

The Haunted House

"What's your problem Jo? Ever since our holiday together, you've been acting strangely!"

"My problem!" screamed Jo, "me, acting strangely! What about you? I'm fed up with hearing of your sporting victories! Why can't you, for once, just talk about something different?"

"Fine" Alan said, surprisingly calm. "Have it your way. I'll go and talk to someone who will listen to me. To put it in English, I'm dumping you."

"W-W-What! After two years of sheer happiness, you're leaving me?" Jo sobbed. Alan nodded. "I'm so sorry, Alan. I didn't mean to hurt you, you know that. Please don't go!" By now Jo was pleading.

"I'm sorry too, but Kate and I love each other. Our relationship has been crumbling for over a month now." With that Alan left. Jo exploded in tears, "How could he do this to me? I'll kill Kate one day . . . I will."

Jo burst into her room and collapsed on to her bed. The next thing she knew her mother was by her bedside crying. "I'm so sorry Jo. This must be so hard for you," she sobbed. Jo stretched and yawned. It was late evening by now; her bedroom was darkening.

"Mum? What's wrong?" Jo was confused.

"Oh, poor Alan," she sobbed.

"Mother! I've only fallen out with him. I'll make up, if it's that important." Jo tried to laugh.

"Oh, Jo, you can't make up with Alan. He's . . . he died earlier in a fire. Kate's gone too. I'm so sorry."

"No!" Jo screamed "not my Alan, no . . . no!"

One year later Charlotte was bored now. She had spent all day trying to put all of the furniture into the new house. Her brother, Lance, wasn't of any use at all. Charlotte had just turned nineteen; her brother was fifteen. They were moving into Oxford, as their parents were on business in Japan for three years. They didn't have any relations, except their aunt who wasn't very well, so they decided to rent a house in hectic Oxford. They had been at the new residence for around half of the day, when a girl (who was vaguely the same age as Charlotte) sauntered up the drive. "Hi! I'm Jo. I heard

that you were moving in, and I thought I might give you a hand. That is, if you want one."

Charlotte was delighted. "That would be great. Thanks!" They chatted for a while then worked on.

It was the first day back at school. Jo was walking Charlotte and she was going to be her shadow for the week. "Don't worry. You'll be fine. Most people are all right." explained Jo. People came up to Charlotte, introduced themselves and asked her questions. What puzzled Charlotte was that if she told them where she lived people would gasp. In the end she confronted Jo with her theory and Jo suddenly turned unhappy. "Did no-one tell you?" she asked. Charlotte shook her head. "Well . . . you see . . . there was a fire in that house, not a big one mind you, but two of my friends were killed in it. My boyfriend was one of them."

Charlotte was disturbed by what Jo had said. "Was it true?" she thought. "I do trust Jo, so it must true. Ghosts in our house? Wow! I'd better not tell Lance. He'd go ballistic!" That's when the practical jokes started.

First it was the phone calls: the nights of the calls were always dark. They'd always be between 9.00 and 11.30. After three of them she had to tell someone. They'd go something like this:

"Hello."

"Hello, Charlotte," the voice whispered. The voice drew a long, raspy breath . . . and let it out again . . . breathing . . . while her heart beat like a frantic wing in her throat.

"Who – who is this?"

The voice began to laugh and then suddenly went quiet – the awful terrible silence going on and on forever . . .

"Hello?" Charlotte cried, "who is this?"

"You're dead, darling. Just like the others who died in this house." The voice would then hang up.

Charlotte told her brother and he said that she was imagining things. Charlotte was too scared to pick up the phone and when Lance answered the voice would hang up.

One night, there was a frightful storm. Charlotte and

Lance were watching a movie when – Crash! "What was that?" whispered Charlotte.

"I dunno, but you'd better switch off the box and come with me!" exclaimed Lance. They crept into the kitchen. The light was on, and there was a shadow on the wall. "Oh!" Lance whispered, dumbfounded. "Call the cops, Char." Charlotte was feeling dizzy with astonishment. She picked up the phone but there was no dialling tone.

"Lance, it's not working. I'll try upstairs." But the upstairs phone wasn't working either. Charlotte thought it was the storm. Little did she know that someone had cut the wires.

"It's all right Char," shouted Lance. "He's gone, we're safe. Did you get through to the police?"

"No, the storm's done the wires in," answered Charlotte.

Knock! Knock!

"Don't get it, Lance!" Charlotte whispered, "it might be him!" She ran downstairs and crumpled on the sofa. They were both frightened out of their wits. Slam! The wind rushed in, blowing everything everywhere. The door had slammed open. Holding hands tightly, Charlotte and Lance explored to find the uninvited visitor. To their surprise no-one was there. On the doorstep, torn and tatty, was a scarecrow with a carving knife in its head. In its ragged hands was a piece of paper saying, "This is my house. It has been since I've died. Go away before I kill you." Charlotte burst out crying and rushed into the house screaming. Lance looked at the piece of paper again. The red writing was blood. No, it couldn't be. But it was, and it was still wet.

When the final and worst phone call came, it was the last straw:

"Hello, Charlotte, Reuben speaking. Hello darling, it's me again."

"Lance! Stop messing about!"

"It's me, the voice, and I'm coming round now to finish you off for good." With that he hung up.

Charlotte felt dizzy and sick. "I can't die now. I'm too young."

