



2022

GBOOK

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School plan

By Alex K

2 characters Steven and Kyle

"Get out of bed now!" Yells an angry woman. I was never good at waking up, especially when it was for school. At least it was a Friday morning. I crawled out of bed and into my wardrobe to try put my uniform on. I hobbled downstairs and got ready to leave, I gulped down my orange juice and ran out the house with toast hanging out of my mouth. Me and Kyle always walked to school, no matter what the weather was like. We met up and strolled to school, we arrived to morning assembly a bit late but snook into the line.

We stood tiredly listening to our teacher screech and shout about why "YOU SHOULD NEVER BE LATE! We sat through the rest of our classes and reached break. Kyle and I always played football at break. We were the 2 best players and always smashed the other team. We won 11-2 and we went back inside. Three more classes were left and it was the end of the day. We had a plan for the end of the day. Our plan was to steal Kyle's phone back.

Our plan was simple wait for Ms Sotty to go for her break at the end of the day and sneak into her open door. The end of the day came by and our plan was in action. Kyle and I hid in the bathroom stalls and waited for Ms to walk by. 5 mins later we heard her annoying foot steps skip by along with her high pitched voice. I leaped out of the bathroom and caught her office door before it closed. We slowly crept into her office and started searching for the phone. After a whole 10 minutes we found nothing, it was only then that we realised the door had closed over and we were locked inside.

Me and Kyle started freaking out, We didn't want to get suspended. I started to get mad at Kyle. I called him bad names and said some pretty terrible stuff

"Why did you get me into the mess!" I shouted.

"Shut up Steven, Not my fault you're a dope" he retaliated.

"This is your fault, always on your phone and never playing football" I exclaimed.

"Shut up about football,I hate it"he yelled

"You hate football?" I asked

"Yes, I only play it to make u happy"he declared

"I'm sorry Kyle, I didn't know"I apologised

All of a sudden the door there's distinct noises coming from outside, it was m.Sotty with her key to the office door.We both panicked, in a flash Kyle spring at the window trying to pry it open.It was only once I helped him it opened, we slipped out before ms.Sotty came in and we pegged it home.While on the way home me and Kyle made up and talked about stuff instead of football, turns out he loves basketball and he's been practicing for some time.Me and Kyle ended the day playing basketball outside his house.

Lost at sea

By Aoife D

It was a Sunday evening in the O'Reilly house. The twins Jason and Garret were sitting on the couch watching the news and Sarah and mom were arguing.

"I hate you!" Sarah screamed at her mother

Her mother stood there with shock and walked into her room and slammed the door making everything in the house rattle. Sarah and her mom had been fighting about some boy that Sarah was seeing.

Jason sighed and said to Garret "They are always fighting about the stupid boy"

"Yeah I know" Garret replied.

Sarah stomped into the living room and plopped down on the couch in the middle of Jason and Garret.

"Ugh she's so annoying I hate her" Sarah said with anger

"Maybe you should listen to her" Garret said with fear scared of Sarah's response.

"Shut up Garret I didn't ask for your opinion did I?"

Jason was staring at the TV looking at the breaking news that popped up on the screen.

"Wait guys shut up and look"

Sarah and Garret stop arguing and looked at the news.

"Breaking news, A massive surge has been reported and is making its way to Sydney tomorrow morning, Please stay clear of the water and stay safe. Have a good night folks and thank you for tuning in with Sydney local news, that's all for now."

"A power surge!" Sarah's face lit up with excitement and she got up of the couch and jumped up and down.

Sarah has always wanted to surf a surge and nows her chance

Jason stood up and stopped her "No Sarah it's too dangerous you can't go I'll tell mom"

Sarah scoffed "do you think I care what you or mom says, I'm doing it and you can't stop me, Goodnight boys" Sarah smirked and walked off to her room to go to bed.

The next morning Sarah jumped out of bed and pack her stuff and walked out to the kitchen.

Jason looked at her and shook his head "You can't be serious about this it's way too dangerous"

"Oh my god since when did you become such a wimp , I am serious I'm going to surf that surge" Sarah glared at him before walking out and slamming the door.

Jason looked at Garret

"We have to stop her"

Garret laughed and replied "Good luck with that trying to stop Sarah is a death wish"

"Fine I'll go myself"

And without another word Jason left.

As Sarah got to the beach she looked at the hectic waves that she had to face Sarah spoke to herself "Come on Sarah you can do this you'll be fine you've been waiting for this your whole life"

Sarah took off and started running to the water she got on her surfboard and started to surf the huge waves.

She was having the time of her life until the biggest wave started to come her way and she got knocked off the surfboard and fell into the depths of the ocean.

Jason got to the beach and ran to find Sarah but he only found her board at the shore. He ran over to it and started screaming Sarah's name.

"Sarah!,Sarah!"

Jason couldn't see any sign of her so he called the coastline guards and ran home.

When Jason got home Garret jumped up and so did mom

"Well, did you find anything" Mom said with worry.

"No just her board" Jason Sighed with disappointment.

Mom started to hysterically cry which made Jason and Garret to break down too.

"This is all my fault" Mom said crying

Garret tried comforting his mom "Don't worry mom,We'll find her. I promise"

The next couple of hours the waves have calmed down but there was still no sign of Sarah anywhere.

Moms phone started to buzz it was the police.

She grabbed it immediately and answered.

"Hello"

"Hello this is the Sydney police, Are you Ms O'Reilly"

"Yes I am,Is everything alright"

"It's about your daughter Sarah, We're going to need you to come down to the station right away"

"Okay,I'm on my way ,Thank you"

Mom hung up the phone and Grabbed her bag and said

"Let's go"

Jason and Garret followed her without a word and they drove down to the station.

They all ran into the station hoping to see Sarah but she wasn't there.

"Hello m'am I'm officer Reynolds"

"Where is she is my daughter okay?"

"We don't know yet,We've sent out our search team."

"Okay,Thank you"

The officers phone started buzzing from his office

"Hold on,I'll be right back"

They all look in at his office trying to see what was happening

The officer put down the phone and came back out

"M'am they found your daughter"

"Oh my god is she okay?,Can I see her?"

Mom started rushing around the station

"M'am I'm sorry but she's gone,They found her body"

Mom and the boys froze and mom fell down to her knees and started to sob

Jason and Garret tried to calm her down but she wouldn't stop

"She's gone,My daughter is gone"

Jason and Garret cried at their moms reaction.

Officer Reynolds took the boys and their mom to the beach where Sarah was found.

When they got there they saw the body zipped up and covered

The boys and mom looked mortified.They all stood there and said nothing.

The coastal guards came over and said to them "We are very sorry for your loss"

Jason spoke up "Thank you we appreciate it"

4 days later it was Sarah's funeral and a lot of people attended to show their respect.

Sarah's best friend Hayley flew home for her funeral she was devastated to hear the news about Sarah.

The twins and their mom were overwhelmed by the stress and amount of people that showed up.

As mom stepped up on the Altar for her speech everyone stood up.

She began " Thank you all for coming, Sarah would have loved to see that this many people showed up, Sarah truly loved all her friends and family and we will all dearly miss her day by day but she will always be with us, We love you Sarah,Thank you"
She stepped off the altar with tears rolling down her cheek and everyone applauded her.

During the ceremony Jason got a text off a blocked number he read out the text to himself quietly and whispered "Oh my god"

The text said.

"She's not dead.."

Justice

By Aoife Mc

One sunny summer morning two boys were on a train heading to town. This was their usual routine until something unexpected happened. Tom sat down beside a boy with shiny black hair and dark brown eyes.

'Hi, Can I sit here?' Tom asked.

'Yes! Of course!' Paul pulled his bag off of the chair leaving room for Tom to sit down.

'I'm Tom, what's your name?' Tom sat down and started to chat with Paul.

'I know I've seen you on tv, I'm a massive fan of UFC fighting, oh and my name is Paul!' Paul explained.

'Nice to meet you! Thank you for supporting me!' Tom thanked Paul, until he was interrupted.

Paul leaped up from his seat, 'I'll be right back!'

Tom sat there confused on where Paul had gone, until he saw two tall men all dressed in black strutting down the train.

'Tickets please.' One of the men stated.

Tom pulled out his ticket and showed it to the ticket inspectors.

'Thanks, have a nice day.' The ticket inspectors walked off.

Meanwhile Paul was huddled in the bathroom trying to hide from the ticket inspectors.

'Knock knock! Please open the door!' The ticket inspector shouted.

'U-uh I'll be one minute!' Paul muttered.

Paul had to think of a plan quick. If he didn't get out of there he would be fined €100. Paul nervously smashed the train window and climbed on top of the train.

'Hello? What's going on in there?' The train inspectors questioned. 'If you don't answer we'll have no choice but to open the door!'

The ticket inspectors barged open the door to find smashed glass all over the floor. They looked out the window and saw Paul on top of the train.

Tom heard all the racket and decided to see what's going on.

He walked into the ticket inspectors, 'may I ask what all the noise is about?'

'Can't you see? Someone destroyed this room!' The ticket inspectors growled.

At this moment Tom realised Paul had caused all this destruction.

He wanted to help Paul. Tom pushed the ticket inspectors and hurt them quite badly.

He climbed onto the roof to Paul.

'What are you thinking Paul? You're going to be in serious trouble!' He complained.

'Not as much trouble as your going to be in!' Paul chuckled.

Tom and Paul hopped off the train and landed in a bush. They scruffled their way out of the prickly bush into a garden, escaping from the ticket inspectors. What they didn't realise was that Tom had dropped his phone.

Meanwhile the two inspectors where on their way to the station with his phone.

Later that day they were in the pub watching a basketball game when the news came on.

Toms face covered the screen, the news reporter firmly stated, 'Tom Jones the UFC fighter is wanted for assault of 2 ticket inspectors!'

The whole pub went silent and turned to Tom. That's when he new he had made a big mistake. Tom knew there was no point avoiding the police so he turned himself in. Paul decided to stay silent and support Tom with his decision.

The next day Tom went to court. He waited for Paul, but he never showed up. The court judge was very cruel to Tom. She said, "of course a boy like you would be this idiotic towards these innocent ticket inspectors! Its always boys like you who seem to get into this trouble, We need more women. in this world!" Tom was shocked by her response but knew he couldn't change her viewing of him without being accused of something else. Tom was sentenced to one year in prison.

One year later, Tom got out of prison and he decided to get in touch with Paul. He found Paul's number and started to message him.

'Hi, is this Paul?' He messaged.

'Yes, who is this?' Paul replied

'You might not remember me, but it's Tom Jones. I just wanted to message you to see why you never came to that court meeting? I got put in prison for one year, for trying to help you! The least you could have done was showed up!'

Tom waited a few days but he never got any response from Paul.

A few weeks later Tom was scrolling through his phone when he saw a video of the court judge who put Tom in prison. In the video the judge was being very cruel to a young boy, just like she was to Tom. The video inspired Tom to speak up about how he was treated.

He made a video saying, '10 months ago today, I was charged with one year in prison by the cruel judge who's videos are all over social media! I was let out of prison two months early on good behaviour. This judge told me I was an idiotic boy and it made me feel terrible about myself. I know what I did was wrong! I may not be the smartest and I made a horrible mistake, but everyone makes mistakes and I was treated horribly for mine!'

Toms video went viral and people had many questions for him. He got a lot of support from the public and the judge was fired from her job.

Justice

By Caitroina W

One sunny morning on a train lead to something crazy.

