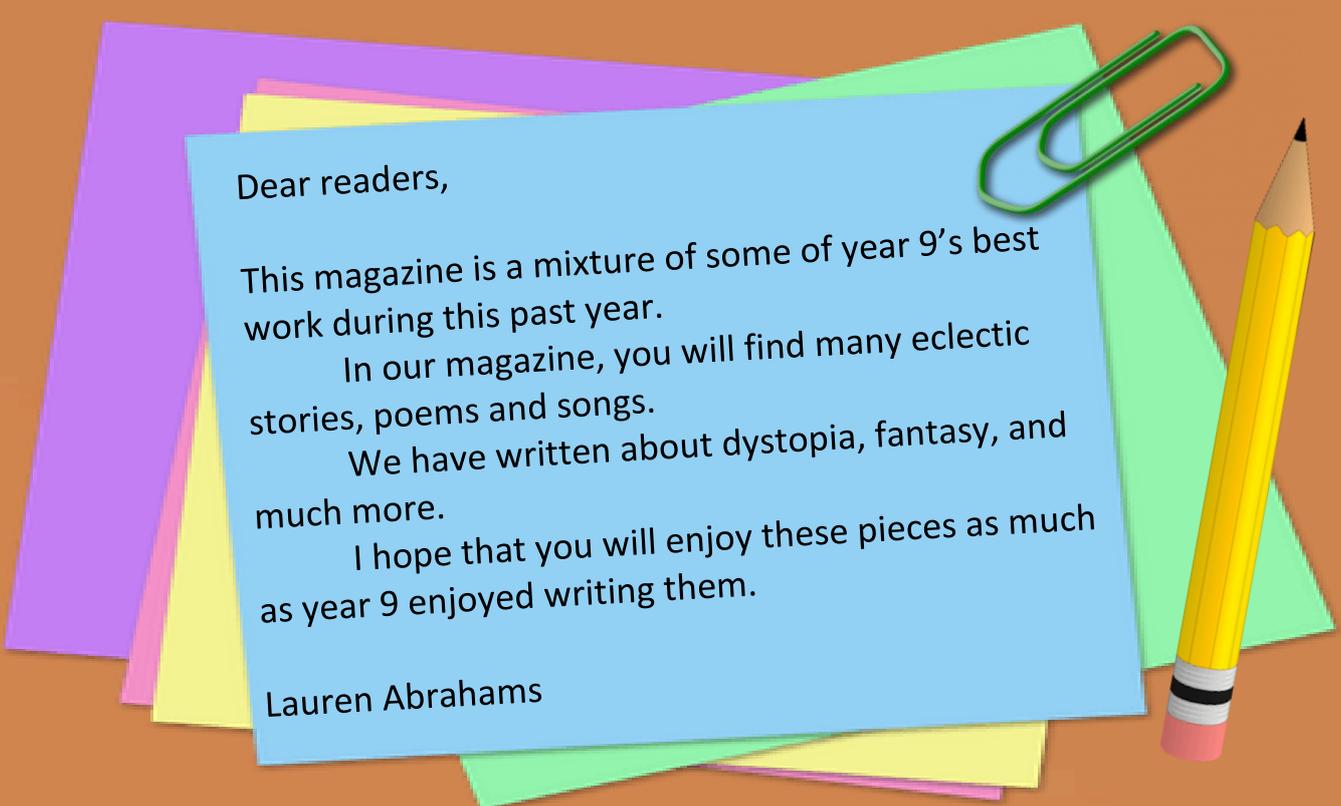


EXPRESSION

SESSIONS



**By the year 9 creative writing club
Oasis Academy Mayfield**



Dear readers,

This magazine is a mixture of some of year 9's best work during this past year.

In our magazine, you will find many eclectic stories, poems and songs.

We have written about dystopia, fantasy, and much more.

I hope that you will enjoy these pieces as much as year 9 enjoyed writing them.

