



# ON THE ROCKS

## OCTOBER 2021

BANNED BOOKS WEEK

INTERNATIONAL DAY OF PEACE

EL DÍA DE LOS MUERTOS

STUDENT SHOWCASE



Welcome to the latest edition of *On The Rocks*, YOUR school magazine!

This term seems to have passed incredibly quickly, and here we are at Issue 2 already.

Now, Autumn is often mentioned as a season of mists and mellow fruitfulness (borrowed from Keats, poetry fans) but you'll forgive us if this issue is more about creeping fogs and wandering souls. This is very much a Hallowe'en issue.

Inside you will find ghost stories and photographs created by our students, articles on The Day Of The Dead, Censorship and banned books, and, to contrast with all the hurly burly (yes, that is a Macbeth reference), a feature on the International Day Of Peace.

We hope you like what you see, and that you'll contribute to our next issue, due out in December. Of course, if you DON'T like what you see, feel free to tell Mr Whinger. I'm sure he'll give you a balanced reply.

#### THE EDITORS

Mr Wooster  
Mrs Macbeth

Mrs Courtney  
Mr Grainger  
Mr Whinger

Miss Harris  
Mr Twin

## -IN THIS ISSUE-

2  
025.213

### Banned Books Week

Every year thousands of books are challenged or banned across the world. Learn about the issues of censorship in literacy.

5  
158.3

### Ask Mr Whinger

Our resident mental health champion tackles the issues facing students.

7  
327.172

### International Day of Peace

21st September 2021 marks the 20th Anniversary of the official International Day of Peace.

12  
361.70681

### Readathon

Hear all about our most successful Readathon to date.

15  
394.2660

### El Día de los Muertos

The Languages Department tell us a little about what they are studying this season.

16  
791.446

### Teachers' Picks

What Podcasts do your teachers listen to? Find out here.

17  
796.334

### Stonehenge Sport Report

The Secret Stonehenge Footballer gives us the scoop on a recent match.

19  
823.0873

### Halloween Reading List

Some spooky stories to sink your teeth into.

20  
823.087309283

### Student Showcase

The best entries from our Creepy Competition this term.



Cover photo by Bella Gutzwiller - year 7

This page; photo by Evie Ayers - year 9





Books

Us

# Censorship Divides Us

ALA American  
Library  
Association  
[ala.org/bbooks](http://ala.org/bbooks)

© 2021 American Library Association



# Censorship by the Numbers

Books unite us. They reach across boundaries and build connections between readers. Censorship, on the other hand, divides us and creates barriers. In 2020, 273 books were affected by censorship attempts. [Learn more at ala.org/bbooks](https://ala.org/bbooks).

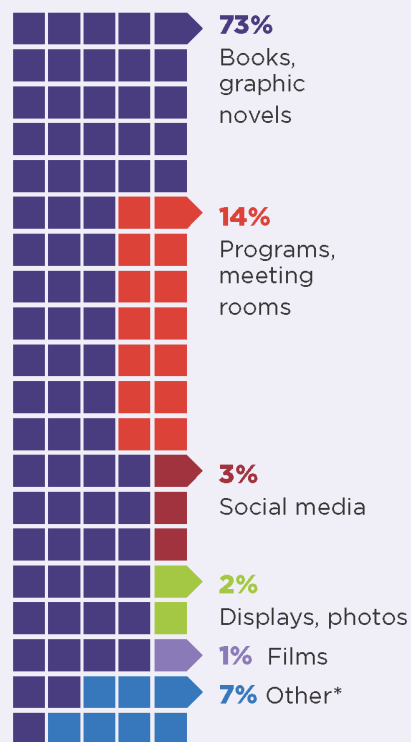
## Reasons for Challenges



Each word and phrase in this graphic is cited from 2020 censorship reports

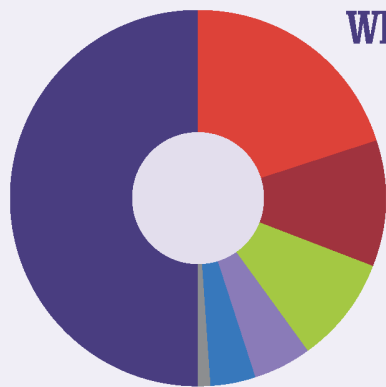
## Books and Beyond

The ALA's Office for Intellectual Freedom tracked 156 challenges in 2020. Here's the breakdown:



\* Includes filtering, access, databases, magazines, online resources, legislation

