



EDITION 1 OF CREATIVE WRITING CLUB'S NEW ANTHOLOGY.

LOGOS DESIGNED BY MILLIE BEASLEY-THAIR AND NATHAN WILLIAMS.

---

## Contents

---

2-3. A Day in the Life of a Phone.....	Bethany Evans
4. A Day in the Life of a Rubber.....	Kai Taylor
5. A Day in the Life of a Key.....	Tilly Cork
6-7. A Day in the Life of a Game Controller.....	Ethan Acevedo
8. A Day in the Life of a Mischievous Kitten.....	Ryan Townsend
9-10. A Day in the Life of a Seagull .....	Olivia Maine
11. A Day in the Life of a Dustbin.....	Toby Cowdery
12-13. A Day in the Life of a Pencil .....	Matilda Cutting
14-15. A Day in the Life of a Spider .....	Siaana Hearn
16. A Day in the life of a Plate.....	Jasmine Lawrence
17. A Day in the Life of an Abandoned Puppy.....	Louise Naylor
18-19. A Day in the Life of a Shoe.....	Lucia Maine
20. A Day in the Life of a Covid Test.....	Lucia Maine
21-22. A Day in the Life of a Teddy Bear.....	Olivia Maine



# A Day in the Life of a Phone

Morning reader and yes, I must warn you this is going to be a rocky rollercoaster! Before we begin, yes, I know I am your life, and you would be lost without me. \*Cue the applause\*

Forget about those old school ringing things, whatever they're called I am the new and improved genius. Anyway, that's beside the point people say I'm nosy and yes, I am because I know all your secrets. Come to think about it you tell me anything and everything and there's nothing you can do about it! Ha ha unless you drop me in the toilet that's what happened to my friend Sue (Loved Sue, terrible death).

Today I actually got some new clothes the pattern was so mysterious it was a sage green colour with a white dragon engraved on the back. However, then it just went rapidly downhill from there I got forced into some young boys' pocket with a chewy melted caramel bar. Ewe I cannot think of anything worse. Thank God she came to save me out of this gluttonous Goey pocket; it was like gum stuck to pavement.

Speaking of gum, when she was walking to school at the corner of my eye, I witnessed this cheeky rascal of a girl spit her gum onto the floor! Why are people so obnoxious these days?

Oh, I forgot to mention this morning her tutor Mr Grump, more like Mr Grumpy! He is always in a mood; I think he needs to give tinder a visit. Anyhow he was shouting at this poor, innocent girl for not doing her homework, I mean come on now you must have done it once or twice? (secretly I know he will never own up to it, I am a phone, I can't talk to people. \*queue the sad music\*

Thirty minutes later she went on her break, there are so many different personalities at her school well not everyone the teachers are either a real-life Miss Trunchbull or are as kind as Winnie The Pooh, there is no in-between. Sorry off topic anyway back to what I was saying, she called someone else, his name was Greg Gregory? Awful name, sorry to all the Greg's out there. One minute she would be extremely excited and then the next she would be as mad as the March hare! #breakup I am definitely not nosey, who said that?

The next lesson I believe was French and I could not understand a word that teacher was saying, it was like she was speaking another language...or was she?

Oh, this proves my point Google Translate is the best, not really correct but that's not the point! Right?

Oh no, all this chatter is not good for me and my battery. What if their pesky cat chews me up again, what If she forgets to plug me in? Oh, good it is nearly the end of the day! Just one more hour to go...

5%...4%...3%... best go!

# A Day in the Life of a Rubber

As the days pass, I get smaller and smaller. I get run down as if I was nothing. But on the other hand, I rub out a LOT of funny things. I'm quite a big rubber but as I get used up, I like the time I have left. I rub out all sorts of stuff such as: buildings, people, bottles, random squiggles...

I get taken everywhere by Alex (The person who brought me). I've been to about 10 countries and 4 schools so I have been around for a long time. You can't tell anyone about this but... I've rubbed out errors of Alex's secret and embarrassing moments. So, I also remember everything about him. He's even written on me and passed me to his friends.

