

Creative Writing Club

present their new collaboration with

ECO  **CLUB** in...



EDITION 2 OF CREATIVE WRITING CLUB'S NEW
ANTHOLOGY.

Contents

Message from the editors.....p.2

Eco-collaboration

What we do in Eco Club *by Siaana Hearn and Olivia Maine*.....p.3

New world *by Ryan Townsend*.....p.4

Tyler and Jamie's Top Tips *By Jamie Walker and Tyler Goble*.....p.5

Report on Greta Thunberg *By Anonymous*.....p.6

Climate Report *By Indiya Lilley and Jasmine Lawrence*.....p.7

The Interview *by Joseph Waterer, Matty Cutting, Siaana Hearn*.....p.8

It's a MysterSEA...

The innocent murderer *by Joseph Waterer*.....p.12

WRONG NUMBER *by Indiya Lilley*.....p.14

The Killing Games *Matty Cutting*.....p.15

Ye olde tale of thy mystery *by Ethan Acevedo*.....p.18

Limerick Lane

Swimming with Words.....p.21

The Unfortunate Awakening.....p.21

Climate Change.....p.21

Rapunzel smells like vegetables.....p.21



Message from the Editors

We have had so much fun running this club over the past year. The dedication, perseverance and overall joy of writing in our members has been absolutely wonderful to see. This edition is a collaboration between ourselves and the Eco Club with a mix of fiction and non-fiction designed to make you take a breath and think about our impact on the environment globally and locally.

The final section is a selection of mystery and crime stories written by some of our most dedicated members, designed to send a shiver down your spine and create a mystery that will haunt your mind...

Enjoy reading!

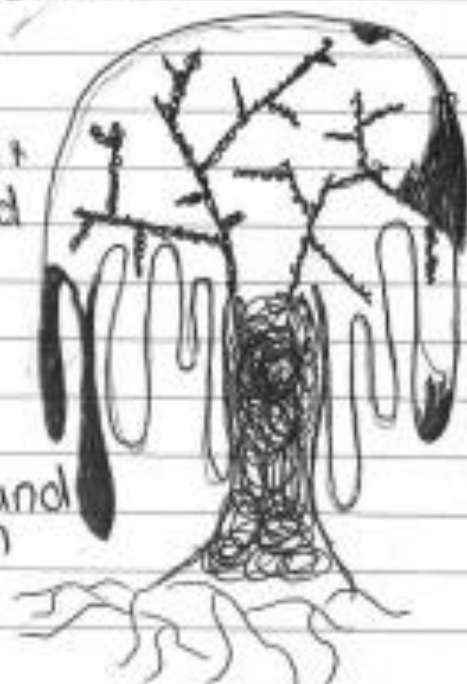
Ms Pritchard, Miss Foster, Mrs Frost



What we do in Eco CLUB!



- In Eco Club (the first session) we made posters advertising around the school to be more greener and go to Eco Club.
- In our club, we want to make our community and environment a better place.
- We went on a trip around the school, counting how many rubbish bins there were and ~~how many~~ where they were so that we knew where we could put more in. However, the price was too much and we had to re-think.
- We collected multiple boxes of bottle lids in different colours and we are planning on making a big painting/picture to advertise the poor recycling of the school and to advertise Eco clubs.
- We were invited to a zoom call with the rest of Worthing's schools, and to go to Goodwood in September.
- We are passionate to achieve high, work hard and make our school an even better place.



New World

By Ryan Townsend

The desolate land quaked as it split
Opening up a ravine of death and despair
All because we done nothing to help it
The earth had been dead for many centuries
All because we done nothing to help it
Humans were the first to go
Their blunders becoming burdens
Then came land mammals due to the rising heat
The fish fried in their ponds
As the amphibians resorted to cannibalism
The trees all faced an axe, coming to their end
And finally, just finally- a flood ended it all
All because we done nothing
As the earth split the core became visible
Like a bone through the deepest of cuts
It was now that the core had had too much
The scorching rays of light hit it
And the world exploded
But things might be better all on Kepler
Where history will repeat itself but will all end the same
All because we did nothing.

