



King's High School

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

**Time**

# The Tiger's Painting

by Rhiannon


I bolt upright. There here. Both of them. I run across the path over to the fence abandoning my bag on the grass. I stretch my arm across the fence touching the metal bars of the enclosure next to one of the tigers. He comes closer excitedly and puts his head up next to my hand. His name is Blizzard, and his friend is Ladybelle. I press my other hand up to the enclosure and Ladybelle puts her paw up next to my hand almost like giving a high five before rubbing her head against my hand similar to Bizzard. I smile at them and slowly move my hands away. I hear my parents calling me from where the corsac foxes live. I move to the other side of the path and slowly pick up my bag. I run back over to the fence where Blizzard and Ladybelle are watching expectantly as we never see each other without having some sort of fun so I say to them "Race you!"

I start to run off along the side of their enclosure before taking an abrupt left through a slightly winding tiger tunnel with one on each side for a bit. Blizzard's white fur contrasting to Ladybelle's orange on the other side. We keep going. After a short while both tigers end up on my right compared to the left, they were originally on. We run past the maned wolves and stop when we get to near the servals as Blizzard and Ladybelle can't go any further. So, we stop to say goodbye for the day at the tiger barn. I wait for them to catch upkeeping in mind they are getting old and have to take a slightly longer route to enter

the barn. They run over; Blizzard happy that he managed to beat Ladybelle for once. I reach out my hands and stroke them both behind the ear. Then I hear my parents again and realise I need to hurry. I turn round and start to walk the short distance to the corsac foxes but wave to them just before I turn the corner.

It's a few weeks, maybe even months before the next time I went to see my tigers. I wander to their enclosure and sit on the grass on the other side of the path as I always do, looking through my book on tigers as I wait. They sometimes take ages to turn up as they're old and tigers sleep most of the day anyway. I wait the whole day and half an hour before the zoo closes, I have to go, and they still haven't appeared. I reluctantly pack my bag and walk through the tiger tunnel alone. I get to one of the bends and find something new. It's the wall. It's been painted. I gently touch the painting with my fingers. There's a picture of Ladybelle on one side, Blizzard on another and them both together in the middle.

The following night, I can't sleep. I can't stop thinking about my tigers. I look around my room and hear a low rumble. Then a white slightly transparent animal starts to appear and walk over to me. It looks ghostly and I quite quickly realise it's Blizzard. I become concerned about what happened to him. Then he slowly vanishes, and I lie back down unable to sleep.




## 20 years later...

In the evening, I look on the zoo's website at the news before going off to Nepal. It doesn't mention my tigers, but it does mention a few things. There's a new tiger enclosure for some Malayan tigers called Cicip and Sahaja. Caracals have been put in the tiger barn and dingoes in one of their fields. In another one of the tigers' fields two new white tigers, Mohan and Shiva, have been introduced. I search desperately but nothing of my tigers is mentioned.

I wake up at the crack of dawn. I'm exhausted but it's part of being a conservationist. I set off through Nepal to some forests near the border of India. I go round looking at camera traps that I put out a few weeks ago. The first trap I come to has no tigers on but does reveal there have been poachers in the area recently, so I take care and make a mental note of it as something to bring up. I make haste getting to the next camera trap and find it has footage of a tiger walking past and then further through the footage it has the same individual looking as though it's just eaten a big meal. I smile to myself and distant memories of Blizzard and Ladybelle pour into my head. I miss them. The next camera trap has no tigers. I'm slightly disappointed but am lifted when I notice a barasingha deer which is more commonly known as a swamp deer which is one of the most famous deer in the area. I'm glad I've seen this. It proves that the tigers in the area have prey.

Midday approaches and I sit in the forest with my colleagues eating lunch. We discuss things we



found on camera traps. I mention the poachers I found on one camera trap and silence falls. They all take it in knowing that they could be close. We decide to search for snares and other traps when we've finished eating to ensure that no harm comes to the forest.

I end up eating my lunch hurriedly and hastily get to my bag to repack for the afternoon ahead. I stuff snacks in my pockets and shove my lunchbox in my bag. Everyone else slowly follows along putting things in and out of their bags. Special equipment keeps appearing on the floor and then being picked up again and placed gently at the top of a bag ready for if its needed. They all stare at me and I lead the way to the area of the forest where the poachers have known to be.

