

The Seahorse



This Edition: What if?

Letter from the Editors

Hello and welcome back to our new and improved edition of...

The Seahorse!

When we first started the “what if” alternative history writing we never imagined we would get so many different ideas-or that we would have accidentally stolen the idea from Disney!

We have watched our members work on these for weeks, persevering to make their writing even better every day and we are so proud of their dedication.

We hope you enjoy reading this as much as we enjoyed watching it grow.

Happy Reading!

Ms Pritchard, Mrs Frost, & Miss Foster.



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What if I'd never discovered Rollercoasters?

Remember the day I walked into the towers for the first time? I had this weird feeling in my stomach that I didn't understand at the time. It was love.

Embarking onwards to the untamed beast of steel and vengeance, it roars in dominance, attracting other poor victims to its merciless wrath. The area is derelict yet so luscious from the outside but the deeper in, the more corrupt it appears. The coldness of fear within the watching eyes of thrill seekers as the ferocious trains twist and dive through the disfigured course. My face dripping in sweat, my anxieties piling up.

"What if it derails?" "What if my restraints come undone?"

Engulfed with apprehension, I stand patiently biting my nails in queue for the front. The gates open... the hairs on my neck peak with fear.

I jump up into the comfortable, lifted seats. Barely making it. Hearing the previous passengers buzz with excitement.

We slowly leave the station straight into the incline. Hearing everyone cheer and clap made it all worse. Feeling every foot we climb. My ears being hypnotised by the clicking of the gears. Watching myself climb higher and higher. My blood rushing through my body, overthinking the experience ahead. Dramatically the clicking stops and the catwalk comes to and end as the train reaches the acme of the structure slowly peering us over the edge. "Prepare for the thrill ahead of you." My brain whispers to me as I inhale anxiously. The wind smacking me in the face as if I were in a car speeding down the idle roads. The ear-piercing screams and the weightlessness feeling consume me. My body quivering from the twists, turns and loops. I get spat out onto the break run forcing my head forward then back, slamming my head into the plastic seats. At loss for words, I hear the ride operator forcefully tell us to not unbuckle the seatbelt just yet.

Astonishingly I tell the riders about to experience the attraction "THAT WAS CRAZY!!" trying to figure out which is mine, I drag my bag from the wooden boxes. I run through the exit to see my picture hoping it's not hideous.

"AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN!!" I exclaimed to my parents. Enough nagging got me another trip the next month. Expanding my passion for you.

You were the origin of my enthusiasm for the colossus steel giants. You are the seed that spread and grew my love for the wooden beasts.

My existence would be unornamented, bland, and tedious without you. I wouldn't have had some of the extraordinary and exhilarating experiences I've had. I wouldn't have met some of the best people in my life. I wouldn't be the same person I am today without your influence. The whole package that comes with riding a rollercoaster brings me so much joy and satisfaction.

Thank you for being you, I love you.



What if reading had never been invented?

Well to start with, this whole piece would've been a complete waste for time as no one would be able to read it. And I would have no idea how to write so I at the moment am inventing an entire new type of art. So, not only am I a genius and a god amongst men (which I can assure you I am in real life) I am now going to be hailed as the creator of a language. All in a good day's work for a messiah. But, enough of my amazing pioneering skills, how would the world be different without reading or writing? Well for a start, no more analysis of 'Lord of the Flies' in English, no more 'Animal Farm' or 'To Kill a Mockingbird'. Probably a good thing when you think about it. Of course, we'd still have the ability of speech but no one would be able to send text messages, emails or letters. There'd be no way to pass down information-other than mouth to mouth-and the past would slowly become more and more exaggerated and far-fetched. Sort of like the Myths, Legends and the Pagan beliefs of the Nordic lands and the Mediterranean. Other things such as the World Wars would slowly become God fighting Satan, Hitler would become a reincarnation of Beelzebub. Probably. English teachers are now stranded with no way to bore their students with dreary writing and school SUDDENLY becomes a lot more interesting. School would now become centred around videos meaning everyone would get a good nap for once. School generally would be a lot more interesting. And then it comes to boredom. Now, I know that not everyone is as intellectual as myself and not many people now delight themselves in the joys of reading especially with the advances of Tic Tac and other such online atrocities. So perhaps not many people would be affected by this. Myself and many of my fellow nerds would be. Speaking to my friends earlier this week I discovered that if reading was to disappear completely many of them would go insane. Others said suicide. Most of them said both but with that state of mind I'm not sure any of their opinions have much value. In any way-I would most certainly be bored out of my mind. And that concludes that.



What if this was how people got married?

My eyes flutter open. I'm sure they're open but darkness still engulfs me. I roll out of an unusually uncomfortable bed, my head hitting tarmac. Where am I? I crawl across the floor to what I hope is the door. My knees stumble across two objects one feels like a candle and the other a lighter. I turn on the lighter and as clumsy as I manage not to injure myself. A warm beam of light flickers from the candle giving the room or warm glow.

