

THE FERNELEY VOICE

Issue 3 – Creative Edition



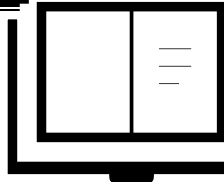
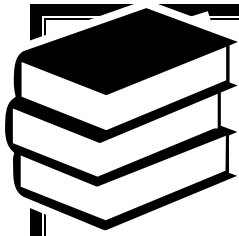
'LEAVE

NO ONE

BEHIND

**THE
FERNELEY
VOICE**





Welcome to The Ferneley Voice's summer creative edition!

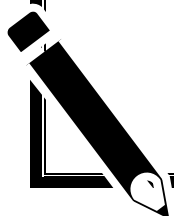
Miss Farmer and the creative writing club have taken over issue 3 of The Ferneley Voice to give the students in this club a chance to publish their work!

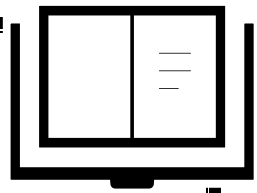
There are old faces and new!

Happy reading!

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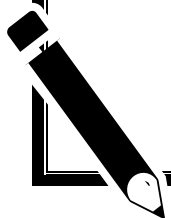


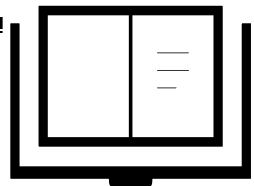


Arriving to Death

I see whiteness covering the land
The land was silent and bland
Everyone was silent. It was like death
We are getting closer to death
Hope felt pointless
I have heard about Auschwitz and its reputation
The land around felt grey
Not even a mouse dare speak
Snow covered the train
This wasn't snow
The train stopped dead in its tracks
It was a different world
A big sign named Auschwitz appeared
It was hell on Earth
Death is getting closer
I stepped out the train
My mind was completely drained
Cries from children were everywhere
People were full of despair
So this is what death is
I arrived to death

Leo Russell





To Achieve Perfection

Episode Three

It was a bit unexpected on Friday morning, when Sparrow, who I had been living alongside for about a week now, presented me and Lucinda with an invitation. It was wrapped in the finest ivory envelope, with a shine upon it that was sparkling and curious. Lucinda didn't take a second look at the priceless presentation of the envelope before she tore it open, revealing a piece of folded white paper, with some printed text covering it. She scanned the text, throwing the envelope to one side. "Magic-Con." Then Lucinda glanced up at Sparrow. "We go every year. Why does she think this is so special?" She glanced off to the side as her father answered.

"Well, it's Skylar's first visit, I suspect. I don't suppose my brother is awfully keen on magic?" I shook my head. "I thought it might be nice, now that Skylar's here, to take her?" A smile appeared on his face once he saw my reaction. "Freya will be there too. You seemed keen on her the last time you met her. Although I fear for what she may do if I don't keep her practically on a leash, she is my sister, however...unpredictable...she is." He sighed. "She'll probably end up fighting someone...at least it'll be legal if she does it in the arena...how does she have so much energy? She's not much younger than me..." His voice trailed off, and Lucinda turned to look at me.

"You're coming, then?"

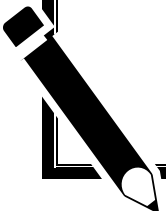
"Of course, won't it be exciting? I can finally understand magic more!" Lucy rolled her eyes.

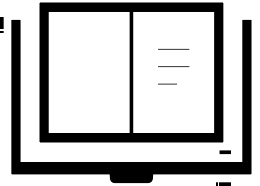
"Magic really isn't all that you're making it out to be. Especially when you've grown up with it. I have friends at school who think it's cool, I guess. But it just helps around the house sometimes. At least when you haven't trained much."

"So, when you get older and you've trained more, will you get to do better magic?"

"Yes. I suppose so." I swear I saw the essence of a smile, but it vanished as quickly as it appeared, back into the mist of Lucinda's impenetrable façade.

The day of the con was as exciting as I thought it would be. The four of us – me, Sparrow, Freya and Lucinda – sat in Sparrow's car, and he drove for a bit under an hour to what can only be described as an ordinary building. Large and grey, built of some sort of concrete. A man collected our tickets, and I couldn't help but notice his eyes grow wide when he saw Freya. Was she really that big of a deal?





