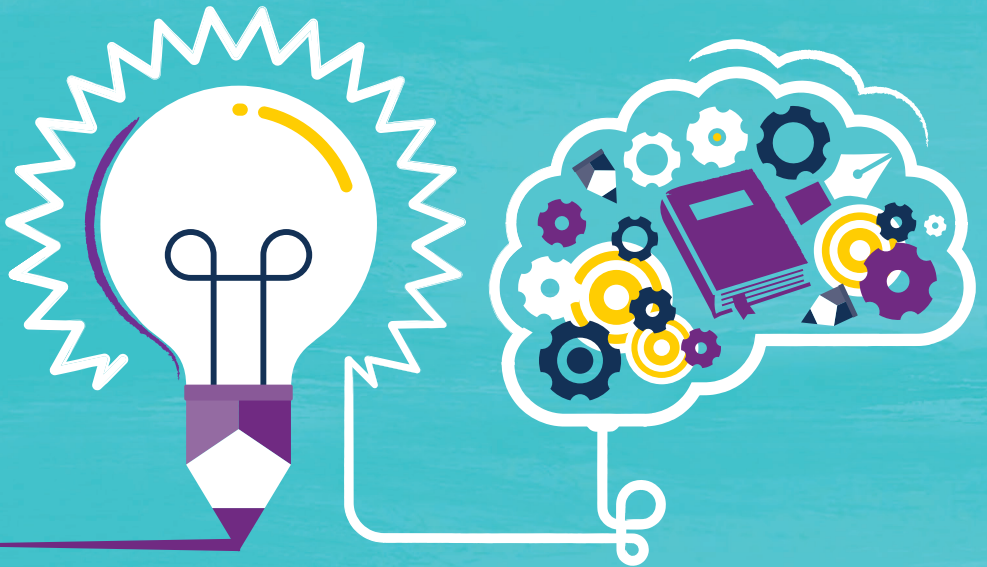




THE BRITISH SCHOOL
OF GUANGZHOU
A NORD ANGLIA EDUCATION SCHOOL

Creative Writing Anthology

A selection of stories
written by students from
The British School of Guangzhou



Global Campus brings together over 37,000 students from
Nord Anglia Education's 43 schools across 15 countries.



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All the students featured in this anthology had their short story or poem submitted into Nord Anglia Education's Global Campus Creative Writing Competition.



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My Family

by Year 1 Rabbits

My dad is as strong as a cheetah.

My mum is as beautiful as a rainbow.

My sister is as cute as puppy.

My brother is as brave as a lion.

My dad is as strong as a dog.

My mum is as pretty as a flower.

My brother is as brave as a tiger.

My baby is as small as a bird.

My sister is as brave as an elephant.

My mummy is as strong as a lion.

My baby is as quiet as a mouse.

My mum is as quiet as a mouse.

My dad is as strong as a rhino.

My sister is as soft as a kitten.

My mum is as beautiful as a butterfly.

My sister is as silly as a baby.

My dad is as cute as a teddy bear.

My mum is as clever as a computer.



My Family by Year 1 Lemurs

My mum is as special as a diamond and is as pretty as a butterfly.

My mummy is as beautiful as a flower and is as kind as a kitten.

My mummy is as fast as a humming bird and is as beautiful as a princess.

My daddy is as tall as a giraffe and is as special as a star.

My dad is as strong as a gorilla, but is as silly as a monkey.

My small sister is as cheeky as a monkey and is as quick as a cheetah.

My baby brother is as small as an ant and is as cute as a puppy.

My brother is as strong as an ox, but is as caring as a cat.

My grandpa is as smart as an owl, but my grandma is as slow as a snail!



The Firefly Family Poem

by **Year 1 Fireflies**

Luci's mum is as brave as a tiger

Yeon Woo's mum is as beautiful as a rainbow

Jahan's dad is as smart as a computer

Rebecca's mum is as pretty as a bird

Alexander's brother is as quiet as a sleeping dog

Miya's mum is as friendly as a puppy

Lillian's brother is as loud as a T-rex

Oscar's dad is as hardworking as an ant

Samira's mum is as smart as an owl

Juliet's sister is as lovely as a flower

Kennedy's dad is as strong as an elephant

Tiger's dad is as clever as a scientist

Kevin's dad is as brave as Spiderman

Douwen's dad is as big as a dinosaur

Maggie's brother is as quiet as a snail

Terrence's mum is as special as a diamond

Vienne's dad is as funny as Mr Bean

Dana's brother is as caring as a doctor

The Amazing Fairyland Adventure by **Jocelyn Wen, Year 2**

On a windy day in Taiwan there was a princess family called Royal crown. There was a princess called Sally. She was beautiful, polite, lovely but also ... FUNNY! There was a mum called Queen Isabella. She was kind, friendly and lucky. There was a unicorn called Beaty. She was cheerful, pretty and good. There was a kitten called Cutey. She was unbelievably brave but sometimes frightened.

The family was bored so they decide to go for an adventure to fairyland! Carefully, they rode the unicorn to fairy land . They went across rivers, oceans and islands. Finally they arrived! They were excited because they never been to this place!

When they arrived they saw a fairy castle and lots of wonderful nature and lots of wonders. Unfortunately the fairy queens helper said” the dragon is going to put a spell on us!” Then the dragon came! ”STOP” said Cutey the kitten. But there was nothing they could do!

Then a fairy said “we need to make a spell for the dragon to disappear. They used pigskin to make it. Then they finished the spell. Someone gave the dragon the spell. She said “drink this then you can be bad.” But the dragon disappeared! “Oh! No!” said dragon. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”! Shouted Queen Isabella! “Finally the adventure was over” said Sally. ‘Now we can go home” said Cutey happily.

“We need to ride the unicorn again because we need to go home’ ‘said Sally. Finally they arrived everyone was tiered but Sally is not tiered so this is how the story ends.

Jocelyn’s piece was chosen to be published in Nord Anglia Education’s *Global Writing Anthology*.



The Meerkat Family & The Snow Monster by **Chloe Lee, Year 2**

Once upon a time the Meerkat family lived in a jungle. They went to travel to Mountain Everest. Dolly said to Pinky, if we go to Mountain Everest, I think it will be cold. "Its OK" said Pinky "we have hot chocolate" said Pinky.

