

# The Bonfire

By Banbah Parker

It was the day after that horrific day that I bought the flowers. For a whole month all the villagers had been busily collecting wood and anything suitable for the bonfire, and at last it was done.

It was a huge bonfire, much larger than the one last year and tonight was the bonfire. The touch paper was lit and very soon the fire was crackling, kissing fiercely spitting and above all that commotion the excited villagers could be heard, laughing, screaming with delight, wide-eyed, children holding their mothers hands, everything was perfect, much better than last year's when the bonfire refused to catch alight until the fourth attempt.

Then suddenly, a man from the crowd walked slowly towards the bonfire, as if to warm his hands, moving nearer and nearer to the fire, nobody worrying about him. Until after a slight stumble, he simply walked right into the fire. Above his scream could also be heard, the screams of the horrified villagers. Then there was a deadly hush and a voice was heard pleading for someone to get the police, a doctor, anyone who could help. Another voice pleading 'what can we do? Oh poor man, who was he? Does anyone know?'

Consternation spandimomum reigned amongst the crowd, some rushing away, some stood still, rooted in the spot, while others were explaining to the two policemen what had happened.

It was now the day after the bonfire. A few people appeared, they began to talk to each other as I placed the flowers slowly on the spot near the smouldering ember.

# In My Garden

By Kathryn Jordan

At the bottom of the Oak tree was my garden, there a door a very small door hidden by ferns and primroses – but its there.

In the early morning at first light if you watch very carefully and quickly you will see the door open and out will come the fairy's and elms, all hand in hand through the early morning mist.

Tip toeing across the dew on the grass they have come out to dance and play. They wear such pretty colours, pinks, blues and greens they look like they have been sprinkled in stardust , there long hair flowing behind them.

Out came the fox cubs they love to play with the fairies who skip and run and dance as the morning mist begin the clears and the sun dries the dew in the grass it's time to say goodbye, the fox cubs are tired now and it's time to go to bed.

So as the cubs watch through sleepy eyes, the fairy's and elms make their way back through the door. Their dance is out for today, perhaps if you are quite and watch carefully you'll see then again tomorrow in amongst the primroses or playing with the fox cubes.

# Hope and Glory

Jasvinder Singh

Smiling laughing, could it be  
I'm on the moon just you see  
No more worries, I'm on my own  
So brave and carefree could it be.

In the midst, came hope and glory  
What will I see? You want to see  
The fire, the passion is what I really want  
You know that feeling, come on  
Pray tell.

The fire is burning  
The sparkle is there  
Only a moment, then I'm really there  
That moment of glory, that feeling of life  
Come back you see  
For the world to see.

# The Writing Workshop

By Lucy Caitlyn Wynne

She winked across the room, winking at the noisy clatter of others in the room. Her anxiety levels were rising frantically, she looked at her hands, were they shaking? It was vital that no one else knew of her feelings, she exhaled in relief, her hands were still.

Pinning on a faint smile and raising her gaze, she concentrated on her breathing while aware that to the observer she appeared confident and deep on thought. Her thoughts scattered like butterflies on crack cocaine, she could not settle at one place.

A lady sat beside her and she turned slightly smiled widening 'Hello' she said to the newcomer amazed at how calm she sounded as a zillion unseen insects crawled over the skin. One part of her mind organised itself into social discourse while the rest attempted to coral the invisible bugs.

Her hands ached from the muscles being held tight, her feelings as always been kept firmly locked down. A cold draft came through the open door causing goose pimples to pop up on her itching skin.

The chill a distraction from the kaleidoscopic thoughts. Now they assembled, each partner to give a potted biography. Oh sugar how much should be revealed? This is like writing a story, what would the theme be? What does she want people to know? How much of the plot about her life is she prepared to reveal? What she says on the next three minutes will give character to the smiling apparently confident and carefree person she's at pains to portray.

The setting of this comfortable workshop, the warm atmosphere could be destroyed if she make the wrong judgement, call in her revelation.

When she woke this morning she surveyed the contents of her wardrobe how she dressed the style she chose would be the first thing that people saw -they would see the theme and would judge her.

Her turn had come, taking a deep breath she smiled.

' I'm Lucy and I have MPD which is multiple personality disorder' she chose her opening lines for better or for worst.