I sit down in the middle of this room and cautiously take a look at my surroundings. The room is around the same size as a garden shed. The bed I just fell of is old and rickety with a mattress full of holes. The bed takes up half the space. The only other thing in here is a small three-legged nightstand with one draw. The walls look like they have been painted by a toddler. The floor that I now sit on is cold, unforgiving tarmac. I don't recognise anything here. Where am I?

Suddenly, remembering the draw I walk over to it. Without even thinking I pull the draw open. It slides out of the nightstand and hits me on the foot. I curse in pain. Not noticing that a legal looking form with my name on it in bold letters falls out of the draw. I limp over to the now almost spent candle and huddle down next to it trying to keep warm. Eventually, my eyes flutter shut.

Not long later, I wake up to the sound of a buzzing. The buzzing is fitful and goes on for what feels like hours but must have only been a few minutes. Not long after I woke up the buzzing stop and is replaced with a monochrome robotic voice.

The voice terrifies me it's the kind of voice that sends shivers down your spine. It's the kind of voice a murderer would have. As it begins to speak I notice a window in the stone door. I run over to it. What I see shocks me.

On the other side of this stretch land is a row of three tiny cells. I'm guessing that those are also like the cell I'm in. They each have a window the size of a shoe box and there's four iron bars in each window to stop us from getting out. There are three boys looking out of the windows. All three wear itchy grey shirts. One boy is bald and has a bunch flower tattoos on his head whilst the other two have a lock of curly blonde and black hair.

In the middle of the room stands a turret. It's the kind you'd find in every traditional princess story. At the top of the turret where cannons should have stood; stood multiple marriage themed flags. Some had hearts on whilst others said just married.

In the middle of the turret stood a man. This man looked exactly like my older brother Damien it was uncanny. I was sure it couldn't be Damien because like every male in my family at the age of twenty they all went off to fight in the army and not one man has ever survived. Like the three boys opposite me he wore a grey shirt and grey shorts. A flag sits lopsided in front of him so quickly he straightens it. As he straightens it the



sleeves of his shirt a tattoo with the word Dana appears (his girlfriend's name). In that moment I know it's him. Why the hell is he here?

Damien begins to speak "Today's your 18th birthday and to celebrate you being an adult, you will get married. How this works is that I will say two names and a bridge will connect between to your cells and you will walk towards each other and live happily ever after.

Eventually my name is called but no cells are left. "Katy Moore, you have not signed the true love form so you will be thrown into the abyss.

In that moment my cell shatters into a million pieces and I fall. I fall into darkness.



What if Alien Robots Visited the Earth?

Aliens are some bizarre creatures, but robot aliens are very mysterious and not talked about. It's all ominous really.

BREAKING NEWS!!!

"This obscure object has entered the orbit. The police and the SWAT team are still trying to find where that strange, phenomenon landed. Now, let's go to the scene with Jack Nicholas."

Elvis was so confused he stared at the ceiling.

"Thank you Nathania, I am here with the police trying to find out what flew out of the sky. What is your progress so far with this investigation Sergeant Luke?" explained Jack Nicholas.

"My team and I are currently trying to figure out what has happened during this hour. At the moment that we find out where this mysterious object has landed and what is inside it, we will inform you about the statistics across the nation and we will be showing it on Live TV" announced Sergeant Luke.

"Well, that was an exciting start to the search of the odd object that came flying out the sky. Now let's go..... AHHHHHHH" screamed Jack.

Nafisa was terrified about what just happened.

"Woah what happened there? It seems we have lost connection with Jack Nicholas, let's try connecting. (System Failed) Oh, maybe one of the creatures got him.... I'm joking, or am I? That's the end of the news today have a brilliant rest of the day citizens, Bye!" cried Nathania confused.

...

The next day, something happened... All the citizens were screaming of fear as they were being attacked by mysterious creatures that we think are the ones that attacked Jack.

BREAKING NEWS!!!!

"THE WORLD IS ENDING. GET TO SAFETY AND GET WEAPONS BECAUSE OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT NOT LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER DAY!!" screamed Nathania.

(Power turns off)

"COME ON EVERYONE I HAVE WEAPONS IN MY BASEMENT!!!!" screamed citizen Jakob. "AFTER THAT COME TO MY GARDEN AND GET IN MY UNDERGROUND BUNKER!!!" shouted citizen Jess.



Everyone followed Jakob into his basement to gather weapons to fight off the aliens if they tried attacking. After that, they followed Elvis to his garden, and everyone gathered into his massive, ominous bunker.

"Why is it so dark in here....."whimpered Nafisa.

"This is a bit suspicious don't you think" whispered Elvis.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA" shouted a voice.

"What was that" screamed Nafisa.

"We have trapped you in our bunker..."announced Josie "PREPARE TO DIE!!!"

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" screamed Jess and Nafisa.

Jess, Jakob and Josie transformed into their real forms.

"Th-th-they're Robots" whimpered Nafisa.

Suddenly the attack started



What if Hitler won the war?

