



Wordsmyth

Welcome (back) to *Wordsmyth*!

Welcome to the fourth edition of *Wordsmyth*, a creative writing magazine for Years 7-10. This time, we offer musings of a Martian on our society and life, a ghostly story, and the chance of a picnic.

We hope you enjoy these pieces, and await any creative writing you may have done to be submitted to wordsmyth@warwickschool.org to see your writing in our next issue.

Paul Cooley, Editor



The Sandcastle

A sandcastle
Standing on a lonely beach
A fortress against chilling waves
Pushing in from the jealous green sea

Who knows who created it?
Anyone from a gleeful toddler,
Or an encouraging adult helping a child.
Even a reluctant teenager dragged to the shore.

It doesn't matter what shape or size it may be;
Shells and seaweed, pebbles or debris.
Bringing joy and amusement to its maker,
A site of refuge against flowing ripples of the sea

Perhaps it could be a fortress,
Shielding all from waves of hate
And bestowing kindness and joy
On those that see it.

A snapshot of a frozen moment
Full of emotion straining to burst free,
But slowly fading over time
Merely prompting a reminiscent smile

But though it stands triumphant and tall
It harbours a wistful sadness
Knowing that soon
It will have succumbed to the tide.

A sandcastle stood

On a sunny beach

A beacon of hopes

A refuge for a day

Paul Cooley



An Afternoon Picnic

I steadily meander down to my friend, the late afternoon sunlight illuminating his shining face. I sit on the rough carpet and joyfully greeted my friend. The leaves rustled faintly in the light breeze; they are like feathers fluttering in the breeze. My friend draws out an overflowing hamper of delicious and delightful foods. I dive into the golden sausage rolls and take a moment of bliss and throw it into my heart. The forest engulfs me in deathly silence and then throws me up back into the earth. I apologise for being late then we talk about our lives. The red stiches shine like blood and the green dances like a candle. The water trickles past on its journey to the sea, the forest is mirrored except glowing softly. My friend's dog with fur as brown as the trees bounces around like a ball gleefully unknowing the modern horrors of the world boiling like an egg as we speak. I drank the cool lemonade I was presented with and took a moment to enjoy the surroundings.

He brought out ruby red strawberries that exploded with juice in my mouth. I salivated at the mere thought. Milk white cream accompanies the grenades of juice. The flowers emit wonderful odours of jasmine and deep purple lavender. My friend has hay fever so he may have enjoyed it less. He threw me a deep brown chocolate and told me to eat it. It tastes wonderful and lights up the now darkening light. We chat late into the night, and as the shadows loom he accompanies me to my car. The trees sway silent and sombre. The stars screaming with light and happiness. The waves of stinging nettles are engulfed in darkness,

and the leaves rustle with a little less haste. A flickering fox bounds across the lime green undergrowth as we emerge from the emerald wood. All is quiet as we say our goodbyes. I calmly step into my Audi and start the long journey home.

Theo Holland

A Martian sends a postcard home

Of innovation

The space ships now have wheels,
They hurtle across the ground.

The television sets have weird shows,
Rotating food is everyone's favourite.

The raspberry pies taste different now,
And they are spelt wrong too.

The computers are now incredibly small,
And are latched onto everyone's wrist.

Timesaving inventions are everywhere,
Yet still people seem to rush.

Everyone bows down to glowing gods,
Nestled in the palm of their hand.

Towns and cities are filled with crowds,
Yet there is no show to be found.

Giants holding long cables,



Stand unmoving over the countryside.

Andrew Digby

Of humanity

They see two sides of the world and in between a triangle that brings in fumes,

Bigger ones have cards that let them have things without doing anything,

At their resting places they receive paper through a hole in their wall,

Some have lights that fit in their pocket and light up the night when the sun is too tired to shine,

Rain is when the clouds can't stay in the sky and come to earth,

Rainbows are when the world wants to celebrate colours,

Aeroplanes are machines that take off when they are ready and land when they are tired,

Smaller ones go to their resting place alone and suffer through the darkness,

There are also ones who are constantly tired and looking at their lights,

Things that make pictures appear on normal paper,

Younger people sit in rows hearing a taller one talk.

Will Cartwright

Of technology

An apple is a metal rectangle,

With no possibility of being eaten.

Metal boxes are like little worlds,

They have small coloured pictures and sounds.

Watches don't just tell the time,

But unlock worlds of game and steps.

Clouds are not always in the sky,

They are now also in wireless machines.

There's a magic man who appears with a heap of knowledge,
When a few words are said.

A web is not just made by a spider,
but can reveal pages of work in seconds.

Thomas Jennings

Of Communication

Qwertys are the principal method of communication,
Communication is soundless.

Individuals or groups stream into the farm with wired, metal boxes,
carried or pushed they gather the harvest.

