

The Seahorse



*This Edition:
New Beginnings*



Letter from the Editors

Hello and welcome back to...

The Seahorse!

We hope you have had a lovely summer's break – we sure have! Many of our authors have been writing tirelessly throughout the summer months to create some new master pieces for you to read.

We thought that since it is the start of the year and we have a whole plethora of new writers in our midst, that it would only be fit for our theme of the first edition back to be **NEW BEGINNINGS!** We also have a mixture of work that members have been working on personally, but also for the many competitions we enter that we want to share.

We have a whole range of literature for you to feast on this time – short stories, poems, comics, loads of haikus (or one very long one...), and even the first chapter of some of the students' upcoming novels!

We hope you enjoy reading this as much as we enjoyed watching it grow.

Happy Reading!

Miss Foster & Ms Frost



Contents

Stories

What else can we do? [p.4]
A story by Olivia Yard

Unwrapping a murder – Chapter 1 [p.5]
A story by Matty Cutting

Who was it? – Chapter 1 [p.6-7]
*A story by Jessica Mayo, Nafisa Rahman
and Ruby Ansell*

A Modern Myth – Chapter 1 [p.8]
A story by Rose Cornwall

A New Beginning [p.9]
A story by Josh Curd

Home Sweet Home [p.10]
*A story by Jessica Mayo and Nafisa
Rahman*

The Silent Whisper – Chapter 1 [p.11]
*A story by Stefan Tumbakov and Freddie
Page*

Hell's Gate – Chapter 1 [p.11]
A story by Nathan Paxton

Elradore [p.12-14]
A story by anonymous

Poems

I come from [p.15]
*A poem by Matty
Cutting*

The cycle of life [p.15]
*A poem by Rosie
Collin Downs*

Forest [p.16]
A poem by R.S.C.

The place I'd rather be [p.16]
A story by Nikki Biles

The Same [p.16]
A poem by Samuel Mktan

Monkey [p.17]
A poem by George Grover

My Forest [p.17]
A poem by Freddie McGeorge Hinks

A Haikus [p.18]
A Haikus by Ben Norton



What Else Can We Do?

1903

My name is Emilia Robbins and I'm tired.

Tired of being told what to do. Tired of being hit by the "Superior ". I'm *tired* of being expected to cook, clean, look after children and worst of all, to stand there while the men ignore us. Women all over the world are basically the servants to men. We are expected to stay at home and do everything. It's time for a revolution. It's not just me who thinks it is time to fight for what's right. I've joined a group led by Emmeline Pankhurst; she is the founder of the UK suffragettes.

I hope that other women and men who are joining the fight won't give up. This is for our future.

ER.

1910

My name is Jane Cruse and I'm tired.

We are so close to a break though in history. We've fought through peaceful protests and going to work in places we couldn't before. We need the whole world to see that we are not objects (if we were, we would be diamonds, something men can't afford). Many of us have been put in prison and killed, but we will keep fighting until we get what we want. Those who think we are dolls to be played with can kiss our feet because we shall not be dolls.

Let me be clear, I'm not trying to say that women should rule over men. I just think we should all be equal, and have an equal say... maybe a vote?

JC.

1927

My name is Alice Wood and I'm tired.

WE DID IT LADIES!! We did it. We finally have rights to voting and working. Sexism is still rife, but this is a start. Soon we will be able to do anything a man can. So, a message to all those men who are still fighting inequality: you will never bring us down again.

Enjoy they spotlight while it lasts boys...

AW.

2021

My name is Daisy Blue and I'm tired.

COVID. That's all you here about these days. Covid-19 has taken over the world. While people are being shot in the streets and killed by police – 250 women shot by police in the past 5 years. Sarah Everard, innocent, poor Sarah Everard. If only she wasn't a woman.

DB.

2022

My name is Emilia Fox and I'm tired.

Sad news has struck the world... Queen Elisabeth II has died. We all mourn Her Majesty's death. A female icon. Now another man rules the world... God save the King, I guess.

EF.

Hopefully next year will be a new beginning...

Written by Olivia Yard



Chapter One

The last words my Great Aunt ever said were, “Please survive”.

We live on Planet Earth, a place where your every need can be met. So why did she tell her nephew and his family to survive?

