



The Acorn

The Work of Idsall's Creative Writing Club

Welcome to the first edition of Idsall Creative Writing Club's work. The group have met three times now, and each time, we have been deeply impressed by their writing, and the depth of commitment they bring to their work, so we wanted to share it with a wider community. Their first task was creepy October stories, inspired by a range of different prompts. We hope that their work brings you some of the same joy it brings to our English Department. Well done to all of the featured writers!

Mr Dangerfield and Mr Scrivens

Just Another Day in a Haunted House...

Written by Evelyn

Occasionally, you stumble on the haunted house of your neighbourhood, the one that looks like it has seen better days, with cracked windows, doors and glowing eyes that follow you while you walk past. The one that always thunders even in the hottest of summers. It just so happens that I live in one of these haunted houses.

Sometimes you just seem to trip on the rug and fall through a secret passageway. Just me? Well I do live in my neighbourhood's most haunted house. Sometimes you just can't ignore the darkest passageways or a particular painting that changes in the moonlight. One day when I finally decided to help my mom bring the shopping in, when we were dragging bags into the hall, my mom suddenly stopped and dropped the shopping "Jake can you hear that?" she stuttered. I strained my ears but I heard nothing until 'tick, tick, tick'.

"A clock," I said "but it sounds like its coming from the wall."

"Exactly" said my mom. "It's counting down to something."

Beware!

Written by Lucy

There are lots of different houses in any city; big, small, narrow, tall, short. Sometimes, we feel at home in our houses, we feel warm, but sometimes, houses hide terrible secrets. Houses take on the personality of their owner. Sometimes, houses aren't looked after; they can be owned by terrible, evil people. This house was dark, but not on the outside, from the pavement, at all – the darkness was all on the inside. I liked the front, so I booked into the "For Sale" viewing. My regrets are indescribable.

Counting Down

Written by Evie Mae

There is a place, behind the world you know; sometimes, the place behind the world you know is a corridor, a corridor of mirrors. You blink: everything goes wrong, all of your friends have disappeared, you're sometimes left in a room on your own, without anyone, alone, in a dark room all that's with you is a clock, counting down to your death...

Other Worlds, seen from my window

Written by Amie

Inside my house at the top of the hill, I looked out the window and saw another world. Normally you see outside, not the world inside your fridge out of your window. I closed the curtains and went to bed but I couldn't sleep. I wanted to go there so I jumped out my window and...

The King of Birds

Written by Aiden

When I stole from the king of birds, I had forgotten how many birds you see every day, and how very, very sinister they are. The bright, vibrant and highly poisonous little things. The fangs are dripping with blood and poisonous claws spring to their unfortunate prey. The poison will kill the animal slowly and painfully. The birds in the parallel universe fly everywhere in the tracks of their prey, hoping to suck the life out of your body. All of its prey has a certain demise except from the top of the food chain, the most powerful, dangerous animal of all.....

<p>Once, I stepped out Written by Praneeth</p>	<p>Once I stepped into a wall unexpectedly; although I usually look forward and make sure I don't trip over, that day I didn't do those things, as I was in another world of maths (that's the lesson I had earlier). Suddenly I ended up in front of a giant door with another completely confused kid staring at the door; I didn't have a good feeling about it as there was creepy, mind-boggling, eye-like looking lights staring right at us...</p>
<p>Who will save them? Written by Euan</p>	<p>Science has evolved rapidly. It was only a couple of years since electric cars were made, but now, in our present year, we have achieved space travel powerful enough to take mankind to neighbouring galaxies. But nothing can last forever. Spaceships holding millions of people are basically portable planets for those too poor to afford a spacecraft from the companies who made this possible. It has been three months since the day that ship exploded. The reason that only 5000 people are left in this world. Ninety percent of those are men, and people continue to die leaving only the Company to save humankind.</p>
<p>Endless Written by Harry</p>	<p>Sometimes, you just get taken to an endless hallway when you least expect it: mostly that doesn't happen, does it? Sometimes you walk so far you feel like you're nearly there and then you realize it goes on forever...</p>
<p>Always escaping Written by Lucy</p>	<p>The knock on my door was odd, only because I don't have any friends or family nearby, no relatives no-one apart from my dog Astro. The driver delivered a bouquet of flowers wrapped in newspaper, with a small note that read 'Give to a liar' Before, it had been a quiet morning. I live alone in my disorganised apartment, and I hate all holidays. I work as a cashier in a local shop, and so I spend my free time avoiding people. I never get gifts or fancy party invitations. I'd rather stay in, read a book, drink coffee from my favourite mug. My family are the worst of enemies. I lied to them to escape. I caught them talking to a tall sinister man in the living room, and I realised my own mother was talking to an assassin. Now, I looked at these flowers in suspicion. I wondered who they were from. No, I didn't wonder. I knew. I didn't know how they had located me but somehow, they knew. It was my family who had sent these. Now I would need to escape them again.</p>

**Join US! Week B – Tuesday
3.20-4.15 in E6 – come
prepared to write...**



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