

Free
Writers

ANTHOLOGY

A selection of short stories by young people



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Rewrite fights prejudice and injustice by bringing together young people from different backgrounds through the power of drama and creative writing.

Free Writers is a core Rewrite project for young people aged 11 to 18 to develop their writing skills, tackle relevant issues and gain a platform for sharing their work.

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Introduction

In 2012, Rewrite started its first on-going creative writing group. Just like its other projects, React and Creative ESOL, it aimed to fulfil Rewrite's mission to bring young people from different backgrounds together, to challenge prejudice and injustice through artistic mediums. Although it was an exciting prospect, we also had our doubts. Were a group of young people really going to want to come and spend their spare time sitting and writing? Whilst drama lends itself to non-verbal expression, writing is all about words. Would we be able to reach those who were challenged by language and literacy?

We needn't have worried. Over the year, our members have come from Britain, Nigeria, Ghana, Pakistan, India, Spain and Palestine. Some have fluent English, but some are still learning, graduates from our Creative ESOL project. And it turns out that young people are burning to express themselves, to talk about their own experiences of the world and those of others in the written word, that (if the residents of Southwark are anything to go by) given the tools and the support to write creatively, they will do so, no matter what language or literacy levels they are operating at. As one of our writers said:

"We're motivated, we know what we want. Me myself oh wow oh I hate English so much and I hate writing, but when I'm with Rewrite and I'm writing my stories, I'm just like - I love writing. We go to school and I feel like I'm forcing myself whereas in Rewrite, you know it's free."

It's not surprising that the name Free Writers came from the group themselves.

We are extraordinarily proud of our young writers, of their literary talent, skill, passion, wit, and courage to move beyond the barriers they face. Ninety nine percent of them are from black and minority ethnic backgrounds, ninety percent of them are young

women. Considering these are the most under-represented groups in professional writing, we are excited to be working with the next generation of writers, encouraging them at the beginning of their literary and creative journeys. It has been an absolute privilege to encounter and nurture strong new voices.

In January 2014, we set the challenge for each of our members to write a complete short story about something important to them: this anthology is the result. For some this was identity. For some it was about wider global issues such as poverty, political corruption and holocaust. For others it was the chance to turn their hand to experimentation with the narrative form, and for one young person, it was inspired by a trip to the Holocaust and Genocide Wiener Library. Each one of them rose to the challenge, and this anthology is the result.

We hope you enjoy it!

Emily Hunka
(tutor & chair)

Pelumi

Oluwapelomi Moturayo Dorojaiye would like to be called Pelumi. She specialises in freestyle, poems and rhyming. Her greatest achievement was having the best dress at prom. Pelumi's favourite place is her room, in her bed. Her greatest possession to date is having a bank card and feeling independent. She hates fish – smells horrid. She is a funny girl, weird in her own way, and she is unique with different gifts.



By Pelumi

*All I wanna do is BANG BANG BANG BANG! And (KKKAAAA CHING!)
And take your money by M.I.A.*

*Versace Versace Pelumi head on you like am your mommy!! Oya back to
the matter.*

So let me tell you my story. Ohhh! Here it goes. I have a passion for music and writing. It's my life and my comfort zone. I was born and bred in Nigeria-Lagos. Nigeria is a bloody sizzling hot country. I lived with my mom and house-help. We had our own field and garden, my house help was a bit like an evil witch; even though she helped me with my work, she was still scary. My mum painted the house with the colour brown and crème.

I attended a private school called Christ the Ultimate. You can probably guess it was a religious school. Every morning we had to pray and say the Ten Commandments. I remember wearing a white dress with my tidy hair up on my head like a bird nest. Ok off topic again. *All I wanna do is (BANG BANG BANG BANG!) And (KKKAAAA CHING!) And take your money.*

Ok back in. I always travelled to London on and off, same goes for Paris, visiting people in my family, and seeing sites. Paris was a wonderful city. I always went to Disneyland Paris. It was as fun as sliding on a rainbow (as they say, there is a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow). I remember going to London Eye for the first time and it

was as round as my tennis ball. I went to Madam Twoso. It was incredible fun. So months went by.

Then my mum called me and she was like:

“Pelumi I need to talk to you”

She said it with her strong African voice. ME thinking am in trouble, I went to her and she broke down the terrible news to me and she said:

“Pelumi we are moving to London.”

It was like going new start but I was so sad because I was leaving my friends behind. I was made more sad and mad because I was going to a foreign land. So at age 9 I was in London. I said:

“Where are you and I going to live?” She said:

“I am going to live with your stepfather, but you won't be living with me, you will be living with your real father.

Off topic again (ohh am about to dive in). Ok back in again. So I registered to Gloucester Primary school. In London there's loads of people from Nigeria and we link up with them. All the kids are together. But at school in the morning, I remember seeing the people who my mum link up with dishing me up like a dig. I was so dead mad. Then I remember people calling me FOB*, blick*. At the time, it didn't really bother me, because I didn't understand. And now that breaks my heart in pieces. In case you don't know FOB means “Fresh Off the Boat” and Blick is a cruel word for people who have dark skin. It's racist. So I spend a bad one and half years there before I left for secondary school.

In secondary school my eye open and I didn't need to be scared any more. I adapted to the English language. I thought it was a good school and I was happy as a chicken! But the people in Southwark Council were as angry as snakes, because the school had too much violence. So it had to close and I had to leave.

Off topic again. *You see my dark shades on like I can't see But you know sey me fancy you You see my dark shades on like I can't see. But you know*

say me fancy you Might say Hello Don't be suprised when I say hello Might say Hello Don't be suprised when I say hello.

Ok back in. So I move to another school then I linked up with my old G Naomi. We knew each other from a long and long time ago. It was nice at Walworth Academy because she understood me. The teachers were considerate and they understood me. Now am in year 11, now that am growing up, I look at my life and I say to myself I'm so lucky, to say, that I kind of enjoy my life.

Versace Versace Pelumi head on you like am your mommy!!

So this is it. This is my story.

Adeolu Adeoye

I grew up living with my family in Port Harcourt, Nigeria. Early in my life, I never had much of an interest in books or writing. When I was 11, my brothers and I moved to London with our mother. Before I was finished with year 7, I started to develop an interest in reading. It started with Rick Riordan's `Percy Jackson` books, and spread to many other fantasy/adventure books. Reading these books helped me to develop a taste for writing, and my experiences with video games and other forms of media helped to broaden my imagination. The stories that I witnessed gave me the drive to write my own stories, and fortunately, I seem to be rather good at it. In the future, I hope that I will be able to develop my writing to a professional level, and entertain people the way I have been entertained by all the great writers whose stories inspired me.

