

# Write On! Magazine

**Clodagh Delahunty-  
Forrest  
George Bastow  
Heather Mortimer  
Holly Smith  
Joe Pickles**

**Lucy Donaghey  
Maryam Alatmane  
May Neal  
Millie Gould  
Uzayr Bukhari  
Katie Gayton**

**Zikriya Bukhari  
Lauren Webb  
Lottie Manning  
Musa Khan  
Sophie Turbutt**

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**WRITING  
WEST  
MIDLANDS**

Welcome to Write On! Magazine

There are pieces in this new collection of the finest young West Midlands writers that will make you beam. There are some that will make you think and there are others where you will wonder at the sheer depth of imagination.

These writers have gone into imaginary waters more than any in previous issues and they all bring us right along with them into the strangest, the daftest and the most powerful depths.

It's been a privilege to edit four issues of Write On! so far and certainly a pleasure to work with these writers as we've developed pieces to their full potential. But there are stories in this latest issue that, frankly, I wish I'd written myself.

All of us working on Write On! are looking for strong writing and we are focused on making the best magazine for you to read. That would be true no matter what the age of our writers was but as they are this young, we do have an eye on how they are progressing and what this can mean for their futures. It's very easy to see that many will be able to continue writing as a career but you read how vividly they all communicate and you know that this talent, this expression will be a boon for them whatever work they choose to do.

I'm very proud of them and you will be too.

William Gallagher - Write On! Magazine Editor

Write On! Magazine is a publication of Writing West Midlands. We support creative writers and creative writing across the region.

More information about us can be found on our website:  
www.writingwestmidlands.org

This magazine features writing from children and young people aged 8 - 16 who live in the West Midlands. It is also available to read online at www.writeonmagazine.org.

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ENGLAND**

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# A New Day

Joe Pickles

The fire engine is already here. The ambulance is on its way.

I'm watching the last few strips of charred wallpaper drift back down to earth. They are settling around us, glowing briefly as they take one last breath, before expiring. Just like Mum. So this is it then, just me and Jeremy. Or Jeremy and I? Whatever. It doesn't matter, because now it's just the two of us. It's a strange feeling when you watch someone die, isn't it? Knowing what's going to happen, but hoping it doesn't. Or maybe you don't know. You probably haven't seen what I've just witnessed.

Tomorrow, we'll be in the local papers: "House Fire, One Dead". People will read all about it for a few days and then we'll be forgotten, passed on to foster parents while our future is decided. I sense that Jeremy realises this too. In the space of one night, he's been transformed from my worst nightmare to my last hope and I cling to him. My little brother's face is blackened by the smoke but the tears have left their mark.

I'm shivering. I'm not sure if it's because of the cold or the shock. A kind neighbour has placed blankets around our shoulders and is doing her best to comfort us. But she can't do the one thing that matters. It feels as if part of me has been erased by a giant rubber. What remains has been left without hope, and I cannot draw the missing part back in.

We're lucky to be alive, or so they say. But it's hard to see it that way. This house is no longer our home. The front door is missing, and the gaping hole into the hallway is like a silent "O". I hear the crunch of glass and look down at the family photo I've just stepped on. It once took pride of place in the hall. I pick it up and wish I could leap back into that picture and be a part of that smiling family again, eternally preserved on a piece of paper. But I'm stuck here, stuck amongst the sorrow.

The blanket taps an irregular rhythm around my ankles as the breeze flicks at it. I look back to the house and picture myself walking from room to room, everything busy and colourful as it was only yesterday. And then I remember myself as a five year old with my best friend Jack, both of us Knights of Camelot, fearless, immortal. But our castle has burned down, we are not immortal and I now know what real fear is. The living room, now dead, is stripped of its bookcase and all the stories Mum used to read to us. The books have turned to ash and their words have been whipped away by the night air.

I look up as the approaching sun begins to paint the grey sky pink. A new day dawns, but I want the old one back.



# The Mechanical Machinery House

Heather Mortimer

## A MYSTERIOUS MYSTERY.

Far, far away in a distant land was a machinery house but it wasn't any old house like you would expect. Nothing was ordinary about it. It had a dusty boot sticking out and was as disgusting and tattered as a ragged dress that had been battered through a terrible storm. There was even a crooked umbrella which they used to say was for a sun-shade.

On one particular sunny, Summer's day a whirring noise came from inside the bent, gloomy house and then stopped. There was silence. You could even hear the sharpest pin drop onto the petals of a sweet smelling flower. The beautiful villagers were so shocked that they rushed into their lovely snug cottages. All except one shy little girl, Diamond, who loved stories, especially the ones with aliens in them.