Tyler and Jamie's

Top 10 Tips



for helping the environment

1. Don't litter
2. Use less plastic
3. Reduce, Reuse, Recycle
4. Shop wisely
5. Use long lasting light bulbs
6. Volunteer
7. Conserve water
8. Educate yourself (by reading this magazine!)
9. Drive less
10. Use charity shops and give clothes a new life.

If **you** do this **more animals** will survive.

If **you** do this there will be **more fresh air**.

If **you** do this you will **help the environment!**

Greta Thunberg: A Report

Greta Thunberg, as we know, is trying to save our planet.

Climate change as we know is because of us. We are destroying our planet and if we don't stop what we are doing, some of the places under sea level (like Worthing) will be submerged and will stay under the sea because of us. The humans are destroying the planet.

Greta Thunberg and earth scientists are trying to find out and solve the problem, but they know what the problem is and we need to help them. Stop pollution because that is the problem because it is in cars, planes and in any vehicle that has an engine.



She wants us to have electric vehicles to stop pollution and sea levels from rising. People then have to leave if we don't listen and stop what we are doing because we are killing the world and the animals. Some animals are coming extinct.

Climate Change Factsheet.

Climate change is happening, humans are causing it, and this is perhaps the most serious environmental issue facing us. Humanity faces many threats, but none is greater than climate change. Our greenhouse gases are trapping heat in the atmosphere, these include: carbon dioxide, water vapour and methane.

We are seeing extreme weather events such as droughts, blizzards and increasing temperatures. These are all caused by climate change and greenhouse gases. West Antarctic ice sheets melt at unprecedented rates and methane plumes rise up from the ocean. This is too much. Now is our moment for action.

If we stop seeing extreme weather events, then extreme weather events will stop seeing us. This is our time to SPEAK UP and reduce climate change. We are strong when we are together, can we do this? Yes, we can!



The Sea

We all have heard of climate change but may not understand it. Some people think that climate change only affects the air we breathe and how hot this planet is but there is more, much more. There is more that people haven't even talked about only until a couple months ago but I will make a promise to try to change this. Some of these problems contain the sea. As greenhouse gases trap more and more energy from the sun, the oceans are absorbing more heat, resulting in an increasing of sea level temperatures and rising sea levels. Drastic changes in ocean temperatures have been causing animals to die because of the heat. Also, the ice has been melting causing floods.

By Indiya Lilley and Jasmine Lawrence

The Interview

Saana, Joseph and Matty from the club took part in an interview with Ivy Hte and Maisy Richards who are apart of Durrington School's SSLT. They wanted to see how our school is environmentally friendly, and to ask about the exciting new projects

Here is how it went...

Club: So, you are the Environmental leaders and activists at Durrington to sort out all things environmental. What exactly do you do when you help around the school?

SSLT: Yes, we started by implementing LED light bulbs into classrooms and next week we've scheduled a meeting with the caterers to see if we can do 'Meat-Free Mondays. We're trying to reduce our Carbon as well as our electricity use.

Club: I notice that in the Cafeteria, the packaging for some of the items have changed... I don't suppose you had anything to do with that?

SSLT: That wasn't us, that was the previous leadership before us I think

Club: What was your immediate goal once you got elected to the environmental campaign and what were your first thoughts that you could do to help the school?

SSLT: Well, we both actually mentioned in our interviews about the LED lights and coincidentally—they were planning to do that anyway before I mentioned it! And a few other ideas were raising awareness for solar panels on the new sports hall.

Club: And what do you think is the biggest thing you can do for the school? Is it just solar panels and wrappings?

SSLT: Yeah, I think we wanted to—I know we do this every year— but just carrying on making sure people reduce their carbon off-sets because there's always something we can do to reduce it in our life-styles and make it more environmentally friendly.

Club: So, who decides on these goals that you think you want to do? Do you vote on it or do you go around asking students what they think should be most predominantly needed?