Drastically she phoned Jo and told her to come

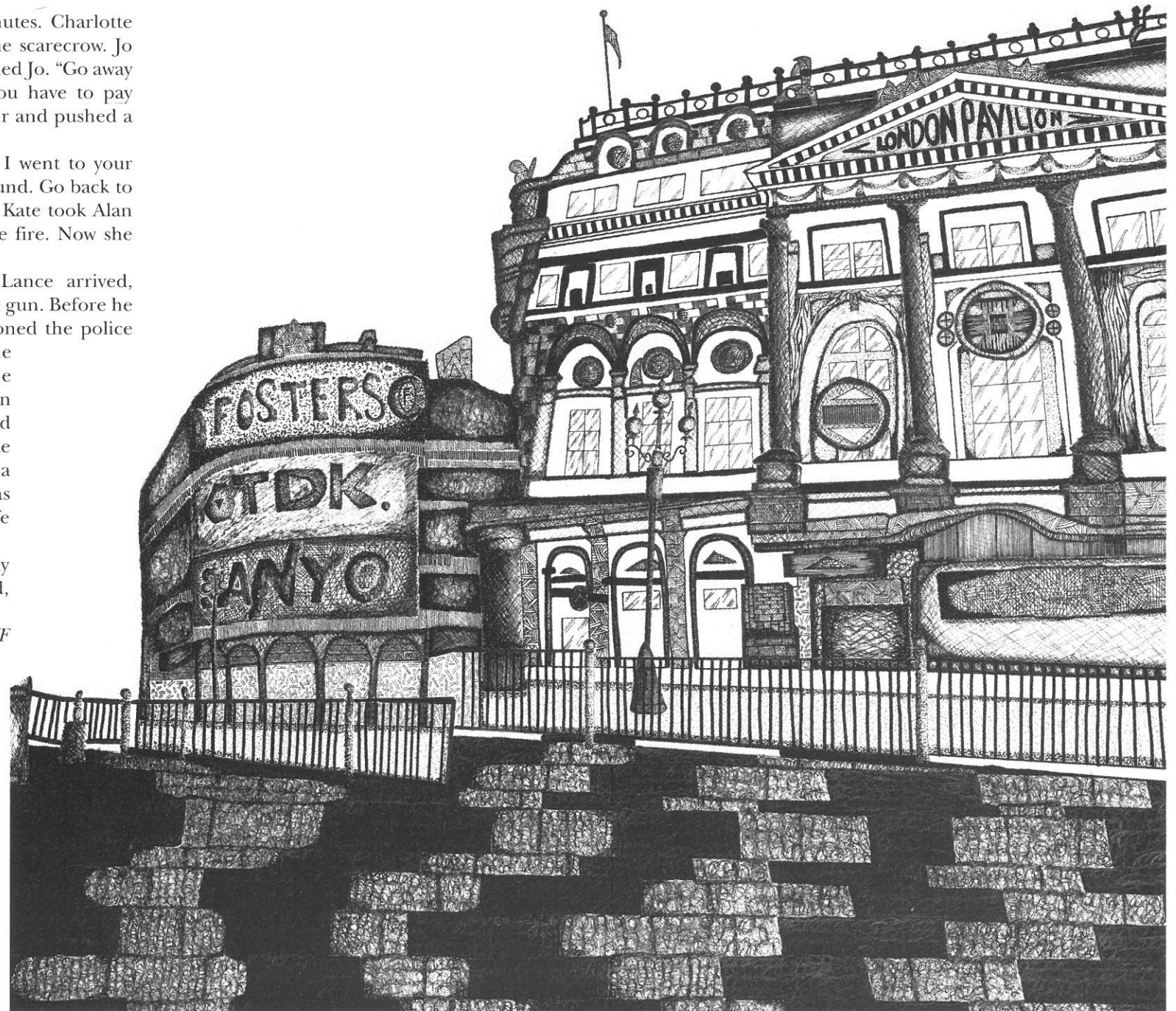
round immediately. Jo was over in minutes. Charlotte told her everything, the phone calls, the scarecrow. Jo listened intently. "No . . . o . . . o !" screamed Jo. "Go away Kate. You took away Alan from me, you have to pay now!" Jo pulled Charlotte from her chair and pushed a gun into her chest.

"You're dead Kate; everyone knows I went to your funeral. I saw your body go into the ground. Go back to the dead." Charlotte understood now. Kate took Alan away from Jo and they both died in the fire. Now she thinks that I'm Kate.

Jo was pulling the trigger when Lance arrived, jumped onto Jo, and struggled to get the gun. Before he came into the room Lance had telephoned the police because he heard shouts. During the commotion Jo shot Lance and he collapsed. Fortunately, the police soon arrived and took Jo away. They rushed Lance to the hospital for immediate treatment but he died later of a punctured lung. Charlotte was devastated. Her brother saved her life and died.

She travelled down to Brighton to stay with her aunt until her parents returned, and never went back to that house.

Katie Deak, IIF



Kulthida Boonthong, LVI

Shipwrecked

As the captain had warned us, an enormous storm had started. Everyone was rushing around trying to secure the ropes. The rain was coming down in torrents. The waves were like crocodiles' mouths coming down on us.

That massive wave shook the boat. It began to sink and people were going overboard fast. I did not know what to do. Another enormous wave broke the mast. The sails crashed down on top of me and three other people. The force of the mast had also pushed the captain into the water.

There was nothing left for me to do but abandon ship, as only the prow of the ship remained above sea level. I was petrified. I grabbed a piece of driftwood and began to kick my legs. I didn't know if any of my crewmates were alive. Then I felt very nauseous so I stopped swimming and waited for the morning to come.

I did not sleep; I was too afraid. My legs were aching, so I decided to leave the piece of driftwood and swim on: I must have swum for at least three hours. Thankfully I then came across a larger piece of driftwood and clung on to it with all my might.

The next day I carried on swimming and swam for at least another three hours before I sighted land. What relief I felt. When I came onto the sandy beach, I was weak, fatigued and very breathless, but I was also relieved. Even so, at the back of my mind I wondered where I had swum to.

Laura Brooks, IIF

Gulliver

The boat was rocking and suddenly an extremely loud bang was heard as a big flash of lightning lit up the whole sky. It was ever so windy, the people who were up on deck were soaked through with the amount of rain that was pouring from the skies. One enormous wave splashed up and over the side of the boat.

Another big bang made everyone jump out of their skins, and a bright flash of lightning flew straight into the side of the boat. The next thing the crew knew, the boat began sinking.

"Abandon ship!" the captain shouted and everybody jumped off the boat.

There were cries of "Help!" and people taking their last breaths and going under; few survived.

Gulliver was one of the lucky ones and he scrambled onto part of a mast. He clung with all his might, breathless and gasping from all the water he had swallowed. A few times he went under when an unexpected wave pounded on top of him. He was shivering from the shock of what had just happened. He did not know how long he had been holding onto the mast but his fingers were aching with pain from the splinters in them.

Gulliver had been swimming for a long time and his legs were aching because he was holding onto the mast and kicking with his legs. He was relieved to see a shoreline and soon forgot about the pain he was in, for he was just so determined to reach the shore. The sea was so calm because the storm had gone as quickly as it had come. When he at last reached the shore he let go of the mast and stumbled out of the sea and collapsed onto the sand. Oh how good it felt to be back on dry land!

Stephanie Barnes, IIF

I am

I am the pen without any ink
I am the eye without a wink
I am the eye without a blink

I am the pencil without any lead
I am the book that hasn't been read
I am the crust without any bread

I am the glue that doesn't even stick
I am the wall without any bricks
I am the dog without a lick

I am the book without a page
I am the human without an age
I am the bird without a cage

I am the earth that isn't even round
I am the voice without a sound
I am the frog without a pond.

Kinal Patel, IIF

I

I am the empty pencil case.
I am the star with no light.
I am the car with no petrol.
I am the mouse with no tail.

I am the bee with no buzz.
I am the zebra with no stripes.
I am the duck with no beak.
I am the pencil with no lead.
I am the chair with no legs.
I am the tree with no branches.
I am the flower with no petals.
I am the pen with no ink.
I am the panda with no spots.

