

# V ERVETTE

The Junior Creative Writing Magazine



*Sevenoaks School*

*2011*

**What a creative lot Year 7 and 8 have been this year.**

**What a shame more of you could not have been published  
in Verve.**

**Do not fear - Vervette is here.**

**Enjoy and keep writing!**

**From**

**Your English and Art teachers.**



**Peter Levethal - Year 7**

# Grandpa Hedgehog

OW! I yelped as something pierced my foot,  
as the blood ran down I dared take a look.  
It was Grandpa Hedgehog, whose gleaming white spine,  
had pierced my foot for the fifteenth time.

He scuttled away at breakneck speed,  
like a sloth with the need to pee.  
He was pinning up photos with the terrifying spikes,  
as I washed off the blood I'd dripped on my Nikes.

He has a huge array of things to say,  
from "GOAL!" to "What's for dinner?" today.  
When there's work to be done, then he simply sobs,  
and says "It's not a one man job"!

His bleak white spines are easy to see,  
which makes it slightly easier for me,  
to spot him in an enourmous crowd,  
and if not, cry out very loud; "GRANDPA!!!"

**Tom Brown**

Year 7



Chloe Evans - Year 7

# The Classroom

Sunlight is scarce, a little light from a torch illuminating neat chairs, tucked in and waiting to be sat on. The corners are dark and hidden. The world is completely silent, save the quiet irregular dripping of the leak in the roof, slapping against a slippery desk top. Suddenly, thunder rolls loud and angry in the black clouds above, roaring like a hungry lion, hiding the stars. The room is momentarily lit by lightning, flashing against a wooden teacher's desk at the front and something that should not be behind. At once, for those few jagged seconds of light, the pictures on the walls seem monstrous, horrifying, alive!

**Meghna Ravidran**  
Year 8



J Yun-S Year 7

## Revelation

I have descended upon the valley and fire has spread in my wake. Fathers fight sons, brothers murder brothers. The buildings tremble and the very earth quakes as I ride. I am War. I have descended upon the valley and the land has died in my wake. Crops shrivel and animals die. The earth cracks and rivers burst their banks. I am Famine.

I have descended upon the valley and bodies rot in my wake. Babes die in their mothers' arms, as children are taken by the shadows. Fathers strive for a single cure, yet fail in death. I am Pestilence.

I have yet to descend upon the valley. All men know me, but none will call my name. I am the last friend and the first enemy. I am a mother's tear for a stillborn babe. I am a whisper in his ear, as he falls for a neverending sleep. I am a shiver down the spine, a shadow in the corner. I am Death.

**Euan Tyndall**  
Year 8

# The Lurve Potion

## Ingredients

- 2 fairy wings
- 10ml of gnome saliva
- 1 dragon's scale
- 100g of Elf hair
- 1 shaved pine cone
- 1 litre of vodka
- fairy dust
- 1 cactus needle



## Instructions

1. Firstly, chop up the elf hair and mix it with the shaved pine cone. It should be a brown colour and feel like sand.
2. Then, rip up the fairy wings and place them into the mixture, pour in the gnome saliva.
3. Add in the cactus needle and carefully place it at the bottom of the mixture.
4. After the mixture has turned green, add in the dragon scale, this will make it turn red.
5. Pour in all the vodka for the extra kick.
6. Finally sprinkle with fairy dust.

## What it does

This potion is made for the person that doesn't love you. Just pour it into their mouth and they will fall in love with the person who made it – most likely you. You can also apply it to their face as a lotion, even as a perfume!

## Warning!

This potion can cause amnesia, vision problems, headaches, spinal injuries, tooth ache, coloured urine, coloured feces, hallucinations, insomnia, bowel control problems, compulsive behaviour, suicidal thoughts, high cholesterol, low cholesterol, colds, diarrhea, addiction to chocolate and addiction to the person who gave it to them. Consumer takes takes at own risk.

## Theo Hawkins

Year 7

## Haiku

Pink-tinged daisies bloom  
Pearly in the morning dew,  
Crushed by clumsy feet.

**Kizzy Mee**  
Year 7

## Haiku

The smog descended  
Killing people in the way -  
1952.

**Tom Brown**  
Year 7

## From My Hotel Window

I spent months planning this, and years thinking about the thought and I was here now this was my last, but best day.