Once we were in the hall, there were stalls and visitors everywhere, some visitors dressed in what I assumed to be classic magic attire: robes of brilliant emerald green and sapphire blue. Others were dressed more like myself: modern clothing which would seem as suitable for daily activities as for something like this.

Sparrow had been intrigued by a stall selling what seemed to be healing equipment, so this left Freya with Lucinda and myself. Freya quickly became enticed with a strange purple stall, adorned with one large white eye symbol on the tablecloth. Two women were sitting behind the table. Both looked like they were somewhere in their mid-twenties, and the taller of the two was sitting just behind the centre of the table, talking to a group of customers and handing out what looked to be her business card. Did the magical world really need something as mundane as business cards? This woman had dark skin, and very deep brown eyes with a hint of amber. Her long hair was in braids, and fell around her chest, reaching just below her elbows. I noticed a couple of silver beads in her hair, which matched her sparkling silver eyeshadow excellently, as well as her canary-yellow topaz earrings, which had rectangular gems that dangled from silver studs. She wore quite a long cream dress, which fell around just above her ankles, revealing a pair of silver Mary Janes. The dress had a halter-strap neckline, and released the ruffles of the skirt from a band around the waist. The other woman was sitting to her right side. She had pale skin, and was still fairly tall. Her hair was dyed purple and wavy with brunette roots, with bangs that were longest between her eyes, and a couple of black hairclips. Her hair was tied back in a pair of short pigtails, and on her head were leather goggles. I noticed that she had a couple of black earrings in each ear, including a stud with a silver heart in each ear. She wore a black shirt which was mostly obscured by a denim jacket. Below this was a pair of sage-green shorts, followed by black combat boots. The first woman noticed us and looked up at us. "Can I...help you?" Freya looked at her.

"What's your specialty?"

"Future sight. I'll tell you your future. No refunds."

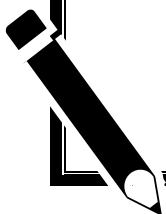
"£5 a pop," chimed in the second girl.

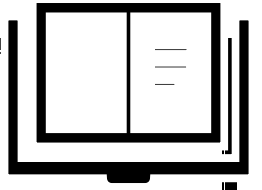
"What about you?" Freya turned to this girl, who looked annoyed at the question.

"I can't do magic. So, nothing, I guess." Freya nodded in either sympathy or agreement, then handed the first girl £15.

"If you're going to tell our future, we should at least know your name."

"I'm Chloe, and she's Nettie."





"Alright, Chloe. The three of us." Chloe took the money and nodded. Then, I watched in moderate horror as her eyes rolled back into her head. Freya and Nettie didn't seem even slightly phased by this. There were no magical illusions or anything similar. Then, after about half a minute, Chloe looked back at us. There was nothing particularly interesting about her voice. It was just, well, a normal voice. She looked at Freya first, with stormy eyes. "Freya...I sense that you shall suffer a great loss in the future. I know this is foreboding, but I'm afraid that little can be done. Close to you...Lucinda, I suspect that you will become very great. Perhaps even greater than your aunt. Although perhaps not stronger...I am sure your father will be very proud of you. Skylar...although I know you think yourself insignificant at this point, you will be vital to save-" Chloe was interrupted by a scream, then a shout of "Thief!" I jumped at this, and spun around to see a man in a large, grey, feather-covered cloak, running with a large staff, which seemed to be encrusted with gems, that was almost prismatic in colour.

Freya shouted out my name as I ran towards him. In a fit of pure adrenaline I yelled, startling him, and jumped out in front of him. Within the split-second when he was not moving, two large hands, muscular and made of pure blue light, grabbed him, and carefully pinched the staff from his clutches. Then I saw the boy behind the hands: he was a bit taller than me, and about my age, almost awestruck at what I had done. "Thank you. I couldn't have saved this precious merchandise without your help." He handed me some money "to thank me for the help" and walked off.

By the time Freya caught up to me, she looked shocked. "Are you proud of me?" I grinned.

"She was right."

"What?"

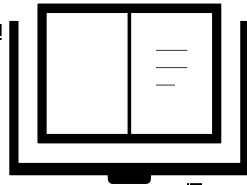
"Chloe was right. I'm surprised that her prophecy came true so quickly. And so literally, too! It already was much more specific than I expected. Usually, prophecies are as vague as...how does she do that? I can barely even *imagine* anything!"