She tiptoed up to the creaky door and shoved it open. There before her were the most extraordinary machines whizzing around the place, darting to and fro.

Diamond thought that she should investigate this mysterious building. So she rushed through corridors, peered into a rusty trap-door and even climbed up some dusty, stringy vines that led into the very centre of what looked like a HUGE SPACE SHIP!

A funny looking alien emerged. His anteneyes drooped sadly. All of a sudden Diamond had the courage of braveness and the tingling feeling that you get when you've had your dream treat!

The intelligent girl asked anxiously "Hello, may I know your name?"

"Certainly. My name is Google McSlime."

As Google McSlime talked there was a strange sadness in his antennae's. "Is anything a problem?" asked Diamond worriedly.

The alien said in a whisper "Could you help me please? Get all of the Moondust out of the engines so that I can fly back home!"

## A FLYING PROBLEM.

Diamond looked around. There was a sign which said "Exciting Engine". She was as quick as the wind! Google McSlime watched her in admiration as she dusted and dug out dirty mud. At last there was no more muck in the machine.

Meanwhile the alien was lying on a deck-chair whilst fanning himself and saying "This is the life..."

Suddenly the engine started to shake back into life. When Diamond peered round she no longer saw Google McSlime looking sad. He had a huge smile on his face. Diamond smiled back! It felt like a spell had been broken.

Everything was glowing in that happy place now.

## BEST FRIENDS.

The kind-hearted alien said "You are my best friend ever!"

Diamond told Google McSlime about her family and how she was really missing them. So she hugged Google and set off to her home.

Once she arrived at her Grandparents little cottage she saw a HUGE parcel with her initials on. Inside was a lucky shiny star.

So whenever you see a special star it just might be Diamond's. You never know, there might be a small chance!

# The Strange Saviour

## Millie Gould

Salvation can come from the strangest of forms, and in this case it did.

The scarecrow stood tall and floppy, his ragged coat flapping in the misty winter air.

It was the 28th of January 1940. Liesl and Felix stormed through the forest, their Jewish star arm bands thrown behind them. They stopped by the big willow tree, panting. They started to whisper about their friends, Talitha Chorplene, Gideon Chorplene and Lydia Oppenheimer, hoping they were still safe in the basement of the Oppenheimer safe house.

“It will be splendiferous when we get there!” squealed Felix.

“Yes it will,” sighed Liesl, hoping inside that they would get there. “Let’s get there fast because I can’t wait till we taste Lydia’s cooking.” Liesl’s mouth began watering.

BANG!!!! The crackling of gun shots rung in their ears as the sharp meanness of the bark chips hit them. Liesl and Felix stumbled through the forest, tripping in the rabbit holes, their ragged clothes getting torn by the sharp thorns. As they ran through the muddy creepers they could sense the Nazis approaching. Even though the many blisters and bumps on their feet were absolute agony, they ran on not daring to stop. Looking ahead, they saw a big, open, frost coated field.

“Oh no,” screamed Liesl, “open space.” She dragged her whimpering cousin through the field, her legs like jelly.

The scarecrow looked on, helpless.

In Vienna, Lydia was sitting down on her grandma’s threadbare rug as she ate her battered plum, stolen from the floor of the market. All she could think about

was Liesl and Felix running from the guns of death.

Gideon couldn’t get into the Richmal Crompton story he was reading. He was too busy worrying about Liesl and young Felix and what might happen to them. Would they be captured and forced into telling the evil Nazis where they were going? Or maybe they were in a death camp or, or, or... anything could happen or it might already have happened. Gideon threw these bad thoughts away and carried on reading. Talitha was worrying too, but as she was the second oldest it was her duty to look after immature worryguts like Gideon.

“When we get to the scarecrow get under it and curl up,” panted Liesl. They ran and dived under the torn scarecrow, terrified and shaking.

Gun shots screeched out, but then a phenomenal thing happened. The scarecrow took one meek step forward, allowing the bullets to hammer him down. The Nazis were shocked. They approached the scarecrow. They still wanted their vodka celebration so they needed those kids. They looked down to where the two dirty little Jewish vermin had been, but all they saw was a flattened patch of frosted grass and two faraway figures on their way to the Oppenheimer’s safe house.

The scarecrow stood tall, smart and proud, the corners of his stitched mouth curved into a cheerful smile, and his once cold heart filled with warmth.