Lauren Abrahams



Contents

Haiku	3
"Hopes and dreams" poems	4
Song lyrics	6
Flash fiction	7
Dystopian Worlds	9



Haiku



A Haiku is a type of short form poetry originally from Japan. Traditional Japanese haiku consist of three phrases that contain kireji, or "cutting word", in a 5, 7, 5 pattern, and a kigo or seasonal reference – Lauren Abrahams

Rising waves Lauren Abrahams

Brush against the tide
Sands of time roll forward
Foam laces our fate

Salt and sand collide
Beyond the dunes and surf
Underwater dance

Annie-Mae Hallett

Beaming like strobe lights💡
Twisting through the evergreen
wood🌲
Calling out to me📞

Pollen in my eyes👁️👁️
Blown up in the sun kissed skies🌤️
Like a buzzy bee🐝

Kaela Gibb

Superangelic👼
Waves crashing on the coast line👤
I feel rather great👍

Nature at my feet👣
On this great morning👤
On the mossy grass🎵

Valentina Fortun

Broken root
Lying on the cold darkness
Waiting for new life

Kacey Hoskins

From the woodland path
The wilderness winds whisper,
Waking sleepy waves

We are all locked.
Outside, Corona.
Trees as the wind blows.



“Hopes and Dreams” poems

One day
By Kaela Gibb

One day, the world will be at my boot,
Supporting, cheering on as far as I can shoot,
The fight for faith in their soul,
To crush their doubt is my goal.

One day, I will achieve my dreams,
although it isn't as easy as it seems.
On the side-line my friends will scream,
Yet that's the key to a great football team

One day, I'll go out and play,
Dodging all the people in my way.
When it's time to take my penalty,
It's time to show off my specialty.

Success
Kaela Gibb

There's days where I sit there thinking,
But sometimes helplessly blinking.
I'm always dreaming of my career,
Faintly, I hear my family cheer.

They are calling my name,
While I'm swimming in fame.
If only my dream could start this year,
I really want my family to hear.

If I score without fail,
Out there I will hear my fans wail.
And if I have the opportunity
I could be the pride of my community.

When I shoot my shot,
I'll give it all I've got.
Happiness I will achieve,
In myself I believe.



Illustration by Valentina Fortun

My Dream is For
By Sophie Barrett

I have a dream
My dream is for equality
My dream is for peace
My dream is for freedom
My dream is for anyone
My dream is everyone
My dream is to be true
My dream is for me
My dream is for you
My dream is for equality



If Only
By Valentina Fortun

If only I could have no worries on my head
Not pressure on my shoulders
no shiver on my hands
Just an empty mind
Only for a single minute
Hidden smile could finally be known
And almost feeling like a could fly
If only that could happen...

One Day
By anonymous

One day I'll escape this town
One day I'll travel round
Walk the great wall of China go and see Christ the redeemer pray that he watches over me
As I trek round canyons so big
They make my troubles seem small
Gaze over night skies so beautiful a tear will fall
Breathe in every moment of life
Not a second will pass me by
Because I know
One day I'll escape this town



Song lyrics

Proud

By Annie-Mae Hallett

When I think of my mother
I think of my future
I'm looking in the mirror
Reflections don't lie

When I'm thinking about her
And the amount of power
With or without her
She's there by my side

When I think of my mother
I wanna love stronger
I wanna love harder
I wanna see me through her eyes

When I think of my mother
And one day when she's not here
Just wanna make her proud.

When I think of my mother
I think of independent and strong
I think of the times she was bringing me up in the world
And teaching me right from wrong
I think of a woman with drive passion never gives up when things long
I think of unconditional love
I think of such an unbreakable bond
Our mums can get on our nerves sometimes
But just know that they do it from love
And when you've got problems piling up
Mum's the one you can trust
And I thank you mum for all things in my life you have done
So when you've got time with your mum make sure u just cherish that.