'Hi,I'm Tom',

'Lovely to meet you Tom, I'm Daquavion!'

'Where are you off to today Daquavion?' questioned Daquavion.

'I'm heading to kilarney', clarified Tom.

'What a coincidence, im going to rathmore which is just one stop before killarney!'

'Wait, Tom , do I recognise you from somewhere?' continued Daquavion

'I'm not sure, you may recognise me from the tv. I do UFC fighting!'said Tom

'I'm big fan! Can I get your autograph?' asked Daquavion

'Yes.'

'I'm actually going to fight there'! Exclaimed Tom

'That's brilliant' 'what day'?

'Im playing on Saturday but going down today so I have the opportunity to get myself ready'. Explained Tom.

'Im sure you have no idea, but Im a really big fan and would love to get tickets to see you fight', pleaded daquavion. 'DAQUAVION' said Tom with an amazed voice.

'I cant believe that you haven't gotten tickets yet, adds have been all over social media'. 'You see Tom,I don't really have a lot of money in fact I couldn't even pay for this train ticket, I'm just hoping that the inspector doesn't come on because then I'm in trouble, the reason I didn't know the fight was on was because my phone broke and all my money Is in my house in rathoath because I was at college all week and spent ever last penny I had". 'Im very sorry for assuming you would have social media, its just that I think and most people think every body has social media when not everyone does. That's how I put my information out to the world but you just gave me a different viewing that people that don't have phone yet or any source of social media who are fans aren't able to keep up with whats going on.' 'Im sure I can get you a ticket or two, just stay with me until we reach killarney and I will pay for your train ticket back to Rathoath afterwards' pleaded Tom.

Their journey was quite long and tiring. They had nearly reached Killarney when they see ticket inspectors with keys clanking in their hands. Daquavion panicked and rushed to the bathroom. The inspectors knocked on the door, 'open the door please.' Daquavion was not replying to them. 10 minutes had past when they hear a big clash. Daquavion smashed the train window and hoped to the top of the train.

Everyone in the carriage was wondering what was going on. The ticket inspectors followed Daquavion to the top of the train. The ticket inspectors tried to grab Daquavion, but they couldn't. Tom comes to help them and uses his signature move on the ticket inspector. The ticket inspector dodges left, right and centre. The two inspectors are now on the top of the train hurt. Tom and Daquavion leap off the train and land in a bush. They scruffle their way out of the prickly bush into a garden, escaping from the ticket inspectors. What they didn't realise was that Tom dropped his phone. Tom was panicking because he knew this would cost his fame.

Meanwhile the two inspectors were on their way to the station with his phone. Later that day they were in the pub watching a basketball game, everything was going well until the news came on.

Tom's face covered the screen, he felt a bit of embarrassment. The news reporter firmly stated 'Tom Jones the UFC fighter is wanted for assault of 2 ticket inspectors, if anyone has seen him please report to the guards!'

The whole pub went silent and turned to Tom. They all knew Tom was there before the news but he was gone when everyone turned around. That's when they knew they had made a big mistake. Tom knew there was no point avoiding the police so he turned himself in. Daquavion said Tom could turn himself in but they didn't want to ruin their chances of getting in the Olympics. Daquavion had a big dream of going to the Olympics and was so close to getting in.

Daquavion said he would still support Tom at the court but never showed up. The court judge was very cruel to Tom. She said, "of course a boy like you would be this idiotic towards these innocent ticket inspectors! It's always boys like you who seem to get into this trouble, We need more women in this world!"

Tom was shocked by her response but knew he couldn't change her viewing of him without being accused of something else. Tom was sentenced to 1 year in prison.

10 months later...

Tom got out of prison early because of good behaviour. He was shocked that they actually let him out. When he went on his phone he saw that there was a video of the court judge going viral. Tom decided to speak up about how he was treated. He was scared how people would respond.

He made a video saying, '10 months ago today, I was charged with 1 year in prison

by the cruel judge who's videos are all over social media! I was let out of prison 2 months early on good behaviour. This judge told me I was an idiotic boy and it changed my views on the world that we live in. I know I may not be the smartest and I make terrible mistakes but so do other men AND women in this world.' Toms video went viral and people had many questions for him.

He got a lot of support from the public and the judge was fired from her job. Tom couldn't believe the support he got from the public even after doing something so hurtful to the inspectors.

Tom decided he wanted to find the tickets inspectors and apologise any way he could. He brought them to lunch and made a big apology. A few months later he went to see Daquavion in the olympics. Tom was so grateful to be out of goal and enjoying life again!

Gone forever?

By Chelsea G

"I should of never let her surf that surge, I feel like it was all my fault she's gone".

Sarah and mom were screaming back and forth at each other about some boy Sarah was seeing.

"Don't try and get involved this is my life not yours" Sarah shouted

"Your my daughter it's my business" mom hollered back.

" just leave me alone" Sarah says as she flips off her mom and walks into the living room where Jason and Garret were.

Mom slam the door in anger returning to her cigar.

Sarah asked into the living room lived.

"Mom at it again" Jason said with a little chuckle

"Shut up, don't start annoying me too" Sarah replied with annoyance.

Sarah turns her attention to the tv.

"Turn up the tv" she demanded

Two weeks ago a news report of a massive surge in Sydney was reported

"Highlights of today , a huge surge is making its way to Sydney tomorrow morning.

For everyone's safety please stay away from the beach. Thank you tuning in today with World News at 9pm , have a good night folks.

"Bummer there goes our plans for tomorrow morning , I guess we'll have to do something else" Jason spoke with disappointment.

"bummer for you guys,I'm still going" Sarah replied

"You can't Sarah it's too dangerous" Garret said concerned

"Relax guys it's not that big of a deal, if you tell mom I'll tell her that you snuck out last week plus mom doesn't even care about me anyway." Sarah replies with a smirk as she's walking to her room and shuts the door.

An hour later mom arrived from work.

Mom walks in as she flings her hand bag on the floor, she let out a tired sigh and Said

"Hello boys, where's your brat of a sister"

Garret being a nervous wreck as usual he stood there fidgeting with his fingers

Jason replied- "did you not hear the news?"

"What news"

"Theres a massive surge and Sarah wants to surf it and she left and I told her not

to” Jason said in fear.

Their mother’s facial expressions showed more emotion.

“That’s her problem” she spoke with no empathy

Garrets yelled” are you serious, that’s your daughter and it’s dangerous and you don’t even care”

“Don’t talk to me like that, I’m your mother I’ve had enough I’m going to bed” their slouched to her and slammed her door, causing the picture on the wall to shake.

The next morning the alarm clock went off and Sarah jumped out of bed and got ready for the surge and walked into the kitchen to get breakfast.

“ do you think she will really do it?, oh hey Sarah didn’t see you there how’s it going?” said Jason

Sarah looked at him in confusion.

“ sure you didn’t and yes I am going to do it”

“I thought I already told you it’s too dangerous Sarah?” Garret said with order

“And I thought I already told you I don’t care” Sarah said with attitude.

“God When did boys become so such wimps, boys are supposed to be tough”Sarah added

“Sarah he’s right it’s too dangerous, you can’t risk it”Jason agreed with Garret

Sarah scoffed “See ya wimps”

Before Jason and Garret could say anything she was already out the door.

Garret beings nerves reck as usual stood there fidgeting with his fingers.

As Sarah arrived at the beach, he eyes met a sign saying

“Beach is close, ah well I’m still gonna do it”

She ran to the water with her surfboard ready for the surge.

“Come on Sarah,You’ve been waiting for this moment” she thinks to her herself.

As she’s surfing the waves over took her. It was past evening and she hadn’t arrived home.

Jason and Garret became worried about their sister

“I’m really worried, I’m going to try and look for her” Jason grabbed his coat and left without saying no more

As Jason arrived at the beach the wind was as strong, strong enough to sweep Jason off his feet. He searched and searched until he felt like there was no hope. Ring ring his phone goes, it was Garret.

“Jason come home the police are back home, it’s about Sarah..” Garret spoke with melancholy in his voice.

The Life Swap

By Clara C

It was a gloomy March day in London. Rain was pouring from the sky, and all of my clothes were drenched while I was waiting for my train to come. All I had with me was my bag, and a pair of headphones, but I didn't bother putting them on, in case they got too wet. The familiar intercom announcing the train being on its way was heard all across the station, and everyone started to walk towards the incoming train.

My train finally came five minutes later than it was supposed to. As I got onto the train, I could hardly see anything because it was so packed. The only seat I could find was beside a girl with long hair and scruffy clothes. I sat down in the seat opposite her and grabbed my headphones from my bag. As I was about to turn on my music, I heard a "Hey" from her direction.

"Oh, hello." I said as I pulled my headphones off my head to rest on my shoulders. "I'm Jenny," She said with a grin.

"I'm Elliot," I said. "Where are you on your way to?" I asked her.

"I'm on my way home from my grandmas, what about you?" She asked.

"I was just at my dad's car garage. He gets me to help him fix his cars every weekend. He wants me to take over the business when I'm older, but I hate it so much." I complained.

"Lucky." She said. "I wish my dad let me do that. He sends me over to my grandmas every weekend hoping that I will be able to learn how to sew, and make award winning dresses. It's so stupid."

I laughed to myself. "That's actually really cool. It seems like we both want to switch lives" I said.

"Ha, I wish." She said, in almost a sad tone.

We sat in silence for a while, until I had a thought and checked my watch which read 2pm.

"Jenny, do you come home from your grandmas at this time every weekend?" I asked her.

"Ye basically. Why?"

"Well maybe we could teach each other what we learn each week?" I suggested. She looked at me and laughed.

"Your right, it's stupid. That wouldn't work anyways" I said, but I was secretly disappointed.

"No! I actually think that's a great idea." She said with a smile, as she started to get up and I guessed we were at her stop.

"Ok, great!" I said.

As she was almost off the train I heard her shout "Meet me at the train station next Saturday at two!" and off she went.

The next Saturday I had everything in my bag ready to bring for Jenny. I had about three of my dad's car manuals, along with some of his diagrams and small car parts. As I finally arrived to the train station, I saw a girl with her hood on, and a big brown rucksack in her hand. It was definitely Jenny.

"Hey!" I called.

"Hi Elliot" She said as she pulled off her hood.

"I've brought basically everything I could with me" I said with a laugh.

"Same, but I didn't think a sewing machine would be very easy to carry" she said, grinning.

We walked to a nearby café and ordered a coffee each. We both sat down at a table and took out everything we brought with us. I piled all of the books I brought onto the table, and looked at what she brought. She had a bag full of every colour thread, different sized needles, pieces of fabrics and felts and some books too.

A short woman and her son walked past our table. "Look Mom! That boy is looking at books with dresses in it. I want to read that book too!" He said excitedly. His mom looked disgusted.

"No you don't son, you want to do boy stuff when your older." She said, giving Jenny and I a dirty look as they left the café.

"People's opinions are so outdated." Jenny said, but she mostly seemed unbothered which is what I like the most about her.

We sat there for hours. I taught Jenny as much as I could about car parts, the engines and how to fix cars, while she taught me how to sew and stitch.

"Oh, it's nearly five. I should probably get going" she said disappointedly.

"Yeah me too."

As I was about to get up, she said "Same place and time next week, yeah?" She suggested.

"Yep." I said, as we both walked our separate ways.

And so this became our routine. Every Saturday at 2pm, Jenny and I met at the café and taught each other as much as we could. This happened for the next three weeks, until everything changed.