I walked cautiously into the hotel, with '30s Art Deco slapping my eyes, almost making me turn back. As I slowly walked to the reception desk, each second felt like an hour.

"... and enjoy your stay," the cheery receptionist said, and I knew she would not be like that in a few minutes.

As I reached my hotel room, I waited... waited until the right time. Dong! Dong! Two o'clock. I had ten minutes. I then assembled my metal beauty by the window.

I know this would ruin my life. I had nothing to lose.

Five minutes later, I saw the car further down the avenue – thank goodness the top was down. I then pressed my cheek against the huge slab of wood that was almost a part of me. It would be the last thing I ever touched.

He was getting closer! Steady, steady, steady... and just like that one of the biggest figures of history was gone. The uproar was huge.

I then squeezed the trigger again, but this time, it was in my mouth.

**Elliot Olden**  
Year 8

# Pandora's Box

Hopeful, he scoured the burning red sand that stretched out in front for the box. He searched through golden sunrise and purple sunset. It was nowhere. But he finally found it. Slowly, he peered into the guilt-edged box. Inside was nothing. He closed it and left, leaving behind his hope.

**Roshan Ruprai**  
Year 8



Lily Smart - Year 7

# Room Poem

The door creaks and squeaks,  
I am hit by an odour,  
Unfamiliar and old, clingy in the air.  
Old memories return.

A radio, ancient and battered,  
the carpet underfoot, soft, now grey.  
Years of dust beneath the sofa  
Photos on the dinner table,  
Framed but in black and white,  
Dolls lining the wall,  
Staring wide eyed, clueless and blank.

The furniture so used,  
The glass cabinet hardly opened.  
Yet once, it was a brand new place.

**Josephine Hogh**  
Year 7

# The Isles of Phina

The isles of Phina have many a riddle  
To solve, and doing this can be a fiddle,  
Few of these riddles have rhythm and rhyme,  
And all have been changed, time over time.

To fully understand the islands I preserved,  
You must solve each riddle, each you've heard,  
And more, for some have yet to be discovered,  
Buried in time, waiting to be uncovered.

Every riddle is for your species alone,  
Animals have others they must know.  
So do not take advantage of their wisdom,  
Use your brain, devise your own system.

Solve each riddle one by one,  
Solve the final and you're done.  
But solve each riddle one after the other,  
All evil fate us yours to discover.

I am watching over any hero that tries,  
To complete this quest of secrets and lies.  
So if disaster causes on to stray,  
Remember my words, come what may.

So now you must go and never return,  
Until you have found what is yours to learn,  
About my islands and they beauty,  
Lies within the ultimate booty.

**Pippa Stevens**  
Year 8



Jake Gray - Year 7

## My Baby Giraffe

My baby giraffe is gangly and thin  
He always slips and slides.  
Skidding uncontrollably  
Across the kitchen tiles.

While I'm at school he explores the world  
With soil samples all over his clothes.  
And scratches from violent ruthless games  
What's in his head? No one knows.

At home he seems to want to play these  
Silly games with me.  
Instead he must content himself  
With devouring a whole tree.

He likes to annoy me; day and night  
But in spite of this  
And though he should be growing up,  
I like him the way he is.

**Sophie Westbrooke**  
Year 7

# Required

Kilts are to be worn 3 inches below the knee,  
 Single-breasted blazer, make sure it's navy!  
 Black leather shoes, no coloured bows,  
 Make sure the heel, not above 2 inches grows.  
 Pupils should possess a cold weather coat,  
 No fancy makes as students should not gloat.  
 There also is a required uniform for sport,  
 And wear trainers on the pitch, the track and court.



Theo Sawkins - Year 7

**Cecilia Jay**  
 Year 8

## I Knew

I knew I shouldn't have gone the short way. There's rumours. Rumours about the people who go missing - and I was about to join them. I had run for so long that my heart sounded as if it could explode any second.

They come. Come for me. Those monsters - from both sides they come. I take a left, I have to. The wall blocks my path. Stupid wall. It's the place the rubbish gets dropped off at the weekend. Discrete. Subtle. Silent. Desolate. Perfect.

They are almost here. I see them, they walk together. A clan now. What they will do to me only God knows. What seems to be the leader reaches into his pocket. He pulls out something. I don't see it at first but then I do, and I wish I hadn't. Shiny, metal and lethal. The aim was perfect as the trigger was tightened.

