

Rugby High School

Creative writing magazine

ILLUMINATE

Inspire. Imagine. Illuminate.

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Gramophone happiness

I started to cautiously step towards this mountain of rubble that once was my home. My eyes scanned everywhere, not able to focus. My legs began to shake, and my ears filled with the joy blasted out from the gramophone. My family, who's faces were permanently etched in a smile as if the wind had changed, sat with a glass of gin in one hand, some of Mama's prized soft cake in the other laughing the evening away. The room filled with light and happiness, with prized memories dotted around the room. Carefully drawn out paintings and different souvenirs showcased our extraordinary happiness.

My eyes flickered back to now, the needle screeched as my mind pulled it off the record. Everyone sank into the ground; their faces vanished and all I know of them now is to be lying with the worms. My eyes were mustard by dust and tears but I managed to make out something. The whole street was a painting to only need black and white ink. All the colour was sucked out of it but a tiny bit of hope was hidden beneath the once called door of our house. A flash of royal reed, red brighter than any other red, poked out. I took a step out onto the mountain of rubble. My feet were wary, as if the dense stack were to collapse with any movement. My hand reached out to the only soft object seen for miles and started to tug.

It hung in my hand like a prized possession. It rippled like waves on still water with every breath of the wind. Clutching it like the only thing left, I walked up. The shrapnel beneath me, a reminder of our broken lives; the shards of glass, pointing at me, aiming their razor sharp blade to the glint of my eye, reflecting the dull sunlight cast overhead. The battered, tired chair resting in the rubbish, holding so many memories to it that now only the mice can call it a home.

I stood. My mind rushed around everything, I inhaled the dust filled air, listened to the silence. I clutched the last item of life in my hands and wedged it between the chaos of what was my home. the flag staff stood tall and proud, the red, white and blue looked stronger than ever, with the deep grey misery of the street behind. The flag of our nation stood over my home. The stripes rippled in the dirty breath of the wind. I closed my eyes. Peace had finally come to our nation. My house may have been destroyed by England will always be my home.

By Emma White- 10S

War Torn

A muffled sob escapes the boy's mouth, ringing round the empty town square. The lonely croak of a magpie echoes back in reply. Slowly, trying not to upset his footing, the small boy reaches up to his dirt-covered face and, with a shaking finger, brushes away a single tear. He presses his chapped lips together and stares up at the mountain of rubble with a look of determination on his petite features.

With his right hand he reaches up, grabs onto something – he thinks it's a chunk of wall, but he can't be sure – and hauls himself up, careful not to drop the flag in his left hand. Bit by bit, he advances up the pile of wreckage, huffing and puffing like an old aching man. When at last he reaches the top, the boy leans against a slab of concrete, chest heaving and arms aching.

His face is red and shining with sweat – beads of it have clustered by his eyebrows and along his blonde hairline and every time he takes a breath, drops of it fall into his open mouth, landing on his pink glistening tongue. The young boy grimaces at the tangy taste of salt, yet continues to breathe heavily, still drawing droplets of sweat into his mouth.

Glancing down, he notices a deep cut on his right hand and gently presses it to his dirty, stained blazer, hoping to reduce the bleeding. His efforts are futile and when he takes his hand away from his blazer, he leaves a dark red stain, shaped like a handprint.

A breeze ruffles the flag in his left hand and the boy is reminded why he came up here. Carefully, making sure not to injure himself again, he pushes small pieces of rubble aside, creating a shallow hole. As he does this, he is reminded of what this rubble used to be; his windows, walls, furniture. He longs for his home again, his family. But he guesses that he can't have them back, so he must focus on the task at hand.

When the boy decides that he has made a deep enough hole, he places the flag into it, then fills the edges with rubble, making sure the flag stands upright. Sitting back on his knees, he watches the red, white and blue pattern flutter in the breeze. The boy thinks to himself what a brilliant design the Union Jack is; it really is something to be proud of. As he watches the flag flutter feebly, he feels a deep admiration for the design and his country. He can't wait to tell his father how proud he is.

