

**TYNE
WRITE 2**



ANTHOLOGY

January - February 2021

What is Tyne to Write?

The Tyne-To-Write writing club is a high school club where people write (that's why it's called the Tyne-To-Write writing club...obviously.) It is run by one of the greatest English teachers of all time - or so he says - Mr. Thom! (dramatic music plays) He is an English teacher at Tynecastle high school and a world-famous book writer!

Now of course he isn't the only one in this club - that would be a little bit sad - he has a group of the smartest S1's in the world in this club with him. They meet up every Tuesday and Thursday to talk about very fancy and prestigious things (they also do some writing, but that doesn't matter.) So, if someone ever asks you, "where are the most talented people in the world?" You can say, "not at Mr. Thom's writing club!"

...but if they ask, "where are some smart people who write pretty well?", you can say, "at some random English teacher's writing club"

So that's what the Tyne-To-Write club is!

By Fraser Wilson

The Storm/ The Outlaw's Sentiment 2.2.21

All that I once had is gone,
Clouds cover now my way.
The road ahead is drear and long,
The road behind is grey.
I do not fear the end of days.
The path that I must take
Leads through the lightning's burning ways
And past the sword's red lake.
My heart doth know my waiting doom,
Yet I shan't turn aside,
For long has lain my empty tomb,
Where the glistening stars abide.
This world does not have long for me,
I feel the drowning rain,
I see the scorched, tormented trees
Swayed by the wind's disdain.
I know I do not leave in grace,
My warrant is signed in blood.
But I shan't turn aside my face
When I feel the past's cold flood.

By Lucy Whitehead

The City at Night

I struggled against my hooded kidnapper but it was no use. My bloodied hand reached up to my head in one last effort to defend myself but even I-the stubborn city girl-knew I was outnumbered here. The last thing I saw before I completely passed out was the glint of steel in one of my captors' pocket-a knife. I casually opened my eyes, expecting to wake up in my feathered bed but instead I am here, a bright white holding cell with a rugged looking man opposite me. He has hard eyes the colour of metal and there was no shine to them, only coldness. The traumatising events of last night all came flooding back to me in a rush, the dark masked men, the rough gag in my mouth, the steel-capped boots kicking me to the floor. The gun pointed straight at my temple so that if I even dared to yell it would all be over. Nothing will ever compare to the fear I felt that fateful night here in New York City but I know one thing for sure - this treacherous journey is far from over...

By Anna Magee

The Storm

She said, "You can't do it, you will fall". I felt the rage building up inside me, my body about to lash out with its first strike of lightning. My mouth about to boom with thunder, frightening all in sight. The pressure was insane, I couldn't feel my fingers or toes anymore, my head, hot enough to cook an egg on; but I decided ...no. "Yes, I can", I said proudly.

By Sam Alexander Bruce

Leaves

Ivy grasped my sturdy branches, a squirrel nuzzled in my warmth. Yet as autumn approached the feeling of loneliness swallowed me whole. My eyes gazed at moving creatures running through the other isolated trees. For the trees are cursed without communication and endless solitude, my colourful leaves slowly fall to the ground and my soul with them.

By Holly Olivia Neary

The Storm

The storm drew nearer. Fragments of fury and anger engulfing the boy at the front of the classroom. Darkness encircling his body. Ash could only see the hate of his peers. The darkness flung itself at them. They ducked in surrender letting the darkness rein its tyranny over them. Everything blurred in his vision. He felt tears pricking at his eyes. A hand on his shoulder, John. But John wasn't talking to him. He was talking to the darkness. Trying to reason with it. To loosen its grasp over what it saw as a kingdom to conquer, a battalion to defeat. Ash looked at him tried to reach out to him so he could be saved from this black void surrounding him. But it was no use. The void continued to devour the classroom and everyone with it. He was alone. Stuck in a world where the only colour is black. With no escape.

By Lily Nicole Van-De-L'isle

Tongue Terror

It was a rainy winter night (I think) my friend Oscar and his family where at my house, the parents in the kitchen, our sisters upstairs, and me and Oscar in the living room. The parents were laughing in the kitchen, drinking red wine, it was as red as blood, little did they know, the wine wasn't the only red liquid they would be seeing that stormy night...

I was around 6 or 7ish at the time, and at that time, me and Oscar enjoyed playing video games. So that's what we were doing, but then we decided to start jumping on the sofa - now this where the havoc started to leak everywhere. We were jumping and jumping, and laughing and laughing, and leaping and leaping, then-we were in the back of a car racing to the hospital.

Let's go back a little bit, to just before I jumped... As I was saying, we were jumping higher and higher. And then I leapt off the sofa like a frog with its tongue out at a fly. Then my tongue zapped back into my mouth, but before it could reach the back of my mouth, my tough white teeth slammed down on my tongue, cutting through the blood and flesh. Then there was a scream, a stampede of feet, then the sound of a car racing through the night...