Everything's dark. No one can see. We're all trapped. Trapped like bugs. There's one climbing the wall now. I'm watching it. Hitler told us the invasion was for the best. Best for the white and the Christian. The Jews and us live together. I can't find anything wrong with them, just like I can't find anything wrong with me. Why must we hide who we are? I don't know what day it is. The calendar ran out days ago. There's nothing to do down here as well. The grown-ups aren't bothered, they say survival comes before enjoyment. Me and Elsa don't agree. Worse than the dark somehow is the boredom.

There was literally nothing to do except run. So I ran. It's what I do every day and I train, running faster than the last time until Mum said I'm as fast as the wind. I thought that was quite an achievement. I bet I could outrun Hitler. He looks weedy and small and *dead*. He *died*. Ages ago. Shot himself apparently. But the British couldn't get Britain back and it's stayed under the control of the Nazis. So, we weren't allowed out. Till today. The bunker missile exploded, knocking me backwards. I felt something torn from me and then I was thrown skywards. My skin tingled, feeling the sun after seventeen years. And I loved the sensation of falling. That is, until I hit the ground. "*Ow!*" Someone was rounding up survivors. I saw Mum and Dad there but not my twin.

Grief tore through me like a knife. Dropping on my knees took a huge amount of effort. I realised why. No one escapes a nuke attack with scars. Mum's head was wrapped up. Dad's leg was gone. And Elsa! Elsa was dead! Dead! Forget grief, this word tore me open, dragging out a Niagara falls of tears, stamping on my heart, smashing my lungs with a hammer. It hurts so much I can't breathe. "*It's not fair!*" I shriek inside my head. Elsa had never done anything! WE had never done anything to be oppressed. I swear to myself (then and there) I would *kill* whoever was responsible for my sister's death.

The Nazi's army marched towards us, intent on killing, I can tell. A helicopter seemed to be making its way toward us too. But I lose consciousness right after the plane beams us up.

I wake in an aviator's seat. I choke on something. A strap. My hand comes up and untangles it. I can't talk. Grief is still rushing through me. My mouth feels as dry as a desert. *Elsa! Where are you?*

The guns are in my hand and I see no one has exaggerated their ugliness. Black is a beautiful colour but it looks wrong on a gun. I stare at the symbol and see the Nazi flag shape. I have a sickening urge to throw it out of the window. Until I twist it and realise. This is the Union Jack.

'So what's the plan again?' I ask. They've had to go over it twice already but my head feels funny and I can't grasp it. On this repetition, though, I get it.

'Team one is a decoy, they're going to attack HQ straight up, no messing around. Team two will attack from the back. They're also a decoy. Team three parachutes down onto the roof and crawl through a roof vent. Then they slide down on ropes and capture (and, if necessary, kill him) the 'Prime minister'.'



It's a stupid plan. It's a stupid, crazy, ridiculous, out-of-the-window plan. But it's a plan. Which sounds much better than just sitting in a hole. Literally. I beg to be on T1 but they won't let me. T2? Nope. So T3 it is. Ha! It's a clever technique but use it sparingly as people will figure it out. I see my sister. Dead, as an angel. I'm doing this for her. Not for the rebels. Not for Mum. Not for Dad. Not even for me. Just for my sister.

The parachuting is terrifying. I do not recommend it. But then I see Elsa's dead face, this time blank with wide staring eyes and her pretty mouth slack, fists clenched in death. I jump and tears spill from my eyes, vanishing as I hit the ground. I want to fly away. The jolt of landing on solid ground is hateful. It's a dull thud and I feel drained. I see Elsa again and everything changes and I remind myself why I'm doing this.

'Good off yer to comb with us.' I'm not joking. That's how he sounds. It's quite funny but then again, it's someone's way of talking.

I spit back a reply: 'I'm not doing this for your rebellion. I'm doing it for my sister.' I march ahead to the vent and crawled through it. It was dark and sooty and small. When I climb out, I have to spit out soot. The gun looks wrong in my hands. The gun looks wrong, full stop.

Slipping around corridors, trying to look like I knew what I am doing turned out to be rather easy. We came up to the PM's quarters and I watch. It's boring but at least I get some action. Because I'm the first person to see the PM leave. I signal to K3 and he signals to K2 and K4. K1 gives the order and K2 and K4 attack the PM. I'm rather enjoying it. He was struggling. So K1 shot him in the head. As I stand there, stunned at what we could do with one tiny action, someone hurled themselves at me from behind. Their fingers lock around my throat. Then it's just his knee. I plead with him. To stop it. But he doesn't listen and I die.

I wouldn't recommend it. You float up and disintegrate. I can't understand why he'd done it. I just see the world how it really is. Cruel, harsh and deadly. Soul-breaking and unfair. And a small speck of light, growing bigger and bigger every day. Fight. This is what happens when people hate each other. But that's not what we need to focus on. It's what we should do. To stop it. Because people can be horrible or gentle. And we need to help people choose the better option.



What if Snow White didn't eat the apple?