"That...sounds more like aphantasia than a magic-related issue." But Freya was already pacing back to where Chloe was, and with her staff in hand, she just asked:

"Fight me."

It took us a bit over ten minutes to find Sparrow, who seemed disappointed to say the least. Well-





“Are you kidding me? I was joking when I said she was going to fight someone! But she decided to spar the first person she saw! I don’t understand that woman.”

Despite this, we sat around the arena, waiting for a few minutes until Freya appeared from the sidelines, with Chloe on the opposite end. Freya was wearing her typical fighting attire, while Chloe was wearing a black and grey long-sleeved jumpsuit. They both paced around each other, waiting for the other to pounce. Freya made the first move. She plunged forth, but to my shock, Chloe leapt backwards even before she started, and when Freya fell into the dirt, Chloe darted forwards, plunging her glowing fists onto Freya’s back. When Freya tried to retaliate, Chloe was far enough from Freya that she was not hurt in the slightest, and she flawlessly dodged the blasts of energy which Freya shot towards her. After less than a minute of this, Freya had entirely exhausted herself, and she fell to her knees. At this point, Chloe started walking towards Freya, and once she was a few metres away, she launched a ray of ivory magic towards Freya. Once it hit her, Freya didn’t seem to be in a large amount of pain, but I couldn’t help but notice the blood seeping from her chest. Sparrow’s mouth was covered. “I haven’t seen Freya get hurt in one of these fights in a while. I’ve seen this sort of thing in her fights with Ella...but those are all staged. Chloe’s evasion using her future sight...versus Freya’s brute force. They’re both very powerful...but in entirely different ways.” The fight continued, and it seemed that Freya hatched a plan. After a pause, she stabbed her hand into the ground, blasting pure energy outwards to everywhere but herself. It appeared in waves and glowed with a luminosity I had never seen before. Once this came into contact with Chloe, she shouted out in pain, and fell to the floor, unable to avoid the attacks. My eyes grew wide, and I saw Freya walking towards Chloe.

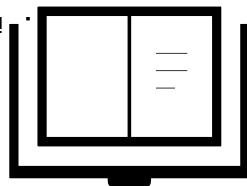
“Do you surrender?”

“Yes.”

Once Freya was out of the arena and back with us, she started to glance around for Chloe. When she saw Chloe, she smiled slightly and began to walk towards her. “Chloe.” Freya held out her right hand, and a strange metallic key with an odd, moving, twitching eyeball on the end. “I want you to have this. It’s your official invitation to be a Perfector. You are more powerful than almost anybody I have encountered. So, I would like you to join the magic elites. Alongside me, and almost three dozen others.” Chloe’s eyes widened as she picked up the key.

“Thank you. I will be sure to join you soon.” I couldn’t help but notice Sparrow looking on silently, staring at the key. Freya obviously noticed this, so she spoke to him quietly.





"You're pretty powerful too, Sparrow. I can't invite you to the Perfector's Guild myself; that's against the rules, since you're a family member. But I can pull some strings-"

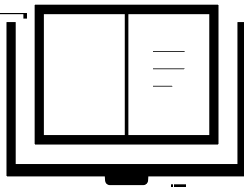
"There's no need. I'm not...I'm not worthy." Freya looked as if she would disagree with him, but she decided to stay silent. She seemed to think that whatever she was about to say would not make any difference. Her face just fell and she looked away.

It was a few minutes after this that I heard a horrid crash from one of the building walls, followed by it crashing into the inside. Then there were half a dozen people, each one wearing the same feathery cloaks I had seen the thief wearing beforehand. I noticed that each of them was clutching a crossbow, but these crossbows did not have arrows notched, but strange, green vials, which looked almost radioactive in appearance. From where I was standing almost twenty metres away, I could barely see these bubbling, and that they had needles pointing outwards, away from the rest of the crossbow. Freya knew these people were clearly a threat. "Skylar! Take Lucinda and hide!"

