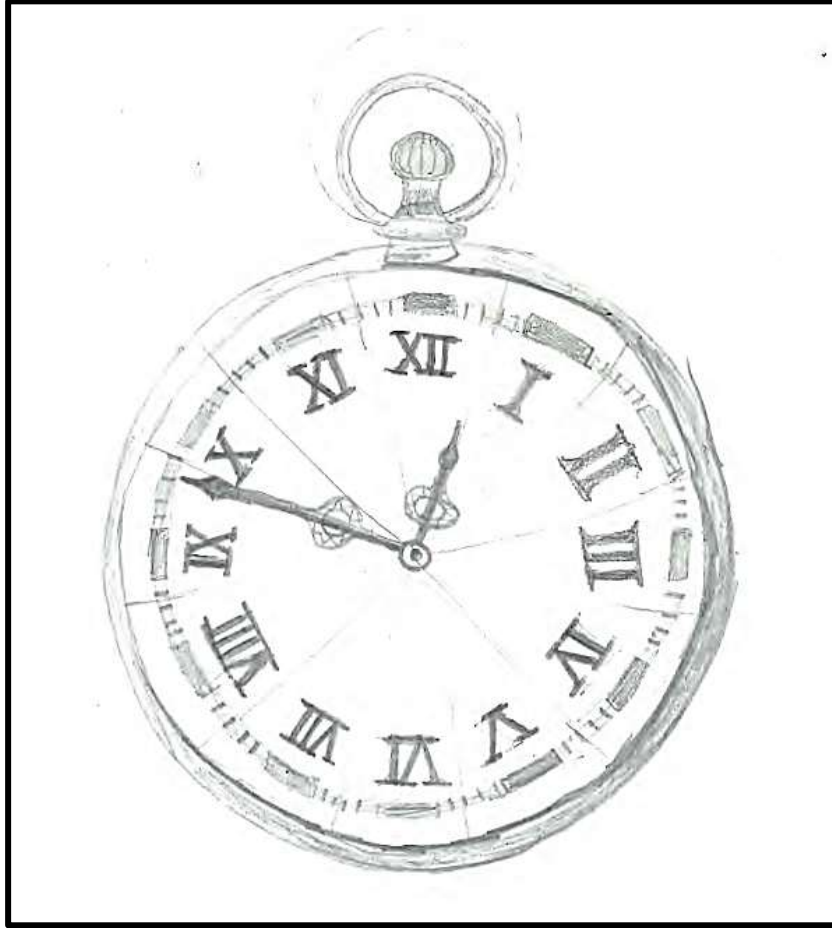


Fragments



Year 9 Creative Writing Pathway 2025-26

Journal No. 2

Edited by

Minnie Carlier



Contents

A New Beginning by <i>Mia Allen</i>	1
Melody of Unwelcome Voices by <i>Minnie Carlier</i>	2
A Visitor by <i>Savannah Corney</i>	3
Face to Face with Death by <i>Nazarii Dvorianskyi</i>	4
Feathers of a Warm Light by <i>Ellie-Rose Gleed</i>	5
Something Socrates Said, I Guess by <i>Jonathan Gomez</i>	6
A Mountain by <i>Alexia Gowling</i>	7
The Growing Gloom by <i>Livi Hall</i>	8
Timeless Love by <i>Lilly Jacobs</i>	9
Goodbye by <i>Skyla Jewell</i>	10
A Trick on Eyes by <i>Hazal Lylek</i>	11
The Flames by <i>William Marsh</i>	12
The Last Ride by <i>Braden O'Neil</i>	13
The Weight of Silence; Shadows of Yesterday by <i>Ivana Onianwa</i>	14
Desolate Oasis by <i>Zara Panopio</i>	15
Inhumane Anomalies by <i>Yasmin Pegg</i>	16
The Instrumental by <i>Anna Prus</i>	17
Fading Reflection by <i>Maddison Santos</i>	18
Golden by <i>Alicia Simm</i>	19
Secrets Never Told by <i>Cora Tromans</i>	20
Stalking Stealth by <i>KC Wilson-Sweet</i>	21

A New Beginning

By Mia Allen

The birds chirping sounds like a lullaby you could fall asleep to. The vibrant flowers lay sorrowfully yet so elegantly across the fields, creating a blanket of luminous colours. The trees bloom and sway to the rhythm of the warm gentle summer breeze, bumblebees buzz in the background, subtly hovering by you. Butterflies no longer feel emotionless or dull, their wings stretch upon another, opening up a whole page of meaningful patterns that you could never forget.