Dee Dee said I want to bring my water gun said Dee Dee. When they arrive to Mountain Everest it was very cold. Let's drink Hot Chocolate said molly. When they drink Hot chocolate, They met a Snow Monster. They shouted. Ahhhhhhhhh!!!!

Then Dee Dee put Hot Chocolate in the water gun and Melted the Snow Monster. Hooray! said everyone. And they saw a helicopter the take on a helicopter and went home. It was a great adventure. Dolly learned they wont be naughty anymore.

The End.



How Toothless Lost His Tail

by Tracy Zhang, Year 3

This is the story of how Toothless lost his tail.It all started on a sunny morning on Berk in Hooligan where Hiccup and his dad (the chief) were making some saddles for dragon riders beneath the dim light of the setting sun.

Meanwhile, Toothless (Hiccup's dragon friend) was in a cave beside the beautiful, crowded Island of Berk. Toothless could smell the fish in the open Ocean and the smell of flowers wafted through the place. Lots of green trees grew on the sand, some with coconuts and some with bananas. Lots of animals were Toothless' friends (and dragons). Hiccup on the other hand was kind, gentle and like dragons.

Suddenly, a bad dragon rushed in and stared at Toothless (and a rather spikey and small dragon too). Toothless roared at him; it roared back. They started fighting for nothing. Toothless spat out a purple fish which the "Ice Spitting dragon" ate and got sick. Then the ice dragon spat out a blue fish but Toothless was not that easy to trick. But just then Toothless remembered that he could turn himself into any animal or anything so he turned into a dragon which could spit out anything and has seven heads; if you cut one off, two grow in its place. Noisily, they fought again and again but no-one claimed to lose.

Even though Toothless was winning, Hiccup still wanted to help. So he took a pistol and a gun and tried to shoot the little dragon but instead of shooting the little dragon he shot the big one. Hardly out of breath, Toothless yelped in pain and swooped down to rest. This time Hiccup really shot the small dragon. As soon as he could, he wrapped a bandage around Toothless' broken tail and step by step used some leather to make a new one. Afterwards, Hiccup tied the new tail to Toothless' broken one and rode away with him.

Lost In The Woods

by Flora Bennett, Year 4

Tracy was excited. Today was the day of the amazing party for the new girl; maybe, just maybe she might make a new friend! Tracy was a short-tempered, arrogant enthusiastic girl with skin as white as snow from the mountaintop and sapphire blue eyes. She lived in a huge home for children without parents along with 9 other children; this place was called the dumping ground. The dumping ground was a clean, bright place, Tracy loved it. However, Evie hated the dumping ground, she thought the dumping ground was a horrible place, even though it wasn't. Evie was a short selfish girl with a lack in confidence, her hair was chocolate brown and her eyes were as black as an expensive black diamond.

One day, Evie was playing around with her new toy when she had a brilliant idea! "I know!" She shouted out. "I'll steal Tracy's things from her room! Then my room will feel more like home." So off she went down the crooked stairs and through the corridor, Tracy was out shopping with her friends, so she could sneak into her room easily. Quietly, she crept into Tracy's room step by step being very careful.

As Evie stepped into Tracy's room, a voice in her head said should I really be doing this? Then another voice in her head said, just do it! The door to Tracy's room creaked as Evie opened it, she shivered but after she was ok. Evie loved Tracy's room, it was colourful and it was full of all sorts of weird and wonderful things. Evie took a lot of things including a big teddy bear, 5 small china dog statues and a big computer.

A few seconds later, Tracy was chasing Evie out of her room shouting bad words at her at the same time. "WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM!" Screamed Tracy. Evie ran for her life out of the house and into the forest! Evie's heart was beating as fast as lightning, she was out of breath from all of the running she had done, she couldn't go any further! All of a sudden, she fell asleep on the dirty forest floor.

Suddenly, Evie woke up dazed in the middle of a strange, damp, cold place. She sat up and looked around, it smelt like rotten eggs in this huge house. Without warning, two men looked down on her, one of them said, "its just another silly girl." The other man grunted, " lets take her into the dungeons," the first man was a strange looking one with jet-black hair, moreover, he wore a black suit. However, the other man had long brown hair, which was tied up in a ponytail, he also had a black suit on the same as the first man. Evie was startled, she tried her hardest to fight them but she was to weak that she couldn't! What was she going to do!?

A Stolen Tree

by **Garrison Chen, Year 4**

Far away, in the remote planet Crocosant, as the darkness of night slowly faded away. Luke Skywalker jerked out of bed with a shiver. Looking out of the window, the freezing wind blew against the tough metal walls. It was Christmas evening and everywhere seemed to be full of icy coldness. Quickly Luke hurried off to the hall to hall to have some food.

Just as he finished eating his cereal, he realized that the gigantic and magical Christmas tree had disappeared. He suspiciously asked the troop besides him “Where is the Christmas tree?”

Where is it?” responded the troop who obviously just realized the problem. Instantly Luke sprang to action, he started to search around for clues, but he saw nothing. Suddenly he heard fast faint footsteps from a corridor. Cautiously, Luke hurried of towards the footsteps. The steps became louder: the unidentified person was getting closer. As fast as lightning Luke dashed behind the nearest object. Seconds later, a enemy clone marched besides his hiding place. Luke followed the enemy into a weave of passages. Finally they headed out of the base Luke wondered: how did the clone enter the defended base?

Outside Luke decided that this was the perfect chance to murder the clone. Within seconds, he drew his gun and shot the clone on the head. The enemy let out a painful screech and fell to the floor.

He realized that there was a trail of Christmas tree decorations leading towards the forests. Could it be where the Christmas tree was? With no hesitation Luke followed the trail into the dark forest.

A few hours later, the trail stopped at the iron gates of a likely looking base. Almost instantly red-warning lights went of and a mechanical sound said “INTRUDER!!! Luke leapt besides the iron gates. As he was doing this the iron gates slowly opened. Dozens of clones marched out. ‘Quick’ he thought as he lurked behind the iron gates.

After exploring in the labyrinth of passages almost bumping into a patrolling clone. He finally found what he was looking for... the tree! Excitedly he tiptoed into the dark hidden room and snatched the magical tree. However, when he scuttled out of the lab, guards surrounded him. Could Luke escape the enemies with the tree...?