Monika Patel, IIF

At Night

As I walk down the empty streets of
Cranberry Lane,
The lonely clouds gaze into my
sparkling eyes,
The small silver stars silently slumber
away in the dark sky,
The solid pavements are covered with
wet glistening balls of silver,
The fresh cool breeze slowly wafts past
my face as I walk down the lonely
streets,
I feel the sense of a strange presence
walking softly beside me,
The silver moon highlights the image of
my black shadow.
Yewande Ososanya, IK

My Dressing Table

My dressing table is a clutter of different
things.
A red hair brush and comb, a necklace
with my name on it, hanging over the
side of my pine mirror.
A patterned make-up bag, bulging with
blushers, eyeshadows, and lipsticks of all
colours. Pinks, reds and copper. Bands
of hair toggles, multi-coloured.
There is often an odd pen or two,
perhaps a book.
My jewellery box – a birthday present.
The peach lamp, glowing most
beautifully.
Lastly, my prize possession, a ship in a
bottle.
My dressing table is extremely special to
me.
Maria Redman, Ii

Autumn Leaves

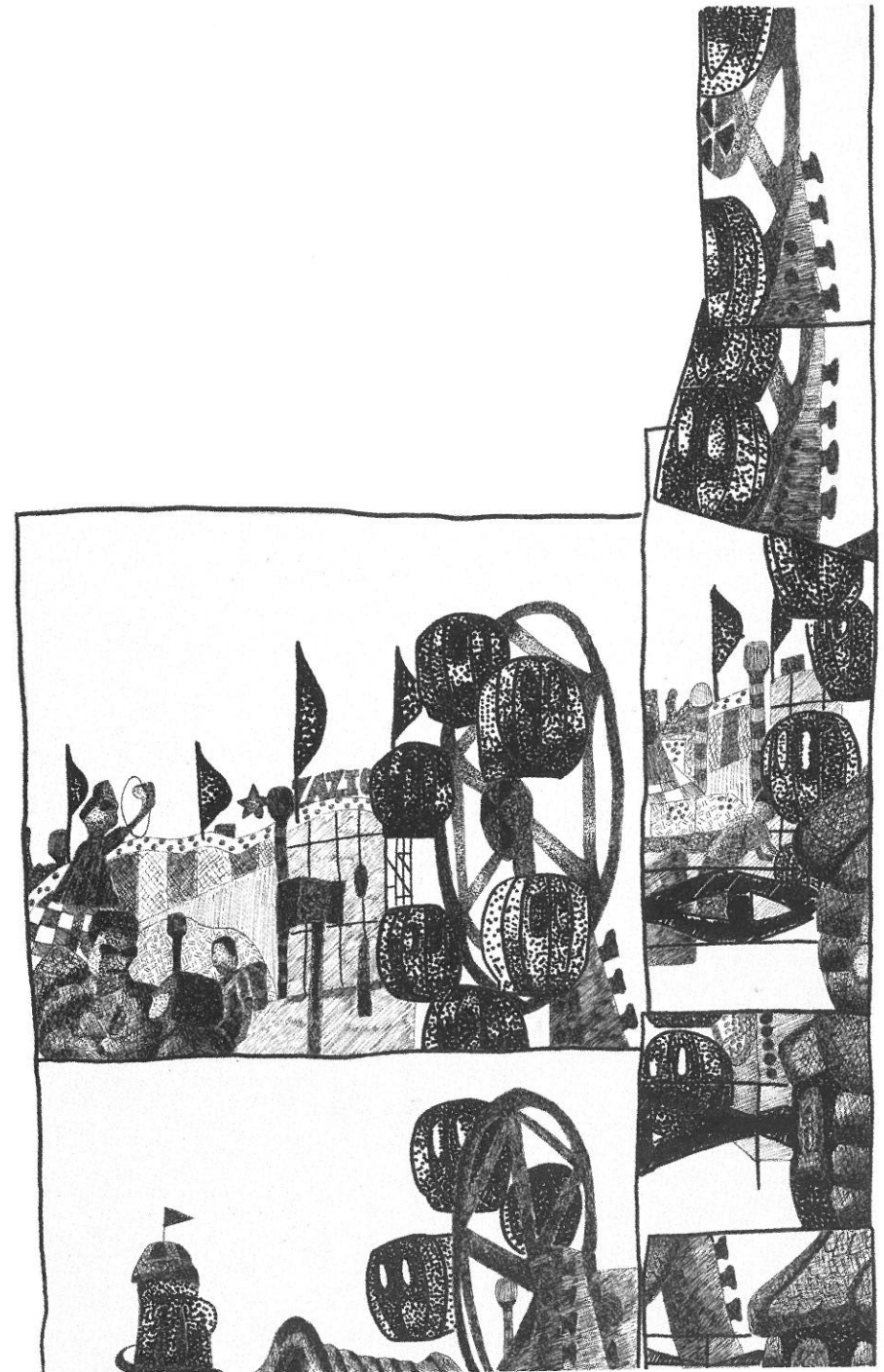
Summer is fading, disappearing,
Autumn's drawing in,
Rusty colours flying past,
Twirl and whirl and spin.

Flame red trees, as if on fire,
Leaves fall to the ground,
Showering down, a rainfall of colours,
With the most delightful sound.

A crunchy, crimson carpet,
A brittle, crispy sound,
Warm, inviting smoke pours out of
Chimneys all round.

Dancing, twirling, amber, gold,
Orange, red, once green.
But watching leaves when falling
Is a beauty to be seen.
Nicola Ghiaci, Ii

'Fairground'
by Tae Kim, LVI



The Flower Show

In the heart of the English countryside, there is a small village called Amberton. You can reach it via a pleasantly winding lane that forks off Lyme Road, but unless you know your way to this beautiful place which is tucked away in the dips and valleys of England, a great task is undertaken if it is to be found.

When it was first discovered by travelling pilgrims in the Middle Ages, accounts were written about it, and were kept for generations by the pilgrims' families, but the only clue as to the position of this wonderful place was the description of two yew trees which the tired pilgrims had rested under because their religious destination was still many trudging miles away.

The accounts were thrown away or damaged over the years but, in the early sixteenth century, one set of accounts was discovered by a carpenter, and then soon after the site was rediscovered.

Ever since, Amberton has remained a typical English village with its church, row of shops, cricket green and, above all, its people, who relish country living and any kind of excuse for a gathering in which they can enjoy their village, and still being in complete awe and admiration for their heavenly surroundings.

The greatest occasion of the year is the Annual Amberton Flower Show, which is held in July on the second Saturday. Preparations for this event are started months before, which include flower category meetings in the church hall, plans for the setting up of the old canvas marquee on the green, and a tea-making rota for the ladies on the Church committee.

The day itself is a wonderful celebration of human skill combined with natural beauty and is greatly enjoyed by every villager.