Now I'll tell you about my days at school! Here we goooo: So, when I get to school, Alex draws and draws for all of the start of the day and of course he messes up and makes me rub them out and in period 2 he has maths. It's no better then because he uses a pencil for an hour straight.

Let's skip a few lessons to period 5 which is art. This is his favourite lesson considering he ADORES art. As the bell rang, Alex forgot he knocked me on the floor. All the kids were in a rush so I got kicked under a table. 2 minutes passed and the teacher has left so I'm all alone now (so I thought). The cleaner came in and put me in lost property.

Lost property was the worst. I got put next to stinky old shoes. I tried to move but realized I don't have muscles. The stench got so bad. Before I knew it, it was Friday. At the start of the day, Alex came and collected me. That's the story of the not so good Thursday.

The End

# A Day in the Life of a Key

They bring me out in the morning and stuff me in their pocket,  
Then bring me out for a minute so that they can lock it.  
I'm trapped in their pocket for half a day,  
Until the bell rings and they make their way.  
They pull me out and unlock the door,  
Put me on the side and pull out the drawer.  
Grab a pen and write a list,  
A list of homework they have missed.  
This person could not be any dafter,  
They jangle my keyrings for a bit of laughter.  
Welcome to my life of living with this dork,  
Welcome to my life, with Tilly Cork.

# A Day in the Life of a Game Controller

“Tired, worn, overused. My arms are decaying; rubbed down to stubs. My heart often fails-coming to a stop- until I regain the charge of life. My mouth always fails. Never to speak a word again. My fingers are broke, losing their spring in movement.

When the torturous hand reaches down. Fear engulfs me. But when it picks me up. I know my fate. They make me thrash and flail: practically ripping me limb to limb. They make me bruised and bashed: breaking me further but escalating their fury.

But even the end isn't blissful. They are creative with their exit. Their favourite being a simple smash on the table- simple but effective. Recently though, exits are becoming more extravagant: thrown across the room, hidden under cushions to later sit on and they even put me down then resort to jumping on me. Also, whenever they do exit, their loss is apparently all my fault.

But then they came. Their sleek black mat plastic showing down my stained grey grubby cover. Their long-lasting battery is ten times more powerful than my measly three-hour charge. And their buttons and joysticks are freshly untouched and working fine.

Right from when I first saw them though, I was overjoyed. No more pain! No more damage! No more painful exits! I was retired. Free of my working days I could do what I wanted.

But I did not get retirement, I got better. They picked me up and I prepared for pain. But it never came. When I was then gently rested on a new table I did not know what luck I got. A man gazed sorrowfully at my destroyed body. Then he carefully restored my limbs. A new arm, new fingers, new mouth and even a new longer lasting heart.

I was then gifted to the upper level. A new hand reached out and cradled me in their younger hands. I was then played with delicately. No more of making me thrash and flail. No more being bruised and bashed. And the exits were always careful including being plugged into charge every time.

And when my new friend eventually passed me on. The man checked me again. But then did nothing to me. And so, my life went on.

# A Day in the Life of a Mischievous Cat

Dear Diary,

Today I woke up and was very hungry so I went to my bowl and my slave had filled it, That's the sort of treatment I like! Then I sat on my slave's lap while he stared at a large screen, it was unsettling but I didn't mind as he gave me belly rubs. Though after some time he got up and left. Now it was go time, I jumped on the kitchen counter, knocking jars off onto the floor, and jumped up onto the fridge - opened the door and feasted! After a heavy snack I jumped out the window and onto the balcony. Luckily, we live near the ground so in a small leap I was on the streets to meet my friends. I went to our meeting place -a dark alley- and explained our weeks. Tom the Bobcat had gone to the vets and Bob the Tomcat had got stuck in a cupboard! I suddenly felt a pain but then I realised that it was just a hair ball. After a few hours I realized that my slave would be off his long break so I ran home awaiting his arrival. When I got there he was a few minutes later than usual so he gave me food earlier and I went to sleep in my nice, warm, cosy bed. At night I woke up and had the surprise of my life, I was outside! As it turned out I had sleep walked and ended up in our meeting place. As I wondered what could have happened the hairs on the back of my neck stood up and I heard a BARK! It was a dog! I ran towards my house meowing for my life I got into my house and closed the door, the dog was no longer chasing me! My slave woke up from the noise but quickly went to sleep. I then went back to sleep after another trip to the fridge.