The Great Escape by Harriet Wildy, Year 5

As Geronimo Stilton ran for his life from the horrible monster he had no time to think so he dived into the bushes. He started to plot a plan “ I’ve got it,” he whispered and started to dig in his pockets for something to distract the hideous monster he would have to face in the near future.

Then he pounced out of his hiding spot clutching onto an object. Slowly, he opened his hand on it was a slice of cheddar cheese. The monster’s eyes lit up like light bulbs then he started to charge as if he were a bull. Geronimo Stilton climbed a tree and started to toss twigs at it’s head like it was a terrifying fair game at Halloween. Fighting for his dear life he jumped onto the sand beneath the tree and started to sprint. Now, he was sprinting as fast as a cheetah to out run the monster so Geronimo Stilton headed towards the sea. The monster got a head of him so he quickly turned around. Where should he go he thought to him self? Geronimo Stilton kept running deeper and deeper into the gloomy forest.

Geronimo Stilton turned around ... the monster had disappeared! This was NOT good. He was stranded on an island with a monster with harassing teeth, and purple spikes all over and if you thought it couldn’t get any worse the monster was on a rampage though the forest .He had a plan so he started to build a cage out of bamboo and string [he found in his pocket] . He placed the cheddar cheese below the fully complete handing cage.

IT was only a mater of time before the monster could smell the lovely and tasty odor that was coming from the cheese. There was a rampaging racket coming from the West side of the island. It was getting louder and louder and louder. Then, Geronimo Stilton saw the monster and the horrifying monster the delightful cheese. The monster charged at the cheese but did not notice Geronimo Stilton or the cage hanging overhead. The monster stopped to scoop the cheese off the sandy floor. Then unnoticed the cage fell on top of the harassing, terrifying and vile monster.

That day Geronimo Stilton leant a valuable lesson. Never go on vacation , to get away from all the problems in life , to a forbidden island on the other side of the globe. The next day Geronimo Stilton got on the ferry all the back to his lovely city. Since that day on that horrifying island Geronimo Stilton has almost told the whole wide world. Geronimo Stilton said he would never ever return to vile island he spoke of in his stories. He now lives a peaceful, quintet and absolutely lovely life in his hometown in the city.



Before Birtwick Park by **Federica Yee, Year 6**

No sooner had I entered the stables of Bleakfell hall, I knew I was not going to have a pleasant experience. I found it much of a great shame, as the countryside that enveloped this nightmare seemed to tell otherwise. The beautiful sounds of birds singing drifted through the air, which smelled as fresh and fragrant as a rose. Lush green grass grew everywhere; it was a horse's paradise. Unfortunately, the stables seemed to be something else altogether. The wood had rotted in places, and cobwebs filled every small gap available. The place was poorly cleaned; dust had gathered everywhere and a slight odour of dirt hung in the air.

I was then led into my stall by the groom. I was relieved to find that it was much cleaner than the exterior. A bucket of water and some hay was set down beside me, and the groom left. Suddenly, a rather glamorous-looking palomino mare looked across from the stall next to me, fixing me with her beady little eyes.

"So you're the newcomer, aren't you?" she asked with disdain in her voice. I simply nodded; dread was already building up. "What a shame, to have a nonsensical old chestnut like you join a brilliant palomino like me!" she snickered.

I wanted to say something just then, but the stable door crashed open and a tall man wearing a long red coat and breeches marched in. For starters, I knew he had to be my owner, Fred, as he had a look of importance about him. At the same time, I knew I was in for a rough time, as he looked me up and down with an expression of utter distaste, as if I was a dead rat. He christened me with the name Ginger, and named the palomino Ebony. Of course, he took a great liking to Ebony, leaving me utterly neglected to fend for myself. It was there that my troubles then began. Ebony bullied me every single day of my life, calling me every rude, unimaginable name that ever existed. My stall was not cleaned very well (Fred had ordered the poor groom not to), so my health was not in much of a good condition. I was extremely glad that at least the groom helped me survive all this wickedness. Despite that, I grew more and more dejected everyday, and wished I could be free to run into nature's embrace.



After a few weeks, Fred rode Ebony and me in the carriage. It was absolutely dreadful for me; Fred was an extremely reckless driver, lashing his whip out at me. Each sting was more painful than the last one, and I just wanted it to end. Ebony seemed perfectly content sadly, haughtily holding her steps high, whilst I stumbled along to keep up. Unluckily for me, the day grew fiercely hot, but Fred didn't give me any water or food in the sweltering heat; Ebony had gotten these.

Eventually, pure fury and adrenaline boiled up inside me and I aggressively bucked and kicked this way and that; I needed to be free. Groaning sounds were heard as the harness cracked. I was so close! My rear hoof got caught under the carriage, but I was too angry to care. CRACK! The harness shattered and I galloped a good distance away so no one could catch me. I heard laughing and, turning around to observe the commotion, caught sight of Fred, Ebony, and the carriage stuck in a small ditch. People were gathered around, chortling at the sight. Shock took over me; I had managed to break the harness and buck the carriage in there! After the incident, Fred was greatly embarrassed and sold me to Birtwick Park. I was not sorry to leave this horrid place; I'd had enough.

My happiness had been restored in Birtwick Park; I couldn't describe how kindly they were treating me. I had finally found my true owners. However, since horses have long memories, I had never forgotten Bleakfell Hall and the way I was treated back then.



Federica's piece was chosen to be published in Nord Anglia Education's *Global Writing Anthology*.

Untitled

by **Sabrina Chiu, Age 12**

We shouldered our gear and set out below the dark but shimmering mirror through a landscape copied from my worst nightmares: coils of darkness waited to spring; the slender fingers of sea tangle slyly reached out to drag us back; fleeting moments where fleeing fish flashed by our sight; and cold as a snake's eyes before the fangs touch warm skin, the hollowing undertow of unseen predators slowly tugged apart our courage: muted, abandoned, forgotten shades of black.

Maybe our hearts hoped while our minds knew, as we went deeper and deeper. Maybe that's what the sea was whispering to us. Every murky, drifting obstacle we pushed past, every rush of a stench we all knew was the odour of rotting life forms, every empty look in the eyes of passing creatures – that made our mouths run dry and bitter. Beneath the rough diving suits and thin cloaks of dying hope, the hairs on the back of our necks were rising. We all felt it. Something was very, very wrong.

