



# Spark Young Writers

WRITING  
WEST  
MIDLANDS

Issue 31 • December 2025



# Spark Young Writers Magazine

Like any publication, Spark Young Writers is for its readers, not for its writers. Yet it's also true of the best writing that the more it is personal, the more it is about how the writer sees the world, the better it is -- and the more it connects with us.

To pick out a single example, my Editor's Choice this issue is "Fast Texted" by Tia-Roma Williams, which is about choosing when and when not to use social media. It happens to be especially topical now that Australia has banned social media for children, but it's richer than a straightforward news or opinion piece because you can feel what it means to the writer.

William Gallagher, Editor

It's been an absolute pleasure to act as assistant editor for Issue 31 of Spark Young Writers Magazine. The breadth of submissions has been exciting to read: I've been on an adventure of maps, potions, goldfish, cats, and much more. Amongst this wild exploration, there have also been quieter pieces which have made me stop and weigh up the future – a fitting and timely pause for thought as we approach the turn of the year.

Claire Walker, Assistant Editor



Cover image is Kawase Hasui (1883-1957). Colour print. Moon in winter at Toyama-ga-hara. Published by Doi Teichi. Signed: Hasui, with seal. 1931. Japan.  
Courtesy of [Europeana](#)

Spark Young Writers 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](http://www.writingwestmidlands.org).

This magazine features writing from children and young people aged 8 - 20 who live in the West Midlands of the UK. It is also available to read online at [www.sparkwriters.org](http://www.sparkwriters.org).

Copyright of all pieces featured in this magazine remains with the contributors. Writing West Midlands - Company Registration Number: 6264124. We are a Charity - Registered Charity Number: 1147710.



Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**

<b>EDITOR'S CHOICE:</b> <b>Fast Texted</b> by Tia-Roma Williams	4	<b>Where Medusa Lies...</b> by Maryam Ahmed	29
<b>If Colours Were Beings</b> by Dianne Panther	6	<b>Darker Days</b> by Martha Jobson	30
<b>The Notebook</b> by Shewsbury Spark Young Writers	8	<b>Quarter of Colour</b> by Lucie Labbett	31
<b>Girls Need Education</b> by Abbie Dulson	9	<b>The Potion</b> by Livvy Armstrong	32
<b>One More Minute</b> by Daisy East	10	<b>Visitor</b> by Izzu Austin	33
<b>Billy and the Why Hiccups</b> by Eesa Abbid	11	<b>The Secret of Cats</b> by Cara Kennedy	34
<b>Tricky &amp; The Triple T</b> by Ealingee Rajeevan	12	<b>The Girls Who Don't Give Up</b> by Cate Aslett	36
<b>134</b> by Apollo	14	<b>No More</b> by Chloe Greenwood	38
<b>Nature's Opposites</b> by Eva Bobric	15	<b>The Mirror in the Attic</b> by Emilia Marguerite	39
<b>Eva's Riddle</b> by Eva Bobric	16	<b>Mystery of Halloween</b> by Emily B	40
<b>Goldfish</b> by Fern Kuhl	17	<b>Somewhere in the Springtime</b> by Connie	41
<b>Phoenix</b> by Hiba Kazi	18	<b>A World of Tissue</b> by Harrison J. Hazeldine	42
<b>Lonely</b> by Isla Davies	19	<b>Scattered Minyam</b> by Grace Sudlow	43
<b>The Playwright</b> by Katherine WB	20	<b>Dance Like a Firework</b> by Hiba Kazi	44
<b>The Cartographer's Lament</b> by Khudeeja Begum	21	<b>Tempest</b> by Izzy Austin	45
<b>The Stain on the Library Floor</b> by Kiera Kros	22	<b>An Apology to the Witches</b> by Harrison J. Hazeldine	46
<b>Last Christmas as a Child</b> by Tia-Roma Williams	23	<b>Dragonfly</b> by Hiba Kazi	48
<b>Stolen</b> by Simran Kaur	24	<b>Human</b> by Khadija	49
<b>Coursing</b> By Safi Mbarushimana	26		
<b>A Moving Grave</b> By Mayedatul Mutahharah	27		
<b>When Hope Packs its Bags</b> by Tia-Roma Williams	28		

# Fast Texted

## Tia-Roma Williams

I've always been a fast texter.  
The kind who'd reply in seconds,  
thumbs flying across the screen  
like I was racing to prove  
I was here,  
that someone out there  
was listening.

People used to laugh,  
say, "You're always on your phone."  
And they were right.  
Because being on my phone  
was easier than being alone.

It was comfort—  
those blue bubbles, those late-night "you up?"s,  
the constant glow of attention  
that never really meant anything  
but felt like it did.

My phone was the friend that never slept.  
The place I could hide behind emojis  
instead of saying I was sad.  
The place I could write "haha"  
when I was actually breaking a little.

I used to reply fast  
because silence scared me.  
Because waiting too long  
meant maybe they'd forget me,  
maybe I'd miss my chance  
to matter.

But lately...  
the messages pile up.  
The notifications stay unread.  
The little red numbers don't feel urgent anymore—  
they feel heavy.  
Like tiny reminders  
that I don't owe everyone a piece of me.

These days, I take my time.  
I write,  
delete,  
rewrite,  
then sometimes—  
I just don't send it at all.

Because I've learned something—  
peace isn't found in a conversation.  
It's found in the pause after it ends.

I've been sitting in my own quiet lately,  
and it doesn't feel lonely anymore.  
It feels like breathing.

Like finally learning  
how to be okay in my own company.

I scroll less.  
Think more.  
I look at old texts and realize—  
I was trying so hard to be wanted,  
I forgot to want myself.

So yeah,  
I've always been a fast texter.  
Now I'm slower.  
More distant, maybe.  
But softer with myself.

And I guess that's growth—  
the kind no one sees,  
because it doesn't get posted,  
doesn't get a "seen at 2:14 PM."

I still check my phone sometimes,  
out of habit—  
still stare at the screen like it might light up  
with something that feels like love.  
But I don't wait anymore.  
I put it down,  
and I live instead.

Because maybe it's not that I've stopped replying.  
Maybe I just finally learned  
how to reply to myself first.

# If Colours Were Beings

## Dianne Panther

It enveloped me in a thick hug of clouds and smoke, lavender chemicals choking my lungs, leaking into my heart. I staggered forward, each shaky breath a reminder that something alive was growing inside me.

I've always known I wasn't the same. Other versions of me felt familiar, like I fit in. People used me to paint, to sketch. I was born human. . . but was I really?

From the moment I exploded into the earth, I wasn't an object. I was a force, a feeling.

Never solid.

Still not.