Once Upon a time, a young girl was off on her morning stroll when she ran into an elderly woman. “Oh, I'm so sorry dear! My eyes you see, don't work as well as they used to.”

“Of course, no worries at all!” the young girl said.

“My sincerest apologies child. In fact, take this apple to make it up to you. You look hungry.”

The girl was not stupid - she knows not to take food from strangers. Also, she just doesn't like apples.

After being gifted the apple, she politely declined. However, she could not get away that easily. “Go on dear, take it. My gift.”, said the old woman. Not wanting to offend the woman, she took it. “Do me a favour, dear. Eat it now if you wouldn't mind. I want to see you enjoying it!” Reluctantly, she lifted the apple to her lips and that is what she had an idea. She sneezed on the apple.

“Oh dear! I must go and wash this right away!”

“I'm sure it will be fine, eat it.”, remarked the woman forcefully. Snow White didn't know what to do. After thinking for a second, she thanked the woman and promised to eat it later. “Eat it later?! My dear, why would you do such a thing?”

“I'm awfully sorry, but I must be off now, I'll eat it later.”

The old woman sighed. “Alright dearie, but you must eat it.” She watched like a hawk as Snow White put away the apple and skipped away down the path. The woman turned away defeated.

The next day, the same thing happened again but with a pear. Snow white didn't know what to tell her – she just didn't really like fruit. This went on for a few months with the witch trying salads, buffets, from savoury to sweet, but to no avail. It went on for a few months before the woman gave up. Snow White was free from a curse she never had. But just wait – did you really think it'd be over this quickly? That you'd get your happy ending so soon? Ha-ha, no.

The witch, upon thinking it through, decided it wasn't over until she said it was. But she had to be quick and careful. After extensive research, she found out about Snow White's living situation. The dwarves, that she seemed quite fond of, would be perfect. She decided to kidnap a dwarf, no matter which one, and make it eat the apple. Force feed it if she had too.

The plan was made, the witch would break in while Snow White was out on her morning walk and kidnap a dwarf. It was perfect, the young girl would never see it coming. When morning came, the witch was rather tired. She's been thinking her plan over all night:

- Leave at 9:00
- Walk past Snow White at 9:15



- Be in the house by 9:20
- Out by 9:30
- Snow White back in the house by 9:45

It was nearing 9:00 and the witch was panicking. What would she do once she had the dwarf? What if Snow White didn't go on a walk that morning? She had to risk it though... she had to be prettiest of them all. When morning came all too soon, the witch prepared herself to leave.

She brought a bowl of cereal with her to offer the girl, she didn't want to seem suspicious. Doubt swirling around her, she approached Snow White and prepared her usual conversation. "Hello dearie, I know you weren't a fan of the bacon sandwich, so I brought you some cereal!" Snow White wondered why she never changed her walking route as an exasperated expression painted her face.

"Listen ma'am, you don't have to offer me food every time we meet! I don't take food from strangers."

"We're hardly strangers now, don't you think?" the witch said, eyebrow quirked, Snow White let out a heavy sigh.

"Goodbye. I suppose I'll be seeing you tomorrow." And with that, Snow White was gone. The witch let out a long breath and dumped the cereal in a bush, continuing her journey.

At 9:15, she walked up to the small house, taking a breath before removing a pin from her hair and picking the lock. Now, which dwarf to gra- "Home already... *sneeze* Snow White?" Well. That one will do, she thought, grabbing Sneezy and making a run for it. "What in the- "

"Shut up." It was a long way back to the old woman's house. Question after question, it was exhausting! Finally, they made it back. The woman felt as though a good few years had been taken off of her life. There was one thing the witch hadn't accounted for. She had kidnapped possibly one of the most contagious dwarves there is. Within a few hours, she was already feeling under the weather. It was an exhausting day to say the least, who would've thought it'd be so hard to accommodate a sick dwarf? In the end, the woman decided to go to the doctors. She left Sneezy tied up, fear not.

When she finally got the doctor, she began avidly describing her symptoms. When her elaborate list had finished, the doctor stepped back, mouth agape in horror. "Ma'am, y-you have the coronavirus! You must go home at once! Isolate for 14 days, no less! You mustn't come into contact with **anyone!**" Just. Great.

"Okay. Thanks." She said and walked out, leaving the doctor as if he's seen a ghost. When she got home, just as her luck might have it, Sneezy was nowhere to be found. The old woman let out a heavy sigh and went upstairs. She flopped on her bed and wrapped herself up in blankets. At that moment, she decided it was too much of a faff.

"Second prettiest will do, first the worst, second the best after all" was her last thought before falling asleep.

And everyone lived happily ever after.



What if Sirens were real?

Asch is an ordinary boy in an ordinary school with an ordinary life. Asch has black hair, wore a white t-shirt and black shorts. One day, Asch came home from school, his parents were gone. All that there was, was a letter saying:

Dear Mistake,

We have left you to go to Africa.

We have taken all the money and all the food.

We hope to never see you again.

Mum and Dad.

