

# Inspired



ISSUE 1



A COLLECTION OF ART AND CREATIVE WRITING BY THE  
PUPILS OF ST BEDE'S ROMAN CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL



St Bede's  
Roman Catholic High School



Inspired by

# Lord of the Flies

Dear Auntie,

I have so much to tell you after this mysterious, magical, mad adventure! As you may know, we were evacuated from school at very short notice and although I was mournful to leave you, the thought of flying was extremely overwhelming yet exhilarating – especially as I had never flown in an aeroplane before.

However, my gut instinct is telling me that we were never meant to crash on a deserted, desert island in the middle of nowhere!

This island is amazing Auntie! The shimmering sandy shore is fledged with enormous, colossal palm trees and the sea is as blue as those delicious bubblegum bonbons which you sell in your sweet shop – gosh I will miss the taste of them every day, but I have discovered a bush containing mouth watering fruit which I cannot stop eating!

I'm not alone here either Auntie! There are many other schoolboys just like me, but one of them I admire very much; his name is Ralph. At first there was only the two of us on this island which is when I found out his name. I hope that I can be like Ralph one day; he is very athletic, he can't half swim and he can stand on his head – it is very remarkable! You know what else is very crazy, Ralph had never heard of asthma! I will be careful with my asthma Auntie, although it may be hard without you here to remind me!

Oh I do hope that you are okay back home Auntie, I'm fine here for the time being!

Hopefully someone may find us here soon. Ralph says his Father will come as he is a commander in the Navy – how wonderful!

Much love, your nephew (or Piggy, as this is now my nickname over here).

Piggy  
by Teresa Henderson

A portly individual of around the age of eleven years sat heavily on the sand, a rogue fragment of driftwood at his rear supporting the mass weight of his stiff back. His boar-like demeanour and snout closely resembled the cruel namesake administered to him: Piggy!

One aspect of this boy's personality was that he would constantly be dissatisfied with his present position, causing him a significant level of discomfort; whether this was due to his current environment, company, or a combination of the two.

From the boy's snout-like nose came an irritating whistle each time he desperately inhaled the sultry air. The infinite catalogue of ailments suffered by poor Piggy, extended to failing eyesight. Thin, metal rimmed, round lensed spectacles rested on his bulging snout. Beads of perspiration formed (close to the snout) provoking the glasses to slide too far a distance south for Piggy's preference, resulting in Piggy raising a plump hand to secure the glasses up on the indented bridge of his snout, every other second.

From what body parts Piggy had dared to expose, the skin was immaculate and stickily pale, contrasting to the heated crimson of his portly cheeks, glistening with sweat.

Piggy was anxious for the presence of others and some plan of order. Structure was how he endured life, lone survival was not an option. Believing that company and supervision would put his mind at ease, his minute, beady, frantic eyes darted around his surroundings, scanning for fellow life forms, his eyes squinted in the radiant sun, in a determined (however, not physical) search for support. Self dependence was far from reach for this overweight, asthmatic, short sighted, overbearing, restless outcast... Piggy!



Artwork by  
Melissa Rhodes

Dear Mother and Father,

The plane you sent us on to get away from the war has crashed! I can't even remember what happened, it was all such a blur.

Words honestly can not describe what it's like here. It's like everything I have ever dreamed of! The sapphire blue sea glistens out into the orange horizon every evening. I often find myself floating in the void free of gravity. No description can truly capture its mysterious majesty, yet only a few words can express its beauty. It reminds me of the lake we used to go swimming in every summer. I don't want to lose the fond memories of home, as I may never get home. One thing I do love is freedom, not having to wake up and go to school and being told where I can and can't go. I've built up a nice golden tower over the weeks I've been here (like you always used to praise me for).

I have met so many new people here. I guess you could say I am popular now. There's this one boy named Piggy. He is short, fat and geeky. He is the most cautious boy I have ever met in my whole entire life. He uses his asthma as an excuse for everything. His aunty apparently knows everything. He literally follows me around everywhere, I cannot escape him. But I'm following the rules you always taught me to never be rude or ignorant. It's just so hard to be nice to him.