I’ll tell you why. We might live in a place where we’re lucky enough to have access to running water and electricity but a couple of thousand miles south on the coast of Africa that’s a different story entirely. We live in a place where it’s legal for women to get an abortion but just across the Atlantic it’s the complete opposite. Everything we do on this earth hurts someone else, or even Mother Earth itself. What you do is going to hurt someone. People are now called ‘lucky’ depending on which part of the world they inhabit. So, my Great Aunt told us to survive because living on Earth is like a modernised version of The Hunger Games. You don’t know who will survive and who won’t, it’s all in your odds.

My Great Aunt has this tradition that every summer on the first day of the holidays, she’d invite all the relatives to hers for the day. We would do an outdoor lunch where we would eat her famous Mac ‘n’ cheese. Once we’d all finished stuffing our faces with the delicious dish (we were only allowed once a year) the fun would begin. The men would go into the sitting room to watch the football; the women would sit in the garden and gossip, but us kids, we would do none of that. Instead of resting our full stomachs, we’d run all around the house looking for our gifts. These weren’t like your usual crappy plastic toys you’d get in a cereal box; no, they were so much better. To celebrate our good grades and the start of the summer, my grandma would buy each of her great nieces and nephews personalised gifts. It was the highlight of my childhood. Running around with my cousins in search of a red box with my name on it.

When she died that all stopped. From the age of five a huge part of my childhood was ripped away from me but that’s all going to change. After nearly a decade all of Great-Aunt Lisa’s nieces and nephews are getting together and re-establishing the tradition that we all missed greatly. After waiting for what felt like eternity, today was finally the day. The day I became a child again.

To be continued...

Written by Matty Cutting.



Chapter One

September 4th, 2007

A new year; a fresh start. It was a new school year at Burtington High School For Girls. Everybody had only just got over the traumatic incident that took place last summer term. MURDER.

May 23rd, 2006

It was the pupils' lunch break and a deafening scream erupted in the deep abyss of one of the corridors. One of the English teachers, Miss Smith, came racing past all the children's rusty, battered lockers and frantically crashed through ancient wooden doors (in which the paint has started to flake) to pursue what this volcano of chaos was all about. To her horror and disbelief, she discovered the 'Queen Bee': Kelly-Rose Winchester. But she was not in her usual egocentric state of mind. Instead, she was lying on her back looking rather pale and abnormal. Although what did not cross Miss Smith's mind was that Kelly-Rose Winchester was very much deceased...

"AHHHHH!" came the second thunderstruck squawk of Kelly's parrot – Sofia Bree. Her irritating squeal could be heard from miles away. Although everybody knew Sofia was only friends with Miss Winchester to enhance her popularity, which will only go down the drain from now on. However, most people in town knew very well that she could get over her 'best friend's' death by taking an 'unnecessary' day off school for a 'crucial' shopping spree. But the real question is: who on earth would dare to commit this horrific felony towards this innocent 15-year-old girl?

Is 'innocent' the right word?

September 4th, 2007

It was puzzling how the detectives had not cracked this case. The mention of the victim's name made some people shudder with uneasiness. However, some people bewilderedly gawped as if Sofia was discourteous.

However, Kelly-Rose had soon been effortlessly replaced with your typical fair blonde-haired teenaged girl. Aria Grace Johnson. She was picture perfect in every boy's eyes; towards her friends she was manipulative and brutal with her wording. She was almost identical to Kelly and some people couldn't tell them apart.

September 5th, 2007

The next day, Aria opened her locker like any other normal day. But today there were peculiar notes plastered on the interior of her school locker. Notes? No... they were death threats. The same intricate letters typed onto every piece of paper in sight. The same words repeated, over and over again: COME TO THE PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE AT 11:30 OR YOU WILL NOT MAKE IT OUT OF SCHOOL ALIVE. Aria concluded that all this fuss over a few letters was just a geeky nerd attempting to prank her, so she made her way to her



laborious maths class. As she thumped down in her awkward-feeling seat, she was suddenly summoned to stand up again.

“The principal wants you”, said Miss Wells.

“Ughhh”, groaned Aria.

“NOW!” demanded her wound up maths teacher.

“But it’s not even 11:30 Miss!”, exclaimed the snobbish schoolgirl.

Begrudgingly, Aria stormed down the corridor and into the principal’s office. What she witnessed made her mood flip from confident and annoyed to petrified and endangered like a cornered prey. What she witnessed was shocking and made her feel distraught and sick to the stomach. What she witnessed was the corpse of the principal lying down on the itchy red carpet. A carpet so red that the blood from the body seemed to be wearing an invisible cloak.

