

# *Free Spirit*

*A collection of our children's original  
writing and art*



*Volume 3 Spring 2017*



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**Cover:** Rainbow cloud *by Scarlett* (first go at acrylics on canvas!)

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# Malala and me

*by Iris May*

My school experience was not very good. A teacher wasn't very nice to me and I didn't want to go.

This is like Malala's feelings of being scared to go to school. Malala says: "My heart was beating fast because I have to go to school tomorrow".

Her reason was very different to mine.

I was lucky my mum was able to home educate me. I was no longer afraid or sad, Although similar to Malala as my friends now go to a different school. Malala's friends had to move because of the Edict:

"3 of my friends have shifted to Peshawar, Larihore and Rawalpindi with their families."

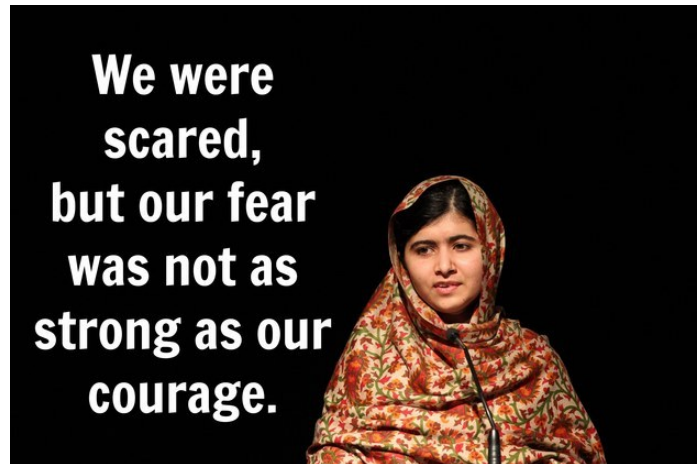
I was scared for a completely different reason to Malala, she was scared because she had the Taliban controlling them: "we were told not to wear colourful dresses as the Taliban will not like it"

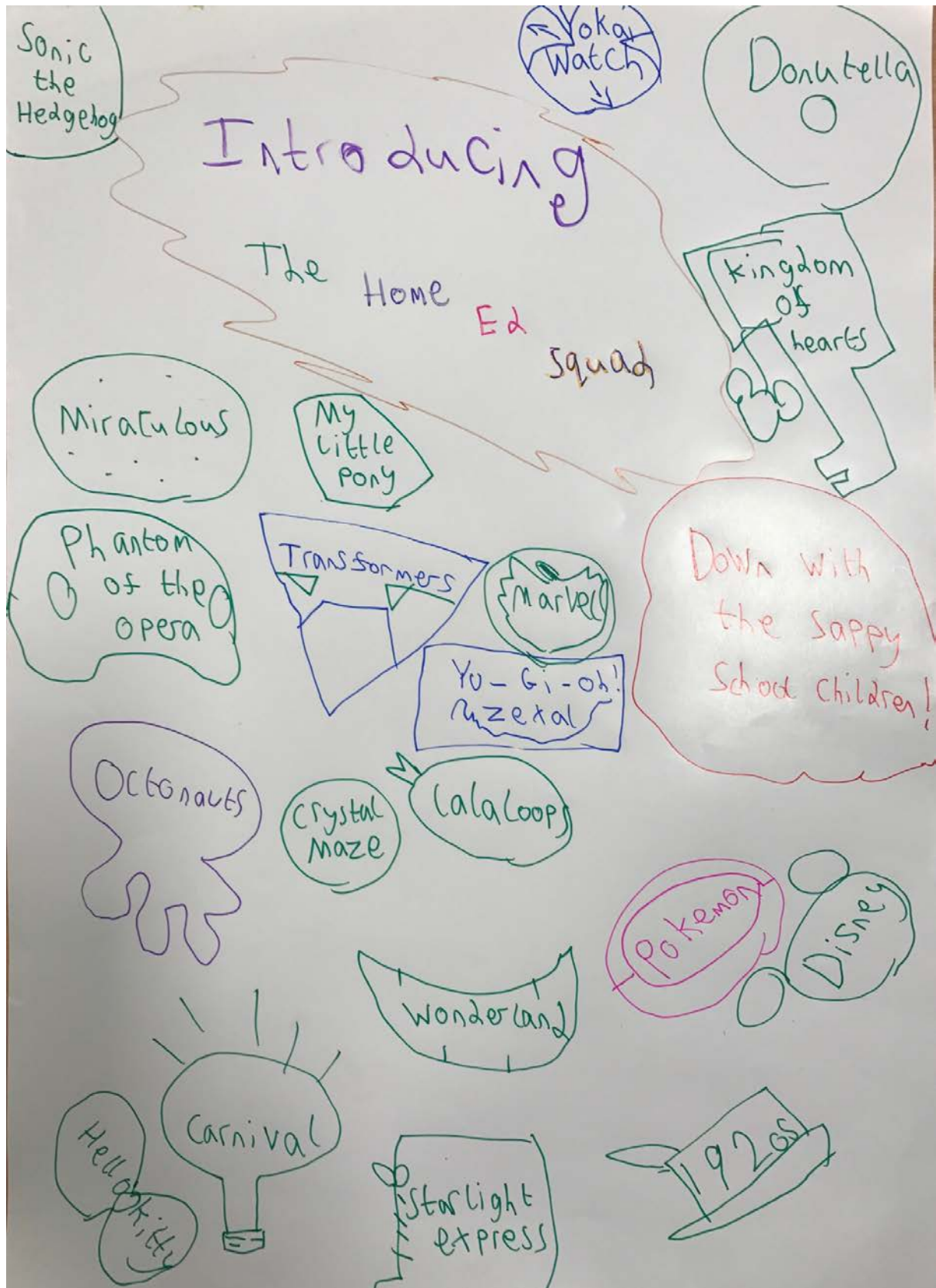
They were frightened about an attack from the Taliban. "Is our school going to be attacked?" Malala was asked by one of her friends.