We travel for a good hour before coming across the first snare. We quickly but carefully trigger it with a stick and then carefully remove it from the rainforest. We place it in a bag so it can do no damage to the species of the rainforest. I dart my head up. I heard something. A growl. A growl from a tiger. Me and the rest of the team run towards the noise. A tiger has been caught in a trap. The tiger swipes the air trying to get away claws drawn. We slowly approach keeping our distance. The tiger runs out of energy quickly and we rush quietly over. We all work as a team to free this tiger before the poachers appear. They'll be here soon. The tiger reminds me of Blizzard and Ladybelle but mostly Ladybelle with her orange pattern with beautiful stripes. I can't escape thinking about them. After a good two minutes working on the trap, we finally free her and she jumps away into the forest.

I think back and remember me and Blizzard running through the tiger tunnel together. I realise I'm going back home soon. I'll be able to go to the places where we used to run. The places we used to meet and the places we had fun. I can't wait and I'm hoping. Hoping that I will be able to see my tigers.

## **2 weeks later...**

I leap out the car. My heart's pounding. I'm too excited about finally at long last being back. I run through the gravelled car park and through the entrance gate. I hurriedly pay for entry and I'm in. I don't want to miss any animals though I'm mainly here for the tigers, so I wander past the Javan binturong and the lemurs of different species. I keep walking calmly through the zoo saying hello to Hula the anteater and the wombats Albert and Wanda. I notice a new meerkat enclosure and some new brown hyenas. I walk up the carnivore end of the park of which the tigers are almost at the very end, and I notice bat eared foxes have arrived at the park as well. I start to get excited so rush past the servals and maned wolves.

Eventually, I stop. I stop in the tiger tunnel next to the painting of Blizzard and Ladybelle. I run my hand gently over their beautifully painted fur and continue through the tunnel. At the end of the tunnel, I look out over the paddock. The long grass sways in the wind with the sheep bleating in the distance. A paw appears out from the grass. A white paw. I stare at it, but the paw isn't Blizzard's and there are now two white tigers here. They must be Mohan and Shiva. I realise what has happened to my friends, so I meander back to the tiger painting and sit there for hours.





# When the Clock Strikes One

by Flick

Tick. Tick. Tick. Chime. Just one chime. They always said never go near the clock when it chimes one. No one questioned it, we knew better. By daylight, the clock was an ancient beauty, the rich mahogany shone in the sunlight, ivy patterns engraved into the side, etched by the skilled hand of a dedicated craftsmen. Inside its glass case, the clock moved slowly, emitting a rhythmic tick, tick, tick as the bronzing hands moved, wearily surpassing the same black numerals that they had done since 1846.

However, by night the clock was a curse upon the household. The chimes pierce the velvety darkness, slicing through the still air like a single claw. Mysterious things happen when the clock chimes one. Unexplainable, unexpected, uncalled for. No one spoke about what happens when the clock strikes one. My curious mind yearned to know, the bold fearlessness of youth drove me to find out, even if it meant putting myself in inexplicable danger.

My bare feet padded across the smooth oak floorboards, careful not to make a peep. People couldn't know. I checked my digital watch, and a bolt of fear passed through me, settling in the pit of my stomach as the numbers flashed up at me, 00:59. I settled next to the clock, pressing my cheek against the satisfying cool of the wood,

apprehension building as I wondered what was to happen next.

I found myself counting the miniscule ticks, waiting for the earsplitting chime that'd seal my fate. Tick. Tick. Tick. Chime. I stared up at the clock above me, confused for the lack of change that'd occurred, until I noticed the clock's brass numerals, disappearing slowly and in its place leaving a lit up, white space. It then began to expand, covering the whole clock face as I watched, mesmerised, plunged into a trance-like state by the clock's sharp enchantment.

I closed my eyes as the light began to engulf me, all fear erased, only wondering what was to happen next. The same, lulling tick of the clock was what I heard next as I opened my eyes, slowly. I was curled at the foot of the very same grandfather clock, yet the surroundings were unfamiliar. I carefully got to my feet, gazing in awe at my surroundings. I was standing at the end of a huge dining hall, the grand ceiling engraved with the most intricate of patterns, the table was made from shining wood, its legs thick as oak trees, withstanding every storm and challenge thrown at it. A gentle sunlight shafted through the beautiful stained-glass windows, comfortably warm on the back of my neck.