The same weapon. The same wound. The same murder.

There was something behind the body. A silhouette? A shadow? No, a person! A young person. She was almost identical to Aria, Aria struggled to tell them apart. A reflection?

There standing opposite Grace Johnson, was Kelly. Rose. Winchester.

To be continued...

Written by Ruby Ansell, Jessica Mayo and Nafisa Rahman



Chapter One – Through a Wolf’s Eyes

Titania, otherwise known as Wolf, stared at the tall black gates of Durrington High School, like a dog stares at its rival. Her cold white hair cut shorter than a bob, olive skin and deep blue eyes made her easily stand out. Plus, a silver stud nose piercing easily broke the rules; along with silver earrings going up her slightly pointed ears and sparkly blue eyeshadow. As she walked up the drowning length from the gate to the school, she touched her crystal necklace with her black nails like claws. She had tied her shirt so it was cropped, and her skirt was nearly as short as shorts... maybe she had misread the requirements because her socks were knee high with black trainers.

As Wolf entered the classroom with an unseasonal cold, she sat down next to someone with half their head shaved and honey blonde hair.

“Hey” they said. Wolf didn’t reply. “I like your hair”.

“Thanks” Wolf said dully. “You’re quite brave not many girls – “
“Don’t call me that!” they said angrily.

“Excuse me?” asked Wolf quickly. “Call you what?”

“A GIRL!” they sighed. “I’m non-binary... which means I like to go by ‘they’, and not as a boy or girl. My name is JJ”.

“OK” said Wolf.

She started to think about what her classmate just said and worried she offended them, the first person to talk to her. ‘Good going, Wolf’ she thought to herself.

Soon after, Wolf headed to assembly. It was so boring she could have fallen asleep. In her boredom she started to carve a moon into the chair in front of her with her nail when there was a grand announcement that a Year 9 had already got his golden seahorse.

“Pffff, I bet it is that dream boy, Quinton”, an older girl snarled in front of her. “I don’t get why you and everyone else loves him so much”, she said to her friend.

“Because he is so cute...and clever!” she replied dreamily.

“Who’s Quinton?” Wolf whispered.

“An idiot!” replied the first girl.

“He is not, he’s an incredible over achiever (but not annoying), hates to brag, popular but has never known to have a date!” the other girl said in a fluster. “He’s a dream boy!” she exclaimed, turning away.

When this ‘dream boy’ came on stage Wolf didn’t get what all the fuss was about. *The only thing cute about him was his eyes... what am I thinking, he is not cute or dreamy*, Wolf snapped.

Later that day Wolf and JJ had science, they were using bunsen burners.

“Young lady, take your necklace off”, squealed the science teacher.

“No” said Wolf angrily.

“DETENTION!”

Oh, detention, she thought. *Fine... but don’t think I won’t retaliate!* She glanced at a can of spray paint in her bag, and she smirked.

To be continued...

Written by Rose Cornwall



Timmy is starting his GCSEs and he needs to choose which subjects he is going to study. Now, before you go 'Yay, good luck Timmy, you are going to do great!' I would like to say that he is very, VERY nervous. 'Oh, don't worry Timmy, you'll be fine. I am sure you are going to be amazing.' And he probably will do amazing (Timmy is a pretty bright kid after all) he isn't afraid of his scores, not at all! He is afraid of choosing the subjects he is going to study for his GCSEs. Well, he did make one decision, English (we all know it is the best subject) but that is chosen for you. In the end, he just ended up choosing a random selection of subjects. He immediately regretted it.

He could either:

A) Just ask to change them quickly before it is too late, or

B) Break the fabric of space time and travel through to a different reality so he can choose again.

Of course, Timmy went for option B.

Wait, you're asking how he did that? Sorry, I didn't realise you're still in 2022.

So, basically Elon Musk transferred his brain into the World Wide Web and also, with a 3D modelling software, he designed and fabricated a new Tesla model called the FOSTB (Fabric of Space Time Breaker) which comes with a huge pair of scissors on the back which, if you snip the air with it, it creates a portal to the small crevice between each fabric of each space time (apart from that one with no fabric of space time, obviously).

Luckily for Timmy over here, his dad owns an extra one that Elon gave to him for being such a good worker! So, being the daredevil he is, he got in the FOSTB and snipped a hole through space time. However, something Timmy didn't know was that this specific portal led him to a reality after everything had been blown up after a chain reaction of stars blowing up (don't ask, this is an alternate reality after all).

