, the door opened.

She hopped in and slowly closed the door. She was all alone in a dark, mysterious room.

"Lights, lights, lights. Ah! Found them," she mumbled as she flicked on the bright lights and saw an odd looking, metal box on an, also, metal desk. Corra, and her curiosity, ventured to the big red button on the box that read 'activate' on it. Before putting her hands on anything, she read the sticker on the front of the box's opening.

"Timeline machine," she read out loud. She was shocked. A real time machine! Or timeline machine. She was so excited that her hands made their way to the big red button and pressed down on it.

It rumbled and shook. The girl took a step back, thinking the creation may explode. Then, it just simply stopped.

But it wasn't over just yet.

Bright lights fizzled right in front of her eyes. One by one, human figures formed in the light, and then colour overtook the blinding lights.

"Oh. My. GOD!" Corra screeched. There were 50, no, 60 odd people before her. Most of them looked like her with little features setting them apart. There were even some males in here. Then she realized, this was no ordinary time machine, it took everyone of her from the other timelines and somehow teleported them - or made some sort of copy - here.

"You must be wondering what is going on," an older woman said, it must have been her in the future.

"My father made this?" Corra asked, wanting the answer to be yes.

"He indeed did." She replied cautiously, "but back when I did this, I used it for much longer than what was able to be used. The entire lab exploded."

"What?! Exploded!" The 15 year-old yelled in fear.

"Yes, our father..." She paused for a moment, "Are father perished."

Corra was shocked, her only parent, dead. A look of horror appeared on her face.

"Please, for your own good, send us back." The older woman pleaded.

Corra zoomed up to the machine and repressed the button.

"Will I ever see you again?" She asked for one final time.

"I think so," one of the other older versions of Corra yelled out. Corra then saw as the versions of her face to white and then to nothing.

She then opened the door to VP374 and peeked around the corners to check no one was there. Nothing. She then crept her way down the flights of stairs to the ground-floor and out the back door, that you could only exit and not enter. She then bolted through the forest and to her back garden; put her key in the lock; zoomed inside; locked the door, rushed upstairs; and jumped onto the bed.

That was an adventure.

Winter

Alice Lowe (7HSB)

Winter arrives, an icy serenade highlights the warmth within me. A pearly blue and apricot sunrise reveals itself beyond the hills as a soft white sun illuminates a muted landscape of winter. Hedges and trees are etched in charcoal upon the white canvas. A pale dot fluttered in the sky followed by yet another peculiar shape. Two owls. Two owls soared past the pasty scenery, with a twinkle in their wings. It was as if they were little children, together forever, and playing happily without another thought. It wasn't as if they were flying. It was like they were the rising and fluttering of ash from a bonfire on a chilly night, or the swoop of a distant skier. The trees are stood beside them are poised like ballet dancers, ready to show off their elegance to the season's gusts. Now that the leaves have fallen, they are so proud, as if their silvery, brown skin was their glory all along. Dappled snow picks out the north facing slopes and the slight reliefs of the tracks and trails, the fence lines and the earthworks. Swoosh. The two are back at it again, leaving a trail of mischief and joy behind them as their wings surf the invisible slopes of the air. It was as though gravity couldn't quite get a grip on them.

Magical things

Maia Schick 7NCJ

My family consists of a long line of Creature Keepers. My mother bred familiars like cats and owls, while my dad and his brother worked alongside centaurs. But the most famous member of my family is my great grandfather, Blaise Whistle, who brought in the now normal practice of riding and taming dragons.

Judging from this, you'd assume I, Danica, was some kind of pixie trainer or a unicorn rider like my cousins and siblings, but no. I don't have one particular animal that I bond with especially, I own what I believe is the most rewarding job of all. I work as a Purveyor of Pets.

At the age of 17, I opened my own shop next to one of the many stores surrounding the center of my hometown, Cliffshore. Painted in greens, browns, beiges, and blues, some would say my shop catches the eye against others, but I think it fits in well. It has a battered teal door next to a large window with a bruised frame which should be black but has worn down to a grey over the five years it's been here.

As you walk in, a whole new world opens. A world with thrashing scaled tails and wings flourished with feathers. Tiny packages crowd the shelves, and huge cages are planted around the floor. Every creature you could imagine is housed right here in Danica's tienda mágica de ritmos.

Customers come and go, taking pets with them as they leave. Of course, it's sad to see each creature leave. Everyone of them has their own special story that I shared with them, and when they're bought, it's like ripping a chapter out of a book.

Keeping all these pets comes with its risks though. I've had a few escapees: a baby Griffin flew out the open window; a víbora slithered down the drainpipe; and a Fairy simply fluttered out of the door while I wasn't looking. Creatures escaping, although surprising at the time, are to be expected of course. But I never expected a robbery!

About a month ago a boy around the same age as me walked into my tienda. He was tall and average sized with shaggy, black hair that hung haphazardly over his eyes.

Even though his eyes were mainly hidden, I got a glimpse of them when he brushed it out of his face for a closer look at the Mooshes (a rare species of mushroom that live and breathe like humans). I might have been mistaken, but I could have sworn that they were a deep orange. However, the most noticeable thing about this strange customer was his fingers, or maybe the fact that he only had four on one hand. The space where his ring finger should have been was tightly wrapped in bloody bandages which looped round his pinky and then his wrist. The sling looked like it was keeping the whole of his right hand attached to his arm, without it, his hand would've slid right off.