# A Day in the Life of a Seagull

Gary was a black seagull with a light grey head and a couple of feathers that always stuck out on his forehead. As a chick, Gary had no friend and unfortunately, he still doesn't. He often tried to talk with his peers but it seemed that nobody liked him because of his unusual look.

Although Gary mostly scanned for food, he also attempted to make some contact with other animals such as dogs, squirrels and even plastic bottles but he wasn't very successful and he was starting to be very unsettled. Gary felt very lonely because all he wanted was to have someone to talk to about everything. He would like to share some dreams for the future and small things like talking about what to have for dinner.

One day he saw a man, running along the seafront and so he decided that he would try to approach him as he looked very sociable. Gary started to watch him every day until he had memorized his route.

Finally, one breezy evening, Gary made his move. He slowly soared down towards the unaware runner and pecked him on the shoulder saying: "Hey dude, nice evening for a run!" he screeched.

Instinctively the man reacted by hitting Gary on his wing and sent him tumbling down and rolling on the pebbles leaving a trail of dust.

Gary was in pain but, nevertheless, he said "Ooh, nice strong punch you have there mate!"

Of course, the man didn't understand a word of what Gary was trying to tell him but he felt so bad that he brought Gary home to his wife who was a vet. The family who rescued him were the Bulb family.

When Mr Bulb got home with Gary, his wife was in shock and a bit mad with him.

She soon started to look at Gary's wing.

"So..... how is it?" Mr Bulb asked in apprehension.

"Well he has a broken wing and won't be able to fly." she said "We need to look after him until he is able to fly again" she added.

The next day when Gary woke up he found that there was a stick right next to his wing which he very much disliked.

"May you please move from my wing, Mr Stick?" he requested.

But of course, despite all the requests, it would not come off; Gary had a cast to allow the wing to stay in place and mend. He was tumbling and rolling until Mrs Bulb came to try to calm him down. Gary felt so thankful for all the attention he was getting and thought that he had finally found some friends.

"Mummy! Mummy! What's that!" Gary heard someone else next to Mrs Bulb although he couldn't see who the voice was coming from.

"Shh shh it's a bird that needs helping." she exclaimed.

"Can we keep it please?!" he begged.

Gary had found not one but three new buddies!



# A Day in the Life of a Dustbin

When I started I was sparkling clean and not a piece of food on me until I was bought... when I was bought I had been used for to put nappies and throw them into me from my friend called Dave but he gets the easier job then a human throws me into a big dumpster truck and all the nappies got poured out and to then I go back. Then I was used to throw the humans food remains away and all the mouldy steak and then Everything changed again... I found out that I am getting dirtier and getting more and more cracked even more until my lid fell off and I got used less and less until I lost a wheel and I lost my back and then I fell apart and got put into the tip.

The end.

# A Day in the Life of a Pencil

## Day 1

I have just been prodded, poked and pinched in the most ill-suited parts of me to be made. Why does being made have to be so painful? I'm now in a box with hundreds of other pencils. It's quite cosy but every day many of my friends are taken away.

## Day 3

Today, I got taken away from my cozy, little box with my friends in and chucked in a claustrophobic box with three other pencils. We were put in a thing that had four circular things attached to it. It made a strange noise the whole time it took us to another strange place then had a huge sign that said shopping centre. I was then taken out the weird thing, still in the box, and hung up on some hook.

## Day 102

I'm still here leading this boring life. When will I get taken?

## Day 158

I finally got taken out of this place by a pair of hands that stuffed me in a rucksack next to some shorts that stunk so bad that I lost my sense of smell. The human put the bag on his back and started walking along the road where more of those odd things with circular things whizzed past. Half way across this road the human jumped and the whole bag shook, throwing me into the air and straight onto the hard floor.

