

The Gate

I'm a gate. I'm here so no one can get out. I help the wrong but, if I had a choice, I would change my purpose for the good. Every day I get glares from people I have done no wrong to. But maybe I have. The glares are cold and hard. No one appreciates me and sometimes the dirty street kids throw old stones at me like it's a game.

I'm a slave. I work here in a little village, locked inside. The gate is the only way to escape but it's old and rusty the hinges don't move and it's been locked for years. It is about 5 metres high and wraps around the whole town. I live here with my two children. Taken one night from our country. One second in our beds the next in a broken down hut with rocks for beds.

Every day I look around and see the struggles the falls the bleeding jaws and for some reason, whenever this happens I receive painful heart stabbing glares from the people I unprotect. Sometimes I push and push to try to get a swing motion happening but I'm too old and locked to even try. I just cannot break free.

I despise to see myself like this and even more to have my kids in this situation. Every day when we go to chop wood I try to lift my children up to help them climb over the gate but every time I fail miserably with no muscles in my body to even try. I fall to my knees. I just don't have the strength.

All the time I spot a woman with her two children walk up to me, determination sparkling in their blue shiny eyes. Then, sadly the woman loses it and fall to her knees weeping until her tears make a flood and her children lose their hopeful smiles that turn into tragic tears that join their mothers.

I don't want my children to have to deal with pain like this. They should be having a free and comfortable life. They should have hopes and dreams that they know they can reach. But that will never happen. They have no education and no one to care for them once I die. Which will be soon. I just know it.

Another day of glares and unhelpful stares begins. As I watch outward I see a woman that I've seen before. She looks very much in pain. I helplessly watch her sickening struggles. She starts to cough uncontrollably then wet dribbles of vomit roll down her dry mouth. She must be very sick. Two young children walk up to her with worried little faces taking over them. The woman lies down still but still retching. Two seconds pass when she stops. She starts speaking to the children. I hear her say "You will be strong without." Then the light goes out of her dead eyes. Shadows take over her face. She's gone.

We are our mother's daughters. Our mother just passed. We are now left alone in the world. We will climb the gate and leave and explore. We know we can do it. We just can.

Two girls pass over me. Sparkling eyes. They take one look behind them and move on.

By Eliza Attamura

Soulmates

By Scarlett Spees

Feelings

I never want to leave your side. The connection I have with you is like the strong force of gravity pulling us down on earth. When I think about you, I never want you to leave even though I know that there is a strong possibility that someday you will. I just want to spend every minute of the day with you, forever and ever. When you tease me a little spark of hope runs through my veins that just reassures me that you care about me. For a while I wondered if you even knew I was alive, for a while I wondered if you felt the same thing I felt. I always wanted more, to know more, more about you, your life, who you love, who you hate, everything down to if you prefer cold water or room temperature water. As these thoughts kept rolling through the back of my head, like a tumble dryer going on full power with only one little size 4 sock being beaten up in it, had been the main thought on my mind for months.

Possibilities

I had always known the outcome if I ever brought up the courage to ask you. Ask you if you feel the same, or if it was just a stupid little dumb feeling inside of me that was just there for no particular reason. Whenever I got the confidence up about asking you there was always that feeling of, you won't take me seriously or you won't understand what I am talking about. I have always wanted someone who never clinged to me, who gave me space but yet was there to support me through everything. I know that life is short, maybe a bit too short. I knew I had to do it, someday. Not today, but someday...

Lostness

Have you ever felt so deeply sad that you can never tell anyone because they would never understand. That was how I felt quite often, probably too often. I always imagined if my life was different what it would be like. I imagined floating on air, breathing underwater, loving someone so much that when they leave the room your heart weakens. I had always wanted to experience it, all of it. Even though I know that half of it was impossible. I had always wanted a friend that I could rest my head on and tell all my issues and problems. I had always felt that my head was my heart and no feelings could ever excite it enough to fall in love or even come close to liking anyone. It was like I have seen a million different faces in my life and each one mirrored yours which tricked me into thinking you're just a ghost that is in everyone's personality, you're not. You're just that one in a million that could be the perfect one, the only one. The only one for me. Forever and ever.