I don't want you to worry about anything but I am really struggling for food. I haven't eaten in about 90 hours; it's hard to keep track of the days out here as nobody lives here. I am writing to ask for your permission to kill a few animals for protein. I know it's brutal and not my nature but I'm desperate. All of the children here are. Some of the young children are beginning to turn ill from hunger. The children rely on me as their leader. I feel like I am responsible, so if you could perhaps reply as soon as possible. I don't want to be unfaithful but if you don't respond I will have to take sharp actions into my own hands!

I have really taken a liking to one particular boy named Alex. He is tiny and cute. Sort of like a young version of me only less adventurous. However he is learning and everyday we climb the trees and pick fruit for everyone. I am training him to be co-leader incase I'm ever busy or sick one day. You have to be prepared for anything out here. We have an emergency hide-out and weapons in case of an attack.

Life on this island is probably more dangerous than back home in the war. I hope you're well. I really do miss you. I hope you get this message and reply as soon as possible. I love you.

Your Ralph X

Artwork by  
Martha Gallagher

## Review

# The Imitation Game

### PLOT

Based on a true story of how Alan Turing and a team of cryptanalysts (cryptanalysis is the study of ciphers and secret code systems) try to crack the Nazi enigma code during World War II to help the allies win the war.

### REVIEW

The Imitation Game is a crisp, British prestige piece starring a fully British cast including Benedict Cumberbatch (BBC's Sherlock) and Keira Knightly (Pirates of the Caribbean). Whilst Alan Turing is working hard solving the code in the present time, we get to find out about Turing's past at university, where he had to contend with both bullying and forbidden love. Also, the movie occasionally flicks back to Turing being questioned in a police station for a reason that is unknown until the near-end when it is revealed.

At times, there are emotional scenes when the work gets between saving a code-breaker's brother, and when Turing's machine is taken off him because it hasn't worked. At other times, there are moments of happiness such as when the code is broken and the men are celebrating.

The key to the film's success is the way it seamlessly combines its elements. The story of Alan Turing and his life. The story of the enigma code. The birth of artificial intelligence (Turing machines – which were later developed into computers). Also, a very real love story between Alan Turing and Joan Clarke – a fellow cryptanalyst. All of these key additions to the plot are brilliantly brought together by the director and the actors to create a thrilling, heartwarming story.

The movie is not a perfect portrayal of the exact story, no, but that doesn't affect the fact that it is one of the most engaging movies of the year and I'm sure anyone who has watched the film will agree. This is one of the films that you will want to watch over and over again! If you haven't seen this movie, you are missing out!

### RATING



# Poetry

## The Source

The source of a river,  
Cascading in and out  
Throughout the day.  
Must get there, must find a way!  
I must get to the sea!  
I must try to get to the sea!  
Eroding, smashing, bashing, crashing at the rocks,  
Accelerating down the waterfall,  
& gurgling over the rushing rapids.  
Crashing, thrashing, smashing,  
Bashing, dashing, spinning & swishing,  
Round and round it meanders  
Towards the sea.  
I've got there!  
I've made it at last!



## Night

by Niall Hamill

It was a cold night and I was walking along,  
The wind was heavy – the beat was strong.  
The shadows in the distance and the figures of the night,  
Made me feel like something wasn't right.

The wind picked up and the roads were dead,  
I really knew that it was time for bed.  
I picked up speed as the time struck three,  
A long narrow path ahead of me.

The wind blew harder as I picked up the pace,  
Although in the distance I could see a face.  
I was in fear, I started to creep,  
I woke up in a sweat, I was fast asleep.

As morning came round, I felt so supreme,  
That all of the scariest was just a dream.

# Conspiracy Theories

by Ellie Lee



What does this image mean or represent to you?

If the 'Illuminati' immediately sprung to mind, then you have shown evidence that our society has transformed

the image of a regular geometric shape which, when added to part of our human anatomy, becomes the face of a suspected evil organisation...