## Day 246

I have been lying in this wet, cold world for what feels like eternity. I can't tell you how many times have been trodden on. Is no human kind enough to pick me up? Is that too much to ask?

## Day 275

Something actually happened today but it was nothing good, in fact it was revolting. Basically, some kind of four-legged creature that barked came up to me and lifted a leg. All of a sudden, this yellow liquid started spraying all over me. So now I am not only cold and wet but I also stink of something indescribably awful.

## Day 313

Hallelujah, I am finally off the freezing street and in this man's house. He polished me till I was sparkling. Then I was taken to this room that had lots of white items with squiggly lines on stuck up all over the room. In the middle of the room was an object with four legs on top stood another white item. He took me over to the four-legged item and started to use me. He held me! I don't think I've ever been held Being used felt amazing, epic and wonderful.

## Day 515

Here's a funny thing, in a pencils lifetime they grow shorter and shorter and humans grow taller and taller until eventually they die. That's what happened to Pablo Picasso (the person who picked me up) He was my everything and I miss him every day. Who knows where I would be had he not picked me up. I'm still here but I'm now in glass box in a place dedicated to Picasso.

# A Day in the Life of a Spider

I've been alone for as long as I can remember.....

But I can tell you something; being a spider is rubbish. Absolutely and utterly rubbish, I won't explain why, because there are so many points I could make. But, I don't think I could think of anything worse, apart from mouldy socks and-

Oh sorry, I'm going a bit off topic here.... Anyway, let me introduce myself, I'm long legs (by the way I'm not daddy long legs, or Incy Wincey Spider, because there is no such thing! They are MYTHS!!!) Also, as you well and truly know by now, I am a spider and I love to talk, a lot.

Every day, I come back from adventuring around my house (abandoned mansion) to my old web where I eat my dinner.... bugs, yum!

But I can't help wondering why I am alone. Did my parents abandon me? How old am I? Why do I like cheese so much? I'm hungry... Oh! I've done it again, off topic! Curse myself!!!

When I first came to live in this abandoned mansion, I didn't know where to live. I tried all sorts of places; like this brown dirty bowl that looked like a seat and it had brown gunk in it- that was a strange one. Then I tried to live in this hole in the wall, but this colossal, mammoth beast that went "squuuueeeeeeeekkkk" tried to eat me! But in the end, I found this place, the attic. It was, and still is, peaceful, quiet, and I felt like I had a new home. So here I am now, all alone, by myself, and no one to keep me company..... I am so sad, aren't I?

Well, then I- "wooooooaaaaaaahhhhhhh!" hang on a minute what's happening? There's a big sucky thing abducting everything around it. Like the dust bunny, and my web. My home.

On the side of the 'thing' it says 'die son', weird?

I'll finish the story another day. This is a matter of life and death!

"Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!" It's abducting me! Help!!! I-can't-get-away-from-it!

I'm in pitch black, sitting on something soft- its dust! Ewww!

Right, let's re-cap: I'm lonely, I'm a sad spider, with no family or friends, sitting on dust, and now I'm being taken to my death. GREAT!!! THIS IS JUST WHAT I NEED IN MY LIFE!!!

I'm travelling now and after five minutes the roaring thing that makes the thing I'm in move has stopped, everything is still, and the air feels ominous. A loud slam happens and the thing I'm in starts to move AGAIN! God, when will it end!!

But now, the box is pulling to a stop and a now a blinding light is hitting me and I land, on the floor, quite softly actually, at this place with water and small yellowy coloured dust. Where am I?

Beside me is approximately 10 plastic bottles. That's, not right? But in the distance are some black dots. As they get closer, they look familiar.

Like me.  
SPIDERS.

# A Day in the Life of a Plate

Dear diary,

I am a plate...

yes, don't judge.

When people put food on me I sneakily eat it, whether it's a potato to a cake, I EAT IT!