In the mirror I felt an indescribable shift beneath my skin, like a rush of wavy gel, something sharp and glossy like diamonds. A kaleidoscope of fluttery petals and other feelings I couldn't name.

My veins were accentuated to a dark neon, like lightning bolts, pulsing with the monster that kept me alive.

I didn't move.

I flowed.

I was the clouds on a stormy night; the layers of a dress being thrown behind me. I was a galaxy of a billion stars, blinding to the unopened eye, power in a darkened sky.

Every day I looked in the mirror a gnawing craving for berry pie bled into my heart. So strong, almost like I had become it.

The mirror portrayed less of me and more of it. I began to morph into this colour; my veins no longer carried blood but something thicker, brighter, humming with its own will.

My skin shimmered faintly, tiny beads of stained snow as if painted from the inside out. I recoiled from evil, craved kindness, found beauty in solitude.

The colour taught me how to become, feel, react. I realised it wasn't dangerous at all.

My body wasn't stiff or pained — it felt light, joyful, free.

And as the days passed, the longer the colour consumed me, the more I began to understand. Nothing about it was pain or anger. The colour whispered differently when I listened. It wasn't a scream; it was a song—a thousand celestial voices from above singing their blessings to me in the choir.

I realized — some people would always look at me and see danger. They would see sharp edges, smoke, a threat. But there were always bright sides hidden in the same shade. Fear and beauty could exist together, even shadows had warmth if you stood inside them long enough.

I was becoming something new, something that carried joy instead of distortion.

Now, when I look in the mirror, I see it clearly. The glow was still there, but it no longer felt like fire. It was direction towards the light.

What I was meant to be.

I was the shade that invited rather than repelled. I was the hue that breathed aesthetic mornings and sunset horizons. The being that learned to carry light.

And so I decided. If colours were beings, then I would be the version that brought happiness.

Tell me — which colour do you see?



# The Notebook

## Shrewsbury Spark Young Writers Teen Group

*(after Edip Cansever's 'The Table')*

A group of writers, filled with imagination,  
wrote their names in their notebooks,  
drew words and letters there.

They sacrificed love and time in their notebooks  
they locked secrets and something else there.

The writers etched ideas there in purple ink,  
the date, dark and light, doodles and little drawings.

They wafted the smell of the library,  
onto the pages of old and new books,  
dropped in orange juice and cookie crumbs,  
sounds of a pen scratching the paper,  
and the feel of a hard car seat.

The poured betrayal and dripped death in there,  
along with magic Goth music, shopping lists.

They put day and night in their notebooks,  
whispered worlds in there, life,  
beginnings and endings.

Lastly, into their notebooks,  
they added inspiration for the writers to come.

# Girls Need Education

## Abbie Dulson

You sit in the back of class giggling throwing paper balls at the 'geeks'

You skip lesson

You argue back at teachers

You haven't willingly read a book in five years

And you still expect to get grade 9s at GCSEs

I can't go to school

I'm not allowed to go out in public

If I would try protest for my rights I would be shot

I am forced to be a robot with no feelings

I am told I should be seen and not heard and you think your life's terrible since you just have one piece of homework to do

My rights have been stripped from me and you just waste yours thinking school is hell when in fact you're the one making school hell for everyone who actually wants to get the most of their education.

When in ten years time you're sitting in your council house with your ten kids you say to yourself how could this have happened, you cry because you had potential. But that potential was ruined when you decided going out drinking in year 11 was better then revising for your GCSEs maths exam

I would kill to be in your shoes to be able to get an education. Don't waste it.

# One More Minute

## Daisy East

A shooting star flew past my window, flashing brighter than a torch. My eyes were blinded by it. My thoughts were echoing in my mind like bees swarming a hive.

Mum - I remember her soft, honey-blond hair that I plaited when I was younger. Her smile always had an effect on me that made my day brighter. I remember us going to the park and playing. I know I can never have that again.

In that moment, I wish I could have her again - if only I could hug her.

I ran down the stairs with salty tears raining down on my cheeks. I got in the car. It was time to leave home. At the airport, I put my bag in the trolley and forced a smile at my dad. A lady stood in front of me. "Excuse me, can I go please in front?" I politely asked.

She turned around. It was Mum.

"Mum?!" I cried. She smiled. "It is going to be okay, Amber," she gently replied.

Before I could hug her, she vanished into thin air. My dad ran towards me. "Sorry, had to take the call from work, you alright?" I nodded. Mum wasn't coming back. I accepted it.

All I ever wanted was one more minute.

# Billy and the Why Hiccups

## Eesa Abbid

Once upon a time, there was a boy called Billy. He went to Bog Worts school. He loved asking questions. One day he asked so many questions, he got why hiccups. When his friends said, "Hi Billy," he would reply with "Why?" When the head teacher said, "Hello," he would reply "Why?"

One day he went to the doctor to get medicine. It took the doctor two hours to realise that he had why hiccups. The doctor gave Billy a special medicine, but it made his head get fatter, his belly get bigger and his legs get longer.

After five minutes, though, he was back to normal. The doctor asked, "Are you okay"? "I am okay," said Billy in excitement!



# Tricky & The Triple T

## Ealingee Rajeevan

Finding Tricky is Tricky!

Tamara: Hi, I'm Tamara, and my family is ALWAYS up to no good.

*Tamara walks into the living room and the camera turns to her gran curled up on the couch with her feet up and a face mask on.*

Tamara: That's my gran, Teresa. *(pointing)* She's ... well, let's say old.

Teresa: Oi, that's gran to you! I may be old, but I'm strong enough to put some sense in that head of yours!

Tamara: *(runs away into the kitchen, where her dad is pouring a glass of beer)* Oops! And that's my dad, Tony.

Tony: What's up, sweetheart?

Tamara: Wait, is that from the bar?

Tony: Yes, it's a great perk of the job! Unlimited refills and bottles of beer!

Tamara: You know that's not free, right? It goes on your tab! *exits the kitchen, shutting the door with a bang* My dad's definitely not got the highest IQ out of all of us, at least the humans. You know, at every family gathering, gran always tells us the same story. When dad was 7, he was looking for his cat, Mittens. He saw Mittens on the wall in the back garden, and he had the brilliant idea to climb up after Mittens. However, I think you all know how this is going. My dad is no cat, so he climbed up and fell right back down, scraping his arm. But instead of calling maybe his mom or his sister, he called all of his neighbourhood friends to help him patch it up. Talk about Humpty Dumpty!

Tamara: And, introducing the most troublesome T, Tricky!

Cameraman: Wait, where's Tricky?!

Cameraman 2: I swear she was just here for the first take!