The first vial was launched. I dragged Lucinda to hide behind a stall and covered her ears to protect her from the fighting that followed. I was peeking my eyes over to try to watch the fight. Freya was launching energy at the people, and she must have been distracted, because when Chloe yelled, "Duck!" she didn't even seem to expect a vial to fly over her head. Then she continued to fight. A couple of the cloaked figures began to approach her, and when one managed to throw a knife at her which grazed her arm, Sparrow was almost immediately at her side to heal her. Once she had thanked her brother, she continued in combat, launching blue fire at the attackers. Then Nettie, who was watching from the sidelines, began to advance forth. I was shocked to see someone so unequipped prepare to fight the intruders, but what surprised me even more was how effortlessly she grabbed Freya and hurled her to the ground while shouting in pure, rageful aggression. Chloe was clearly also stunned, as she grabbed Nettie, pulled her up, and shouted at her: "What are you doing!? You're going to get us killed!"

"Chloe, you don't understand! And I don't expect you to. You don't understand what magic has taken from me. You're different. Come with me. We can spare you!" Nettie grabbed Chloe's hand, but Chloe dropped it in anguish, and walked away. Nettie took a second look back at her friend, then left with the intruders. Chloe beckoned us out from behind the stall, and then she said to Freya: "If people are going to attack us...I might know someone who can help."

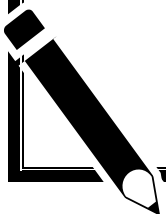


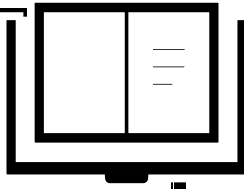


Mischievous Moon

As I walk through the night
I see something white and bright
What a mischievous light
It's a round floating rock
What a mischievous object?
Its ominous appearance is always glooming
No flowers are blooming
Because of the sight
What a mischievous moon
The moon is always watching me
But why?
I can never escape its grasp
What a mischievous moon it is
What do I do?
It orbits the Earth every year
Can the light of a moon attract a dear?
What a mischievous moon.

Anon





Untitled

As I ran through the dark halls of my school as quietly as possible, I thought I could make out some other footsteps in the corridor. The empty halls echoed over every little sound, so my footsteps could be heard from three classrooms away. I couldn't see much but two years of being here led to me knowing where everything was. The whole plan as going smoothly until I heard a voice.

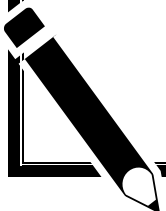
"Hey! Who's there?" The nightguard had heard me! "You know you're going to get in a lot of trouble when I catch you! It's the middle of the night, what are you doing in school?!" I dived into the nearest room to hide from him. I looked out of the window and saw Nick the nightguard shining his torch into every room. I ducked when he went past.

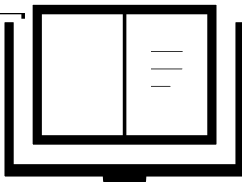
It was funny that I went into that room. I had science in that room during the last lesson of the day. My problem of Nick was now much more important. He had gone around a corner, so I crept out of the wooden door and kept going. Once I got out of the main building, I had no worries. I saw the shining moon watching over me like a hawk. It finally left me when I entered the computer block. Upstairs and first left. That's all I needed to do to get to where I needed to be. I opened the doors and... the alarm went off. I ran away to the other side of the building and just reached a wall when Nick the nightguard came running out of the doors. His silver hair shone in the light.

"I know you're in there!" he shouted into the computer room on the right. His deep Scottish voice rung around the silent night. I looked around to find a way to escape and I found it. There were some drainpipes leading upstairs; the room I needed to get to. But first I had to distract the angry old man chasing me. I realised after that you don't think straight in dangerous situations.

I picked up a huge, sharp rock and launched it at a window. Shining pieces of glass erupted everywhere and my leg was sliced open like a bit of meat on someone's plate. The red-hot blood split across the floor and I felt a searing pain. I had to carry on. I stumbled to the drainpipes and started climbing. The drainpipes were damp and slippery from when it had rained earlier in the day. I started getting higher up the building and I started getting even more scared. I looked down (rookie mistake) and saw Nick looking at the blood stains on the pavement below. At the top, I nearly slipped when I missed the part of the pipe that I needed to grab; I nearly fell to my early demise. Thankfully, I didn't. I opened the window carefully and climbed inside. When I got in, I turned on a computer and saw the exact thing that I had gone through this for.