By Fraser Wilson

The Storm

The cold, winter day only promised darkness, the kind of darkness you get when the door is shut, and the lights are off. The sky a midnight blue. A far off rumble was heard, creeping like a lion stalking its prey. Moving ever closer. Suddenly, the lightning struck, like a spear piercing a piece of skin and the thunder replied in a hoarse, dangerous voice. Screams rung out, making the houses shiver and the ground tremble. Terrible screams that symbolized fear, screams that made you want to flee. But you couldn't, unless you wanted to die a gruesome death. The sky was pitch black now, only illuminous streaks lit it up, every 10 seconds or so. The storm was taking all its anger out on the people of the village. The nightmare was real, as real as it could ever be. No-one was safe. Anyone could be a pawn played by the storm, to be captured by a knight...

By Iona Taylor

The Eye of The Storm

I watched the great blue sky that rested far upon me slowly turn a grey like black, almost as if the sky was being absorbed by darkness. The shadows from the nearby trees where sucked into the black of the sky. All of the creatures hurried, trying their best to scurry to whatever they could see for protection. I was sitting on the trunk of an old oak tree and even it felt as though something terrible was coming... so I ran. My feet were bare and sore from running and I looked back only to see lightning and the trail of deep red blood oozing from the wounds on my now blistered feet. Soon I found myself lost in a maze of trees almost as if there was no way out. Lightning thrashed around me. A great flash came from the soul crushing sky and set fire to the trees around me creating a ring of fire. It was then I knew this was the last of me, as the sky called me to my sorrow grave. Yet I found an opening in the trees and never stopped running.

By Callie Suttie

The City at Night

I scan my surroundings warily, looking for some form of life. I find nothing. Silence screams at me through my car window, and I block my ears to keep out the noise. I am suddenly overwhelmed. Nothing and no-one are safe here. The constant danger lurking in the shadows of the night sky, the eeriness forever writhing up my back. I see so many people, yet I am completely and utterly alone. Shimmering shop signs beckon me to their hiding places, but I resist. I must not give in to the monotony and the merciless environment. One misplaced tread could be the end, and I wasn't going to give up that easily. As my blazing beacon of a mini tore through the shallow canvas of the city, my faith was restored. Nothing could hurt me now. Yet it could. I checked behind me to see if my passenger, a slim, fatigued looking man with ghastly bags under his eyes, had had the same feeling as I. Suddenly his black eyes were burning into the back of my head, and I heard nothing anymore. Instantaneously frantic, I pulled over and hurled open the door, wanting to get as far away from this hollow demon of a man as possible. I was too late. The city had me right where it wanted me.

By Albie Kerlaff

The Storm

The sea was quiet, too quiet. The sun was beaming down unnaturally warm. The air was hot and humid. The captain warned us that an intense storm was coming, we had laughed, we thought it was silly. A storm? In July? Impossible. But we had no idea how right. Almost as soon as we said that black clouds started rolling in rolling in, dragging along with them fierce winds and treacherous rain but worst of all a towering tsunami. Panic struck my chest, looked at the captain for help thinking he'd know what to do, but he was just as frightened as I was. Chaos spread across the deck as the wave crept closer and close, people were screaming, others tried desperately to hide from death, but there is no escaping this fate.

By Sylvia McPherson

The Storm

A storm is coming.
I feel it in the way the winds hold me up.
I'm soaring, but for how long is that the case? I did something bad so now, karma is stalking me. Trying to decide when to strike.
A storm is coming.

I know it in the way that I know my own palms.
I can't rest when I know that any minute, I could be swept back up into the problems that I created.
A storm is coming.
I can tell by the way that everything is so calm.
The songs the birds sing joyfully, keep my blood flowing but my heart thudding. I can't bear for them to go silent.
A storm is coming.
I now see it lurking behind every corner.
I can't let myself be calm for a minute. I could be lost in the wild winds that are to come.
A storm is coming.
Some would say I have a guilty conscience, but I am just terrified by the crashing of the waves that violently break their way into overwhelming my senses. I knew this was near.
A storm is growing.
The trees bash against one another, causing me to stay alert. I could lose everything and, in my bones, I know I will.
The storm is here.
As the winds close around me, slamming me into the ground that tries to swallow me whole, I see a dark figure is watching me. Karma grins warily as she takes her revenge for my past crimes.
The end is here.
My vision goes black and my senses go raw.
I plummet and as I do, peace greets me.
The end is here.

Jkik,\ ←my dog rolled on my keyboard and accidentally wrote that.

by Aoife Thomas