There were six of us at the beginning. All trained from our childhoods to dive. Trained to expect the unexpected. But the training wasn't real. The glass aquariums with emergency exits, simulations with power buttons, they were all wooden swords in a world with nuclear weapons. In the real world, acidic water and bites of the Affected actually killed. Painfully. Slowly. It took us too long to realise that. It cost us three lives.

At the beginning we went ahead with a mission for space. Any space where it was even remotely possible to live. This area was left unexplored for years because it served as, more than 50 years ago, the battlefield of the Last Battle. It was what forced us all to live underwater, in pockets where the radiation left behind by the bombs was not as toxic. But giving in to the greed of mankind, we managed to do well beneath the waves for only a few decades before some of us tried to gain more. Chaos erupted, and now we're completely out of options-we have to turn to this abandoned wasteland for space.



We felt immortal. Until mortality caught up with us. I couldn't say who had it worst. Louise and Raphael's suits were loose and the acid water crept in. They tore at their own skin as they left us, soundlessly shrieking as the harmless looking water devoured their skin, their bones. The guilt still sits on our shoulders for turning away before it was done. For Ben it was different. He was bitten by some unseen creature and we were ignorant until the guttral sounds of his struggle with the feral intruder inside him crawled from inside his helmet. Then he left us as well.

At that point, we could have turned back, should have turned back, and told them we found nothing. But by that point, we were no longer driven by the sense of responsibility. In every single one of us, the spark of humanity, the force behind Pandora's ultimate downfall, drew us into a deeper descent.

The White Lilies

by **Alexander Cox, Age 14**

I always knew they were hiding something. There was something different about me—about my parents. There was no circumstance in which a boy like me with immigrant parents (which are numerous these days) could speak Romany and use telekinesis. At the funeral, as Father held me as I sobbed, I noticed a woman placing lilies onto my mother's grave. I confronted her and asked what connection she had with my mother. I did not expect to meet my great aunt Juliette. She told me of my aristocratic heritage, and how my parents fled France. But I could tell that they hadn't only fled from the Revolution...

I once overheard Têtu and Father talking after we had entertained Têtu over dinner. He was telling Father that St. Petersburg was changed, and that he would love to visit some of his old circuses there. But then he said: "Yet I fear our kind will forever be unwelcome. Kalliovski's accomplices still remain there."

I was later to discover that Kalliovski was an evil monster of a man, one who had hunted and killed gypsies. He had fallen in love with my bewitching Roma grandmother Anis, who was fleeing to St. Petersburg, when she was raped by him. She gave birth to my infant father, but then died during childbirth. Têtu then escaped with him to France, where they then were followed by Kalliovski, who hunted them for the Roma telekinetic powers.

The Roma village was clouded in a fog that gave it an eerie atmosphere. It felt like I returning to my homeland, a land lost in time and magic. In the centre of a clearing was a woman blowing into a fire that was billowing smoke that seemed to shimmer when it caught the light. Her head snapped round, as if she had seen me by an eye in the back of her head. She whispered, in a voice that seemed millennia old: "The son of the King of the Gypsies has come to us. We must coronate him."



She paused for what must have been half an hour, but it passed like half a second. One could see that she was blind by the way that her eyes were devoid of colour. She was deliberately inhaling the smoke, much like one might smell a good wine.

“Sit with me. Now chew these.” she said, indicating shrivelled white flowers that were placed above the fire, so that they might dry in the smoke. I, delirious from what seemed to be hallucinogenic smoke, picked them up and placed the lilies in my mouth. They were crinkled, and tasted like morning dew.

“The only one of the gypsy kings that still remains here is your spirit grandfather, Anis’ intended, who died here 100 years ago.” The smoke slowly formed into the shape of a man, with a great beard and wise eyes. He said: “Welcome. I am so glad a new King of the Gypsies has come to our people.”



Regrets

by **Grace Villeda, Age 12**

Regret. There is not another single feeling I could possibly despise more. Either regretting when you had the opportunity to do something and you didn't or when you did something which now cannot be undone.

In my case, I have done something utterly selfish and despicable out of the puny lack of satisfaction I had as a thoughtless sixteen year-old. I failed to see that what I was raging on about was something that was my duty. A duty I failed to accomplish. I had failed to comprehend that what my family was doing was out of love and was the best for me. I failed to be unselfish and instead I was a spoiled brat thinking selfishly only about what I wanted. I failed to see that there was indeed a genuine love that my mother had for me. I didn't grasp that my life wasn't actually going to be over just because I was to be wed. I was a disgrace to my kingdom, my family, and my mother.

I never seemed to show enough love to my mother. My mother who attempted to keep my hair tame and my dress neat but since I was a rebellious daughter, I never managed to look organized nor tidy. My mother who I ferociously yelled at and made life hard for. My mother, who is now gone. I was too caught in a 'perfect' world that I made an irreversible choice. A choice that resulted in me losing my mother, a wise and radiantly beautiful woman. Her old presence exists no longer. If you were to see her now, I promise you: you wouldn't make it out alive. She has forgotten who she is and is lost in the world.

Her life remains but her soul is gone. Gone forever thanks to me. She isn't able to recognize me anymore. I have lost the sweet touch of her fingers gently gliding through my hair, the damp touch of her lips against my forehead. I have lost her love that when I did have it, I failed to see it was there. I must live with myself everyday knowing I was the cause of my mother's loss; I ended her life earlier than it should have; I was a wretch who didn't want to get married. However I got married either way: to honor my mother as that was what she always wanted and to honor my kingdom as that's what I should have just done in the first place!

Now I show love to my mother however, she'll never know. Everything I do, I do in her honor. I have understood that regrets are something you can't stay attached to, you must learn to cope with them and live peacefully alongside them. If you stay attached to them, you'll go mad. I've learned to cope with the fact that I, Merida, firstborn of Clan DunBroch, turned my mother into a bear. And as a bloodthirsty bear she'll remain forever.



Dawns: A Sherlock Holmes Story by **Krish Dhruve, Age 13**

“Sherlock Holmes, you are on trial for the murder of John, Mary and Sarah Watson.”

