

Abnormal

Yuvraj Sangha

It was just a normal morning in lockdown, just after nine, and I am at my desk drinking a glass of water and writing a project for English about the Loch Ness Monster. I was contemplating how with just a click of my fingers I might suddenly be at Loch Ness. I tested my theory and clicked my fingers...

All of a sudden, I was in a grand medieval castle, in an absolute shock, overlooking the scenic Scottish Highlands. On the outside there were small windows presumably to shoot out arrows in the event of an invasion. I walked around the castle and realized I would never want to leave. Inside, there were a number of grand bedrooms fit for a king. There was also an old, polished grandfather clock which read 12:00 p.m. I must have skipped a few hours. Then my mum said, "Everyone ready to go to Loch Ness!" I was absolutely gob smacked. Weren't we supposed to be in Lockdown? What happened to Covid-19? I thought puzzled. This must be some alternate dimension.

We walked to Loch Ness, as it was about a short half hour walk there. On the journey we were walking next to people, not even a metre away and talking to them. But I was still keeping my social distance. I decided to keep on going as this was quite enjoyable and I was missing out on schoolwork. Everywhere I looked there were stunningly beautiful hills, which my eyes were fixated on.

We arrived at the Loch and saw a sea of tourists lined up behind a sign which said, "Get your tickets to see the Loch Ness monster only £5.99 per person." After paying we hopped onto a tightly packed boat. This experience was making me a little uncomfortable. But the breathtaking views of mountains covered in lush green grass made me forget about my discomfort. Then out of the blue, a monster with green scales and a neck like a giraffe appeared taking everyone by surprise. All of a sudden, there were flashing lights from cameras and deafening cheers. I thought "Can it be Nessie?" We went across the diameter of the lake than back for roughly two and a half hours. We saw beautiful landscapes only thought to be imaginable in paintings.

On the way back to the castle we all took the scenic route which took about an hour. Later that afternoon as we sat in the magnificent living room watching TV, by the warmth of the fiery orange, scarlet red fire we chatted animatedly about the picturesque scenery, the crystal-clear water and Nessie. On every news channel they were all taking about Nessie. Shortly after watching a beautiful sunset filled with fabulous colours we went to a restaurant called Thai Circle and had a mouth-watering Thai dinner, which tingled my taste buds. Back at the castle as I rolled into bed, I thought to myself, this could not have been any better!

By Yuvraj Sangha, Y7

Govind Belkhu

When I clicked my fingers I imagined that I was in a massive extraordinary villa with colossal mountains behind the villa. I imagined that the villa had 3 pools, one of them was circular and warm, the second one was rectangular and hot and the third one was triangular and cold. There were PlayStations and Xboxes with every game released on there. One of my favourite games on there is Fifa 20 and in this game you are playing football with any team you want and you are trying to win the game. I would have all of my favourite foods there such as; Pasta, pizza, chips, roti, paneer, saag, ice cream and many more. There would be amazing views in all directions from the villa. I could go to a golden beach that was just outside the villa and swim in the crystal clear sea. It is very hot and sunny where I am and there is always amazing weather. There would be loads of fun water slides and fantastic roller coasters. I would have 10 Lamborghinis and 5 BMW I8.

I would have 3 private jets with my name on all and 15 yachts. I would have the latest iPhones, laptops, and every other gadget. I could feel the humidity of the heat and smell the fresh grass and leaves of the trees. When I swam in the lovely sea I could feel the gentle waves of water push against me. When I ate the delicious chocolate ice cream it was like a dance in my mouth. I was feeling so happy as I was in my dream holiday and I had countless things to do each day.

Harini Venkatesh

The fresh gentle breeze brushing past my face as I got of disease stricken airport. My mind was immediately hypnotised by the picturesque views of the country. Vibrant and aromatic flowers added to the crisp white and blue buildings. You could taste the pureness in the air. I was finally set free from the: mourning of peoples lose, the news flashing every second reminding me of how many people had unfortunately passed away; scared even to take a step out of the house. My mind and soul needed to be revived, needed peace and harmony, which Is why it took me to the beauty and adventure of Greece.

My legs buried in the warm and gold brown sun; the sun beaming on me; finally an escape from the strong gushes of wind and the never-ending rain in the UK. Warm, crystal clear, turquoise water crashing against the abstract rocks. The warm breeze swirls around the people resting on the beach sending their hair flying in the infinite blue sky above the never-ending sunshine. Cacophonous noises prevailed in the beach like a disease of happiness. It almost felt like I was living in a sauna; no one can complain about that. Vibrant colours were specking the sea, ecstatic children running around making sand castles, someone water-skiing having the time of their life. Then courageous people were jumping of the rocky and dangerous cliff landing flat into the lovely waves of the sea. The blazing sun was cooking people, the result was an extremely tanned and sun burnt body but it seems like it was worth it. Hilly, rocky and risky cliffs where guarding the snoozing and energetic people on the beach. It seemed like the water was never ending same with the people. There was not one spot free. This was the perfect paradise escaping the glacial weather and the mundane quarantine. It was freedom from the ceaseless flow of homework and zoom meetings.

Paradise. Freedom. Joy.

The layering houses on the island was perfect for the gradual change of the tranquil blue hues to the serene pink, purple, orange hues reflecting in the sky. The maze of abstract and unique houses was perfect for hide and seek. Soon everyone went into shelter. Silence was prevailing in the city. Darkness, the only thing that could be heard was the aggressive waves bashing against the shore. The beach, now, lonely and depressed. The sky soon turned into velvet black, soon my paradise was slowly fading, and here I am back to the life of home arrest.

By Harini, year 8

Mind Travels

Writing Competition:

Heba Mohamed

Eyes squinting, I march my way over to the nearest tree. As I run my hands over it, I feel it is rough, exfoliating and dry, just like the world. The day is blindingly bright, not a cloud to be seen, and I struggle to see - not from the fine sun, but from the layer of darkness the world is currently wrapped in. We've just got to be positive; maintain hope.

Hope. An interesting word I used there. It brings a feeling of joy and eternity and something to look forward to. It hurts like a needle pierced through your heart when you figure out that hope is just a lie.

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I gaze at the remarkable sight of the moonlit, angelic waterfall at the far end of the cave. I take one last look at the glossy, vast walls and climb out of the hollow cave towards the paradise. I've done it! Finally, after two immensely long weeks, I can now tick off "Exploring Caves" on my bucket list. The feeling of achieving your targets and standing face to face with your goal is like you have conquered the world. I've got to admit, crawling on your knees, having barely enough space to stand, and feeling like the walls are closing in on you are not the best situations to be in, but what an experience this was. Just a month ago, I was living my dream scuba diving across the sea on the beach in Hawaii, feeling the warm, moist breeze go through me and after, I enjoyed an exotic cocktail drink in a small, traditional hut, and here I am. When my adventure ends, I don't need to mourn for long as in the next month, I am booked to go skydiving in the Grand Canyon with my best friends.

When we were all stuck in quarantine, when freedom and hope was lost and forgotten, my mind would travel to places such as harmonious beaches, heavenly waterfalls and boisterous shopping trips to the mall. Now a year later, my imagination became a reality; I am living like there is no past. I was wrong. Hope is not a lie. Hope IS something to look forward to and it DOES bring feelings of comfort and eternity. That is why you should never give up hope. I have just finished booking my next trip to Chile to visit the prodigious Atacama Desert – I should go there after my skydiving experience.

Where will hope take me next?

Aasiyah Inoon

