

# TIME TO WAKE UP



*The Eagle House School  
Creative Writing Anthology*

*Volume III  
December 2010*

This Anthology represents a very small collection of the prose and poetry written by our pupils since June. Much of the work has been generated during class sessions but several pieces were created in writers' workshops during our Literature Festival last summer. As always, some pieces were written independently.

#### **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

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*Also to Douglas Buchanan for his time and publishing skills.*

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### Silver Whispers

The pencil speaks  
Silvery dancing whispers  
Golden flickering words  
Stories as wide as the world  
Original and ancient  
Unforgettable  
Untameable  
With humour  
Malevolent  
Bend them to your mind  
Play with them  
Keep them in your heart  
And make them yours  
Let them flow  
Keep them speaking  
An endless stream  
Of words

*Josie Lunnon*  
*Year 5*



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## The Library

The Library is a place where the peaceful kids go at break time. I am a Library Monitor, the highest ranking, as I proudly know myself to be.

My Library is top-notch. All the books packed on the shelves like an army of little book soldiers. The light brown book cases neatly in line, from A – Z.

I am a perfectionist, have few friends apart from my friendly Library Team. Well, there is this one girl. Whenever I see her, my body starts to shake, I get so nervous I can hardly push a word out of my mouth, let alone complement her, like she does to me. It feels like I'm having a nervous turn.

There are also the "cool boys" who never read – even though our teacher religiously begs us. They sometimes shout into the Library,

"Nerds! Boff! Suck ups!" As those idiots shout abuse at us I just keep my head stuck in a book, properly bookwormish.

*George Arnold-Wallinger*  
Year 8



## Golden Eagle

She is staring, waiting for prey.  
Folding and unfolding her wings.  
Waiting to pounce,  
A predator with a sharp golden beak  
She is planning to swoop overhead  
To grab a clueless creature with her razor sharp claws  
She looks  
She swoops  
And catches her meal

*James Scott*  
Year 4



## Sonnet

I staggered to the front porch of my house.  
The bitter, icy wind pierced through my clothes.  
Hastily I twisted the cold metal key.

Far from the barbaric bloodshed of war,  
And spine-chilling shrieks of wounded soldiers  
There was a peculiar, soothing silence.

A wave of warmth smacked me on the face.  
Familiar smells wafted through the hallway.  
Blood-red roses swayed in loving welcome.

And I became aware of someone sobbing.  
Her stunning figure was the same. I ran  
To clutch her and never let go again.

Tears start streaming down from my face,  
To be lost for a lifetime in such an embrace.

*Lucinda Brooker*  
Year 8

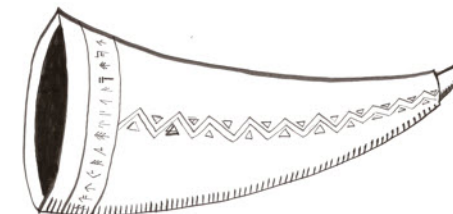


## Hunt

Over the crest of the forest hill  
Though brambles snag their knees  
Comes a fleet of black horses  
Riding through the trees.

Quick black legs lined with muscle and power  
Caring not sun, wind or shower  
Brown eyes set on a malevolent prize  
As through the trees the hunting horn cries.

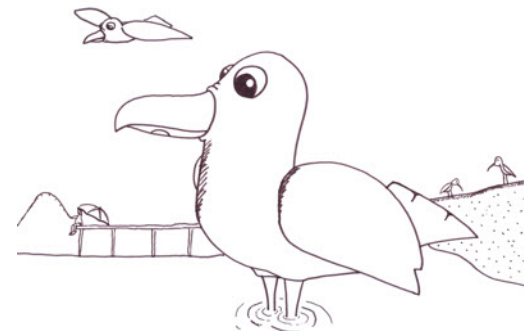
*Josie Lunnon*  
Year 5



## Cornwall

Seagulls swooping by the beach  
Ice creams sold at 99p each  
People mulling on the sands  
Cornish pasties held in hands