Sherlock walked in as if it were a casual stroll in the park. The air smelled of serious tension.

“Do you have anything to say? Or should the jury assume your guilt?”

“Assume all you want, but the truth remains that I am as unlikely of committing these crimes as your wife is of running out on you. Well, that’s too likely... so... me being your husband!” Sherlock replied, bored.

“Holmes, behave!” The judge raged.

“Just bring in the witnesses,” Sherlock yawned.

“Bring them in!” The judge roared, his eyes burning, “for the third goddamn time now!” he muttered to himself.

Three people walked in, their nervousness palpable.

“What do you know of the murder of the Watson family?”

The man, with a scar on his ear looked at Sherlock, then at the judge. “Sherlock seemed to be with his brother last night at about 2 am; I live next door and heard a lot of chattering which eventually led to a commotion.”

The judge glanced at him with uncertainty, took a note and shouted, “Next!”

The woman, Sherlock’s woman- Irene Adler, smiled at him, “Sherlock was with me, sir. What that man said makes no sense; we were at my new office in Chelse-”

“No,” poor old Mrs Hudson interrupted, “he was with me at Baker Street, having a cup of tea, and biscuits of course..”

“What?! Are you saying he was in three places at once! This is crazy! You’re all playing with me! Watch yourselves!” He banged on the table, ironically, “I NEED MORE EVIDENCE!”

“Sir, I am afraid, that’s it,” the barrister stuttered disappointedly.

“The trial is suspended till next month. Be here, Sher-cocky.”

Sherlock smirked slyly and left. He was free. Taking two sharp turns, he found himself at the park. He sat down on a bench, waiting for his brother. Being a valuable asset to the Secret Service, Mycroft assumed himself to be the whole British Government.

“Sherlock!” He heard a truculent voice .

“Mycroft.”

“What is wrong with you? What is all of this nonsense Sherlock?!”

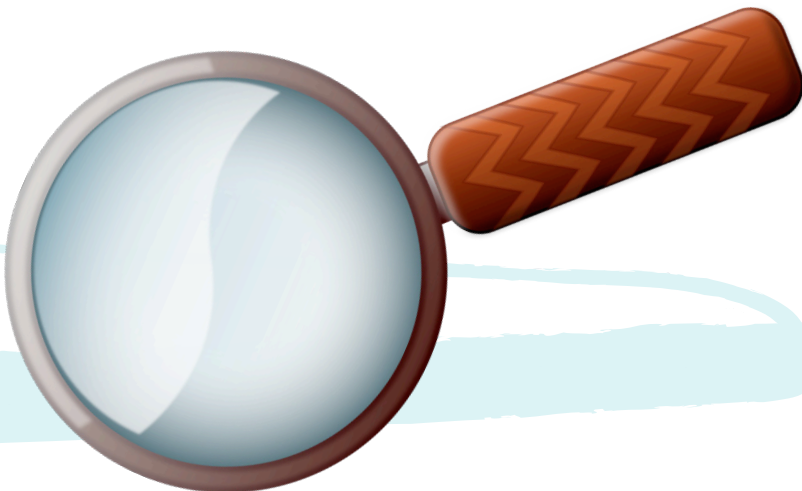
“Mycroft, oh Mycroft. You worry too much, sit down,” Sherlock scooted over, “You know how I do it. Of course I wasn’t in 3 places at once! I killed the Watsons because they had seen my plans to kill the Queen. What else could have I done? And how everyone thought I loved John! John, who was killed by a butter knife!” He laughed. “Oh and Irene? A little bit of smooth talk and voila! Mrs. Hudson? That oldie couldn’t even spot her fridge in the hallway! A tall British man, with a long black coat and cheekbones like mine, did just fine.” He exhaled deeply. “We could take over England, we-”

“Oh little brother, and just how would you know?” Mycroft asked sarcastically.

“You know what they say, the world is a small place,” he grinned maliciously, “People are like pawns, Mycroft. You play one, discard the other.”

Mycroft’s eyes widened as he felt something pierce him slowly. Looking down he spotted the butter knife engraved into his stomach and stared in horror as Sherlock walked away with his briefcase.

“Pawns indeed,” whispered Moriarty.



The Shadow's Children by **Nicole Xie, Age 11**

The cold wind blew like Isabelle's whip, tearing the skin out of Clary's bare legs. The winter air turned her breath into mist, disappearing into the morning fog. Digging her nails into the pocket of her jacket, she stood impatiently waiting for the tardy arrival. Somewhere inside the folds of her jacket, there was a faerie ring - the last one of all.

A call of the hunting horn shrieked above Clary's head. She looked up, thinking about what Simon would have commented on the wild hunt, riding between the clouds. Her heart stung at the thought of Simon, of the cold stone floor of the silent city. How the muted silent brothers pressed the stele to draw the rune of Parabatai, making them forever entwined with one another.

"So we meet again," a voice behind her echoed. Instinctively, she spun around, pointing the tip of Heosphoros at an amused Unseelie King.

"Is that any way to greet your guest? Clary Fairchild of the New York Institute? Or shall I say, Clary Morgenstern?"

"I am not Clary Morgenstern. I've abandoned that name a long time ago, since the end of the Dark War." Clary said fiercely, sheathing Heosphoros, ignoring the embarrassment rising up to her face, "I came with the ring, in exchange for Simon's life. So please, give him back to me."

"Who would have thought Clary Fairchild would beg me, a faerie for help? Alas, every passing minute, your friend suffers."

A jolt of pain went through Clary's Parabatai Rune. She hugged her stomach close, struggling to wrench the words out of her silenced mouth.

"Surrender the ring, Clary Fairchild, or your friend will die a excruciating death," the Unseelie King replied coldly, "The faeries will get a revenge. We are patient people, but not so patient with filthy shadowhunters."



Through gritted teeth, Clary reached inside her jacket, feeling the snug ring close to her heart, then reluctantly stretching her arm out, the faerie ring clasped in her hand. The Unseelie King plucked it from her hand and examined it.