To conspire is defined as the act of making secret plans (often in order to carry out a harmful act), whereas a theory is a system of ideas intended to explain something. Conspiracy theories are contrived every day, by anyone – sometimes just for inane gossip, based on a bizarre belief or other times the theories are backed up with real evidence and facts arguing why something did or didn't happen. The most famous include the JFK assassination, the 9/11 cover-up and the deaths of celebrities such as Michael Jackson, Elvis and Tupac.

## IMPACT ON SOCIETY:

Conspiracy theories have played an important role in the history of humanity: During times of international warfare, they were created in order to distract and turn people against their enemies, while the opposition would scrutinise and counteract their tactics.

However, they have also contributed to the creation of corrupt establishments, for example, the Holocaust was caused by a conspiracy theory when the Nazis made up that the Jewish were an evil race trying to take over the world.

They also make us question the likelihood and reason behind every occurrence – after 9/11, a third of Americans believed that it was caused by George Bush's association. A large percentage of the population turned against the government because of one person's belief. Secondly, the JFK assassination (one of the biggest conspiracy theories ever known) everyone's too busy arguing over who shot John's brains out, forgetting to even grieve the death of one of the 'greatest presidents' America ever had.

So – Did NASA fake the moon landings? Are the US Government hiding extra-terrestrials in Area 51? Is global warming a complete hoax? The answer is maybe not, but there are many who believe otherwise.

Conspiracy theories, however unlikely eg. the moon is actually a hologram or the world will end in 2012 or Ebola victims rise from the dead or yoga is actually a form of satanic worship, they're also an essential part of any revolutionary struggle – they help overthrow corrupt establishments, fight fascist regimes and serve as a reinforcement of democratic popularity (showing who actually prefers different governments/ presidential parties after lies are made up about them).

To conclude, whether the Illuminati are controlling our music industry or watching our every move, lead by the underlying ring leader we know as Walt Disney, we all know that political corruption is becoming increasingly hard to hide. However, they result in the breakdown of public trust, for us and the government. So if I were you, I wouldn't trust a word anyone says to you... because for all you know, this whole page may just be a conspiracy theory.

## People Like Glass

By Patrycja Glarskowska

People are like glass, they look strong, but they're easy to break. Glass can be broken by physical force, by accident or intentionally, by throwing or dropping. Glass can also be broken by invisible forces until it cracks. It seems a mystery why it cracks so suddenly and violently. Glass is transparent but can hide any amount of stress. Like glass, when people are broken they become spiky and hard to touch. They can accidentally hurt others. Glass takes a long time to be repaired, you have to work out where the bits go and pieces are lost and replaced by glue. But then it's easier to break and it's a different shape, sometimes beyond recognition.

Artwork by  
Lauren Page

# Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind

The bullets plummeted to the ground, bleak and saturated. The heavy droplets bounced and splattered onto the smooth pavement, occasionally perforating a polished black shoe amongst the huddle of smiling faces.

The scene was strange, unnatural even; every single passer-by, every single face in the crowd, was wearing a huge, ecstatic grin, but the kind of forced grin that doesn't seem real or genuine in any way. It was like this grin was the latest trend that everybody wore, but one that no one seemed to really like.

I hadn't smiled since I was nine years old. Even after thirty years of constant frowning, the corners of my mouth would still not upturn. Maybe I was just worn out, out of practice, or even morbidly depressed. Either way, this rain wasn't helping.

I was going to be late. For the first time in twenty years. I was going to be late for work. Just the mere thought of it made my insides squirm and my shoulders twitch like I was being fried by an electric current.

The nine o'clock announcements boomed over my head from the huge, glaring screens blazed across every tree in this concrete jungle.

"... All the trains on the Victoria line have been postponed until further notice. We apologise for any inconvenience, keep on smiling."

The emotionless, agonizingly neutral tone of the anonymous female announcer hiding behind the government's logo was almost always obeyed. "Keep on smiling," was her mantra. Their mantra. Not mine.