We were at the café, and Jenny was researching where to get affordable car parts while I was sewing some fabrics together. Someone walked through the café door, but we didn't look up since we were so involved in what we were doing.

"Son?" Said a familiar voice. Jenny and I both looked up, and I looked like I had just seen a ghost.

"Dad, what are you doing here?" I asked him.

"I could say the same about you. I had to pick up a car near here. What do you think your doing here, doing that sewing or whatever that rubbish is. That is for girls," He said. I had never seen him this angry before.

"It's not for girls dad, hobbies don't have rules. I really like this and I want to own my own dress-shop one day" I said quietly.

"You are supposed to be taking over my car garage when you're older!" He demanded.

"I hate fixing cars dad," I told him. "I don't want to own the garage when I'm older".

"Fine then." He said in an angry tone. "I'll go and find someone who would be better then you anyways."

"Jenny could do it!" I suggested.

"You don't really think that she would be able to run the business?" He laughed mockingly.

I looked over at Jenny, and she had a look of disappointment on her face.

"Girls can't fix cars, and boys can't make dresses!" And with that, he stormed out the door.

But he was wrong. He was very very wrong. It has now been 3 years, and Jenny not only owns her own car garage, but it is one of the most popular ones in London. I own my own dress-makers now, and it's right across the street from Jenny's Garage. And as for our friendship, it is still as strong as ever.

Pablos past

By Conor K

"Uhh bro you dropped your Wallet". ""

"Ahh thanks man `preciate it, take a seat with me my boy"

"Sure"

They both sat down and began to talk to eachother

So where were you off to Home boy?

Naw jit im cracking down to me ends

Which are ?

"Chicago" said Dimitri

That is fresh my boy , whats your name ?

My name is dimitri sins what about you?

My name is Pablo Philepè.

Suddenly a massive group of people stomped over

"Oh no" said Pablo

"Who are they Pablo?"

"I used to work for them years ago and they are all mad at me "

"Why are they mad at you Pablo?"

"Oh I betrayed them and now they are here to kill me ."I said Pablo

"What! kill?"

"No time to explain ."

Then Pablo rolled his wheel chair real quick to the jacks, the group followed.

In the bathroom Pablo was crawling out the little gap in the window it was a bit of a struggle he got through in the end, now he was on top of the train without his wheelchair so he was just crawling on the roof of the train the people followed up quickly.

Dimitri began to hear banging on the roof of the train and he started to get off his seat and bust through the window and climbed on to the roof he saw Pablo struggling as the men all came at Pablo.Dimitri rushed up and grabbed one of the men and chucked him off the train,the next with a uppercut and the man was out cold.

As Dimitri took out the man one by one he saw a man approaching Pablo with a knife, but Pablo was way quicker he dodged the knife grabbed the knife and stabbed him right in the throat.Dimitri kicked the dead body off the train and puts Pablo on his back.

" i got you homie" said Dimitri

"Sound bruv"

They both calmly got off the train at the next stop which was Evanston. They went to a bar that was near by a seaport to have a pint.

" So why are you in a wheel chair?

" Well i was at war in Syria and I got shot on my leg and we had to amputate them because it got infected badly.

"WOW you are a true hero going to war."

" nah I am no hero I'm just a normal guy, so why would you help a guy like me?"

" my mother told me once no matter how people look you should treat them all equally ."

"That's really good of you my boy" said Pablo positively

As they chatted on four muscular looking police approached Pablo and Dimitri.

"Are you Pablo Philippe Dimitri Sins?" Said the police officers aggressively

"Umm yes" they both said in unison

You are under arrest for six murders.

"Murder?"

"Yes you killed six people on the train now hands behind your back ."

Then Pablo whispered to Dimitri "run" they belted away into the distance, the police dashed after them

Dimitri was aggressively pushing Pablo's wheelchair

"FASTER, FASTER!!" Belled Pablo

"I am!"

More and more police began to join the chase, the police shouted

"We will not hesitate to shoot if you do not stop ."

Out of the corner of Dimitri's eyes he saw an empty tourist boat that was just about to leave. Dimitri dashed towards the boat and pushed Pablo onto the boat just on time.

"Stop! Right now" shouted the police "this is your last warning ."

"Dimitri! Quick you can still make it" screamed Pablo

But Dimitri knew it was all too late Dimitri saluted to Pablo and then gunshots.

Pablo couldn't do anything about it as the boat moved away from the port and the scene slowing becoming fainter and fainter.

Ten police officers grabbed onto Dimitri and roughly hoisted him into the police car. The police car drove off sirens roaring, as they pulled up to the station Dimitri felt relieved that Pablo was hopefully safe. "Dimitri sins" The policeman sighed as he sat down in the interrogation room.

"That's my name, yes" said Dimitri rudely

"The crimes you have committed were from a couple of years ago, and it seems you were charged for them?" "So why am I here?" Asked Pablo

"What happened on the train?"

"Umm I don't know some randomers just attacked some guy I met on the train and I just saved him" he said confidently

"Yeah that 'guy' was the one and not only Pablo Canyon"

"He said his second name was Philippe?"

"Wow do you really believe everything anyone says?"

The policeman handed Dimitri a file with supposedly a picture of Pablo"

"What's this?" asked Dimitri

"Evidence" the policeman said while taking a sip of coffee

The file read:

Pablo Canyon 2012: arrested for the under suspicion of money laundry.

Pablo Canyon 2013: Charged for faking the use of a wheelchair.

Pablo Henschion 2014: illegally changed his name.

Pablo Philippe 2016: charged for having the possession of a fake passport.

Pablo Canyon: 2018: Arrested for

And so on.

"Wow I didn't know all that"

"He lied about everything that he told you."

Two police officers came in and hoisted Dimitri away and brought him to his cell. Dimitri lied down and kept on thinking on how he saved Pablo a wanted criminal! But instead he saves him and gets himself arrested he lied there regretting everything. The next day Dimitri goes to go on to the courtyard and see others, everyone looked fearful, so Dimitri sat down and waited until he can go back in. There was a fight going on in the distance a large group were huddled in a corner, the guards were trying to break them up. Then out of nowhere a group of convicts ran up to him and said

"Who are you, you new?"

Dimitri knew that life will get nothing but worse.

Jp and the Boogers

By Ewan M

One stormy night in Stoke Suzy was in the gym training for the Bodybuilder finals with her trainer jp.

After her work out she called for a taxi. By a Norwichen man

"What's up?"

"Sup"

"Can you drop me off at 74 vodka avenue "

"Sure"

"Vladimir plays Norwichen music in the backgrounds "

"Where the music from"

"Norway"

"Did you hear the news about boogers escaping from prison "

"Yeah wonder how he got there"

"Yeah I wonder"

"It went quite for a minute Then there was a engine sound."

"Suzy turned around and saw a 5 motorbikes with ak47 shooting at them"

"She screamed who is that"

"It looks like boogers"

"What did you do Suzy says"

"I was the one who put him in jail."

"What"

"Why did you tell me"

"Ididn't think you needed to know"

"Why not"

"I didn't think it would come to this they weren't supposed to find me"

"What are we going to do"

"Trust me I have escaped before"

"What do you want me to do"

"Put on your seatbelt Vladimir said while smouldering"

"Vlad what are you doing cliff up a head Suzy screams"

"Don't worry Vlad transforms the taxi into a submarine mid air and they land perfectly into the" water

"We lost them Vlad says"

After a few hours they found an island

They were starving when they found the island.

Suzy says look there a coconut tree
But how are we supposed to get them
"I will climb the tree says Vlad"
Vlad climbs the tree aggressively and snatched the coconut
The next day they go back to land
Suzy went to the gym to work out with jp
Jp met Vlad and walked home with him
Suddenly jp kicks Vlad in the bum
"What are you doing Vlad screamed"
Jp says seeking revenge
"What are you talking about Vlad replies"
"I am one of them"
"Who"
Boogers
Jp hits a upper cut and knocks Vlad out cold
4 hours Vlad wakes up in a cold dark wear house. With his arms and legs bound to a chair
"Where am I Vlad screams"
Jp comes out of dark space with a knife eager to kill
Noooooooooooooooooooo
Any last words jp says laughing
Yeah what are you going to tell Suzy
I will make something up she is so gullible and quite stupid
Suzy emerges out from thin air
What are you saying about me Suzy asked
The truth jp replies harshly
Say that again and I will end you
Try your best jp replies
Alright but no guns or weapons Suzy implies
Sure jp says quietly
Jp swung first but a nice dodge from Suzy
Suzy swung next and connects perfectly with jp head . Jp gets slowly up he swings again but Suzy blocks and then fires back stronger than lat time jp barely able to work his legs at this stage.
Suddenly jp whacks out a pistol Vlad sees the gun he tried to warn Suzy but she can't hear .
Vlad frantically tries to untie himself but doesn't have the strength.
Boom what nooo Suzy Vlad shouts at the top of his voice.

What did you expect?

By Holly K

War is upon us and it won't be like you pictured,
Here I am, my name is Richard.
I am a male,
And this is where my story sets sail.
I may not be courageous,
And definitely not the bravest.
I don't need your validation
Even if I'm not an inspiration.
And I have to say this bluntly,
I will not be serving for my country.

From sorority to priority,
Here I am my name is Dorothy.
I am a female,
This is my story and I will give you every detail.
I'm not to be displayed like a parade,
I'm proficient with guns and especially a grenade.
I am not here to agree and be quiet,
I'm here to yell out and and start a riot.
I am diligent trust me,
I will be serving for my country.

Males and females are just one in society,
Although the public opinion is quite a variety.
We are told one gender is superior to the other,
That is a preferential opinion that begins to uncover.
Gender norms, they're used to define,
The qualities and traits that fit in line.
With what we say and how we act,
Gender norms will escalate if we don't react.
Men go out and work and women stay home and clean,
Anything aside than that will only just cause a scene.
We need to spread the norms we believe,
Are emblematic of what it takes to succeed.

Gender roles has and always will be a issue in our existential,
It's up to us to prove gender does not change our potential.

Whoopsie-Daisy Draft 2

By Isabelle K

The bell rings above my head as I walk through the wooden teal doorway. Early morning sun peeks through the window shutters, creating intricate patterns of light on the white tile floor. I gently tug on one of the blind strings and the shop is bathed in sunlight. The blossoming flowers bask in its radiance and their colours brighten. My keys still in hand, I unlock the till and check the cash register. I take my navy blue apron out of a compartment and put it on, lazily tying it at the waist.

Slipping into the store room, I take out my inventory book and note down amounts of materials, like soil, fertiliser, seeds and twine. The room is quite snug, but neat and tidy. I don't really like leaving the shop in a mess. I grab a emerald green watering can and fill it up at the small tap in the far corner of the room.

I make my way back into the shop, heaving the watering can up and pouring into the different areas of flowers, turning the soil a darker shade of brown. On the brick wall in front of me, the clocks hands signal that it's half past eight. I briskly set down the watering can under one of the wooden worktops and go to the front door, flipping the small white sign around, ensuring that the word 'OPEN' displays on the other side. I don't usually come in and open the shop this early, but the business is booming at this time of year. I don't want to miss out on customers.

I begin to pass time by fixing up some flower arrangements for orders, using contrasting and complimentary colours and placing in cards with messages.

A ringing sound comes from the door behind me and I quickly turn to see a familiar face, my friend

Gary, grinning widely. "Hey Aaron!" he greets as he strolls over. I wonder why is he's in such a good mood.