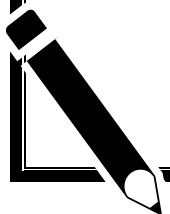
Sam Beadle

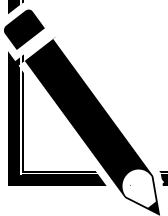
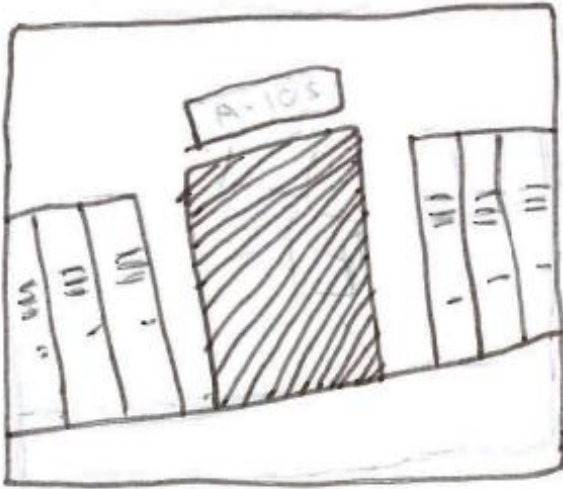
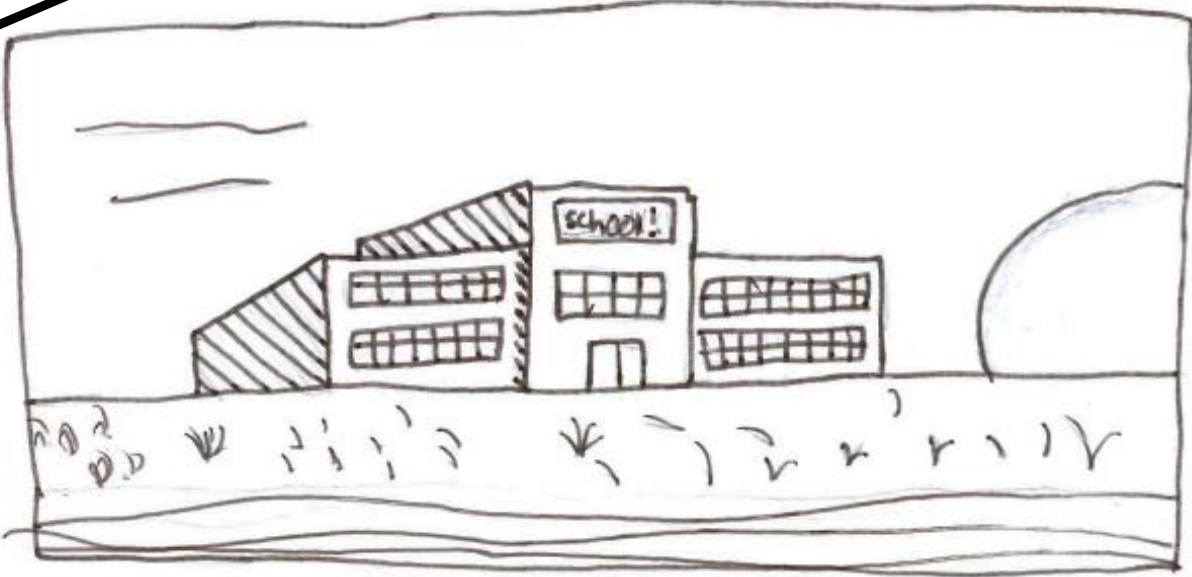
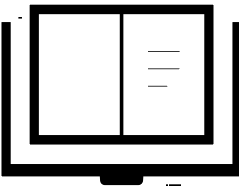


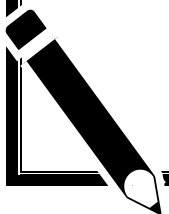
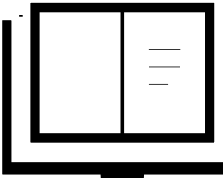