*Charlotte Evershed*  
Year 5



## Suspense

Yellow fog ominously envelops us  
Suspense pounds like the beat a drum  
Through the air  
Waiting...waiting

Sounds of squelching feet,  
Clinking armour fills my ears  
Intimidating rain, wind whips at my face  
Still waiting...waiting

Black, imposing shadows  
Advance towards us  
Awaiting our deaths  
Closer...yet closer

Two sides engage  
Gurgling screams and sorrowful shouts  
Can be heard in every direction  
Piercing my soul with sadness, anger and fear

...Making me stronger  
And scream for revenge.

*Georgina Walton*  
Year 7

## Sonnet

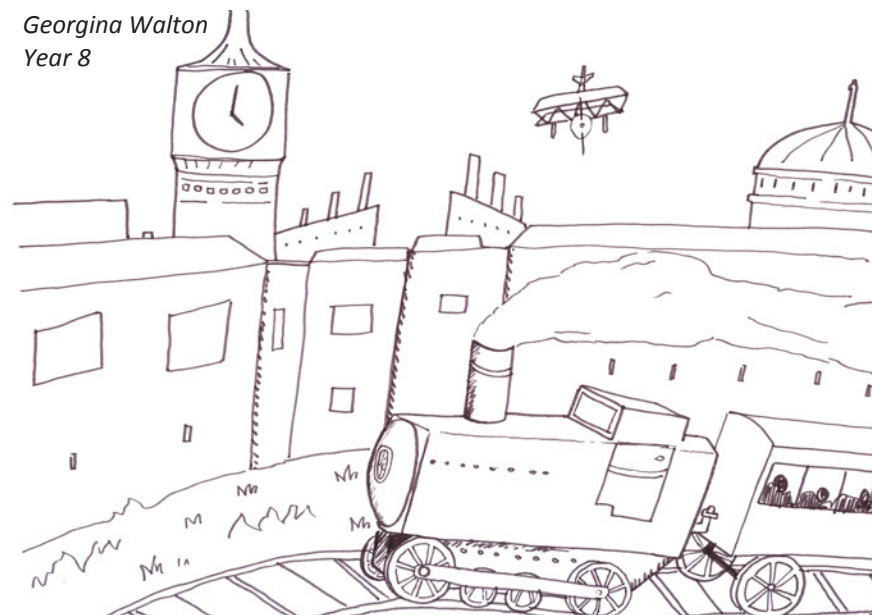
Steaming, the train chugged onto the platform;  
Smoke enveloping the country air.  
I climbed aboard, homeward bound.  
The whistle blew, my ride left the station.

Sunlight paraded round my compartment,  
Flowers bloomed outside the misty morning window.  
Hedgerows flush with dancing daisies,  
Celebrating my long awaited journey home.

Buildings slowly inhabited the country.  
The walls of London would soon surround me.  
I would soon be safely in my mother's arms.  
The war would soon be coming to an end.

I bade farewell to the fresh smell of countryside,  
And welcomed the ash strewn air of London with pride.