Talking to Myself

By Adeolu Adeoye

Hi there, my name is Adam. I'd like to tell you this story from my own perspective. I'll try and make sure it's not boring. I suppose this all started a while ago, if you can call twenty years a while that is.

I was in secondary school back then; we had only one year before we had to leave to go to college. So, as kids will do, we were discussing our plans for when the year was over. Back then, I had planned to stay at our school's college. The way I saw it, why leave when I was perfectly happy here. Unfortunately not everyone saw things the way I did.

"What do you mean?!" I screamed.

"Whoa man, calm down", Brave yelled.

Brave had been my best friend for the last four years. He was a lively fellow. An unusual blend of Welsh and Korean. He liked to gel his long black hair back. I often mocked him for looking like he belonged in a perfume ad on TV.

"It's just that we've been in his hell-hole for the last 4 years. I kind of want to go somewhere else you know?"

"No, I don't know, and I have no intention of knowing." I snapped, "because to me it sounds like you guys are trying to abandon me here."

"Adam you are such an idiot. Of course we aren't," Patricia laughed.

Ah Patricia. The less I said about her the better. I don't want to get all emotional on you. What I will say, however, is that you won't

find many girls as pretty as she was. You won't find many as nice either.

"What's wrong with wanting a change of scenery?" she continued.

"Personally, I feel caged up in this place. You can't be saying that you actually want to stay here?"

"Well yes. I've been coming here for the past four years. Another two certainly won't kill me. And I don't get what all this 'change of scenery' nonsense is."

"Adam, why don't you just come with us? The school we have our eyes on isn't that far away. So you can sleep in till 7.30 like you usually do without worrying about being late. We could all move schools without having to split up."

"Yes!" Patricia agreed. "Then you can forget all about this 'abandoning' nonsense."

"Well maybe I like it here. I don't want to have to go anywhere else. In three years my life will just be a living hell anyway, so why make things worse for myself by leaving?"

"Dude, please reconsider. It won't be that bad. I promise."

I had sat there thinking it over for a good five minutes. The prospect certainly seemed promising now that they had had time to reason with me. I might have agreed, but then the school bell rang and we all had to leave for our separate classes.

"We'll talk later" Patricia had promised.

Sadly that was the problem. We did speak about it later. Several times. But between every conversation, my stubborn side had the time it required to derail me from their track of thought. Every conversation went the same way, and one day, the time for talking had come to an end. In the end, Patricia was accepted into the school they were looking at. Brave was rejected, and ended up moving back to Korea, as his education was the only thing keeping his family there. It wouldn't have happened if he had made more than one application. He was such an idiot. And so our three roads diverged. The same pattern repeated itself for the next nineteen years of my life. Time

and again, I'd grow attached to a group of people, just for them to leave in order to 'enjoy' the lives they so greatly valued. In hindsight, things might not have been so bad if I didn't take offence to it as much as I did. But unfortunately I didn't think the same way as I do now back then. And that is how I became who I was. I was someone who couldn't keep a friend for more than a few months. Admittedly, it was mostly my own fault. I can get a bit emotional at times. I have demolished way too many bridges. I can see that now.

I ended up alone. At the age of twenty-five, I was in a dead end job, living by myself in a small flat in Manchester. One day I came home from work and threw myself on the couch. I grabbed the remote, and switched the TV to Netflix. They had a lot of old movies on the home page. One in particular caught my attention – 'Around the World in Eighty Days.' I decided to give it a try. Throughout the course of the film, little sparks began to ignite in my mind. By the end, they had fused into a burning inferno of an idea. All that fighting stuff didn't interest me one bit. Neither did making bets with rich white folk. What interested me was world travelling. In my experience a lot of people I knew had gone off to tour the world. I started to wonder: what if I gave it a crack for myself? I quickly dismissed the thought. Or at least I tried.

"You can't honestly be considering this" I said to myself. "You couldn't even afford it." But I was a stubborn fellow, and the thought wouldn't go away.

Later that night, I flicked to the lottery, where they were announcing the numbers. I had bought a couple of tickets in the week, as I always do, so I pulled one out of my pocket, and then went to the bedroom to get the other. As always, the bed was a mess. The floor was covered in dirty clothes and mystery stains, and the closet door hung open. This permitted full view of the cornucopia of unclean items inside. The range included dirty socks, worn-out shoes, empty cans and so much more. I poked my hand into one of my jackets, and pulled out the second lottery ticket. I rushed back to the couch just as they were beginning to announce the first set of numbers. By the time

they were done, the line read: 02, 04, 09, 15, 22, and 26. I was about to turn into a new-year firework, but kept my composure and waited for the second set of numbers to be announced. After they were done with those, I was petrified. When I was finally able to speak, the first words out of my mouth were:

“I WON!!! SWEET MOTHER OF COLOSSUS I WON!”

I danced around the room like a madman that night. Jumping, rolling along the floor, doing the robot, doing the snake, and all manner of embarrassing ‘dance’ moves. I didn’t care. I was rich! At that moment, I remembered once again and became aware of the burning inferno within my mind. The man on the screen ended the broadcast with the words: “What would you do with all this money?!” I knew exactly what I was going to do with all that money. I was going to take a little trip.

The next day, I was at the lottery office at 10:00 am sharp. I don’t remember much of what happened in there, as I was on the verge of a heart attack. This was the most excited I’d been in years. I walked. OK more jumped out of there clutching my wallet as hard as I humanly could. In that small rectangle of leather, was a card. And that card was currently worth seven million pounds. Before I went home that day, I had transferred two million of it into an investment account and bought myself four travelling bags, a LOT of new clothes. I barged into my living room, and collapsed on the couch, flinging all of my bags to the side. I took out a few minutes to catch my breath and allow my fingers to uncurl themselves. Once I had relaxed long enough, I got up as quick as a wink and grabbed my laptop. My fingers were so jittery, that I found it difficult to type so much as a single word. It took a while, but I successfully booked myself a one-way plane ride to Ottawa, Canada. I then went into my shopping bags, and retrieved the atlas that I had purchased at the bookshop. I turned the pages and found the two pages with a detailed map of the world. I ripped them both out, and taped them together. I placed the makeshift map into one of the travelling bags. The next items to be pulled out of my bags were five small tracking devices. I put one in each of my travelling bags, and tied the other one in with my hair. My

hair was an enormous jungle of curved, looping strands, so it was not a difficult task. It looked ridiculous, but I had stocked up on hats for just this reason. The tracking devices were there so that I could keep track of my location at all times, and find my bags if they were to be stolen or misplaced. The next few hours were spent frantically packing and washing all the clothes I would need for this journey. Luckily the flight was leaving in two days, so I had more than enough time to get ready. By 9:00 pm on the night before my flight left, my preparations were complete. My luggage was packed, my house was clean, my boss had been persuaded to give me some time off, my bills were paid and most importantly, my course was plotted. I went over it one last time in my head.