Flash fiction

Flash fiction is a type of very short story. We wrote flash fiction describing atmospheric, dramatic and emotional moments.

The Storm By Melissa Newlove



I saw it approaching in the sky from a distance, my worst enemy, the storm. It arrived in front of me as if it wanted to start a fight. Is this real? Am I in a nightmare? It couldn't have been a nightmare. The storm started nudging me forward. As I started running for my life, it was quietly singing my song, the song that I listen to when I feel alone and upset. The storm was making me feel like I was non-existent, reminding me I was vulnerable. I started slowing down, feeling beaten, as if I had just lost a fight. The storm put me down so much that it just took me. When I finally got home, I thought that this vicious whirl of wind and rain had stopped but then the rain started tapping on my window trying to come after me again. Why couldn't it just leave me alone? It was like a bully harassing me. The violent enemy left me with a hole in my heart full of sorrow. I felt nothing. I was nothing. Just nothing.

The Island Lucy Goble

Dear Diary,

Last night I had a dream, this wasn't any normal dream. This was about to become surreal. I was on my way to visit my Nan at the graveyard because it was her birthday. She always said to me when I was a little girl "never wait for something to come to you. Take that big step in life first". So, I did that; I went to an abandoned island that has been a job I have had to do for a while but have been scared. This is not just only abandoned but its weather is a mixture of all the feelings you feel. I headed over there on my helicopter, and I could feel the storm's anger breathing down my neck. There was a feeling of an evil storm brewing like a smoking kettle.

The storm punched the window and grabbed me with its strong arms and dropped me on the sand. I tried running into the woods, but the storm pulled me back and pushed me down. It felt like I was being bullied by a person but instead it was the world being against me.



Romance in Brooklyn By Lauren Abrahams



You are walking the streets of Brooklyn. He takes your hand and spins you around, your ruby red dress flowing as you turn. The spinning stops. You look him in the eyes: "You really are a gentleman, aren't you?" You giggle as he leans in, kissing your lips. The Brooklyn lights glowing around you, the apartment blocks disappearing, the music stopping, all in the moment of that one kiss...

The rain pouring, the lightning crashing down in what felt like slow motion. The thunder playing a melody. You grab his arm as you run into the glistening moonlight. You hold his hands while staring into each other's eyes. His eyes steal all your words.

The Village of Lies By Lauren Abrahams

My entire life, I have been waiting for my 20th birthday. I thought that people would be more inclusive, would accept me as one of them—a hunter. But the closer that day gets, the more secretive Charles becomes, and the more exiled I feel.

BANG! I jolt up in my bed, the covers falling to my waist as I tune into the sounds echoing somewhere along the tunnels.

BANG! That's when the screeching starts.



I jam my hands over my ears as it bounces off the stone walls and rattles my brain inside of my head.

Familiar growls echo through the tunnels - growls that make my chest hum. It's a sound I have grown used to falling asleep to; a sound that echoes above me every night.

But these growls are not coming from above.

Shouting fills the halls and footsteps clamber past my quarters. I dart out of bed and throw on a coat lying on the ground. Before I can pull the door open, somebody does it for me.

Charles stands in the doorway, his eyes wide with alarm as they land on me and fill with relief. "You're still here."

"Charles?" I step towards him in panic. Something is wrong. Something is very wrong. "Charles, what's going on?"

"Don't leave this room." His hands shake just as much as his voice.

Panic floods my veins like a wildfire. "Charles-"

"Just listen to me. Do not leave this room until I get you!" he yells.

I can do nothing but nod as he slams the door behind him.

The screaming ends before the night does and a piercing silence takes its place...



Dystopian worlds

A dystopia is a broken and corrupt world—a world of suffering, injustice and hardship. We imagined and described dystopian worlds in these short stories.