Tamara: Tricky? Where are you girl? Come out! This is a bit weird, Tricky is always here for her naptime at noon, and wasn't she just here a few minutes ago?

Teresa: Maybe that troublesome dog has finally gone to rest in hell where it belongs!

Tamara: Gran, this is not funny! If Tricky is really missing, you need to help me find her!

Teresa: Ask that lazy father of yours! All day long, all he does is drink pint upon pint of beer, yet I toil away at that school past retirement and still can't get a moment of peace. I already have to punish you at school, do I need to do so at home too?

Tamara: No gran!

Teresa: WHAT? YOU THINK I'M A HAIRY MAN? HOLD YOUR HORSES MISSY! I'M COMING UP THERE!

Tamara: NO GRAN! I DIDN'T SAY THAT! Did I mention that my gran is definitely partially deaf?

Teresa: YOU COULD BE A BIT LOUDER NEXT TIME!

Tony: What's up sweetheart?

Tamara: Well, that's about as much as he says. They're no help. Honestly, if I disappeared, they probably wouldn't notice until they realised if they found me they'd get a reward. Tricky is definitely going to be Tricky to find though, that's all I can say!

*(Tricky and The Triple T theme song plays. Tamara is now in the attic)*

Tamara: Sometimes when Tricky goes on her adventures, she's up here. Maybe playing with a ball of string or actually covered in dust. Tricky, you here girl? This is kinda creepy! *(Witch cackle in the background.)* What the hell is that? Okay this is seriously creepy. Don't wait till now to tell me we have people living in our walls. This is honestly not the best time.

*(Ringing starts, and gets louder, and a fan can be heard in the distance.)*

Tamara: Is it just me, or is it getting really, really cold in here? Where is it coming from? *(Blows dust, but it goes backwards.)* Wait... *(Tamara lifts a large mirror aside, revealing a large entry in the wall.)* Okay, I guess it's time to descend into the depths of hell, by myself. This is seriously a real-life horror movie.

*(Tamara walks to the attic entrance and bends down.)*

Tamara: Dad! Gran! I'm going to descend into the depths of hell! I'm warning you, if I don't come up before bed, you better look for me!

Tony: Okay, sweetheart!

Teresa: I'm no Mother Teresa! I ain't interrupting my spa day for a little brat like you!

Tamara: Well, that's pretty reassuring! Her name is literally Teresa! Oh well!

*(Tamara climbs down into the hole in the wall, landing on her feet. She dusts off her hands and looks around.)*

Tamara: Where are the lights? My god, this is actually terrifying! Well, at least my death will be recorded for... um hundreds of people to watch?

*(Scream and bark in the background.)*

Tamara: Tricky? Is that you? Come, we need to go and get Tricky!

*(A box shifts and Tamara runs over.)*

Tamara: Tricky? Wait, that isn't Tricky, that's a 40-year-old creep living in our walls holding a – KNIFE! RUN!

*(Tamara starts running while the cameramen stay behind. The creepy guy is captured by the camera whilst running.)*

*(End theme plays)*

Apollo

There are 134 tiles on the ceiling.  
but let’s count again.

12. the amount of times  
you raised your hand and  
got ignored.

37. the amount of times  
you coughed a little too  
loud in public.

64. the amount of times  
you laughed a little too hard  
and snorted.

93. the amount of times  
you have to sharpen a pencil,  
go to the bin and grab a worksheet.

125. the answer you gave which  
was incorrect and the feeling of  
sinking that ensues.

Eva Bobric

Butterfly's wings are colourful,  
But bee’s sting are harmful.

The Rainbow shines brightly,  
As the rain is poring.

The Sun is shining merryful,

As the bird's wings are powerful,  
An Elephant's ears are enormous,

As an ant's mouth is tiny.



# Eva's Riddle

## Eva Bobric

I may look fluffy,  
I may look soft,  
I may look like candy floss.  
But I really am soggy and wet,  
And floating above your head!!!

# Goldfish

## Fern Kuhl

In the sea or in a tank or lying on a riverbank  
There he was with a bright blue tail

A ship came by in the breeze with a big white sail  
And there he was again with bright blue scales

In the sun or in the rain he came once more to play a game  
The goldfish swam, played and hid and went to dinner with a squid

Underwater restaurants fill your mind with a very big, beautiful scene behind  
Back to that riverbank where the goldfish once lay  
Back to the sea or tank or bay

# Phoenix

## Hiba Kazi

Just like the feathers of day and night  
The little bird will fly tonight  
The feathers drop in the silent night

The feathers of saffron, ruby, amber and gold  
Decay upon a restless night  
As the Phoenix flies tonight

See the first drop of light  
Die throughout the night  
The fires die now and then  
But the creatures will bring back light  
Follow the light through the starlit night

Watch the Phoenix fly tonight  
Into the deep dark blue night

A bird of no other enters my room  
It's feathers a beauty of fire alight  
It's screech is high  
The Phenix flies again  
I'm all alone  
I follow its light  
Over the road of darkness  
It guides me to hope  
The Phenix squawks  
It leaves me be  
Gazing into the deep blue sea

Of those feathers of day and night  
I gaze again and see no light

# Lonely

## Isla Davies

Blue waves crash against the empty shore,  
Emptiness stretches for miles,  
Like all the world had suddenly disappeared.

Faint glimmers of stars,  
Shine a dim light on the relentless darkness,  
That falls upon me like a waterfall.

The sun gazing longingly at the quiet beach,  
Didn't seem to realize what hell it was down here,  
I wish I could be up there with it in the sky,  
No worries in sight, no loneliness if people notice me when I'm gone.

It wouldn't be for long, just like a holiday,  
In a faraway land, far, far away from here,  
But there is no way up to the sky; I'm stuck down here.

Blue waves crash against the empty shore,  
And I am staying lonely, forever and ever more.



# The Playwright

## Katherine WB

He sat. Cup full of coffee. Eyes with a twinkle full of both malice and benevolence. His hands were still dirty and the man had an air of almost cruelty about him, only visible through the tinge of a smirk teasing his lips.

The man's name was William, but his name was the least interesting thing about him, as it often is with those brimming with thoughts. The idealists. The dreamers.

His hand was shaking and one could barely tell if it was the adrenaline or the caffeine, I doubt the man himself was sure. His pen was the source, the manifestation of his thoughts the ink crawling across the paper, its crawling lines orchestrating a play he himself was merely the audience of.

And he watched, William did, as each character grasped the little life he had to give them and flew across the page, revelling in their newfound freedom and he glared almost enviously as they lived the life he had done nothing but provide them with.

And he screamed a hellish wail of jealousy but sympathy. Understanding his ignorance the man ripped into their lives, the ink their blood, across the paper and staining his hands until his vision filled with the absence of life he once provided them with.