SSLT: We as a team have a shared document that we all add to and at the weekly meeting we discuss these ideas with Miss Maroney and go forward on them. And we'd be more than happy to listen to any ideas you guys have.

Club: How do you advertise your ideas? How do you advertise the carbon emissions and other things like that? Do you put signs up, do you put it on social media?

SSLT: We are aiming to do that but it's been a bit tricky with Covid because we've not had as many meetings as we'd have liked to, but hopefully—especially in the new year we would like to put up posters and before the Summer holidays we'd like to have a whole school briefing so we can get students involved and aware.

Club: That's great!

Club: How have you gone around making the lights or the Meat Free Mondays a thing?

SSLT: So to be honest it was something which was commonly suggested amongst our team however they'd already started implementing them around parts of the school. And we had actually arranged to meet with the catering staff to try and discuss Meat Free Mondays or just reducing our meat usage in the canteen.

Club: And so what do you discuss, do you plan with the environmental campaigners? What do you do?

SSLT: What we think will happen is we'll speak with them, try to get our point across about why we think it's important and I reckon they'll speak to our suppliers.

Club: So you'll try to get your point across and explain why and what you'll do with every meeting is that right?

SSLT: Yes

Club: Have you got a specific problem or goal that you're looking forward to doing the most?

SSLT: I think, to be honest the LED lights were my biggest concern and now that's all been put into place. And we're looking forward to hopefully meeting with the Eco Club soon to hopefully discuss cycling because that's a big thing in our school that hasn't been done.

Club: What's the best bit of the job that you do?

SSLT: I really like—through the years there's always been like certain things that've crossed my mind that I really wish we had in school, so it's nice to be able to get points across to Miss Marooney and really make a difference.

Club: Yeah definitely.

Club: We know Covid has obviously limited the things that the majority of us have wanted to do especially student leadership, what would you guys like to—if there was no Covid—do more?

SSLT: I think more charity events. For example, the other year they did 'One Drop at a Time' which is a swimming event so we would like to do more group charity events but we'll just see what happens next year. Something else that we'd like to do is go and visit farms so we can see the students more and get their ideas.

Club: And what would you like the students to do personally to help our school?

SSLT: Give any ideas they can and just come and find us if they need to. And please, please don't litter around school because it really makes it look so scruffy.

Club: And in Eco Club they're out litter picking on the field.

SSLT: Yeah, it's so not fair that people are out picking up your mess along with the poor cleaners and the birds eating it. It's really not hard to put it in the bin.

Club: No, I completely agree.

Club: Who else do you work with to help produce all these great things? Apart from obviously Miss Marooney and other SSLT members.

SSLT: So, we work with Miss Marooney mostly for the environmental side. We also work with Mr Woodcock and Miss Ward.

Club: As you'll be leaving in a couple of years what do you think the Year 10s will be able to continue doing in order to keep your work alive? Maybe set up new campaigns?

SSLT: I think there's only a certain amount of funding each year so we have to pick and choose what we think is most beneficial and hopefully this year, and years to come, will think of new ideas and come up with new strategies.

Club: How often do you have each of your meetings, is it once a month or weekly?

SSLT: We have a meeting every Wednesday at breaktime.

Club: Okay so what do you do in them?

SSLT: We discuss ideas for our environment and our team is actually split into two different parts, so half of us are working on the KAPP badges, but we both are working on the environment.

Club: So how many of you are there?

SSLT: I believe there's eight of us in total so four in each team. We are all one group but for this particular topic there are two of us.


Joe: Well then, Saana do you have any more to add?

Saana: No, I don't think so? Matty do you have anything else?

Matty: No, I don't think so I believe you've both covered it all. Do you have any questions for the three of us? Because if not I think that about wraps it up.

SSLT: No but remember, if you ever have any ideas or anything then please, please pass them on to us because we'd be more than happy to write them up in the next meeting. And in terms of letting us know then either stop us in the corridor or drop us an email.

Club: Well thank you for spending your time with us. It was a lot of help.