Timmy excitedly drove through the portal, but suddenly the FOSTB disappeared out of thin air and the portal closed up. For some reason, though, this reality also had oxygen throughout the entire galaxy and, therefore, Timmy survived.

And that is the story of how a child got himself stuck in an alternate reality.

THE END. Or is it?

Written by Josh Curd



Home Sweet Home

In this beloved home; in this beloved room. In this place we love the most: there was complete silence. As I stared at the walls and they stared back at me, I felt safer than I ever had before. Suddenly, I started hearing howling wolves in the background. I could hear banging noises. It was as if someone was stalking me through the boarded-up window beside me. An ominous feeling spread through my veins like poison overtaking my body. My heart started to beat so hard that I thought my chest might explode. Walking towards the door, the knocking started to grow louder. The adrenaline was rushing through me... then I realised it was just the postman.

A couple of weeks later and I never thought I would be in this situation again; but I was. But this time it was worse... In this beloved home; in this beloved room.

I was walking home after going for an evening stroll and I had goosebumps all over my body. I felt as if somebody was right behind me and ready to attack. It was as if I was a predator's prey. But as hard as I looked, and as fast as I walked, nobody was following me. The only thing that enabled me to see were the old, dimmed, and rusty lamp posts that stood miles apart from each other. The night sky was as dark as ink, my heart was pounding as fast, and I felt the blood rushing to my face like water being poured into a glass at lightning speed. When I finally arrived home and as I walked down the driveway, I saw a silhouette by the front door. Panicking, I realised that the shadow was just...the neighbour's cat.

At this point I was about to give up. The ridicule was getting to me. In this beloved house; in this beloved room.

I decided to clear my head, so I went to the local newsagent a few blocks away from my house. It was 5pm in winter. Pitch black. It looked like it was the dead of night. As I went in, it was empty; no-one in sight. Flickering lights all around me, I felt the tension in the air. Curiosity was getting the better of me. Not this again... I cautiously stepped further into the room as I started hearing noises - as if I was not alone. Suddenly, I heard the floorboards creak so I decided that I should hide behind the cashier's desk. Tip toe...tip toes... something was getting closer. The only thing on my mind was who, or what was that? Flicker. There was a person. Flicker. It, or they, was wearing a cashier's uniform. Flicker. Oh wait...it was just the cashier carrying more stock.

'Hey you!' shouted the poor cashier.

'Who, me?' I said nervously.

'Yes, you! Get out!' screamed the man.

And there it was. Another panic attack.

Written by Jessica Mayo and Nafisa Rahman



Chapter One - Gero.

It's now dark and raining, most citizens don't come out after dark because of the major crime syndicates that hunt any poor person and rob them. I'm stuck on a rooftop, looking for my target: Enorita Tom, he is a politician of our Grand Nation but has betrayed our gracious leader! Suddenly I receive a call from Commander Nelson, "Gero Son, get on with your work or I'll make you pay the price of betrayal!". The comm link clicks off before I have time to say something.

I run and jump across houses nearly making them collapse as I head towards the hotel he is staying at. Once I reach it, I put on my cloak to disguise my uniform and weapons and I head in.

He looks at me in surprise as I tossed a 500 Loki Bill on the counter and I said, "Room for one." He nods and gives me a key with a number. Instead of heading to my room, I toss the key and head to my target's room. I don't bother entering calmly, I kick the door open to find something that shook me to the core.

I shoot. I jump out of a window as the housekeepers run to check what just happened, I run away thinking about what is left in that room.

To be continued...

Written by Freddie Page and Stefan Tumbakov

Introduction

In the dark forest of Storm Guard there was peaceful silence. The trees swayed, their leaves swishing in the wind. Suddenly, crunching tore through the peace as something stepped on branches in the depths of the darkness. The source of the sound came from a group of men all wearing red cloaks and brandished a star with five corners etched into their flesh. One held a book and red chalk. The men reached a spot that was a decent size space a few metres away from trees. The one man that held a book and chalk started making a circle making sure everyone was outside of it. He then stepped out of the circle and opened the book to a page. They began to chant, as they did the circle glowed dark red. The forest began to shake, smoke swirled, and the circle slowly turned into what seemed to be a portal.

The horrors of hell burst from inside and now were unleashed to turn this world into chaos and despair.

To be continued...