Dreaming

Tonight, I fell asleep with a book on my chest. It was a book about hearts, yes, I know kind of weird plus gross. But the thought of a human heart kept playing on my mind for some odd reason. In mine and your reality, it is just an organ. Just an organ apart of our bodies. It is not any more important than a brain or lungs, other than the fact that it pumps blood to the rest of our body of which we need to survive. So why is it we say I have had change of heart because obviously you haven't cut yourself open gotten a new heart stuffed it back into yourself and stitched your body up. Or why do we say my heart is broken when you are still alive and well. It is honestly confusing so I sat up in the middle of the night and thought about it more. Some would say I feel it in my heart or I will listen to my heart, but in reality, you would be listening to an organ pumping blood. I think there are two hearts in the human body (yes, I know it sounds crazy) the one that pumps blood around your body to keep you alive and another one, a different type. The type of heart that you don't see. The kind of heart that mentally shapes who you are, your feelings, your brain and your life. My perspective of the 'heart' is like this thing that runs through our bones, blood, minds, skin, everything. It is similar to our brain and then again completely different. It controls our emotions, feelings, thoughts and all that other stuff alongside with the help of our brain. Heart. It's not just the thing that keeps us living, it's the thing that forces us to live.

Catch 22

I never ever wondered about those situations where there was no answer because I never really was in those situations. I always seemed to know what's right but not anymore. No because this situation was different, very different. I didn't know the outcome of if I even should say anything. It is just all to real for me at the moment. I don't want to make the mistake and of which I will never be able to reconnect with you again. I love you so much but if I do 'make the move' it could destroy my life for ever.

I know your my future I just wish you knew that I am yours.

The magical Earthworm

The year was 2019 and it was a beautiful morning, Phil was in his cottage eating his breakfast and contemplating life. Phil was a strange guy, his cottage was on a large hill in the outskirts of London. Outside his cottage he had an enormous garden. He grew vegetables for a living. He had 'taken out' England's Biggest Pumpkin Competition for five years in a row, his pumpkins average weight was 1.2 tonnes.

Once he had finished eating his breakfast he went to his bedroom. It was on the top storey of the house and had a balcony overlooking the large expanse of rolling hills and green fields. Inside his room there was a large bed, calendar and book case full of vegetable growing guides. He looked at his calendar and realised today was the day he would dig up his potatoes. So, he walked outside to his garden, grabbed a rusty old shovel and started digging them up. He was just about to bring the shovel down to dig up another bunch of potatoes when he noticed a strange colourful creature. He was about to flick it off when he felt a sudden pulse through his body and felt he was falling down a never-ending hole.

Then he appeared in a time and place unknown to any human in the world. He was in the year 1 Million BC where there were creatures like colossal earthworms about 20-50 metres long and gigantic snails as tall as the Eiffel Tower. Phil heard a faint high-pitched voice saying, "uh oh."

'Who's there?' blurted Phil.

'Don't threat it's only me,' the voice said.

Phil started to think, then he remembered that he was digging up potatoes in his garden when he saw a strange rainbow coloured creature and then he arrived here. Maybe it was the rainbow coloured creature that was talking. So, Phil looked at his hand and there it was. He felt stupid as he said, 'were you just talking?' There was no reply at first then he heard, 'Yes, it was me that was talking.'

'What are you?' Phil asked.

'I,' huffed the creature, 'am a magical earthworm, but my real name is Bilbo.'

'Okay,' replied Phil, 'and where exactly are we.'

'I seriously have no idea where we are, but I know when we are!'

'What?' Phil blurted.

'Well,' replied the earthworm, 'we are in the year 1 million BC.'

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'Okay', replied Phil trying to stay calm.

There was a faint rumbling noise in the distance.

'What is that noise,' asked Phil.

'Run', replied Bilbo looking as pale as a ghost. So, Phil did jump over dark brown rocks and big mounds of mud and dirt. It was extremely foggy, so Phil always had to watch where he was going.

'It's no use,' shouted Bilbo over the racket, 'find a place to hide.'

So, Phil ended up finding a large tunnel that curved deep into the ground. The tunnel was dark, and it stank like mouldy cabbage. 'What has been in here,' asked Phil.

'It is a burrow of a colossal Earthworm,' answered Bilbo.

A couple of seconds later the rumbling went over the top of the burrows they were hiding in. Phil knew it was annoying to just keep asking questions, but he couldn't hold it in any longer. 'What was making those rumbling noises?'

'Those were snails but not your average snails they are giant and cruel and have been hunting down anything in their path for ages.'

'Okay,' replied Phil.

After that they went for a walk trying to find a way to get Phil back to his present time. They were just climbing up a hill when Phil asked, 'Hey what's that?'

'I don't know but it looks like some kind of building,' replied Bilbo.