Well, not all of it obviously because otherwise people would notice. So I sit there all lonely in the cupboard until someone wants me. So I wait, and wait, and wait, and wait, and BINGO! They open up the cupboard and...

grab the cup! :(

And then I wait, and wait once again.

Finally it's 5:00 and they're serving up dinner, just in a second they're going to open the cupboard and grab me. 5:15, they open the cupboard and grab 3 bowls!!!! THEY'RE HAVING PASTA!

Anyways instead of demonstrating, I'll just tell you. I eat A MOUTHFUL of the food on the plate! Because I'm hungry! Can you blame me!?

That was my life as a plate.

# A Day in the Life of an Abandoned and Rescued Dog

Day 1:

All of a sudden, I feel the cold air rush through my fur, my first breath is a big one, then I feel my mother licking me with her warm pink tongue, she cleans my face, she cleans my fur then I settle down for my first feast, the warm enriching milk gave me strength to battle my siblings for food.

Day 28:

I wake up and for the first time ever I can see the light of the world shine through my big brown eyes, it's blinding but beautiful and I can see my siblings and my mother.

Day 42: I can play now. I play all day with my sisters and brothers and now I'm off mum's milk and eating dry food. I couldn't ask for a better life, but little do I know my life is about to change forever... the kind man who looks after us has picked me up and is looking into my eyes he is putting me into a carry box and now he is putting me into a big metal thing on wheels we are moving now I watch mum in the window as we drive away little do I know that I will never see my mum or my siblings again. The kind man hands me over to a young woman she is giving him some paper like things he nods at her then he turns away and leaves, I cry because I'm scared and I don't know what is going to happen to me.

The woman is putting a heavy metal chain around my neck and the chain is bolted to a large dog kennel in the garden. Now I get 1 meal a day and a night of cold loneliness tied up in the cold outdoors.

Day 72: today the young woman is removing the chain from my neck and now she is shouting at me telling me to get lost and so I scurry the second she raises her shoe.

I'm walking down the street and thinking about my purpose again. Is this my purpose, a useless dog who is mistreated? Now I am walking past a butcher shop the juicy steaks and sausages fill the air with an amazing smell, I can see a few spare bones in the bins out the back and so I feast like a king for the first time in months I'm going to sleep on the porch of an old house which I presume is empty.

Day 364: I have been rescued by a lady in a yellow top and she has now taken me to a kennel where I think I will finally find the loving home I have always dreamt of I don't think I will ever understand my what my purpose is and I'm not sure if I will find a new home anytime soon any way this is my life and I am happy.

# A Day in the Life of a Shoe

Day 1:

What is this place? All I can see right now is people walking up and down an aisle. Now someone is coming closer and closer to me, they pick me up and I shout "GET OFF ME!" but they must have not heard me or something because then they took me to a seat and they put their foot in me! Their feet smelt like rotten cheese. YUCK!

After 5 minutes she finally took out her stinky foot, but 2 minutes later I got stuffed into a box then a bag.

When I got to my so-called "home" she put me next to all these other pretty shoes, like is she trying to get me upset or something! As soon as she placed me down I heard shoes talking, whispering. I can't put my lace on: what they are saying? sV..sdvV...DSFWGH. I don't understand? Act cal, it is ok..."Hi" I said but they all just sighed and turned away. Are all shoes like this?

Day 21:

The others have talked to me twice now, first to ask me to move and second to ask what scent of spray I use. Hey, at least that is better than 0 right?

Day 35:

Why am I here, she has only worn me 5 times!

Day 51:

I am worn out, too many people have put me on.

Day 61: I think I have made it to the back of the shed, but something in this place is so bad I might need to untie my laces.

Day 78: Something woke me up, what was it? AHHHHHHH something is picking me up. This thing took me out of the smelly shed, then I saw the light, it was magnificent!

It took me inside the house and took me to something I call my worst nightmare, I called it the... the... Ok maybe I have no idea what it is called, but if I were to go anywhere close to that I might have to faint! No please don't put me close to it! Wait that this person looks familiar, I know that was the girl who bought me 88 ago. An hour went past and nothing happened...

