



VENGEANCE

RAIYA SHABNAB

All my life they made me believe,
 I'll sit idle, watching them leave,
 All my life they've told,
 I'll get ashes, they'll get gold.

But they don't see how I'm fighting
 An iron heart inside I'm hiding.
 They think they'll push harder
 And weaker I'll grow.
 But the more they try to know me,
 The lesser they will know.

'Cause deep down inside me
 An iron-heart starts to grow
 And deep down inside me
 An iron heart I'll grow.

00:01

TASNIM BINTE ZULFIQAR

The stars keep me up at night
 It's me and my broken compass, sometimes.
 A sailor searching for Polaris
 And the clouds are waiting for rain.

Muddled thoughts, huddled in blankets,
 Words are woven into stale bed sheets.
 Do you cry, sometimes?
 The clouds are heavy and waiting for you.

Been a while since the sun has melted
 A moon shaped star fills up with silt,
 And I reminisce, sometimes
 The clouds are dark and they hide the sky.

You hear your thoughts in spider silk
 The paintbrush clatters to the floor
 So ask the moon if it minds the purple
 (And if the clouds unravel tonight).

*The writer is a class ten student at S.F.X. Greenherald
 International School*

The Basement

ABRAR AHMED

It was the 19th of May when we moved into this house. The previous owners had moved out because their second child, Anthony, was missing. I had a very bad feeling about moving in to this house at first, but when I told my parents they told me it was all about the way I was taking things.

Now, my parents are very brave people, but the only thing that haunts them is basements. Just as I thought, upon moving into this house, they locked the basement doors so it stayed out of our reach. We were having quite a good time, but then one month later strange things started happening.

I was sleeping in my room, when suddenly I heard a voice of a monster-like human that seemed to be coming from the basement. I immediately went downstairs to my parents' room, and told them that I heard a noise in the basement. They weren't wondering about the sound, instead wondering why I was wearing no shirt in the middle of the night

disturbing them. It was obvious that they didn't care about the sound because they didn't hear it for themselves. A few days passed, and it was the 26th of June. We all went to sleep. I was fast asleep, when my mother came into my room and whispered to me in a slowly agitated voice, "I heard something in the basement!"

We didn't want to wake my dad up, so went to check what was in the basement. I went in first, because my mum was scared. The basement was really messy, even though we cleaned it up after locking it up. It was really creepy.

Then we could see a figure in the floor. We were really scared, and didn't know what to do. At least I was brave enough to go and check. I saw a little child, alone and asleep in the basement. I could not believe it! It was Anthony! To cut things short, Anthony was taken to his parents, and we were no longer scared of the basement.

The writer is a class 7 student of Playpen.