Three Hundred and Fifteen by Frankie Parker



There was not even a bolt on the front door, no lock keeping his family and the other inhabitants of the building captured. It wasn't one of those weighted metal doors either, that you had to put all your muscle into to push it open. It was simple and wooden, the only decoration being the plaque inscribed with number fifteen. That was the number of their tower, they were the second to last one on the list. With the restrictions he faced, he couldn't even begin to imagine how sixteen lived. Appearance-wise, the door to the world beyond his block seemed ordinary and destructible, but the residents in his building new better.

That inconspicuous door was glued to both the ground and the ceiling, allowing no-one to leave or enter. For three hundred years, it had been sealed. For three hundred years, his family had been locked in one building. For three hundred years no one had questioned the confinement and fifteen-year-old Ash did not want to be the first.

Ash lived in apartment thirty-two with his family. The Winstons had always lived there, but that wasn't unusual for the people in the City of Secrets; no one ever moved around much. He had both his parents and an older brother, all three alive and healthy, so arguably his family were doing better than others. They worked as a unit, following the rules and taking the government's victories in stride. That might contribute to their luck. Family was all you had in this world; it would be preposterous not to keep a hold of it.

Their apartment door wasn't much unlike the building door, both wooden and normal—the only difference was that his house door could be easily opened.

Ash sat at the bottom of the spiral staircase, lacing up his battered red trainers as he contemplated the workings of the entryways in Building Fifteen. It was Sunday, meaning the medicine that the Centre of the City provided had worn off. His brain was unusually clear, he could think without the panic of someone listening.



Mystery

by Kaela Gibb

I walked and walked, a million miles as it seemed. It felt like I had been strolling along that dirty path for ages, although it was only for a day so far. Elliot and I felt exhausted and hungry. Surely it was time for us to eat our daily ration? Well, it wasn't. Sadly. Surviving out in the wild is not a good idea when you're hungry and can only eat once a day. I felt like I was starving. Elliot and I continued our journey to find the cave we would use as our temporary home for the remaining months of the year.

It was finally time for us to eat the day's meal, which didn't sound too nice. Fermented duck egg and rice. Yuck! Let's just say I wasn't looking forward to the next three months. Did I mention that we had found the cave we would be staying in for the rest of the year? It was rather large. I didn't think there were animals living in here, but we would find out for sure as it approached midnight. Considering it was our first night there, I felt very comfortable.



It's now Monday, three days of being settled here in mountains. We saw a snow leopard yesterday chasing its cubs in the sunrise. Oh, wasn't it glorious! Elliot had mentioned that the sunrises are early now that we have been living out in the wild. I replied, saying that, somehow, we must have slightly adapted to the wildlife around us in multiple ways. There's also a waterfall to the left of our cave which is very calming. The water falling down the cliff was like a leaf falling from a tree, slow but gentle.

This afternoon I started feeling some blistering on my skin after having just a little bit of sun exposure earlier. At first, I just brushed it off but now it's getting more and more painful, unbearable as such. My skin is starting to go all scaly and crusty. Elliot is suggesting I go to the emergency first aid building that we saw at the beginning of our journey. So off on my journey I go to the first aid office to see if they can help me and my almost unbearable pain.

That was more shocking than I expected. Turns out I have xeroderma pigmentosum more commonly known as XP which is a rare inherited skin disorder. But the one thing is, I don't know why my skin has only just reacted to this or who I inherited this from. At this point, I'm really concerned. What if my 'parents' are not really my parents? I immediately told Elliot about what I was told at the first aid. How do I find out if I am adopted? I'm in the wild so it's going to be a hard process. I might just have to wait until the end of my survival in the wild. I would message my so-called mum to ask her if I am adopted or not, but I have no battery on my phone currently. After finding out that devastating news, I need to find something that can relax my mind and help me forget about my diagnosis temporarily. I'm thinking of going up to the waterfall I mentioned earlier to write more about my survival so far.