I darted beneath the table as the sharp click of high heels sounded just outside of the gaping doorway, holding my breath as a woman entered the room. She was tall, wearing a long gown, it's heavy velvet pulling on her sharp shoulders, a stunning royal blue. Her ebony hair ran sleekly down her back in a loose plait, perfectly imperfect. She stood, her chin slightly raised and her arms neatly by her side as a slightly stockier man entered just behind her, wearing a cotton shirt, waistcoat and pin neat trousers.

The man led his bewildered wife up to the clock, pride glimmering in his gaze. "Happy anniversary, my beloved." He said softly as his wife inspected the clock. She ran a powdered white hand down the sharp-edged ebony. "Oh, it's beautiful." She whispered "Thank you so very much." She added as her husband put his arm around her. "It's my pleasure." He told her, satisfied she valued the gift.

I breathed a sigh of relief as her skirts disappeared around the door frame, standing up straight, the sharp pain in my back subsiding as I approached the clock again. It really was time I was getting back. I put my hand to the clock, where it already bore the woman's gentle fingertips, waiting for something to happen. Frustrated, I pressed harder, willing for the light to engulf me yet again.

However, it did not. I did not hear the approaching figure as it spoke "There's no way out." Rasped the voice of a woman. I turned around, panic flaring in my chest as I spun to face her. She was slightly hunched over, her eyes small and beady, hair scraped in a greasy bun. "Sorry?" I croaked, fear coursing through me. "You heard me. No. Way. Out." She snapped. I blinked, confused. She chuckled in an odd, cynical way. "Did they not warn you?" She questioned. Realisation hit me. This was why. "They did.. I just thought-"

"Oh, you thought, did you. Sounds to me like you didn't. Nor did I, this is why we're in this mess." She raised her voice, exasperated. I flinched, taking a pace backward "Absolutely no way?" I prompted, a small glimmer of hope fluttering in my chest. It was mirthlessly squashed as her hard gaze met mine "Why would I still be here?" She growled.

My future lay out ahead of me all too fast, roaming these empty halls endlessly, no chance at freedom nor life. They always said curiosity kills the cat, and now I know why. All too well.

# False Hope

by Izzy

Battles were lost, victories were won,  
Soldiers fought again, as for peace there was none.  
A never ending loop, of time repeats,  
As wars would start and children would weep.  
World peace has never seem to been known,  
Countries and cities again overthrown.  
From castles to mansions to cities on hills,  
No matter the time, people were killed.  
Even to this day we say we changed,  
But really no peace was ever gained.  
We say world war 1, but there has been that before,  
We pretend to have peace by making up laws.  
This cycle on repeat we can never break free,  
People constantly fighting, not able to see.  
Not able to see the wars again and again,  
The repeated cycles and pretending to be friends.  
Will we ever learn and finally break free?  
Or will this cycle just be put back on repeat.  
Will we ever learn and get rid of the smoke?  
Or might the world simply just collapse,  
Under a reign of false hope.