I was scared because I wasn't being listened to and I thought I was going to have to do PE which would hurt my bones.

I think Malala was brave as she went to school even though she feared for her life.

We were both brave but in different ways I stood up to my teacher, she stood up to the Taliban. The difference was her consequences were greater than mine.





**By Rio Welsh**

## The Official Home Ed photo 2017



Introducing The Home Ed squad

## Taunton Home Ed Photo (The other people came)



Introducing the Home Ed Squad

# The Amazon Rainforest

*by Alex Shaw-Young*

As I explore the immense Amazon rainforest  
I can hear howler monkeys from miles around.  
Cold, wet rain is falling on my head  
while the sticky, scorching sun makes me sweat.  
Underneath the trees a jaguar sleeps.  
Nearby a brocket deer creeps past  
under cover of a chorus of croaking frogs,  
twined with the musical sound of squawking birds.  
The scent of rotten meat from the Rafflesia flower makes me sick and  
the prickly bark of the Cashapona tree scratches my back.  
Insects buzz around my head, and  
I'm wary of the Bullet ants scuttling across the ground.  
Overhead in the canopy, a dazzling display of beautiful butterflies.  
Ferns sway in the gentle breeze,  
the nutty, bitter cacao trees follow the same rhythm.  
The bird eating spider stalks its prey against a background  
of fascinating fungi on dead wood.  
Up high, a camouflaged chameleon crawls through the leaves  
and I admire the beautiful, vivid colours of the heliconia.  
I hear, in the distance, the rumbling of trees being torn down  
and I'm heartbroken that the beautiful, abundant, life-giving rainforest  
is being destroyed by the greed of humans.

# The Hut - Chapter 2

*By Acey Squire*

Altasar was not friendly to the catchers. Every year one dragon would die. There was a person that all humans called the king. This King got to decide which Dragon would die.

The king bashed Altasar on the nose and said "Not worth dying!" Now this hurt Altasar, so Altasar breathed fire at this person. This king burnt so he had to go to a place called hospital. Altasar heard from another dragon that hospital was a magic place that healed people. Altasar may have hated this person but Altasar did not want this poor person to be in the hands of sorcerers for magic was evil.

One day in flying time he met a new dragon. They had a long roarersation(dragon conversation) and here's what they said –

"Hi there," said Altasar.

"What's your name then?" said the other dragon.

"Altasar," said Altasar.

"Nice name. I'm Hennery" said the other dragon. Then the catchers called "Time to come in now!"