With the letter still in his hand he ran out to the pool and through the letter in the pool. Running back into the house he punched the picture of his mum, dad and him. It wasn't just the pain of the broken glass that made him cry it was that his parents had left him.

"Life sucks." He cried, blood staining this white t-shirt. Asch was SO fed-up with life that he thought "Maybe I should leave".

He ran out of the house onto the street towards the cliff that overlooked the sea. Asch ran to the top and... he jumped.

As the water surrounded him, he saw a shadow in the distance. He closed his eye and when he opened them the shadow was in front of him. Suddenly he heard singing in the direction of the shadow. Asch, in shock, fainted.

When he woke up, he was on the sandy beach on the other side of the cliff. He sat up and looked out to sea, to see a head above the water looking at him. The thing had purple hair and lavender eyes. "Who are you?" he yelled to the thing. It swam closer so he could see its body. "Your..you're a girl" Asch said surprised.

"Siren" she corrected. "Maisie."

Maisie has a purple and black tail, with purple shells.

"Asch." He said looking Maisie in the eye.

Every day, from then on, Asch and Maisie met at the same beach every night as they did so Asch and Maisie fell more and more in love.



What if
life was a
GAME?

By Jessica
Mayo and Josie
Upperton!

We are finally old enough to start writing diaries! I'm Jess and I have a sister called Josie. This book contains weekly diaries about our lives written by me and Josie. Well, until we are 21 years old (the game stops when we are 21 which means that we can live freely for the rest of our lives).

Anyways, I've got to go for my dinner now. Cya when we make our first diaries!
Jess.

Friday 1st June 2023
Dear diary,

Hey, ~~this~~ this is my first ever diary! Me and Josie are choosing our GCSE subjects next week. Well, the dice are... I really want to get art because my dream is to become an artist and Josie's is to become an author so I could illustrate her books! I'm gonna be so mad if we don't get the subjects that we want.

Anyways, today in ~~the~~ school wasn't great. We had pretty bad lessons so the dice must have chosen an odd number, which would be the bad option. For dinner, we had our favourite meal (spaghetti bolognese). Overall, today was okay. I'm glad that we had creative writing club because it helped me forget about the bad school day. The current topic is "What if?" so me and Josie are writing "What if life wasn't a game?" It's really fun because we get to use our imaginations.
Gotta go,
Jess

Friday 1st June 2023

Dear diary,

Me and my sister, Jess, are choosing our GCSE subjects next week. Well we're not, the stupid dice is. Ugh. I really want to be an author and hopefully Jess will illustrate. I hope we get what we want!

My day at school was okay. The lessons were pretty bad. The food options were good. Especially dinner, Spaghetti bolognese, (our favourite) at creative writing club ~~me~~ Me and Jess are writing "What if life wasn't a game?" We are doing the opposite of our current lives. I guess it works?

Gotta go
mow
baii

Josie

Friday 8th June 30 23

Dear diary,

We had to go to the LRA (Library) to roll the dice today (this morning). We went ~~there~~ to see what GCSE subjects we have to take. It sucks but we all have to do it at some point so it's only fair. Anyways, here's what I got: 2, 3, 6 and 12. There are 2 dice you have to roll so whatever you get on the dice adds up to a number and the number you get depends on the subject you have to take for your GCSEs. 2 = triple science, 3 = art, 6 = history, 12 = photography and then core PE, maths and English. I got what I wanted so my dream could come true after all!

Today was amazing. Getting the GCSE subjects that I wanted was great but I didn't realise that we would have such good lessons too! The only bad thing was dinner, salad. Me and Josie hate salad. Creative writing club was really fun, we finished our story too.

That's it for now,
Jess

Friday 8th June 30 23

Dear diary,

We went to the LRA or ~~library~~ library to roll our die to see what GCSE subjects we were taking. Guess what! I got what I wanted! I got 2, 4, 6 and 10!

2 = triple science, 4 = food tech, 6 = History, 10 = Music. They're just what I wanted. Sorry got a bit excited there. As Jess mentioned we have to take maths, English and PE. Maybe we can pursue our dreams after all 😊.

Dinner ruined the day.
It was salad. Ugh!
The worst food ever.
Yuck, Must go.

bye Josie.

Friday 24th June 2025

Dear diary,

Me and Josie lost a year's worth of diaries but we also had to start preparing for the real GCSEs. I thought that we should give you an update on what has been happening recently. For the last month or so, we have attended master-classes to help us. But we haven't had time to write as we still have revision and homework to do as well. Everything seems to be going to plan so far. The GCSEs start next week so wish us luck!

School was pretty boring. We mostly had to listen to teachers explaining how the tests will work. At least we had a nice dinner (spaghetti carbonara) so that was definitely the good option. I don't think that school was an option. It's annoying that we can't go to creative writing club while the exams are taking place.

See you soon,

Jess

Friday 24th June
2025

Dear diary

We have lost ~~our years~~
~~worth~~ lots of days worth of diaries, because of our Real GCSE's. We have been having master classes to help with our subjects. But that meant we haven't been able to write our diaries. Our actual GCSE's are next week too!