# The Cartographer's Lament

## Khudeeja Begum

The sky was a parchment, bruised with twilight's ink, and he traced its contours with trembling fingers. The cartographer, once a master of borders and breath, now wandered through a world that refused to be mapped. Cities bled into forests like spilled wine; oceans whispered secrets to deserts, and stars rearranged themselves nightly, mocking his compass.

He had drawn empires with the arrogance of gods, each line a decree, each curve a prophecy. But now, the earth pulsed with rebellion. Mountains uprooted themselves like stubborn teeth, rivers meandered with the whimsy of children, and time itself folded like origami — past and future kissing in the creases.

His maps, once sacred scrolls, now fluttered like wounded birds. Ink ran like tears. He stared at the horizon, where the sun melted into the sea like gold surrendering to fire, and wondered if perhaps the world had grown tired of being understood.

He dipped his quill into silence and began again — not to chart, but to listen.

# The Stain on the Library Floor

Kiera Kros

The stain on the library floor,  
It's been there many years.  
The stain on the library floor,  
It's caused many fears.

The stain on the library floor,  
Caused by witches broth,  
The stain on the library floor,  
Made by bubbles and froth.

The stain on the library floor,  
People scrubbed at it with strain.  
The stain on the library floor,  
Will go only with magic rain.

The stain on the library floor,  
people cover it with tables.  
The stain on the library floor,  
But they don't know its fables.

# Last Christmas as a Child

Tia-Roma Williams

Christmas is around the corner,  
you can almost smell it—  
that mix of cinnamon, pine,  
and something quietly fading in the air.

The lights go up again,  
the same ones that tangled every year,  
and the same songs play in every shop,  
but this time... they sound different.

Maybe it's because we've grown taller,  
or quieter,  
or because Santa stopped writing back,  
but still—  
part of me wants to believe he will.

We're standing in that in-between place,  
where magic still lingers  
but reality's tapping on the windowpane.  
One last Christmas where the world feels small,  
safe,  
wrapped up in paper and dreams.

We'll still hang stockings,  
we'll still laugh too loud,  
but something in our hearts knows—  
this is the last one before life starts to stretch out,  
before the world asks us to stop pretending  
and start becoming.

So this year,  
I'll hold onto every flicker of light,  
every snowflake that dares to fall,  
every moment that feels like it could last forever.

Because next Christmas,  
we'll still be us—  
just older,  
different,  
a little braver,  
but never too far from the kid we used to be.

So here's to the last Christmas as a child,  
to the warmth that still believes,  
and to the grown-up heart  
that promises never to forget  
what it feels like  
to wake up to wonder.



# Stolen

## Simran Kaur

The air was filled with phantoms.

I was walking. The night was filled with clouds, snow on the ground. Where am I going? Into night, into snow, into wind.

The path connives to trip me. My thoughts turn ever to the pain of deceit, of lies told to my face.  
The city lights are behind me. Behind are cars roaring, headlights staring, buildings that hang stonily, wind that is suffocated.

I am free. Beyond the lights, beyond the selfish people called Man. Beyond control. The tree that hangs before me beckons me forward. Forward. But why does something look so sinister about it?

"Bryony! Where are you going?" cried a playful voice behind me.

I barely look back. Timothy.

"Sister where are you going?"

Doggedly, I kept my stare to the ground and continued. I felt the wind about us, wild, listening, but unreachable.

"Dare you speak to me?" I said, quietly though steadily. "In your guilt, you come to me in such a manner?"

"Come, forget all those tangles with morals. Come home. I did the best for us."

The wind picked up and howled. But suddenly when I turned my head, I was alone. On the ground lay my own steps, nobody else's.

My heart beat. I turned. The air was filled with the snow that had begun thrusting itself within wind. White, hurling phantoms, shifting between my sight and something before it.

Before me stood something. Standing where they had not stood before. They were dark things, with single words. Gravestones.

"Hope," "Dreams", "Youth." My heart beat. Under the words, other words were covered with snow.  
Trembling, I dusted off the snow. Trembling, I read the words. "Bryony Wilder."

My heart beat fast. Freedom once again in chains, struggling against those city lights, those voices of my youth that stole time away. A blindness enveloped me, holding me tightly.

"Why do you torture me?" I cried. "Why?"

Suddenly, I saw a horse. Distantly in this blindness of my sight and heart, I saw a creature. Instantly, a creature that seemed to have freedom beyond my own.

Flashes of memory. Of hope. Of dreams. Of youth. They appeared, they went like the ebbing of a tide, so cruel, so wonderful.

I was at a crossroad. From that night, it be etched upon my mind. I woke as if it were a dream. Yet a dream that was alive. Memories can be cruel and joyful at the same time. I had youth

before me when my brother stole my stories and made them his own. I had ideas and wonder before my name was soiled when I tried to reclaim them. I wonder if they feel guilt. They stole not only my ideas or fame. I do not care for such. They stole trust, youth, dreams.

But now, I live on. In a moment of will struggling with will, I won. And I think not of their guilt, but what there is to come.

# Coursing

## Safi Mbarushimana

Gaze in sweet eyes,  
To turn away from raptor claws clutching,

You're still asleep

In knives and forks of grass lay still,  
While movements of yore creep like insects,

Hide from the bird,  
Who tears your halo from your head,

Among man-made nests

Beaks click in discordant harmony,  
While feathers beat to soar like drums,

Crawl away from imposition,  
To blind eyes foreseeing an uncertain future

# A Moving Grave

## Mayedatul Mutahharah

In the distance, the first blush of dawn bleeds against the soft sky. The morning sun climbing up the horizon, illuminating the land in restless shadows. The sun stands like a role model, posing as if it were on a magazine cover. The first light rays dance across my face making my unshed tears glisten with hope.

An aroma of fresh morning dew and poppies lingers in the air. Blood red flowers hug my ankles while they sing to me in hushed whispers - *"In Flanders Fields..."* a pink lonely colour paints itself onto my cheeks. A stubborn tear slips from my eye's grasp - running along the forgotten tracks of my most vulnerable moments. The gentle grass caress my legs with understanding.

Around me, whispers of longing souls and unspoken words carry themselves to my ears. Trembling grave stones stand weary, guarding the beloved corpses' below. Faint wails and cheers dominate the atmosphere. A symbol of their new journey.

"What is the other side like?" I murmur to myself.

"Just wait and see, my love," the wind mumbles back. I tense. My ears perk up. My eyes dart around with anticipation.

*\*It couldn't have been...\**

The wind brushes past me - a familiar presence within it - leaving a kiss on my lips. I shiver.

....*\*him\**....