So, I actually have something to tell you, Elliot had been my absolute best friend for many, many years now. But things have changed. Now, I have feelings for him. But the question is: How do I tell him? What if he doesn't feel the same way? I'm honestly so worried that he won't be my best friend anymore if he doesn't like me back. I might just have to brave it! Last time I had a love

interest it didn't go too well. Let's just say they didn't appreciate me as much as they should have. At all, really.

Wednesday now and I think I'm ready to confess to Elliot how I'm really feeling. Still scared, I must admit, but nothing is ever going to happen if I don't tell him so, here I go...

Okay, as you know I went to go tell Elliot and tried to, but he has unexpectedly gone missing. What happened to him is something I really wonder. Surely, he has not gone out without letting me know right? He wouldn't just leave me. Unless I've done something wrong, or he has been kidnapped and possibly murdered. I hope not, I love him. He is my best friend. At this rate I'm getting scared now. I'm going to go find him.

Well, I was walking down the path we usually walk down, and I saw his shoes scattered down the path, one up by our cave, the other down the mountain. A little further down, I saw the clothes I last saw him in before he disappeared. Now I'm starting to think that he has been murdered. What do I do? I don't have anything to tell, or anyone to tell. I may as well just end my journey early. I think he has been...



Primrose's Trade

A story inspired by "The Hunger Games" by Suzanne Collins

By Lauren Abrahams

"You won't be picked" she said. "Don't worry" she said. It's as if Primrose Everdeen was just a word, being carelessly tossed through the air to be played with; but nowhere close to being cared about. Absolutely meaningless to those who know the definition of the word. But it's not just a word. It's a name. It's my name.

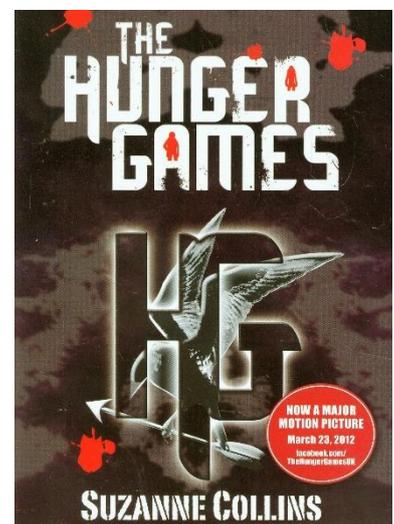
Everyone's eyes darted towards me. Faces locked onto mine. They created a path as if to say "Go. Otherwise, they will pick one of us." But I knew the truth, deep down, they cared.

Everything seemed to pause, even time. I could feel my heart drop to my feet. The odds were certainly not in my favour.

My entire body was trembling as I walked to the stage, in what felt like slow motion. Every step was closer to the fight. It was like walking down a dark alley, not knowing what's waiting for you. The tension filled my body. The music stopped; the crowd disappeared. I was full of fear and trepidation.

All of a sudden, I heard a voice. It got louder and louder as I brought myself back to reality. I looked up in awe to find my sister running after me. She volunteered...

I screamed until I was blue in the face, begging her not to go. But she did. She went for me. She protected me like the Mockingjay pin. She was my Mockingjay...



Watch Your Back

by Sophie Barrett

I walked up the stairs, my heart thumping within my chest. I hated the stairs; I was never sure if I could make it up them safely. Most people would see that fear as a thrill. But not me; I hated the thought of falling.

Nonetheless, I made it up, step by step, panicked, but it was always worth it when I made it to the top.

The view was beautiful this time of year. The purple sky and the white stars went together like Yin and Yang—opposites that worked together so well. The stars were small, the sky was big, the stars were sparkly, the sky was colourful. I could go on forever about how glorious it really was.

Two hours passed, and I was still there. I knew how it went once I was there: I never wanted to leave.

The sun was starting to come up.

I'd done it again—I'd stayed up there all night watching the sky. I was mesmerised by it all, and forever will be. No matter what problem I have, once I am on my own looking at the sky, nothing is wrong.