School was ok, we only had to listen to people explain stuff about next week. Dinner was great - Spaghetti carbonara.

Sadly creative writing wasn't on. Oh well

See ya,
Josie.

Sunday 3rd July 3025

Dear diary,

It's been a very stressful week but we did it! The exams are finally over - the GCSEs are done! It's strange because my GCSE results are the exact same as my predicted results, which are: 7 for maths, English and physics; 6 for biology and photography; 5 for chemistry and history and 8 for art. I am so relieved that I passed everything! It felt really weird not having exams on Friday.

Today me and Josie have just been celebrating with our family. We are getting a take away for dinner so that's definitely the good option.

The food is here now, cya
Jess

Sunday 3rd July 3025

Dear diary,

The exams are finally done! We can chill. It felt strange not having exams today. Also my results were exactly the same as my predicted ones! It's so weird.

Today we are getting take away for dinner - oh gotta go the foods here now.
Byee
Josie.

What if Cinderella danced past midnight?

Once upon a time there was a young girl, whose father had died. However, her wicked stepmother was still in power of her, she also has two daughters of her own - Anastasia & Drizella. They were treated like royalty, but not Cinderella. She a slave to the others, she did all their work and chores & wore small dresses with rags. She has light blond hair tied back into a bun with rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes. When she smiled, the sun smiled with her.

One day the royal messenger came to their house with a letter, it read:

Cinderella was so pleased about this, however, when she asked her stepmother if she could go, she darted a cruel look on her dark face, Cinderella already knew the answer.

Two hours later

Cinderella was on her way to the ball in an attractive, sky-blue dress. Her carriage had an arch covered in blossoms and snowdrops. When she arrived, the palace was a golden enchantress. She entered through the great gate.

11:56

She was dancing with the prince however she had to leave before midnight (which was almost near). However, she didn't realise. **Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!** Midnight had struck but Cinderella didn't care, she danced till she could dance no more. Suddenly, her magical effect wore off, the prince was dancing with a scullery maid. She felt humiliated being stared at in the centre of the ball room.



What if the wrong person found Cinderella's shoe?

One day, Cinderella woke up with a yawn, still puzzled by eerie the appearance of her so-called "godmother" from last night; amidst the jet-black starry atmosphere - with a swish of a wand she was gone. Oh well, there was no time now to sit around and daydream about minor pieces of information. There's work to do. Another day of being enslaved by her idle Stepmother and her wicked stepsisters, who thought Ella was nothing but naive.

"Ella!" Bawled her tyrannical godmother for the third time in a row. "Light the fire, will you, feeble girl!"

Ella sighed as she smoothed down her creased skirt and glanced at her wild flaxen hair. A lot worse than the 20-year-old Blackberry Bush that hadn't been trimmed in five whole moons. "Come down this flipping instant!" shrieked one of her frivolous stepsisters as if she were being slaughtered.

"I'm coming!" confessed poor Ella as she scampered down the creaking staircase. Anxiety rising in her chest. No matter how fast the girl had hurried after sacrificing 5-minutes in the mirror it was too late. There stepmother was, her face scarlet, hands on hips with gritted teeth that clattered with fury. "Sorry" gulped Ella turning vermillion herself. The quicker she finished her and this list of jobs, all the hastier she could just vanish into the darkness and never return.

"How many bally times?" demanded a stepsister in her normal ill-mannered tone. "Clean my room and hang up the washing!". This was nothing more but the daily routine. Ella, who also spent half her day in the cinders, worked hours on end while the dreadfully spoilt stepsisters sat around in fashionable dresses made of silk velvet scattered with tiny gems like the night was scattered with stars.

"Move it Cinders!" huffed the second stepsister. "Mother and my sister and me have got a ball to attend!" They were everywhere. From the top floors to the one-mile sized garden.

"Ella" moaned the ginger stepsister shuffling along in her dainty bottle green skirt "Mama told you to clean the lavatory." Ignoring the will of her orders Ella followed the plan of her perilous refuge. For starters she would have to wait until the stepfamily got to the ball to which stage plan to set off at 8:30 p.m. and then her pumpkin carriage would arrive.

Far into the evening, like a ghost in horror stories Ella left, her shadow blending in with the silhouette of the rocking trees and desolate hills, both behind and in front. The godlike pumpkin left had magically transformed into a glimmering carriage, pulled by luscious, toffee-coloured horses. Like the pumpkin, the orphan's ragged clothes turned shiny: her dress was covered in sequins, underneath a glossy evening gown. The world once full of Misery, agony and poverty suddenly changed to being delivered and jubilant, with a hint of brilliance- blissful marvellous things that Ella had no opportunities to discover.



As Ella sat motionless in the beautiful carriage, the nearby clocks of the city struck 10:00, and Ella knew that she would have to be in a great rush, and she wanted to be abandoned by useless, real-life pumpkin.

“Good evening!” the gentleman talking by The Fist. “Shall we dance the waltz?” Little Ella noticed, she had been dancing the polka, waltz and various other four dances for a good few hours with Mr Prince Charming.