# When Hope Packs its Bags

## Tia-Roma Williams

There was a time I thought hope lived in my bloodstream—  
like it was born in me,  
like no matter how dark it got,  
I'd still glow in the cracks.

But lately...  
I've been bleeding out dreams I didn't mean to lose.  
My smile's been clocking in overtime,  
trying to convince my soul it still believes in tomorrow.

They say, "everything happens for a reason,"  
but they never tell you what the reason is  
when you're crying at 3 a.m.,  
holding on to pieces of yourself that no longer fit.

See, hope used to hum lullabies in my ribs—  
now it's packed its bags and left a note:  
"I'll come back when you start believing again."

But how do you believe  
when your heart feels like an unpaid bill?  
When your reflection looks like someone  
you're tired of forgiving?

I've been walking through days  
that feel like déjà vu of disappointment,  
trying to find God in a world that's stopped listening.  
But maybe—  
maybe hope isn't gone.  
Maybe it's just resting,  
waiting for me to breathe again.

Because even ashes remember what it felt like to burn.  
And maybe one day,  
when the world feels lighter,  
I'll find my fire again.

And when I do—  
I'll tell every broken soul I meet:  
"You were never too heavy to rise.  
You just forgot you had wings."

# Where Medusa lies...

## Maryam Ahmed

Deep in the woods where no birds sing,  
She rests beneath the sky's soft wing.  
Her hair like vines in twilight's breeze,  
The warning sounds of the woods, a mysterious symphony,  
Tangled with threatening hisses, an echoing lullaby,  
That drifts far away into the vast sky.

She peers at gleaming stars with silver eyes,  
Unblinking as the daylight dies.  
From day to night, the silence grows,  
In a forest where a river of blood runs thick and no wind blows.  
The scent of ash and ancient dead,  
Clings to the earth where none have tread,  
The trees withdraw with cautious pace,  
Afraid to meet her timeless face.  
The grass bends low, the insects flee,  
Crawling away from something they cannot unsee.

She withers like a flower beneath the golden sun.  
A tale of sorrow left undone.  
Cursed to watch the world leave her behind,  
Unmoving beneath the boundless sky.  
No soul dares cross her sacred ground,  
Where silence reigns and death is found.

For in her gaze the truth is shown –  
Medusa waits, lost in time's flow.

# Darker Days

## Martha Jobson

Darker days are coming,  
Shunning the sunlight away.  
Raindrops are drumming,  
Winter's on its way.

Darker days are coming,  
Leaves are falling fast.  
Animals are running,  
To hibernate at last.

Darker days are coming,  
It's time to light the fire.  
Flames and sparks are humming,  
Watch them climbing higher.

Darker days are coming,  
The clocks are turning back.  
The winter world is stunning,  
Follow in its track.

# Quarter of Colour

## Lucie Labbett

Orange is the first colour to fall.

The brown coats the leaves that are on the ground

Reflections from puddles bouncing off the colours, Pumpkins and the mud that comes with picking them.

The dark nights that come with spooky cats. Halloween is a part of Autumns part of the colour wheel.

Even if it wants be to or not.

# The Potion

## Livvy Armstrong

My cauldron is as black as soot,  
It is fragile like a book,  
Crooked handle, covered in rust,  
And on it is a lot of dust.

In it I shall put:  
An ogre's foot,  
A pirate's loot,  
An old leather Viking boot,  
A star's shimmer,  
The ocean's glimmer,  
A phoenix feather,  
Some sunny weather,  
A happiness bottle,  
An axolotl.

I'll stir and stir,  
Then add some fur,  
I watch it sizzle,  
Froth and fizzle.

Into a bottle it was poured.

# Visitor

## Izzy Austin

Dust danced in the moonlight that filtered in from the crack between the curtains as I placed my feet atop the coffee table - swinging one over the other. Outside, powdery snow fluttered from the sky, covering the hard, concrete ground in a thin layer of soft white. The sky was grey, blanketed by the clouds that hung overhead. Birds circled in the vast space above the cars that rumbled on the road, their headlights piercing the darkness and illuminating the bustling city: families wanted to get home in time for Christmas.

I pressed the 'on' button, and the television flickered to life, casting a dim glow upon the dark room. I switched between channels, not paying much attention to the shows that were playing, until I settled on a Christmas movie I had never seen before. I leaned back into the fluffy cushions that lined the sofa, my gaze settling on the screen.

The sound of my doorbell startled me, and I pulled myself up from the couch, stretching as I did so. The wood-panelled floor was cold underneath my bare feet, sending a shiver right through my spine. I would be sure to start up the fire later.

I reached the large door, wrapping my hand around the cold, metal handle. I twisted it, pulling the door open in one sharp movement. A rush of icy air hit me, the sensation piercing my skin, making me shudder as I glanced around for a moment. Someone stood in the doorway, their warm smile contrasting with the bitter cold. Their eyes were covered by the fringe that tumbled over their face, but they were still easily recognisable. This was someone I hadn't seen for years, but the memories of them were still engraved into my mind. A soft grin sprung across my face as I waved them inside, taking their coat.

As we settled down on the sofa, cups of hot chocolate grasped in our hands, I knew I wouldn't be alone this Christmas.



# The Secret of Cats

## Cara Kennedy

Ring! Ring! “I’m awake!” I groaned. It was my first day as a teacher. I had set my alarm for 5am. Normally, I would set it for 6am, but “the early bird catches the worm,” and today I was going to be the bird.

I raced to the bathroom at top-speed. I quickly grabbed my toothbrush. I scrubbed my teeth like a pro. I had to hurry though. I glanced at my watch. It was still very early. Too early! I took my night clothes off, and hopped into the shower. At last, I had finished my shower.

Now for the finishing touch. I thought. Carefully, I put my necklace on. This wasn’t any necklace, it was a special one.

You see, cats have a very important secret.

With our special necklace we could transform into a human. That’s right. I could transform.

When you were below reception class, you would have a special bracelet instead of a necklace. Each year, there was a cat festival. There was never an exact date, all that mattered was that there was a crescent moon.

I closed the door behind me and I got onto my bike. Eventually, I arrived and marvelled at the magnificent site of the school.

“It’s a beauty isn’t it?”

I turned around. A beaming face looked at me. “It truly is,” I responded, looking a bit startled.

“By the way I’m Miss Allister the Headteacher, you’re Miss..?”

“Miss McKasy,” I said.

“Well Miss McKasy, I won’t be able to give you a personal tour, but our vice principal Miss Allie will be able to. Also, I love your necklace, especially the crescent moon on it. In fact, it looks very similar to Miss Allie’s.”

“Really?” I asked in wonder.