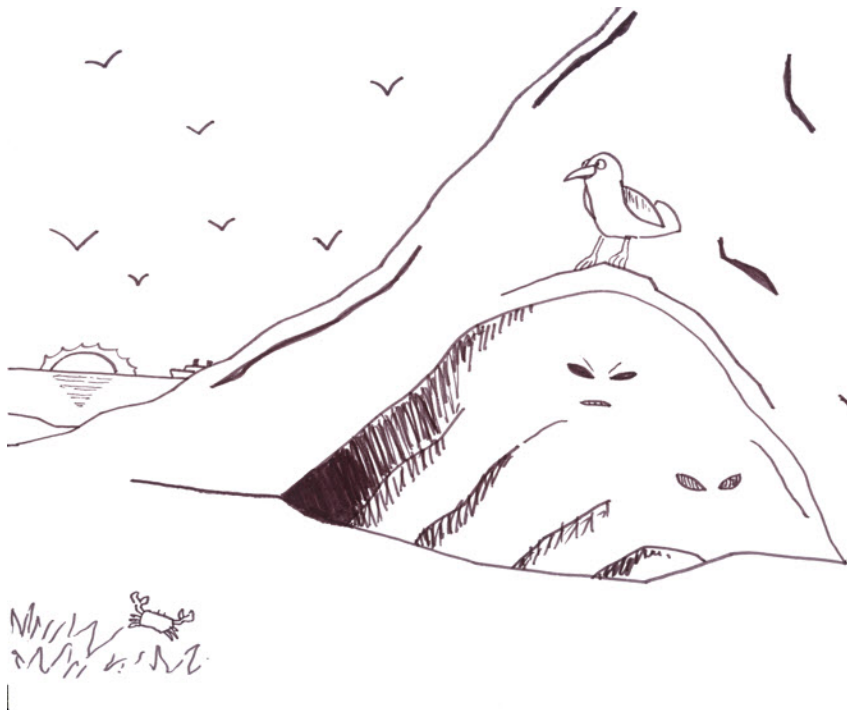
*Georgina Walton*  
Year 8



## The Cave

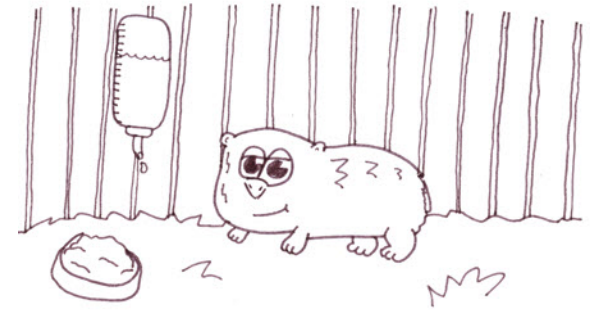
I stood at the edge of the cave and then I walked over to touch the walls. They felt slimy with smooth wet seaweed and bits of jagged rock poking through. I cut my hand and worried about infection. I jogged further into the cave because I couldn't wait to see more. I could hear the squeaking noises that bats make for location finding and I could hear the waves from where the tide was coming in but I knew it couldn't get as far as the top of the cliff so I wasn't worried. I could hear the screeching of the seagulls fighting over the fish. There was a waterfall and I tasted fresh water. I was really glad to see the light coming through the hole in the roof.

*Charlie Wilkins*  
Year 3



## Hamster

Nut lover  
Waker hater  
Food horder  
Greedy eater  
Cheek stuffer  
Gentle creature  
Super cleaner  
Wheel runner  
Fluffy fella



## Viking

War lover  
Death giver  
Top sailor  
Jewel taker  
Monastery raider  
Peace eater  
Fearsome creature  
Terroriser  
Bearded fella  
Myth creator  
Hut dweller