"Sorry, I know it's kind of late notice.." He starts, rubbing the back of his neck. "But my cousin's getting married today, and my Ma put me in charge of flowers." He laughs, "I only remembered to get them this morning, but don't tell her that."

Classic Gary. He'd forget his head if it wasn't screwed on right.

"So could you – I don't know – whip something up for me?" he asks pleadingly.

"Sure," I shrug. "Any certain flowers or colours or anything?" Gary doesn't really have any proper interest in flowers, so he probably only knows a few that I've mentioned before. He might have an idea for some colours though. He has an artistic eye, he picks up on things and analyses without even realising.

He scans the shop, picking out colours and shapes. "I'd just say white and some bright colours, maybe some roses..." He looks at me again. "Is that good?"

"Yeah, that's great!" I nod as I jot it down in my note pad. "For collection?"

"Yep, my Ma will be here in about an hour I'd say," he replies. "Uh.. she might be a bit all over the place, but she's pretty busy today with helping to get everything set up. Just a forewarning." He laughs and glances at his phone. "Sorry, I have to head off now."

"I'll be prepared!" I laugh. "No problem, I'll see you later. Enjoy the wedding!"

He nods at me as he walks out the door. "Thanks!"

I work away for the next hour, a customer gets their order and begins to leave.

A woman with short, frizzy red hair walks in, with shopping bags practically engulfing her. Gary's mother. I think her name was Cathy. "Hi there dear." Her loud, nasally voice echoes through my ears. "Do you have the flowers my Gary ordered last week?" Well, kind of. I have the flowers, but they were ordered an hour ago.

I keep Gary's secret. "Yes, right over here." I respond, gesturing my head to the arrangement of white and soft blue hyacinths with yellow roses and small blossoms, adorned with thin, leafy plants.

Her plastic and paper bags shuffle and crinkle as she arches her head to look. She squints her eyes and then smiles. I let out a quick sigh of relief. "Perfect! Can I write one of those little cards?" A pile of blank cards lay on the worktop, beside a blue pen.

"Of course!" I reply and try to tidy and pick up the cards that have already been written on.

She writes on the card in a big swoop, 'ENJOY YOUR SPECIAL DAY! -THE BYRNE FAMILY' is scrawled on it. Her phone begins to ring as she scrambles to get it out of her coat pocket. She huffs impatiently. "Sorry dear, I have to take this, my family aren't good party planners." I laugh and she answers her phone, I can hear muffled panicking from the other end.

A crying woman in a full black outfit walks in. Her eyes are red and puffy.

There must be a funeral on.

She picks out one of the pre-made arrangements along with a card. She quickly pays and leaves, keeping her head hanging low.

Cathy shoves her phone back into her pocket and her attention turns to me again. She digs her free hand into her pocket, finding her purse and haphazardly taking out some euro notes and shoving it into my hand. "I have to leg it now, but thanks so much!" she says and strolls out with the flowers before I can protest. The money she gave me would pay for the flower arrangement and more. Very generous.

More customers come and go, most picking out arrangements and silk ribbons to go with them. Others pick up their orders and talk about relatives they haven't seen in years.

Time passes in a blur.

My phone vibrates and begins to ring in my pocket. It's Gary. "Hello?" He didn't say he'd call me, did he..?

"Uh.. Hi. I'm just ringing about the flowers." Gary states loudly, over the sound of echoing chatter.

"Ah yes, your mum came by half an hour ago and got them.." I respond. I thought he'd know that his mum got the flowers, but it has probably been a very busy day for them.

"Yeah, I know," Oh. "It's just the card, it says 'Sorry for your loss – from M'..." My mind goes in every direction. How did they get the wrong card? Did I do that?

"I'm so sorry! It came with that? I never mess up cards!" I ramble, my mind still scattered.

"No, no, it's fine! My cousin and her fiancé got a good kick out of it! They thought it was from his ex-wife." he interrupts. "I just wanted to let you know about it, just in case."

Realisation hits me like a truck.

The cards got mixed up.

And I know exactly where the other card is.

Pure terror strikes my heart and creeps to my head.

The funeral.

The woman that came in earlier, the one that looked so distraught. I don't remember seeing her write a card.

"I have to go!" I blurt and move my index finger to the 'hang up' button.

"Ok, wait-" I disconnect, interrupting him before he can continue. I have to switch the card before anyone notices, if they haven't already. There's only one place the funeral could possibly be (I hope). The church, the biggest building in the whole town. A grand antiquity with ash coloured bricks of stone and sharp arches and peaks. It's very hard to miss.

I shrug on my coat and secure the cash register, then I write a note on one of the bothersome cards, saying 'Sorry for your loss -M.' I try to use my neatest handwriting. I carefully fold the card in half and put it in my pocket. I flip the open sign around and rush out onto the street after locking the door. The church isn't too far away. I turn a sharp corner and almost trip, bashing my shoulder against a wall. I hurry past a bustling shop coloured in ruby red and a fishmongers with colours of the sea and sky.

I'd like to think I'm agile. I've been on my GAA team for years (football, if you're wondering), and I'm co-captain with Gary. It's basically how we became friends. I

still make time for matches on Saturdays and training on Tuesdays.

A sharp peak comes into view

The church is surrounded by people, donning black hats, jackets, trousers and shirts. All sorts of styles with one colour in common. The front door is ajar, and I decide to sneak in.

Elegant lights hang from the ceiling, rows and rows of wooden pews fill the massive space. The beige coloured walls compliment the shining lights and candles. Beside the altar, a table is full of flowers with some resting on the ground. Mostly white ones with other splashes of colour, much like the ones I gave the grieving woman. Perfect. I roll my eyes make my way up the centre of the aisle, my footsteps echoing up towards the peaks of the ceiling. My eyes scour through the large assortment of flowers. A frail yet firm finger taps my shoulder. "What do you think you're doing here?" A stern voice demands.

I jump suddenly in surprise.

It's an elderly man with a face like a wrinkled shirt. His bushy eyebrows furrow and his eyes narrow. It feels like my brain is a shattered vase, the glass shards floating around aimlessly inside my skull. It's fight or flight and my body chose to freeze.

The chatter outside seems to be getting louder and my eyes dart towards the large door.

"Enjoy your special day'!?" Someone cries behind me. "Sick and cruel, that's what that is!" My heart stops and I turn around. It's an elderly woman, her hair is the colour of a gravestone. "Frankie, look at this!" She seems to be addressing the old man that has been standing beside me.

"Who's the Byrne family?"

Oh no.

Untitled

By Isabelle M

I wake up to my alarm blaring. Beep! Beep! Beep! I scramble to turn it off before it wakes up the whole house. I get up out of bed before putting on my uniform. Yet another day of school, I think dully.

I rush to school and settle in my seat just before the bell rings and the teacher walks in.

'Good morning class. Today we'll be looking at ...'

Finally, over three hours later, the bell rings for lunch. I shoot out of the classroom and make a beeline for the library. I love eating lunch in the library. None of my friends understand why. They just leave me to eat alone in the library, but I love it, being surrounded by books. I can pick any one of them and find a new story another world. An escape. Not that I don't love life, just sometimes I wish I could be someone else. Someone who lives adventures, someone who belongs, someone who can be themselves. My life isn't as bleak as I sometimes make it out to be though. I do have fun sometimes and I have a few really good friends I wouldn't trade for anything. I also love hurling, playing hurling, it doesn't matter who you are, it just matters how good you are.

The bell rings again, interrupting my thoughts. I pack up my lunch and walk out of the library. Back to the real world.

The next day is the same again. Lunch in the library but, this time someone else is there. A girl sitting in the corner. Her dark hair covers her face. Her eyes are focused solely on the book in her hands. She doesn't even look up when I walk in. I sit down in my normal seat, get out a book and start reading.

'Lauren, come on,' a tall girl standing in the doorway half-whispers, half-shouts.

The girl reading, Lauren, puts down her book. 'Coming.'

'Well hurry up or coach won't be happy,' the girl in the doorway says before rushing off.

Lauren left.

The next day Lauren is there again. This time though, she's sitting in my seat. It's clearly the best seat in the library and no one else ever sits in it, it's my seat.

I walk up to her 'Excuse me, you're sitting in my seat,' I say, at least attempting to be polite.

'Just sit somewhere else,' she replies, not returning my strained politeness, without looking up from her book.

'Fine,' I huff and choose the seat across from her instead, making sure to make extra noise dragging the chair across the floor.

She finally looks up. 'Could you be quiet?'

'Whatcha you doing here anyway?' I ask.

'I wanted to read,' she replies bluntly.

'I've never seen you here before.'

'I've never been here before. Well, except for yesterday.' She looks back down towards her book.

'Okay then. Who are you?'

She looks back up, haltingly. 'My name is Lauren.'

'I didn't ask you're name, did I? I asked who are you,' I say, repeating the last part.

'Okay. I play basketball, I'm actually captain the girls school team here. I enjoy reading and I'm bi,' she pauses. 'Who are you?'

'My name's Henry,' she raises an eyebrow at me. 'Fine. I play hurling, goalie, I enjoy reading,' I pause awkwardly. 'And that's it.' The words I don't say hang in the air. The room feels too stuffy. The air feels heavy. I try to control my breathing, slow down my heart that feels like it could explode, hoping, praying, she doesn't notice my sudden panic.

After my near panic attack in the library I decide to go home early. I walk towards the office slowly, I stroll the long way around. I don't want to bump into any of my friends, they would just ask questions. I didn't need any more questions.

I get to the office, and ask if I can leave. I must look quite pale because the old, balding man behind the desk, the secretary, answers straight away. 'You would need permission from a parent or guardian to leave the school early.'

He continues 'Is there anyone at home I could call?'

'You could call my mom at work,' I reply, taking a seat in the cushioned chair beside the office.

Finally, after more back and forth, my mom saying I could leave, and me reassuring him several times that I was capable of walking home by myself, I was released from the stage that is school.

I stroll away from the school, feeling the wind on my face. Clearing my head, which feels like it could explode. I just keep walking, following my feet. I start walking faster. I start to run. Then, I sprint, away from my problems, my fears, my secrets. Away from people who don't know the real me. Away from anyone who won't accept the real me. I want to scream. Shout at the top of my lungs 'I'm gay!'

Let everyone know, so it doesn't have to be secret anymore. But I don't. I can't.

The next day I went to the library again. Guess who was there... Lauren! She was sitting there completely engrossed in a book, at least she wasn't sitting in my seat this time.

'Hello, again,' I say taking a seat. She doesn't reply at first, doesn't even spare me a glance. 'What book are you reading?' I ask a question so that she has to answer.

We fall into this routine for the next while, going to the library at lunch, chatting about various topics, mainly books, we both love reading, novels especially, wild tales of daring adventurers, sly witches and warlocks and impossible stories of escape, of people defying the odds at every turn. We do talk about school and sports as well, really anything that comes to mind. We rarely talk outside of the small, cosy and completely empty of any people except us, school library filled with floor to ceiling book shelves, filled with books of various size, colour and texture. Inside the library though, we become friends.

I sit in my seat. 'So, how are you today?' I say in mock cheeriness.

'Great,' she replies sarcastically.

We lapse into silence. I rustle through my bag, looking for the book that's probably crushed below my school copies.