The Sunday before the Feria de Mercados Mágicos, an annual fair where the townsfolk sell old magical belongings that are no longer of use to them, Mr-four-fingers came looking round my shop. He took an interest in many of my creatures, but particularly the Veroso.

Veroso's are small-ish sized, bear-like creatures. They have a pale face with a prominent snout and hollowed out sockets with shining blue eyes. Veroso's would make great pets and travel companions (as they protect their owner) except from one aspect. They can turn invisible.

Although, the mysterious boy took a particular liking to my Veroso his face fell, and he told me "Muchacha I cannot take el Veroso. Sorry," and left the shop.

Not even a day later, I was alerted of a robbery.

The next morning, I rushed into my tienda and checked each cage. After searching for hours, I realised that the Veroso was missing and the only person my mind went to was that boy.

I had no proof or evidence, but my gut feeling was to find him and force him to return my Veroso immediately. Unfortunately, I didn't know where he lived, what his name was, or anything about him really.

Since I'm slightly underage for owning creatures like a Veroso I didn't want to get the police involved, so I got to work myself, knocking on each and every door in my neighborhood. I was ready for it to take a while.

As I was knocking, I picked up a few of my closest friends: Cela, Arida, and Hilda. Together, we managed to knock on all the doors in Cliffshore, eventually.

As I was nearing the last door on my dedicated street, I heard screeching footsteps running past me. "Vamos, I found the guy!" Arida called. I rush to catch up with her and join the chase. The three of us speed through markets and houses alike, passing Cela and Hilda on the way, who sprint to join us as well. We pass the Church and many art galleries, pop up stands, and even Playa Puerto Banus. In the end, we wind up in a narrow lane leading to a dead end. As all five of us slow to a halt and the boy turns around, I yell "Hola chico, did you steal my Veroso?" and then Cela asked "chico what's your name?" He calmly looks at us and says "Hola I am Alberto, I stole your Veroso. Adiós!"

Just like that he skidded to the right and ran through what looked like a solid wall. Cela and I were so surprised by the sudden dash that we were late to start running again. But Hilda and Arida were on the case. They shot forward and took a right.

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Altogether again, my friends, me, and Alberto were sat at a table in café en grano. "You might as well tell us what on earth you're doing," Cela started bluntly.

"No way Jose!" he shot back. Arida, who had the unfortunate luck to be sitting next to him, grabbed his wrist and twisted it behind his back. He bawled in pain, and we had to slap a

hand over his mouth so the whole café would stop staring at us. “Start talking,” she whisper-shouted in his ear.

“De acuerdo alright!! I stole your Veroso so I could sell its fur. I don’t know if you know how much that stuff is worth, but it sure is a lot. €2000” Alberto explained. He’s right, I knew it was expensive but not that figure! If I knew, I would have priced it higher. “I knew that,” I lied and he looked at me unbelievably, “did you also know that stealing creatures, or anything really, is against the law?!”

“I knew that,” he snapped, and I knew he really did know that already, “but I don’t think you know that keeping Veroso at the age of 22 is also illegal!” Now we were in a tricky situation. We could both go to the police to report the other, but if we did there would be consequences for ourselves as well. I quickly thought up a plan. “Here’s the deal chico, you hand me back the Veroso and I won’t snitch to the police,”

“No fair. I want to keep that Veroso!” he answered

“Nu-huh! No deal!”

“How about this then muchacha, you keep the Veroso and give me a job at your shop?” I’ve never had anyone work at my shop before and although he did steal from me, Alberto looked like a great help. At least this way I got my Veroso back and didn’t have to be questioned by the police.

“Deal.”

Endless Love

It was a cloudy morning when Olivia was being woke up by her mum shouting upstairs to get her ready for the school day ahead of her. On the other side of town, a girl called Jade was trying to wake up her dad so she could have some breakfast because he had been out that previous night. Olivia and Jade were totally opposite of each other but soon they would meet. It was 1st period maths when Olivia started her day and Jade had geography which was close to Olivia's Maths room. It was movement to 2nd period when Olivia and Jade bumped into each other but coincidentally they were heading for the same class. It was a new class which had been introduced and Olivia and Jade were sat next to each other. The girls got along and were friends very easily as they had so much in common even though they lived at different ends of the wealth divide. Later that day Jade asked if she could go to her house because she didn't want to see her dad as he would probably be in a rage. The next day Jade wasn't in, and Olivia kept phoning and texting her, so she went to her house and Jade's dad opened the door and said Jade isn't here. Olivia was so confused and went around town and neighbouring villages and other places and still not been able to find her. Days and weeks without seeing her Olivia got sick and was in and out of the hospital. Olivia rang Jade and Jade picked up and Olivia went into floods of tears. Olivia found out that Jade was still in town but moved around frequently. Olivia told Jade that she was in the hospital and within 25 mins Jade was already there. When Olivia was well her and Jade went back to school and started year 9 again as they had missed a few exams and did not have the knowledge to take them. Jade had met a new friend who she really had a crush on, but he was in a relationship with the most popular girl in school. Jade finally had the confidence to go up to him and confront him about her feelings about him. As Jade was hanging around with Jake more Olivia was starting to get feelings for him. Olivia knew that Jade had a massive crush on Jake and could not do that to her. Olivia kept her feelings about Jake to herself until she found another guy named Cole, he treated her like a princess, but Jade was in a toxic relationship, and she needed her best friend's help, but she was always too busy with Cole she liked that she had someone to love her and take care of her but right now she needed her best friend to get her through her nightmare of her life.