## Who Initiates Challenges?



Statistics based on 147 responses

## Where Do Challenges Take Place?

Statistics based on 156 responses



CENSORSHIP  
STATISTICS  
COMPILED BY:



OFFICE FOR  
*Intellectual Freedom*  
American Library Association



# Top 10 Most Challenged Books of 2020

The American Library Association tracked 156 challenges to library, school, and university materials and services in 2020. A challenge is an attempt to remove or restrict materials or services based on content. Overall, 273 books were targeted. Here are the “Top 10 Most Challenged Books in 2020,” along with the reasons cited for censoring the books:

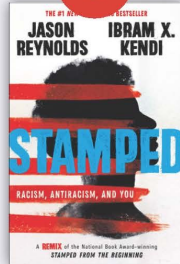
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## **George** by Alex Gino

Challenged, banned, and restricted for LGBTQIA+ content, conflicting with a religious viewpoint, and not reflecting “the values of our community”

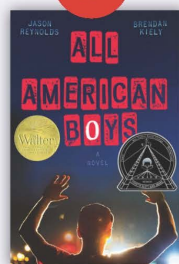
2



## **Stamped: Racism, Antiracism, and You** by Jason Reynolds and Ibram X. Kendi

Banned and challenged because of author’s public statements, and because of claims that the book contains “selective storytelling incidents” and does not encompass racism against all people

3



## **All American Boys** by Jason Reynolds and Brendan Kiely

Banned and challenged for profanity, drug use, and alcoholism, and because it was thought to promote anti-police views, contain divisive topics, and be “too much of a sensitive matter right now”

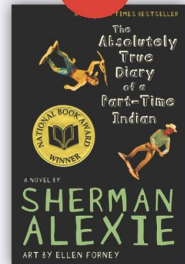
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## **Speak** by Laurie R. King

Banned, challenged, and restricted because it was thought to contain a political viewpoint and it was claimed to be biased against male students, and for the novel’s inclusion of rape and profanity

5



## **The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian** by Sherman Alexie

Banned and challenged for profanity, sexual references, and allegations of sexual misconduct by the author

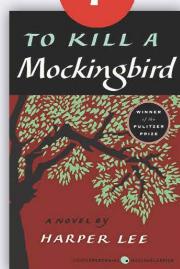
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## **Something Happened in Our Town: A Child's Story About Racial Injustice** by Marianne Celano, Marietta Collins, and Ann Hazzard, illustrated by Jennifer Zivoin

Challenged for “divisive language” and because it was thought to promote anti-police views

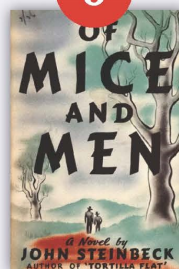
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## **To Kill a Mockingbird** by Harper Lee

Banned and challenged for racial slurs and their negative effect on students, featuring a “white savior” character, and its perception of the Black experience

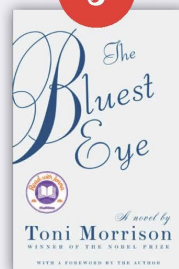
8



## **Of Mice and Men** by John Steinbeck

Banned and challenged for racial slurs and racist stereotypes, and their negative effect on students

9



## **The Bluest Eye** by Toni Morrison

Banned and challenged because it was considered sexually explicit and depicts child sexual abuse

10



## **The Hate U Give** by Angie Thomas

Challenged for profanity, and it was thought to promote an anti-police message



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American Library Association



# ASK MR WHINGER

Our regular feature where Stonehenge's teacher of Combined Studies, Mr Whinger, answers your questions direct from Room 12A in Lower School. Email your questions to [whingeri@stonehenge.wilts.sch.uk](mailto:whingeri@stonehenge.wilts.sch.uk) or go to his classroom and ask him in person\*.

**Dear Mr Whinger,**  
**Why oh why do I have to do Drama?**  
The pain of performing and reliving another's existential torment is an everyday ordeal for a student as sensitive as I.

**Morrissey, Year 10**

It sounds as if you're dramatic enough already. Do some more Physics- that'll calm you down.

\*But not at break or lunch - he'll be on duty at the croquet lawn

**Dear Mr Whinger,**

**Why oh why are there no after-school clubs that address my interests? I think it's time we moved away from all the old clichés and tried something new. Sports clubs? In this day and age? No-one wants to get all out of breath running around chasing a football. If I want to get unpleasantly sweaty, I'll scoff down six sausage rolls and a Pasta Pot. I don't even need to put my trainers on.**

**It's time we got rid of sports clubs, and brought in sofa clubs. PROPER activities, ones that involve sitting around, preferably looking at a phone. Let's face it, that's what adults do.**

**Clark, Year 7**

Sorry Clark, I haven't read this properly yet- I'm watching a video on my phone. Cat playing the piano. So funny.