'So,' she starts talking again. I don't look up still searching for my book that has seemingly vanished. 'I'm just going to come out and say it..,' she goes on. Where is that book? Honestly, I swear I put it in here. 'I've kinda been wondering a while...' I think I'm just going to have to pick out a new book. 'You're gay, aren't you?' My head snaps up. My mind goes blank. How do I respond to that? Maybe I could say yes and finally tell someone, but should I tell her? Someone I don't even know that well, especially when my own family don't even know. What if someone heard? I quickly scan the room, looking one way then the other and one way then the other again, just to double check. I've paused too long now. I have to answer.

'No,' my mouth blurts out before my brain has the time to come up with any sane, logical answers. It sounds hollow even to my ears. 'No, I'm not.' I repeat more firmly this time, trying to convince her and myself. I add in a little laugh for good measure, trying to lighten the tone, act as if it means nothing to me. I look at Lauren, trying to read her expression, to see if I sold my answer. I really can't tell. Her face gives nothing away. She sits there in silence, staring at me. I feel like she's staring right into my soul, like she can see all the muddled thoughts swirling in my head, like she thinks if she stares long enough all my swirling thoughts will settle.

I wish they would.

'Fine, yes,' I say quietly, breaking eye contact. I look around the library again, just double checking nobody heard me, before settling my gaze on the polished, oak table. I don't want to see the expression on her face right now, her reaction. Instead I continue my search for the missing book the seemed so important just a minute ago.

'Henry,' she says softly, urging me to look up, but I definitely can't, not now. I can feel tears start to gather in my eyes. I really wish I could turn invisible or teleport, or even flying could come in handy now. 'Henry,' she says more firmly now. I have to look up some time I guess. I raise my head, desperately trying to keep the tears from falling. I'm not crying. No. I'm definitely not. But the tears keep falling.

I stand up, looking at the ground again. I walk out of the library, taking long strides. I really wish I could teleport sometimes, I would already be home then, but instead I'm stuck here, trying to sneak out of school. I don't want anyone to see me like this. I rush through the corridor trying to calm myself. Deep breathes. I don't know why I reacted so much. Why am I crying? Why can't I just be normal? Normal people don't cry in school.

I round a corner and suddenly I see Sam, the captain of the hurling team and one of my best friends. I spin and walk quickly in the other direction, praying he didn't see me, or if he did that he didn't see the tears rolling down my face. That would mean more questions and I'll have to come up with some fake excuse, like, maybe my dog just died.

I don't quite run because, I mean, I'm still in school, but I'm nearly at that pace by the time I break through the school door and hurry out the gates heading home. I don't bother going to the office this time.

I go to the library again at lunch after much procrastinating and debating with the part of my brain that wants to hide away, turn invisible or just sink right through the floor. Might as well get it over with and despite my near breakdown or full-out breakdown, whatever that was, the library is still my favourite place.

Lauren is there again, sitting on the same place she sat yesterday, just opposite my seat. I take my seat and grab my book out of my bag, which was actually there yesterday, although somewhat damaged.

'You okay?' she asks

'Fine,' I respond shortly.

'Look, Henry. So what you're gay, that's nothing to be ashamed of. I get it. You don't have to tell everyone if you're not ready. Come out in your own time. But, I just want you to know it's okay to be gay. It's okay to be yourself.

You don't have to hide. If people don't accept you, then they don't deserve to be in your life,' she blurts out all at once in an unusually long monologue.

The bell rings. Lauren leaves.

I don't move. Those words still swirl in my mind 'It's okay to be gay'. I don't know if I've heard those words before.

I think of all the times I've heard the opposite, that it is not okay, in movies, tv shows, offhand comments from people, even jokes from my friends. It's okay to be me.

I'm running later, for some exercise and some fresh air. And to think, to sort out the thoughts in my head. Lauren's words come to the forefront of my mind 'It's okay to be gay' and a mad thought comes to mind. A crazy idea.

'I'M GAY,' I scream at the top of my lungs. I get a few odd looks from passerby's but, it feels good. I feel free. A laugh bubbles up. It's okay to be me.

Untitled

By Jack M

On a busy train Pablo was struggled to get his wheelchair onto the train being thrown around by the swarm of people rushing onto the train. As he finally makes his way on he realised his wallet was missing

"Uhh bro you dropped your wallet". ""

"Ahh thanks man `preciate it, take a seat with me my boy"

"Sure"

They both sat down and began to talk to eachother

So where were you off to Home boy?

Naw jit im cracking down to me ends

Which are ?

"Chicago" said Dimitri

That is fresh my boy , whats your name ?

My name is dimitri sins what about you?

My name is Pablo Philepè.

Suddenly a massive group of people stomped over

"Oh no" said Pablo

"Who are they Pablo?"

"I used to work for them years ago and they are all mad at me "

"Why are they mad at you Pablo?"

"Oh I betrayed them and now they are here to kill me ."I said Pablo

"What! kill?"

"No time to explain ."

Then Pablo rolled his wheel chair real quick to the jacks, the group followed.

In the bathroom Pablo was crawling out the little gap in the window it was a bit of a struggle he got through in the end, now he was on top of the train without his wheelchair so he was just crawling on the roof of the train the people followed up quickly.

Dimitri began to hear banging on the roof of the train and he started to get off his seat and bust through the window and climbed on to the roof he saw Pablo struggling as the men all came at Pablo.Dimitri rushed up and grabbed one of the men and chucked him off the train,the next with a uppercut and the man was out cold.

As Dimitri took out the man one by one he saw a man approaching Pablo with a knife, but Pablo was way quicker he dodged the knife grabbed the knife and stabbed him right in the throat. Dimitri kicked the dead body off the train and puts Pablo on his back.

" i got you homie" said Dimitri

"Sound bruv"

They both calmly got off the train at the next stop which was Evanston. They went to a bar that was near by a seaport to have a pint.

" So why are you in a wheel chair?

" Well i was at war in Syria and I got shot on my leg and we had to amputate them because it got infected badly.

"WOW you are a true hero going to war."

" nah I am no hero I'm just a normal guy, so why would you help a guy like me?"

" my mother told me once no matter how people look you should treat them all equally ."

"Thats really good of you my boy" said Pablo positively

As they chatted on four muscular looking police approached Pablo and dimitri.

"Are you Pablo Philppe Dimitri Sins?" Said the police officers aggressively

"Umm yes" they both said in unison

You are under arrest for six murders.

"Murder?"

"Yes you killed six people on the train now hands behind your back ."

Then pablo whispered to Dimitri "run" they belted away into the distance, the police dashed after them

Dimitri was aggressively pushing Pablos's wheelchair

"FASTER, FASTER!!" Belled Pablo

"I am!"

More and more police began to join the chase, the police shouted

"We will not hesitate to shoot if you do not stop ."

Out of the corner of Dimitri's eyes he saw an empty tourist boat that was just about to leave. Dimitri dashed towards the boat and pushed Pablo onto the boat just on time.

"Stop! Right now" shouted the police "this is your last warning ."

"Dimitri! Quick you can still make it" screamed Pablo

But Dimitri knew it was all too late Dimitri saluted to Pablo and then gunshots.

Pablo couldn't do anything about it as the boat moved away from the port and the scene slowing becoming fainter and fainter.

This is not goodbye, just farewell for now!

The boogers revenge

Draft 2

By Jack N

One stormy night in Stoke. Suzie was in the gym training for the Bodybuilder finals with her trainer Jp. After her workout she called for a taxi. A Norigian man picked her up from the gym.

"What's up"

"Sup"

"What's your name?"

"My name is Vladimir but you can call me Vlad. What's your name?"

"My name is Suzie. Nice to meet you Vlad"

"Nice to meet you to. Where do you want to go?"

"Can you drop me off at 74 Vodka Avenue?"

"Sure thing"

Vladimir plays Norigian music in the background.

"Where is this music from"

"Norway"

Silence for several minutes until.

"Did you hear the shocking news about the boogers escaping from prison"

"Yeah I wonder how they escaped that easily"

It went quite for a few minutes until there seemed to be a loud engine sound outside.

Suzie turned to detect what was that loud engine sound until.

She screamed until the windows were about to break.

"WHO IS THAT"

Shocked to see 5 motorbikes with Ak 47 shooting at them from behind.

"I think there the boogers I was talking to you about remember"

"How do you know what the boogers look like"

Vladimir paused. And began to talk slowly and quietly.

"I used to be one of them"

"One of who?"

Vladimir shouts.

"A BOOGER"

"Ohhhhhhhh I didn't know that"

"There after me because I wanted to get revenge on them for beating me up and kicking me out of the group"

"What did you do to get revenge on them?"

"I went up to the police station and told them that they robbed several banks all over this country"

"That's very bad"

"I think they want to kill me. But I was prepared for this moment"

Vladimir drives towards a cliff looking to jump off it.

Suzie panics.

"Vlad don't do this please I beg you"

The car transforms into a submarine so that Vladimir and Suzie can find a way to hide for the night. Vlad made sure he was ready for this moment after spending thousands of euros trying to make a perfect getaway vehicle.

"There's land near by. We can stay there for the night and head back to Stoke in the morning."

"Eh Vlad"

"What"

"My trainer Jp just texted me saying he wants me in the gym first thing tomorrow morning"

"Tell this so called Jp to reschedule your training and that there is a bounty on your taxi driver"

"Vlad don't panic"

"I'm not panicking I'm just stressed out over everything"

"What do you mean"

Vladimir didn't respond. It was silence until.

"Look out a shark"

Vladimir didn't say anything he ran over the shark.

Hours have past Vladimir and Suzie found the land that they were looking for and head there to stay the night.

"Rumble" the sound of there stomachs acing for food.

"Look up there"

"What"

"Suzie climb up this coconut tree and see if there's enough coconuts to last us until morning"

"I'll check now"

Suzie climbed up the tree aggressively hoping to be coconuts.

"Vlad"

"Yeah"

"There's 6 coconuts up here how many do you want"

"Get 4"

"Why 4"

"Just get four and get down I'm starving"

Suzie snatched the coconuts and came down the tree safely. Vladimir and Suzie ate the delicious coconuts for their dinner.

"Those coconuts were very nice. Weren't they?"

"Yeah I thought so to"

Vlad went to brush his teeth before he went to bed. But Vlad forgot to pack toothpaste. So he opened his Extra Cool Breeze chewing gum instead of brushing his teeth.

"Chewing gum?"

"Yes please. Thanks Vlad"

"Your very welcome"

The next day. There seems to be no sign of the boogers so this is the chance for Vladimir and Suzie to escape the island in Vladimirs submarine.

"Suzie. Suzie. SUZIE"

"What Vlad I'm trying to sleep?"

"Now it's our chance to get off the island. I think we lost the boogers"

Suzie leaped out of her sleeping bag.

"Let's get off this island now"

"We have to go back in the submarine"

"Not again"

Vladimir and Suzie hop back into the submarine. Suzie looks back to check if the boogers are chasing them again but there was no sign of them. 1 hour later.

Vladimir and Suzie got back to Stoke safely so Vladimir dropped Suzie off to the gym where her trainer Jp wasn't to pleased.

"Where have you been?"

"I was busy"

"We should've started your training 2 hours ago. What's more important than training for the Bodybuilder finals?"

"It's a long story"

"Make it short then"

"Vlad my taxi driver is getting hunt down by this gang called the boogers"

"I've heard of them. Didn't they escape from prison a few days ago?"

"Yeah they did"

"Why are they after Vlad then?"

"Vlad was the one who sent them to prison"

"So Vlad used to be a booger?"