*Hal Quinn*  
Year 6

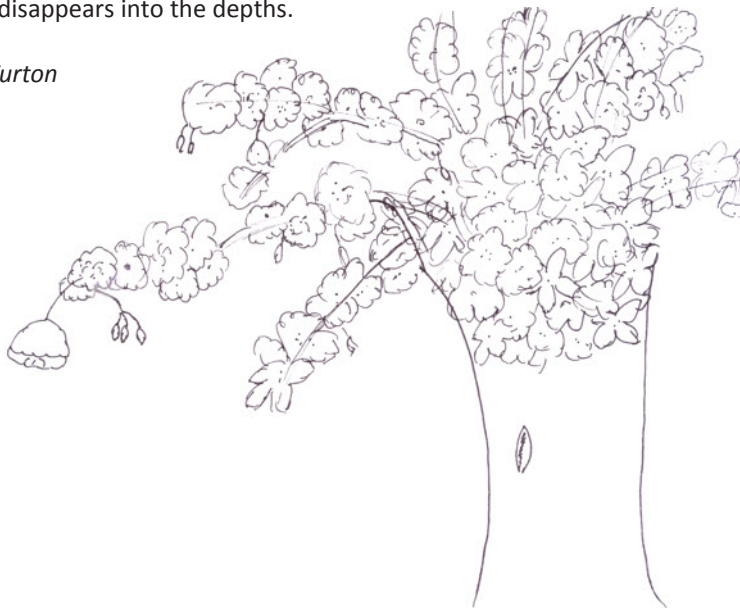


## Spring

Her long, brown hair takes off in the wind,  
As she plays alone in the meadow, under gleaming sun.  
She runs lightly on her feet like a prancing deer.  
She comes across a boy,  
Shy to speak.  
She breaks the silence with her delicate voice,  
And they sit down in the grass, deep in conversation.

Soon the great sea of darkness arrives,  
Ready to swallow the meadow whole.  
Now the creatures of the night roam free,  
But still the children talk.  
Now the girl must depart,  
And the boy is still watching her brown hair  
Wave to him in the wind.  
Still watching,  
Until it disappears into the depths.

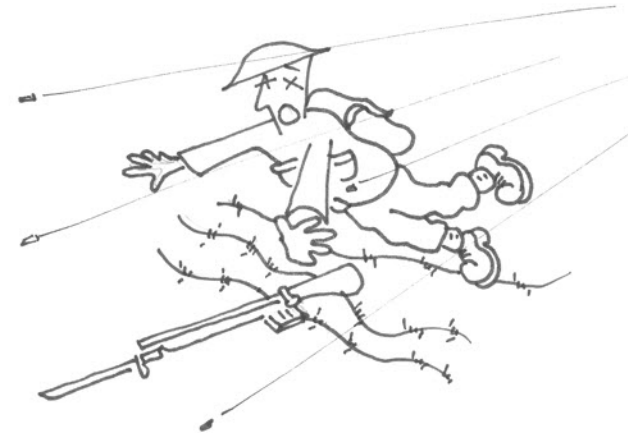
*Oscar Turton*  
Year 7



## Broken Lands

The fields once green are bleeding red  
From wasted lives dying and dead  
The river once was cool and muddy  
But all waters now run stained and bloody  
A battle was fought here not long ago  
With bullets flying to and fro  
But in the end, no man stands  
There's none but dead men in these broken lands

*Cory Novis*  
Year 8



### **Into Battle**

I hated the sound of the guns' fire and men's  
Screams as they fell to their death.

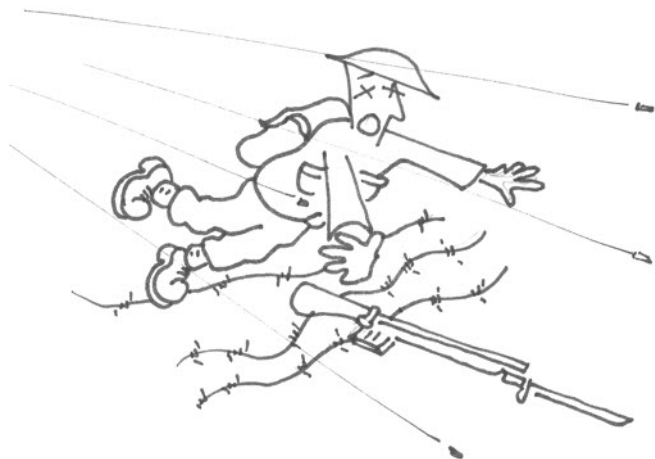
We swept our brows with our sleeves and watched  
Men run out of the trench and never come back.

A stunned silence was called upon this minute,  
That moment we started quickly crawling over the parapet

Soldiers crouching low  
One threw a grenade  
Another got up and ran back  
Confused. Scared.