"And cut. Let's wrap it up people. Nice work! We'll keep going tomorrow. Nice job on the voice over too. See you guys bright and early."

**Millie Hunt**  
 Year 8

# Six Ways of Looking at a Bag

The brown leathery pattern  
Of this snakeskin bag,  
Travels around all day  
Like a puppy following its master.

This bag is me.  
I travel this city all day long,  
Until at last,  
The office has been reached.  
Finally, I get a rest.

I spot all the others,  
Colours whirl past  
In a bright spectrum of colours.  
I could sit and watch  
This chaos all day long.

I've been made to carry  
My mistress's essentials:  
Phones, I-pod and brushes.  
But my weariness is never acknowledged.

On the train back home,  
When I'm finally at rest,  
I sit back  
And contemplate the day.

Engulfed by darkness,  
I reach my final destination,  
Nestled under my mistress's bed,  
HOME.

**Vicky Robson**  
Year 7



Sarah Dodds - Year 8

# Box Poem

I will put in my box,  
A winter cat's purr on a winter's night,  
A castle floating in the air,  
A room with many doors.

## Haiku

I will put in my box,  
Air from a baby's first breath  
A man taking his last breath.

It floats around in air,  
It drifts around in a drunk state,  
The feather then lands.

I will put in my box,  
A year with 10 moons  
An extra life  
A wizard!

**Oliver Best**  
Year 7

It is made very simply,  
A wooden box,  
Its hinges made of stars,  
The lid made of space itself.

## Haiku

I shall rule in my box,  
Immortal and young,  
The world all around me.

Little bluebird wings  
Beautiful in the moonlight  
Then the cat pounces.

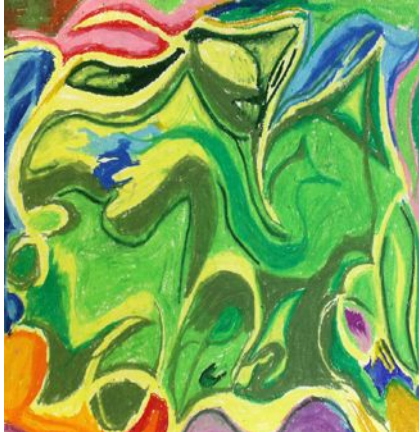
**Sophie Westbrooke**  
Year 7

**George Hall**  
Year 8

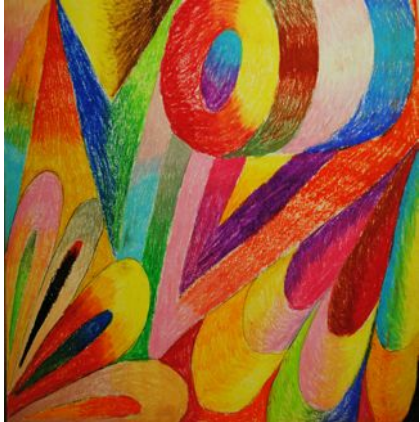


Ethan Greenhalgh - Year 7

Oliver Best - Year 7



Camila Storvik - Year 7



Maya Raman-Jones - Year 7



# The Storm

Gonna catch a storm,  
I'll catch a storm  
Before it catches me.

Got to jump up high  
I'll jump up high  
Before it catches me.

Grey-black clouds,  
Thunder pounds  
I'll catch it 'fore it catches me.

Follow the girl,  
To the cliff  
Down the coastal path.

Quick, keep up with her,  
Down the coastal path.

Headlong to the cliff,  
To the foaming sea.

It's turmoil down there.  
The waves are black.

One leap.

One decision.

One loss.

**Katerina White**  
Year 7

# By Dusk

Mosquitoes plagued the troops  
Who lacking tents,  
Slept in the

Open

A few made crude shelters of branches, then  
Night fell.

The last British canon shot of the day,  
Lit the cleared ridge smoky red,  
With it's

FLASH.

And then flickered  
Long dark shadows  
From jagged  
Stumps.

The gun-smoke drifted North-east,  
Then an uneasy silence fell  
On the Majabigwaduce.

## Hugo Sunnucks

Year 8



D Edmondson - Year 8



Clare Holland - Year 8

## Haiku

The crisp apple shines  
Glistening in the hot sun -  
Then a worm pops out.

Matthew Collins

Year 7

Oscar Gay - Year 8



## Chain Poem

Moths go over and over the glass,  
Buzzing bees fly by,  
Dragonflies dip and bob,  
With something dark lurking in their hearts.

Something feels magical about their presence,  
The beating and buzzing eerie as can be,  
With their dipping and bobbing entrancing me,  
Content as could be.

Little do they know this could be their last flight,  
As death will conquer all life,  
They will fight strongly and not go easily,  
For they are determined,  
Not to be overcome.

They will be strong,  
They will live on,  
Until their death,  
Upon the ground.

**Thomas Harrison**  
Year 7



Ben De Sousa - Year 7

## Six Ways to Look at a Red Felt tip Pen

In the whiteness of the snowy mountain,  
the only colourful thing  
was the lid of the red felt tip pen.

Picasso was drawing a parrot,  
The red would finish it off.  
Everything would be right,  
With just one stripe of red.

Just sitting in the pencil case  
Waiting to be used.  
But what will it convey:  
The colour of blood,  
Christmas, or a beautiful sunset?

A red traffic light can stop a driver,  
but a red felt tip pen bears no grudge.

When the scene is quiet  
And the pen sits there,  
Everything stays the same,  
Nothing moves,  
Nothing changes.

**Ellie Knox**  
Year 7



T Blackmore -Year 7

# He was

*Jeered at*  
In the street.

Although,  
Amir felt  
Jealous

Of his natural courage  
And the place he held in his  
Father's  
Heart.

*But,*

Neither of the boys could  
Foresee  
What would happen to Hassan.  
On the afternoon of the  
Tournament

Which was to  
Shatter  
Their  
Lives.

A Found poem based on the blurb  
of the book 'The Kite Runner'.

**Francesca Greenslade**  
Year 8



C Brown -Year 7



Natasha Cain -Year 7



O L -Williams -Year 7



A Jalan -Year 7

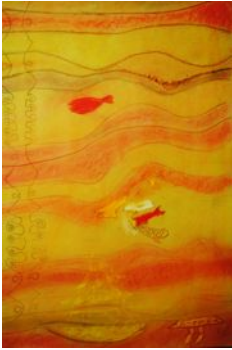
# Fear

It scuttles in from dark corners,  
Creeping up from behind,  
A nibbling doubt at the back of your mind,  
Slowly taking over;

It creates a web blinding you from possibility,  
A black veil covering your face,  
Watching your every move,  
Waiting to pounce...

**Phoebe Osler**

Year 8



**N Brookes** -Year 7

# Last Memory

Pressed up  
against  
the wall.  
my heart  
thumps 1  
hundred  
times to the  
min  
ute.  
The sharp  
dull  
metal blade  
comes  
closer  
and closer  
and closer still.

**El Robson**

Year 8



**Claire Cat-Cal** -Year 7

# The Morning

My mother roused me from my peaceful slumber,  
I crept from under my blanket-cover,  
The icy knife of cold, and death attacked me,  
Upon the wooden floor I trembled,  
I then descended the disused staircase,  
Creeping through the creaking door I  
Sat at the wooden board that was laden with  
Bounteous crops and, sitting down on a people-holder  
I broke my fast with Shreddies and milk,  
Creeping upstairs once more I discovered  
To my horror that cat lay upon my dream-couch  
And throwing her with all my might I was  
Wounded on the hand a tiny scratch  
I had sustained so I placed on my hand a  
Wound-coverer and clad myself in robes  
Of blue and green, I into the Devil's chariot climbed  
And drove towards the torture building.

**Helen Clay**

Year 7



Bibi Wood - Year 8

# My Grandma is an Alpaca

My grandma is an alpaca,  
What should I do?  
Her turned up nose gives her a superior expression  
And her reprovng eyes  
Follow me round the room.  
As she grins, her yellow teeth are revealed  
In a jagged line around her jaw.  
You cannot choose your grandma!

**Oliver Kidd**

Year 7

## Love Potion

### Ingredients

A scale of a crocodile  
The toe of a bat  
Root of a whozzletwizzler  
A hair from a 100 year old  
widow  
50g Sugar  
10g Salt  
Pus from a spotty chicken  
10ml Nurofen

### Side Effects

- Pus from a chicken is yucky.
- The widow's hair will get in your mouth and will have to be pulled out with pliers (because hair is clingy).
- If the mercury enters your bloodstream will die
- Overdose of it will result in measles, lung cancer, death disorder, death cancer, death spots and death.