"Sort off but not really"

"I was the getaway driver"

"What got you kicked out of the group"

"No reason they kept beating me and after that they kicked me out of the group. So I thought I should tell the police who robbed those banks over the country"

"Very brave of you to speak up about it"

"It was a terrifying experience being in their group"

Suzie trained with Jp for 4 hours to train for the Bodybuilder finals. Suzie looks like she's bound to win it this year. This would be her third time entering the competition. She's came so close to winning it but keeps on failing each time. This will look like a redemption story to remember.

Suzie finishes her training with Jp.

"Alright Vlad"

"Alright Jp"

"How's the training going?"

"It's going very well I think she might end up winning it this year"

"I think so to"

"So what was it like being a booger?"

"It was the worst feeling ever"

"How bad on the scale of 1-10?"

"10 obviously"

"Oh then that must have been tough for you traitor"

Jp started to get more aggressive while talking to Vladimir.

"Get em boys"

"What do you mean Jp?"

"How dare you disrespect the boogers"

Jp starts to beat up Vlad by hitting uppercuts, putting him in headlocks and viscous kicks. Then a black van came in and put in a Knocked out Vladimir in the van.

Hours have passed. Vlad sees himself inside of an warehouse.

Vlad screams.

"WHERE AM I?"

"I wish that it haven't came to this Vlad"

"Please Jp this is a misunderstanding the gang kept on beating me up. It's your fault for it"

"Well we don't like people who snitch on the boogers so now your going to pay for it"

"You guys never done that to anyone else but why me?"

"Those people that snitch on us have become one of us. It's either you join us or we kill you"

"I'd rather die then be in the gang again"

"Suite yourself. I gave you a chance to redeem yourself but I guess not. It's your funeral"

Jp comes closer with a knife eager to kill.

Vlad shouts.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO"

The battle of boogers

By Jack SL

One wet stormy night in Stoke, Suzie was in the gym training for the bodybuilder final with her trainer. After her work out she called for a taxi. After 20 minutes the taxi finally pulls up. A Norwegian man with a bald head and a big dirty beard covering his entire face screams out the window, "hello, are you looking for taxi?" "Yes I am!" Suzie shouts back

Suzie climbs into the black car, the seats were scruffy and there was a scent of cigarettes. Suzie hates cigarettes. "Can you drop me off at 74 vodka avenue please sir," announces Suzie in a nervous tone.

"Yes, yes, yes, no problem" replies the taxi driver.

"How was day?" Asks the taxi driver

"it was good, I spent the entire day in the gym because my bodybuilder final is coming up soon" said Suzie

"Nice!, you bodybuilder? I would not expect"

"I like gym as well maybe we can train together one day." Says the taxi driver.

For some reason Suzie did not trust the taxi driver

She had a strange feeling about him but she did not know why.

The taxi driver switches on the radio.

"Breaking news" reads a monotonous radio woman "the infamous criminal gang Boogers have

Escaped from prison and they are on the loose" the taxi driver quickly switches off the radio

"oh no" he says "this is very, very bad"

"w-why, who are boogers" stutters Suzie.

"boogers are criminal gang, and three years ago they" the taxi driver suddenly went quiet and sped up

There was a deafening engine sound. Suzie turns around and sees at least six motorbikes hurdling towards them with guns. "Ahhhh who's that" screeches Suzie

"Boogers" the taxi driver replies

The motorbikes catch up to them and start shooting at the car. "Vlad get out of the car before we blow you up" shouts one of the boogers. Vlad keeps on driving as fast as he can, swerving in and out of traffic. "Why are they chasing us" Suzie asks.

"It is long story" Vlad pauses for a moment "very long"

The car comes to a sudden halt

"Those idiots popped our tires" says Vlad

Vlad opens up the glove compartment and pulls out two shotguns, he passes one to Suzie "take this" he says "we are going to fight them"

Within seconds the seven boogers moterbikes pull up to the scene

Suzie aims the gun at one of the boogersman head through the car window. She hits the trigger and the bullet smashes the window and goes straight through his head.

Vlad jumps out of the car and he is from head to toe in black bullet proof armour. All the boogersmen spray their ak47s at Vlad but the bullets dont touch him. He walks

up to each of the boogers men and shoots them one by one as if it was a video game. Thirty seconds later Vlad swings open the car door again and tells Suzie

"boogers are gone, let's get on moterbike" Vlad picks up one of the boogers' moterbike and waits for Suzie to climb on. They burst up to 300 k/h and sail away happily and relieved on the motorway for what they didn't know was the last time.

A Deep Tunnel Draft 2

By James C

Diary

22/04/19

I'm not sure if I am someone normal. People call me attractive and I have a well built body but I don't really like hearing all that. I don't want to sound ungrateful as a lot of people would kill to be able to hear that almost every day but it does make me uncomfortable. People always ask who am I with and I always reply with "nobody". Of course a lot of people think I am lying but I swear to them I'm not. Unlike most people I don't really feel any kind of attraction like that to people.

When I was younger I used to force myself to have a crush and I did things I thought people with actual crushes did. I kept little things they might've given me and talked about them to friends but I never really meant the things I said I felt towards that person.

Now I am in my last year of school besides college and I've had zero relationships. I used to feel like I needed to have one as that's what everyone pushed on each other but nothing genuine ever happened. At age nineteen people do judge you for not having anyone but I deal with it. I recently decided to look up how I felt. I never could before because my parents didn't allow wifi in my house until just two or three years ago.

What I found out is that there is a lot of people out there that are just like me. I found out that I am asexual/aromantic . Which means I have little to no romantic and sexual attraction to others. Knowing that there are others and many of them out there really has boosted my confidence and makes me sort of proud in a way. Technically I am in the LGBTQIA+ community but I do feel kind of disconnected from the rest of the community as they are over there relating on the fact they have these coming out stories and when they learned what they like when my side of the community doesn't love people in that way. At least not all of us.

There are acceptions and you can be asexual and not aromantic or aromantic but not asexual. As for me, like I said I fall into both and finally having the knowledge that the way I feel is something others do does relieve me a bit. Especially after all these years.

26/08/19

Dear Diary

This is going to be shorter than that last entry from four months ago. I am just going to catch you up on my life since discovering who I am. I have met some new friends in my new job at this restaurant. One of which is like me in the sense they are also aromantic. It's nice having someone in person who understands exactly what it's like.

They want to introduce me to a couple of their friends which I am a bit nervous for as I'm not the most social person but at the same time I am a bit eager to meet these people because I never had too many friends throughout school and especially ones that I can heavily trust. My co-worker is very nice and I'm comfortable around them so I'm hoping their friends are also. I think I am finally going to have a group of people I can call good friends. So close to my birthday too.

Well that is about it. I've become more comfortable with myself also but besides that I think I've caught you up enough.

Goodbye for now.

Untitled

By Josh G

Once there was a Skeleton and he hated Donald Trump. His hatred was so big that he did anything to get rid of the American man. The Skeleton would do things from getting trump to fly to the sahara desert or hiring hitmen. Unfortunately as one of America's most powerful people, Trump always outsmarted the Skeleton. Once Donald Trump said to the skeleton that he would be "double dead" since he is a skeleton.

One random sunday, The Skeleton came up with an idea and it involved Barack Obama who was the 44th POTUS. "Okay Obama, we gotta get rid of Donald Trump" said The Skeleton. "I never told anyone about this but when Trump was the POTUS, he didn't allow me to marry Sonic the Hedgehog. It was an unforgivable sin" said Obama. They both came up with a plan and Lebron James and Big chungus were involved.

It was the day the plan will happen, the day that might see the last of Donald Trump. It was 9:30 am and it was sunny outside the white house. Donald Trump was smoking a cigar outside the white house and it was peaceful outside. The Skeleton hid behind the bush with an ak-47 hoping to assassinate Donald Trump. "Yeah boi, it's showtime" said the Skeleton. The ak-47 was reloaded place in place ready to get rid of the fat dumb president.

Donald Trump noticed the AK-47 and he suspects it was the Skeleton again. "bingo" said Donald Trump as he picked up the Skeleton with his old hands. The Skeleton was caught again by his worst enemy. Obama jumped into Trump and got him to the ground. Then they started to fight each other. Obama and Trump did punches and kicks to each other. It was only going to get crazier. The Skeleton ran away to get Big chungus to the scene. Big chungus came the first thing he did was throw his chocolate at Donald Trump, causing him to stink. Suddenly Big Chungus faced Donald Trump and continued to dump his chocolate at Trump. Big chungus came too far when he realised the whole place was filled with chocolate sauce. Lebron James walked to the White house and started to lick all of the chocolate despite it smelling bad. The Chocolate smelled bad but tasted good. It's not the obvious object you are thinking of.

"The chocolate is so yummy that I wish I had a pet bunny to have more," said Lebron James. "What the hell are you doing Lebron" mumbled the Skeleton, "You have to fight Trump not lick chocolate." The Chocolate turned Donald trump into a Chocolate monster. He was big, brown, stink and looked like he came from the sewers. Obama realised he was too weak to fight Trump so he turned into the Obama Prism while the Skeleton became big.

As a Obama prism, Obama was the shape of a four sided pyramid and he can fly and spin very fast. Obama annoyed Trump as if he was a wasp. "Oh no, not the Obama Prism" shouted Trump. Then the skeleton came in and grabbed trump . "Please let go of me" begged Trump as the Giant Skeleton was about to throw him. Suddenly, Donald Trump was thrown across the air and he flew off. He went through rapid speeds in the air and at the end he landed in the Sahara Desert to never be seen again. "We did it!" everyone said and they celebrated. In the end, The Skeleton became the new US president

Train thief

By Nicole T

Jayson is a 19 year old college student studying law in hopes of being a lawyer some day. He catches the same train to college every morning and sits in the same spot on the train every time. This morning a strange looking women he's never seen on the train before was sitting in his seat so he sat beside her, confused, as no one ever takes his seat. He thinks she looks friendly so he starts a conversation.

"Hi!" He says innocently.

"Hello!" She replies.

"How are you?" He asked happily.

"I'm good how are you?" She says with a grin on her face.

"Good, where are you off to?" He questioned.

"I'm going on holidays."

"Where are you going?"

"Killarney."

"I went there yesterday it's a really nice place!" He giggles.

"Oh really that's my favourite place!" She said with confidence.

"My name is Jayson what's your name?"

"I'm Susan."

"Nice to meet you Susan!"

There was an awkward silence.

"Anyway I have got to go, this is my stop" Jayson stood up gathering his stuff.

"Oh this is my stop too! That's crazy." She stutters smiling an awkward smile.

"I thought you were going to Killarney?" He wondered.

"Did I say that? I meant I'm going to Kilkenny!"

"How did you manage that?"

"I'm always messing up my places." She says suspiciously.

"Oh ok?" Jayson feels uncomfortable so he starts to walk away. They hopped off the train and Susan kept walking with Jayson. As he got further down the street Jayson then realised his phone was missing.

"Where's my phone? Ugh I must have left it on the train, I better go back and get it" Susan stops Jayson.

"No the train has already gone" she says angrily, holding her hand out in front of him.

"I need my phone though, you go on, I'll get it"

"Okay, goodbye nice meeting you I guess" she says as she rolls her eyes and turns the other way.

Jayson turns around and walks towards the train. He checks to see if Susan is following him and finds Susan running down the street with his bag full of stuff. Jayson panics and tried to run after Susan but couldn't keep up. He then rushed to the Garda's station to tell them the story hoping they can help him.