I start in Ottawa. Then we purchase an all-terrain vehicle and several gallons of fuel. Then I make our way across the country, and get a boat to Japan from Vancouver. Make a quick visit to universal studios for some sweet monster hunter merchandise, and then catch a flight to Moscow. Once there, I change to another form of transportation and drive through Europe and cross the channel.

Until this point, I was still considering whether or not this entire thing was just a crazy idea, and I was going through some kind of mid-life crisis. The whole thing certainly seemed insane. On the other hand, maybe I was supposed to do this? I mean what are the odds that I would win the lottery the same night I thought of doing this? You just couldn’t write this stuff. In hindsight I should’ve given the situation some more thought, but being the stubborn fool I am, I just went ahead with it anyway.

The next day, I caught my flight and safely arrived in Ottawa. Sadly I didn’t have time to take in the scenery, as I was only here to get through, not to enjoy myself. This was one journey where the destination was the important part. As planned, I procured myself an ATV and several tanks worth of fuel. I also purchased a solar powered generator, a microwave, a lot of non-perishable foods, and a lot of extra car batteries. You have no idea how hard it was to fit all

that into a car. It was quite a large car, but I still had to use some serious Tetris skills to get everything to fit in properly. I cut a hole in the roof of the car, and positioned the generator in the hole, so that it could collect solar energy as I drove. Now all that was left was to make it through Canada without being stopped by the police. I doubt they'd appreciate me driving through their country without a valid licence. I drove for what seemed like weeks, all alone. I reached the border of Detroit after about 2 weeks. I turned around immediately and drove the rest of the way to Vancouver with the border to my west, occasionally stopping to eat.

By then, about a month and a half had passed. Unbeknownst to me, back at home the police had started a search for me. From what I was told, someone in my family had come to my house to find it empty. After a week of not knowing where I was, they alerted the police. They searched my house and found details of my plan on my computer. They had alerted all the authorities along my route, so by the time I had reached Vancouver, they already lay in wait.

I stopped at a local bank to change my money from Canadian dollars to yen, when the security guard stopped me.

"Excuse me sir."

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Would you happen to be Adam Crane?"

"Yes....why?"

He retrieved a picture of me from his pocket and checked just to make sure.

"I'm going to need you to come with me sir." He tried to grab me, but I quickly stepped back.

"Why?" I snapped.

"Our reports from England say that you have been missing from your home for over a month. We have been asked to locate you and return you to England as soon as possible."

Without thinking, I pushed him aside and ran for the car. The second the door closed, I was accelerating down the road towards the

airport. It would've been easier on me if I had just gone with him, but in that past month I had become a lot more determined to finish this journey. And I would not be stopped so soon. I suppose that is what happens when you allow a life's-worth of adventurous spirit to be released at once. It might've ended me up in a jail cell, but I didn't care. I reached the airport and began to unload only the most important of my luggage, but then I noticed that there were half a dozen police officers standing near the terminals.

"Crap", I whispered.

I quickly returned my luggage and got back into the car. I took off down the road, all the while contemplating my next move. It was only when I saw a fish-monger's truck drive past me that I remembered: Vancouver was a port city! All of a sudden, I felt a wave of adrenaline pass through me, and I made a sharp u-turn need for speed style. My car barrelled down the road as fast as I could get it. I took a quick glance to the left, and jumped at the sight of myself sitting in the seat next to me. It almost gave me a heart attack.

"What....what are you?" I gasped, still struggling for air.

"I don't know" he replied. "I'm probably just a figment of your imagination, which means it is you who put me here"

"But I didn't imagine you" I complained.

He threw his fist at me, and it glanced through my cheek.

"Well that proves it. I'm not real. And I doubt that anyone else could've sent their thoughts into your mind, so yes you did imagine me."

"But I didn't try to"

"Makes no difference to me."

"Why are you even here?"

"We've been over this. You imagined me."

"Yes, but why?"

"I don't know, I'm not real. Cant remember, no memories."

"Well can you leave then?"

"Can I?"

"Yes, go"

"Sorry, can't do that. You have to stop imagining things first. Like how you imagine this adventure of yours will get you anything but a

nice damp jail cell, an empty bank account, or both.”

“Oh so you’re here for a reason?”

“No I’m not”

“Yes you are. You’re here to get me to stop.”

“No I’m not. I’m not even here”

“What?” I looked briefly to the side, and he was gone.

I looked in the review mirror and chuckled to myself.

“Its official, I’m insane.”

I arrived at the port, and managed to find myself a boat for hire. An expensive one at that. As long as I didn’t run into some seafaring police officers, I was going to make it safely to Japan. Sadly though, the fates must have decided that I had come far enough. Halfway to the Japanese coast, disaster struck. The boat got into a massive storm. I managed to catch a lifeboat and escape with four of the shipmates, but the rest of the ship and its occupants were swallowed by the sea. By some miracle, we managed to survive long enough to wind up on the Russian coast. Most of the trip there I had spent sleeping, and silently contemplating the mess I had found myself in. I had lost everything that I had had on me, excluding a few cans of food that helped us to survive.

And the journey was about to end. Once we were found at sea, the Russian police recognised me, and put me on a plane bound for Manchester. During the plane ride, I looked at the window and saw a reflection of myself in it. I had gone through quite the change since the last time I saw a mirror. My eyes had lost their trademark bags, my skin was covered with a bad rash I had obtained while at sea, and my hair was a complete disaster. On the plus side though, I actually seemed happy for once. I noticed myself sitting on the wing of the plane, and I called out to him using my mind.

“So we meet again” he chuckled, “still imagining things I see. And it also seems as though you’ve learnt to cheer up.”

“Guess so” I replied.

“Huh. Well don’t worry, you, the repercussions for this will be minimal.”

“How do you know?”

“Well I wouldn’t have thrown you off that boat if I was just going to lock you in jail for years now would I?”

“Wait what?”

I realised that I had said that part out loud, and the man next to me was giving me a funny look. I ignored him and turned back to the window. The wing was completely barren.

Upon my return to Britain, I was taken to Scotland Yard headquarters where I enjoyed a lovely reunion with my family (which involved a lot of screaming, cursing and slapping and crying). And two weeks later, here I am.

“So that’s it?” the judge asked.

“Yes” I replied. “I have told you everything I can remember.”

“Well from that story, the only crimes you committed were driving through Canada illegally, and resisting arrest.”

“Don’t forget reckless driving” I added.

“Yes of course. Now, I could give you anything from one to three years for all this, but since you are so eager to flash your lottery money around, the court will settle for a £750,000 fine and a month of community service.”