**Dear Mr Whinger,**

**Why oh why do I still have to learn about the so-called 'World' in Geography?**

**Surely it's time that the curriculum was adjusted to take Brexit into account. The EU can no longer force me to learn about foreign places, so why can't we go back to proper British Geography? Foreign countries seem to be all deserts, volcanoes and other stuff I don't really believe in, so of absolutely no use to me. I'm sure there must be an ox-bow lake in Amesbury for me to study.**

**Boris, Year 9**

Thank you for your letter, Boris. Nice to meet a student who's ready to take the trouble to write in and complain about having their horizons broadened against their will. I'll have a word with your teacher- pretty soon you'll be counting cars and doing shopping surveys, with no mention of those pesky foreign glaciers.

P.S. Did you have a nasty experience with a geographical feature when you were young? Lost in a rainforest? Abandoned in an Alpine desert? I think you need to talk to someone about this.



# ASK MR WHINGER

Dear Mr Whinger,

Why oh why won't this school allow for proper music lessons?

I've seen it on TV, so I'm pretty sure I know what I'm talking about. First, the whole school lines up in one huge queue to get into the hall. This is called 'the auditions'. Everyone then has to sing, one by one, at some bored-looking teachers. Two of the teachers will be cheerful and say nice things; the other one will probably be a Science teacher.

The best singers then go to another room- this is called Boot Camp, so I suppose it's the changing rooms, or somewhere else where they keep footwear. They practise singing really hard in there, inspired by the smell of feet or something.

Then it's time for the semi-finals. All the best singers play five-a-side on the MUGA and the team that scores the most runs is in THE FINAL. This is the moment everyone's been waiting for- the chance to sing in front of the whole school. It will be AMAZING- the hall will have been transformed into a wonderland of lights and golden streamers. Some people will be cheering, some people will be crying (the caretaker, probably), and some people will be begging to be let out so they can just go to maths like normal. And in the end, after a gruelling emotional journey for all contestants, someone will be crowned the winner; triumphant yet humble, they will get to shower everyone in Radnor Fizz before being carried shoulder-high into the canteen for a free panini. Or something.

**Cheryl, Year 9**

Thank you for your letter, Cheryl. You've clearly put a lot of thought into this. Or some thought, at any rate. Maybe. Personally I can think of nothing worse than sitting with 950+ students, full to the brim of blue drinks, listening to an over-enthusiastic Year 8 belt out We Are The Champions. We'll leave music lessons as they are, thanks.

Liability Disclaimer:-

Mr Whinger is concerned that he isn't getting many letters from students. Does this mean that life in Stonehenge School is so blissfully idyllic that no-one has any issues that need to be addressed? Huzzah!



# INTERNATIONAL DAY OF PEACE

21 SEPTEMBER 2021



## RECOVERING BETTER FOR A SUSTAINABLE AND EQUITABLE WORLD



[un.org/peaceday](https://un.org/peaceday) | [#peaceday](https://twitter.com/peaceday)



# 2021 Theme: Recovering better for an equitable and sustainable world

Each year the International Day of Peace is observed around the world on 21 September. The UN General Assembly has declared this as a day devoted to strengthening the ideals of peace, through observing 24 hours of non-violence and cease-fire.

In 2021, as we heal from the COVID-19 pandemic, we are inspired to think creatively and collectively about how to help everyone recover better, how to build resilience, and how to transform our world into one that is more equal, more just, equitable, inclusive, sustainable, and healthier.

The pandemic is known for hitting the underprivileged and marginalized groups the hardest. By April 2021, over 687 million COVID-19 vaccine doses have been administered globally, but over 100 countries have not received a single dose. People caught in conflict are especially vulnerable in terms of lack of access to healthcare.

In line with the Secretary-General's appeal for a global ceasefire last March, in February 2021 the Security Council unanimously passed a resolution calling for Member States to support a "sustained humanitarian pause" to local conflicts. The global ceasefire must continue to be honoured, to ensure people caught in conflict have access to lifesaving vaccinations and treatments.

The pandemic has been accompanied by a surge in stigma, discrimination, and hatred, which only cost more lives instead of saving them: the virus attacks all without caring about where we are from or what we believe in. Confronting this common enemy of humankind, we must be reminded that we are not each other's enemy. To be able to recover from the devastation of the pandemic, we must make peace with one another.