# Dark Past

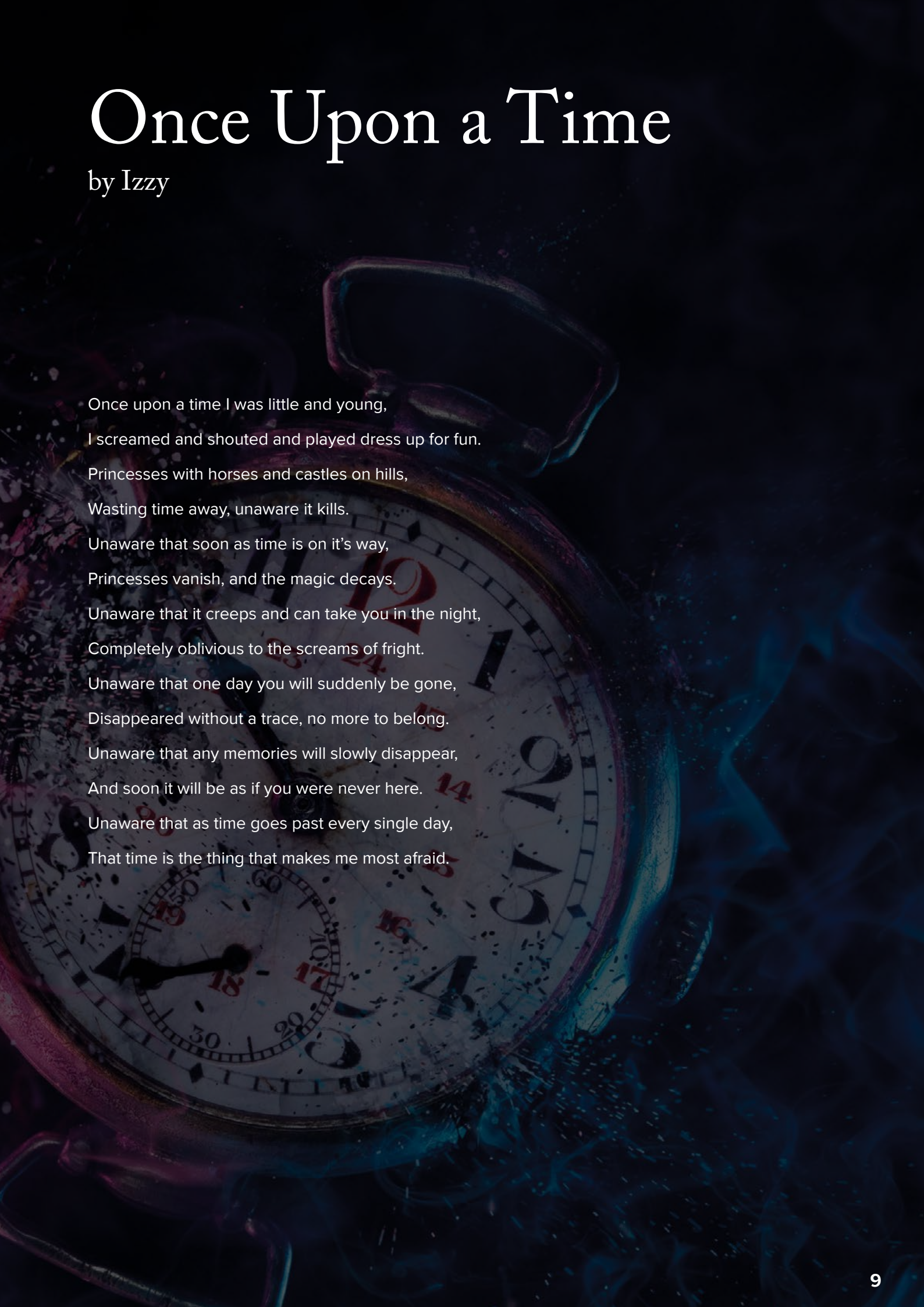
by Izzy

We were once in the past in a very dark age,  
A time of labour where people kept slaves.  
A time where men created the rules,  
And said that girls couldn't go to school.  
A time where you got beaten for simple mistakes,  
A time where women were mistreated every day.  
A time where men set the world ablaze,  
A time where women were "objects" to break,  
A time where the wrong religion was laughed at,  
A time where women had to create suffragettes.  
A time where an uprising sprang into place,  
Just in order for women to be safe,  
Just in order to not be scared to be girls,  
Just in order to undo what men did to this world.



# Once Upon a Time

by Izzy



Once upon a time I was little and young,  
I screamed and shouted and played dress up for fun.  
Princesses with horses and castles on hills,  
Wasting time away, unaware it kills.  
Unaware that soon as time is on it's way,  
Princesses vanish, and the magic decays.  
Unaware that it creeps and can take you in the night,  
Completely oblivious to the screams of fright.  
Unaware that one day you will suddenly be gone,  
Disappeared without a trace, no more to belong.  
Unaware that any memories will slowly disappear,  
And soon it will be as if you were never here.  
Unaware that as time goes past every single day,  
That time is the thing that makes me most afraid.

# Those Years Are Behind Us

by Charlotte

Years ago  
Before our day  
The times where  
She was killed  
For liking her.  
And times before  
The girls could vote  
And times when  
They killed for  
Things that were not theirs  
And people forced  
To slave away.  
When skin tone mattered  
And love was forced  
And men who loved men  
Would be tortured  
For who they were  
When she must stay she  
And he must stay he  
When farmers were  
More common than cars  
And men couldn't cry  
And schools were for boys.  
This time is behind us,  
So let it stay that way.



# 1939

by Georgia

You could hear the screeching from the nextdoor neighbour's cat. A shiver went down my spine. I hated that noise. I turned over in my silk duvet and tried to fall peacefully asleep. It was just a normal day in the 20th century.