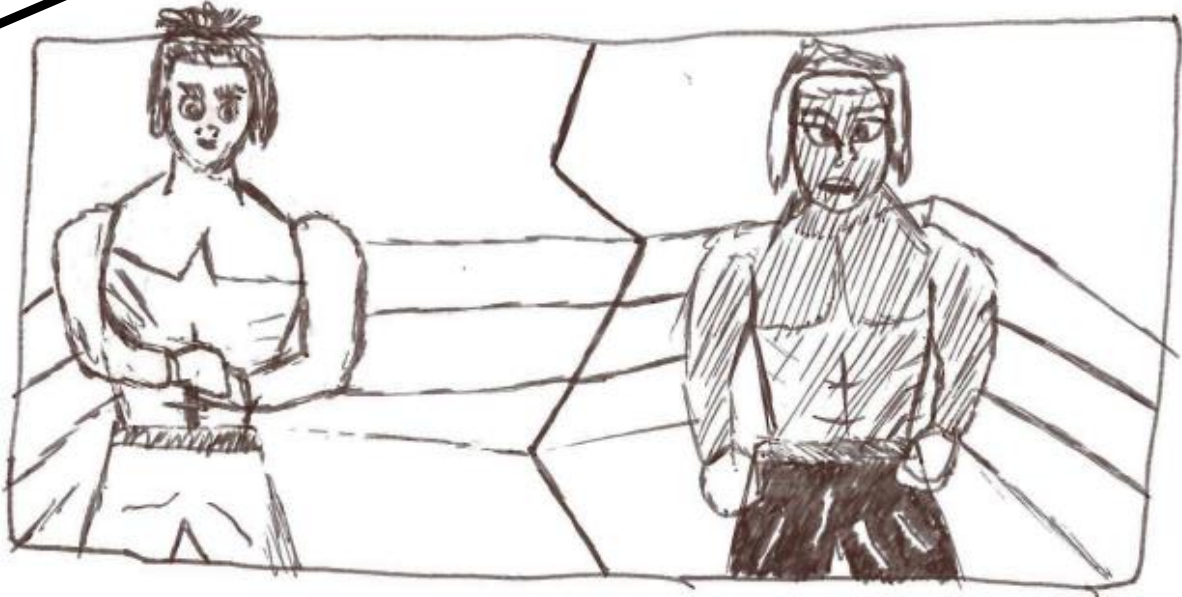
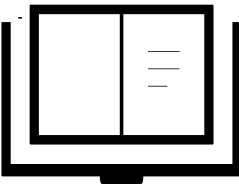
South Paw

This is the story of Mashibi Koshihi, the south paw boxer. South Paw, meaning left-handed, embarks on his first fight as a boxer.

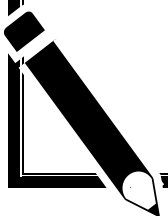
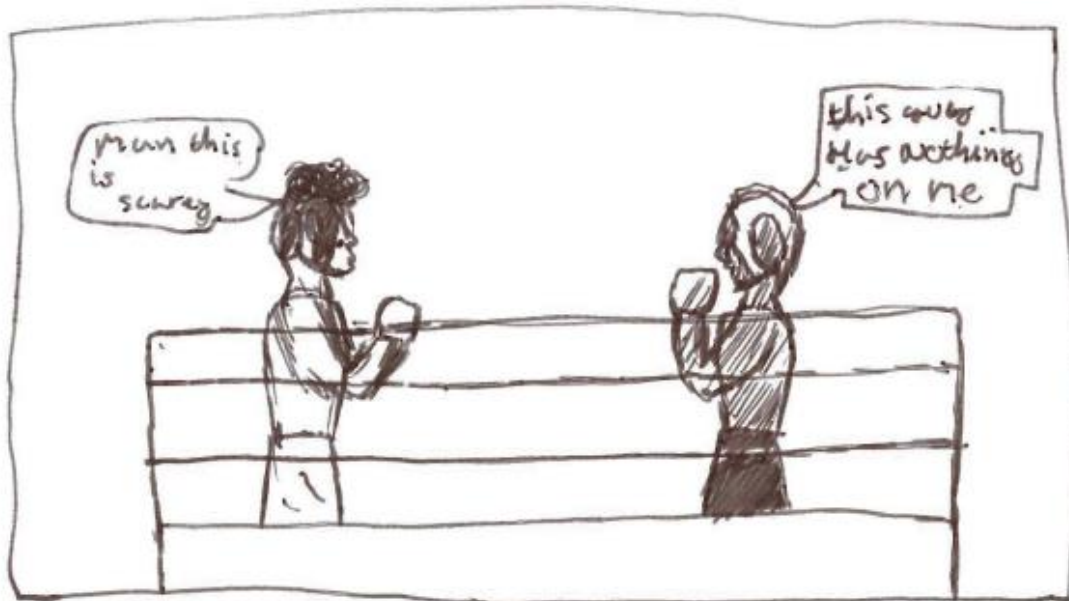