I heard a voice calling me from downstairs. It sounded rough and angry. I wasn't used to people near me as I lived alone mostly, other than when my siblings came over to ask for something. Everyone is given their own island as a child, small and excluded from everyone else. The land of the moon, they call it, because no one is around for tens of thousands of miles. I heard it again. "Emily, get down here now or else I will come up there!" I rolled my eyes and descended slowly down the stairs. I wasn't rushing; I didn't even know who it was, so I wasn't doing what they wanted quickly. The threats didn't bother me. I was used to it. A man stood by the stairs.

"Can I help you sir?" I asked sarcastically.

"You may just be able to," he responded with a smirk.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, my fear beginning to sprout.

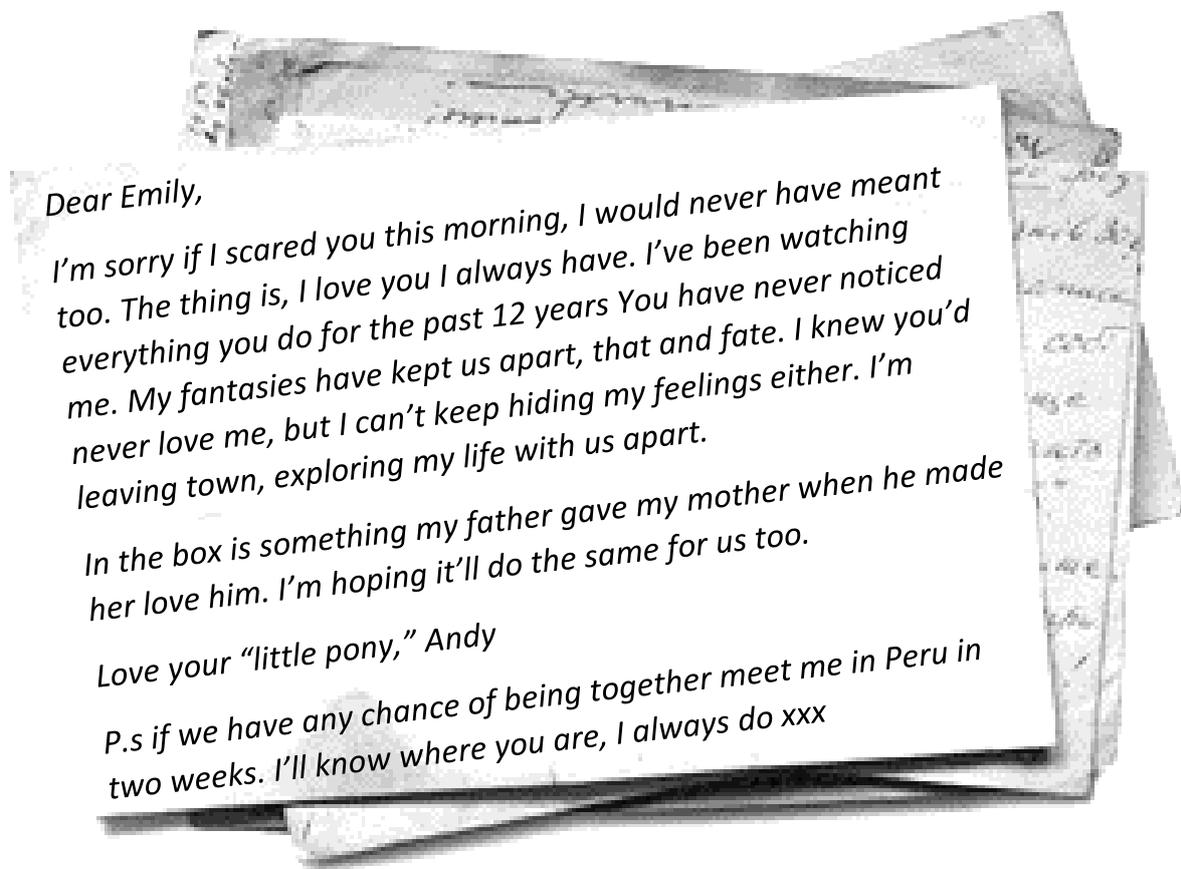
He smiled and looked over my shoulder, checking to see if anyone was around. The way he was acting began to annoy me—it was my house. And how did he know my name if I didn't even know who he was? I frowned.