And we must make peace with nature. Despite the travel restrictions and economic shutdowns, climate change is not on pause. What we need is a green and sustainable global economy that produces jobs, reduces emissions, and builds resilience to climate impacts.

The 2021 theme for the International Day of Peace is "Recovering better for an equitable and sustainable world". We invite you to join the efforts of the United Nations family as we focus on recovering better for a more equitable and peaceful world. Celebrate peace by standing up against acts of hate online and offline, and by spreading compassion, kindness, and hope in the face of the pandemic, and as we recover.

## Background

The International Day of Peace was established in 1981 by the United Nations General Assembly. Two decades later, in 2001, the General Assembly unanimously voted to designate the Day as a period of non-violence and cease-fire.

*Taken from the [UN website](#)*



*Students carrying Members States' flags during annual Peace Bell Ceremony, United Nations, New York, 21 September 2015. UN Photo/Amanda Voisard*

## Message for the 100-day countdown to the International Day of Peace

13 June 2019

Every year on 21 September, the United Nations calls on all nations and people to put down their weapons and reaffirm their commitment to living in harmony with one another. Today, as we mark the 100-day countdown to the next International Day of Peace, I invite global reflection on this year's timely theme.

"Climate Action for Peace" brings a clear message: the global climate emergency is a threat to security and stability. As coastal areas and degraded inland areas are becoming uninhabitable, millions of people are being forced to seek safety and better lives elsewhere. With extreme weather events and disasters becoming more frequent and severe, disputes over dwindling resources risk fueling climate-related conflict.

Last month, I visited the South Pacific and saw the challenges being endured by those on the frontlines of this existential danger. But it is not just remote islands whose future is in jeopardy. What is happening there is a sign of what is in store for all humankind. Urgent climate action is a global imperative.

To mobilize the ambition we need, I am convening a Climate Action Summit on 23 September, at UN Headquarters in New York. I have asked world leaders to come with concrete and realistic plans to rapidly accelerate action to implement the Paris Agreement, and to make a pivotal shift toward a cleaner, safer and greener future. In this endeavor, they will be backed by the passionate voices of young women and men around the world, who understand their future is at stake.

This is the battle of our lives, and a race against time. We can win -- and we must. Solutions are in our hands: tax pollution, not people; stop subsidizing fossil fuels; stop building new coal plants by 2020; focus on a green economy, not a grey economy. I count on your continued support as we strive to build a world where we can live every day in harmony with the environment and with each other.

António Guterres



# In Our Library

Chris Hedges in his article for the New York Times: [What Every Person Should Know About War](#) gives the following statistics:

- Out of the last 3400 years, the world has been at peace for 268 years.
- In the 20th century alone, 108 million people have been killed in war. He defines war as any conflict killing more than 1000 people.
- Over 30 wars are going on right now.

To engage with this topic, our year 8 library lessons this week included some Independent Day of Peace discussions and activities. This is an example of some of what we got up to;





# Acrostic Poem

Using the first letters provided, complete each line with a word or phrase that fits the peace theme.

P Peace is where you reflect on things

E \_\_\_\_\_

A Army soldiers Stop fighting and create

C ome and be peaceful

E \_\_\_\_\_

Written by Tamzin

P aradise

E quality

A nswers

C elebration

E the world

Written by Franklin



P ost war

E quality

A ll together

C ombined

E qual

Written by Jack

PEACE



P aradise

E quality

A nswers

C elebration

E arth

Written by Filip



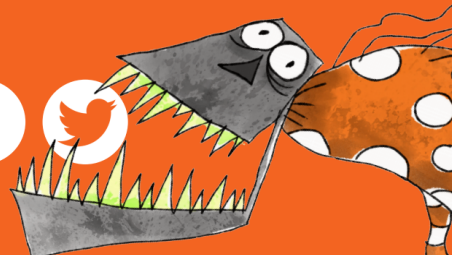


WARNING!  
Books can  
change  
your life!



Motivating kids to read

[readforgood.org](http://readforgood.org)



# You're reading to help children in hospital



Thanks to you, children in hospital will be able to read the best brand new books, and listen to amazing storytellers!

Keep reading, raising and being amazing!  
Thank you!



[readforgood.org](http://readforgood.org)





# Certificate of Achievement

Awarded to:

*The Stonehenge School*

for completing Read for Good's sponsored  
reading challenge and raising money  
to help bring the magic of books and  
stories to children in hospital.

