

YOUNG WRITERS CLUB



SUMMER ANTHOLOGY 2023

SHAKESPEARE
NORTH
PLAYHOUSE

INTRODUCTION

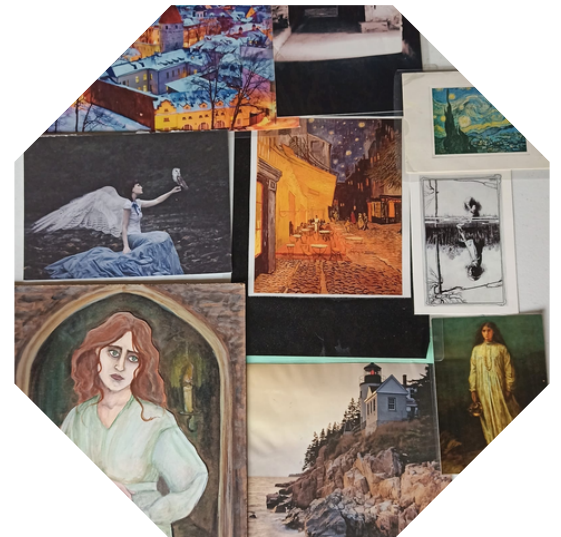


By Emily Parr

Project Producer - Learning and Engagement

We are proud to present a collection of pieces penned by the talented members of Young Writers Club, who came from various places to attend up to eight sessions over the summer holidays. They embraced every challenge to create stories, poetry and scripts in response to a range of stimuli, including music, art, Shakespearean quotations and objects. The greatest reward of leading the group was witnessing young people spanning an age range of seven years becoming friends and supporting each other in sharing their work aloud.

Thank you to everyone who came along to make the sessions so joyful and inspiring. Because of you, Young Writers Club will continue, and we cannot wait for the next chapter in your story.



Story Inspired by an Object

THE GREEN BRACELET

Written by Grace

I wish that in my short, grievous life I could erase my death. I was shot by a dear friend I trusted, but when all seemed lost, my father stepped in with a marvel of invention, the raven heart. Unfortunately, he passed away. He gave me a raven keyring on a green bangle. It was embedded with pain, but I would wear it on my heart no matter what.

I was moved to a foster house; a run down, shabby world of heartbreak. The other girls left me alone. They didn't want to mix with a hybrid. I was just a weirdo in Room 65.

One day, two mysterious people came in. They said they sought an orphan hybrid they had heard about. They wanted me. They needed me.

Story Inspired by an Object

THE HARD HAT KEYRING

Written by Holly

I wish you were here. Mum isn't herself anymore. She comes home late at night with a dopey look on her face, like she hasn't done anything wrong. She stumbles through the living room and passes out on the couch. Jacob holds her veiny hand while she sleeps. He pretends not to cry, but I can see the tears as he begs and pleads mum to get up and go to work. She is too hungover from last night's beverage.

She sometimes gives us hugs when she comes back, but her breath stinks of alcohol, so it's hard to be near her. The letters are piling up at the door, letters from the bank, and as Mum gets drunk, Jacob works harder to pay the bills, but it's no use. It won't be long before we lose the house, because in reality, the day you died, I lost both parents.

CHARACTERS INSPIRED BY IMAGES

Written by Nissi

I never imagined my own brother would be capable of these atrocities, but no matter. It is still my responsibility to hold any who perform injustices accountable for their sins, therefore, although he is my own flesh and blood, I will not hesitate to fulfil my duty.

The man looking down at you was immense in every aspect. He was tall, incredibly so, and he looked as though he could lift a mountain as though it was a feather. The way he was looming down at you with his piercing eyes made it seem as though he could squash you like a mere bug.

Story beginning

'I REMEMBER'

Written by Sheena

I remember when I was five and at the adoption centre hoping for a loving mother and father. Little did I know that I was getting adopted that same day, but when I saw my new parents, I was astonished. I didn't know back then that men could be together! Both of the men said their names; they were Martin and Ricky May. They asked me my name. I was confused and told them I didn't know my name.

"We wanted a Joey."

So from then on I was Joey May. I loved my new dads.

Story Spun from Random Words

THE VITAL WHISPER OF GRIEF

Written by Izzy

The fence was just as solid as ever. Even as my knuckles turned white, I shook the fence for all I was worth and the tears slid down my cheeks.

Day 4,347 of captivity and this morning Zane was gone. I knew it was coming, but as I stood alone at the edge of my prison's fence staring at ocean as far as the eye could see, I felt so small, so insignificant. Zane's breathing had deteriorated for weeks, months maybe. Every time he inhaled, I heard the death rattle in his chest and I knew his time was coming to an end. And now I was alone, at the mercy of our captors.

Suddenly, I resented Zane for abandoning me to suffer through by myself. But the guilt that followed was heavy on my chest. Zane wouldn't have wanted to abandon me to fend for myself.

Finally releasing the bars of my cage, I leaned my head on the cool metal and forced my breathing to slow.

STORY INSPIRED BY MUSIC

Written by Lorna

Outside of the train, hundreds of Nazis were escorting us around. Me, my sister and my brother didn't remember much. All we know is that we packed our bags, said goodbye to our parents, got on the train and then they were gone. I remember my sister shaking and she stuttered when she said,

"Who are those people in the uniforms by mum and dad?"

She was only six at the time. We had no idea where we were going. They didn't tell us anything. The streets were packed with people of the same religion as us. We often heard gunshots by the soldiers. They were punishing people for talking back or even asking them why they were doing this.

I distinctly remember seeing a man on the side with a bruise on his head and multiple cuts with scarlet liquid oozing out of them, like sap from a tree. He had his hands on his head. Tears were staining his cheeks while soldiers were shouting and kicking him. I quickly covered my sibling's eyes, but I'm 99% sure they noticed.

PROSE INSPIRED BY SHAKESPEARE LINES

Written by Ellie

Flesh and blood was spilt over a plateau which was once plain and beautiful and now something wicked had struck. We know what it was anyway: the dogs of war! We were all hoping for a brave new world and we got someone who was deceitful; a green-eyed monster to destroy our only hopes and dreams. What was this midsummer madness? We had all seen better days. Much better days. We had all not slept one wink and will not until the dogs of war have been defeated.

SPEECH INSPIRED BY SHAKESPEARE LINES

Written by Nissi

Sigh no more, dear followers, for retribution has arrived. Today, we shall run the streets and name this city our own! Fear no more the heat of the sun, for no longer shall we live in hiding. So long as you stick with me, we will all be free.