



# Wyvern Wordsmiths



**The Wonders Of Wyvern's Wonderful English Work**

Edition No. 2 March 2019

## WIN WITH GROWTH LITERACY SCRATCH CARDS!

Your wonderful teachers have **three scratch cards** to give to students in GROWTH LITERACY every two weeks.

Every card is a winner!

Prizes include:

10 Praise Points / 20 Praise Points / Lolly /

Chocolate bar / Stationary / Queue Buster Pass (1 day only) / £5.00 put on your dinner card or a voucher of your choice.

See Mrs Marsh (with your winning scratch card) in En4 to claim your reward.



## Weekly Featured Writers :

Year 7 -Harry      Year 9 -Andrea

Year 9 -Abigail      Year ? -Anonymous

Year 9- Megan

If you are interested in joining, informal meetings are held in En3 every Thursday after school from 3pm onwards.

Alternatively, you are welcome to email your writing to:

[pell@wyvernacademy.org](mailto:pell@wyvernacademy.org) or  
[marsh@wyvernacademy.org](mailto:marsh@wyvernacademy.org)

## The Question

In a blink, darkness covered the sky like a blanket, the glowing pearls appeared in the sky again, they call them stars. Clouds are only lit by the smile of the moon, languidly they parted, revealing to us the Goddess of the night in all her true beauty. Tender, flourishing, lime leaves rustled in the easy, gentle breeze, creating the only music we can hear. Petals from roses of ruby elegantly dance in air, putting on a delightful show to anyone who can see.

Only seconds are left till his time will come to an end, we must shut the door to his existence and let him return to their created haven. Let him leave against the back-drop of reality. Only time will tell what his fate must be. Now:

Drunk moon monster.

Now is your time.

Howl your melancholy question.

Now tell me what you fear more.

The echo or the answer?      By Andrea Forshaw



What do you call a rooster staring at a pile of lettuce?

A chicken sees a salad.

Why did the nurse need a red pen at work?

In case she needed to draw blood.

Did you hear about the mathematician who's afraid of negative numbers?

He'll stop at nothing to avoid them.

Psst! Keep an eye out for Reading Spy. Coming soon...



## Family Ties

The man who sat in front of me was not my brother. My brother had a cottage with a lilac and hawthorn tree, a fine moss green vest, a shine in his eyes which alluded to his way with people that made them trust him. He and the man in front of me were exactly the same but it could not be him because just last week, I murdered my brother.

For a few weeks, a beast had plagued our village, rampaging through the livestock, laying the fences to waste. My brother's farm was affected, so were his animals, I however had none. They say it came from the woods, as most strange things do. The village folk had all gathered to discuss this matter, and I volunteered to hunt this beast. They snickered with laughter, at my ability but then my brother stepped up, "We'll hunt it together", he said to me, and I obliged.

That night the two of us went into the woods as it creaked and groaned in its foreboding way. A babbling brook, a common oak, and a hole, dark and deep, that smelled of lilac.

"How curious.", my brother remarked, and we delved deeper still.

A growl was heard, closer than I would have hoped, followed by those crimson red eyes, pulsing with fury.

Panicking, I saw no other solution than to cower, and I took shelter between the trunks of two birch trees, abandoning my brother. Screams of agony, but something was amiss. These screams were not of my brother, and as I crawled from my hiding place my eyes fixated on the beast. My brother turned to look at me; "Just a wolf", he laughed, still with that shine in his eyes. And then we both laughed at my foolishness, and how the villagers would be so grateful, to him. The people would know what had happened and just like before, I would become a failure and a mockery.

I carefully extracted my blade from its sheath and plunged it deep into his chest. He neither saw nor expected it. His face red with blood, he didn't scream or beg. It was quick and he fell lifeless to the grass below. I buried him in the hole we had found before, but not before tearing away a piece from his fine blue coat.

"We were separated, this was all I found, he must have been devoured by the beast." I presented the cloth to the villagers and they stared at me with sparkling eyes and the crowd huddled around me, both congratulating and consoling me. I slept that night dreaming of nothing.

Three days later, a figure emerged from the woods, as most strange things do. The townsfolk gathered and amid the discord, my heart nearly stopped when I saw who it was, my brother. The joy on everyone's faces was unfathomable as the horde roared with laughter and tears of happiness. But it couldn't be him and I was the only one who noticed that his fine coat was not torn.

I stared at him from a distance as he talked to the crowd: "I can't believe I got so lost, me! Living beside those woods all my life but thank God for my brother, thank God he killed that devil." He patted me on my shoulders appraisingly. This couldn't have been my brother. Why is he here now? Is my fevered mind playing tricks on me from guilt? Or is this actually him? But if it is the latter, why won't he look at me?

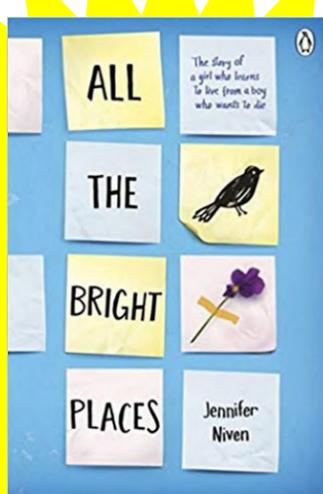
I am unable to sleep now, that limp body of his haunts me from day till night. And twice I have woken and seen my brother on the hill overlooking the house, digging a hole, for hours on end.

Trembling with both horror and curiosity, I delved down into the hole my brother had dug using a rope. The familiar smell of lilac overwhelmed me but as I was trying to remember where I had smelt it before, the hole had reached its end. Raising my oil lantern, that familiar sense of dread came upon me once again. A figure lay there on the ground. It seemed startled by the light and it turned around. It was my brother, his face red with blood...

Inspired by Emily Carrol by SM and IM



# Recommended Reads:



Not a bright idea:

