

YOUNG WRITERS CLUB



SPRING ANTHOLOGY 2024

SHAKESPEARE
NORTH
PLAYHOUSE

INTRODUCTION



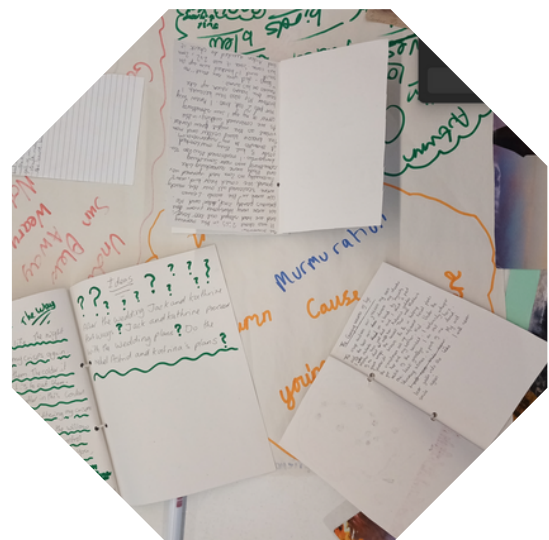
By Emily Parr

Project Producer - Learning and Engagement

We are delighted once again to present a collection of work created by the gifted members of Young Writers Club, who have continued to attend sessions in holidays, at weekends and after school to enjoy writing together. They have savoured every opportunity to create stories, poetry and scripts in response to a range of stimuli and themes.

Leading the group has been an honour and pleasure, witnessing young people offering such kind support to each other and generating sensitive, powerful and truly remarkable pieces, as you will see.

Thank you to everyone who comes along to make the sessions so inspiring, and keep up the wonderful work!



Story inspired by
THE JESTER



Written by Ellie

My life is full of sorrow. My time is over. I have officially had enough now. My life is under threat. This is why. My story. My sad, sorrowful story.

I started thinking the job would be goofy and a way to express myself, but I was wrong. Being a jester is not as great as it entails, especially when you must deliver sad news to His or Her Majesty. The food I must admit is nice, but when jokes are told, you don't know what to say when your head is blank. I enjoyed the job to start, with fresh jokes and puns and playing around, until I had to find out the news that my Queen Anne Boleyn was being executed.

I was devastated. She treated me well and I felt like a real person. Appreciated. Happy. At one point, I painted her portrait and I talked to her the whole way through. She laughed. I laughed.

When she faced trial at the tower, I prayed for her safety and sent word to the royal blacksmith to make a ring with a locket device with the portrait inside that I painted with her initial on. The portrait was only small. The ring fit perfectly on her finger. She never took it off. I wasn't treated as well as Lady Anne treated me by the others: Jane Seymour, Catherine of Aragon etc. I didn't feel that friendship that I had with Anne with the others.

Story inspired by

THE JESTER

Written by Ellie

I carried a letter she wrote to me from the tower with me in my pocket:

'Dearest Jester,

You have made me laugh and cheered me up on my dullest of days. I am now locked up, alone and sorrowful. I hope you never feel this way. I believe I will never see you again; that's why I have written. I wish you had something of me. I have kept the bell you lost in my headdress every day. I have asked specifically that I be buried with a lock of Liz's hair and your bell. I will miss you, Jester; not just a jester, my dearest and most treasured friend.'

That's what moved me; made me sad. I could never carry on. Grief overwhelmed me. I will declare to Henry tomorrow and hope my head stays on my shoulders, unlike Anne.

Story inspired by

SARAH SIDDONS



Written by Ellen

Born above a pub in the beautiful country of Wales, I was the twelfth child, the youngest, a girl born into a man's world. I struggled, I fought, I persevered. And where did it get me? Well, I guess it's time to show you.

The stage is dark; the crowd, silent. Waiting in nervous anticipation. The velvet red curtains are drawn, concealing me in a world of my own. I breathed. I closed my eyes. And I fell into the void of my imagination, my very being becoming one with my character. What better feeling is there than to be seen by hundreds and yet your true character, your true self, being hidden behind the facade of another?