“Yes. But then again I could be wrong.”

Who is this Miss Allie? I thought. But really who was she...

As Miss Allister led me to Miss Allie’s office, my mind was still full of questions. Was she a part of the cat community? If so, how come I hadn’t noticed her at the cat festival? Did our families know each other? Did I already know her but didn’t recognise her surname?

Finally, I met the “Miss Allie”.

“Would you mind introducing yourself?” asked Miss Allister as she left me in the school.

“Sure. No problem.” I replied.

“Thank you! I owe you one.”

I smiled. Miss Allister was really nice, but the main goal was to meet Miss Allie. After a long ten minutes of searching for Miss Allie’s office, I found it.

“Are you Miss McKasy?” said Miss Allie.

“Yes. That’s me.” I scanned all over her body. I finally found her necklace. “I knew it!” I blurted out. “You are a cat!” I suddenly covered my mouth.

“Yes I am,” she said. “Welcome to the club.”

# The Girls Who Don't Give Up

## Cate Aslett

In a dark windy cave far, far away, lived a beast so mighty and bold....

"Happy Birthday!" shouted three young girls to their friend. The girls are: Mia - the dragon girl, she is wild and always wants to play, Holly - the unicorn girl, she is shy and likes to get into nature, Penelope - the phoenix girl, she has a fiery spirit and is very intelligent and finally the birthday girl, Willow - the werewolf girl, she is the hunter and always takes risks.

"Thanks, guys," said Willow.

"Let's open your present," said Mia as they start unwrapping the gift.

"Thanks for the chew toy," said Willow as she opened a rubber chicken. "I'm going hunting," she shouted.

"Good luck," shouted Penelope.

"Hope you catch butterflies," said Holly. (Holly liked eating butterflies). "They are my favourite."

"Okay," said Willow, sprinting out the door with her bow and arrow.

Willow stepped outside and then, suddenly, she noticed a massive, hairy yeti. She crept down in the bushes, climbed up a tree and jumped on it. Splat, boom, roar, she landed on the yeti's face, tiny compared to him.

Jumping off quickly, Willow ran for her life, her heart pounding as she ran for the hills. "Help!" shouted Willow.

Meanwhile, the girls were sitting and chilling in the early evening sun, when in the distance they saw a giant yeti holding... "Willow!" said Holly. "It's got Willow!"

"She needs our help," said Penelope.

"I think I need to talk to the yeti," said Holly.

"Yes, you have to," agreed Mia.

Holly gulped. "Okay."

The girls ran into the night, Mia's eyes glowing midnight blue, the others glowing red and pink, as they headed towards the yeti's cave. Looking through the window, they could see Willow was now trapped in a huge cage. Suddenly behind them, "Raarr" shouted the yeti, scooping them all up and adding them to the cage.

Holly gulped. "Ccccaaann, you ppplease let us go?" she said, shaking on the spot.

"No," said the yeti, booming at her.

"I have a plan," said Penelope, "When he falls asleep, lets try and make the cage fall over by leaning on one side".

And when the yeti eventually fell into a deep sleep, the girls did as instructed, being careful not to wake him. Crash! Bang! Boom! The cage toppled and fell. The girls looked around and ran through the door to freedom. Their legs scraping against the forest floor, their hearts

beating harder and harder as they made it home to the safety of their cave.

"Hopefully we will never the see the yeti again," said Holly shaking in fear.

"I'm not so sure about that Holly, he does live quite close to us," said Willow.

The girls stayed awake all night thinking about the yeti. Would he take revenge? If he did, the next time, they will be ready!

# No More

## Chloe Greenwood

This Kingdom used to be full of wildlife, wonder and hope, it was the place where dreams came true. A sanctuary for magical beings looking for a safe haven... But it was never meant to last.

Princess Evie felt the ground tremble beneath them. She and her sister, Princess Blair, turned toward the forest, as the vibrations grew stronger. Then they saw it, humans running towards them. Evie froze as Blair quickly grabbed her sister. "Run!" Blair said desperately, running towards their Kingdom.

When they arrived, their hearts sank. The magical barrier that once protected their home had failed. The sisters burst into the castle, interrupting a council meeting. Their parents, King Kage and Queen Sylvia immediately rushed over to hug them.

"What's going on?" Blair asked, worried about what's happening.

"...We've summoned The Magical High Commission to form a plan." Kage explained, reassuring them that it's ok.

"If you'll excuse me." The commission leader interrupted. "This fire is fast, spreading quicker than anything we've seen. And soon it will wipe the entire forest clean. The purple flames indicate that it's been corrupted by the core, that's why it's so powerful and water resistant. But that's not all. We've found that it has managed to damage the force field, slowly dissolving it into ashes and dust. Without it the core has become unstable, making all magic unpredictable as the creatures seem to be evolving due to the change. They are now able to withstand sunlight and are growing stronger. They are truly unstoppable. Not to mention, with the barrier down humans can walk into the Kingdom at any second. We're completely defenceless and have no protection from humans or the creatures."

"Do you have any idea of how to stop this?" asked another commission member.

But before Sylvia could respond, Kage replied: "No, it's too dangerous. We can't risk anyone getting hurt. We must evacuate."

"We can't just abandon our home, there has to be something." Evie stepped forward desperately, wanting to help.

Kage reached out to comfort her but she pulled away, running off. Evie decided if no one was going to act, she would.

Their Mother grabbed Blair, stopping her from going after Evie.

"Send out the guards and bring her home," said Kage to a doorman who bowed and left.

Meanwhile, Evie ran until her legs were screaming. She didn't have a plan or any idea, but she had to do something, anything. She wasn't just going to stand by and watch her home be destroyed.

Entering the forest, she came face to face with the creatures of the night. That's when she noticed the blood and violence. Humans vs monsters. A century old war that never ended and never will. There was no point in fighting to change that, and there was no going back to normal.

This was the reality that soon started to seep into her veins.

# The Mirror in the Attic

## Emilia Marguerite

I slowly pull off a dust sheet and an old, shiny mirror gleams back at me, reflecting my bewildered face.

Dust flies around me as I reach to touch the glass.

My fingers fall into contact; the cool mirror pressing against my fingertips.

Unsettled feelings rush through me; the mirror doesn't feel solid like others, there is something different about it. Everything seems distorted; shadows creep eerily around me.

I pull away.

Suddenly, the reflection changes.

My past flashes before me. Pausing at those horrible memories, all the things that have gone wrong. All the things I never wanted to lay eyes on again.

Wind suddenly rushes out of the mirror, surrounding me like a tornado.

All those guilty moments shouting out at me.

I sink to my knees, hot tears flooding down my face, my eyes blur, my breaths shallow.