“Oh, golly gosh!” she peered at the towering grandfather clock that chimes the next hour. “I suppose should start to hurry...”

“Do at least take a cucumber sandwich and a pack of these shredded chips-very popular with the posh with the common folk- they seem to call them crisps”.

“Erm... I urgently have to leave.” Proclaimed the girl. “As a matter-of-fact farewell Prince, I have little interest in such things as my life may depend on this refuge.”

However, this was not entirely true. Stepmother may as well catch her and it's over all over again, but there was a slim possibility that Ella would get the chop for simply attending a single ball.

The nights passed...once... twice... a third time and again.

“The clock is about to strike midnight!” squealed the girl of the cinders in despair. She grasped the rails on the staircase of the extravagant hall and moved along to the exit. Out of the blue she took a tumble. A shoe of Ella's went flying in mid-air; but as this was a moment about to test her courage Ella couldn't care less. There Ella stood, motionless. A second past midnight. Two. Three. There she stood as the monstrous weather bit her. Too late. There the former carriage was now, a plump pumpkin with an ever-growing twisted root looking as if it had never been something that had taken Ella on one of the most infamous gatherings of the decades.

“Oh Fiddlesticks! What rotten look I have been cursed with ever since birth! Why does everything awful happen to me? What have I done?”. No, she couldn't think like this. Her wicked stepfamily remained with little a clue of what was going on in The Ballroom. Ella had to think logically for the first time, instead of the day-to-day workings of what soap cleans the rails better. A plan began to form in her mind. ‘Why stand here, certainly useless when I can be tucked up in the servants’ quarters? I shall return if it is matter of life or death.’

A moon had passed, but everything was normal. Work, eat, sleep. Suddenly, on this day, Ella picked up the newspapers. Something she did daily. Today however it wasn't just about the death of MPs and the laws of Queen Victoria.

Daily News! The Prince has found the bride who fits the shoe!

Read All About It! Prince Charming that has long been looking for a bride has found the woman whose shoe fits perfectly. The shoe was Scarlet-red and found on the 9th step down in the manor Ballroom.



"I knew my mother wanted me to wed such a woman. Meeting her it was glorious but as it was pitch black, I cannot recall her face! But I remember her shoes..." Hampton Court. The former Palace, famous for the lives of the Tudors...

"Hang on. I was at Manor ballroom. My shoe fell off. I met and danced the waltz with Prince Charming... this is Hampton Court..."

"Ella!" bawled her wicked stepmother. "Show some respect. Your stepsister's tying the knot with Prince Charming!" Hungry for more knowledge, she did as she was told dashing down the best corridors faster than comets flew. There Ella was, in the hall with grand marble floors, vases with exotic flowers and lace rose coloured curtains that had been swept aside to reveal the beautiful glass patterns on the windows. There stood a wicked stepsister with her stepmother joined by Prince Charming-*the* Prince Charming.

"So" growled her Wicked Stepmother. "The shoe fits. It's hers! when is the date of your wedding?"

The prince's jaw dropped open; this it wasn't the right lady standing next to him. It was Ella. There stood the girl with glossy golden curly hair and green eyes that shone.

"Never. Never shall I wed your other daughter. This one."

"What?" Ella's stepmother gasped. "Ella? She's not my daughter! She's just a servant, that's all!"

"Now I understand!" nodded Prince Charming. "Ella is your late husband's daughter, is she not? She deserves to live a glorious life."

"You won't have to pay for her broken things" argued her stepsister. "She doesn't mean anything to us does she mother?"

At long last, the witch gave in. "Fine. Take her, do what you want, but don't get me involved in anything top do with her ever again."

Rightly so, the happy couple got married and had a love that would later spread inspiration and hope to girls all over the world. She started as a servant but grew up as the wife as the future king.

What if Lord Farquaad had saved Princess Fiona?

Once upon a time there was a Princess named Princess Fiona. She was the most beautiful woman in all the land but was locked up by her parents at her birth due to a strange curse...

'I, Lord Farquad shall save the beautiful princess and take her as my bride!' The crowd cheered as he announced this (not because they liked the idea but because they were forced). As he bowed an ogre came roaring through the gigantic wooden doors.

'I want my swamp ba-' he was cut off due to a Knight beheading him on the spot. The crowd gasped as his green blood dripped from the severed head. As this happened a donkey who accompanied the ogre ran away but was caught and most likely was to be sanitized and served for that night's dinner.

Farquad and his horse galloped through a grubby swamp, a beautiful forest but with poisonous berries and a scorching desert. They eventually reached The Dragon's Keep but first he had to cross the old, rotting bridge which hung ominously over a pit of lava. The short but smart leader sent his men over the bridge but alas- they fell to their death so in the end he got out his secret weapon. The secret was a large mythical creature called a Griffin- it was one of the most feared creatures in all the land from the harsh lands to Far Far Away. He mounted the great feathered beast as it flew over the moat of lava and over the Keep as a dragon could end it all for him and his kingdom.