"Bye" said Hennery. Then Hennery dived down into his cage.

The next day Altasar was in his half an hour when his chain fell off. Altasar was free...

...But not for long. The hunters chained Altasar back up and put him back in his cage to watch all the other dragons fly outside. Now Hennery saw this and was outraged at the hunters. Hennery breathed fire at the hunters, this did not work so he scratched a hunter and the hunter fell to the ground dead. So Hennery missed his half an hour as well. Altasar was upset to find out he and Hennery were banned from flying for a year.

The next month there was news of the king. The king had died but there was a new one that also got to decide which Dragon at the hut would die! When this king 2 came he pointed at Hennery and said: "There! KILL THAT DRAGON!" The catchers loaded the cannon. The cannon was embroidered with dragon details made of gold. This cannon must have been the king's.

# Rhetus Periander

*By Ben Shaw-Young*



# The G.A.C project

*By Alisya Norris-Crouch*



The last thing I remembered was steering my ship through stormy seas, and jagged rocks as tall as Great Oak trees. Then I woke up here with a beam from my ship crushing my leg like a huge Elephant on a plank of wood. With an immense struggle I managed to shift it off my leg and stumble to my feet and limp over to a nearby palm tree.

I looked around slowly; I was on a quiet beach in the middle of a lush green forest of palms. Over on the shore I saw the wreckage of my ship. I pulled a branch off the tree and used it to support my leg as I made my way to the wreck, luckily I found one of my first aid kits so I strapped my wounded leg up and set about making a camp and shelter.

That night I got no sleep. I was cold and wet from the sea water and the golden sand kept sticking to my dripping body.

The next day I took down my camp and moved towards the forest. As I got closer I noticed oddly large paw prints, they looked like those of cats (only bigger), perfectly imprinted in the sand. I began to see lots more similar prints, roughly 4 times smaller. I began to feel anxious.

As I wondered through the forest I came across a huge wooden building. It was hard to get a good look of the other end, but from where I was standing I could see that on the front of the first part were two separate sections with a large space between them. On the front of the closest part there were three sets of windows going up. I think there were 3 floors and I could see 10 windows on each floor and in the middle on the ground floor was a huge glass wall and a set of double doors. I paused for a second.....why would anyone want a house in the middle of nowhere? I looked around but I couldn't see any foot prints, I thought maybe the cats responsible for the earlier prints had attacked whoever lived here, but that was when I realised the glass wall was cracked and bits were smashed out .....from the inside! I searched around for the door and found it broken, as I poked my head in I saw all the lights were flickering, the walls were all white but they were stained with blood. The coppery smell hit my nostril. "Something bad happened here," I said out loud. As I stepped through the hall I started to notice broken equipment everywhere, not only that but there were bones and skulls on the floor.....and huge claw marks on the walls.

Maybe there is a survivor somewhere, I thought to myself. On inspection there was no mistaking this was some kind of research centre. I searched from room to room until I came across a sign above a door saying "G.A.C TEST ROOM" G.A.C obviously stood for something important so I tentatively took a step inside. It looked like there was a large glass tank that used to contain something large and it looked to me like it had broken out. I searched around for information and found a file. G.A.C stood for genetically altered cat, it resembled a jaguar, was the size of a car, had the strength of an ant pound for pound, could run as fast as a cheetah and had sonar like a bat.

I began to walk around further where I heard a loud "mrreeaaaooowww". I suddenly remembered what I read, that not only was it strong and fast, but

could also climb walls and ceilings and ate anything, including human flesh. It has a ravenous appetite and guzzled flesh like a car guzzled petrol.

The huge beast dropped to the ground in front of me, it opened its mouth in a shrill cry of attack as strings of glistening saliva hung off its sharp white fangs, it hunched its back and readied itself for a vicious attack.

I turned and legged it through the dimly lit corridor before it could wrap its claws around me, I ran out of the building as other smaller cats swarmed around the beast like it was their alpha, luckily I managed to find a hollowed trunk to hide in while the pack streamed off into the undergrowth.

When night fell I crept back into the building to look for anything useful I could use, I passed a room with electrical equipment I might be able to use to summon help but as my eyes I adjusted I saw to my horror it was the cats' den, they were all curled up asleep on .....a....pile of bones!

