

Abi Jay

John Cabot Academy

The beauty upon her neck wore a subtle red gaze. So pure and relaxed as if in a dream state. Despite her eyes being blood-shot open-wide, expressionless, as if her emotion is trapped in her mind. Stupid girl. You have brought incredible shame to me. Yet the silence was a pleasant change from the boisterous women who'd cry out at the slightest nudge. Feeling bitter wails of breeze that chilled my spine never less made my wife look alive. The blackened marks I signed on her skin, decorated the corpse while swinging in the wind.

Aliyah Begum

Feversham College

Void

Void of thoughts, void of mind. She sits alone, not because she wants to but because they want her to. The constant confusion is deafening, hastening her downward spiral.

It hangs there, beauty to her, terror to others. Colours spiral on the canvas, crimson mixed with royal blue, highlighted with its colours of purity. At the centre the boy stands holding a noose of reasons he has not to carry on. To others he seems alone, pitiful, desperate. To her he seems on the edge of the freedom she longs for.

A man walking his dog sees her, hanging there.

Andrea Martins

Saint Gabriel's College

He unfolded the crumbled letter which barely survived its trip. It read:

'Your mother was brutally murdered by your father'.

It was unsigned. He was overtaken by the overwhelming truth. Anger strangled him to an anguished state of red. A tear raced his cheek as he reluctantly imagined her awful death.

He turned around prepared to search for his betraying father but a fierce-looking man stood in his way, covered in blood. The man's threatening look replaced his courage with pitiful fear. His evil stare crowded the vulnerable boy.

'Hello son.'

Faatimah Ilyas

Pimlico Academy

Metamorphosis

‘Good God, stop!’ I yelled, but it was too late. He had already started becoming invisible.

‘I can’t! I really can’t!’ He said, through gasps of shock. ‘I’m sorry. I really am! I should have told you about it, then you would have talked some sense into me!’

‘Don’t worry,’ I cried, rushing around and taking hold of him tightly. His skin and muscle were disappearing into... not even air: just nothingness.

Then I saw the tiny green bottle: the mysterious concoction I made! I crafted what has put us into this horrid jeopardy.

Freya Doyle

St. Mary's College, Hull

My dog's name is a lie

My Jack Russell darted down the street. I swear I saw him grin. He dodged under bramble bushes, bombed through blackberries, jumped the juniper and rolled in the rhubarb. When the train roared past, thundering in my ears, I stood screaming his name. 'Scout!'

Then I saw him. His muzzle was stained purple and his tail was wagging. The stupid creature leapt into my arms. When I got home, my Mum was drafting 'missing' posters. Missing: Scout. I stared at the poster.

S-C-O-U-T.

My dog's name was a lie.

'Bloody nuisance,' I muttered, putting the dog down. Harper Lee spelt it wrong. Not me.

George Dring

Radley College

The Beaver of Dogged Days

The beaver in the back room
A toffee in its grasp
Would not have stirred
Nor caused a gasp
Since Greece to last forecast
But the whisper through the shutters
And the docile sob of dawn
Did cause a frantic scutter
Without a pause or yawn
The drizzle in the pastures
did through her fur alight
and not a carping neighbour
could ever halt this kite
She pranced and leaped and jiggled
Beyond the glazing eyes
Whilst rats and mole rats quivered
At her chirpy, carefree whines.
Yet she saw not,
until a thud,
Facedown
Fur-flat
In blasted growling mud.

FIRST STORY
100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

VINTAGE

Iqra Shahzad

Southfield Grange Campus

Darling, people are not poems
The rhythm and rhyme of poems
Does not move like your body or your aims
The structure of them
Does not dance swiftly, like yours,
Like people, they are not edited,
Once they're published, they're gone
You should know better,
My dear, once you've sprang out, you'll understand
That people aren't always planned
You'll see the beauty beyond yourself,
That you're more than what you have felt, but one thing
Poems aren't always applauded, just like us
Darling, just understand poems are not people,
People are human and you're not perfect,
Precious and rare, not found everywhere.

Jaineet Gulabzada

Cranford Community College

It was my son's birthday yesterday. The scar on his face shone brightly, like the moon in the darkness. He was always a giver. He gave people hope. What did he get in return? The joy and satisfaction, the gladness and the gratification; I had begun to realise the contentment that it brought to his heart. I held his smiling photo towards the light with proud tears. Some say he's gone forever. I say that he will live forever in our memories. His scar was beautiful. Our true hero. Our true fighter. I had raised a British soldier.

FIRST STORY
100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

VINTAGE

Jamie- Lea Offen

Sirius Academy North

A Poet's Problem

Lucy slumped further down into her chair, frustrated. Lucy was a poet from London and a poet with a problem. She had both nothing and everything to write about it. A billion and one ideas ranging from flying unicorns to solving world hunger, and the romantic city of Paris to war in Syria. She had so many words and a pen filled with jet black ink, but not the capability to say what she felt. She continuously clicked her pen as she searched for a way to form sentences in her mind.

Finally, she found it...

Jaydon Wilkinson

Hull Trinity House Academy

‘Goodbye, Mission Control. And thanks for trying.’

She let go of the phone and looked quickly towards the glass. Flames ran over the ship as it hurtled towards earth, unstoppable now. Both the landing gear and parachute illuminated ‘JAMMED’ in blinking red letters; death was more than certain and most probably imminent.

Thousands of memories flashed through her mind, but the one that stuck on endless repeat was her daughter’s first words*. The astronaut closed her eyes, cried, and waited. Death was the only way out now.

*Ma-ma! Ma-ma! Ma-ma! Ma-ma! Ma-ma! Ma-ma! Ma-ma!

She laughed. She cried.

She died.

Joe Pocknell

Raine's Foundation School

Gone

She walked into the kitchen. On a dish, on a shelf, above the sink, it sat. Her father gave it to her. Every day, she went to the kitchen and didn't notice it. The watch was good. It shone and its glass sparkled in the morning light. Then one morning it was gone. She never noticed the watch when it was there, but that empty dish, on the shelf, above the sink, she noticed that every day.

Joseph Solomon

Woodside High School

I moan every school day, longing for the weekend to come. Mostly I dread the mornings when, from my sleep in her blazer pocket, I'm shaken awake, losing my rest.

Her filthy fingers harass me without care. They draw my blood out onto the paper, and I can feel the paper suffering in disgust. Of course, she calls my blood 'ink'. She calls my heart a cartridge. I'm just her belonging.

Last year, she had an exam day. The one day when I'd rather be used for homework!

My blood is slowly draining. At least I'll soon rest in peace.

Maham Rehman

Wembley High Technology College

Huh

Is the sound of a child

Lost

In the playground.

Huh

Is a shutdown

Of wifi.

It's a burnt cake,

Rough

Around the edges.

Huh

Is the sound of

Loud music

Drowning lives

And then

There is

Just silence.

FIRST STORY

100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

VINTAGE

Muhammad Hashir

Beckfoot Upper Heaton

Someone is following me. I catch glimpses of a man in the shadows behind me whenever I steal a glance. I know something is wrong. I quicken my pace down the dimly lit street. San Francisco winds attack my jacket, and the occasional car drives by cold and neutral, as if there is no driver.

A homeless woman huddled in a doorway says, ‘Stop stalking him!’ Confused, I look ahead. Half a block up, a man in the shadows steals a glance back at me with fear on his face. When he sees me, he quickens his pace.

Nabilah Yasmin

Heartlands High School

Fox in Wood Green

Shadows creeping, footsteps skittering;
Must be a fox loitering.

Fox wanders through Wood Green Mall. Fox thinks,
'That jacket is so last season,'
Fox asks, 'Do you have those jeans in an XS?'
Fox buys his mother flowers for absolutely no reason.
Fox is a total shopaholic and knows it. Fox wants
everything from the latest H&M collection, but Fox can
barely fit into the clothes, and wonders, 'How long do I
have to shop in the kids' section?'

FIRST STORY
100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

VINTAGE

Naerah Chaudhry

Fulham Cross Girls School

Hope, held deep in my heart, never letting go the urge to survive. Walking along a woodland path, cold and dark. We came to a jerking stop. The outline of several bulky men surrounding me. Too absorbed by the pain coming from my forehead, I failed to hear the sliding of a heavy door. As they began to hasten me towards the vehicle, my feet almost dragging along the path. I felt hot sticky fluid trickling down my face; I fought with all my force, leapt past the trees and into the darkness of the forest. Run something told me.

Nicole Fontes
Nottingham Academy, Ransom Road

Roots

I am just like a tree.
I have long, girthy roots.
Some come from the south,
Some come from the west.
Every leaf is a moment,
Many have gone, many are now, what's to be?

My tree is constant yet always shifting.

I sway from year to year
Just like the leaves in the wind.
When I'm angry they're sometimes singed.
When I'm happy the tree is in full bloom.
When sad, you'll see me by myself
On the mountain, accompanied by the moon.

Oliver Buck

Willowfield School

‘Where’s your homework?’

‘I didn't have time.’ My backside began to heat up.

‘Hey, look,’ said my mate, pointing. It was her.

‘For the thousandth time, Joe, I don’t like her!’

Normally, in this kind of situation, one’s face would grow warm, but for me, the heat radiated from the other end.