Day 91

Today she came up to me and my worst nightmare came to life. She fixed me up on the needle thing. It was so painful! But I had no clue what she was doing with me. She took me to this thing with 4 wheels and then took me to my old home, the shop! They put me back on display and I was now back home!  
Let's hope that never happens again!

# A Day in the Life of a Covid Test

Day number 1:

My life has just begun although I don't know what my purpose is yet: maybe I'm supposed to do something important like save people's lives, I aspire to become a great ...

Well whatever I am, I'm not quite sure exactly what but I'm sure I will figure it out.

Anyway, now I'm doing time in a small bag with a couple of other guys. They are all odd, looking not like me; we are all in a small blue box and before I was put in here I managed to read the words Covid Test kit? What is a Covid Test kit ? Why am I here? And what is my purpose?

Day number 38:

Today the box is moving and within a few hours I see the light for the first time in weeks. A young man with light brown hair and a spikey moustache has pulled me out of the box and out of the bag.

He sets the other guys out on the table and then he picks me up and puts me down his... throat! Ewwww ! There are all sorts of things down here: saliva and even leftover bits of food, not to mention how bad it smells in there and then, just then, is the experience that will change my life. I went up the boggiest nose on living earth! Yuck!

When he pulled me out I think I had counted at least 7 bogies! Can your life ever get any worse than that?

I thought that was the end but, NO, I had to be cleaned, but at least that got all the gross things off me and then me and my mates went out in the bin, which was the worst part: I think I smelt a rotten tuna sandwich. I hope this is the end of me because I can't cope with that again!

# A Day in the Life of a Teddy Bear

Mrs Brown had one daughter named Annabelle. Annabelle was a shy little girl aged 7. Teddy, a small pink stuffed bear with some patches of worn fabric on his tummy is Annabelle's best friend. She would tell him all her deepest secrets, worries and dreams like a detective when she grows up.

The girl had blonde braids and a lot of freckles on her cheeky little nose. When Annabelle woke up that day she reached for Teddy and gave him a hug whilst waiting for her mum to call her for breakfast.

Annabelle sat down at the table with Teddy and her mum brought the toast coated with scrumptious jam where the melted butter had disappeared. "Here you go Annabelle. Jam, your favourite." said Mrs Brown. "Thank you, mum." she replied, and gobbled down her toast as she explained to Teddy the book she was reading, which was called "The Detective Dog".

After breakfast, she went upstairs to get ready for school. She got dressed into her uniform and got her bright pink backpack to put Teddy in it and bring him with her to school.

Later that day when she was on break, she went into her bag to give Teddy the drawing she made but he was gone!

"Where is he?" she said under her breath.

Annabelle regarded herself as a good detective and went to address the vanishing of Teddy with her detective eyes. She started by making a list of all the places she had been during the day.

Firstly, she went to the front gate where she lifted the bucket, opened the box, moved the ball, but no Teddy... Then she went to the PE cupboard where she searched behind the hockey stand, in the football bag, but still no Teddy... Last stop was the playground: she searched behind the climbing wall and under the monkey bars but no Teddy... Annabelle grew increasingly worried and started to wonder how she would be able to sleep that night.

Despite her orderly approach to the search, Annabelle couldn't locate her beloved Teddy and had to head home.

When she got there, she stormed to her room without saying anything to her mum. Mrs Brown knocked on her door.

"Annabelle, what's wrong?" she asked.

At first there was no reply but as most mothers do, when there isn't an answer, they still go right in.

"I have been searching all day for Teddy but it seemed that he ran away!" she gasped.

Mrs Brown widened her eyes and smiled at her daughter whilst disappearing from her bedroom. When she came back she was holding Teddy.

"I'm sorry Annabelle, I took him this morning thinking that you could have been a detective for a day!" she exclaimed.

Annabelle didn't know what to say. Her joy and relief of cuddling her Teddy was overwhelming. "Thanks mum." Annabelle said.

"Are you not mad?!" she gasped.

"No, I was terribly worried but I think I was a good detective, wasn't I?"