**Warning: if you turn
this page you will be
consumed by mystery,
intrigue and
suspense...**

The Innocent Murderer

By Joseph Waterer

There was blood. A lot of blood. Too much blood. It spurted everywhere. It covered half of the wall. The floor. My own hands. Everything. There was a knife in my hands. But why? I didn't remember using it. And the body. Six stab wounds, open and pulsing blood. They were dead. That I was sure of. Then, the panic ensued. It rose, from the hand the knife was clutched, to my chest. Then, down the other arm, both legs and my feet. I dropped the knife. It landed on the floor, blade buried deep into the wood. Its handle wobbled on its blade. But now wasn't the time to mourn for my loss. Now is the time to run.

I can hear the sirens screaming outside the room. The police are banging on the door. Someone's yelling orders to some other officers. Riot police most likely. Or SWAT. There's a window in the room so I dived out of it-leaving the knife sticking into the wood. Why did I do that? I didn't know. The police would uncover the fingerprints from it and with my previous record they'd be sure to find me eventually. None of this mattered though. I just had to run. Through the woods I went, away from the noise, away from it all. It felt like I'd run for hours when it'd probably been about half. I eventually had to sit down to save myself from fainting from exhaustion. I slid down a tree and settled in the damp leaves that carpeted the forest floor. What would I do? I was a wanted man. Should I leave the country? Or would the police find me before I reached the border? But then again, I could just hand myself in-then there could be a reduced sentence. But there was a flaw in that plan. A monumental one. I couldn't remember using the weapon. I racked my brain but there was nothing. All I remembered was walking into his house. Then he poured me a glass of my favourite rum and that was it. And then there I was; crouching over the body of the man who I had called my friend. But it was all too much for one night. I slipped off into a disturbed sleep.

“FREEZE.” Said a voice.

I jumped up. Seven Police officers were pointing guns at me, whilst a further five pointed tasers.

“PUT YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEADS AND GET ON YOUR KNEES.”

My hands snapped behind my head.

“GET ON YOUR KNEES”

I slowly slid to the ground.

“Now. I’m going to approach you and cuff you.”

I nodded my head.

“Good.”

The man approached cautiously. Grabbing my hands, he took a pair of handcuffs off of his belt and tightened them around my wrists. He then hauled me up and dragged me into the back of a waiting Police Off-Roader. It was white with bars across the windows. That was when I found my voice.

“Wait no. No no no I didn’t do that! No!”

My voice rose to a shout and I started flailing my arms frantically, tears started streaming down my face.

“SIR. I’M GOING TO ASK YOU TO CALM DOWN AND SIT DOWN. NOW!”

“NO NO NO IT WASN’T ME. I’M TELLING YOU IT WASN’T ME. YOU’VE GOT THE WRONG MAN!”

“SIR I’M GOING TO COUNT TO 3. SIT. DOWN. 1. 2...”

“I DIDN’T, I DIDN’T, I DIDN’T”

“3”

There was a small bang as the officer’s taser connected with my chest-and I felt no more.

WRONG NUMBER

By ,,

8:43pm Friday 13th October 2011

It's late at night and Indiya Wilson is home alone as her parents have gone shopping.

"I'm borreeeddd!" She yawns, "There's nothing to do". A few minutes later, she comes up with an idea. She's going to dial her phone number on the home phone. She looks at her number and dials, 074... Nothing happens, her phone doesn't ring. "That's strange, why isn't it ringing?"

She ends the call, unlocks her phone, looks at her number and dials again (slowly).

074...666... Her phone doesn't ring, something must be wrong... but what?

Someone answers...

"I'm coming for YOU!" 'Unknown' ends the call. Indiya's frightened; she wished that she had never tried to call herself.

"Maybe I should just go to bed, there must be a reasonable explanation for this. She tries to go to sleep, but she can't stop thinking about: who the person was, what they look like and how they answered when she was dialling HER NUMBER! She finally went to sleep.