# A Place of Inspiration

## George Bastow

If inspiration was a place, it would be a realm of continuous creativity where imagination rules, where thoughts come to life and characters animate: flying, walking, talking, laughing and screaming around a world of fantasy.

A world where characters and stories intertwine with those of Dickens and Dahl. Works of the imagination run free within a realm of words and tales where pages of parchment fall from the sky filled with the notes of classic authors of immortal fiction.

Where murderers and villains roam free, poets converse with sorcerers, as demons and evil creatures battle mythical beasts. Warriors and professors walk through the diverse landscape as vampires talk between themselves over a glass of blood; zombies crouch over the open skull of an unidentified author desperate for a taste of the extraordinary brain.

Tolkien sits conversing with his own characters and frantically composes extraordinary previously unheard tales from Middle Earth as in the distance a dragon breathes fire, boiling a kettle from which a wizard with a longbeard pours himself a cup of tea.

Witches stand over boiling pots cackling as a walking skeleton dips a finger into the steaming broth, tastes and pours in the blood of a child.

In a land where leprechauns exchange tales with spectres and sorcerers do battle; ghosts, zombies, wizards and mythical creatures roam the entirety of their world. Where cries of laughter and pain weave into all the music known to man, where everything can be heard from the high and powerful tones of classical composers like Beethoven to the reggae vibrations of Bob Marley.

Imagination is the only limit in a place of inspiration.

# My Freedom Rap

## Uzayr Bukhari

With freedom you can do anything you please,  
You can walk down the street with ease,  
You can even climb trees,  
And you don't need keys.

# The Happening

## Clodagh Delahunty-Forrest

David was awoken by his coughing and the smell of smoke. He heard rummaging in his room, he looked up expecting to see his mom but instead he saw that his bedroom had changed and to his horror it was a ghostly figure of a boy that was making the noise. David was terrified, he froze and his heart filled with fear. It was beating so fast he thought it might burst. The figure was trying to open a door that had not been there before, a chandelier hung from the ceiling giving the room a strange eerie glow. David screamed but no sound came out, the boy seemed unaware of David's presence. A scratching, whimpering sound came from behind the door and the boy was frantically trying to open it. It seemed to go on forever but then he faded and David was alone.

Next morning David tried to tell his mom what had happened, she said it was because it was his first night in his new room and it was probably a dream. She would not believe David, thinking he was making it up because he had not wanted to move here. The boy came every night at 1.00am and his room always smelt of smoke, David was quite used to the ghost's antics now but the noise was unbearable. He was intrigued by what lay beyond the door.

One day David's curiosity got the better of him and he decided to investigate. David thought the boy looked Victorian so looked through all the old newspapers at the library. He was just going to give up when he stumbled across an article relating to a fire that happened in his new house on 5th May 1889. He learned that a family and their pet dog had all been killed when a fire had broken out due to a candle. It mentioned that a boy called Albert had been trapped in his bedroom and that his dog had died outside his door trying to get in. The fire broke out at 1.00am; David decided to help Albert by looking for the key to the door that didn't exist.

Months passed, David and his mom were working in the garden. His spade hit something hard he looked down and saw a rusty old key; David picked the key up and hid it in his pocket. He said nothing to his mom as he had tested her patience over the last few months taking any key he could find. That night he

placed the key where the boy always appeared. David waited in his bed patiently; smoke gave David the signal that Albert was in his room. Albert started searching around the room, he found the key and he rushed to the door to unlock it. Out sprang a tan dog with happy eyes glad to see his owner, suddenly they both disappeared and the smell of smoke was gone. That was the last time David saw Albert and his dog.

I belonged to Mr. Jackson. He called me Christian, but from where I originate my name is Nuru.

I lived with my family in a small village in West Africa. We had the most goats in the village, so were ranked very high. My father, brothers and I always produced the most amounts of crops each year, and even managed a few yams in the drought season. My father was the tribal chief. My ancestors had ruled our tribe for decades and I was soon to take on my role as Chief.

I had to complete manhood training before I was able to rule, and one of my tasks was to seek out new land for my village to grow. I was in charge of many men and I felt proud to be the leader of this mission. I knew my father would be content when I returned with news of the fertile plain I found. It was difficult to discover land suitable for crops. However, I was foolish not to have thought of a plan to combat tribal attacks. I heard a shout from behind, and before I had chance to understand what was happening, I was hit by harsh leather material. I fell to the ground, clutching my head. Warm drops of red liquid ran across my cheek. Before I could scream cold, heavy cuffs were linked around my ankles. I cried and bawled for my father, but I was silenced by another blow to the head. My men were linked too, and I was connected to other people. There were children and women in the procession as well, most had cuts and open wounds on their skin.