"Right sir, I think I've heard enough from you, I'm kindly asking you to leave as you are standing on my floor in my house. Now go, before I call the police."

That'll show him, I thought, I watched him leave and smiled as he did so. He was reluctant, to say the least, but eventually he was far enough away that I felt satisfied.

I looked at my watch. I had work in an hour, and I still wasn't changed. The man got onto his boat and rowed away. I got ready in a hurry and left, feeling shaken by what had happened.

Nine hours and 100,00,00 words of typing later, and I headed home. On my doorstep, a shining light from my porch caught my eye. I looked down to find a small silver box fastened with a crimson bow with a white envelope I opened the envelope to find a small card inside. It said...



What was this? I was being stalked! I read the note ten times before I could really understand. I was horrified. It got worse and worse every time, but I just couldn't stop. I was shocked. Once I'd had a chance to get my breath back and my pulse down, I very slowly opened the box. I looked down, knowing that I should have just thrown the box into the water. Nonetheless, I opened the box to find a small red bottle. It looked like perfume. I love perfume. I assumed he knew that from stalking me. Maybe he wasn't bad, maybe I could trust him. He must have really loved me if he was with me for twelve years; I should feel lucky that he loved me, I was special because of him. I blinked and looked away. panicked, I dropped the box on the floor and I heard the glass smash. How could I think these things? I couldn't trust him; he was crazy. Was it a trap? Was everything a trap? Every bone in my body started shaking. There was no way I could calm down; no way to clear my head. I tried breathing slowly but it wasn't enough. I carelessly ran up the stairs. This old fear seemed too irrational now. My hands shaking, I picked up my phone and called The police and told them what happened. Once I knew they were on their way, I phoned my Mum and asked her if I could stay with her. My house seemed more like a prison cell now, a place where I felt trapped, with no way to escape, It felt like a punishment given to me by hell. She said "yes". Thank the lord! This was the worst day of my life.

The police came over last night. Clearly "Andy" wasn't as smart as he thought he was. He'd told me where he was going and when he was going to be there. The Police said "Andy" had been reported four times in the past for stalking. Each time, he had fled the country then went on and reoffended. The last case was reported just thirteen years ago, just before he'd found me.

One week later...

I haven't slept all week. Every time I close my eyes, I see him. Standing there on my land! Less than a metre away. I didn't want to think about it ever again, but today, I got a call from the police. They tell me they have a plan to catch "Andy": He mentioned travelling to Peru in the letter—"Meet me in Peru in two weeks"—so here's the plan: I leave for Peru in seven days, accompanied by the police, who will be undercover. When I arrive, they anticipate he'll be waiting at the airport for me. When they spot him they won't move till the very last second, so he doesn't have a chance to run. There is a very high chance they'll catch him. They predict that, with all the evidence they have, he will be put in prison for a very long time. Officer Ben told me he'd "get the punishment he deserved".

One week later...



I'm on the plane with the FBI and several police officers and I've never felt more unsafe in my life. There's something not quite right with officer Ben. He feels familiar in a way I'm not too sure about. I'm on my way to meet a man who's been stalking me for twelve years, and had stalked four girls before me. There is something seriously wrong about this "Andy" and something is telling me that it isn't just the stalking stuff. Something worse. I never thought I could say that, but here I was on a plane, going to

meet my stalker. What am I doing? This is a terrible idea.

We arrive in Peru...