WHOOOOSSSSHHHH! Indiya woke up startled, there was a gust of wind. "That's odd... I thought I shut my window." She gets up to shut the window and notices something strange, her mum and dad's car isn't there. She shuts her window and looks at her clock. It's 3:00am! Now Indiya's worried, maybe she should just go to sleep. No, she must call her mum. It's dark and she can't see anything, she goes to grab her phone and turns her torch on. She gets back to her bed and looks around.

"AHHHHHHHHHH!"

She looks at her wall, it says: **I'm Coming For You!** In blood! She turns to her right.

"AHHHHHHHHHH!"

Her mum's dead body is there! She quickly dials her dad's number. Someone answers.

"I'm Coming For You!"

Indiya froze, the call ended.

'Knock' 'Knock' 'Knock'

Someone's at her bedroom door...

The Killing Games

By Matty Cutting

Five years ago, Tom Martin was murdered, and the murderer was never found. Only two people know who the murderer is: me and Jonas Smith. Jonas only knows that I am the murderer because he's Tom's brother and was there the night I'd murdered Tom, and now he threatens to hand me over to the police if I don't pay him £5,000 pounds every month. I have to kill him. It's now or never.

I ended Tom's life for a reason. The killing games. A so-called game that every human has to take part in once they reach the age of 18. The people you play against are people born in the same year as you. The rules are simple: you have to kill ten people in one year. Those who don't manage are forcibly drowned in the Washington Channel in Washington. This event is attended by thousands, if not millions, of people each year. These people range from devastated family members to rivals who are overjoyed to see their enemies killed.

When it was my turn to take part in the killing games, the main reason I'd chosen to kill Tom was because his dad and brother are the reason my Grandad and sister aren't alive. My Grandparents are refugees that fled war torn Iraq in the early two thousand. My Grandparents fled here with their two children (my aunt and Dad). At the time my dad was fifteen and my aunt was eleven. As they were on the way to their new home, eighteen-year-old Mr Martin saw them. To him my family looked like a weak and helpless family that he could kill easily with his shotgun. He took fire and shot my grandfather right in the heart. My dad still cries about it thirty years later. When my dad was 45, my sister and Jonas were in a relationship and both were eighteen. They agreed a truce not to kill each other or each other's family but Jonas broke it and drugged my sister with sleeping pills. I loved my sister more than anything. I miss her every day.

On the night I decided to kill Jonas, I went over to his house and snuck through his bedroom window, careful not to make a sound. I looked at his bed, but he wasn't there. As quiet as a mouse I crept around the house until I eventually gave up and sat down on the couch, shotgun in my lap.

I whispered in Milo's ear. "You were merely adopted by the darkness whilst I was born and raised by it " and stabbed the knife into his heart. Milo gave one final moan before collapsing into a heap.

Hi, reader. I know this is Milo's diary but since I just killed him it's mine now. Here's a description of me: I have hair as black as the night sky. With eyes as green as emeralds, and a mind so evil that people run away from me screaming before I've even said a word. I killed Milo because he killed my brother Tom.

Suddenly panic kicked in. I realised I needed to run. Milo had always thought that this was my home but really it was my neighbour's house. I actually live in the house next door and in that moment, I wish more than anything that my house is anywhere but here. I don't know what to do. I could just go and join some Abbey, be a monk for the rest of my life, but with all the high-tech scientists here these days I'd be found sooner or later. I could illegally cross the border to Canada and start a new life there. No, that wouldn't work either because once the police figured out that I was the murderer, my face and name would be all over the internet. Suddenly it hit me, threats. That's the reason I'm rich, and the reason I will never be caught for murdering Milo Torsney.

I leg it out of my neighbour's house and down the street and start to run to my next victim's house. I decided that I would make Texas Longhorns quarterback who is also Milo's brother, Noah Torsney, into telling the police that it was him that murdered Milo and he'd made it look like it was me. If Noah said no and didn't do what I said I would kill his family. The reason I'd decided on threatening Noah was because he and Milo hated each other and the whole world knew this.

I arrived at Noah's penthouse and banged on the door. "Be quiet would-" but before he could finish his sentence I grabbed him by the neck and slammed him against the wall.