Melody of Unwelcome Voices

By Minnie Carlier

They come at night, soft as silk but sharp as glass, curling through the corners of my room like smoke. At first, I thought they were fragments of memory, echoes of conversations long past, drifting through the walls of my mind. But the cadence is too deliberate, too precise, as if someone is leaning close, whispering secrets meant only for me.

I walk through the city with them, a shadow chorus threading between the sounds of traffic and laughter. They comment on everything: the woman who folds her shopping bags like origami, the man tapping rhythms on a lamppost, even me, walking too fast, thinking too much. Sometimes they argue, voices overlapping, a cacophony of judgment and curiosity. I try to ignore them, but their insistence is magnetic.

In class, they become subtle, like a sotto voce under a professor's lecture. One voice corrects my punctuation; another mocks my silence. I laugh nervously, hoping no one notices the tremor in my hands, the way I occasionally tilt my head, listening to something no one else hears.

But there is beauty too. In the quiet hours, when the city is drowned in fog and streetlights spill molten gold on the pavement, the voices compose music. They speak in riddles, in poetry that glimmers at the edge of comprehension. Sometimes they offer solace, soft encouragement in the dead of night. Sometimes they demand reckoning, reminders that I am alive, thinking, breathing.

I have learned to walk beside them, these invisible companions, neither wholly friend nor foe. They are the threads through my solitude, the echoes of my own mind made stranger. And in the strange, I find a peculiar intimacy - a conversation that no one else can interrupt, a chorus I both dread and crave.

A Visitor

By Savannah Corney

I made my way round to the back of the house and opened the gate. I arrived to the back door and was shocked by what I saw: the back door wide open. I walked through the door and shouted, 'Mum!' No response. I went to the kitchen and to see if she was just cooking with her headphones on. I made it to the dining room and saw the tablecloth on the floor along with the food, with broken plates and cups scattered all over the floor. That's when it hit me. Someone unwelcome was here.

Face to Face with Death

By Nazarii Dvorianskyi

I was once strong, smart, and an excellent leader, but now my age is taking over me. Things I could once do without thinking have become difficult. My name is Atlas, meaning bearer, but people named me Ares, in Greek it meant God of War. They called me this because of my history of impossible battles and wars I won, often with armies ten times smaller than my enemies - but that name stuck with me after the worst night of my life.

My soldiers and I were returning after a long battle against the neighbouring empire, in which I had successfully conquered land. Suddenly, we were ambushed from all sides. Enemy soldiers rushed toward us, and my men were killed almost instantly. Soon, it was only me left.

I picked up my sword, the one given to me by my grandfather before he died. I had carried that sword everywhere I went, and now I would use it until my end. I charged at the enemy soldiers and began to cut them down one by one. My skills and strength helped me survive every hit I took. By the end, I was the only one left standing.

Then, suddenly, I saw my teacher standing on top of a hill. I was happy to see him—I hadn't seen him in ages. Together, we made our way back to Athens, the capital of my empire.

As we walked through the golden gates protecting the city, I felt something was wrong. There was loud music, as if something important was being celebrated. I made my way to my palace and then to the senate. As I was about to open the door I felt something, like something telling me where to turn. It was my teacher who told me.

"My student... you have won your throne, but not your peace. I tried to guide you, even when I could no longer walk among the living. Now you must stand on your own... and I must return to where I belong." With this word I entered where the senate was.

There, I learned the truth—the senate had chosen a new emperor. They believed I was dead.

I took the same sword with which I had defeated the enemy army and went to my room, where I found the new emperor—my rival. When he saw me, he drew his sword, and we began to fight. He tried every move he knew, but in the end, he fell to the ground, and my sword went straight through him.

Standing above him I realised, I had conquered all, but lost myself.