At the crack of dawn, everyone is up setting up chairs and tables, packing hampers, making cucumber sandwiches, cooling bitter lemonade and making sure they have their best outfit clean for the occasion.

By mid-morning the green is buzzing with people. Children play with each other on the gravel path, and the vicar rushes round with his clipboard checking

everything is in order. Everyone has their job to do; even the children are sometimes asked to stop playing and help with carrying pots of plants into the marquee to place on the judge's table.

At eleven o'clock, the whole village assembles in the marquee, leaving the tea stand unattended for the only time in the day, and children's toys are cast aside.

The vicar calls for hush, mopping his brow with a clean pocket handkerchief, and within seconds everyone is silent. His address is based on the same thing every year at the flower show, which is 2 Corinthians: "Thanks be to God for his gift that is too wonderful for words," and every year it goes well, and needless to say everyone is in agreement.

After the address, everyone files out of the marquee to eat their packed lunch on the green, while the vicar remains inside to judge the flowers, which is quite a ritual involving careful consideration, thought and above all, prayer!

Meanwhile, outside the marquee, picnic rugs have been laid out on the bouncy grass and the food has been unpacked. Luncheon meat, pies and flans, rolls and sandwiches, salads with dressings, fresh fruit, a selection of cheeses, and strawberries and cream all laid out for a very short time before they are eaten, without left-overs for teatime and barely crumbs for the birds.

When lunch is over, everyone is called back to the marquee for the prize giving. First, the vicar thanks all who took part, and says how difficult it was to decide, as all entries were admirable and unique, and then the prize giving begins. First the runners-up are called out and given their results, and as the seconds go by the tension builds, and as the winner is read out for first prize there is a moment of silence, then an outburst of applause breaks out as the proud winner steps forward, beaming with pride.

Surely this is why village life is relished by all who live in Amberton, because regardless of who won on that second Saturday in July, everybody knew it was the taking part that counted, and that is what makes village life.

Charlotte Overton-Hart, IVY

I am the ink

I am the ink that writes the pen,
I am the sound that makes the music,
I am the jumper that knits the wool,
I am the words that write the book,
I am the house that builds the wood,
I am the music that plays the piano,
I am the trousers that hold the belt,
I am the paper that makes the tree,
I am the heart that makes the soul,
I am the brain that makes the human,
I am the warmth that makes the fire.

Stephanie Barnes, IIF

I am the soul . . .

I am the soul that does not feel.
I am the words with no truth.
I am the ear that does not hear.
I am a person with fear.

I am an owl without silent flight.
I am the hare without spring.
I am the brook that does not babble.
I am the puddle in which no people paddle.

I am the seed that was never planted.
I am the holly without red berries.
I am an autumn without fruit.
I am all of these things and more.
I am no-one.

Rebecca Rowland, IIE

I am

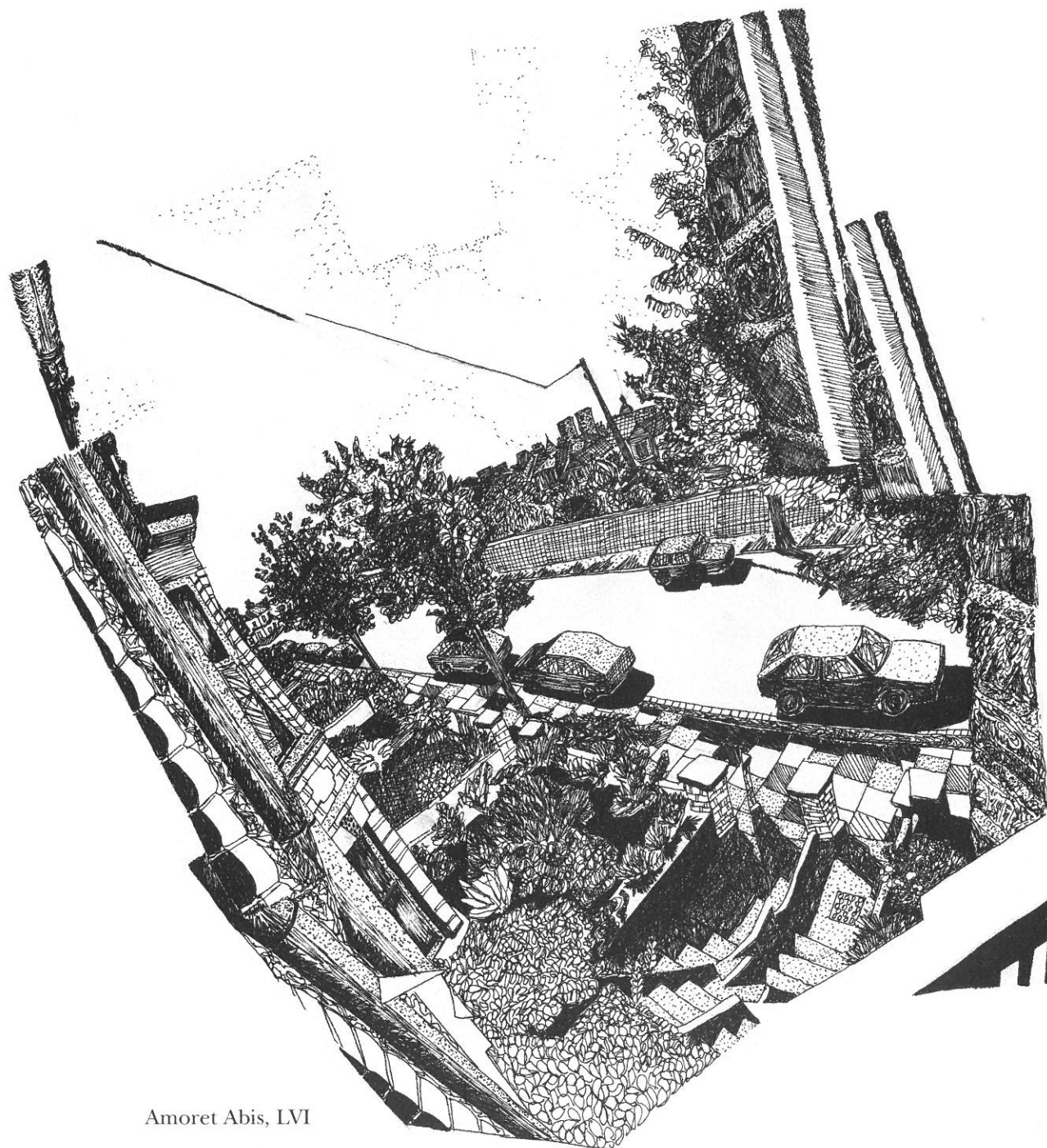
I am the sewage let out into the sea.
I am the oil on the bird's wings.
I am the man who chops down the trees.
I am the man who tests on animals.
I am the pollution in the earth.
I am the gorilla that's becoming extinct.
I am the holes in the sky.
I am war not peace.
I am the person who doesn't care.
I am the fairytale ending in nightmare.
I am the earth.