"I just killed your brother and once the police figure out that I'm the murderer you're going to say that it was you who murdered Milo-" I heard a noise from behind me. I turned around and saw Noah's daughter. I grabbed her by the leg and held her upside down. I turned back to Noah "as I was saying, you tell the police you killed Milo and broke into my house to take some of my clothes and make it look like it was me who murdered him. If you don't do what I've told you to do then your daughter dies" I said. "So, you have a choice, do what I say or let your daughter die" I then threw his daughter across the room and ran out of the house.

A week has passed since I visited Noah and so far, so good. He's told the world it was him that murdered Milo and his court case is tomorrow which I'm definitely going to. I've been checked into this five-star hotel using the money I pocketed as I left Noah's penthouse. So even though I committed murder last week my life's brilliant. I'm lying on a sun lounger next to the pool when my phone vibrated. I had a notification from Instagram: @MillyMartin has posted a new video. @MillyMartin is Noah's wife. I'm still following her on Instagram because when I was still getting 5,000 pounds a month from Milo I had a false identity as his best mate. I click on the video and all the air gets sucked

out of me and I feel light headed. Milly has posted a video of me threatening Noah at the Penthouse along with this caption: my husband is not guilty and my family is innocent. @JonasSmith is the murderer.

I'm now in Mexico. So, if I do ever get caught by the police not only will I be arrested for murder but also for illegally entering a country. I trekked thousands of miles and am now in Mexico staying in this mouldy bedsit. Compared to the last place I stayed, this place is a rubbish dump. There're insects all over my room, no running water, electricity, heating and the bedsheets look like they haven't been washed in years.

I stand next to the grimy, sliding door wondering what my next move is. There's a knock on the door. Probably, some orphan trying to sell some junk. "I'm not interested in what you're selling" I start to say when I realise it's not an orphan, it's Milly. She shoves me across the room and I hit the door which slides open and I collapse onto the tiny balcony. "How did you find me?" I stutter.

"Your phone's GPS signal, idiot" She shouts. Suddenly there's a bang. I look over my shoulder and see two policemen with tranquiliser guns. I can either surrender myself to the police or I can jump off the balcony. I jump. As I skyrocket down onto the dusty streets of Mexico City I feel something hit me in the arm. It's a tranquiliser dart and in that moment, I know it's over.

Ye olde tale of thy mystery

By Ethan Acevedo

Once upon a time in a land far, far away. A knight named Sir Galahad thy Great (who was half crushed by weaponry and fully clad in lead heavy armour) was investigating a tricky tale prophesied by a wise wizard. The prophecy went like this:

Befriend the beast of treachery,
Betray your best of friends,
The quest of legends contains you fate,
Follow it and you shall fail,
Backtrack and you may live,
Complete your final,
Or surrender your soul.

The knight was befuddled. He could not make sense of its cryptic nature. All he understood was the word 'quest' (probably the only word heroic knights know) and that it meant an adventure.

As all quests start, the hero went to see his king in their castle. As usual, when he went in, Galahad felt the air of formality surrounding the noble building. When Galahad marched up to the throne room it was like the towering stone columns lining the wall were staring at him disapprovingly: a highly knight reduced to a lowly messenger. The gargoyles were equally as regal, guards in the throne room; constantly on guard as frozen beasts of nature on man made art. There were plush, scarlet and delicate rugs lining the floor as soft as a pelt of fur (probably because they were) when Galahad entered the grandiose structure.

"My lord," started Galahad, "I have come to warn you."

"What! Danger," said the king (thinking of how many times this scene has happened).

"The wise wizard has told another prophecy," continued Galahad, "but this time it shows no certain threat"

After that was said the king sent for the wizard. The wizard was ushered in by two hard armoured guards and he knelt down when he entered the room. "What is it my lord," questioned the wizard.

"You have prophesied again!" shouted the king, "say something useful and non-cryptic for once!"

"Sorry, sir," apologized the wizard.