“That’s fine by me your honour” I replied, feeling extremely relieved.

“Ok then, case closed.”

As I walked out of the courtroom into the sunlight, I gazed up at the sky. There were no clouds out today, and I saw a flock of ducks fly away to my right. As my gaze followed them, I spotted myself sitting next to a nearby tree. I shook my head and looked back to find that he was gone.

“I must be imagining things again. That’s the last time I ever watch Netflix.”

The Wiener Library at 80: The Endurance of Truth



Kemi Alake

Kemi Alake is a writer that is able to reveal emotions vividly in her writing. This is due to the fact that she writes from both experience and also paying attention to her surroundings, listening to the good and bad days of others, everything is seen as a potential story to her. Also one of her main inspirations for writing is her audience. She is always thinking of her audience which shapes what her writing will be. This is why her writing is never the same, because her audience are never the same. Kemi Alake also gives a special thank you to the creative writing group called Free Writers who have helped her to improve her writing for the past year and a half. She has learnt a lot from them and she appreciates all their help.

Unfortunate

By Kemi Alake

"My fellow Nigerians, I welcome you to this important and glorious day. Well it will be more glorious when your votes reveal me as your new president. You do not need to doubt what I do, because you can trust what I will do through what I have already done. Look at the companies and the factories I have sponsored, the hospitals and school I have built. I have put the wellbeing of the children, our future generation, first always making sure they have a great foundation to grow up on. When a child is in need I am there to help. I love this county, I love the people of this country and when I am president the whole world will love this country!!!"

The crowd roars with applause and cheers, shouting "He loves Nigeria! We love him! He loves Nigeria! We love him!" Laughter and acceptance is heard all through the presidential area, in houses, through the TV and radio. After the uproar, the crowd diminuendos, noticing their future president, Dr. Aura has not finished speaking.

"I know many of you will have some questions for me, so reporters ask away." The smile that grows on his face shows sincerity and happiness.

"Dr Aura. How do you plan to help the unemployed?"

"Well with all the new factories and companies I have sponsored, it will create an excellent amount of jobs for everyone"

"What about the children on the streets? What do you plan to do?"

"I will make sure, even if I am not president, with the power I have I will make that every child on the streets will have a roof over their head, food to eat and warmth. I believe everyone both old and young,

in this country should be healthy and able to live a good life.”

The applause explodes again, the audience showing their appreciation. When the applause dies down, a reporter from CNN news speaks up.

“You talk about the hospitals and schools you have built for children but they are so expensive that those of the lower class can not even afford it, so how are you keeping everyone happy?”

There is silence. The smile on Dr Aura’s face drops, his gaze fixed on the reporter. No one moves. No one blinks. No one breathes. Until a smile creeps up his face again, like spiders creeping into your mouth as you sleep.

“Obviously it will be expensive because it is new but I will still make sure children have scholarships to schools and many will get free medical check ups. I do plan to take care of such a wonderful country.”

The uproar rises again, to forte. More reporters want to ask questions, but Dr Aura waves and leaves the podium, his smile erased from his face. He calls a man with broad shoulders, black suit, black shoes, black earpiece with a stern straight face.

“The reporter from CNN... I want him dead.” The man nods.

His Campaign Manager comes up to him. “I got the paper works for the scholarships and free medical check ups you wanted to impose.”

“And why would I impose it?”

“That is what you said in your speech... I just thought...”

“Don’t think! Act! Just do what I say. You are my campaign manager, you do what I want!”

“But what you said to the people...”

“It was said just to make them happy, it’s too expensive, let the children fend for their selves. In this world its every many for himself”

“Ok I understand”

“But for publicity, let the people know I did all this and that I actually care.”

“But what about the people, that apply for scholarships?”

“Say it’s out of my jurisdiction and I can only impose it when I am

president.

It will make them want to vote for me more. No one will find out, I mean this is Nigeria!! The people know nothing about politics. I am a genius!!”

Leaving his campaign manager, he walks to his office, closes the door and sits on his chair looking at the ceiling. Already he knows he has won this election. A movement catches his attention, and he walks towards the window to see what is happening. He looks down to see two children, dirty from head to toe. Holding each other for warmth as their clothes are no help. They look up to see him with their dark brown eyes. Their eyes full of pain and darkness, as dark as the dirt that engulfs their body. Dr. Aura looks down at them, disgust painted on his face. His hand reaches the drawing cord and instantly shuts the curtains. He walks back to his chair and sits in silence, satisfied.

Two weeks later, Election Day has arrived. The people stand cheering and chanting “*He loves Nigeria! We love him!*” Many have already cast their votes. Hearing the cheers Dr Aura feels satisfaction in his heart, already confident that he will win. Especially because most of the other campaigners were dead from unfortunate and coincidental events. He has, by far, more money, more workers working for him and also has won the support of the people. He speaks to his wife.

“Do you hear that Susan? The people call me; I can already see the future, me sitting on the president’s seat, where I belong”

“Yes, you have worked the hardest to get this far.”

“I don’t need your approval; I know I worked the hardest. Now go and get the car, it is time for me to meet my people.”

The car comes and stops right in front of him. The driver comes to open the door for him but... before he enters, an old woman, with a hunchback, draped with old, tattered rags, stares at him with dark black eyes.

“Excuses me,” he says with disgust, stepping back, not wanting to touch or even breathe her. “Move from me you old hag!”

“Why do you say that? I thought you said you would make every child have a home and be healthy.”

"Excuse me but I think you need to take a closer look at yourself, you're not exactly Miss Young."

"Why would I be? Did you not take away my childhood?"

Astounded by what he hears, he steps back. He turns, calling his guards to get her away from him, but when he turns back, she has gone. As if she was never there.

"Sir what is wrong?"

"Did you not see her? ... The woman!? ... Ask the driver!!"

"I am sorry sir but I did not see anyone."

Angry and frustrated, he dismisses all of them. As the car starts to drive, so does his mind. Who was she? What did she mean? Questions after questions flow into his head. With all that has happened he whispers to himself:

"I can not allow one crazy woman to spread madness and make the people lose hope in me."

Dr Aura hears the cheers of the nation. As he walks from the car, the sound explodes in his face. He is ready. He has his winning speech, his winning smile, and his winning eyes. He strolls through the hall with pride to meet the people. All eyes will be on him, just what he wanted.

But suddenly he sees her again. And his emotions, his confidence, his pride leave him. *Run!! Run!! She's a witch!!* Is the only thing running in his mind. Yet he cannot speak. Yet he cannot move.

"Will you help me like you promised?"

She creeps towards him. Closer and closer she comes. Fear grips his heart. Terror fills his body. She is right next to him now, her hands finding rest on his face. Her dark eyes send daggers to him and again she says:

"Will you help me like you promised?"