"SHE TOOK MY STUFF" Jayson yells.

"Who?" The Garda asks calmly.

"S-Susan "

"Calm down and we can help you"

The Garda brings Jayson into a private room to talk about the incident. Jayson explains his story to the Garda.

"A girl?" The Garda interrogated.

"Yes" He says with a worried look on his face.

"I don't believe you, a girl would never do that" He snaps

"You have to believe me, please" He begged.

"There's no way"

Jayson was furious that the Guards didn't believe him. But then a person flashes by the window.

"THERE SHE IS!"

Jayson hops out of his seat pointing out the window.

"well go get her then if you say so" The Garda says unbothered.

Jayson runs out of the room barging through every door chasing Susan. As he runs down the street he stops to read a familiar poster on a lamppost to see a sign with the words in red "WANTED:TRAIN THEIF" with a picture of Susan.

"Uh oh"

The guards quickly jumped into their car an turned on the sirens. They eventually got Susan and brought her to the station but she is trying to convince them it wasn't her. The Guards bring Jayson to the station. Susan explains they she wasn't on the train and shes never seen Jayson before. Jayson starts getting really angry.

"WHERE'S MY STUFF?" he shouted.

Susan looked terrified and confused but the Guards knew it's all part of the act. They have been looking for her for years but the guard who was with Jayson first was new so the Guard didn't know about her. While the guard's argued with each other saying how they nearly could have lost Susan again for years Susan was gone and so was Jayson. The guards rushed out to see Susan running down the street and Jayson following.

The guard's followed but even with Jayson right behind her and the Garda car they lost her AGAIN. Jayson got so mad he stormed away and went home. Because he's on a different train home his seat was taking he didn't risk sitting side them because he knew what happened last time. He stood for the whole journey but someone was trying to talk to him he ignored her for ages because of how angry he was but eventually said hi back. He turned around and it was Susan.

The Train thief

Draft 2

By Roz D

Jayson is a 19 year old college student studying law in hopes of being a lawyer. He catches the same train to collage every morning and sits in the same spot on the train every time. This morning a strange looking woman he's never seen on the train before was sitting in his seat so he sat beside her, confused, as no one ever takes his seat. He felt quite uncomfortable as no one ever sits there except him and many people know that. He sat down, anxious fiddling with his hands before he plucked up the courage to say something.

"Um hello" He stuttered avoiding eye contact.

"Hello there!" She replies grinning ear to ear.

"Do you usually take this train?" Jayson questions trying to find out why she's sitting in his spot.

"No it's my first time here, I just moved here yesterday! Do you?"

"Ah yes, I take this train everyday to college and that's where I usually sit so I was wondering why you were here"

"Oh I'm sorry about that I didn't know!" The woman says moving off the seat.

"No no don't worry about it I just always sit here, many people know and that's why I was confused."

"Well I'm sorry to bother you!" She chirps .

"Don't worry about it! Where are you off to?" Jayson asks the woman.

"I'm on my way to O'Connells street for work!"

"What do you do for work?" He asks.

"I'm an author! It's my dream to be an author so I came here to work for the business Writing Works!" She says with a big smile on her face.

"That's awesome! So where did you move from?" Jayson asks.

"I moved from London."

"That's really cool!" Jayson replies nervously.

"Thank you Jayson" The woman replies.

"Wait, how do you know my name?" Jayson turns his head swiftly looking at her with open eyes. The woman smiled.

"Uh well this is my stop." Jayson says feeling very uncomfortable.

"Oh this is my stop too! That's crazy." She stutters smiling a strange smile.

"I thought you were going to O'Connells street? This is Pearse street." He wondered

"Did I say that? I meant I'm going to Pearse Street!"

"How did you manage to mess that up?" He says awkwardly.

"I'm always messing up my places." She says suspiciously.

"Oh ok?" Jayson feels uncomfortable so he starts to walk away.

He gets off the train, Susan then kept walking with Jayson.

Jayson then realised his phone was missing.

"Where's my phone? Ugh I must have left it on the train, I better go back and get it"

Jayson turns around to find Susan stopping him.

"No the train has already gone" She says holding her hand out in front of him.

"I need my phone though, you go on, I'll go get it" Jayson says walking back towards the train.

"Okay, goodbye nice meeting you I guess" She says as she rolls her eyes. Jayson turns around to check if Susan is following him and finds Susan running down the street with his phone in her hand and his college bag full of his stuff, his laptop his wallet, his college card and everything that he needs. Jayson panics and tried to run after Susan but couldn't keep up. He then rushed to the Garda's station to tell them what has happened.

"There's a thief running around with my stuff sir."

"A what?" The Garda says stuffing his face with a sandwich not paying attention to Jayson at all.

"A thief. I was on the train and she ran away with my stuff. I need that stuff."

"Hold on hold on take a seat" The Garda says waving his hand at the chair.

"She?" The Garda says confused.

"Yes? Do you have a problem?" Jayson says baffled he would question such a thing.

"No no no a girl wouldn't do that" He denies.

"Excuse me?" Jayson stammers.

"Your saying a girl stole from you?" The Garda interrogated.

"Yes" He says with a worried look on his face.

"I don't believe you, a girl would never do that" He snaps.

"I'm sorry I don't understand" Jayson says.

"What do you not get? I don't believe a girl would steal"

"So you think I'm lying?"

"Well, yes, there's no way that would happen"

"What year are you living in thinking 'girls don't steal'? Girls can do anything bays can" Jayson says rolling up his eyes in pure anger.

"A person flashes by the window.

"THERE SHE IS!"

Jayson hops out of his seat pointing out the window.

"Well go get her then if you say so" The Garda says unbothered.

Jayson runs out of the room barging through every door chasing Susan. The Garda watches him sprint past the window chasing Susan. As he runs down the street he stops to read a familiar poster on a lamppost to see a sign with the words in red "WANTED:TRAIN THEIF" with a picture of Susan.

"Uh oh"

Signature Move

By Ryan N

One bright sunny day, Daquavion decided to get the train to work. He hopped on the train around 6:40AM hoping to be at work by 7:30AM. The only thing on Daquavion's mind was basketball. Daquavion hoped to be a big star in the NBA one day, but for now he has to work a minimum wage job to get through his life. Daquavion always wanted to be either in the NBA or be a multimillionaire rapper. Around five minutes after Daquavion jumped on the train some random person sat beside him, his name was Tom. Tom is a very popular UFC fighter, Daquavion starts to freak out, "are you the real Tom?!" "Yes, indeed I am" said Tom. "Ever since I've been small I've always supported you!" said Daquavion. "Thank you, that's very appreciated" said Tom. Both of them started chatting for nearly twenty minutes, Tom asked Daquavion what he wanted to be when he was older, Daquavion replied with "an NBA Star!". "Oh wow, I'd say your built for it" said Tom. Daquavion is around 6'8 inches tall. "I play basketball nearly everyday" said Daquavion. "I think you'll make it Daquavion" said Tom. "Thank you Tom" said Daquavion. "So, where are you off to?" said Tom. "I'm off to work" said Daquavion. "I just work in some shop, it's nothing big, just to help me get by" said Daquavion. "Fair enough, at least you have the job" said Tom. As the both of them continue to chat for another fifteen minutes, they start talking about such random stuff. A minute later they both here the ticket inspectors coming around to check tickets. Daquavion runs into the toilets and hides, he prays that the ticket inspector doesn't come over to the toilets to check for people that didn't pay. He tried to stay silent. Tom sneakily creeps into the toilet with Daquavion. "You didn't pay either?" asked Daquavion. "No I didn't" said Tom. "I didn't have enough money to pay" whispered Daquavion. "I was a cent off" said Tom.

"They should've let you on in my opinion" said Daquavion.

"I know right" said Tom.

"So picky" said Daquavion.

A bang on the door frightens the two, "open up, tickets please" shouted the inspector.

"Oh no" said both Daquavion and Tom.

They proceed to not open the bathroom door, the inspector gets annoyed and hits the door in.

Tom manages to escape through a different door that Daquavion didn't see.

Now Tom is on the top of the train and just manages to grab Daquavion and help him on.

The inspectors follow them but then Tom helps and uses his signature move on the ticket inspector.

The inspector gets knocked out and starts to slide off the train.

But the other inspector catches his leg and throws him back inside the train.

The other inspector starts sprinting at both Daquavion and Tom full force.

Tom and the inspector started to have a full on brawl on top of the train.

Tom throwing multiple punches and the ticket inspector throwing more back.

Tom ducks down after the ticket inspector tries to throw a hard punch at him and Tom throws a nasty uppercut and really drains the ticket inspector. He starts to look droopy and out of it, he slowly falls to the ground. Tom is really using his UFC skills to use on the ticket inspector. Daquavion notices a bridge up ahead, "hey Tom, look up" said Daquavion.

"Well that can't be good" said Tom

They start getting closer to the bridge, Daquavion and Tom try to get back into the train through broken window.

Daquavion manages to crawl back into the train, when Tom tried to get back in the inspector pulls Tom back on top of the train.

Tom kicks the inspector in the head and he flies off the train.

Tom just manages to get back into the train with milliseconds to spare.

As they go under the bridge the first inspector wakes up after being knocked out. He starts to chase Daquavion and Tom through the train again.

Daquavion and Tom manage to lose the inspector by running through each carriage. They try to sneak around after losing the inspector.

Daquavion looks behind them and sees the inspector creeping up behind Tom.

"Tom" screams Daquavion

But it was too late.

The inspector smacked Tom from behind and knocks him clean out.
Daquavion tries to hit the inspector and climb back on top of the train.
Daquavion sprints to the back of the train to get away from the inspector again.
They successfully find a hiding spot which is a different toilet in the train and stays there for 5 minutes.
Someone bangs on the door and Daquavion gets ready to hit who it is, thinking it was the inspector he forcefully opens the door and gives the person a right hand.
Turns out it was Tom looking for Daquavion after waking up, Tom was once again knocked out.
Daquavion is shocked at first but then says to himself "for a UFC fighter he does get knocked out quite easily." Daquavion turns around to see the inspectors fist.
But Daquavion thinks fast and dodges the hit.
Daquavion then tries to do Toms signature move to knock out the inspector.
But misses miserable and falls on his face.
They quickly get up and act like nothing happened.
The inspector starts to laugh at him.
But Tom from behind does his signature move, knocking out the inspector.
"That's how it's done" says Tom to Daquavion.
As the train slowly came to a stop, Daquavion realised its near his shop.
"Oh this is my stop" says Daquavion
"It was nice to meet you Daquavion" says Tom
"You too Tom" says Daquavion
As Daquavion got off the train, they waved to Tom as the train started moving again.
Tom continue to act like he didn't just knockout two ticket inspectors. Tom was actually getting ready for a match this evening, "well that's my workout for the day done" said Tom
"Time to go relax until the match."

Untitled

By Sadhbh L

Avery

She watched from the shade of a great oak as Allison laughed and twirled barefoot through the meadow's wildflowers, arms outstretched. Fallen flowers seemed to rise at her touch. Poppies withered from the scorching summer sun lay at her feet. A golden hairpin held her wild black curls in place. She was wearing the same yellow sundress she wore on their first date. The hem was now wet and covered in mud from running through a brook moments before. Avery closed her eyes, trying to capture the moment, hold onto it for as long as possible and when she was certain she could remember everything down to the last detail, she gently picked up the watercolours that lay on the blanket beside her.