I scream.

As loud as I can, until there is no air left in my lungs.

Everything stops. The wind vanishes into the mirror, the dust settles, and my flushed face and bent body appear.

# Mystery of Halloween

## Emily B

Spooky, scary, Halloween,  
Bright orange pumpkins,  
Cold days into Autumn from Summer,  
Winter bonfire lights the way,  
For witches tall or small,  
For wizards young and old.

# Somewhere in the Springtime

## Connie

She walked through the cobbled street, stepping on each stone with particular thought and care, noting the rough domes peeking through the soles of her worn pumps, tracing the ball of her feet over each individual rock. She moved slowly, still moseying forward in her usual, utopian manner, as if she were a feather floating in the breeze; rhythmically dancing along the path, aimless and yet so contentedly purposeful, enviably free.

After a few moments she raised her gaze up from that cobblestone floor, tilting her head towards the buildings overhead - houses mostly. An inquisitive girl, she was feeling almost obliged to peer into the windows of the homes. And peer she did.

Eyes wide open like camera shutters, recording, observing, watching, without judgment nor haughtiness, simply seeing, truly seeing.

In number 24 an old woman stood over the stovetop, wiping beads of sweat from her forehead with a small, striped kerchief as she mindlessly stirred a tarnished, brown pot, staring down at muted salmon espadrilles, a mother, perhaps, a wife most likely, a domestic lady certainly.

The girl soon grew tired and switched her lens to next door, this time viewing a young man at his desk, a rickety, old typewriter making tired and infrequent clickety-clacks. Seeing his face, one could not misread his frustration, hurled over a small, dark oak chair with a furrowed brow, surrounded by crumpled up sheets of paper, a starving artist? Maybe. Or perhaps he was merely writing a letter, not prose. The girl could not quite decide, and I suppose she didn't have to.

She walked on, contented yet, drifting her same drift, this narrator cannot help but admire the beauty in her self-assured fulfilment, unchanged and untainted by life.

A few more moments lingered on, seemingly clinging to the humid air, she'd walked till the houses were out of view and the residents out of mind, till she reached a lone rusted, white bench slotted between the greenery.

There our girl sat, I could not tell you for how long, nor what she thought of. But I can tell you how painfully peaceful she looked, her mouth ever so slightly upturned on each corner, hair playing in the soft sunlight, those same worn-out pumps adorning her feet. And she didn't seem to have anything bothering her, no one thing particularly hanging on her the walls of her mind, how much I wish I could see it all again.

Such a strangely familiar and warm feeling, one I seem to have lost, now and again I think of her and cling to the hope. The simplicity which I so crave. The so highly undervalued moments of true peace we find, so fleeting and small, and yet so powerful.



# A World Of Tissue

## Harrison J. Hazeldine

The wind blows and there goes our home.  
The clouds cry and buildings die.  
The lightning strikes and houses ignite

For in our world nothing is concrete.

When structures are built not to last but rather to fade.  
When nothing material can truly be saved  
When the world unpaved is a constant reminder of change

For in our world every day is a new slate.

Droplets from the sky wash away our everyday  
Leaving nothing for future generations to dismay  
For our legacy is only what words can convey

As when your world is made of tissue, change is really no big issue

# Scattered Minyan

## Grace Sudlow

“I’m going to sing with you one day,” the musician cried. “Even if I have to die to do so. Which I probably will.” He barked a short laugh; it echoed eerily in the dim forest.

He traced his hand along the small clumps of earth under which his mentor was buried, Jacob’s rich singing voice pervaded his mind.

“Some say twenty-three’s too young to die,” the musician mused. “I think you were ready. Anyone’s got to be ready for death out here.”

Shelling detonated in the distance.

“We’ll be moving on from here, soon, pal. They say there’s not enough of you left to transport home, although we gathered what we could. And you have no family ‘cept us. Guess I’ll be leaving you too.”

The musician stroked the edges of the small rough wooden cross the sergeant had insisted on putting at the head of the grave, splinters pushing at the skin under his finger nails.

The sergeant had no cause to believe that Jacob’s death was his fault, but he’d said the cross was his way of honouring his comrade. The musician gave a wry smile: he and Jacob were Jewish... but it was the thought that counted.

He picked up a large stone that lay nearby and placed it in front of the cross on top of the grave.

“There,” he said. “Now those who come across your resting place will know that many remember you.”

Tears pricked at his eyes. It should be him in this grave, not his friend. Not his best mate. It didn’t feel right to take another breath.

“I’m going to sing with you one day, Jacob,” the musician cried.

*(A Minyan is a group of Jewish adults required for certain religious observances in Judaism.)*

# Dance like a Firework

## Hiba Kazi

They go boom, boom, boom  
In the midnight sky  
They go crack, crack, crack  
In the silent night

There's a light above  
Could it be a star?  
It's a firework  
That you can see

Dance like a firework  
Don't let their judgements cloud you  
Dance like a firework  
And own the night like your destiny  
Dance tonight  
Like a firework  
Like a firework

They go boom, boom, boom  
In the midnight sky  
They go crack, crack, crack  
In the silent night

Fireworks dance across the skies  
You can own your destiny  
Your in charge of your own path  
Shoot across the skies  
Like a firework  
And own the night like you own yourself

Dance like a firework  
And own the night  
Like a firework

Find your destiny  
Own your dream, and your path  
See the night  
Glitter with sparkling lights  
Across the sky

Dance like a firework  
Dance like a firework  
Stay strong like a firework  
Burning through the night  
Just stay strong  
And dance

# Tempest

## Izzy Austin

A colossal wave hit the side of the ship, rocking it back and forth. A gathering of clouds built in the sky above, as rain tumbled down onto the deck. The ship was isolated in the vast ocean, tumbling over vicious waves. Thunder rumbled over the screams of the crew onboard. Darkness engulfed the world, thick black clouds blocking out the moonlight that tried to push beyond the ominous blackness.

Below deck, Sky heard the pounding of feet above her as the crew frantically searched for something to keep them steady. The scent of wet wood drifted in the air, mixed with fumes from the sea.

Sky pushed against the trapdoor above her. Still locked. Her heartbeat was so fast her chest ached. Fear washed over her as water trickled through gaps in the wood. The cyclone grew heavier as the ship jerked to one side. Sky stumbled, hitting her shoulder against the wall.

The trapdoor opened. A boy — about her age — stood over her, a black mask covering his face. He looked down, pulling off the mask. His dirty blonde hair was plastered to his face, and his blue eyes were cool, calm, hiding his terror. He crouched down, offering his hand.

Sky hesitated, taking a step back. He raised an eyebrow, beckoning for her to come closer. Still unsure, Sky took his hand, and he pulled her out from below deck.