‘D’you see that goal I scored, Joe? With my left foot as well... Ow!’

Burning.

‘I did my homework, Miss, honest!’

The lower half of my body felt as if it was on fire. I looked down. The lower half of my body was on fire.

Rebecca Adams

Appleton Academy

Guilt

Each day she glances out of the window, clutching the velvet curtains, gasping as the door slams shut. The click, click of heels makes her heart rate multiply. Faster, faster as they become further away. Her eyes swell with tears as the footsteps die out. She drops to the floor, broken. ‘Why didn’t I do anything? Why didn’t I save her?’ A thousand questions flood her mind as she gasps desperately for air, her hands wrapped in her blonde curls, clutching her head so hard it could burst. This was her punishment. Each day, she sends her daughter to her death.

Rebecca Obadina-Adebowale

Platanos College

You know the forbidden alleyway that lies dauntingly between the launderette and the hotel, the one that your parents told you never to go to, the one that links to the pub and the train station? And you remember the way you'd start running once you'd passed the hotel due to the many stories the kids in the neighbourhood made up about the twenty-four lady? Ironic isn't it? It's shocking how much one half of the same street can differ from the other. One half held the houses and the fish and chip shop and the hotel, and the other was consumed by the derelict flats and the scruffy corner shops. And the deeper you'd walk into the street the stranger things got.

FIRST STORY
100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

VINTAGE

Rose Halward

Lincoln Castle Academy

We were like the phones that we used so often,
with a limited battery life and a need to recharge.
Putting our emotions into tiny pixels that were small
enough to fit into the palms of our hands.

We were the supposed makers and breakers of our
virtual world.

We were like programmers,
changing file names only to end up deleting them if they
weren't what we wanted.

Trying to control the algorithms that weaved themselves
into our artificial lives,
we were like phones, always glitching and popping up
with error redo messages.

Waiting until we would finally be refunded.

Ruby Shrehorn

Risedale Sports and Community College

The deep womb-like caverns get darker and darker the further we venture in. I feel obsolete, and tired; the world is crumbling beneath my feet and yet still I follow him. It hurts. Around and around and around we go – he leads me in a circle. The longer I spin the more it hurts. I'm bleeding... Why – Why doesn't it hurt? The world fades into grey as I crack and break in ways I can never cope with. I stare at him as he grabs another. Don't follow him, in circles, bleeding. Don't follow the man named Depression.

FIRST STORY
100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

VINTAGE

Sarah-Louise Weston

Hans Price Academy

The voices were everywhere. They bounced off the walls and the ceiling. The woman next door spoke in a very distinct voice that cradled you in warmth like a fire on a cold winter's night. All of them needed that care and warmth in that moment, a gentle touch of a guardian angel's wings for protection. Before it happened there was silence. No one uttered a word. A single tone of high frequency wrapped itself around the building as the ceiling cracked and collapsed. Concrete thundered down upon the innocent. Dusty devils danced upon their faces, crowning them with death.

FIRST STORY
100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

VINTAGE

Sophia Chrysanthou

Chelsea Academy

The only hands that wind me up are hers. She listened to my soft, simple melodies, and in turn, I listened to hers. She gave me hope. My ballerina pirouettes for her, and I'm always open. It isn't like that anymore. An imposter with a tail, shedding fur and a habit of smearing mud everywhere consumes her thoughts. Collecting dust is the worst torture anyone can imagine. Apart from your only soul mate turning your back on you without so much as a glance. My lid starts to close. My last thought is love gone by. Time to fall.

FIRST STORY
100 WORD STORY
COMPETITION

VINTAGE

Suhail Mahomed

Judgemeadow Community College

Sister

I curled closer to Abeni, my back hitting the rotted beams of the bed. Suddenly, a gunshot pierced the silence and Abeni let out a loud sob, burrowing further into my arms.

‘I’m scared Obi.’

‘I know.’

She buried her face into my neck, her warmth radiating through my cotton shirt.

With one kick the door gave in, and three heavily armed men stormed into the room, booting everything in their path.

The bed overturned: a gun pressing against my back.

The last thing I remember are the pleas of my sister as they dragged her away from me.

Zarah Latif

Belle Vue Girls' Academy

The world is big but I am small. I am a bud waiting to become a flower. I like watching birds as they fly over my head.

I am four-and-a-half, nearly five, but I'm afraid. All I can hear when mother takes me to the mall is the banging of footsteps, all I can see is the forest of legs. Oh, how I wish to be like my parents in the big world.

My fears haunt me; a constant reminder I'm a useless child who will never be real until she's fully grown. But when I'm like my parents, maybe then my fears will shatter?