Date:

*17/10/2021*

Money Raised:

*£979.50*



[readforgood.org](http://readforgood.org)



# - EL DÍA DE - LOS MUERTOS

The Day of the Dead is an amazing festival in Mexico that takes place on the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> of November. Years 7 and 8 will be doing a special project on it, looking at the costumes, decorations and food that are traditional to the event. Have a look in the next magazine for examples of the work we create!

The most famous part of the Day of the Dead festival is the huge street parade in Mexico city but this isn't an ancient tradition – it only started when the James Bond film 'Spectre' showed it in its opening scene and people loved it so much that the Mexican government decided to make it an annual event. It is a time of great celebration when people remember the lives and successes of those who have died. It is believed that spirits of the dead are allowed to visit their families on those two days of the year, so people lay trails of marigold petals from the graveyard to their house to help their loved ones remember the way home.



**La Calavera Catrina** is an etching created in 1910 by cartoonist José Guadalupe Posada, featuring a skeleton dressed in make-up and fancy clothing. Intended as a statement about Mexicans choosing European fashions and cultures over their own traditions, it has become one of the most recognisable icons of the Mexican Día de los Muertos.

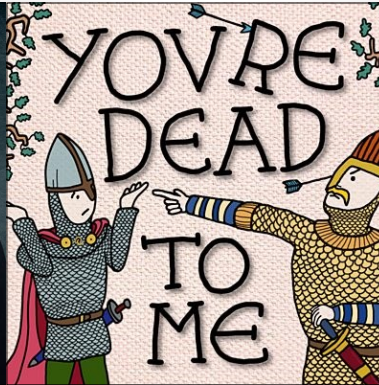


# Teachers' Picks

## PODCASTS



Science sleuths Dr Adam Rutherford and Dr Hannah Fry investigate everyday mysteries sent by listeners.



The history podcast for people who don't like history... and those who do. Greg Jenner brings together the best names in comedy and history to learn and laugh about the past.



Witty, irreverent look at the world through scientists' eyes. With Brian Cox and Robin Ince.

## PODCASTS



Panel game in which the contestants are challenged to speak for one minute without hesitation, deviation or repetition on any subject that comes up on the cards.



Sitcom about an airline for whom no job is too small but many, many jobs are too difficult.



An apartment complex hosts a big Halloween party with themed rooms and costumed partygoers. By the end of the night one of the party's hosts is murdered.



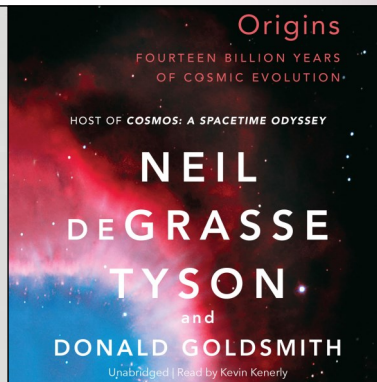
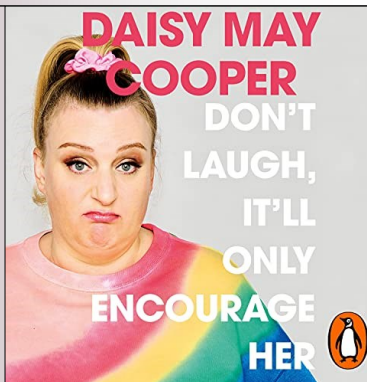
Comedians Ed Gamble and James Acaster invite special guests into their magical restaurant to each choose their favourite starter, main course, side dish, dessert and drink.

# AUDIO BOOKS

**'When I'm up on stage, I don't want to be anywhere else in the world'**

Since I was little, I've had a cast of characters living inside my head, an over-active imagination and the urge to be a massive show-off. Not only was my family completely insane, but we grew up battling rural poverty, and together with my brother Charlie, I staggered my way through adolescence.

In *Don't Laugh, It'll Only Encourage Her*, I'll take you on a rollercoaster ride so extreme it'll make you laugh, then cry, then barf your guts up.



Our true origins are not just human, or even terrestrial, but in fact cosmic. Drawing on recent scientific breakthroughs and the current cross-pollination among geology, biology, astrophysics, and cosmology, *Origins* explains the soul-stirring leaps in our understanding of the cosmos. From the first image of a galaxy

birth to Spirit Rover's exploration of Mars, to the discovery of water on one of Jupiter's moons, co-authors Neil deGrasse Tyson and Donald Goldsmith conduct a galvanizing tour of the cosmos with clarity and exuberance.