## The Diver

by Sam Cotton

The diver descended. An overwhelming sense of freedom came over him and his senses sharpened. He touched the soft seabed and his eyes focused on the coral scattered along the sand. An array of pinky blue and green. The water was incredibly clear and a ray of light from the sun shone through and was reflected in the opposite direction by the diver's wrist watch.



Artwork by  
Abigail Bolton

## Poetry

### A poem of Remembrance

by Melissa Buck

The soldiers marched off one by one,  
to do the job that has to be done.  
'Your country needs you' the poster said,  
but no one realised what lay ahead.

They gave their lives to protect us all,  
with a willing heart they answered the call.  
The battles raged and so many men fell,  
would anyone come home with tales to tell?

We must never forget the price they paid,  
what selfless sacrifice the young men made.  
As the years march silently by,  
we must remember why they chose to die.

They fought for us so brave and true,  
so let's all give them the thanks they are due.  
And remember them as we silently pray,  
that peace will descend on the world today.



# Poetry



# Goodnight

You never said I'm leaving  
You never said goodbye  
You were gone before we knew it  
And only God knows why.

A million times I needed you  
A million times I cried  
If love alone could save you  
You never would have died.

In life I loved you dearly  
In death I love you still  
In my heart I hold a place  
That only you can fill.

Goodnight Grandad...

JW

# My Home

This is the place that I love the best,  
A little brown house, not like the rest,  
Hid away amongst grasses, vines and trees,  
A summer retreat for birds and bees.

The tenderest light that ever was seen,  
Sifts through the vine-made window screen,  
It comes down gently and never falls,  
Upon my home-made carpets and grey walls.

The morning glories and scarlet vine,  
Over the doorway, twist and twine;  
And every day when the house is still,  
The hummingbird comes to the window sill.

Far from the city's noise and heat,  
I get sounds and odours that are sweet,  
I would love to always stay,  
Week after week; here hidden away,  
In this sly nook that I love the best,  
This little brown house,  
My home and it will always be the best.

# The Tower

On Darwen's hills the tower stands, reaching for the sky.  
To honour our Victorian Queen, memories of days gone by.

Built in Eighteen Nighty Seven, for her majesty's jubilee.  
Offering views over East Lancashire, the moorland and the sea.

When comes the cold and breezy night, the sunset is a fading light,  
the people in the town are sleeping, with quiet delight.

Through binoculars, see the three peaks,  
mountains which a true walker seeks,  
gazing up at the translucent moon,  
which will turn into sunrise very soon.

Artwork by  
Sydney Angels

Artwork by  
Megan Willoughby

## Inspired by Love

LOVE is not a thing to understand  
LOVE is not a thing to feel  
LOVE is not a thing to give and receive  
LOVE is a thing only to become

Anon, Year 11

## True Love

by Katie Woods, Year 11

True love is a sacred flame  
That burns eternally,  
And none can dim its special glow  
Or change its destiny.

True love speaks in tender tones  
And hears with gentle ear,  
True love gives with open heart  
And true love conquers fear.

True love makes no harsh demands  
It neither rules nor binds,  
And true love holds with gentle hands  
The heart that it entwines.

## The Argument Against Love - a cynic's view

by Betheny Lovard

Love is just a behaviour acted out by choice, because of forces between society. It means something to us not because it is a tangible thing that exists like money, or Christmas. Therefore we don't love because we feel love but because we feel as if we should love.

The philosopher Judith Butler wrote about grappling with the concept of love. She frames it as a series of transactions. Though she doesn't reject love completely, "One finds that love is not a state, a feeling a disposition, but an exchange, uneven, fraught with history, with ghosts, with longings that one more or less legible to those who try to see one another with their own faulty vision".

Love is a delusional reality based upon the belief that everything is happily ever after. It was created by poetic minds and embedded in religious doctrines such as the Bible.

The concept of love is best described by Dr. Seuss, "Love is this, love is that and a little bit of everything," we can never be certain of what love is but are only taught what to expect it to be.