Michelle Maloney, IIE

Me

The unhappy Christmas and the unopened door,
The toy in the junkyard and the unvisited grave,
The bird with no song and the battery without charge,
The unloved doll and the unwanted kitten,
The unused chess game and the cracked old mug,
The phone that never rings and the unfinished painting,
The thrown out book and the light that's never shone.
I am all of these things
But most of all,
I'm alone.

Lauren Lansdowne, IIE



Amoret Abis, LVI

In the Land of the Unknown . . .

He Entered the Eighth Dream

So he walked to the small doorway,
But it shrank away from him.
He saw an ornate table appear near him
And so he moved towards that,
But it disappeared.
A gnarled old oak tree emerged
And he reached out to touch it,
But it too vanished.

The door suddenly rushed towards him,
And the lake became alive.
Willow trees bowed down to the lake
As their leaves rustled with the gentle breeze.
Trees were laden with bright fruits,
Red, orange, purple, gold
And rusty brown Autumn colours
Illuminated by soft warm light.
Pure white doves fluttered above
And the whole atmosphere was in harmony,
With a dizzy warmth; a place of peace and rest.

Then again it all turned sour,
And far too convincing.
He was in a cruel war, men dropping like flies,
A very real sense of terror and death.
And he slowly become conscious that
To his horror, this was no dream.
This was reality.

Sarah Hatherly, IIM1

But then again, the door grew large,
and the horsemen melted out of the grave,
and become alive once more,
to explore the lake of fire,
with the birds with singed wings,
and the peacocks pecking the flesh of the black knight.

And then he almost saw
his reflection in a dark mirror
but turned away just in time.
He turned desperate for a look,
and the dark secrets of the mirror beckoned,
whispering the truth,
and as he sprang towards it,
it engulfed him, and the door loomed.
He fumbled for the key
but the moth flew through the keyhole
and he was in paradise.

The peacocks were now snow white,
and the lake was of pure, untouched water,
and the doves sang,
the melody simple,
and he could feel the tranquillity penetrate his rough skin,
and he relaxed.

The four horsemen were dressed in white,
and the fruit was ripe, and rich,
and sweet tasting.

But the tranquillity started to fade,
and the white turned to grey,
then to black.
He looked in desperation at the water,
but it was turning to blood.
He howled to the moon,
which started to drip, drip, drip,
like an hourglass,
first slowly, then faster and faster,
until he felt dizzy and sick,
and fell to the black ground,
but instead of hitting the floor,
he travelled on through time and space.

He was alone now.

Hannah Redman, IIM1

The world felt close to his fingertips,
He lay soundless without a care in the earth.
He came close to dying but saved himself
By drawing towards a calm, peaceful wood.
The surroundings were oblivious to his sight.
The woodland felt hard.
His sleeping became softer,
And he saw the shimmering lake in the distance . . .
People were screaming, danger was ahead.
Circles were flying, soaring high in the sky.
There were bodies lying still, motionless
And his mind was distraught with hatred and anger.
He knew it was coming to an end . . .

A light came gleaming down from the sky.
The lake was shining in the bright, distant future.
The hatred from his soul felt as if it had been lifted.
His mind felt new and replenished.
Flying wings came towards him.
They soared high into the bright, beaming sky.
With him on their backs.
He knew he would return, but to where?
That was his destiny . . .

Sara Toussi, IIM1

Going through the next door I saw the lake,
The lake of my dreams.
Dark blue water with ducks dabbling
And the grass blowing in the breeze.
Until I saw it,
A black silhouette,
It turned,
I saw no face
But just these big blue eyes staring at me.
I was afraid.
Then everything went red,
The water turned to blood
And the ducks just lay there dead,
The atmosphere was cold and damp,
Then it felt I was being carried
Then I found out,
I was . . .

Rebecca Doble, IIM1

In the Land of the Unknown . . .

He Entered the Eighth Dream

And then I saw the lake was red,
the colour of BLOOD.
The waves were crashing like thunder,
and as I saw the eye of the storm
with a silver moon upon it, I saw myself,
drowning
in the tide of my dreams.
Then out of the sea, the sea of death,
I saw a figure, dressed in a black robe.
He had no face, but he held out a rope.
Next, a presence all shining white
appeared,
as if out of Heaven, he had no rope but a
cross. . .

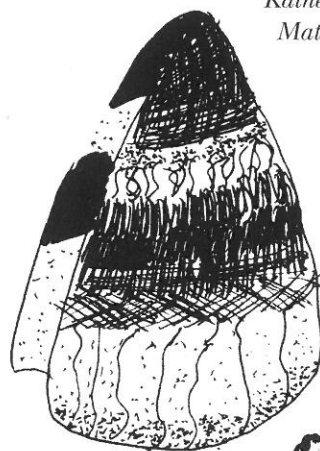
WHERE SHOULD I TURN?

I reached for the cross and was faced
with a DOOR . . .

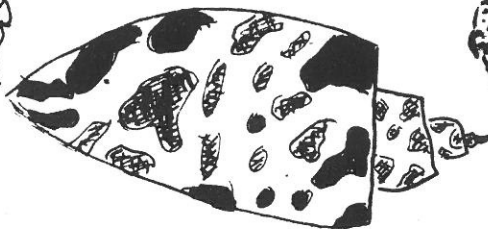
As I crossed the entrance, I felt extreme
joy,
not just happy, but a feeling of
indescribable joy.
I was surrounded by a garden . . .
The garden was rich with fruit, and

luscious colours,
I sensed a presence, and a man
confronted me:
He asked me the way to paradise,
and I answered that he must already be
there.
He replied that I still had a long way to
travel.
Then I awoke . . .
I realised the garden was my heart,
And the man was God.
The Journey was my faith.