Then...he drops. Pain swirls in his head. Dr. Aura summons all the energy he has to open his eyes. He is on the floor, on a red carpet. He knows he is not in the presidential hall anymore. He does not think he is even in Nigeria anymore. He can feel his body coming back alive.

Struggling to stand, he sees her. Staring at him.

"What have you done?! Where am I?! What do you want with me?!"

She turns around and walks away through a door. He runs after her, not wanting to be alone in such a weird and unfamiliar place.

"Where am I?!"

The old woman turns around and looks at him with hatred and anger in her eyes. Pain painted presently on her face.

"You are going down a road that will lead to children crying blood, parents killing to live and children eating others to survive. Yet telling you won't make a difference so I need to show you first hand."

Shock flashes through his face. Fear creeps into his heart. It is the first time in forty years he has an encounter with fear. The old woman continues walking. He follows. They approach a giant double door. Music and voices can be heard, dancing around the space. Even with the door there, the old woman continues walking until she goes straight through. Dr. Aura stretches out his hand towards the door, half expecting to feel the hard wood, feel the smoothness of the polished door, yet he sees his hand go through. As if nothing was there. Fascination grows in his mind.

He goes completely through and in this new room, is blown back by the people that are there. Men in suits. Black hair like starless nights. The women shock him with their feathered dresses in the shape of different birds. Some are parrots, some are flamingos and some are like the birds of paradise. Their faces are painted with every colour in the rainbow yet you can still see, under all that disguise, you could still see that they are all Nigerian.

"What is this?!"

"I'm surprised you can't remember a ball that you organised. Or at least what your organiser organised for you. You never gave her much credit, actually you never gave her any credit"

"What do you mean?"

The old woman gives a sigh of frustration, one you would give trying to explain something to a child that does not understand.

"You won the election, you became president and then a dictator.

You made a great army and took over the world, made an empire, took over the white house, which is where we are right now.”

“WHAT!!!?”

A grin grew on his face. He’s proud of what he will accomplish.

“Every month, you have a ball like this and invite all powerful Nigerians, only Nigerians. Only each month a different family hosts the ball with the oldest daughter as the maid. There she is now.”

“She only looks nine.”

“Here you see her as nine, up there you see her as a slave.”

She points at a man wearing similar suits with the other men at the ball but with the skin of a polar bear hanging on his back like a cape. Also instead of black hair he has bleach white hair. His face younger than the rest but his eyes have seen years of brutality, brutality that these eyes have loved to see.

“Is that me?”

“In the flesh”

“I see nothing bad here, I have done excellent work, I see the years have not been bad on my face and also Nigeria is the strongest and most powerful country. Now I know I was meant to be president.”

“Look closely and listen.”

The crowd continues talking about events around the world.

“I have successfully gained 75% of the earnings of the people of America. HA! Look who’s the strongest nation now!!”

“Well I have rebuilt the Titanic that I found in the sea. Now it is used take the cargos I want from the import and export ships of the smaller countries. You could say I have become a very exotic man.”

“Very impressive. My son could learn from you, he is very interested in ships, especially the destruction of ships.”

They all burst out in laughter at the sound of it.

“I need to re-fill my wine glass!!”

“Coming!!” says the little girl. While she holds the bottle, a hand appears at her face and slaps her so hard she falls on the floor and smashes the bottle.

“How dare you go so slow!! I did not raise you to be slow!! Now get up and clean this mess and get that lovely gentleman his drink. Is

that a tear I see on your face?!” Another slap lands on the little girl’s face.

“Remember, one tear equals one slap.” The girl silently gets up, taking a rag from her apron and cleaning the mess on the floor. The tears tear at her eyes, wanting to get out, but her face fights them back, knowing it will bring more pain if any tear s is allowed to roll down her face.

“The people do not even turn around to see what happened. Is something like that really the norm around here?” says Dr Aura.

The old woman turns around to face him with disgust wrapping her face.

“You saw two tired and hungry children outside your window and you turned your back on them. Children are important to keep the population going, for our future. A statement you said. And yet you force a mother to do this to her child, the only possible way they can survive. She stretches her hand to the commotion between the mother and the daughter.

“This is ridiculous! If they do not want to listen, then you cannot blame the parent for brutalising their children, or throwing them out.”

“It’s easy to say that while seeing others do it, can you say the same thing while seeing yourself do it?”

Dr Aura is about to reply when the Future Dr Aura rings a tiny bell. All go silent and turn to face him. All this time he had been silently sitting on his throne, watching the people but now he stands and starts to speak.

“It is time.”

Everyone moves to one side creating a way in the middle, leading the little girl to him. She stands still for a second and then starts to walk towards him. A machine would move with more life that she does. Fear takes over her body, causing her to shake, yet she has enough control to keep on walking. As she reaches him, the silence falls in the room so thickly that you feel it from your head to your shoulders then to your feet. Future Dr Aura looks at her with dagger eyes. She cannot look at him so she looks at the floor.

“Speak!” he shouts, sending shivers down her soul.

“You...are...the...great...”

“GREAT!!!? HOW DARE YOU!!!”

He slaps her so hard it sends her flying back, sliding on the floor, making contact with her back and the wall. A cry falls from her throat, pain taking over her whole body. He walks closer and closer to her shouting

“I AM THE SUPREME!!! THE GREATEST!!! HOW DARE YOU JUST SAY GREAT!!! HOW DISRESPECTFUL!!!”

He approaches her, and kicks her in the gut. Her scream pierces the silence, her eyes widen and you can see in them the pain of the thrashed red flesh below.

“She feels so much pain that the father of pain would not have been able to take it. No one tried to stop it, no one looked horrified. Some even looked amused,” says the old woman, sadness growing on her face. “I remember how it felt to be kicked like that. My sight was going, my breathing gone, my bones cried for it to stop. Tears washed my face but it still couldn’t clean the scars. You did not stop, you never stopped. Until it was too late.”

“This can’t be true, you’re showing me lies you witch!”

“Lies?” I heard you say that you would take care of the children.”

The old woman turns, her black deep eyes fixed on Dr Aura, he knows what is going to happen but he cannot prepare. He is gone.

He opens his eyes with the same heaviness as before. His body unstable. Just as he thinks he is going to stay lifeless forever, the tingling feeling swims over his body. A foul stench of mechanics and oil washes through his nose. He sees the door leading to the podium. He knows he is back.

“Yes,” he says, “finally I am back.”

“Did you learn? Did you learn the path you are going on and the one you will create?”

“I learnt something...GUARDS!!!”

Groups of men arrive. All in black suits, all in black shoes, all in black ties, all with no smile.

“ARREST HER!!!”

One grabs her left arm, one grabs her right arm. They surround her giving her no chance of escape.

