



King's High School

The Junior & Senior
Creative Writing Clubs'
Collaborative Winter Anthology:

The Sea

Penguin Beach

by Rhiannon

I waddle towards the sea. My feet shuffling along the soft sand. The sea starts to gently submerge my feet as I approach it. I dive in. Bubbles fly off my feathers and I swim gracefully through the water. My wings gently choose the direction in which I swim. Joy spreads around me. Other penguins start to surround me. I surface, swimming with my head looking out over the big blue water. The sun strongly shines down on the world I know. I slowly turn to face the beach. The penguin beach.

My eyes widen. The joy that was so primarily filling me up suddenly bursts. Spots move through the rocks silently approaching the beach. The others notice as the spots knock a pebble off the rocks. They start to rush, vacating the beach at their highest speed. Which with being penguins isn't very fast, but we do so, nonetheless.

I honk as loud as I can manage. I can't let the few who haven't noticed get eaten. The spots of the cat pick up pace and my honks grow more desperate. Gradually, more and more penguins reach the safety of the water. The last few stragglers bellyflop into the water and swim far enough in for it to become too deep for the spots. Deserted, the penguin beach is almost unrecognisable. Only those who see it on a day-to-day basis would know who it belongs to. The quiet footsteps of the spots become inaudible and those who don't want to stay in the water, start to waddle back onto the beach.

I stay glued to the sea watching dark, ominous clouds rolling in overhead. Drips of water start to fall around me. My flippers gently propel me to the beach. It can be horrid staying out in one of these storms. I approach the safety of the beach, drenched from the sea and the sky. I turn my head admiring the scenery of the waves rolling onto a sandy beach with the sun on the horizon. I haul myself onto the beach, the sand sticking to my damp feathers but the sky washing it off again. The sky doesn't make the view out to see any better. But when you see it every day it doesn't make much of a difference.

I waddle slowly towards the shelter of the rocks. Grey and jagged, they loom over the beach, penguins sheltering wherever they can, without being squashed because that would be rather uncomfortable, and no one wants to sit through a whole storm like that. I duck my head under the nearest rock, carefully making sure I'm not too close to the blue water as I know it will slowly crawl up the beach.



The Power of the Sea

by Eve

Leave your footprints in the sand
And let them wash away
Let it travel across the land
And sail back to me

Leave your hearts in the sand
And let them wash away
Give hope and love to all around
While they sail back to me

Leave your gifts in the sand
And let them wash away
Let all enjoy what was planned
As they sail back to me

Leave your prayers in the sand
And let them wash away
Tell all they meet they will be alright
As they sail back to me

Leave your hopes in the sand
And let them wash away,
Believe that they will be achieved
And they will find their way to me

A Cruel Mistress

by Flick

The winds howl, the sheer force of the gale biting at my soaked skin. The inky black sky merges with the cruel sea. Waves crash over my head, plunging me underwater. I break the surface, gasping for precious breath, the cool air filling my lungs. Lightning splits the air and thunder growls, ominous as my fate. Another wave sweeps me into the depths, the icy claws of underwater current gripping me as I'm tossed around like a mere plaything beneath the surface.

I try to force my eyes open, the salt stinging like an open wound, and all I can make out is the gloomy depths of the ocean. My chest tightens with panic as my arms flail, trying to make it to the surface. The rain that hammers on the surface seems a long way off now as I persist in my efforts.

My soaked clothes are like weights hanging off my exhausted frame, dragging me deeper yet. I stretch my arms and legs out, to feel for something, for anything that could help me, yet I make contact with nothing but water. I open my mouth to scream, but nothing but water rushes into the space. My lungs are burning with effort, as I desperately try and haul myself to the surface. I'm numb with the vicious cold that's got me in a tight chokehold.

All I can hear is the rumbling of thunder and the sweeping water past my ears, the thrashing of my weakening legs. I'm losing hope, the energy draining out of me as quickly as the water rushes, yet I keep pushing, lungs bursting. I can hear the rains wrath on the surface louder now, and with one final kick up, my head breaks the frothy surface. I gasp for breath, drinking in the cool air as relief courses through me.

I'm yet to win this battle, dragging myself through the water, legs heavy as lead, toward a rock. Slick with water, my hands are raw and grated as I cling to them, pulling myself on top of it. I perch on the rock precariously, gazing at the raging storm ahead of me.

The sea is a cruel mistress, they told me, and I think I know why.

Lost

by Flick

A haunting call echoes throughout the sheltered cove, like that of a grieving phantom. The inky blackness of the sky is scattered with flickering stars, minute shards of hope. The water's surface ripples gently, washed with a gentle moonlight. The crisp coolness of the still December night makes for a tranquil atmosphere.

The whale slips through the water, a magnificent giant, yet still possessing the agility of a spring hare. His skin is archaic with time, rough with settled barnacles, and each scar reflects on the battles he's triumphed over. His dark eyes are hollow set, un-noticed by most, yet they hold a wisdom that not even humankind could wish to possess, that have seen things that no other creature has. As his back rises above the surface, a cloud of mist is expelled from his blowhole, sparkling for a moment in the night air before drifting down toward the water. As he raises his head above the surface, yet another mournful wail circulates the cove, grieving for something so long lost.

How could such a colossal, silently beautiful beast pine so desperately for something? What has it lost that it longs so deeply for? Panic rises in his calls as he circles the shallows, yet his demeanour remains gentle.

In the moment of silence that follows, a returned cry rebounds back at us, barely carrying over from the expanse of the ocean. The whale turns back toward the ocean, letting out a frantic stream of calls. In the distance, silhouetted against the moon, another whale, almost a twin of the other, ascends out of the water, arching through the sky before making contact again with the surface.

Swiftly, the whale darts beneath the waves, leaving silent moonlight in its place. A few moments pass before he rises, swimming side by side with his lost companion, slowly blending in with the velvety water before descending completely into the embrace of the cool ocean.

Wreck

by Flick

Once it sailed proudly,
Carrying the most envied goods,
It travelled miles with ease, and arrived at port to hearty cheers,
Crowned king of the seas, it raced the waves,
Until one fateful day.

Now it festers in the shadows of a hidden cove,
A ghost of what was once was royalty,
Guarding the secrets kept by lost sailors,
Hiding from the prying gaze of the public eye,
Archaic with time, it seems to splinter at the touch,
Mother Nature's plaything,
Yearning to be found,
Yet remains lost in a twisted history.

Somebody's lost triumph,
Forgotten in the vast expanse of time,
Once a celebrated beauty,
Yet now diminished to just another wreckage.

The Ocean Waves

by Cecilia

The ocean waves were a sparkling blue,
A nostalgic feeling, de jà vu.
The sky was pink and blue and ever so clear,
As the night grew very near.
The wind rushed gently through my hair,
Nothing would ever even compare.

The warm, golden sand between my toes,
A gorgeous girl, flawless like a rose.
Pearly pink conch shells laid out along the shore,
Buckets and spades, children have been here, I'm sure.
The oceans wave were a sparkling blue,
A nostalgic feeling, de jà vu.

Ocean

by Cecilia

It was sunset and the sky looked like a dream. The hues of hot pink and deep purple felt as comforting as a warm hug. Slowly and gently, she removed my shoes and walked in the direction of the sea. The sand was a smooth as silk against her feet. She felt the cool breeze on her bare cheeks as a sense of gratitude and peace washed over the radiant girl. The scene looked unrealistically picturesque. One by one, the waves approached the shore like they were wearing sparkling diamond tiaras.

Overwhelmed by the beauty of the beach, she let out an absent minded, joyful shout and the gorgeous beach echoed straight back. The sea had always been part of Megan, a piece of her heart and soul; every time she saw it an internal wound I her was healed. Her troubles were forgotten, and her anxious thoughts were immediately silenced. One thought circled around in her otherwise clear mind, 'beauty is everywhere, you just have to look.'