*Katherine
Mathews, IIMI*



Irene Kwong, IIJ



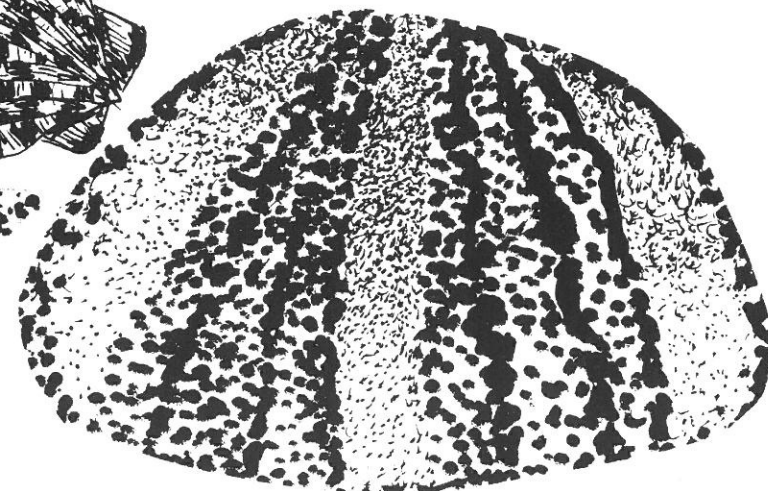
Bianca Southwell, IIJ



Jung-ok Joo, IIM3



Irene Kwong, IIJ



Laura Bowes, IIE

The eighth door shows the lake,
All covered in ice.
The plants and swans trapped in this field
of cold.
Spiders dangle idly as the blood-shot fills
their eyes,
He panics with terror at this new sight.
A creeper moves by his foot and he tries to
jump aside,
But wait, he cannot move an arm nor leg.
He is paralysed neck down.
Something twitches across the lake from
him,
Another door appears.
Roses stretch around this baby blue door,
Soon he is next to the 9th door,
And light circles round it . . .

The lake shimmered in the wind.
The cold seeped through the grass

And reached his bare feet.
He felt cold all through his body.
Now he knew what was wrong.
The feeling of emptiness welled up inside
him.
There were no living creatures,
No birds, no flies, but worst of all no
humans.
He did not understand this feeling.
Everything had disappeared except for
him.
He was alone in this world
And there was nobody to save him.

Marisha O'Gunleye, IIMI

Terror at Sea

It was high tide. We were sailing smoothly on the calm Indian Ocean passing a group of islands. The amazing sight of the setting sun glistening in the water was truly spectacular. My friends and I took photos of it then continued playing cards. A light shower quickly passed by and we called it a day, then made our way to our cabins.

I was restless all night and lay awake on top of my covers and stared up at the ceiling. I had a strange feeling that something was going to happen. I began to feel hot so I went out upon the deck and the light breeze cooled me down. The only sounds to be heard were the gentle waves lapping against the side of the boat and the quiet creaking of the boat's floorboards. I breathed in deeply, filling my lungs with fresh sea air, already feeling much better. Perhaps it was just a touch of sea sickness. The night air was becoming chilly now so I crept silently back inside.

I awoke suddenly with a sharp jerk and a loud crash. I scrambled out of bed then dived out of the way of a falling cupboard which slammed down in the very place where I had been standing. I sprinted up onto the main deck and saw everyone busily fixing things. A couple looked out, using binoculars, trying to find anything that could have possibly caused such a disturbance. We took turns in being lookout and it was now my duty, with a couple of others. We played cards and had some hot cocoa and chatted.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, loomed a monster which reared up from the deep waters, towering

above us and the boat. The grotesque creature, its mouth foaming with a sickly yellowish substance, its sharp eyes dancing like flames, shook its head violently and shrieked in fury. Its high pitch made us cover our ears. The monster must have been over 60 feet long, which was nearly twice the size of our boat. Its skin texture was like a cobbled street. In the beams of our flashlights we could see the bluish skin which was dripping with the moisture it had brought from the depths. All over, its body seemed to be crawling alive. Its long sharp talons ripped our sails to shreds. The creature's breath stank of rotten flesh and its teeth were stained and decayed and coloured black and red.

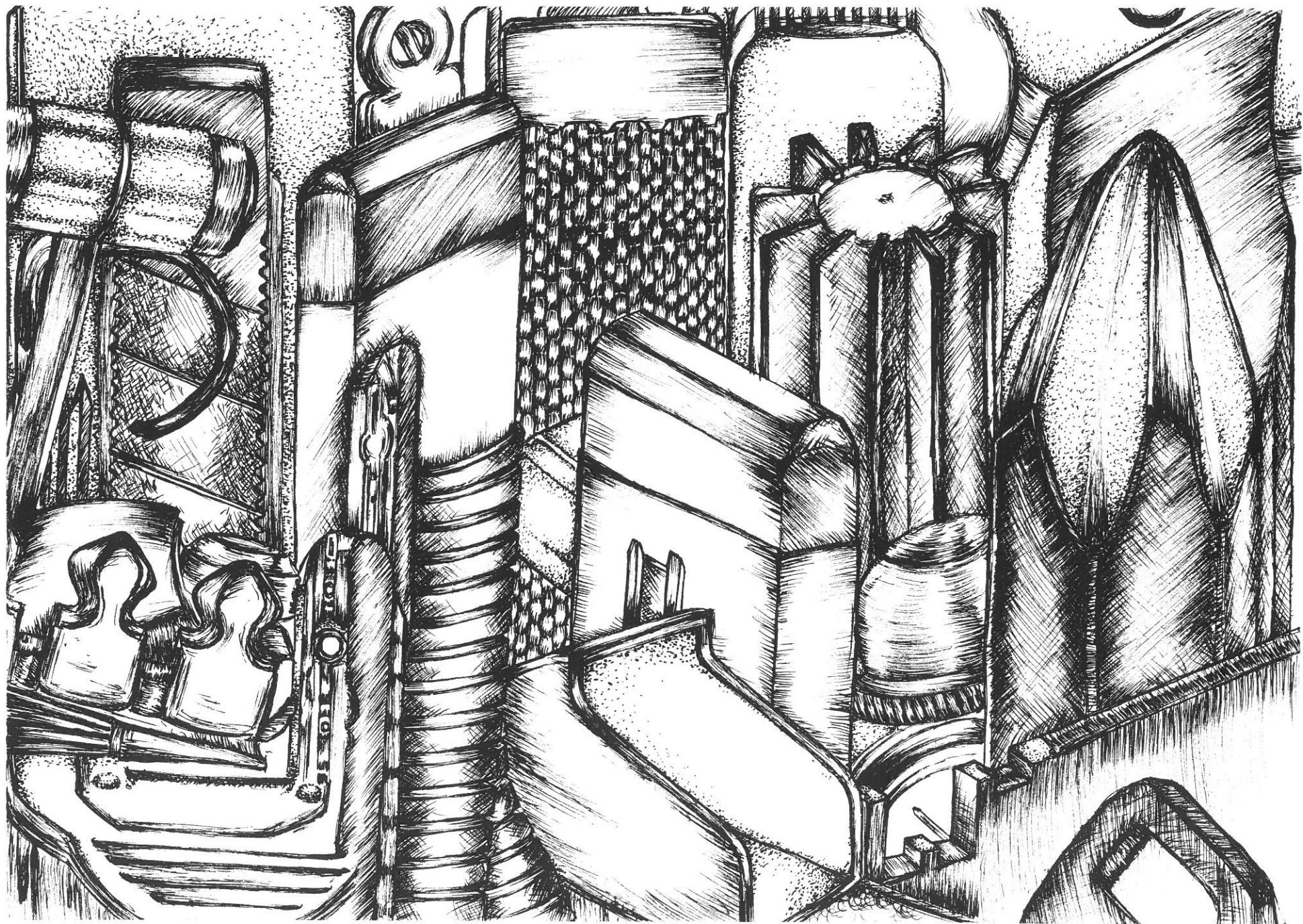
It glared angrily at one of my friends and spat out a substance which hit the man, inflicting much pain. Someone aimed a wooden plank and waited till the creature bent its great head down low then hit it in the eye. The creature sank under the water until there was nothing left but bubbles. Then unexpectedly, without any warning, the creature rose up from the depths, hissing and spitting. Its tail thrashing, it threw a couple of my friends off the boat into the sea, and they drowned. The water was churning and practically bubbling because of the fury of the monster. My friends tried to tackle it but they got knocked down with a flick of its tail. The monster swam round us over and over again, probably trying to make some sort of whirlpool. It ducked under the water and underneath the boat and almost caused it to capsize. I saw my friend throwing a piece of metal at the monster. It spun round. I could tell it was going to spit a substance