There was this loud piercing noise coming into my ears. I was still half asleep and couldn't quite make out what was happening. London was usually loud in the morning but not this ear deafening. I couldn't smell the usual monthly pancake day. I slowly moved my muscles and heaved myself out of bed and reached to put on my silk dressing gown but it wasn't there. Everything felt like it was changing; no smell of the breakfast smells or my favourite morning comforts. I ran downstairs only to see my dad standing at the doorway in an army suit with a suitcase in one hand and kissing my mum and little sister goodbye. My dad slowly walked over to me, kissed me on the forehead and said good luck. My mum came over to me and my sister and grabbed our skinny hands. My little 5 year old sister started crying and I still didn't know what was going on. I pulled away from my mum and asked her. She didn't know where to start.

That was it, my father was gone and our household were like weeping whales. My mum was devastated as she always had infinite love for my dad and this was really hard on her. I tried my best to comfort her but nothing was right. My sister wouldn't talk and I was the only one trying to carry on as normal. Of course, I was upset but showing it would only make things worse. I had to be strong about it. We hadn't heard from dad since he left but I knew that he was working hard because only a couple of days ago an article came out in the paper saying that all the new army recruits had started the deadly battle against Germany.

It was like my heart had been crushed into a million pieces. It had been exactly 2 weeks yesterday since my father had left and we haven't heard a peep from him. I had been counting the days in my

emerald green notebook that my father gave me before he left. We haven't as much food any more and we can only buy a certain amount each week. My mother called it rationing. I couldn't understand why we had to ration. But I will soon find out why.

Almost a month later my mother received a letter from the government. As she tore open the old, yellow envelope, I knew almost immediately that something was wrong. Large droplets of clear tears were forming in her eyes and running down her smooth cheek. I snatched the letter from her. I read every word in great detail over and over again until my head started to hurt. I was shocked.

It had been nearly a week since we received the letter that would change our lives. Our bags were all packed, ready to be sent off to our new family. My sister and I weren't going together and obviously neither was my mum. She had to take care of all the hurt and dying soldiers. I was starting to get nervous and worried about what would happen if I would never see my sister or my parents again. I got that thought out of my mind.

We arrived at the train station ready to depart with thousands of other children an hour later. I kissed my mum goodbye and wished her well. I boarded my designated carriage for my age group. I also hugged my sister goodbye for the last time in a while. The journey was long and different children got off at different stops. We hadn't reached the ferry port yet but I was actually quite excited to board my very first ferry. But before getting onto the ferry we had to get a bus from the train station. All the left over children scabbled onto the ferry to get a window seat. I slowly walked on with lots of different and strange thoughts going through my mind. I found a seat and closed my eyes.

I woke up hearing the sound of a loud horn being honked and jumped up. We were here, we were actually here. I looked out of the window and saw a sign saying "Dublin Port – Welcome to Ireland".

I gathered my belongings and headed towards the porter. I got given a name tag and was told to stand amongst other children waiting to meet their new families. There were old and young couples with kids or no kids. I stood there waiting to be collected. I had been waiting there at least 10 minutes until a young woman with long brown hair loose over her shoulders approached me. She had a large smile on her face and looked very happy. A man came over who was obviously her husband and greeted me. Their names were Paul and Elsie. I greeted them back wearily and was shy at first. I guess they could tell I was feeling nervous because the woman bent down to me and comforted me and said we were going to get on like a house of fire.

An hour later, after being fascinated by the countryside roads I was led into a rather large farmhouse. I was intrigued to see the house because I had only ever seen large town houses or flats. The living room was huge - 2 brown sofas in the middle of the room. There were bits of wooden toys stacked up against the wall and a doll's house layed out on the floor. I was shown up to my room. It was so pretty, a lilac colour on the walls, with a big white bed frame

with an extremely comfortable mattress on top of it, a gold and white dressing table and a chest of drawers. I thanked my new guardians very much because I was actually starting to like it here.

There were things to do daily and we had more scrumptious food here. Paul and Elsie had 2 younger children than me called Charlie and Sophie, they were 6 and 4. They loved to play and jump around 24/7 and it made their parents laugh. I would sometimes join in their fun and games but most of the time, I would go for walks outside and enjoy the beautiful fresh air. I had really got used to being here. I was having too much fun to worry about my old life back on the dark streets of London but I couldn't help thinking about my sister

and my mum working her hardest to try and get us back. I had thought dad had died a long time ago because we hadn't heard a solitary peep from him since he left us over 6 months ago. We would get daily articles from the newspaper telling us all about the war and every so often it had pictures of what London looked like nowadays, which is completely demolished to pieces. It was sad thinking about it and I was scared for the people in London and I sometimes told Elsie my thoughts and she just told me, not to worry and that she was glad that I was safe and sound out here in Ireland having one of the best times of my life. After that, I shut all of the thoughts out of my mind and headed upstairs ready for another day of action and adventure for tomorrow.