“I learnt that you are a witch, trying to use your black magic and influence me to stop running for president.”

“Is that really all you learnt?”

“Take her away and make sure she does not see daylight again”. Viciousness creeps up his face and into his eyes. “And I also now know I will be a great leader.”

He laughs to himself.

“As if I didn’t know that before.” He turns around and walks with confidence. Self-satisfaction oozes off him. Dr Aura reached the podium, greeted with the cheers of the crowd. It was as if he never left. He raises his arm and waves. The cheer grows and grows, and as the cheers grow, his smile grows and grows as well, until it is on the verge of laughter. He knows the future and he is proud. The crowd starts to quieten down, and he is about to speak when...

He sees the old woman, mixed in with the crowd. Staring at him, not letting her gaze drop. He ignores her and starts to speak.

“My fellow Nigerians, it is such a wonderful day to gather and celebrate. This is a day that will be remembered in history, a beautiful painting in the eyes of history. My fellow Nigerians, your votes will reveal me as your new president and this event is what will put Nigeria as the crown of the world. We be more greater than America, more beautiful than Dubai, this is a day of victory!!!” The crowd roars, scarves and hats fly into the air. None is still as excitement moves all. Dr Aura sweeps the crowd with his eyes, but once again his gaze met the old woman’s. It shows no emotion, but a single tear that ran down her face.

He opens his mouth to speak again, but he is choked. He tries to start again.

“To have me as a president you are...” The women’s gaze, the women’s tear. It has finally done its work.

He goes closer to the microphone, his voice loud enough to hear but low enough that the crowd strain to hear his words, waiting in silence.

“To have me as your president you are...unfortunate.”

Farhana Jamal

Farhana Jamal was born in India. Her date of birth is May 16th 1999 and she is 15 years old. She studies at Globe Academy and she is in Year 11. Farhana is a fantastic writer and a great partner to work with. She loves to write serious stories. Her favourite subject is Art because it is very interesting. Her favourite sport is badminton. If she had been an animal she would have been a peacock because of their colour and because they are the national animal of India.

Life in Hell and Heaven

By Farhana Jamal

Inspired from an identity card of 'Erika' a real Jewish child who travelled to England on the Kinder-transport

Germany 1938. Jewish Ghetto.

My name is Erika. I am a Jew. The sound of the terrible rain is scaring me. I can see angry-looking guards near our door. They are looking at us, like we did a crime. I can't see my dad even though he is next door. I can't see my mother. "Mum, mum where are you? The girls next to me are starving. Tears are falling from their eyes, but my eyes are dry like the desert. Mum you're always near me when I get upset. You can always make me calm. Why are they doing this to us?"

Suddenly Erika woke up from her thoughts. She heard a man opening the door next to her, behind which her dad and other men from the ghetto were locked. She leant closer to the wall and tried to hear what the men were saying.

"Sister, what are you doing?" whispered Erika's little, cute sister, Naja.

"Shhhhhh, shh" hushed Erika.

Erika started to hear some words like "you", "family", "children" and "home". She began to feel a flutter of happiness, as she thought these words meant they were going home to their old house. Excitedly, she told her sister about this. The officer stormed in and thundered,

“Erika! Naja! Get ready to go to home tomorrow morning.” They didn’t get any time to ask the officer anything, because he just went off. But they were very happy and Erika said in her heart: “God is powerful”.

Next morning. The moody sun came up in a grey sky but there was a bit of rain peeping through. Erika and Naja woke up quickly. The scary looking army officer knocked on the door. Naja ran to the door to open it, and asked:

“Is this time to go home?”

“Yes” replied the officer. Erika and Naja walked behind the officer. Suddenly Erika looked back and said to the other people in the ghetto,

“Don’t worry, don’t worry, you will get a chance as well.”

They both walked towards the jeep and stood next to it.

“Why are you waiting? The boss will come in five minutes get in the jeep,” shouted the officer.

“But we need to wait for our mum and dad. Where are they?” asked Erika .

“ What? They’re not your mum and dad anymore, you don’t need them! Now you’re going to a new family”, screamed the army officer.

“Noooooooooooo” screamed Erika and turned back and ran to her dad’s room. The officer tried to stop her but she ran very fast. Suddenly she fell in muddy water and her knees get scratched, and were bleeding. Her heart was beating so fast. The army officer got her up from the mud and water. He dragged Erika like dragging a bag, and put her in the jeep. Naja was crying and wiping her tears on her face. Erika’s eyes were red, her cheeks were red, and her knees were red with blood. The journey in the jeep was three hours. In the end, they both went to sleep. Then suddenly the jeep stopped in front of a flat. Naja and Erika quickly woke up. Naja asked:

“Why do you stop here?”

“Look at your sister” replied the officer. How bad she looks. We can’t take her like this to the new family”. They both got out of the jeep and walked behind the officer. While they were walking Erika’s mind was full of angry thoughts and she was thinking how to escape

from these people. They didn’t want to go to a new family without their mum and dad.

The time went very quickly. Erika had a shower and when she came out from the toilet she saw her sister Naja was crying. Erika ran to her sister and said.

“Don’t worry dear, we will be escape from here.”

“How?” asked Naja.

“When the officers are paying the money to the family, we pretend like we’re getting in jeep and then we’ll just run from there and hide in a place and won’t come out until they go from the flat.” They both started to leave the room and the officer told them to sit down. They both pretended they were going into the jeep and they held each other’s hands and ran but an officer outside saw Erika and Naja running, so they followed them and tried to catch them. Erika’s legs were hurting, but she still ran as fast as she could. Erika saw the officers coming behind them. Erika couldn’t breathe properly. She fell on the road. Naja tried lots of time to get her up by calling her:

“Sister sister let’s go, they are behind us.”

“Don’t worry about me, you go run fast as you can, run, run run!!!” shouted Erika even though it gave her pains in her heart. Naja ran as fast as she could. The officers got to the place where Erika was lying down. One took her and the others searched for her sister Naja. But they couldn’t find her, so they just left without her.

The wind is blowing. Lots of children playing in a garden. A big massive house in England.

Erika opened her eye from sleeping, she thought: “Where am I?” She was in a room which was very tidy and clean. She got up and walked near to the window. It was very cold. She understood that she was not in her country. She saw little children playing in the garden like Erika and her sister used to play. Erika turned back and the only thing she saw was a cupboard. She opened it and saw some dresses. They were not nice at all. They were old dresses and she saw that they were for her.

“Knock, knock,”

Someone knocked on the door. Erika turned back and opened the door. At first, she didn't see any one there, but when she looked down she saw a little kid with chocolate on her face. Erika went down on her knees and asked:

“What is your name?”