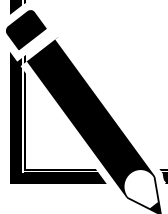
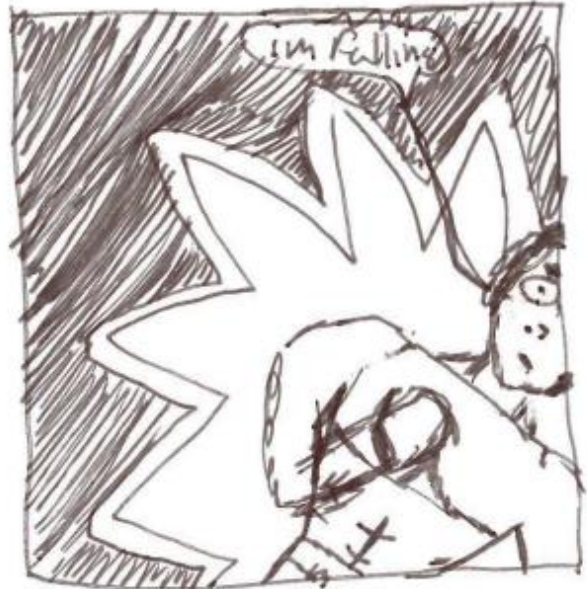
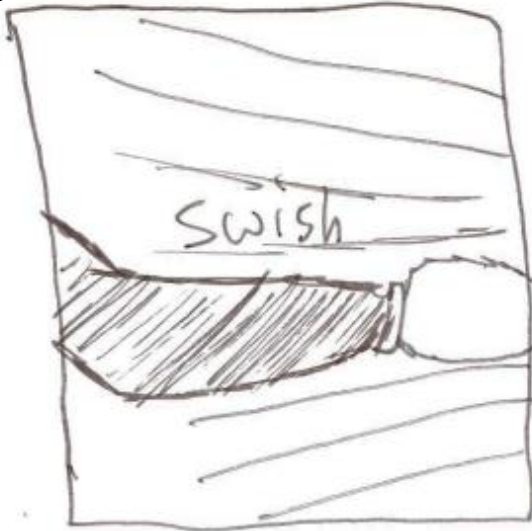
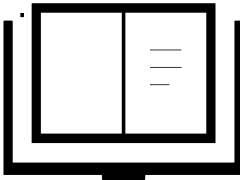


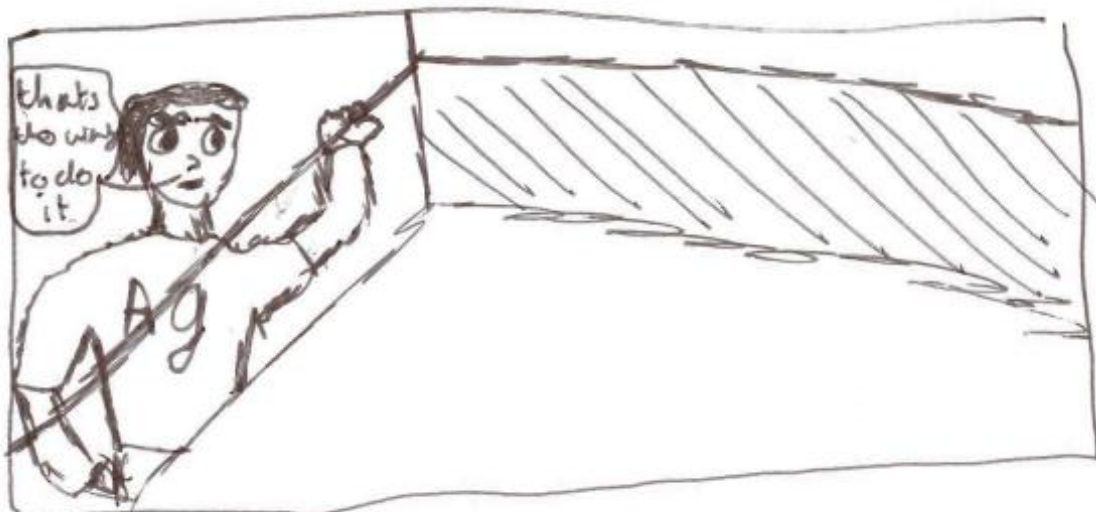
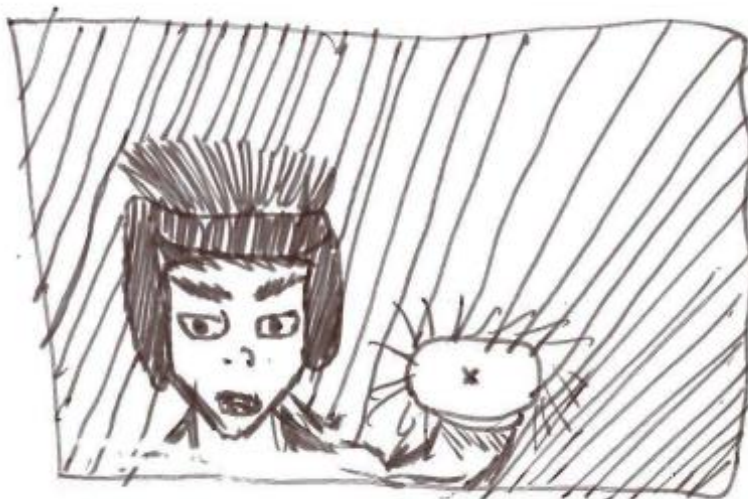
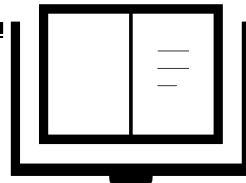