A bullet flies across the field into his back  
And I watch him fall back into the trench  
Lifeless.

*Harrison Frost*  
*Year 8*



### **Spring**

The Sun rises in the morning,  
O Spring, when frost is on the way.  
New buds burst into existence  
To greet the morning grey.

Walking through the cornfields,  
O Spring, hair as bright as the sun.  
Feeding birds and picking flowers  
Followed by animals, bundles of fun.

The sun starts to fall into sunset,  
O Spring, gliding into shadows.  
Watching glow worms wake up  
As dusk hits the verdant meadows.

They find you quietly sleeping  
Stretched on a bed of hay  
Clutching wilted flowers  
Retained from yesterday.

*Theo Talbot*  
*Year 7*

## Universe

An endless mystery which lies around us  
An unopened gift from an unknown being  
An adventure yet to be experienced  
A whole new world beyond us  
An unsolved puzzle which we want to reveal  
A fascinating yet confusing, frightening space  
We are in darkness



## Black Hole

Like black paint.  
It dissolves everything  
Eats all colour.  
A Black Hole is nothing,  
It gives nothing but takes, swallows anything  
It is starving.  
Dark, endless hole of fear.

*Hinako Kijima*  
Year 8

## The Journey

Inside the train it was incredibly cramped. Everyone sat on the floor apart from the Nazi soldiers who stood like statues, their sleek black rifles slung across their backs. It smelt like someone had died in there, I knew someone probably had...All the older children were holding the heads of smaller siblings, who were crying softly. I tried to lose myself in my own little world. I couldn't do it. My body was filled with fear; fear of where I was going, fear of what it would be like, fear of my life.

*Edward Scott*  
Year 6

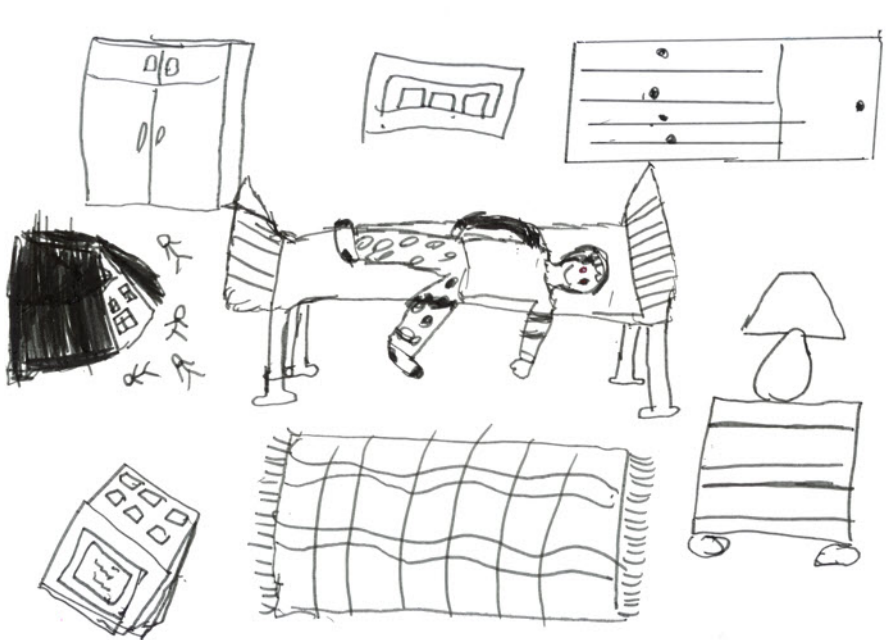
Inside the train it was incredibly cramped. Everyone was pushing and shoving, I felt like a pig ready for the slaughter. Everyone was whimpering and wailing, some huddled in corners, parents trying to calm down their terrified children. The soldiers were barking orders and whipping for fun. Next to me was an old man, obviously he was insane – cackling like a crow. I envied him. That for the last moments before death he would laugh.

