

Body, anonymous

My throat is a chasm of words infinitesimal, too small to matter, too small for worth. If I rip it out, bare the meanings I inscribe on meaningless syllables, will I make a change?

Veins surround my bones like choking vines, like skeleton constraints of my fragile skeleton. If I hack at them, let the blood soak the mossy ground and grow new life, all that will remain is the pale ore of my carcass. Is that what I want? Truly?

To be born anew without a conscious, or a mind worth knowing, free to be trampled or hunted or petrified every waking hour. My words a scream, my bones fragile. Is that what I deserve?

No. No, my heart beats. It is a bloody mess, a quartet of cavities that play a simple harmony. It rejuvenates me; it draws the blood from my veins to my centre. It lets me speak, and I must scream.

COMPETITION

Want your piece featured in the next issue of **Skylark?** Write a 200 word max. short story about an animal of you choosing! Could be a slug, or a dolphin - or a skylark.

Email:

stuart.bird@surbitonhigh.com



Innocence

To Edward and Emily, Lorna 10R

If I could hold you, then I would; take you into my arms and twirl you around, colours and sights and smells, all new, let you see the world as I do.
You're so small, and a million miles away but if I sit by the sea, stretch out wide
I might just reach. You'd love it.
Salty air on soft, red tongues, park benches and leaves and freshly baked buns.
What will be your favourite, I wonder, the one that catches your eyes.
They've seen so little, felt so much but not the way I love you.

When you're big, taller than me,
I'll take you to sit beside the sea and we
will talk, together, hand in hand, about
all the things I've missed.
Ignore the weather, it's better over there,
across the sky, across the sea. Home, for you,
but not for me.

If home is where they love you most, where there's battles, smiles, tears, where you lost it, where you made it, where you said you didn't care, but you just couldn't help that you did.

If home is full of break ups, make ups, lost toys and misplaced syllables, tea with neighbours, a runaway cat, trouble, heartbreak and midnight chat.

If home is where they love you most, I am there.

Love Smile, Holly 8F

Simple smiles of happiness, Such heart-warming things to see. Hopefully, again, one day, I will see you smile at me.

That day, we'll head to the square—Anywhere we're together.
Holding hands, I'll look at you,
Yearn to stay here forever.

And that is when you'll meet my eyes And you'll smile at me with joy. That moment, I'll love your smile, Whether kind, teasing or coy.

I will wait, see just your eyes
As they rise and they twinkle
From grins beneath a face mask
That make your temples wrinkle.

Else through a House Party call, I'll see it behind a screen.
That smile will brighten my day, But I won't forget my dream:

Our fingers will intertwine One day, and you'll smile at me.



Po

Politics

UPSIDE DOWN, Kate 9M and Hannah 9F

Once upon a time in a rainy land called Virus Ville, there was a cat called Boris. Boris was a shaggy yellow cat who had trouble moving too quickly, and he exasperated his owner Dominic endlessly. One particular morning, a rainy one naturally, Dominic was stockpiling while Boris nattered on in the background.

"Cats really are the best you know," he mewed in a know it all manner.

"You mention it constantly," muttered Dominic as he tossed a packet of toilet paper onto the highest shelf. Boris turned a disdainful eye.

"My deluxe limited edition rare red tuna fin is in the red bowl again Dom," he said disapprovingly. "You know my food must be in the blue bowl."

Dominic rolled his eyes and went back to his silver Astin Martin to fetch a few more packets of toilet paper.

"I wrestled these off of an old lady you know," he beamed proudly

"Excellent, very good," purred Boris approvingly, slaloming between Dom's legs.

"During all this lockdown malarkey we need as much as we can get!"

At that very moment, Dominic unsurprisingly tripped over the irritating cat and the twelve pack of toilet paper smacked the chubby cat squarely in the head.

"Is he dead?" Asked Dominic hopefully as he got to his feet and peered over the yellow fluff ball.

"Bojo old chap?"

"I'm fine," mewed Boris, struggling to lift his chubby frame off the ground.

"I say Bojo," said Dominic, "You look like a dog."

"How entertaining," hissed the struggling cat

"Be a dog for now please, Bojo," ordered Dominic. "They're more popular than cats at the minute."