Deep Blue Beach

by Zilpha

No one ever visited Deep Blue Beach, not on sunny days ; not in the holidays. It was simply what you called deserted, abandoned if you will. It was so desolate in fact, you would think it was illegal to tread foot on there. Sand looking dusty ; water looking grey, Deep Blue Beach had lost its spark years ago. Tourists always pondered the possibilities of what could of happened. It was the same old 'Sharks must have attacked' or 'It was never popular anyway'. These comments lingered through St Troy's town, only a few people knew the true story, like myself, but we tend to keep it away from most citizens. Alas, as the truth must be revealed sooner or later, I might as well share it to you, lucky reader.

1989, summer had sprung into action, the good old sun shining its beautiful rays once more. Deep Blue Beach was as full as ever, children screaming ; running around, fathers getting their tan on, ice cream vans loaded with cash. Quite different to now, isn't it ? I was ten years old, perched on a lounge chair (the vintage stripy ones coloured blue and white) catching my breath, I was playing a game of tag earlier (annoying quite a few people as we ran past spraying sand all over them). After a few moments of huffing and puffing, I stood up suddenly, I heard someone call my name, looking over it was a girl, stood holding her beachball up proudly, wearing a navy swimsuit and shell decorated bracelet, the girl's name was Jane one of my friends. 'Hey ! Wanna come swimming? I think if we play tag again we'll probably get banned from the beach!'

she exclaimed. Agreeing immediately, me, Jane, Ethan and Alex (two other of my friends) waddled down to the sea, avoiding any loose seashells that could poke our feet.

The sea was especially stunning that day, glistening in the sunlight, the blue colours popped out serenely. In another perspective it looked so drinkable, besides the fact that if you were to consume it, it would taste like a mouthful of salt. Scrumptious. I walked into the shimmering sea, the further I went the deeper it got until I eventually had to swim. We splashed around for a bit, playing a nice game of volleyball. Team 1 was me and Alex and team 2 was Jane and Ethan. The scores went back and forth, one team scoring higher than the other but then levelling up again. The game was endless, we were all exhausted, 'Ugh why don't we just rock paper scissors, cause I am literally about to pass out.' said Alex, "We'll just call it a tie." said Ethan. We all shook hands, and decided to do a bit more swimming.

The cold water hit my face, and I inhaled the disgusting taste of salt. Kicking around trying to get the revolting stuff out of my mouth, I felt something underneath my foot. My first thought was that it was just a rock, until I looked down. A skull was right before my left foot- that wasn't the worst part though, it was human, a human skull. I didn't scream, I just stared at it horrifically. Was their more bones ? Maybe from the same person ? Or maybe from someone else... Having a closer look, (I was more intrigued than I should had been) there was a leg and arm, there was

even a hand, clutching onto something- "Watcha doing ?" Ethan tapped me on the shoulder, I jumped out of my skin. "Ethan ! You almost made me have a heart attack !" I said sharply, "Sorry ? But anyway what are you looking at ?" I shook my head at him, "You don't want to know." "Let me see." he replied eagerly. Staring at him with frightened eyes, I pointed hesitantly. "Are those bones?" Ethan exclaimed. I slowly nodded, "That's just gross..." said Ethan, as his eyes widened. "What's it holding ?" he asks, "I don't know, your guess is better than mine..." I say. "Finders keepers, am I right ?" With that being said, Ethan dove down, snatching the object held by the diseased body.


The mysterious object was absolutely stunning, a silver bracelet decorated with bright red rubies, and a silver charm hanging from it. Ethan and I were delighted, despite the repulsive sight of a human skull, we had found an ancient piece of jewelry ! "We could sell this for a fortune !" I cheered, delicately brushing my fingers up against the exquisite gems, clearing away all the excess sand. I remember this bracelet being described as 'Never before seen' but not all nice things are exactly pleasant, never judge a book by it's cover, that's what I've learnt...