Written by Nathan Paxton



Story Board

Story: Extract from the book 'A Brief Summary of Elradorian History'

Elradore is the 7th realm of the 12 created by the Titans - it is currently in what the people of Earth (the 4th realm which is currently in the year 2022 at the time of writing this book) the Earthians would call the Middle Ages or the medieval period.

Elradore's sentient population is made of Atlantians, Elves, Orcs, Dwarves, Dragons, Vampires, Golems, Werewolves, Serpentine, Gnomes, Fairies, Centaurs, Minotaurs and Tikis. The main land mass of Endorg is ruled over by the Orcs and Elves who are constantly at war. Other islands include Mountonia, Volcania, Tiki (which is not on any map) and Atlantis (which despite popular belief is not under the water).

The four main races (the Orcs, Elves, Dwarves and Atlantians) had been at war for thousands of years resulting in the near extinction of the Dragons and the Dwarves which fled to the mountains, caves, and caverns of Mountonia.

The languages spoken in Elradore are Elradorian (the equivalent of the Earthian language English), Draconic, Elvish, Orcish, Vampiric, Atlantian, Tiki and Fairy.

Magic: Extract from the book 'A Brief Summary of Elradorian History'

Magic comes in many shapes and forms from elemental to necromancy. Most sorcerers say that magic is bestowed upon those worthy by the spirits.

Types of magic you can learn:

- Elemental (subtypes are pyromancy, cryomancy, hydromancy, geomancy, electromancy, aeromancy and chloromancy)
- Shadowmancy
- Necromancy
- Hemomancy (ability to control blood)
- Tychomancy (ability to control luck)
- Plasmamancy (there have been many debates on whether or not this should be classed as elemental but most sorcerers say no as there is no plasma dragon or plasma golem)
- Astral Projection
- Plaguemancy
- Toxomancy (this includes poisons, toxins and acids)
- Telekinesis
- Telepathy



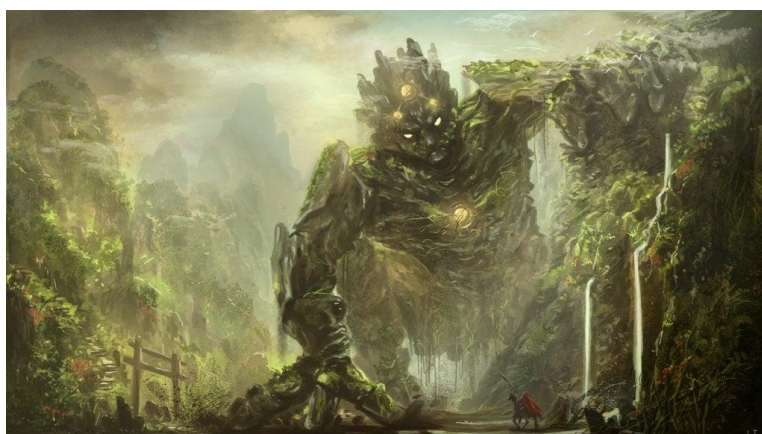
Core Titans: Extract from 'A Brief Summary of Titans'

The core titans are the ones that created the 12 realms. Residing in the 1st realm the Father Titan, or the King Titan, Aidaes (pronounced I-Day-Us) had 3 sons. Daïabo (pronounced Die-Abe-O) Titan of blood, hunting, death, darkness, plague and war. Therion, Titan of dragons. Akron, Titan of life, light, peace and love. Together they created the 12 realms and are worshipped by all inhabitants of them.



Elemental Titans: Extract from 'A Brief Summary of Titans'

The Elemental Titans were created by Therion during the creation of the 12 realms as the 7 things that are needed to create life. These Titans were: Aaes (pronounced Aze) the Titan of wind. Thalassa Titan of water. Astrape (pronounced Ast-Rar-Pay) Titan of lightning. Khion (pronounced Key- On) Titan of ice. Aethos (pronounced Ay-Thos) Titan of fire. Enosais (pronounced Ee-No-Says) Titan of rock. Xulon (pronounced Zoo-Lon) Titan of plants.



POEM ANTHOLOGY

THE CYCLE OF LIFE – ROSIE COLLIN DOWNS

The Cycle of life: what a wonderful thing.
At the start without-a-knowing it all comes to an end.
Bright, green, lively and joy.
Suddenly it all decays.
Decays into darkness, decays into madness decays into an empty life of misery.
But then, a light appears, life restarts, over and over.
In the shining sun, it starts a-new,
A new take of life, blinding our hearts.