“Rose” replied the cute kid

“What is your name?” asked Rose in her nice low voice. “You can call me sister” said Erika with a smile.

Suddenly a fatty woman came in with a stick in her hand and said:

“Rose!!!!!!!!!!!!!! What are you doing in here? Go and learn! You have exam on tomorrow, and don't ever talk to that nasty child ever.” Then in a big voice, the lady told Erika to wash the plates. Erika went into the kitchen and she saw a girl the same age as her. She lifted the dirty plate up, and told Erika to wash it. From then she understood that she was a servant in that big house.

Erika needed to do all the work in that big massive house. Also she needed to help the children to go to school and many more things. She was getting beaten by the fat lady if the job was not cleaned properly. Erika stayed there for two months. One day, the little girl Rose came in and whispered:

“Sister, sister you need to go from this house or they will kill you.”

“Why do they need to kill me?” asked Erika.

“My Grandad and Grandmum feel bad for you and plan to send you to a school, but my parents don't like it so they will kill you today. It is better to go at 12 o'clock from here” said Rose.

“But I can't escape, they'll be watching me” said Erika

“Don't worry sister, if you move the cupboard there is a small door which leads to garden, from the garden you can quickly escape.”

The time passed until it was nearly 1 o'clock. Erika slowly moved the cupboard, not making any sound. She saw the door. It looked very old because it had lots of dust on it. Erika opened the door and came out of the room. She looks around the garden to see if any one was

there but no one was there. Erika ran and ran. It was very dark. She couldn't see anything. Then she was too tired to run or even walk further. She fell down on a rock and fell asleep.

The sun came up. A car came up towards the place where Erika had fallen down, and where she was still sleeping. It was a couple. They saw Erika, picked her up and put her in the car. Soon, Erika opened her eye and asked herself *Where is this place? Where am I?* The woman smiled at her.

“Don't worry Erika, you are our kid from now on,” said the women nicely

“How did you know my name?” asked Erika

“Your sister told me.” replied the women.

“I want to see her, where is she?” said Erika

“Don't worry, I will call her. Naja! Naja! Come here, your sister has woken up.”

“Where do you get my sister from?” asked Erika

“Well... we were in Poland for few weeks and we saw Naja sitting on a place and sleeping, and I felt really sad. I don't have any children, so me and my husband decided to bring her here”

“Thank you, thank you very much for giving us this heaven” said Erika . Naja came to the room and hugged her sister and Erika wiped the tears from Naja's face.

“From now on you both can call me mum I am your mum from now,” said the woman.

“Mum, mum” called Erika and Naja.

Erika and Naja waited for their real mum and dad for ever.



Naomi Mankrado

Naomi Awusi Mankrado is a hardworking and ambitious student at Walworth Academy, who aspires to become a neurological surgeon in order to treat and correct anomalies in the brain. As an active member of Free Writers, Naomi loves to write as a way to lessen the impacts of stress and problems in her life which she has no control over. After attending a taster Rewrite session, she converted from hating the thought of writing down her feelings on paper to loving writing so much that she decided to include it in her daily routine. She even went on to invite Pelumi Durojaiye, one of her best friends who, like her, wasn't fond of English, to attend the sessions. They found out that it wasn't only the activities that took place that enticed them but the warm, supportive, friendly atmosphere also helped them forget about the hard stressful days of studying and to clear their minds. Some say Naomi is an average human. Most say she is just another wanna-be doctor. I say she is a free-writer unafraid of the obstacles that lie ahead because she can retreat to this world that is summoned by the connection between the ink in the pen and paper, where all things are under her control and where she isn't powerless but powerful beyond measure.

Short story

By Naomi Mankrado

I stood there, on the bridge, about to take the fatal plunge. The wind was slapping me in all directions, nothing wants me on this world, so I need to go. Inhaling a deep breath of fresh unpolluted air, I raised up my hands "FORGIVE ME, LORD FOR I KNOW WHAT I AM DOING". I began shifting my weight unto my heels, then my toes and then finally tears left my eyes and I dropped...this is the end...death has finally caught up to me, it has devoured mother, engulfed father and now it's my turn. I closed my eyes and began my journey on turning my back upon the world only to feel a strong force pulling my body away from the fall. The overcoming force pulled and pulled until I was now in his arms. Should I feel hatred? Should I feel joyful? Is he my knight in plain clothes, but with muscles as big as a bull, or is he my plan destroyer?

"What are you doing imbecile?" I scratched and slapped him on the face then ran away trying to find another bridge to jump off. My body glimmered underneath the moonlight. I ran with no shoes and a sliver of glass pierced my foot. I felt myself slowly descend, face first onto the floor. But I was caught once again. But this time, he held me in his arms like my mother had held me when I was a delicate fragile little girl, and he stroked my hair as if it were a precious diamond, allowing me to sob into his huge comfy chest. I sobbed therefore a while, remembering my ephemeral childhood days.

"Why can't you leave me alone?" I said, looking him deep into his hazel eyes. Then, in shock of his beauty, I gasped:

"How dare you waste your time on me, your beautiful time on me.

A worthless child like me!" My voice softened as I neared the end of the sentence. He hugged me again and I could smell the strength of his manliness on me.

"Tell me, why did you do that?" he asked.

Let me take you back on the road of my miserable short life.

Age thirteen:

Mother lay there, her pain was scribbled all over her face, prematurely aging, she tried not to show, it but pain that huge couldn't be hidden. Sweat leaked from her face and her eyes bulged outwards as if the pressure inside was too much for her to bear. I tried to approach her, but I turned away so I could wipe the tears that were slyly trying to rebel against my orders of staying in. I didn't want her to see me in tears. Just a few days ago, mother was full of vitality and continuously manifested love to all that came near. She had a fair complexion; her glowing face was a sun shining happiness, blessings, hopes protection to all who embraced the light she emitted. Now look at her. The disease absorbed all her light and happiness. Her fragile body, thin hair, skeleton-like-figure, extremely dried, chapped skin. She had tried to hide underneath the 'cover', but the cloth was thin and her bones stuck out, so I saw it all. This is not my mother, I whispered to myself, totally unaware of how loud it was and how the silent room meant every breath, every movement, every word could be heard.

"Precious, my dear come here" mother said, her voice still as bouncy as clouds, as soft as silk and as heavenly as a choir harmonising. She paused, her face suddenly scrunched up in agony, she bit her already torn lips. The pain the indescribable pain of harming and killing yourself, to save your daughter. To preserve her image of you for just a bit longer. Mother always kept me away from pain even if it meant she had to feel the pain instead.

"I just want to tell you before I go to sleep, that mummy loves you and will meet you again when your older, but I want to tell you that it is important that you don't indulge your self in worldly possessions."

Remember family comes first, instead indulge yourself in love. You may not understand this now but you will when you are older. Sing with me ...