Kat White -Year 7

### Method

- Firstly, add the scale, toe and the root into a cauldron of boiling water and stir till the ingredients rise to the top.
- After that, add the hair from the widow and sprinkle on the 10g of salt and stir in.
- Put the mercury, puss and 10ml of Nurofen in a separate bowl and put on the oven to heat.
- After 1 hour, pour the mixture in slowly and stir at the same time.
- Finally, pour your concoction into a vial and put in a swamp in a rainforest and leave to ferment for 6 months.
- You now have your love potion to give to your target.

**Jake Gray**

Year 7

# For Better or for Worse?

Are you used, or are you abused?  
 You have saved me, however harmed me.  
 You are my saviour, you are my murderer;  
 You bring me joy, and yet some sadness.  
 You are danger, you are portection;  
 You shine silver in the bright light;  
 You turn red when darkness is near.  
 You are my best friend, you are my worst enemy.  
 You're not in good hands,  
     Good or bad,  
     For better of for worse.

**Johan Clubb**

Year 8

# The Same Dream in the Same Place

Night was crawling into the sky. We were treated to a final golden panorama as the sun's dying rays gradually lost the fight to illuminate the sky. Cars began to desert the street and the artificial light of stores began to fade. All was tranquil. The only sound was the song of the wind down the alleys. Tonight I thought would be different.

However, when night finally closed in around the small town of Laffina, they would come once again. They look at us as if we are vermin; curses of humanity. There is nowhere we can run and hide. Living alone on the streets I have no protection or guidance. Every night fear strikes through me as their dark silhouettes approach. The eyes are daggers piercing into memories. The pain is brought back as I see the faces of those who once loved me.

**Annie Stack**

Year 8

# The Wild One

I caught a glimpse of golden hair shining through the dense bushes. Could it be? No that's impossible, I'd heard about the wild one but I never believed the tales. It wasn't possible for a child to have survived in the rainforest for two years, but the hair I'd seen was definitely not that of an animals, it was a human's hair, thin, dirty but still human. Maybe it wasn't so far fetched to think that a child would have survived for such a long time in such an unforgiving place as the Amazon Rainforest.

I had to find out what it was so I decided to follow it. The trails lead me through the wild bushes and streams that I'm sure could not yet have been discovered. I jumped suddenly hearing the hissing of a snake on the thick Rainforest floor.

Suddenly the trail forked to the left and I entered a clearing. I shouted, "Who's there? Who are you? Show yourself! I know I heard something." I heard a rustling in the bushes to my right so I turned to where I thought it was and shouted again, "Who are you? Don't be afraid to reveal yourself, I'm not going to hurt you!" I heard another rustle so I waited.

Finally someone or something came out of the bushes. I smiled. So this was the wild one. He certainly looked feral. He would have been quite handsome if he wasn't so filthy. I decide to test if he could speak and said, "Hello, my name is Rose." The reply was just a grunt but he smiled. I knew he wanted to speak, he just couldn't - he'd forgotten how.

From then on I vowed I'd help him. Every day I'd teach him five new words and by the end of the week he could say 'hello' and his name. That was the start of something beautiful. I began to love him and the rainforest and I never wanted to leave. I wanted to be a part of the rainforest. Now I'm a wild one too.

**Isabel McGrady**

Year 7

# Paranoia

Its rusty blade lurks behind me  
Watching, waiting for an opening  
I hide away from it, trying to escape  
It pursues me relentlessly

I never know when it will strike  
When its thick point will enter my back  
I often think that I see something  
Glinting out of the corner of my eye

Suspiciously I walk around  
Eyeing everyone  
But I fear, my peripheral vision  
Will not save me for long

I chat to my friends casually  
But keep my distance stealthily  
Inside their minds there is nothing wrong  
In mine I'm checking them for hidden weaponry

I stay away from stationery, lest it stab me in the hand  
A pen can be dangerous, a staple even more  
Inside my head I feel all this, all of the time  
My smoke alarm is perpetually going off

I don't know when or where it will get me  
I don't know how it will either  
I don't know if wearing rubber gloves is irrational  
I don't know if paranoia is taking me over...

**Eliot Raman-Jones**

Year 8



Deborah Allen - Year 7



# Vervette

It's big to be little.