I COME FROM – MATTY CUTTING

I come from Oma's freshly made cakes and pasta bakes.
I come from Dad's apple pies and skinny thighs.
I come from pockets full of rejection and a phone ready for inspection.
I come from being known as the freak yet loving who I am.
I come from square eyes and a mind that won't turn off.
I come from unanswered questions and non-existing solutions.
I come from two flags, one, red, yellow, and black.
Plus, one Union Jack.
I come from a family some might call radical others perfect.
I come from traveling miles yet staying right where I am.
I come from comic shop visits and weekend walks.
I come from endless revision and last minute homework.
I come from loving parents and a decent education.
I come from a spoiled sister and a long line of nerds.
I come from crossing oceans to find myself yet loving where I live.
I come from knowing I'm not normal but not changing who I am.



FOREST – R.S.C

Yesterday my forest filled with sunshine,
The woods were alive and free.
Yesterday my forest was beautiful,
It was who we thought it to be.

Today my forest is darker than night,
It's lacking so many things.
Today my forest is dull and lifeless,
Even the butterflies have broken wings.

A PLACE I'D RATHER BE – NIKKI BILES

The place I rather be is in the countryside by the leaves. the trees glisten, the birds listen
all in the countryside by the leaves.

The place I rather be is in the water on the beach, The sea glisten the wave listens all in
the water on the beach.

The place I rather be is up a tree with the owls. The bees buzz and and the squirrels love
all up a tree with the owls.

The place I rather be is in the woods so deep underneath the clouds. The wolves howl,
The Loins roar meow in the woods so deep underneath the clouds.

The place I rather be in on a hill with the sunset. The sun goes down, The sky goes
orange and Reddy brown. All on a hill with the sunset.

The place I rather be is on a ship at sea. The deck glistens...The pirates listen all on a
ship at sea....

THE SAME – SAMUEL MOKTAN

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Control C Control V
Ha
I just copied you



MONKEY – GEORGE GROVER

In the beginning there was Monkey
In the end there was Monkey
Time is Monkey
Life is just Monkey
Day after day is Monkey
A tireless climb for nothing
I ask if death is painful, and it just laughs.

Would it be better if we were just Monkey?
Would it hurt less?
Would we live more?

Or in the end is it all just Monkey?

MY FOREST – FREDDIE MCGEORGE HINKS

Monday the forest was lush with trees and animals.
Tuesday birds fly round the trees doing loop the loops.
Wednesday bees and foxes disappeared from the forest.
Wednesday night the rumbling of trucks fill the night.
Thursday tree stumps and saw dust has replaced the forest all that remains is the pure blue lake
Friday all the tree stumps have vanished a factory has come to town turning the pure blue water into toxic black and brown water.
We need to do something about our forests.
They disappear one by one.
Soon there will be none.



A HAIKUS – BEN NORTON

Here are some haikus
Made during CW
(Creative Writing)

I do not have much
Experience with haikus
Hope I don't mess up

Just a few haikus
It won't be that hard to
do

Best if I just start

Haikus are quite hard
Quite a strict syllable
scheme

Never flexible

Haiku in four words
Thought to be impossible
So I will not try

I need a haiku
Do you have any ideas
Please give them to me

Doesn't have to rhyme
All it has to do is fit
In 5 – 7 – 5

A Gesamtkunstwerk
Is a total piece of art
Comes from Germany

This is quite some fun
I think I will continue
For a while at least

Italy is great
They make all of the best
food

Very delicious

I don't think I'll touch
On anything serious
In anything here

I really don't like
The adjective "Luckily"
It just seems lazy

The 13th haiku
Hopefully not unlucky
Guess we'll wait and see

Don't know what to do
All these poems are
haikus

I need something new

Maybe Limericks
That I don't know how to
write.

I really am stuck

Too many haikus
I think I am going mad
But I cannot stop

I think my mind will
Be forever stuck like this
I think I need help

Help me I am trapped
In this hell I've created
I cannot get out

Those are my haikus
More will be inserted
soon
When I have the time



The Seahorse



Thank you for reading!

Do you want to feature in our next magazine?! If you would like to be a part of this amazing, creative experience please come and join.

We meet every Tuesday after school until 4pm in G38E. If you have any questions just ask Miss Foster or Ms Frost.

We look forward to seeing you soon :D

Editors: Miss Foster, Ms Frost

Writing: Members of the Creative Writing Club