We were dragged on a trek that lasted days, through unknown jungle and trees. For many hours I was confused, but thinking of all the endless possibilities to where we were going tired me, so I stayed quiet. We emerged onto white, hot sand next to the sea. Our chain had grown and now we numbered hundreds of miserable men, women & children. The shore was stacked with wooden cages packed tight with my people.

I was thrown in a cage and separated from my men. I longed for the rescue of my father and the safety of my mother. I was lost in a sea of memories, each

one making my stomach clench and twist with the thought of home.

I stayed in that cage for a few days, until I was loaded onto a ship. I do not wish to recount the journey across the seas. Over half of the people on board died, or jumped overboard. I was locked in a long, damp room, chained and crushed like an animal. I had no clue as to how long I spent in that disgusting condition, but I eventually arrived on the shores of America.

Twelve years have passed since my capture:

I now belong to God. He calls me Son, but from where I originate, my name is Nuru.



# Rising Against Mother Nature

Katie Gayton

When disaster cries, we fall  
Into a deep dark jungle of the unknown  
So many worries, spread like a disease  
There is no cure, but to be cursed by the spell  
Though a few small brave people  
Take nightmares in their stride  
The younger population  
Are ready for an adventure  
No matter the disaster, however dangerous it may be  
These young tough people are seen to be free  
So maybe we should take a leaf from their book  
Be ready, be prepared and no one can scare us.

Mother nature, however, is out to break us  
Suck us up into her core  
Blow us out into space  
Her insides bubble, ready to munch us up  
Ready to destroy us a chunk at a time  
But maybe she doesn't know  
What humans are known for  
Because we can't be defeated as easily as she thinks  
For our world keeps on growing  
In size and in strength  
And by working together and staying strong  
No disaster can break us any more.

# I Told You to Forgive

Maryam Alatmane

You remember that day  
Like its happening right now  
Right in front of your eyes  
You remember that day  
Like a tape rewinding in your head  
I told you to forget  
To forgive  
To make amends  
But you ignored me  
Because your anger  
Was like a burning hole of fire  
Eating away at your heart  
And the silence between you  
Was like a wall  
A Dam that could not be moved  
Would not be broken  
No matter what  
Until the day the mirror of silence was shattered  
All that was left; the tiny segments of glass  
And you were left stung by the words:  
I hate you

Me and my dad were on the M15. It was a cloudy day despite the fact that my dad had brought his favourite sunglasses with him, the one with the pink flowers on them. At nine 'o'clock, a loud, booming voice disturbed me from listening to my favourite song, Shiny by a band called Rapsters, on my iPod. The voice told us to go to the nearest shelter so we did as we were told.

Oddly, the shelter we found was already full of people. It was boring just sitting there, not exactly knowing why I had to be there.

Eventually, I got out. To my surprise, there were Giraffes everywhere. Giraffes on houses, Giraffes on buses and even Giraffes eating the trees in parks! Now we had a problem, we had no choice but to dodge the Giraffes. Or did we have a choice?

"HELLO OVER THERE" called a person in the distance with an odd accent. I looked to where it was coming from, there was a gloopy alien standing by a high technology spaceship. "Cool," I screamed in amazement. Before my dad could stop me, I ran over to the spaceship. The ship was covered in multi-coloured spots but when you looked closely, they were buttons. "Can you give us a lift to forest road north please?" I asked the alien politely. "Course of," exclaimed the alien, "sorry I have grammar bad". We stepped in awe in the expensive spaceship. "Call me Gleam," said the alien who I now knew to be called Gleam.

In less than thirty seconds, we had arrived at our house. As a reward for the journey, we offered Gleam a bed and breakfast stay at our house. Gleam smiled. Quickly, he grabbed an old, rusty whistle. He took a deep breath and then blew the whistle with all of his might. Me and my dad turned and exchanged confused glances, not knowing what to do or say or think. Luckily, our questions were answered as around fifteen other spaceships landed on our roof.

Soon, we forgot our confusion and were soon madly dancing in our lounge. You would be surprised how fun it is to be partying with aliens. Eventually, it seemed almost normal to be eating crisps and sweets and dancing with strangers and aliens with futuristic spaceships on your roof.