The next day was still sunny and bright as usual, and my group of friends met up at the beach. For a good reason; Ethan and I were going to show them the bracelet. "Why are we here so early ?" Jane yawned, "It's basically the crack of dawn !" "I know you're all tired, but ! We have a

surprise." Reaching into my back pocket, I pulled out the shining beauty, "What ! That's probably worth a fortune where'd you find it ?" Jane gasped. "Oh, uh... just in the sea." I said, trying not to think about the putrid skull. "Just in the sea ? That's mad !" said Alex with a surprised tone. I hastily put the shining treasure back in my pocket before anyone could snatch it. "Look, quiet down!" I hissed, "We don't want anyone stealing it do we ? We have to keep it a secret !" "Alright, alright we'll keep the word down." said Ethan.

Our meeting had ended, and I was walking down the road with the bracelet clasped in my hands. There was a subtle wind in the air, which was quite refreshing as the sun was burning the back of my neck. Looking back at the beach, I wondered of who could of had the jewel before. A pirate lost at sea, or a person from royalty, whoever it originally belonged to was very lucky. I stopped at the side of the pavement to tie my shoelace, the wind picked up again. 'That's weird.' I thought. I fumbled with the lace, tying it into a wonky-looking bow. The wind picked up again. Subtly, but enough that you could feel it. I gazed at the sky, baffled. Grey clouds ? In the summer ? Rain poured from the grey sky and wind swirled around in a chaotic manner. The waves became aggressive, sweeping away anyone who came near. I ran to my house, hands over my head shielding the spiteful rain away.

I was damp and cold by the time I got in, the thunder banging on my window. This storm



was... weird, to say the least. It came out of the blue, like finding a lost sock, and everything seemed to have turned grey. I tiringly grabbed a stool, climbed up and stared outside with my arms resting on the windowsill. Debris was hazardously swerving around, smashing into anything in its path, and the muffled sound of the people evacuating the beach filled my ears (as well as the rain). I shut the curtains frantically and headed to my bedroom to rest. I was stressed out and shocked, it was sunny an hour ago... how could it just change ? I flopped onto my bed and waited for my parents to arrive back home.

The following day it was still storming, the tide had vigorously come in, and the whole beach was terribly flooded. There was not a single person to be seen, just rain. It was so plain and boring; all I could do was just wait for it to pass.

But then the next day passed, then the next, then the next. Soon a whole week had passed and it was still storming. People started to panic, houses were flooding causing them to move away, our town had made it onto the news. It never ever stopped. Dread wreaked in my head, soon all my friends would move away-including myself, and I didn't want that. We had to meet up, one last time, before everything turns to shambles.

I asked my parents straight away, I was met with a... hurtful reply, "I'm sorry, but they've already moved." said my dad "What ?" I replied "Why didn't they tell me.." "They couldn't, it's dangerous walking up here in this weather, we tried to convince their parents to let them stay, but their houses were about to be flooded, I'm sorry." my Mum said miserably. I was truly

devasted that day, rushing out the house in a rage. I was thinking, why me ? The bracelet was dangling from my wrist, twinkling in the dark weather. I took it off... thoughts were pacing round my body. Until I realised.

I saw what was left of Deep Blue Beach, the waves were crashing onto the shore like a mad cat catching a mouse. I had the bracelet clenched in one hand, this was the problem. I took a look at it once more, it's evil dark red gems laughing at me, mocking my ignorance. This item wasn't mine. Not at all. It was the sea's. Clenching my jaw I tossed the villainous treasure into the sea swallowing it whole. It was gone.

The sky enlightened, and the storm vanished. The sea had created all the chaos because of my choices. I took that gem and was punished greatly. It was my fault.

So you see, even if something seems like no other, you can never judge a book by its cover. Deep Blue Beach was never the same again, as was myself...

The Great Wave

by Bethany

Thick swirls of ink dance across the page, soft strokes of paint harmonizing with the cooling breeze. Hues of every blue and white softly swishing together to create a completely new array of colours. Tranquillized, I stood, transfixed at the beauty that lay in front of me; The Great Wave artwork. This was the one place that my heart could truly call home. History, life and emotions all swirled into one, magnificent sight.

But, as I am fully immersing myself in this incredible, unbelievable world, a loud voice echoes through the winding hallways, interrupting my trance. “The museum is now closing. Please exit the building in the next 5 minutes.”