But then silent, glistening tears begin to roll down his skinny face and his new-found pride is whisked away like a leaf in the wind. He can't tell his father, not anymore. Somewhere beneath this wreckage – probably crushed beyond recognition, the boy thinks – must lie his parents' bodies. This thought makes his heart shatter into a million pieces, as if someone had hit it with a sledgehammer. The boy's breath hitches in his throat and another heart-wrenching, melancholy sob is torn from his lips. But this time, there is no reply.

By Lydie Fenson

Sunflower poem

Yellow eyelashes proudly surround the prize.
The tiger flecked iris slowly sighs.
At the centre a pupil with a hue of green.
Under its weight the strong optic nerve will gently lean.
Yellowed with age is the white of this eye.

This is an eye which yearns to face the sun.
But in the morning the dew of teardrops will run.
The eyelashes protect when the wind does blow.
And the optic nerve sways to and fro.
This eye will close when summer is done.

by Sasha Roberts, yr 7

The Lady on the street

I saw the lady that day.
She was odd.
She wore purple scarves,
Adorned with bobbles.
Auntie always wore bobbles.
She is very rich.

Mummy says purple means royal.
I know what royal means.
There is a programme about a
princess.
She has a throne, and a crown,
And special gloves.
I want to be a princess.

But the odd lady sits here too.
She has a great seat with vibrant fibres.
Oranges, honey, strawberry, mango.
She has no gloves.
But odd hands.
They eat at the sign in her hands.

Her cat claws tear away the cardboard.
It looks like the cereal mummy eats.
It is grey, with great contrast to the seat.
A grim dusky grey.
It is like the smoke from the fiery seat.
And she is still eating the sign.

Her body is also grey.
Embossed with lines across her head.
She has the body of a lizard.
I know what lizard means.
They crawl around on their little legs.
But the odd lady has no legs.



She just sits there, in the middle of town.
She is very rich, she has a bowl full of money.
Her mummy must be very kind.
My mummy doesn't give me any money.
I go to take the money,
But mummy says no.

The odd lady is mumbling.
She is singing a lullaby.
Mummy has a soft voice,
She sings me to sleep.
But the odd lady's voice is croaky,
She has the voice of a frog.

Her face is crispy,
Like winter leaves.
I love winter leaves,
they mean Christmas is coming.
Christmas means presents.
The old lady has none.

Mummy has brought me to town for a present.
I wanted a new doll for ages.
Mummy shows me the dolls with long hair,
Gloves and crowns,
Like the ones in my programme.

But I want another doll.

I pick a small doll.
Her skin is grey and her hair is red.
She has a pretty green and purple dress.
She has cat claws.
I call her strawberry mango.

Ruby Murphy



Bloodstone

Silence. The only aspects of life lay calm under tall diopside strands that shuddered in response to the gentle kiss of wind. The tendrils of green, each as individual as the next reached out, like a rose unfurling towards the crown of gold in the warm sapphire skies. A gentle breeze rustled the surroundings and a single butterfly ventured out of the greenery. Its delicate opal wings whispering as they met the breeze and the wind carried it before placing it down on a petal of imperial topaz. As it did a crack sounded. A piercing crack like lightning. A crack that echoed throughout the once tranquil meadow. An agitated flap, and a tornado of birds flew up together, closely followed by the smallest. A fledgling. It struggled desperately and inexpertly in the storm of panic around it. Again. Again a crack sounded. A violent crack. A crack that echoed throughout the tranquil meadow. It only took an instant. A mere second. That was enough. The young bird stopped. Its head tucked straight into its neck as the taste of copper filled the air. For a short moment it rained. Only a momentary shower on the emerald pasture, now mixed with a glistening ruby. It fell. Dropping like cobalt to the grass. Its neck unnaturally twisted and the wind running through its amazonite feathers, picking up a single one as it did, and, as it floated gently upwards the sun once a bright chrysoberyl now hid behind a passing cloud, dimming it to a dull grey. The temperature plummeted as if in respect to the delicate creature. Then silence. The only aspect of life lay still under the tall red strands that shuddered in response to the embrace of death.

Caitlin Hanna Yr 9