Light shed onto me, the curtains drew back, and I whispered to myself, "Let the show begin". I looked out over the sea of faces before me; men, women and children alike, but all having one thing in common, united in the love of theatre.

United in the love, I suppose, for me.

I threw all I had into my show, harnessing my experiences throughout my life and projecting it into my performance. Rejection was a feeling I knew all too well. Prejudice. Injustice. Discrimination. Struggle. Pain. But I am a woman, Sarah Siddons is my name and I am proud. With an older brother on stage, some believe I fell into his shadow. I'm afraid they were wrong. I rose above and created my own identity, my own profession and my own name.

COMIC SONNET

Written by Grace

I want to murder a gingerbread man,
I will start by eating its frosting eyes,
But with inflation, I don't think I can,
I'll go to Showering's and get some pies.

I want to murder a gingerbread man,
I'll be imprisoned for a brutal kill,
But with inflation, I don't think I can,
I just want to go to my house and chill.

I want to murder a gingerbread man,
I'll next devour its very yummy head,
But with inflation, I don't think I can,
I feel depressed, I'll just go to my bed.

I want to murder a gingerbread man.
I just got paid, I now know that I can.

LOVE SONNET

Written by Lily

One day, one hour, one min,
You're like a summer's day with a gin,
Aged like a fine wine,
On my mind all the time.
Can't get you out and don't want to try,
Stay with me until you die,
Life without you is like a day without a night,
For you, my one and only, I would fight.
My day is complete when on you I lay my eyes,
When you're unhappy I am despised.
You are the word for my,
You're the world in my eye,
My love for you is not a con,
I just love you from now and on.

Letter inspired by 'It's a Wonderful Life'

DEAR CLARENCE

Written by Holly

I remember when Daddy was happy. It was a long time ago, a few years back, and me and him would always hug and cuddle after school. He used to pick me up and swing me around in his arms. His warm hands used to run through my hair and caress my cheek when I cried. Now it's my job and Mummy's to hold his stiff hands covered with calluses. Daddy tries to repress his emotions, his tears, but all we know is he wants to cry. Instead, he holds a cold iron face, not like the one my old daddy used to bear.

To be truthful, Mr Clarence, my daddy hasn't been the same since his brother died. Daddy blames himself, but Daddy saved Uncle's life. After Uncle's infection spread throughout his whole body, years of torment and pain switched off, just like my daddy. Daddy says he's fine to Mummy, but I know that's a lie. I wish, Mr Clarence, I wish that Daddy hadn't gone sledding that day. The day it started.

Miss Laura

Spooky Story

THE SCARECROW

Written by Lorna

It was about 2.45 in the morning and we had stayed out too long. We were very hungover from the previous party, Zora, Aiden and Mo.

We were in the woods. Leaves were scattered all over the mucky ground. We could hear birds, crows actually, as Zora had informed us, and they were screeching like something was near, something dangerous. I mentioned this to the other three, but they overlooked it thanks to my superstition.

The breeze grew colder and more violent as the night grew darker. As we continued walking, in the corner of my eye I saw something run past two oak trees. I knew my brother, Mo, also saw because I saw the hairs stand up like knives on his arms.

"Guys, did you see that?" Mo said...

5 RANDOM WORDS STORY

Written by Nissi

My dear Mary. You built up a TOWER of love between us, so high we were completely untouchable. The day I first laid eyes upon you, cupid's arrow flew through the sky like an EAGLE riding the wind, whose FEATHERS floated down to bring me joy. The life we built together was nothing short of paradise to me, which makes life without you all the more hellish.

Now that you've succumbed to your illness, the tower of love we built has been torn to the ground by the reaper. Your death ripped my heart out and dragged it through the MUD.

But in spite of your absence, I will raise our children with you in mind and I promise to be yours eternally again in the afterlife, forever in HEARTFELT bliss.