I went to bed, happy. Even if Gleam and his other alien friends got out of control, I am sure that the local zoo or science centre would love to have fifteen aliens as an exhibit for their arrangement of animals and scientific artefacts. How could anyone refuse to have an unusual exhibit worth millions of pounds for free, they would get many, many more visitors.

Once I woke up, the questions started flowing like a rapid stream. Was it a dream? As the roof fell down and I was crushed with modern spaceships and aliens from science fiction films, I didn't need an answer, I knew the answers.

# My Imagination

Uzayr Bukhari

Thunder cracks, lightning strikes,  
Animals roar,  
Tornadoes suck up my ideas and they make me  
forget,  
But sometimes I remember,  
I had a breathless adventure about Lions  
yesterday in my head.

# Demolition

Sophie Turbutt

Cranes are  
Vultures watching  
Death smash caverns in her  
Society’s warmth; lingers as  
Teardrop.

# Juliet Poem

Stuti Aiyer

So woeful the tale of that young Capulet,  
Her love died along with her, at her side,  
Although it is not likely, she isn't gone yet,  
She follows and creeps and hides.

Love is her specialty, taking young lives,  
If hers didn't why should their love survive?  
A shadow that traipses across barren fields,  
The power of her death is a weapon she wields.

A crazed, ragged figure, she will appear,  
Appear over there, and over here,  
To take others love is her bet,  
That young, vengeful woman, Juliet

# Summer Nights

Lucy Donaghey

Sneaking out of the locked house door,  
Running faster than I've ever run before,  
Until I reached the golden sand,  
Sprinting towards the water hand in hand,  
Fireflies gleam in the crisp warm air,  
Whilst the smell of smoke lingers everywhere,  
Don't think, be free,  
See the waves crash? look out to sea,  
Just summer nights,  
No city lights,  
Moon beams,  
And hearts gleam,  
Singing songs by the campfire,  
Pretending we're a choir,  
With Midnight kisses,  
And Shooting star wishes,  
Dancing and laughing with flowers in our hair,  
Nothing to worry about, we have not a care,  
As nights get longer,  
Relationships get stronger,  
Hairs get lighter,  
Whilst skin is getting brighter,  
Summers finally here,  
So live life without a fear.



# Untitled

Lauren Webb

Go through the hedge's huge hole,  
The third world on the left is your goal, Then a garden shall emerge, Through  
which a huge joy shall surge, Stop by at the weather worn well, Sip sweet  
liquid then ring the jewel encrusted bell, Faces scream to go back, But do not  
alter your tack, Go forth into the world of new, The land of frost, ice and dew.

Allow the hedge guards to jump back for you, Continue into a world filled with  
snowdrops: purple, orange, white and blue, Up the grand, grass carriage way,  
Jealously edged by spiky clumps of grass; keeping intruders at bay, A bush  
edged with tiny, yellow flowers, Singing joy for endless hours, Foxes, badgers,  
birds, sprites, fairies and flies, Stare at you with glazed over eyes, From elegant  
queen tree, smothered in snow, you must pass through, To a world filled with  
colour of every hue.

Enter mother natures own world,  
Where all natural beauty has unfurled,  
Bathed in sunlight with lush green grass, Flowers of every colour draw you in  
but you must pass, Ignore your dreams visible within the wooden framework,  
For encased inside weird, evil creatures lurk, Hissing evil and bad will, To the  
many bushes or even the herons stone bill, Choose the windiest stone path,  
Do not stay and face evils wrath.

Up carefully carved clay steps,  
Through the narrow passage way filled with spritelets, Still following the granite  
stone, Furiously guarded by spiky creatures ready to turn you to bone, Come  
forth into a beauty haven, Bathed in sunlight so often craven, But you must  
leave, gifted and wise, Choose the correct path- the one that seems to lead  
to the skies, Through lavender central, DO NOT eat a thing or risk becoming  
mental, A huge stone basin, in which fire fish thrive, Scoop one up and be glad  
to be alive.

# Rainbow

May Neal

Rain and light make a trick  
Amazing illusions by colour  
Imaginative minds start to run wild  
Northern lights shine bright too  
Beaming colours look over me  
Observant beauty shines right through  
Winding staircases lead up to you

# Death

George Bastow

Death – a misrepresented act of existence trapped in a black shroud of peoples' misunderstanding. It is engulfed by peoples' bleak perception and skewed by their frightened views. Death brings suffering and pain, so they say, but does it really embody the shadow and darkness which mankind deeply fears? Does it truly swallow us in loss and sadness or is the agony that it brings of our own creation? Death is inescapable but yet we still hide from its grasp. Terrified we run unwilling to accept the reality of it. We mould it trying to fit its black form into a rational box of human making. We try to understand it, cope with it and acknowledge it in a way that is manageable for the unwilling mind.