I tried to creep round them but I realised I couldn't risk waking them all so I grabbed the nearest things and retreated and found a way out the building and ran back to my trunk and spent the night preparing for what I knew was coming.

As the sun rose I slunk back to the building, the sweat dripped down my forehead as I readied myself for cats awakening, moments later I heard the cats begin searching for me.

When they found me they were relentless, chasing me and screeching with anger but when I electrocuted the nearest one, with a crudely fashioned electric prod, its screeches became howls of pain. While the pack was distracted, I doubled back to the building and found the room with all the equipment in and set about trying to repair the radio. Soon the cats were back in the building sniffing out my scent like a pack of blood hounds, one quickly spotted me and soon I was fending off its blows.

The large beast entered the room and with one strike knocked me flying into a pile of broken furniture. As I rose I felt blood seeping down my back, I knew I was injured. I grabbed the upturned chair nearest to me and with all my strength I hurled it at the beast, it was startled just enough for me to bolt for the door. I rushed out the building, crashing through the undergrowth, I knew the only slim hope I had was to get into the water. I didn't chance looking back as I could hear the wild cries of the beast as it tumbled after me. Suddenly I felt

rocks under foot then I saw sand. I reached the beach and frantically made my way into the water. I slipped as a claw hit me. Rolling over I looked into the eyes of what I was sure was to be my doom. I raised my hand in defence and waited for the strike. But none came. I peeped through my fingers to see the cats fleeing and as I slipped into unconsciousness I heard the sound of a helicopter overhead.....

# Pokemon

*By Isaac Turner*



# The Secret Seven and the Bank Getaway

*By Matthew Stoppard*

## Chapter One - Connected Mail Stamps

Peter had finished school and was running back home.

It was dark before he had got half way.

He had been chasing after a five pound note for almost two hours.  
He had spotted it in the bin at a bus shelter and fished it out.

Just then, a boy and a dog had passed by.  
The dog snatched the five pound note from his hand and dashed off with it.  
Peter chased after the dog into an abandoned coal shed.  
He heard a crunch and watched the five pound note disappear down the dog's throat.

Reluctantly Peter retreated.  
He stomped off down the road towards his house.

He heard footsteps nearby and darted into a bush.  
Two men appeared and began speaking to each other.

One said, *"Five pounds and plastic... First Queen and safe..."*  
The other one said, "OK!"

They disappeared and Peter ran back home.  
Loads of thoughts racing through his head...

"I'll have to call a Secret Seven meeting urgently! Now!"  
He wrote the stuff he had heard down in his note book.

When he got home, he hopped into his bed and drifted off.

In the morning, he raced downstairs and saw Janet eating breakfast.  
We have to call a Secret Seven meeting now and get stamps.

They collected some paper envelopes and stamps and started writing. Peter thought this was so simple, that he tried to write three at a time.

The first one said:

*Dear Jack,*

*Hope you have had a bad day, because I have had a really bad night!  
Then you can report it at the meeting.*

*Thurg,  
Peter*

*OOPS, - P.S. I forgot:*

*MEETING tonight at 6 P.M.. in the shed as always.  
We have had a jammy doughnut accident.  
No doughnuts.  
Just humbugs  
Hope you can come.*

*(and another) Fong Peter.*

Janet stared down at his note.  
"You spelt '*from*' wrong twice Peter!"

Janet had already written five, while he had been planning to write three at once!

"Never mind!", he said, as he slipped his letter into an envelope.  
All the ones with *Dear* scribbled on them, were going into the bin...

"Fetch Scamper!"

Scamper flew into the air and caught the letters. He bounded over to the bin, opened his mouth and dropped them in.

Peter stuck a stamp on the envelope.

It was first class stamp.

There was something he couldn't stop thinking about. There was a picture of the Queen and he remembered what the men had said: "First Queen."

He suddenly realised what they had meant: "First Class Stamps!" he shouted.

**Look out for Chapter Two - *The First Class Meeting***

# White rose in ice

*By Sarah Stoppard*



# LND Adventures

## ND turmoil

*By Joshi*

### Chapter 1: The Warning

A little girl slept. Deep in the shadows there was a storm. But not any old storm, in fact, it was a supercell. Then... FLASH! A bolt of lightning crashed to the ground. The girl jumped out of bed. She then ran to the window and looked out. She then saw a mesocyclone coming her way. Then it hit the ground, it was a tornado! Back at J5, Kate looked outside. "It's stormy sir," she said to Joshi. "Let's check the radarrrrrr!" J5 wobbled. "Aaaaaaaa!" Cried Jaden carrying a plate of beans and egg.

