

Short story writing with Lower 5



Pupils in Lower 5 have attended a creative writing club on Tuesday lunchtime. This gives them opportunities to develop their writing skills for the GCSE English Language examinations. One of the tasks suggested as part of English Language revision is to write a short story using between 50-100 words. This enables pupils to think of two essential aspects of a successful story: techniques and structure. Pupils were told to think like a writer and consider how to manage a plot, create an effective character and show a situation. Below is a selection of the stories submitted by members of Lower 5.

Sirens wailed. Glass smashed. Dreams shattered. A blink of an eye and a life is destroyed. A turn of a key in a lock and in that time a new life is born. An endless cycle over and over, driving people to madness and returning them to reality. So few make it. That's life, my friend.

By Emma B.

I wish I could explain it; I don't really understand it. But I know it's true that it is all my fault. I never have understood my own strength. I just can't stop: it is who I am, what I do. I am truly sorry.

By Isabella N.

Continued...

Buried Deep

"8 o'clock Wentworth drive, can you stay alive?" A crisp, burnt, crumpled piece of paper slipped through the door. They all had a secret but were they ready to risk their lives in order for it to remain that way? 10 teens gathered around the sheltered drive all asking the same questions, "Why are we here?"

"Who did this?" Loud shouts became frantic screams as hours ticked by but who was the real enemy, the dark or themselves?

Creeping in the shadows were their secrets calling to be released. But they buried them deep away...

By Madison L.

A Beast

The creature had arrived. Its eyes were wired and fluctuating rapidly, trying to fixate on its target. Like a whip, its paw swooped down and held me in a lock. A small smile of delight emerging on the face reflected its callous nature. Dagger like canines slowly approached me and a waft of foul breath came shortly after. Its jaw began to gape and the monster held out its tongue. The shadow of death edged closer and closer towards me.

By Iris W.

Finale

Unsettling music fills the candy-striped tent, slightly off-tune violins mocking the end of the world. She sits, amongst the fallen spotlights, the criss-cross beams that once held them up now rusted, corrupted by the tick of a clock. A pocket watch dangles from her hands, though it stopped seven minutes ago. She waits, she ever waits, for seven minutes to become eight, counting each second with a lazy drawl, voice slowly filling with a craze anticipation as the numbers became closer to sixty.

At sixty, darkness shrouds the world.

And then, the show begins.

By Beth S.

Mrs Marae Burns