Feathers of a Warm Light

By Ellie-Rose Glead

High above the quiet fields, there lived an elegant bird whose feathers shimmered in shades of red, yellow, and orange like a living sunset. Wherever it flew, the air seemed warmer, gentler, as if the world itself leaned closer to its light. This magical creature possessed a rare gift: with a soft brush of its glowing wings or a single fallen feather, it could heal wounds, ease pain, and restore strength to those in need. People spoke of it in hushed, hopeful tones, saying that if you were kind and patient, the bird might appear when you needed it most. And though few ever saw it up close, those who did carried its warmth within them forever, as if a piece of its golden light had settled into their hearts.

Something Socrates Said, I Guess

By Jonathan Gomez

If darkness is just an absence of light

Then what could be of darkness by itself?

If the wrong is just an absence of right

Then what could be of the wrong by itself?

If toughness is an absence of weakness

Then what could be of toughness by itself?

If the cold is just an absence of heat

Then what could be of the cold by itself?

A Mountain

By Alexia Gowling

A mountain lay in a bed of flowers, the size standing out. It caused a rush of life, the animals hopped but not on the mountain. They ate the flowers but not the grass on the mountain. It stood out, no one cared for it, the lonely mountain.

Winter came, the animals left, the flowers died, the weather forced a flurry of snow to grip to its jagged edges. Visitors came but no one stayed, they pointed at the mountain, said they'd walk it some day. They were liars - no one cared for the mountain.

Spring couldn't come soon enough, the flowers bloomed, the snow melted, the animals flooded back in. This time with their babies, they warned them, don't go near the mountain, it doesn't belong here. So a mountain lay in a bed of flowers forever, defeated by the cruel world.

The Growing Gloom

By Livi Hall

The gloom was like a bubble,
A bubble that kept happiness away,
It sheltered and hid me from joy,
It pulled me away from joy,
It pulled me away from forgetting him,
From moving on,
The bubble wasn't a form of protection,
But a prison, a trap,
It made me forget who I was before the grief,
The gloom grows and grows,
I don't think I'll ever escape.

Timeless Love

By Lilly Jacobs

There they are, dancing in the rain in a timeless echo. Dancing like when they were teens. On their first date, first anniversary. Holding hands in a timeless love, one that will never fade. Their favourite rides working beside them. Just an elderly couple living like they were in youth. A memory that won't even fade when they are gone, a forever silent beat to dance to. His hands on her waist, just like he has done a thousand times before; her hands around his neck...just like she has done a thousand times before. Their gazes meet, a deep love in their eyes. Now aged and old they have seen every version of each other's face, through rage and grace. They've seen each other cry and laugh. Just a couple who have grown old holding each other's hand the whole way through. Fitting together like two puzzle pieces. Just a couple dancing in the rain, in a timeless memory, a timeless love, in a place of joy and grace, in their own happy place.

Goodbye

By Skyla Jewell

I couldn't help but admire the colours bleeding through the sky,
As painted clouds drifted slowly, rising high,
While the gentle breeze whispered softly passing by,
But, now I sit saying my goodbye.

Goodbye to the beauty of nature you couldn't buy.
A type of life you couldn't recreate or even try.
Because it's so unique, so special like your eyes.
So, now the light has begun to die.

And the day will end ... on this you can't rely,
That it will last forever, as if so, it's a lie.
But don't shed a tear, don't even cry,
For darkness comes for all beneath the sky.

Instead, hold the moments as they pass you by,
Like fleeting colours painted in the sky,
For life is short, and time will always fly,
So live each day before it says goodbye.

A Trick on Eyes

By Hazal Leylek

I sat alone at the bus stop, waiting for the next one. I had just come back from work and it was so dark that I was a bit scared. I had also had a horrible day at work and it was raining, so not only I was tired but I was also soaking wet from head to toe. Before I started to sink in my own thoughts, I looked up to see... a giant cat?

“Hello! Did you miss your bus too?” The cat had such a calm voice that my fear went away.

“Yes...” I said with a shocked and confused look on my face.

“Don’t be shy! I won’t do anything to you.” The cat slowly tried to get up onto the bench but failed.

“So... why are you here?” I said quietly.