*Finlay O'Kane*  
Year 6

## Room Inside

There's a room in my house where  
Nobody goes except me  
A hard room, a dark room  
A where I go to sleep room  
A part time room  
A weird room  
A cool room  
A somewhere to escape to room  
A just right room  
A messy room.  
There's a room in my house where  
Nobody goes except me.

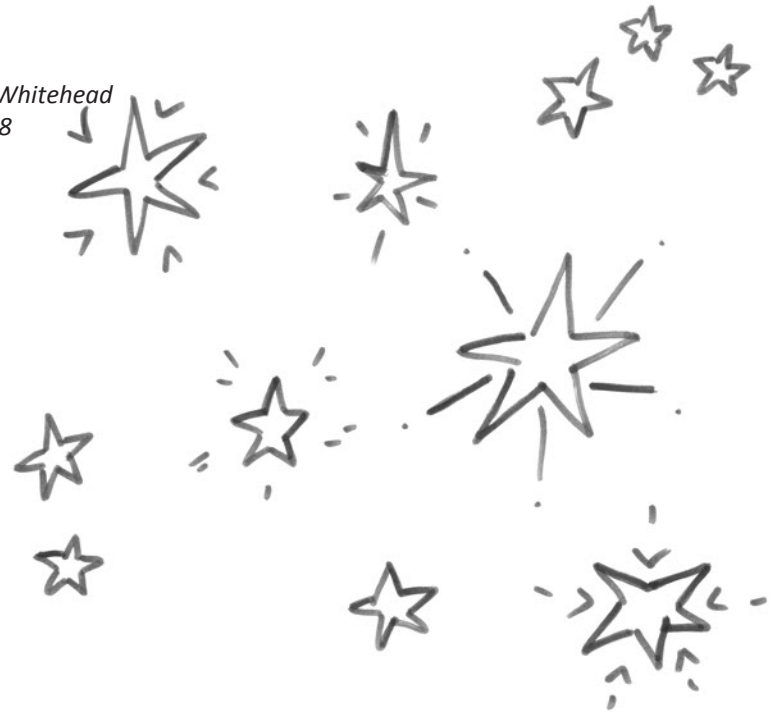
Max McCarthy  
Year 4



## Stars

They are angels, hot glowing gems  
Seraphs, cosmic creations to lighten our night  
They appear when we call them  
And fade into daylight  
Jewels of the universe, angelic they seem  
Like bubbles floating in space  
They guide the way  
Lanterns on the path  
They are on our side we hope  
Ready to help us from malice and darkness  
Illustrations of love  
They give us the world at our fingertips  
They are mystical creatures  
Stars

Alys Whitehead  
Year 8



### A Solemn Solution

His heart beat. Fast. As if it was trying to break away from his chest. Panting, he fell to the ground and gasped for air, fixing his eyes on his earlier injury. When Toma looked up, he sensed that death was creeping nearer. Nearer...and nearer still.

Suddenly his head was violently smashed into the dull grey gravel. Pain seared through his brain and blood trickled down his shattered skull. Paralysed with fear, he was forced onto his back where he lay helpless like a beetle. Four evil looking men surrounded him. They grinned greedily, menacingly and revealed red, razor sharp daggers. Kneeling down beside him, the shortest man, Yuri, whispered, "You should never have told...."

*Oscar Gaff and Adam Robinson*  
Year 7

### Night Terrors

Danger's coming  
I feel battle  
It's frightening  
Thumping  
Music  
Ten pairs of eyes stare at you  
Through the window  
It's dark  
Soldiers  
People  
Faces  
Eyes

*Madeleine Brant*  
Year 4



### Spring

All bright and alive, she sits in her tree,  
Surrounded by sweet smelling blossom.  
The Spring in her step flows with grace,  
Her dainty little face aglow with radiance.  
How cheerful is she, like an early morning bird,  
Strangely timid, like a newborn lamb.