Boris met his owners eyes and they stared at each other for a moment, before the yellow bundle nodded and began to pant enthusiastically before heading into the kitchen.

"Oh, the red bowl!" Barked Boris happily. "I love the red bowl!"

Dominic stared as the cat dug into the food.

"Blimey," he murmured, before being struck with an idea so brilliant despite the lockdown restrictions, he couldn't help himself.

"Come out! Come out of your houses and see Boris the dog!" Yelled Dominic as he strutted along the sidewalk of Virus Ville. Dominic's curious neighbours peered out of their windows at an extraordinary sight they never thought they'd see before. There was Bojo and Dom together as usual, but Boris had a lead and collar around his neck!

"Tell 'em which animal is the best boy!" Encouraged Dominic, and Boris obliged

"Dogs rule, cats stink!" Chanted Boris, and before long the whole street had taken up the chant.

"Dogs rule, cats stink!" They laughed, crowding each other and totally ignoring the social distancing guidelines.

"What on Earth is going on?" Thundered an authoritative voice. The crowd parted hastily as the onlookers jostle back into their homes. Jacinda strutted towards Dominic and Boris, not forgetting to stop two meters away. Her eyes glowed out over her blue face mask

"Dominic," she said sternly, "I thought you'd know better."

"I was, er, testing my eyes," stuttered Dom.

"Dogs are better, they're even smarter then you." Blurted Boris

"Boris!" Hissed Dom.

"Is that so, Boris?" Said Jacinda. "Well, we'll see how your scumbag neighbour Donald reacts. You know how much he hates them." **PTO**

CONTINUED...

Later that evening, Dominic leaned over his fence, "Donald! Donald!"

"Yes, yes, I'm here. No need to shout." Grumbled a stocky figure whose skin oddly resembled the colour of Boris' fur. He stepped up onto a block to peer bodily over the fence.

"Is Boris digging?" He asked incredulously.

"Yes," admitted Dominic. "Look," He turned.

"Bojo boy, what animal are you?"

Boris lifted his head from his hole and panted, "Dogs rule, cats stink!"

"I don't think there's anyway that he will go back to a cat." Sighed Dom.

"Let me come over, I'll make him great again, we can create the new Bojo." Donald said cockily.

"But lockdown!"

"It's fake news, fake news. Step back."

Donald took a few steps back, pulling a baseball cap out of his pocket onto his round head along with dark sunglasses. He threw a small black sphere into the fence. A BANG filled the street. Donald swaggered calmly through the smoke. He walked proudly across the garden and climbed over the fence, parking himself at the window of Jacinda's house.

Jacinda was in her lab, following the recipe exactly. "I did it!" She exclaimed. "I got it done!" Little did she know, Donald had heard everything.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Dom dropped the luxury toilet paper he was stuffing on the shelves in shock. Answering the door he saw the orange face of Donald.

"I found it, I found a cure for Boris!" Claimed Donald mischievously.

Hastily, Donald got the red bowl, and mixed the potion into Boris' food. As he placed the bowl in front of Boris he whispered "You're a cat now Bojo." The minute Boris ate, he jumped back in disgust.

"The red bowl! Why am I eating from the red bowl? Where's the blue bowl? Cat's rule, dog's stink!" Hissed the spike of fur.

And just like that, Boris was back to normal, and they all lived happily ever after. (Except Jacinda. Obviously.)

THE END – Wait! Will Jacinda get her revenge?

Writing Exercises

- -Switch up the perspective of one of your favourite books, or one of your own pieces. You could write it from the villain's point of view, or from a random passer-by: it's up to you!
- -Write a poem focused on your five senses. What's around you? What small things can you pick up on that others might not?

-Write down fifteen words that immediately come to mind. Try to make a poem or short story featuring all fifteen.

-What's your favourite colour? Write a poem heavily featuring objects of said colour and how they make you feel.

Writing Prompts

- -Write a story about a superhero who is trying, and failing, to retire.
- -Write a play about a teacher and a student having an argument (could be real, or imaginary!)
- -Write a period piece based on the time you are currently studying in History.
- -Think of your best friend. What would you write to them in a letter? Would it even be a letter? A text message? A coded statement of endearment?
- -If you could make any telephone call you wanted to, what would it be? Write the transcript.
- -Write a poem about someone that you see a lot, but don't truly know.