'Could it be built by humans,' asked Phil.

'It might be, but I don't think humans were around in 1 million BC,' stated Bilbo.

'Let's investigate,' suggested Phil.

So they walked over to the building. At first sight it looked like a pile of rocks, mud and branches. Then they realised that it had a little door on one side. Then they saw a very hairy man sitting on a rock. He looked at them then he stood up and started grunting to himself. 'Who is this guy?' whispered Phil to Bilbo.

'I don't know, but he might help us,' Bilbo whispered back. The hairy man then got a stick and wrote something in the dust it said one word 'follow'. The man then started walking towards another structure which was three huge stones arranged in an upright rectangle. The man then pointed at the gap in the middle of the rectangle and wrote to words in the dust 'go through'. So Phil and Bilbo walked through and immediately appeared next to Phil's potato bed. He looked to see if Bilbo was

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still on him and sure enough Bilbo was there. So Phil asked, 'Hey Bilbo would you like to stay here at my place?'

'Yes I would that would be awesome,' replied Bilbo.

And for the rest of their lives Phil and Bilbo lived a fun, happy and memorable life.

The Monster Under Your Bed

My eyes open.

It's dark, as per usual.

The air is cold and stale. I'm lying with my stomach pressed against the cool floor. The base of a child's bed hovers above me, soft snoring the only sound in the otherwise silent room.

Time to feast.

Carefully, quietly, I extend a gnarled hand towards the bed post closest to me, scraping five sharp claws along its surface. An unruly screeching sound emits.

The soft snoring comes to a sudden halt. The bed frame above me groans as the child sat up. A pair of small feet came into view from my spot under the bed.

That's it, get up and take a look.

The child kneeled beside the bed.

Just a little bit more.

The round face of a young boy came into view, no older than six or seven.

Perfect.

For a short while, the boy was silent.

Then, he spoke. A small, quiet, quivering voice reaching out into the night.

"W-who are you?" He stammered.

I smiled. A wide, gleeful smile showing off my rows of razor sharp teeth.

"I'm the monster under your bed."

I expected for him scream, or to begin crying, or to shout for his mummy. I expected anything, anything other than what came out of the young boy's mouth.

"Can I h-hide with you?"

My smile fell.

Well, I certainly haven't heard that one before.

"Now why would you want to do that? Don't you know that creatures like me eat children like you?" I replied with a tilt of my head.

"He's going to be home soon, a-and I'm scared." His bottom lip trembled.

At this, I frowned.

He doesn't seem to understand.

But then, a new thought dawned on me, one that returned the smile to my face.

Perhaps I'll have to show him.

Just as I am about to reach out and claim my meal, the loud slam of a door resounds through the house.

The child yelps.

Before I can properly process the situation, the small boy scoots under the bed, pressing himself against my body. With him this close, the smell of his flesh is even more appetizing.

Oh, how I would love to sink my teeth into your skin right now.

The child's bedroom door bursts open, and in staggers a chubby, middle aged man, reeking of alcohol. The boy muffles a cry.

"Where are you, you little weasel?" The man sneers.

This time, the child's attempt at muting it's cries were unsuccessful.

"Ooh, hiding under the bed, are we?" The man laughed a cold, cruel laugh.

How... interesting.

"Pathetic. You'll never be a real man."

The man then reached under the bed and grabbed the increasingly panicked boy by the arm, aggressively pulling him out from underneath the bed.

The boy was whimpering now, flailing his arms about helplessly. The man picked him up by his shirt collar.

"Please, p-put me d-down!" The child begged.

"And pass up the opportunity to have a little fun? I don't think so." The man growled back.

By this point, my patience is wearing thin. I'm hungry, and I want a meal.

I want one now.

The man lands a sound punch to the boy's face, and while his back is turned, I slowly crawl out from underneath the bed, standing on my hind legs. Reaching out, I tap the man on the shoulder.

He turns and drops the boy to the floor as his eyes grow wide with terror.

"I know, hideous, aren't I?"

A bloodcurdling scream rips its way through his throat, and before he has any time to react, I pounce, pushing him through the open door and into the hallway.

Not as tasty as a child, but food is food.

Once it is done, I slink quietly back into the bedroom. The boy is still sitting where the man dropped him, crying silent tears.

"Are you going to eat me?" He asked quietly.

I chuckled. "Calm yourself child, for I am quite full."

At this, the boy seemed relieved.

"Don't become too glad, I'll be back for you one day."

And with a wink, I was gone.