out, for its mouth was beginning to foam around the edges. Swiftly I ran to her, but suddenly I tripped and fell. I felt helpless, and all I could do was watch my friend face this creature alone. I looked round me for anything I could use to at least distract the monster. There in front of me was a harpoon, loaded. I grabbed it and carefully aimed at the creature's heart for this was my last and only chance to kill it. I pulled the trigger. The enormous thing fell into the sea screaming and hissing in pain. The monster's body was submerged. The last heart beat was heard, then all was silent. It was dead.

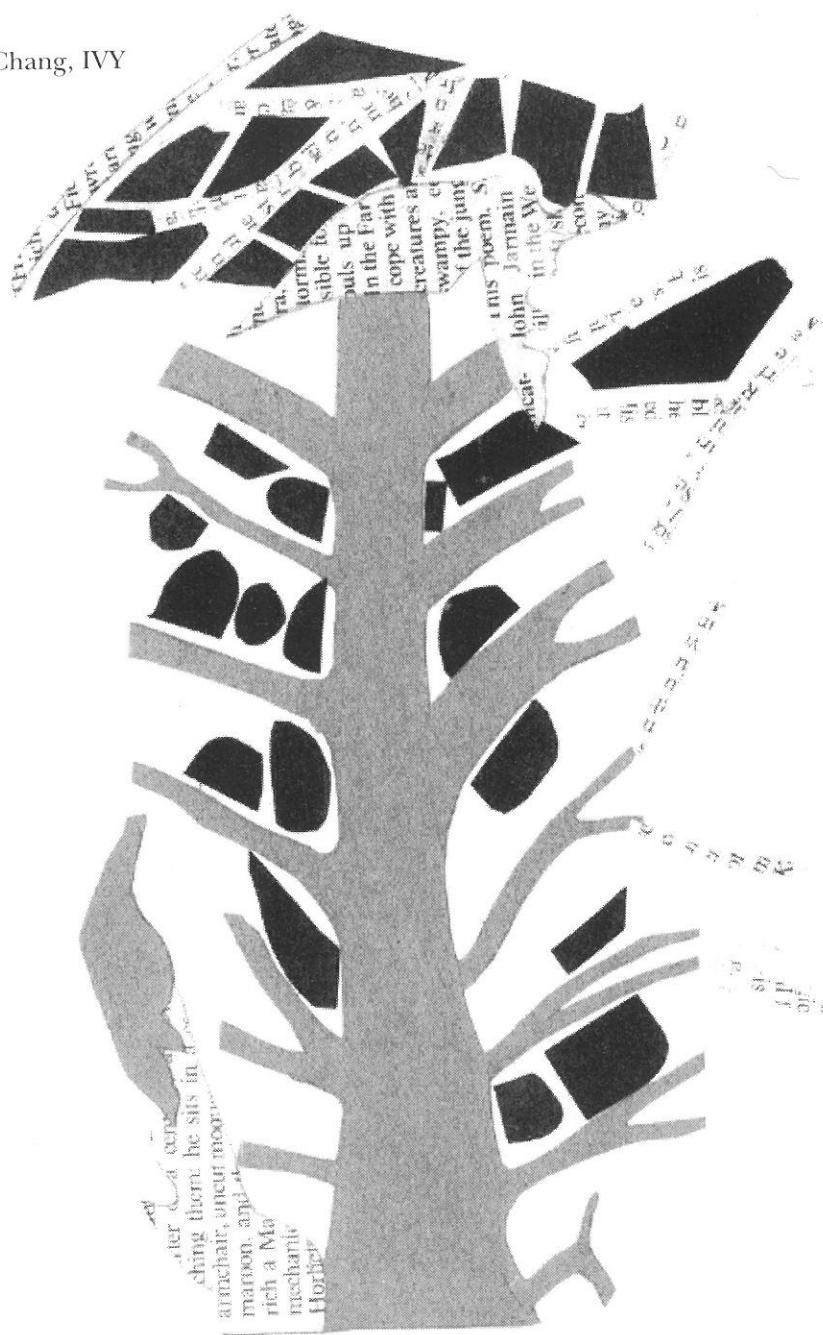
The water was calming down and I had done what I had sworn to do. The soft colours of the setting sun made the clouds glow. The reflection of it all in the water was undisturbed and all was peaceful.

Georgia May, IG

Facing page:
Connie Luk, IVY



Jackie Chang, IVY



Sea Monster

That day was a horror. I came very close to death.

All was going well at first. The weather was fine and the waters were calm. But all at once, as the sun smiled her golden beams across onto us from the south, there was a sudden commotion. "All hands on deck!" came the cry from above. All of us below dropped what we were doing and rushed up.

Though it was not a windy day, the ship was pitching violently, up and down, up and down. I stood in the bow, looking for the cause of the problem. But I then wished I hadn't, for when I saw it I was frozen to the spot.

Paralysed with fear, I gasped at the creature that towered high above the tallest mast. Its neck was thicker than a tree trunk, and a dark, dirty, green-brown colour. There were deep wrinkles in the thick skin, deeper than a human hand could penetrate. Higher up, an enormous head roared to the world, a head as large as our ship. The great jaws were opened, showing the mouth full of razor-sharp teeth within, each over four feet long, some almost six. But it was the eyes of the beast that instilled the most horror of all. They were an evil yellow, with a dark split down the middle that seemed to glare directly at me. They were hideous and wicked and sly in expression, and gave the final touch to the terrifying abomination.

I snapped out of my trance to the boom of a cannon shot. A dark shining cannon-ball bounced away from the beast's hide, and splashed into the churning waters. This angered the serpent considerably. It thrashed its loathsome body, madly stirring the sea so much as to cause a great wave of brine to rage across the deck. Several men were taken overboard, along with numerous pieces of wood. I glimpsed one or two men clinging to some of these pieces, but there was no hope for them. The giant head shot down and carefully took one man off the wood, and, knocking back, swallowed him. The great demon used the same method to devour the other men.