“Now for your part of the deal. Where is Simon!” she yelled, throwing off her scarf. The harsh wind whipped her face dizzily, but she didn’t care. She had already lost him once, frozen as Asmodeus devoured his memories. No one could replace him, not even Izzy’s earsplitting scream at night, when they had all rushed to her room, only to find her sobbing for Simon in a vacant bed, for he was the only one who could ease her from her nightmares, dreaming of a boy with brown hair and sad, empty eyes.

Nothing could ever be the same.

“Oh, yes. He will live,” the Unseelie King spoke, his gravelly tone choking with malice,” However, he will not be freed as he had joined the wild hunt.”

She dropped the blade. It clattered onto the ground.

She should have known, as she lifted her hand up. The shattering pain she felt wasn’t a coincidence. The faded Rune, the severed bond.

The King laughed viciously as she rose to meet his gaze, astonished. He swivelled, and disappeared into the shadows.

Nicole’s piece was chosen to be published in Nord Anglia Education’s *Global Writing Anthology*.



My Best Friend Is Dead by May Hewitt, Age 14

My best friend is dead, and into the rabbit hole I tumble - into the rabbit hole, where the sides are too far for me to grab but yet everything is so close and everything is so loud and everything is just there.

But my best friend is not. My best friend is dead.

I don't know how it happened, all I know is the feeling of my organs shutting down inside of me and all I know is the taste of my own salty tears and all I can do is run. I need to feel the adrenaline, that momentary euphoria.

Then I am crouching and people are calling my name but I don't care. The sky turns black with anguish and the trees are made of colours I have never seen before. The sun doesn't exist. The sun doesn't exist, nor the moon, or any of the stars. And I - I don't exist.

I can't exist.

It's dark when I surface. Actually dark, not just the world mourning in a way that only proves visible in my mind. I can see the silhouette of Denali, my little brother, sitting a little way away, so I reach out a shaking hand to take his. He stares at it for a few seconds, unmoving.

"Mummy says that it's okay tuh' be sad," he says. Simply. As if that is the only thing that has been in his mind for the last few hours.

"I know it's okay to be sad," I reply, dropping my hand to my side. "But I am not sad." He, in his young wisdom, knew that I was not untroubled. He knew that the dictionary lacked the words to describe the pain ripping through me as if it were a solid knife. He could see this in my face, and in the place I had hidden in, if nothing else. "Whatever you're feeling is okay. Even if you're not okay, your feelings are va..pid?" "Valid."

He nods, starting to walk home, expecting me to follow. The bushes swim with the trees and the dirt mixes with the stream, and a brilliant blue shoots out from behind my eyes when I try to stand, but I know I have to claw my way out of the everlasting rabbit hole I have thrown myself into. With my bitten nails and my non-existent will-power, I have to haul myself out, because he is dead. He will never not be dead, and he will never be here to help me.

When the house eventually comes into view, it is all in darkness. I wave Denali inside, but he stops to watch me, saying “I thought you promised to stop.”
“I know,” I reply forlornly, “but this is a special occasion, don’t you think?”

He always watches, does Denali. He always knows what my next move will be. And in this case, thankfully, he nods, accepting it. Giving me a warning against getting ‘capurred’ by the police, he opens his arms for one of his few-and-far-between hugs. The ‘capurring’ that Delani is referring to is my father, a rebel, who was returned to us in a wooden box, nailed down unceremoniously by government officials. I am not a rebel on such a high level as Dad was, but I do my art. Ahriham had joined some place months ago, he is –was- always praising it. As I think this, a plan forms in my mind.

I accept Denali’s hug, pulling him close in an embrace that feels so nauseatingly short. I whisper a final ‘I love you, stay safe,’ into his ear, and then he is gone and I am too, a clinking bag slung over my shoulder.

I act on autopilot, too busy reminiscing of days gone by when we would tag together. I don’t realise where I’m headed until I arrive, and then I remove my cans from the bag, and start to spray across my fallen friend’s window.

I finish without my usual flourish, but step back in awe. The spirals that fed into the silent weapons of distorted words mixed perfectly between the colours and then I am running again.

I’m spraying the alleyway walls, shrieking, laughing; allowing myself not to care for a few, vital seconds. Epitomes rush through me and I feel myself reach some sort of metaphorical precipice within myself, looking over the rails of a bridge into rushing water below.



May’s piece was chosen to be published in Nord Anglia Education’s *Global Writing Anthology*.

Cries Of The Others

by **Marlie Greenhill, Age 15**

Where is she?" he demanded.

I could see the pain that showed in his eyes, funny thing was he was taking this pain and rage out on this man. He has bought him in, and I suppose he thought this guy knew where she was.

The room we were in was pitch-black, but this small circle in the room was illuminated slightly. Everything was quiet except the screams, piercing my eardrums and every time would be a new way of showing the pain inflicted on him. The state of him was horrendous; he had been in here for a few days now. He wouldn't speak, only scream. I remember on the second day he had been beaten so much that even though he was meant to be in agony, he had howled so much that no sound would come out anymore. But the guy torturing him was determined to find an answer, any answer.

He was so determined that he used any method of torture to find something, he has used: whips, sticks, knives, rocks, anything he could get in reach of. He was so certain that this man knew where she was.

You can tell when someone is desperate, they become unstoppable, their pace is faster than everyone else, and they feel like they are running out of time. They become aggressive and controlling. Well these symptoms I'm listing are what I'm seeing in front of me. He is becoming possessed with the idea that this man has all the answers. Maybe he has the right to feel this way, I mean when you love something as much as he loved his wife you would do anything right? Even if that means turning against everything you once believed in and doing things you would have never even thought of. But I never thought he would turn into this, this monster. He was deadly, thirsty for vengeance; he would kill off anyone or anything that got in his way of justice. If he thought they were useless he would just get rid of them. I still don't understand why I am standing here with him, fighting for his cause. Maybe I do it because I know that deep down he is a good man, and that maybe his heart isn't fully covered in darkness, maybe there is a little bit of warmth in there somewhere. Or maybe I'm a coward, still here because I'm afraid that if I dare step foot out of his crusade then I'd be a dead man, just like the others.

I knew this man before it all happened, before she went missing. He was loving and fun, he thought he was king of the world, but he lost that when he lost his queen. She was, and still is everything to him, like a lighthouse in a dark sea full of deadly rocks. I still don't know what happened to her, he only told me that she was gone. It's been a year since she went missing; he still believes she is out there, just waiting to be found. I guess if you look at it from his point of view he must think he is a prince in shining armor, at least some sort of twisted version of one.