He clicked open the old but well-kept door to see the veil that draped down and encased the Princess. He pushed it away effortlessly and leaned over the woman and kissed her. She opened her eyes slowly and stood up. 'Who is my Prince charming?' she questioned.

'It is I my lady' replied the man short of stature.

'Are you real?' she questioned 'or are you one if those dwarves I have heard of?'

'No, my love, I am as human as you' the man replied.

Hours later it was sundown and Fiona was hesitant about sharing a bed with Farquad but finally he caved in and left her alone. Their next stop would no longer be Farquaad's land but the land of Far Far Away. After a few days travelling with Fiona going to sleep at 8pm and waking at 7am every day they made it.

Meanwhile, Prince Charming had just finished a speech about bringing justice to the heroes that banished him and his new villain friends to those cursed lands they now roam. Charming was the son of the most well-known fairy across the land and was said to be able to charm any woman in a blink of an eye although he had only been able to seduce a frog. As Lord Farquaad and Fiona galloped into the marvellous city Charming was flying in on witch's brooms.

"Come on Fiona" Farquad called as the beautiful princess proudly walked through the gates, but little did he know Fiona's parents lived there. As they rode up to the castle the King and Queen were alerted and ready outside, they were surprised to see their daughter so grown up and who she was riding with. They knew that someone needed



permission for marriage, but they didn't know it was their daughter and were shocked to find out.

Their re-union was sweet although cut short by Charming jumping down with the sword he had got in his Medieval Meal, and he was here for revenge. "Let me and my friends back on our land" he demanded.

"No, you know what you did" replied King Harold.

"Alright then" Charming exclaimed as he beheaded Farquaad. The royals gasped as Charming jumped back onto the broomstick and drifted off.

The next few months were tough but eventually The King passed away, The Queen who loved her husband became depressed and then, joined her husband up in the clouds. Fiona however, had been thriving in this new apocalypse-like world. But one day she was raiding the abandoned shops for food but then Charming and his minions dropped down in front of her. They looked angry but she stood her ground "What do you want?"

Fiona asked, "You're to be dead, sweet dreams!" and before they could answer back Captain Hook grabbed her and pierced her throat with his hook.

And that my dear reader, is what would happen if Lord Farquaad saved Princess Fiona from the Dragon's Keep.



What if there was no school?

To start with, we'd have an extra 2,184 hours a year to make sure we get enough likes on social media and complete all the levels on a certain videogame. Many people would be incredibly happy at the thought of no homework and no detentions. Whilst others (the so-called geeks) would be in tears over the idea of no library. No more laps in the freezing cold. Which we can all agree would be brilliant. Our stress levels would massively decrease because we'd have no exams. Plus, certain people's egos would shrink massively since there'd be no student hierarchy. Finally, Mr. Brown (science) would have to admit he's ever so slightly crazy, but I'll let him believe what he wants to believe.

What if Cinderella Danced past midnight?

Once upon a time there was a young girl, whose father had died. However, her wicked stepmother was still in power of her, she also has two daughters of her own - Anastasia & Drizella. They were treated like royalty, but not Cinderella. She a slave to the others, she did all their work and chores & wore small dresses with rags. She has light blond hair tied back into a bun with rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes. When she smiled, the sun smiled with her.

One day the royal messenger came to their house with a letter, it read:

Cinderella was so pleased about this, however, when she asked her stepmother if she could go, she darted a cruel look on her dark face, Cinderella already knew the answer.

Two hours later

Cinderella was on her way to the ball in an attractive, sky blue dress. Her carriage had an arch covered in blossoms and snowdrops. When she arrived, the palace was a golden enchantress. She entered through the great gate.

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She was dancing with the Prince however she had to leave before midnight (which was almost near). However, she didn't realise. Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Midnight had struck but Cinderella didn't care, she danced till she could dance no more. Suddenly, her magical effect wore off, the prince was dancing with a scullery maid. She felt humiliated being stared at in the centre of the ball room.

Dressed in her tears, she ran out to the balcony. However, she realised she couldn't leave the palace unless she went through the ballroom. She gazed upon the hanging vines that reached the Prince's bedroom. Willingly, she felt the urge to climb down the vines, hoping they were stable. Regretting her choice, she stepped onto the velvet carpet. However, someone was in the room... It was the Prince! The ball must have ended due to...reasons. Cinderella panicked. Should she run, should she hide or should she enter. The answer was intriguing. She decided to enter.

"Hello?" She asked.

The Prince froze, "Hello?" He turned towards the door facing her torn dungarees.

"I -I'm sorry, I didn't know..." She couldn't finish. She was stunned. Lovingly, the Prince kissed her as he didn't care what she looked like, it only mattered how kind her heart is.



The Seahorse



Thank you for reading!

Do you want to feature in our next magazine?! If you would like to be a part of this amazing, creative experience please come and join.

We meet every Friday after school until 4pm in D4. If you have any questions just ask Miss Pritchard, Miss Foster, or Mrs Frost.

We look forward to seeing you soon :D

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