Thirty minutes had passed and the vibrant blue sky had faded into a dusty pink colour before Avery finally set the notepad down. The paint was still wet on the page and the poppies looked too dark and the grass wasn't the right shade of green but, in the centre of the ruined meadow, there was a girl, with a golden butterfly hairpin hidden behind a sea of black curls and a sunshine yellow dress spread out around her, a constellation of freckles dusted the bridge of her nose. Avery had always told her that yellow complemented her beautiful dark skin.

Beautiful.

Avery felt like she had been punched in the gut. Her cheeks flushed and all she could do was stare at the ground in shock as all the sappy love songs they made fun of for years together made sense.. Allison was the sun on her dark days that were more frequent than she cared to admit, she had a smile that could light up any room and was the only person who Avery didn't feel the need to apologise to for simply being herself.

Avery laughed and took a deep shaky breath. She hasn't realised how dark the sky had gotten. A small drop of water landed on the page making the colours run. Then another. And another. Avery was hit with the warm smell of summer rain. The sudden sunshower caught her off guard as she ran after Allison who was standing in the tall grass, eyes closed and head thrown back.

"Hey." She laughed and threw her arms around her.

"Hey." Allison smiled, resting her head on Avery's shoulder.

They began to move in slow circles through the rain that was now thundering down in heavy sheets. Allison lifted their entwined hands above them and gently twirled Avery underneath. The meadow and heavy summer air faded away and all that was left was Allison's loud laugh and warm smile. Avery wished she could capture this moment with all the emotions that came with it and hold it close to her forever.

But right now it was only the two of them underneath a beautiful dark sky, in a once beautiful field, hair plastered to their faces and shivering with the cold but neither wanting to let go of the other.

They were drenched.

They were freezing.

But they were happy and they were in love.

Second Draft

Allison

"It hurts...It hurts a lot." Allison thought, lying in a meadow filled with dead flowers, underneath a blossom pink sky.

She couldn't stand how Avery looked at her. She didn't want Avery to love her. Allison's stomach dropped everytime Avery held her hand, held the door for her or even glanced in her direction. She could see that Avery was slowly falling for her more and more everyday. And Allison? Allison was quickly falling out of love. Was it ever even love in the first place?

She didn't want to be alone again. Not telling Avery how she really felt was cruel but she was supposed to be the light guiding Avery out of the dark but sometime over the past few months she had lost herself to that darkness with no light of her own to guide her. She wanted to tell Avery. She wanted to tell her how she doesn't feel the same way about her anymore. Allison felt like it was too late to tell her. It would crush her completely. She'd stumble back into an even darker place than before.

She couldn't do it. She couldn't take this anymore.

It felt like everything came crashing down all at once. She couldn't breathe. She felt too hot. Her mind was racing. Avery was finally happy, how could she do this to her? How could she be so selfish ? She could grin and bear it for a few more months. But it would hurt Avery even more if Allison left it for too long.

She could learn to love her, couldn't she?

Allison thought, "I mean, There's nothing wrong with Avery, she is beautiful, she is smart, she is funny. So, there must be something wrong with me. Right? Why else can't I love her? I was so sure she was 'the one' a month ago. What changed?"

Allison placed a hand to her mouth to stifle a sob. She turned her back to Avery, praying she couldn't hear her.

Allison felt a small drop of rain slide down her tear streaked face. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Avery running over to her. She quickly stood up, dusted herself off and forced a laugh and smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. She was thankful for the rain sliding down her cheeks as it hid her tears well.

Avery threw her arms around Allison. She smiled and whispered "hey". She leaned into Allison's right shoulder. There it was. The smile. The one Allison admired for years before they were even together. She once thought that she would do anything to be with Avery, anything to wake up every morning to that smile. But She was young, naïve and too in love to realise that they were completely different people, with nothing in common.

Avery was wearing black shorts and a matching oversized t-shirt with a small embroidered white tick on the right sleeve. Her cropped brown hair curled around her ears. Her emerald green eyes were filled with golden flecks. Avery's porcelain white skin seemed to glow against Allison's dark brown.

Avery held Allison's hand and pulled her down onto the meadow's floor. There, under the heavy rainfall, Avery leaned over and whispered the words Allison dreaded hearing.

"I love you."

Her stomach dropped and her heart grew heavy. Allison quickly blinked away the tears.

"I-"



"What did you expect?"

By Sophie T

War is upon us and it won't be like you pictured, Here I am, my name is Richard.
I am a male, this is where my story sets sail.
I may not be courageous,
Aond definitely not the bravest. I don't need your validation, Even if I'm not an
inspiration.
Though it has no effect on you're life,
Im not doing this out of spite. I have to say this bluntly,
I will not be serving for my country.

From sorority to priority,
Here I am my name is Dorothy. I am a female,
This is my story and I will give you every detail.
I'm not to be shown off like a parade,
I'm skilled with guns and especially a grenade. I will shift my shoulders to square,
I am always ready and aware,
I am not here to agree and be quiet, I'm here to yell and to start a riot.
I am diligent trust me,
I will be serving for my country.

If you think there's an issue,
There's new rules you need to commit to. It's not that he's meek,
Or because his arms are weak. Don't say "Be a man"or, "You're not doing all you
can".
He has a choice and should not fear to use his voice. She's far from aggressive,
just expressive and that's practical.
But of course "Its too much" and she's just radical. People are different and things
are changing,
We're not naive,there's no need for much explaining. Expectations are common,all
are given roles.
But the world is you're oyster,time to take control.

Untitled

By Vincent G

An old man with gold-rimmed glasses and dusty clothes sat on the side of the road.

There was a bridge over the river, and wagons, trucks, men, women, and children were crossing the bridge. The cart pulled by the donkey wobbled from the bridge up the steep slope, and a few soldiers helped push the spokes of the wheels. The trucks creaked onto the bridge, and drove off again, leaving everything behind, and the farmers trudged through the dust.

But the old man sat there, motionless. He was too tired to walk.

My task is to cross the bridge to scout the situation on the other side of the bridgehead and find out where the enemy is advancing. I return from the bridge when the mission is complete. Now there are not so many carts and few pedestrians left, but the old man is still there.

"Where are you from?" I asked him.

"San Carlos," he said, smiling.

It was his hometown, and it made him happy to mention it.

I take care of animals. ' he explained.

"Oh." I said, not quite understanding.

"Yes," he said, "I stayed, you see, to take care of the animals. I was the last to leave San Carlos."

He didn't look like a shepherd or a cattle-raiser. Looking at his dusty black clothes, his dusty gray face, and his gold-rimmed glasses, I said, "What animal?"

"All kinds of animals," he said, shaking his head. "I had to drop them."

I was wondering how long it would take to see the enemy, all the while listening, catching the first commotion that marked the start of the mysterious encounter. , while the old man was still sitting there.

"What animal?" I asked.

"There are three animals," he explained. "Two goats and a cat, and four pairs of pigeons."

"And you had to drop them?" I asked.

"Yes. Because of the guns. The captain told me to leave because of the guns."

"No one else in your house?" I asked as I watched the last few carts were hurried down the slope on the opposite bank.

"No," he said. "Only the animals I'm talking about. Of course, the cat will be fine."

The cat can take care of itself, but I can't think of anything else."

"What are your political views?" I asked.

"Politics has nothing to do with me," he said. "I'm a seventy-six years old man. I've walked twelve kilometers and I don't think I can walk anymore."

"This is not the place to stop," I said. "If you're okay, there are trucks at the fork in the road to Tortosa."

"I want to wait a while," he said. "And then I'll go. Where are all those trucks going?"

"Barcelona directions," I told him.

"I don't know anyone in that direction," he said, "but thank you very much. Thank you again."

He looked at me very dazedly and wearily, and then, because he had to find someone to take care of himself, he said, "The cat will be fine, I'm sure. There is no need to worry about the cat. But other animals, you think others will. how?"

"They probably survived."

"You think so?"

"Of course," I said, looking across the river, where there were no carts now.

"But they told me to leave because of the artillery, but what if they fired?"

"You didn't lock the cage, did you?" I asked.

"no."

"Then they will fly away."

"Yes, of course they fly away. But the others. It's better not to think about the others," he said.

"If you've had enough rest, I'll go," I urged. "Get up and try to take two steps."

"Thank you," he said, standing up, rocking from side to side, then slumped back into the dust.

"I'm tending animals," he said dully, but not to me anymore. "I'm just taking care of the animals."

There is nothing to help him. Today is Easter Sunday, and the fascists are marching toward the Ebro.

The weather was overcast and cloudy, so their planes wouldn't be out. This, combined with the fact that cats know how to take care of themselves, is all the luck an old man can have.

Fragile Masculinity

By Maya C

Tyler had just returned from football training. He was very distraught but it had nothing to do with training, though Coach did make them do suicide runs, which sucked. It was because for the majority of training he was being slagged by his team because his younger sister had painted his nails. The paint was a clumpy hot pink colour that was more on his fingers than his nails. He didn't mind it, he liked it.

He had been called the height of names and got some less than kind comments about his lack of 'masculinity'.

As soon as he got into his bedroom he picked and peeled until his nails were stripped of the hot pink paint.

He went into the bathroom, washed his hand and then headed into his sister's room. He walked over to her messy white bucket full of nail varnish and picked out a nice lilac colour. He went back to his room and lightly applied two layers to each of his nails, fully ready for training tomorrow.

Career Ending

St. Kilians 1st Year Group

Character:

- Niela the Boxer
- o Loves/Greatest likes/Passions: Football, Boxing, and Baking.
- o Greatest fears/Things that annoy her: Lee King (Her opponent), Swimming, and Spiders.
- o Best Friend: Bob, the man who lives next door, and Manny her dog.

Niela went for a walk with her dog. Later, as she was walking, she saw a for sale sign in Bob's window and moving boxes outside the front door. She noticed Lee King, is moving in next door where Bob had once lived.

While walking into her house, she fell and hit her face and was knocked out. Manny saved her by barking at someone who was walking by. That person was Lee King.

A few hours go by and she wakes up in the hospital. Her manager is talking to a nurse and she overhears that she might not be able to fight anymore because she is badly injured.

Lee King finds out and is happy hear about it but then realised that she wouldn't be able to fight her and got upset. She decides to train more to try and be better than Niela. Lee King is upset because she was looking forward to this big fight, so she's training more so she can be strong enough to fight better. She sees this as a great opportunity to get better than Niela.

Niela is allowed to train again, but not properly. During the training she realised she could injure herself more if she isn't careful. She was really sad and bummed out because she couldn't train, so her friend Bob goes and visits her, to cheer her up and make her feel better. Bob hates when she's boxing because she always gets hurt.

The next day, Bob was walking his dog, when Niela asks if he would like to come in.

Niela decided to ask the manager, Sam, if she could box in the next match, which was in the next month.

Niela's opponent, Lee King, faints the next day and is hospitalised and can't attend the fight in a month. Keon Ling, a male fighter, who is very technical, is going to be her new opponent. She remembered that Keon Ling was the kid that bullied her when she was small.

The EREF, an Equal Rights Equal Fights boxing ring, is where all genders can fight one another. It's the most popular, everyone wants to fight there. Her manager said that she shouldn't fight against him, but she keeps training and training, getting stronger and stronger. Niela thinks she can fight, but the medical professionals would advise that she stops because she's too injured. Niela goes to talk to her manager to tell him that she's not going to do the fight, but Sam knows deep down that she's lying to them.



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