"Where is she?" he yelled as he whipped the man on the back. Still no words came from the man's mouth. He started to get out his knives, "I'll give you one more chance, you don't tell me where she is and I swear I will stab you and you will never be able to walk again!". I know this guy and even I got shivers down my back. There is a time in a crusade where you think to yourself, "Is there really any point in this anymore?" I think that it's my time now. Seeing what I see everyday want give someone nightmares for their entire life, I keep contemplating with myself if what we are really doing is worth it, this isn't even my fight, I'm just here to support. These men don't deserve what they get but it's their own fault for getting themselves into things they know they shouldn't have messed with.

There's this never-ending cry for help, it's everywhere coming from every direction. Coming from inside me, swelling up as if it's going to explode, and then it does. Everything becomes blurry; it feels like the scream will shatter an entire glass building. It reaches the point where I can just see everyone holding their heads for protection, it keeps just getting louder and louder and then it stops.

Silence.
Everything just goes blank.

The Mind Of A Constellation by Eunis Cheung, Age 14

Everything was ghost-quiet apart from the quiet rustling of leaves. The dark night sky was dotted with gleaming stars. The street lights dimly lit Chevalier Street as the rare car passed by.

A young girl grabbed the cold door handle and pushed it open. A gust of fresh air hit her face and she took a deep breath. She drifted forward, making her way across the front lawn and turned to her right. The warm yellowy light from the street lamp hit her cheekbones from the perfect angle, making her look almost angel-like. After what felt like a mile, she eventually reached the park.

The park was magical and homely, even though most people wouldn't think so. Very few people visit the park at night, and they're missing out.

Her name is Mina Heisenberg and she turns 10 in two months. During the day, her chocolate brown hair flows like a sundress but sits gently on her shoulders when the air is still, while the hazel in her eyes glisten against the sun's golden rays like an ocean on a bright afternoon. She may look and act delicate, but nothing compares to the intricacy of her imagination. Her mind is a puzzle, a maze even, and her thoughts complex and sophisticated. She was a constellation.

She lay down on the damp grass, the mud staining her blue nightgown; eyes wide open, staring at the navy blue sky. Her mind wanders, further and further from where she started. By 3:30 am, she is snapped back into reality.

Mina is not pleased very easily, but when she is, everything she does goes through extreme amounts of thinking. Even something like walking through town. It would take her roughly half an hour to walk down one street, and even then, she would want to walk back down and see what she missed the first time.

She stops in front of her mother's bakery. She finds it so ironic that someone so toxic could make such sweet cakes with oozy chocolate, permeating your mouth with richness. She peeks into the shop with her hands around her eyes to block out the light. It's for her to see a bustling shop so empty and abandoned. It's not the most beautiful place in the world, but when she is sitting inside on one of the small round tables by herself, it can be one of the best feelings in the world. The sound of people chattering all around her, even though when she zones out, she doesn't even realize that she's surrounded with the noise is the shop instead of the silence in her head. Mina doesn't remember a time where she has felt this pleased about a memory.

Just by thinking about the richness of the cake and the noisy atmosphere of shop made her thirsty. Chocolate milk. She eagerly ran to the nearest 24-hour convenient store and headed straight for the fridges where the small cartons of chocolate milk were kept. Her eyes instantly lit up. She collected all the coins that she had been saving up for the last few weeks and it was just enough for one box.

Mina thought to herself, “This is definitely worth it.”

The clock was staring at her from the corner of her peripheral vision. Tick. Tock. It always puzzled her how time would pass so quickly when you’re having fun. Of course, time has not gone by this quickly in a long time. Quarter to 6. She would have to be sucked back into the reality of her life in about an hour and the girl wanted to soak up every minute of her ephemeral freedom.

Quarter to 6. Approximately half an hour until the sun comes up. The sky started to shift from a jet black, to an indigo, to an azure colour. She hurried her little feet to run as fast as she could, still holding her carton of chocolate milk, up the stairs and up to the dusty attic. She was almost frantic, filled with adrenaline, and when she opened her window and clambered up to the roof. All it took was one glimpse of the view and she was left breathless. She could have sat there for a million years, a lifetime, and she wouldn’t get enough of the serenity of the sunrise, all the different colours painted on to the blank canvas that was the sky. The thing she couldn’t believe was why people don’t do this more often? Why would you spend your whole lifetime sleeping away such a beautiful thing? The pinks, blues, yellows all mixed up together to make a bundle of fascination.

As the sun comes up and over the buildings, good byes were said to what looked like a painting, each hue carefully chosen by a skilled painter. Mina reluctantly climbed back down to the attic, made her way down the hallway and stepped into the room, looking the same as she left it before. She took one last peek out the window, peering down onto the tranquil streets, and tucked herself back into her cold white sheets. Her droopy eyelids closed.

“Wake up you lazy pig! Time for school!” yells a familiarly penetrating voice.

Mina Heisenberg smiled.

Tokyo Festival

by Eric Zhang, Age 14

0700 hours

It was a Thursday morning, and the first drop of rain struck the ground. The sun occasionally shone through the low, dark clouds and the morning fog. The July sun cast long, dark shadows, but quickly vanished as the clouds concealed the sun once again. Even in the chilly morning degrees, there were thousands of people, if not millions, roaming the streets of central Tokyo. And it seemed like just as many security guards were there as well.

0800 hours

A perimeter was set with a 2-kilometer radius from the Tokyo Metropolitan Government Building. Special forces' snipers were on nearby rooftops; special trained police officers patrolled the streets and armored trucks were on standby. This was one of the most important and secured occasions ever to take place on Japanese soil. Presidents, prime ministers and governors from all over the world were here to discuss a brand new policy. A policy that might change the definition of peace, whether good or bad...

0900 hours

A Lincoln MKX pulled in, followed by 2 GMCs and a heavy-looking Cadillac. A flag of white and red stripes fluttered lightly in the wind. No doubt that the 'First car' arrived. Security hurried towards the president of the United States while police checked for car bombs and trackers...