"Sorry isn't good enough!" yelled the king, "you're fired, off with your head!"

“But my lord, you can’t survive without-” started the wizard. Galahad was staring now at a bloody stump of a neck. What happened next was in fast movement; a dagger bee-lined from the sky like a gunshot and stabbed the king leaving a dramatic, pulsing wound bleeding heavily as it gushed out the lifeless corpse, a silent assassin launched from the roof and the guards in the room fell: dead with one subtle slash mark crossing the scarred body. Only Galahad remained since the killer was gone. The moments of silence were unbearable, Galahad was cautious, he crept to the door with senses on edge. A shadow was cast on the wall and Galahad tensed his sword drawn and shield raised.

“Why hello,” said an oily voice, “I have been awaiting your arrival.”

“Who are you?” said Galahad with a hint of fear in his tone.

“Why your friend of course, silly.” replied the voice.

“Herman?” asked Galahad.

“Very clever,” replied Herman, “now you know my name, try to find me.” Then he left with only the sound of soft steps. Galahad was lost- not knowing what to do. He decided to start his search at Herman’s house, a harmless wooden shack: nothing. Went back to the scene of the crime, thankfully cleaned: nothing. He went to his house to sleep and unexpectedly: something, a note, a message.

Galahad read it with great suspicion, eyeing every word with intense eyes; he couldn’t believe what he was reading. It must have been written in code he thought to himself.

Capes are in this season. Oranges aren't. Mangoes are nice though. Elephants aren't classy. Tomatoes are. Oranges are, wait, I already talked about oranges. Though I can't get enough of oranges. However, tomatoes are just as good. Elite tomatoes, attacking. Cameras, flashing. Although cameras haven't been invented yet. Sometimes I can see the future. The present is boring. Later, your life is going to change. Ended.

Galahad then saw the code: the first letter in the sentence. He knew where the culprit was! Galahad was creeping towards the castle with un-supreme skill. “Welcome,” said the oily voice, “I see your mind has successfully cracked my code.”

“Are you here to turn yourself in to me, maybe,” Galahad said wistfully.

“Yes,” said Herman clearly lying, “Of course not, silly,”

“Oh, you're not going to turn yourself in,” Galahad said sadly, “then I shall take you by force,”

But before Herman drew to attack he cursed himself for what low-landed reasons took him into action decisions. As a young lad, Herman had always dreamt of being the

appointed knight, claiming the fame and all the glory. As time went on and Herman trained, the king didn't notice the skill emanating from the peasant boy's swordsmanship. So, Herman acted and punished the king for his utter ignorance. But eventually, Herman dropped from the ceiling brandishing the dagger that killed the king. Galahad drew his sword. The clash went on for hours. Galahad stabbed, Herman slashed. Then Herman, dead. Galahad wore a cobweb of guilt as he saw his friend crumpled and headless. He had done his job and he hated it.

The next day Galahad woke up and visited the newest grave. The cobweb had not washed off and his guilt remind when he was drowning in tears. Why, why, why did I do it? Were the only words Galahad was thinking of.

But he could not undo time. The deed was done and consequences were made. Then Galahad was dead of all good things and life was not needed. So, after all of this Galahad had learned: Good doesn't come from good deeds it comes from good friends.

Limerick Lane

Introducing our new segment. Please take a moment to stroll down limerick lane to lighten your day.

Swimming in Words

There was once a writing club
Who came for the biscuits and grub
They wrote in all forms
Defying the norms
Like Hemingway who wrote in a tub.

The Unfortunate Awakening

There once was an old man called Ted
Who one day, whilst lying in bed
Felt a sprinkling feeling
Dripping down from the ceiling
And saw his cat, peeing on his head.

Climate Change

There is a thing called climate change
It is an umbrella term for a range
Of human selfish acts
And fossil fuel attacks
But the climate has a desire to let out its' vengeful rage.

Rapunzel smells like vegetables

Rapunzel lived in a tower
With skin as smooth as flower
Her hair was 70 feet
Her skin was sweet as beet
But her face was quite the glower.