In the deepest state of pain and sadness we try to mould it into a position which is controllable, but in a state of pain is the cover of darkness which encompasses us, really the arms of death? Is it actually the cold embrace of another power which makes us cry and shriek? Is it a second force that guides our emotions? Does death control pain and darkness or is it grief which scars the mind? Is grief the one who makes the soul twist and the shadows darken? Does death leave us hurt or is it another force which controls the dark attack? Death merely takes away but grief rips through the soul. Death is sly in its actions; death is a thief who strikes suddenly but grief is a complicated entity which remains to swim in its carefully formed agony.

Death is powerful, it takes life hourly on its sporadic spree, it can snatch or guide, demand or summon as grief follows in its dark wake. Is death really as dark as we perceive it to be? Is it really the cruel black thoughtless figure which mankind cannot escape from, or is grief the black shrouded man?

# A New Beginning

Musa Khan

This tale I am about to engulf you with is no ordinary tale...it is a tale that will divulge to you the truth about Nogard's life. Nogard was a conventional boy until the day he was abandoned by all his kinfolk. (Now, why he was abandoned is another story of which I may write another day). Wandering about all alone in his murky, but peaceful, dwelling he came across a scrap of parchment one day which read:

Hail Nogard the dragon hoard,  
The living boy,  
Join me on board,  
When the night is right,  
At ends Lord,  
Drolas...

Nogard was a clever lad who actually paid attention at school, and soon figured out the gist of the riddle; the first sentence he did not know nor the third but the second, fourth, fifth and sixth all simply meant that he was all alone in the world, 'the right night' was at full moon and 'Drolas' he decoded to mean Salord backwards, a famous place.

He set off for Salord the following day and took with him a sword of his father's, for he would have to venture through an enchanted forest. Nogard dozed off after a time under a hollow tree. When he awoke he was unarmed. He was most confused by this but, unfortunately, had to continue this way through the forest.

After a while he discovered that not far off there lay a dragon deep asleep with his sword under its belly!

Nogard accidentally awoke it (by violently sneezing) but was surprised that the dragon was not provoked. Instead, it began to speak... 'Nogard, I have been waiting a long time for your visit, but now that you are here let me tell you this. It is quite a deadly path from this point on so deep in the wood; werewolves and giants and all sorts lurk here and they are not so easy for a man such

as young as yourself to deal with. It would not be wise to carry on unless you would want to risk your life.'

'Where am I?' asked Nogard

'No time to tell now but did you decode my letter?'

'Yes,' replied Nogard.

'Thought you would but did you realise that your name Nogard is actually Drag-on spelt backwards?' 'That is why you did not anger me when I awoke. You are a descendant of dragons!! But enough of this chat. Let me show you the real world Nogard; the world where you belong. You belong to us, in the world of dragons,' and with a WOOSH of his wing, the scene automatically transformed into a brightly coloured area full of greenery; like a picture from a story book. However, this was no story and Nogard knew that deep inside him as they flew off together into the distance!

# The Adventures of Cushion Man! (And Bracelet)

**Zikriya Bukhari**

Our Super friends were stuck in the clutches of their worst nemesis: The nefarious Ned! The dirtiest pair of underwear that ever lived!

Ned had trapped them in the worst place imaginable - underneath the sofa ; they were also tied up with old liquorice!

After our heroes saw Ned running into kitchen they devised a plan:

"Let's use your diamonds to cut through the ropes!" Cushion Man told Bracelet.

"I'm on it!" Bracelet replied as he started cutting.

Soon, both the heroic duo were free!

As this happened, Ned saw them and seizing the opportunity, he fired Dirtoniumite, Cushion Man's only weakness, at them! Then, as quick as a flash of lightning, Cushion Man used his 'Fluff-Vision' and rapidly turned the filthy substance into a fluffy teddy-bear!

As this happened, Bracelet quickly caught some tape and rolled it around Ned and soon Ned was tied up, Cushion Man tripped him up!

"Well I guess you're all 'stuck-up', Ned!" Cushion Man proudly stated as he and Bracelet flew off with Ned to take him to Washland-Gate Prison-where he could not harm anybody ever again !

# Write On! Magazine

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