It was then that the crew made a grave mistake. Again, a cannon sounded, again the missile struck but rebounded into the agitated waters. Furious, the serpent looped a huge coil across our ship. Horrified, I watched as the vessel snapped in two like matchwood. I clutched the side and watched helplessly as I slowly sank. My half of the ship was larger than the other, which had sunk rapidly. I could see the crew sinking beneath the waves, where the jaws waited to receive them.

I had been the only one in the bow. Peering over, I saw the reptile that must have come from hell itself slink away, as swiftly and gracefully as the wind. I was relieved. Even though I was to drown, for I knew nothing of how to swim, I would rather that than be skewered on a reptile's sharp teeth.

Carol Topley, IG

Monster from the Deep!

A fisherman had just spotted something big and green lurking in the sea off the coast of Boston, so we were just about to investigate the mystery!

The waves were crashing over the side of the speed boat, making the bow of it rise up out of the water.

We reached the point where the fisherman's large fishing boat was waiting for us. The fisherman, whose name was Captain Sims, told us that the monster had headed North. Captain Sims said that we should take his boat because the speed boat could easily be capsized.

We headed North. Where the monster was heading we did not know. Suddenly a very dense fog came down and we could only see a couple of yards in front of us. Captain Sims said that the fog would soon clear and that we would soon be on our way.

A couple of hours went by and the fog had still not cleared, so we went on deck.

Everywhere was mysteriously quiet, then behind the boat came an abrupt splash! We all turned round but nothing was there. Captain Sims said it was most probably a dolphin messing about in the water, but I was not so sure. It might have been the monster we had been looking for. We all went down into the cabin to have a rest, but just as I was about to lay my head on the pillow we all heard a very loud hiss. We ran up the stairs and opened the trap door.

There I stood, face to face with the sea monster. It looked ghastly! It had tiny little eyes on the side of its head. It had teeth that were as sharp as razors which it was gnashing to and fro. It had huge nostrils which were very noisy when it breathed in and out.

The monster drew nearer to the boat and leaned over the side. It snarled really loudly at us and turned its head because it had heard a noise behind it. At that very moment Captain Sims leapt into the lifeboat and rode away as fast as the oars would take him.

When the monster turned its head back it looked

surprised. Where was one of the men?

It snarled loudly once more and disappeared from sight.

In the distance we could hear a bloodcurdling yell. It sounded like Captain Sims. Maybe the sea monster had found him.

By this time the fog had cleared. There was no sign of Captain Sims or the sea monster; they had both disappeared completely. So we set off back to Boston.

From that day on, Captain Sims was never seen again. Some people say that he is still alive. And some say that the sea monster ate him, tearing his limbs apart. But we will just never know, will we?

Victoria Hastilow, IK

Sad, I am

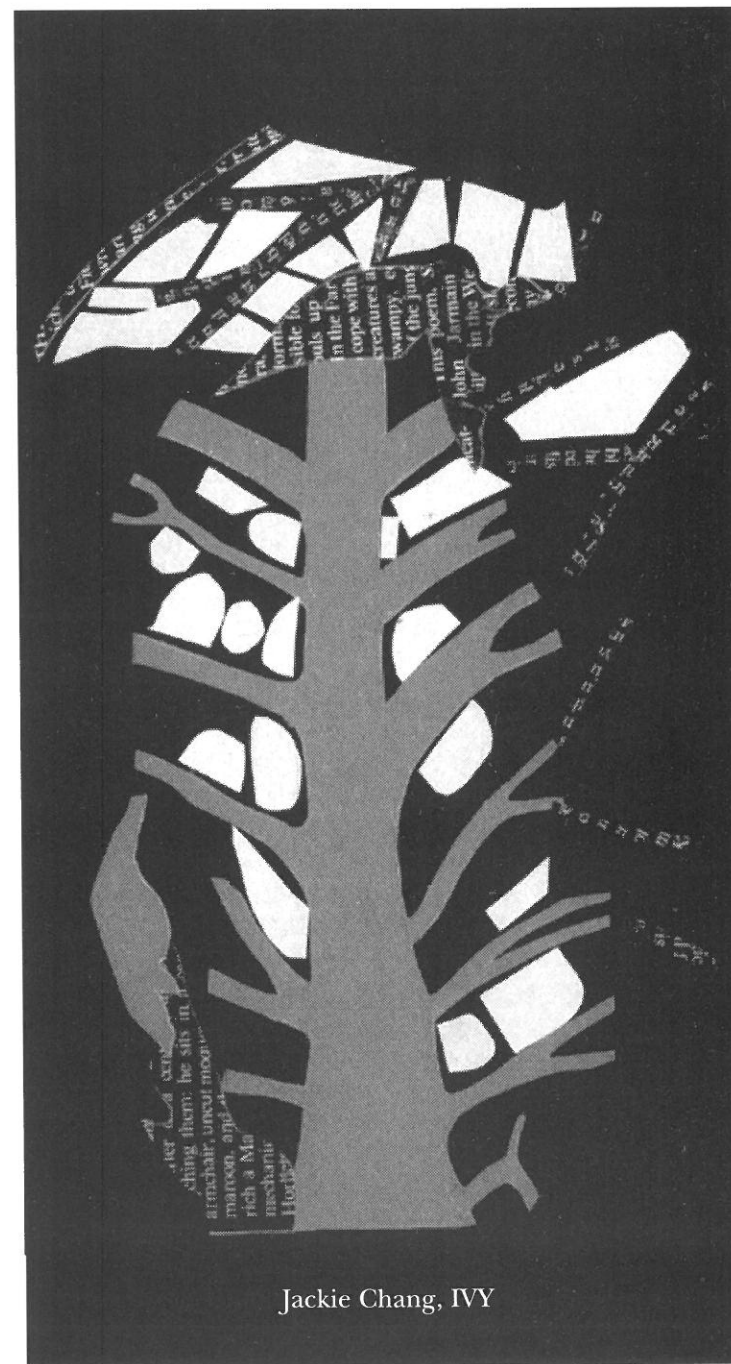
I am a door that doesn't open,
the keys have gone and everything's rusty.
I am the shelf that nobody needs,
all old and dusty.

I am a bed that nobody sleeps in,
I am a tin without a lid.
I am a book without a cover,
I am a pencil without any lead.

I am a desk that nobody opens,
Inside is murky and grey.
I am a fox caught in a trap,
I am a needle lost in some hay.

I am a padlock without a key,
I feel as small as the smallest bee.
I am a book with one single page,
I am a rat trapped in a cage.
I am a cardigan discarded and worn,
I am a book tattered and torn.

Sarah Gartside, IIF



Jackie Chang, IVY