Sonys hold their attention,
It helps them stay in their bubbles.

Spending your life on your sony,
Talking to it like it's your companion.

Joel Taylor

Secrets

The little brown box did not look mysterious,
All plain on the outside but with secrets within,
Lying in the attic of Grandpa Bills house,
There for years unnoticed by everyone.

He was just Grandpa to me,
Never seemed capable of anything secretive,
Playing with his trains on Sunday mornings,
He'd let slip about Christmas gifts.

While saying my goodbyes,
Dark dressed men stood in the shadows,
Observing everyone,
Yet remaining unseen by all but me.

Days with my parents clearing out his house,
I'd escaped to the attic to remember him through trains,
Looking for them I uncovered the box,
Blew off the dust and discovered a hard drive.

The password was simple,
Only my name,
Browsing the files,
I uncovered his secret.

Many languages and codes,
From all over the world,
Information on people,
Facts and opinions.

I recognise the names,
From spy films I have watched,
This must mean,
He was head of MI6.
I wondered why he never told me...

Andrew Digby

A Ghost Story?

Vehicles crawled across the road far below as I stared wistfully out of the stone frame that formed a pane-less window. I turned slightly, focusing instead on the building that rose beneath me, two turrets of stone and glass. Laughter drifted up the dark stone staircase behind me, followed by footsteps, making their way up towards me. I shifted out of the way, sinking back into the shield of shadows that provided protection from the sunlight beginning to stream into the narrow chamber. Two children burst past me, giggling. After a few seconds their mirth retreated up the steps with them, draining from the walls, until only a distant sound lingered on. I moved back into the light, as a cloud crept in front of the sun, reducing the bright daylight to a dim glow.

Looking down from the window, I noticed a figure sitting at the foot of the slope below. It glanced up at me, and I quickly moved away from the ledge, returning to the shadows. I reached up to adjust a rather uncomfortable section in my rough clothing, straightening some lace. My hands had a ghost-like look in the pale light, causing them to look as though they were balancing on the verge of worlds. A sound caught my attention- footsteps descending the stairs, beginning to fall into rhythm with the droplets of water steadily falling onto the ledge, and exploding into a thousand tiny fragments. I resumed a more comfortable position, nestled into the shadows that had begun to invade the chamber. The children rushed past me, paying no attention to my presence. I had grown used to being ignored by most, over the years. Occasionally, there came the odd person who became aware of me, but normally those people pretended not to see me, or worse, tried to talk to me.

I reflected briefly on the description of the hall I now stood at the top of; leaning over a metal rail in front of me, I looked down through several floors- the wooden tiles having long since been removed-

at a large, rectangular room. It had once been a magnificent banqueting hall, the heart of joy and feasting. Alas, no more. It had been over 250 years since the building had been habitable. Now, it stood as a mere shell of what it had been. Most of the roof had faded with time, leaving only the brick walls. But not all the history of the house had died with it. I had remained. It had been many years, almost too many to count, since I had walked through the building with a solid body. Now, as I wandered through the ruined house, the rain began to patter to an end, as the sun rose to a summit in the sky. I had roamed the grounds here too long. It was time to depart.

Paul Cooley

Climbing a Tree

I brush away the last few branches, pulling myself up onto a stout branch, right at the top of the tree. From 250 metres up, the view over the rainforest is incredible, the canopy spreading for miles around. The taller trees seem to be rolling hills, breaking up the otherwise unpenetrated canopy roof.

Looking down, my head spins from the height, flashes of green piercing my mind. I hold onto the rough bark of the tree, I close my eyes, until the sickness ebbs away. I decide to keep looking up.

Birds fill the skies, their conversations filling the air, unintelligible to us humans, but making perfect sense to them. The colours are extraordinary, the brightest reds and the palest blues, each individual with a slightly different pattern. With a crack, I break a stick off the tree, throw it, and more birds erupt from the treetops in a flurry of wings and movement.

Curiously, a branch begins to shake. I call out, but there is no answer. A furry face pops out of the leaves below me and stares quizzically up at me, a smaller lump on its back doing the same. The orangutan hops up, onto a higher branch, and the baby on its back climbs off and sits down. They start to gather and eat fruit, filling the air with the sweet aroma of citrus, making me feel hungry myself. I rummage in my bag, pulling out a sausage roll, and begin to eat. The baby orangutan jumps up on to the branch I'm sitting on, and grabs my sausage roll, eating the last mouthful in one gulp.

Dark clouds loom in the distance, filling everything with dread as they scramble to higher ground. The orangutans retreat down the tree, having had their fill and I feel I had better do the same. Taking one last look at the fantastic view, I begin to make my way down the tree, heading for the forest floor.

Andrew Digby

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