Quickly but quietly, I stumble through the now deserted hallways to reach the doorway. Besides, I could always come back to the museum tomorrow...

The chilly, frosty air creeps up my spine as I grab my bag and get out of bed. Although it's early, the sun glimmers in the morning sky, a precious stone gleaming through my window. Trudging through the thickening sheet of snow blanketing the pathway, I stumbled across the never-ending road that stretched all the way from our house to the museum. I had left a lot earlier than usual, as I needed to check for something very important.

Standing tall and proud in front of me, the museum stood. Glorious high walls streaming into the sky, the ancient pillars supporting the old clock – tower. The wind nearly blew me off my feet, as I admirably stared at the beautiful sight before me, as I did every day. But there

was no time to stop, so I quickly hustled through the large, overpowering door. The thick, musty smell of ancient artifacts instantly hit me, but nonetheless I continued to make my way into the Ancient Artworks section.

There it stood. Right in front of my very eyes.

My precious picture was safe.

But as I continued to follow my gaze into a whirling pool, magnetizing my eyes to the picture's surface, I started to feel lost and unstable on my feet, like I was standing on jelly, until I couldn't feel anything anymore. I felt my body floating up into the air: my feet, hands and arms disintegrating until there was nothing left of me. And then I felt my eyes close. Was this what death felt like?

I feel bruised. I feel exhausted. I feel numb. And when I'm just expecting that death is eating up every single part of my dilapidated soul, I feel my eyes... magically opening. Where am I? This definitely isn't home. Feeling more alive, I cautiously push myself off the floor and stand rather hunched on the gristly sand that grinds beneath my exhausted feet. And then my senses instantly awaken from their deep sleep – my nose deeply inhales the thick fog of... salt... and water... Like a bomb going off in my head, I suddenly realize where I am – waves frolic upon the shore, transient but always there, rising and crashing. The bright sunlight shines upon the fluid water, everchanging the colour except it is always the same: always blue. And just in the distance, I make out the small but distinct sight of a mound – no, a mountain? Dusted with snow and peeking out to say hello amongst the water.

The sea.

The Great Wave.

I have to pinch myself to be certain I'm not dreaming – but there's no doubt about it. I am here. Right now. In this very moment. In a painting. Surrounding me, are people doing everyday jobs: selling fish at the market; hanging up washing and cleaning the streets. It really is a magnificent day; everybody looks so content with their busy work, as the sun streams down on the surrounding people. Children are laughing, playing and swimming in the glistening waters. But the calm doesn't last long before the storm begins...

Thick clouds swirl together to form a dense smog of darkness. Waves splash and dance in the ocean, spitting out poor, tiny children. The waters gather and rise, and gather and rise, and gather and rise until WHOOSH! The towering waters collapsed onto the sand like a thousand buildings collapsing all at once. Screaming. Shouting. Everywhere I looked there were people frantically sprinting away from the terrifying sight, grabbing what belongings they could, hiding in any place they could find.

And amongst all of the chaos that enveloped me, like a thick blanket being carelessly thrown above my head, I stood. Still. Frozen on the spot. And that's when I felt it. My legs suddenly became wobbly, my ears felt on fire, my feet started trembling and I collapsed on the spot. I felt myself disappear entirely into a swirling steam, drifting up into the powder-blue sky, my body translucent – almost ghostly...

My eyes snap open, I'm panting like a dog, drenched in a chilly sweat. My clammy hands shake madly, and I have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. What had I just encountered in that dreadful sleep? Feeling paranoid, I leap from my bed, scamper down the stairs and pull on my coat and scarf. The glittering snow is still soft but crisp outside as I hurriedly trudge along the road, my scarf wrapped tightly around my neck, my hat screwed tightly on my head. Feeling even more panicked, as a blizzard burns my flesh, the overpowering winds nearly knocking me right off my feet and the thick chunks of ice get caught in my eyes, blinding me, I sprint even faster to the huge, beckoning doors of the museum. Hauling them open, I collapse through the entry, stumbling as a freezing blast of snow sprays across the hallway from outside. Aware of time, I swiftly dart up the towering, winding stairs to see the print: to see if my dream was true. But it looks the same as always. Exactly the same. Except, something is different. Just as I am about to turn around and leave, I notice something... something that definitely was not in the painting before. Someone.