Once above deck, she looked around. The sky was dark with black wisps. Tempestuous waves climbed high, crashing onto the ship. Lightning struck jagged rocks ahead—the only light for miles. The crew was gone. The lifeboats were missing - Sky presumed they had left on those.

The mast was ripped, with cracks in the wood. The ship was sinking. It had collided with a sharp rock, breaking a hole in its base. The enormous vessel began sinking rapidly.

Their last chance was jumping overboard. The blonde boy squinted through the rain, his gaze falling on her. Their eyes met one last time, and she leapt from the ship. The ocean caught her in its merciless grasp as waves crashed over her head. She heard the boy shouting, but as she disappeared underwater, his voice became a distorted noise.

She saw the water break before her. The boy had jumped in after her. Her head surfaced again. He was a few meters away, gesturing for her to follow and yelling something she couldn't quite catch. He pushed through the churning water and reached a large rock protruding from the ocean. The sky was clearing as he dragged her onto the boulder. The sea was calming, returning to the serene landscape it was only minutes before. Moonlight broke through the fading clouds, bringing light back to the world. Thunder and lightning stopped abruptly, and the sky cleared, revealing star-lit heavens.

Sky felt her eyelids fluttering as she lay back on the rock. A cold, yet comforting darkness gripped her, as the ship finally disappeared under the gentle waves.

# An Apology to the Witches

## Harrison J. Hazeldine

Witches, oh witches, how did we get here

From worshipped to deserted like a midsummer fling  
Disgraced and erased is the legacy we bring  
Deaming your name a slur without meaning

Witches, a legacy desperate for cleaning.

An apology is owed to all those lost to a whisper,  
All those set alight due to a black whisker,  
All those hung for speaking words that blister.

Witches a word once honoured, now singing lambs into slaughter

Hung, Bound, Burned, Drowned.  
The Tainted Fate they'd state  
Laid bare at the accusation of a mere child,  
stripped of titles and honour.  
reduced down to slurs:  
A hag  
A Heretic  
A Witch

Witch is only a slur for a woman who could never be controlled

They feared it, an outcast, a black cat,  
With hair as unruly as the bear  
Staring eyes as wild as the isles  
Elixirs perfectly compiled.

Witch for how you could be so mild yet so unable to reconcile

A nature never to be stowed  
A smile that never showed  
A force never slowed

Witches a power that nature sewed, once proudly showed.

For they used to worship your connection to the natural,  
The way you could command the land like an admiral,  
For how the wind buckled under your hand  
And How Embers dimmed and struggled on your demand

Witches, once you were honoured and prized as advisors

An Oracle, a healer, a fortune dealer,  
viewed as historical, a golden feather

Witches, but their favour soon faded like the changing weather

For just like Hecate, they feared you too  
Your power makes them sour, like rotten fruit

Yet like a flower to a bee they cannot get enough.  
An enchantress they call you, what a decree  
They betrayed you, and replaced you  
To cover the quaint  
Rewriting history to call themselves, Saints.

Witches, for they may taint your name with hate like Nyx and Hecate

but I know the truth of your fall from grace  
The time before cauldrons and a green face  
Times when you were honoured and not a haggard fate  
Times scattered through history never to be retraced

Witches, haste is needed and an apology is deserved, for you shall not lay disgraced under the earth

Apologies are owed to all those forgotten,  
For they didn't fear you for your hair, as soft as cotton,  
Nor for your glare so full of life  
Nor for your words as sharp as the knife

Witches for their fear runs far deeper than the hour

They feared you a danger for your power.  
For when a woman is powerful and intelligent,  
They are a threat that must be malevolent.

# Dragonfly

## Hiba Kazi

Take a flutter out of your nest  
And take a step out of the trees  
Where you belong is far from true  
So take a breath and fly away

Flap your sweet, fluttery, gossamer, wings  
Open your heart for every dream  
Fly away from dangers and threats  
Into the open wide and new

And if someone stops you,  
Blocks your path  
Don't let them trap you  
You're brave and fast

Dragonfly, dragonfly, fly away  
Control your own dream  
It's today  
Be seen, be heard  
Don't be afraid

# Human

## Khadija

why are the days suddenly  
becoming more tiring  
why do i feel like my energy is rapidly expiring  
why was life actually full of colour years ago  
how could i be dumb enough to never know  
What part of the story failed to show?  
and why did i hold onto my ego  
why does it feel like discipline is disintegrating  
why does every task feel disorientating  
Like getting out of bed  
Moving my legs and my head  
Challenging my mind  
Or trying to find an answer to life

I feel like everyone around  
me is rude and mean  
Judging every little detail not letting others be  
How does it feel like to be seen  
Is the whole world separated from me  
Why do I feel like I'm so close  
to accomplishing something  
yet never achieve

Self-sabotage hits me like a brick  
It hits my in the heart like an iceberg to a ship  
As the bitter blood from my heart starts to drip  
It's always at bay waiting to get me back  
Patience certainly isn't it's lack  
Waiting for the precise moment  
Just to attack  
Would sacrifice everything just  
to stab me in my back  
It's laughs at my pain  
Smiles at my suffering

I try to escape but it pricks me like a bee sting  
I can't catch a break  
Life constantly at stake  
All because of my own stupid tiny mistake  
It's like a flap of a wing  
which causes an earthquake  
And I don't know  
Just how much more I can take

Compared to others life isn't that bad  
So I ask myself  
"why does it drive me so mad?"  
So I ask myself  
"why do I sit there feeling sorry for myself?"  
So I ask myself  
"why do I barely feel reason to be glad?"

I realize I wouldn't compare myself to those who are happy so I shouldn't compare my self to others who feel the opposite



I realize if I wasn't talking to myself I would be more considerate  
I realize I don't know when I might die so I should make the most of life  
I realize life isn't perfect but I can have more good days than bad, I will make life my comrade  
So I can finally stop being sad

I look out the window  
I observe down below  
There's rubbish dirt and vileness  
But I don't ignore the sky and I look up  
And I see a rainbow  
I forgot all about the rubbish, I could care less  
I suddenly have less urge to stress

All I need to remember is  
there are other perspectives  
I realize you can't  
look at one perspective and run with it

I now know I shouldn't restrict myself from what I could have been  
I know when it comes to improving my life I can't quit  
I try to do better  
Progress is greater

I feel like I have a better reason to be alive  
I feel like I have more courage  
I feel like I can finally thrive  
I finally feel human  
I love life  
I feel human  
I now want to survive

I feel human



**For more information about the  
work Writing West Midlands  
does with young people, please see  
[sparkwriters.org](http://sparkwriters.org)**