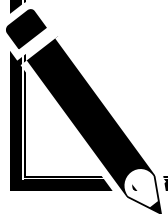
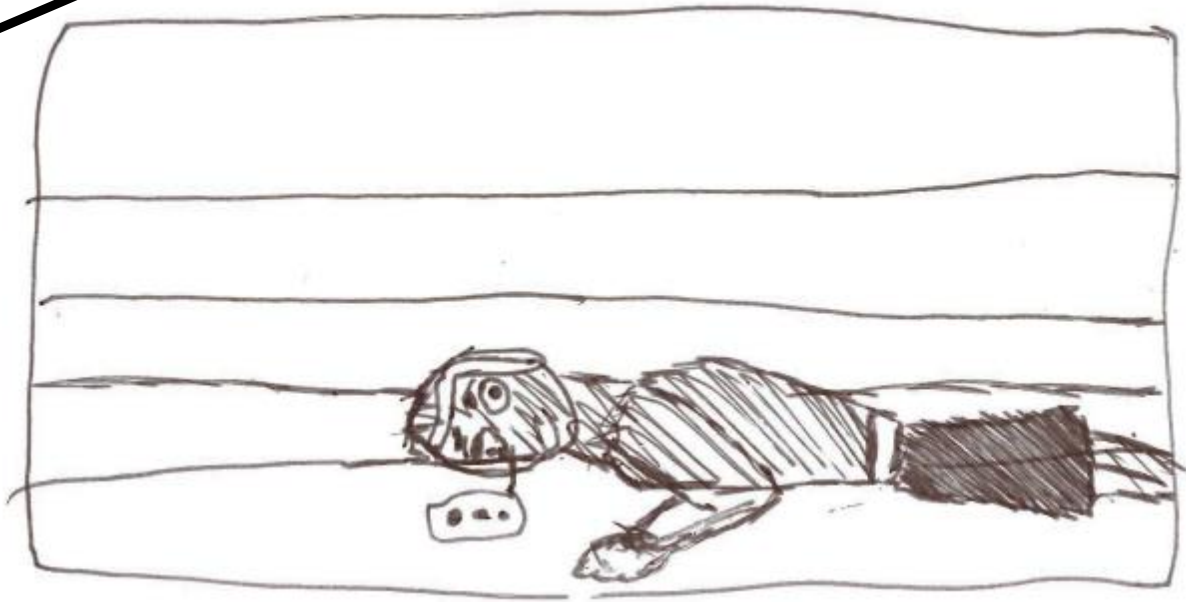
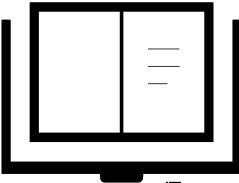


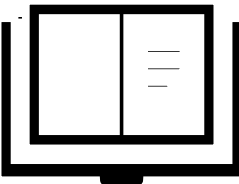
Begin











man i still hate
school



THE
END