Me.

Gone (extract)

by Charlotte

The tide is out. It has been for months now. The local authorities are out there, searching. The fog has just settled above the sandy shores, and I can barely make out the faint outlines of the figures walking, looking, torches flashing through the thick cloud. Two months have passed, and the police have barely told us anything. Not what they've found, nor what has happened. I've seen the news and the way our lives are displayed like we're the toys of the media, our lives dictated by the opinions of strangers lifted by the publication of their words. Their words, writing our story.

I clutch the latest edition in my fist, the humid air seeping the ink into my skin. The low wall I am perched on is damp from the rain, the wind whipping my hair into my face. It stings, but I stay sitting there, the beams of torches fading into the distance. Faint sirens blend in with the usual sounds of birds and the wind, my new normal. A uniformed officer walks up to me. He says something, but I can't hear him. Crowded thoughts scream until I can't hear the words he dictates to me. I can't compute it, hours of silence and hours of commotion and hours of sitting on the floor of my room with tears pouring down my face clouding my mind. The officer sits down beside me.

The fog has drifted towards me, and I can't see, can't think, can't do anything except sit. Sit. Sit here watching the shadows as they play with my mind, control my thoughts, destroy my hopes. Days of sitting, sitting at the kitchen table and waiting for a person that wouldn't return, days of cold lunches and takeaway food and sleepless nights where I lie awake for hours on end, thinking. Thinking and hoping and praying to a god that doesn't exist and crying, crying more than I ever thought I could. Not eating for days because my mother is stuck in her room, crying. These thoughts all return to me and a single tear falls onto the ground, freezing as it

reaches the bitter bricks. The cold has covered my skin like a blanket of frost, and I'm unsure whether my uncontrollable shivering is because of that, or the anxiety that I might never see my twin brother again.

Shipwreck's Sail

by Lola

Saturday morning. 6.00AM. Setting the boat up for a day out. Sandwiches, fruit salads, and biscuits in the picnic basket. All the ropes untied and the excitement was building. The cool morning breeze, the light fog swimming through the sky at dawn. The three friends, ready for a fun day out, were standing in the dock, loading more film into the camera. The boat, loaned generously by one of the girls' dads, was called Lorelei. It was bright blue with white writing, to the awe of many sailors, with its prepossessing finishings. Every Saturday, the girls went on their weekly snorkelling trip and looking for treasure.

They believed they were masters at untying and tying the ropes, sailing and steering; they thought they knew everything there was to ever know or imagine about boats. Off they went, slowly drifting out of eyesight. Little did they know, never to be seen again - or at least they thought.

As the day went by, Lorelei sailed further and further from the shore. Little did they realise their boat had drifted so far away. They were stranded, yet they didn't realise until sunset. After a long day of snorkelling, treasure hunting, and fish finding, the girls started packing up. But their boat started filling with water rapidly and began to sink. They were now stranded in the darkness. All alone on a deserted island.

They were quick to panic, as anyone would, as they had to plan the next course of action. No phone service, no food, no bed, no anything. They were truly deserted on this mysterious island.

Living on small fish caught on the shore and scraps of old fruit and beans. Days and days of old berries found on trees and bushes, drinking coconut water. However, boredom was creeping up on them, weeks of staring at the sea from the morning sunrise to the evening sunset- so many now that they started fading into one.

Their families at home were distraught with the absence of their loved ones and were hoping and praying they would come back. The girls' parents did not stop looking, hunting and trying to find clues about the whereabouts of their children. After weeks of studying maps and previous weather forecasts, it clicked. The wind near the Pacific Ocean made the girls take an abrupt turn. They had been stranded on the tiny uninhabited Island near Tahiti. Emergency rescuers immediately sailed to pick up the girls. They were incredibly relieved to see the boats. Within a few hours, the girls were rescued and were heading back home. On the way, they discussed their next trip, which was land based, of course!





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