

CREMATED REMAINS

FARYAL FAIZEE

I am,
the upside down carcass of everything you loved and
desired but now you look at me with such disdain.

Dead and rotten,
twisted and hung
in display for you to see.

I am,
the cremated remains of the happiness we've forgotten that
still floats around the air.

If you breathe in,
you might still smell the
lingering feeling of the last few days of our mirthful
togetherness.

I am,
the song that played in the funereal when our hands lost
the sparks whenever they locked.

I am,
the flowers that are thrown down the grave when the coffin
is lowered six feet under.

I am,
the gravestone
and you are,
the goodbye.

The writer is a grade 10 student of Scholastica.



DAUNTING HOUSE

AKDAS TAJWAR

This year in my summer vacation, I went to our village to visit my grandmother and my uncle at their farm. It has been some time since I last visited my village. My grandmother and my uncle hospitably welcomed me into the house with great happiness.

The village was beautiful. The air was clean and I could hear the sweet songs of the birds. The farm that I lived in was surrounded by trees on a backdrop of the moos of cattle and cackle of chickens.

There was a mysterious, abandoned house at the end of the village. One evening, I sneaked into the abandoned house alone. The house looked more than a century old and that might have belonged to someone rich. I saw a portrait of a gentleman with "Dean Thomas" written beneath. The house had a horrible smell inside. After exploring the first floor, I went to the second floor and was surprised to find a padlocked chest in one of the bedrooms. It had a note saying "DO NOT OPEN". The room was full of old furniture. The padlock was rusted so once I pulled the padlock hard, it snapped. I did not expect what I saw and I almost fainted. A body of a dead man was lying inside the treasure chest! Beside the dead body, there were some regular household items such as a picture of the man with his family, a very old camera, a diary and some novels, a paper that looked like a will and a manuscript. He also had a gold watch on his wrist. The only thing that made me curious was the diary. I slowly took it from the body and started to read anxiously. The first page contained his name "Dean Thomas." The second

page was blank, so were the other pages that followed.

While I was turning the pages, a writing appeared:

Dean Thomas is informing you that if you are in this house after sunset, you will be safe for only a minute. Take my will and hand it over to my descendants, if I am found dead.

Suddenly, the pages turned back automatically on and some writing appeared in blood.

They said I committed suicide. It was a lie. I was poisoned.

The sun was about to set and the writing appeared in blood again

GET OUT RIGHT NOW THERE IS NO MERCY AFTER SUNSET.

All of a sudden, there was a thick fog inside the house. I quickly ran outside the room and downstairs with the diary and the will. While I was running, I slipped and fell. Somehow I managed to stand up and started running again and escaped the house. I managed to find the house of Dean Thomas's grandchildren as they were living in the village and gave them their will and diary and told them the truth about their grandfather. When I returned home and told my grandma and uncle about my adventure. They were amazed by my courage and was also filled with anxiety as the house was possessed by demons and I could have been possessed by the demons.

Whenever I visited my grandmother in her village I never visited that creepy place. I still got to keep the diary, though.

The writer is a grade 5 student of Mastermind School.