Young spring is singing and smiling as she skips,  
With her basket full of surprises.  
Daffodils, daisies, dandelions and more,  
Waiting in anticipation as buds turn to flowers.

Her dress floats up from the early evening breeze,  
And her fly-away locks rise with it too.  
Soon to settle down in her nest of Spring flowers.  
Young Spring's sparkling eyes start to close  
And light breathing steadily flows.  
Goodnight young Spring, until next year.

*Daisy Walker*  
Year 7

## Sonnet

Standing by the entrance Phil recalled:  
He used to leave his house everyday  
With a loving kiss on the cheek from Sue.  
After all that love, now hate and envy.  
A shadow loomed in the kitchen,  
Sue hushed the boys quietly away.  
Knock, knock, knock – let me in hammered Phil,  
Imprisoned in the dark; chill grey sleet.  
Sweet anger stood upon Sue's face,  
Just remembering the bad old times.  
She won't ever have him back now.  
'LET ME IN SUE', shouted Phil through the door.  
He breathed in slowly, then hit the bell...  
But nothing, and on the step, there he fell.

Henry Jones  
Year 8



## Time to wake up

Time to wake up. Brushing away the dank earth I could smell the nearness of a victim; the rich aroma of fresh blood flowing beneath the skin's surface. Like a ghostly black shadow I slithered through the foreboding graveyard. Closer..closer.... The scent was overwhelming my senses. I felt the urgent desire to kill.

From behind the Yew tree I saw the gangly figure, spade in hand, stooping over a grave still unaware that he would soon be joining the dead corpses, the rotting flesh under the ground...

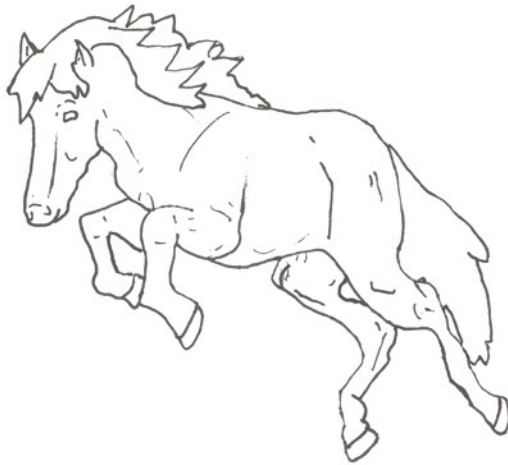
I cackled under my breath. The man looked up, nervously over his shoulder, seemingly uneasy, aware of my presence. I slunk over and wrapped my cold fingers around his throat – gulping like a stunned fish pulled unawares from the water; his helpless scream was muffled then lost into the chill night.



## Horses

Over the hills  
You could hear the horses  
They were cantering fast  
The sky was blue  
The horses were loving it

*Alexandra Edwards*  
Year 4



## Prophesy

The earth crumbles  
As a volcano erupts.  
The lightning strikes  
To start a fight.

Nature is winning,  
Humans strike back.  
The wise woman  
Says "There is no way out..."

The battle is over  
The noise is hushed  
Humans have won  
All the nature has gone.

*Tharoonan Moodley*  
Year 4

## Fireworks

Inside the dark, fireworks fly up  
Into the sky like lanterns  
The people start to dance  
The wind blows smoothly  
From the sky

*Lucky Zhang*  
Year 4

## Pirate senses

I can smell the salty sea  
I can see different coloured fish  
I can taste yellow bananas  
I can hear seaweed swishing  
I can touch the blue sea

*Zara Taylor*  
Year 1



## The Five Senses

I like the taste of chocolate melting on my tongue,  
I like the smell of vinegar tickling at my nose,  
I like the feel of my mum cuddling me at night,  
I like the sound of Chelsea scoring on Sky Sports,  
I like the look of 2B classroom with super colour.

*Mark Dickin*  
Year 2