When I get out of the airport, my heart drops. I look ahead. I look down. I stumble and fall. Taking one more look ahead I see his face, his evil face smirking... Laughing? Why is he laughing? Is this funny? My hatred becomes even stronger. Another thing I never knew I'd be able to say. My eyes are fogging up, but I just manage to make out his sign it read "Come to your little pony, Andy".

I faint from fear.

When I wake up...

Everything seems bright and different somehow. I look to my left, ignoring the horrible headache I seem to have. I see it—the sign "Come to your little pony, Andy". Am I with him? What the hell is happening to me? This is my worst nightmare, the one I've been reliving in my head for weeks and, in a way, my whole life. I look to my right, and there he is: My worst nightmare, tied to a wooden chair with chains and hand cuffs. There is no way he is escaping, not a chance. And at that sight, for the first time in weeks, I'm not scared or sad or hungry or tired. I am relieved, calm and excited in a way I'm not used to. I've never been so happy. I slowly make my way to my feet. I'm still wary from the hard hit I took to the head when I fainted. Nevertheless, I am on my feet. Step after step, I make my way to him. He is either asleep or concussed—I have no clue how. He and I are in a room all alone and he is fastened to a chair with no way for him to leave. I see a door and notice a key stabbing into my leg—I assume it is the key for the door, or at least I hope it is. I am two millimetres away from the man who's been stalking me for twelve years and he doesn't even

notice. For once in my life, I finally have the upper hand. That is all I ever wanted, and now I have it—I have no clue how, but I do. But why can't I think of what to do or say? I hate him with every part of my body. Every time I have thought I was safe and alone, he was there, and now that I am in charge, why can't I think of what to say or do?

"Come on Emily. Do something, he's here for you" I hear in a low voice behind me.

"He's completely powerless. And you have him tied there" I feel a rough hand touch my shoulder. I gasp and look behind me. "OMG BEN!!!" My childhood best friend the one person I know I can rely on. I recognise him immediately.

"What are you doing here?" I ask, jumping in the air to giving him a hug.

"I heard what happened to you and it made me sick. I'm a police officer now."

That's why I knew him. He looked different when he wasn't in his uniform—more different than you would have thought.

"I knew you'd need some sort of closure of your own to feel safe. So here I am giving you closure, so you can feel safe. Do you feel safe? Do you feel so safe you could trust anyone? You could almost say I am your hero. We would be great together, you know."

I don't feel safe. I feel more in danger than ever. It was bad enough that a stranger would betray my trust, but a friend? I felt horrified. I raise my hands to my face, then "SMACK!" I feel possessed, like my body isn't my own. I must have broken his nose. There's blood on his face and on my hands. The sneer drops off his face and climbs onto mine. It's clear I am on my own, so I have to look out for myself. My heart is beating a thousand miles per hour. Ben is on the floor, but I know he could get up any minute.

I take one last look at the nightmare scene, and run.

My conflict had been overcome and my demons are dead, and I feel free for the first time in days. I laugh—I don't think I can stop, but I don't care. I laugh until my cheeks and stomach hurt and I feel light-headed. It has been thirty minutes and any trace of anything bad is long gone. I am nearly at the airport my legs feel as though they could break any second. I've run about fifteen miles nonstop, but I still don't care. I am happy and I now know everything I am capable of. I never have to underestimate myself again. I. Am. Fearless.

The laughter slowly stops but I feel content, like it's the end scene of any film. I really think it will be a sweet end for me too.

But god, I am wrong.

He is here again.

The devil himself...



Illustration by Valentina Fortun

With thanks to...

Melissa Newlove (cover artist)

Frankie Parker (fiction editor)

Sophie Barrett (poetry editor)

Kaela Gibb (layout editor)

Valentina Fortun (illustrator)

Kacey Hoskins (art director)

**Lauren Abrahams (editor's letter +
bubble writing)**

Lucy Goble (fiction contributor)

Annie-Mae Hallett (poetry contributor)



Illustration by Lauren Abrahams