DON'T INDULGE YOURSELF
IN WORLDLY POSSESSION
FAMILY COMES FIRST
DADDY COMES FIRST
MUMMY COMES FIRST
INSTEAD INDULGE YOURSELF IN LOVE

We spent hours singing it together. Then mother told us to stop singing and said she wanted to tell me something.

"Child I know how you are, you are very clever. But tonight I want to sleep in peace okay, so if I close my eyes, I'm not dead but I'm sleeping. I will sleep for a very long time okay. You won't see me awake again physically but I will always be awake in your heart. Even if I go to sleep now, don't you dare try to wake me up or you'll be in very big trouble missy. Okay?"

"Okay", I replied. The life seemed to just flow out of her. She continued:

"I also want to tell you something your father and I have been planning. Your dad wouldn't tell you until its time but I am telling you now. When you are eighteen we have put all our life savings into..."

She stopped and clenched a fist to her heart.... She coughed and blood splattered on the walls, her eyes rolled up and she shook violently. Out of the silence came the crescendo of a scream, an abrupt shout. And with that shout, the life in her left her body.

Due to a technology failing, Naomi's completed story got lost, and she was unfortunately unable to rewrite it for this anthology. However we include this extract as a taste of what she has done and what is to come...

Riswana Jamal

Riswana Jamal was born in India. Her hobbies are drawing and writing. Riswana is a fan of writing different story genres. This means she is friends with every genre.

A Rose Wishes Everything

By Riswana Jamal

A girl called Orange lived with her aunty called Mrs Glue. They lived in an enormous mansion, but they only used two rooms and a kitchen. The kitchen looked beautiful. The reason it looked beautiful is because Orange did her job fabulously.

Each morning, she woke up at 5 o'clock in the morning. Even though she felt sleepy and lazy, her fear of Mrs Glue made her get out of bed and get her chores done, before the hippo woke up at 8 o'clock. This is her routine :

1. She takes the bus to her favourite shop called Lulu. Lulu is her favourite shop because it is her golden ticket to her school (that's another story, you'll have to wait for another day).

2. Mrs Glue writes lists of things that she needs. They are twelve packs of chips for breakfast, chicken burgers, two bags of rice, salads, yellow banana, green banana and on and on and on and on.

Today, when she got home, she was half hour late. She was meant to be there at 8 o'clock, but she got there At 8:30. Mrs Glue was standing at the door, in her way. The fat lump blocked Orange's path. She lifted her arm, her skin moved like jelly and smelt like dry glue. For twenty of her forty years she had been smoking thirty fags a day and her breath stinks like an ash tray. Glue:

"Why are you late?" Orange:

"There was queue in the Lulu shop. I have to wait long time." Glue:

"Where's my chips I'm so hungry?"

She put all the new things into the clean cupboard. When she went to her auntie's room it was like a bin. Glue put her cigarette

ends in bin bags near her bed, in the toilet, everywhere. After cleaning, Orange started to prepare for her school. She fried a few chips and hid them in the fridge. Mrs Glue never let her buy anything from school so she had to bring the cold chips for packed lunch.

She went to school. Orange got laughed at by the other children in her school. Although everyone knew her aunt was cruel and that was why she's late, each person still asked her "why you late, why you late". She says: "My aunt is sick". Then they all laugh at her and said she's lying.

One day she was coming from her school, and she passed the horrible empty estate. She heard a noise but she did not take it that seriously. Next morning she was on her way to school she heard the noise again. She really wanted to check what was inside. She went in to the big estate. It was really scary and dark all around no lights, big stairs.

Suddenly she saw a man in a chair tied, and she was shocked. She pulled up the blind on the window that was next to her. The man said:

"Who are you? Get out of me from this trap".

She wanted to run away, but because she had a good heart, when she heard the word trapped she quickly went and released the man then she stepped back and back then ran fastest she could. The man shouted:

"Hey stop, thanks for releasing me".

"I got to go I'm late for school" said Orange

"This girl is scared of me" said the man.

Next day she went to the estate with some clothes that her grandfather used before he died to give the man and brought some food.

"Is anybody here?" she called

"Who are you?" said the man

"It's me who released you."

"OH! Come in."

"Here you go"

"What is this?"

"This is some food and clothes for you"

"Thank you very much, little princess"

Then she said with tears in her eyes -

"What you just called me - this is what my grandfather used to call me, and the sound is just like him."

"Well my granddaughter was like you, she always cried"

"So can I call you grandpa?"

"Yes you can."

When she heard that in that moment, she hugged him and called him Grandpa.

Every day she went to his house in the morning before school and after school. When she had an exam she stayed with him to study. One problem was that when she was at home, her auntie did not allowed her to do her revision, so she went to grandfather's to study. She lied to her auntie that she was going to her friend's house.

One day Mrs Glue spied on her and saw she was talking to Grandfather.

"Orange come here!" said Glue

"Orange who is this?" said Grandfather

"She is my Auntie"

"I said come here."

Orange didn't go.

"Ok I will come there. Who is this man?"

"He is my grandfather"

"What? Your grandfather is dead"

"No, I mean my friend"

"Do not lie to me young lady. I know you see him as your grandfather right?"

"Yes Auntie"

"You come with me now!"

"But Auntie..."

"No! Excuse me old man, leave my kid alone"

"But Aunty!" Orange shouted

"You shout at me?"

"Yes, I will, because you always say to me to leave all my friends."

"No Orange," said Grandfather calmly, "You have to go with her. I will be going soon too."

“Where are you going?!” said Orange

“I will tell you.”

The old man called her over and whispered to her.

“Whenever you look into this box, there will be a rose each year for your birthday. You can wish anything to the rose and the rose will do it.”

After few days Orange was late coming back home from school. Her aunty asked her about it, and she replied:

“I have to clean Grandpa’s house so I’ve been cleaning there.”

“Cleaning there? So who will clean this house?”

“Aunty!” Orange shouted “I’m not your servant.”

“Yes you are young lady because I have your mum and dad’s property and that makes you my property”. And then Suddenly Mrs. Glue said angrily - “And I killed them as well. What are you going to do about it?”

When she heard that, her tears came faster from her eye and she said:

“So you killed my parents.”

“Yes. Now you might think that you can report to the police but do not try girl. You will be in trouble.”

For that reason Orange did not tell anybody. And the next day was her birthday. She took the rose out of the box and said

“Today is my perfect day to wish. I want Glue to die in front of me.”

The next morning, Glue said:

“I do not know what has happened to me.” Orange smiled at her, closed her eyes and said:

“You will be in hell soon.”

When she opened her eyes, Mrs Glue had died. One year later, Orange started to wish little things, that made her happy, and she lived happily forever.



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