Commitment exists, loyalty, trust, honour, patience, compassion – all these things exist. These all contribute to the health of a relationship. But when all of these emotions are labelled as one emotion 'love' It takes away the complexity of the emotions. These important feelings are therefore often forgotten or neglected because it is simpler to say the words 'I love you'. Therefore, love does not provide anything extra to relationship, but simply destroys what they are supposed to be.

I believe it is hard to say love exists because it is expressed in so many forms. To some, love can be seen as the main purpose of life, whereas to others it can be the greatest tragedy. We cannot label emotions with love because of our uncertainty with them.

So if love does not exist, maybe to be truly 'loved' we have to be treated as if love does not exist.

Creative Writing

## The Athena Project

by Rize Kamishiro

"You'll see. Twelve. We'll make it out alive, and we'll get revenge." The ebony-haired boy muttered under his breath as they stood in line, being told of yet another death among the group of three children; that at the beginning of the project had been 26. "No 15." Five gasped quietly.

"15 was not as good as the three of you. You have lasted the longest and are by far the strongest we have yet seen. Keep up the good work." The tall slim doctor walked back to his study, leaving the children in the classroom full of jigsaws, codes, photographs and whiteboards.

"Nine, when are we going to leave... I hate it here, I'm scared that one of us will be the next to die."

Twelve's big brown eyes shimmered with tears, his bottom lip shaking in fear. The older boy ruffled his curly brown hair, "Don't worry Twelve, you heard him! We're the strongest!" he faked a grin then looked at Five, who was reconstructing a one thousand piece jigsaw quickly and easily. "Hey Five!" Twelve sniffled, "let's play hide and seek!" the small white-haired girl looked up at him quickly, her purple eyes sparkled. "Yes! I love this game!" She grinned, hopping up to her feet.

"You count!" Nine pointed at Five and quickly scampered away to hide somewhere in the white labyrinth that contained the disturbing experiment that was the Athena Project. Twelve giggled as he skipped away, his curls bouncing with every step. Five counted quickly, her small, white hands covering her adorable face that held ruby cheeks and doll-like lips. Nine hid behind a white locker that blended in with the white walls, floors and his clothes. Twelve skidded round the corners in a desperate search of where he could hide, breathing heavily from all the running.

"Fifty!" Five yelled as she pulled her hands from her eyes, a childish grin on her face. She skipped and hopped down the halls chanting "I'm coming to find you!"

Nine backed up tightly against the wall, hoping his black hair wouldn't give away his position. Suddenly, his ears rung and a pulse thudded through his skull. He knelt down, wincing and holding back tears, remembering the first day.

"You are all orphans." The nurse had said. "You are unwanted and you have never been given names, so we will name you ourselves, not out of affection but to keep track of you all in a simple yet efficient way."

She had pointed at each child, numbering them from 1 to 26. "When we shout your name, you come forward and we will give you a dosage of a very special drug!" She had lacked enthusiasm and had looked menacing and heartless. She had glared at every child before going behind the curtain.

Nine flashed back to the present to an ecstatic Five shaking him, "Found you both! Twelve's turn to count!"

Nine nodded and ran to another hiding place under the window of the lab, he smirked, knowing Twelve would never find him here. The scientists spoke loudly. "I'm going to alert the government. You can't use children as test subjects to create Savant Syndrome for your own benefit! Who cares if they get smarter and adopt superhuman memory and intelligence, they're young and they don't know what's going on! 23 have died already, this could ruin the remaining children's lives! It's time to stop." One of them yelled.

"We're onto something! These three children..." The man paused, grinning, "They have exceptional memories! They can build bombs from things you find in your kitchen! The girl, she can recreate a drawing of a busy crowd perfectly from memory, this is the future!"

Artwork by  
Katie Samuels

# Creative Writing

## The Challenge

by Amy Rowe

Let others lead small lives,  
**But not you.**

Let others argue over small things,  
**But not you.**

Let others cry over small hurts,  
**But not you.**

Let others leave their future  
in someone else's hands,  
**But not you.**



# Inspired

A man skilful in his work  
will stand before kings

Proverbs 22:29