Kate got up and explained: "A tornado starts as a supercell (storm). They are very powerful. Then hot and cold air start swirling. Then the swirling air goes so fast we can see it. This then turns into a mesocyclone. Then when it hits the ground it's a tornado."

### Chapter 2: Tornado!

"We must stop it" declared Joshi. "But sir," said Kate, "we can't stop it, it's a force of nature, we couldn't stop it." "Maybe....." said Joshi, "but we could use its powers against it". "Oh sir," said Dick, "we could make a copy and use it against it."

So then they tried lots of things but the one that worked was exposing hydrogen to electricity. So they took J1's top capsule and J4 to the tornado's next place to destroy it.

Then they made tornado 2 and waited. The tornado then came and mixed in Tornado 2, but the tornado 2 disappeared.

"What!" cried Dick "It did not work!" Then Joshi asked "What did you use to get rid of the test tornado?" Uhhhhhhhhhhh! Then Dick said.....

"Flea spray!"

"Flea spray!" asked Kate, "are you serious?"

"More serious than ever."

"Ok, we can try it," said Joshi

So they did and it worked!

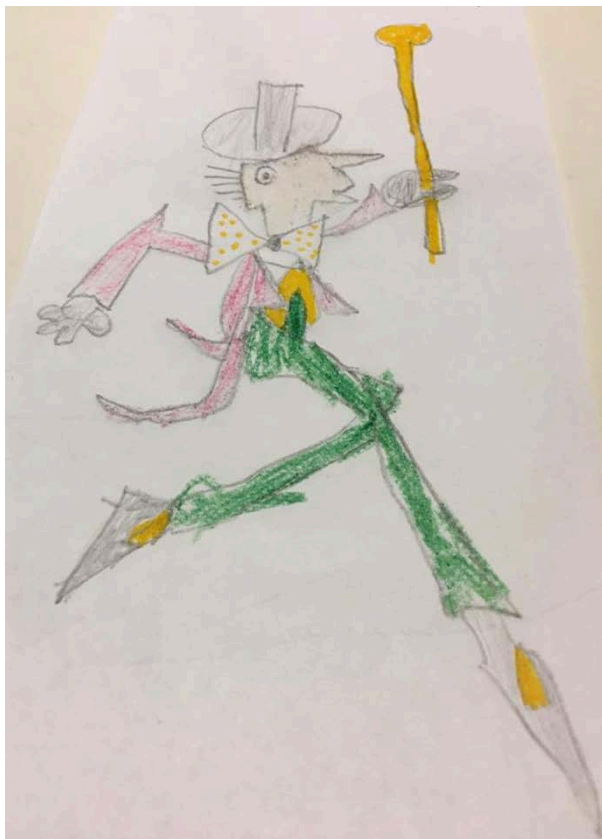
The tornado was erased.

"Well done everyone," said Joshi.

The End

## Art

*By Joshi*



Previous page: Willy Wonka; a blue Jay. Below: Joshi's version of a Picasso picture, flamingo and an under the sea adventure:



# Climate Change – A speech

***By Felix Amos***

I'm here today to talk to you about climate change and the mass extinction of our beloved animals.

We have a major problem. Business people and politicians are just not dealing with it. The deniers of climate change in the highest reaches of the government hold views which are deluded, dysfunctional and downright dangerous. We have to hold them to account. Together, we have the power to make a difference.

We could use the money we throw at pointless projects for far greater things, like offshore wind farms, solar and tidal energy. We live on an island for goodness sake! We have an opportunity to build a world absent of fossil fuels and greenhouse gas emissions.

Could you imagine a world without giraffes, rhinos, and elephants? All the stories you read as a child would be fragments of a lost world. If we don't work together today, there may not be a tomorrow to save.

Climate change is real; sea levels are rising, ice caps are melting, business is profiting. We are the 99% they are the 1%. We have the power. We have the higher ground. Let's use it!