0915 hours

A sleek black army helicopter model descended into the main courtyard. Army personnel briskly loaded their guns and stood in a protective circle around the copter. An elegant man with a brooch consisting of blue, white and red; the prime minister of France.

0930 hours

A blinding white yacht pulled into the Shinagawa Container Terminal and slowly docked between the 20-storey high cargo ships. The captain spoke to a man on top deck in an unmistakable language. Italian.

0945 hours

A black Mercedes CLS550 was stuck in the morning traffic on the Japanese highway. A flag representing the rising sun was stuck on the trunk of the car. The host was running late...

0959 hours

The prime minister of Canada arrived just as the prime minister of England got of the car. The chancellor of Germany watched from the terrace as the Korean president came in with her honor guards.

1000 hours

A cargo ship heavily loaded with white, orange and green containers pulled in. It was small compared to the other ships, 10-storeys high, maximum. A dark shadow cast over the white yacht. The Italian glanced up with a face that could've be argued as frightened or simply surprised. The cargo ship blew. The explosion tore through the metal containers and the shells rained all over the terminal. Innocent workers on the docks were showered with sharp, hot, piercing shells. The explosion blew the yacht to pieces. Then it began to sink, deeper and deeper into the scummy waters of Shinagawa Container Terminal. The bodies were never found...

1000 hours

Security guards loaded their guns and took aim at a bewildered prime minister. Then the gates of hell opened. Bullets flew in all directions as the black suit slowly turned into the color of blood. The prime minister fell to his knees, and then crashed into the ground. There were at least a hundred holes in his body, easy. As the security guards picked up the annihilated, demolished, obliterated body frame, the face was no longer recognizable.

1000 hours

A funny looking news drone seemed to film the Mercedes. A hatch opened under the drone as infrared lights targeted the CLS550. A missile the size of a water bottle lowered into sight. The predator fired its missile at the speed of sound, and the next second the viaduct was no longer there. A gap the length of a football field separated one end from the other. Sparks flew and the Mercedes tumbled down and hit the streets below with a crash. Cement, cars and lampposts crashed onto it. Building a mountain of rubble and destruction.

1000 hours

A tiny gap opened in an ambulance window parked 200yds away from the inspection of the Lincoln. The barrel of a silenced Glock 17 appeared and took aim at the head of the US president. The pistol was unlocked. The pistol was loaded. The pistol was fired...

The event was undeniably the most destructive and well planned terrorist attack in the history of civilization. The killings devastated the world. Especially the assassination of the president of the United States, which seemed impossibly simple and even negligible, compared the other assassinations. The reputation, prestige, dignity, pride and honor of the whole American race were inevitably wounded due to this fact. The town was in ruins. Smoke, black smoke rose into the skies of Tokyo. Carrying sound, hope and innocent lives with it. Rising.

1000 hours

It was a Thursday morning, and it had just stopped raining...





Governmental Society

by Seung A Shin, Age 16

Act one.

American Continent: "A collection of fools they are, the Europeans. They have one ruler, born of countless incestuous relationships all in the name of 'keeping the bloodline pure'. Those inbred dogs know not how to run a country, only how to enrich themselves."

"Is that true now?"

American Continent: "Yes of course. Instead of them, look to us. Our system is perfect. A democratic process is carried out in which the best leaders are chosen by the people, not by those who refuse to share their power."

"And what of the Asian Alliance?"

American Continent: "They differ not from the Europeans in their foolishness. To share all their wealth equally, what nonsense. It is that very ideal that spreads corruption within their government, and poverty to the masses. True equality is only achieved in democracy, where the people have the power of choice, where they themselves must work to build themselves up, Sloth has possessed those simple minded idiots."

"And yourselves?"

American Continent: "We have achieved greatness, at last, with the sacrifice of many. Those sacrifices will not be wasted by the monarchs and the communists. Ours is the true Utopia."

Act two.

European Empire: "So blinded are the Americans, that they realize not that their very system leads to their leaders being elected by a popularity contest. They simply do not understand that the best leaders are not those who can appeal to their citizens the best, it is those that can make the harsh decisions, those that can take action without the uneducated people's distractions."

"Fascinating."

European Empire: "Is it not? Our bloodline and pride is kept pure through the monarchy, and line after line of the best Kings and Queens are produced each generation. We have thrived the past one hundred years, and have passed on our ideology to those in the African and Australian continent. Because the battle we fight is righteous one, God is on our side. That is why we can not lose."

"And what of the people of Asia?"

European Empire: "I pity the godless people of Asia. How can they have any morals when the almighty being that has given them is dismissed as a hoax? A nation of lazy dullards that share all their wealth. Important positions such as doctors are in dire need to employees, but who in their right mind would be a doctor when they could be a trash man for the same amount of money. Their systems are falling apart at the seams as it fails to motivate their citizens."

"And yourselves?"

European Empire: "The concept of equality is a sham. In birth, in upbringing, in abilities, all humans are different. Only the strong survive within us. People fight, and struggle, and betray, and in doing so there is progress. And that is why our country strives as the most powerful entity in the world. Ours is the true Utopia."

Act three

Asian Alliance: "The Americans are nothing but contradictory idiots. They call themselves democratic yet they do not take into account the different opinions of the lesser countries, and absorb them while forcing their system on to them. Their government is made up of self-important fools that each year make empty promises to gain popularity. Their goals are never achieved and they live in the present, stuck in past, still thinking their dated government can be utilized."

"Ah."

Asian Alliance: "Indeed. Our people are equal, we are no better or lesser than every other man, woman or child, and so trust is built. This trust is the foundation that lets us stand proud with our neighbors and move forward."

"And the European Empire?"

Asian Alliance: "Those inbred monsters have always claimed to fight a holy battle, what they do not realize is that their God is a very, human creation, and has undergone many changes to his personality and ideology since its inception. This along with the monarchy that squeeze dry the wealth of the people has created an Empire filled with the greedy rich, who zealously protect their wealth, and the impoverished, who remain sickly and poor all the while believing in a God that will never grant salvation."

"And yourselves?"

Asian Alliance: "Our government is perfect in that it creates the perfect environment for it to strive. No one man possesses more than the other, and so greed has been neutered. Our nation built on equality and trust has weeded out corruption for good and we remain powerful as our people live and breathe as one. Ours is the true Utopia."





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