After what had been an exhausting day, I eventually heaved all my heavy bones and muscles into my warm and comfortable bed. I turned the light out, pulled my slippery eye mask over my eyes and shut them. I was going to really miss this new life when I go back to my old one, but there is only one problem. I don't know how much longer this new life is going to last. Maybe forever? Will I ever see my family again? I just didn't know at all. I just hoped I would, even for a minute.



# Queen of Hearts

by Alice

As Alice stood in front of the red queen, microscopic, a burning thought brooded over the significant queen. The White rabbit. Oh, that evil White rabbit. And yet how could she be so stupid? How could Georgia be so stupid?

It felt a memory you could forget, like the first flower you had ever picked. A sunset still and sweet and a trickling whispering river. How could do they do that to her? Marriage? To a stranger? How could they??? A sick feeling threw itself upon her. Just as Georgia was about to put her head down, a little fluffy white rabbit bobbed into view. Alas this was no ordinary rabbit for cruel red was about to burn....



# The Hidden Gift

by Lola

'Final Call for the 12:35 London to Egypt flight'. Everyone was excited to go away for the summer holidays. But this flight caused the world to take a turn for the worst.

As the plane set off, it was smooth sailing. But after flying for some time, turbulence was intensifying. 'Everybody please return to your seats and buckle up' the Captain ordered. The plane bounced around like a popcorn kernel for a few more minutes that felt like eternity before it took a severe nosedive. Then 'CRASH'.

Annie very slowly came around from a serious concussion. She awakened with a pounding headache, several cuts and grazes, and a gift that Annie didn't yet know she had.

Years after Annie was discharged from the hospital, she was interviewed for a job as an archaeologist. She landed the role and quickly got set to work. As she was digging, a vision stepped firmly into her mind. A big, burning asteroid was being propelled through the atmosphere. The earth would be set aflame. Annie quickly dismissed the intrusion and her thoughts turned to her camping trip that evening.

Later, as she was roasting marshmallows by the campfire, Annie's mind pictured Australia being hit by a massive forest fire, taking out all the trees and animals living in them. A cargo ship carrying a deadly disease crashed, spreading the virus through the world. Petrol was not available any more due to a worldwide shortage and everything stopped.

All these visions made Annie feel uneasy. 'It can't be real – can it?', she kept telling herself. But how could her mind come up with all that?? For a few weeks, she had to deal with many visions and brushed them off repeatedly. Except one day, it was different.

As she lay in bed holding a cup of creamy coffee, she turned onto the news. The headline stated, 'AUSTRALIA: NEW FOREST FIRE BURNING THROUGH THOUSANDS OF TREES AND WILDLIFE'. As she continued watching, more details were given, like where, when, and how the fire started and, as if by clockwork, everything she'd had a vision of was suddenly a reality. What a crazy coincidence, Annie thought. Until it happened again. Another headline: 'ABSENCE OF PETROL IN THE WORLD'. This could no longer be a coincidence.

Annie was sure she had a new gift. Annie knew she could predict the future. She immediately went to NASA to warn them about the asteroid coming to hit Earth. She started the twelve-hour car trek to NASA's HQ. She had a meeting with NASA's CEO Richard Knight and he was shocked by Annie's revelations. Annie pleaded with Richard to investigate her theory and, to her surprise, he did just that. After careful analysis, Annie's theory was proved correct. NASA set straight to work building a device which could destroy the asteroid.

The night came. Everyone's mood was immensely tense. The device would start destroying the asteroid at 3:01 PM when it entered the galaxy. 3 o'clock struck. Everyone started a countdown. '10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2,'

'POW!' On the count of 1, the asteroid was destroyed. Mankind was saved by Annie's superpower. This wouldn't be the last time Annie helped save the world. Her heroic power kept shining like a star in the night sky again, again and again.



# King's High School

King's High School  
Banbury Road  
Warwick CV34 6YE  
t: 01926 494485 e: [khs-enquiries@warwickschools.co.uk](mailto:khs-enquiries@warwickschools.co.uk)

[kingshighwarwick.co.uk](http://kingshighwarwick.co.uk)