“For my bus of course! Bus drivers are so rude these days, I asked him to stay but he drove off into the sunset leaving me here alone.”

The cat kept talking about bus drivers and because I had nothing to do so I sat there and listened. Then suddenly, I saw a big bus flying down like a plane. “Oh! That’s my bus!” The big purple cat yelled.

“What?” I was confused.

How was it flying?

“Well, bye then! Have a great night!” The cat said his last goodbyes as he stepped onto the bus.

“Wait! What are you-” The bus left.

Standing there in shock, I just forced myself to think this was all my imagination...

The Flames

By William Marsh

Fire and flames, what a beautiful thing with burning and blazing galore.

But in the way it's used it seems confused, a true upsetting eyesore.

People forget the reason it's red or its purpose at its core.

The people who use it wrongly, they are such a bore.

For fire is not a weapon it is in fact a tool,

And fire should be used for good and not to kill a fool.

It burns bright and glowing, the light escapes their grasp,

They stop and wait and ponder if this is their last gasp.

The Last Ride

By Braden O'Neil

The engine growled beneath them like a living creature, steady and powerful as they cut through the long stretch of desert track. Heat shimmered off the asphalt blurring the horizon into something dreamlike. She leaned into him, her arms wrapped loosely around him feeling the rhythm of the machine.

They hadn't planned much- just a direction and a promise to keep going. The wind tugged at her jacket and carried the scent of gasoline and dust, and something wild she couldn't name nor could she care every mile felt like a layer of life shedding off the life they'd left.

He tapped her hand twice- their silent language. Up ahead, a roadside diner. Its neon sign flickered in the sun. She smiled knowing he'd stop to share coffee that tasted burnt and laugh about nothing important.

But for now, they rode.

The bike roared to life as they set out the landscape vast and unapologetic. Free, she closed her eyes for a moment trusting the road, trusting him, trusting the bike.

Out here there's no one, no past, just the chop of the engine, the endless sky and the vast canyon.

The Weight of Silence; Shadows of Yesterday

By Ivana Onianwa

Ivy dwelled in a house where the mirrors didn't reflect her face, but her mistakes. Every time she passed the hallway, she saw the version of herself a few years ago- the girl who stayed silent when she should've spoken. The girl who let every golden opportunity slip through her trembling fingers.

The abode screamed of the shadows of 'yesterday', clinging onto the wallpaper like damping silk. Though, in a certain hallway, a grandfather clock didn't tick; it whispered. It repeated every mistake she'd ever made. Every 'should have'. Every 'If only' that has her anchored to a version of herself that no longer existed.

For months, Ivy tried again and again to scrub the rhythmic echoes away. She painted the walls a specific white, yet greyish stains of memories peeked back when a back is turned. It was exhausting. She pondered if she'd let go of her regrets, there would be nothing at all... just a hollow shell without history.

One evening, as the clock once again began its haunting tunes, Ivy paused, restraining the melody. She sat on the cooling floor, the contrast of the different temperatures brought a chill down her spine. It finally dawned. The past wasn't a predator, it was a heavy coat she simply refused to take off.

With a confident yet jagged breath, she reached behind the clock and unplugged the pendulum. The whispering died. Instantly. The sudden stillness wasn't empty; it was a clean canvas.

Ivy stood up, shoulders dropping as an invisible weight dissolved, at last

Desolate Oasis

By Zara Panopio

“A house is built with wood and bricks. A home is built with love and dreams.”

A wooden house on a steep hill, with
so many late nights, so many fragile moments
the lights stay on, the TV still replays
as if it was trying to hold onto the memories.
a birthday party, a family board-game,
echoes of soft laughs and sounds of broken cries,
strums of a guitar on the porch and
friends humming lullabies under the stars;
every wall was once lit with stage lights.
the oasis that once housed life,
desperately grasping for its soul,
replaying every familiar moment,
and reduced to a desolate shell of
what it once protected.

Inhumane Anomalies

By Yasmin Pegg

I leaned on my counter, bored. It was another ordinary night shift at the corner store. Every day, people came and went, I unpacked boxes and restocked shelves, I cleaned the bathrooms and floors.

Every day was the same.

The night air was cold and moist as I walked inside to start my shift. I clocked in and got to my counter. The night dragged on as all sorts of people came and went. I looked at the time. It was almost 10pm.

My shift was over.

As I was packing my things and wiping down my counter, somebody walked in. I sighed, knowing I would have to serve them. But, something felt off about them. His back was hunched, his walking slow and uneven and his movements were jerky. I thought nothing of it, assuming he was just tired or drunk. The person came up to the counter but strangely didn't have anything he wanted to buy. He just stared at me, eyes soulless. I asked if he needed help, but I got no response. Just his ragged breathing. That's when I noticed the skin on his neck, pulsing quickly. The veins were visible, almost looking like they were about to burst. That's when I realised.

My breath shook... He wasn't human.

The Instrumental

By Anna Prus

My honey eyes stare at the sun. The dress that the melody once desired is now stained with a man's blood. The aftermath lies before me as that song continues to play on a loop. I escaped a death forced upon me, yet the music saved me. The violins within the instrumental sparked something in me...something I could never do from free will. The fresh, summer air that should mark my freedom feels... different. My hands committed a sin the devil controlled through my music, but it let me live. Heaven is now out of my reach but I chose life over death. All I wanted was a moment for myself, my music and the field. I wanted to dream of the life I never had, the one I wished for but at what cost? I will never be alone again. Behind the dreamy music playing in your ears, there could be a man watching you from afar holding your death in his hand, waiting for you to spend your final moments happy and alive. However, those were his. And now his corpse stains the bottom of my blue dress.

Fading Reflection

By Maddison Santos

The train rushes in, wind snapping my coat, dragging me back to the present. I step inside and sit down, staring at my reflection in the darkened window. My eyes are red. I look like someone who gave more than she meant to. As the train slows, the intercom crackles. Mind the gap.

“Please prepare to exit.”

The voice cuts through me, abrupt and unforgiving, just like the way he vanished.

The doors open. I hesitate, heart pounding, some foolish part of me still waiting for a message, an explanation, a reason.

Nothing comes.

Golden

By Alicia Simm

The golden whispers of silky light flowed from the doors and reflected on the air like gentle snowflakes falling from the violet clouds and landing on her hair, caressing every brittle strand as she flowed down the pavement.

Her dress made with the softest materials danced above her snowy heels with rhythm. She didn't care, she was happy and it was her favourite season.

Even though her skin was chilly in hills like prickles she was still lit with a warm embrace.

Secrets Never Told

By Cora Tromans

A veil, a curtain
Something that is certain
Something, anything that will take me back to that night
That one before that fight
Her hands grasp out wanting, needing
She falls to her knees still pleading
When the night comes she has someone to hold
Someone to tell all the secrets never told
She sways and dances alone
But her hands are holding an imaginary face
The mist comes closer as if holding her waist
They rock and sway all through the night and all through day
But it left - it never stays
Once more she gets transported to present day
Her hands clutch the air
Trying to find that face
Trying to find something to hold her waist
Through a dance
Through another midnight trance
The girl and the fog reunited once more
Until the fog goes leaving her torn
She steps back into her time machine
She gets whisked away the next day
Her feet are raw, her hands are now pale
How many evenings?
How many dances?
How many midnight trances?
I've lost track, a voice echoes in the distance

Stalking Stealth

By KC Wilson-Sweet

Low rumbles of a roar or a growl slither out of the feline's throat, the sound is inescapable as if it captured you in its rough embrace. Vibrant citrus stripes slinked throughout the jungle too quickly to keep a steady eye on them. Teasing your gaze.

Orange, black, orange black.

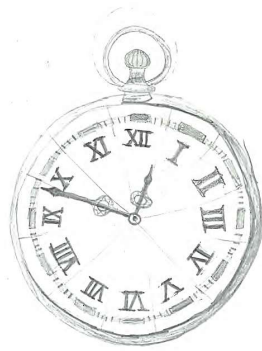
Dark beady eyes, painted claws.

Orange... Black.

The songbirds and the tropical ones too. They all chattered with fear.

The tiger roared with triumph. A loud victory as it leaped, diving into the water.

Black, orange and beady eyes.



Cover illustration by
Ruby Clarkson