# Stonehenge Sport Report

## The Secret Stonehenge Footballer

### My Match for School

25 mins in and I'm sat there like a lemon considering life, but I get the words I wanted to hear. They come straight out the Gaffa's Gob. He said xxxxxx – I said *Danny?* It's your time to shine, he wanted exactly what I wanted. A miracle. "We are 2-1 up. I Just want to hold that lead, go out there and show Lucas really how to play CAM." He said this with confidence.

As I walked onto the pitch it was a throw-in, right by our sticks. I said to Josh: "I own this number 2 he's not going places with *me* marking him" Before josh could even answer the throw in was taken and we had won the ball straight back.

Then Jacob with a beautiful header straight out wide, to Nathan, this was our chance! We could counter attack Nathan with some great footwork and the pass into Josh's feet

"Josh here I'm in space" I said knowing I was in a great position. There it was my first touch of the ball and I play a perfect through ball down to Olly who thinks it's a brilliant idea to turn into prime Mr Twin but no he does the complete opposite trying to do skills and gives it straight back to the opposition.

About 15 mins have past and nothing has happened just yet but a ball gets played straight over the top into Haslam's feet. A bit of an iffy touch but enough so Alfie could nab it back me, Haslam and Olly all making runs, Haslam goes for the close option gets the ball and it's a 1 on 1 with the keeper all he needs to do is square it! "Here! Here!" shouted Olly, "just square for Pete's sake!" but no. He decides to have a shot despite the fact he's closed down by the keeper. What a mug.



# Stonehenge Sport Report

It is half time and we have been brilliant. But I was thinking in my head "is this a dream the gaffa hasn't complained yet" but there it was..

"A few iffy touches here and there and some mistakes in defence" he said but not in an angry tone. "ahhmm JAY achoo

Sorry what was that?"

And then jay the absolute spud jumped off the floor thinking hes the bees knees because he doesn't use his head. "Its fine boys we move don't worry about it people said" the main thing is we didn't concede.

Back out onto the pitch we went I was gassed that I was playing longer than 5 mins. About 10 mins go but yet again nothing happens. It's quite quickly after that we lose possession they are just passing it around the edge of the box,

"We can't let them through boys!" but before we know it a big miscommunication between the two dodgy canter halves.

He takes a humongous touch and Dylan beats him there. "REF! REF! CAN WE MAKE A SUB?"

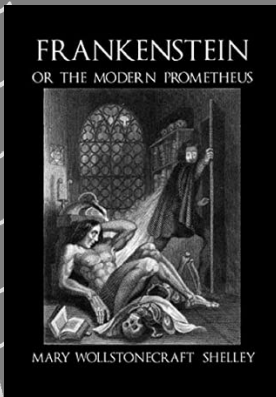
He takes off henry which is a cracking choice as he did nothing the whole game and guess who's on! Its the one the only Jay Bulmer. Back out into play and me, Josh, Nathan and Olly had some beautiful chemistry on the go but as soon as Haslam got involved he fluffed it. We saved our mistake and I play a great pass back to josh who missed and wishes the goals were bigger.

Fifteen mins to go and can we hold on to it. All we wanted was to win it, get on the bus, and sing our chants. And that's what we did before you know it, it's the end of the game.

Good game lads. Good game.

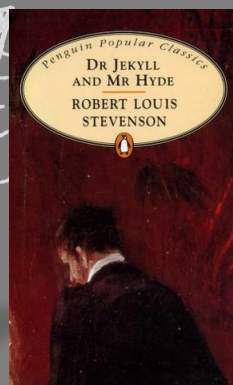


# Halloween Reading List



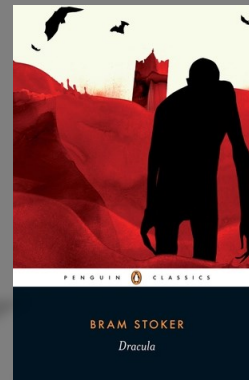
## FRANKENSTEIN

Mary Shelley



## DR JEKYLL & MR HYDE

Robert L. Stevenson



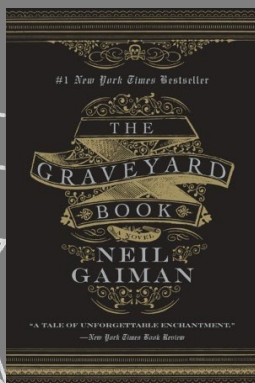
## DRACULA

Bram Stoker



## SKULDUGGERY PLEASANT

Derek Landry



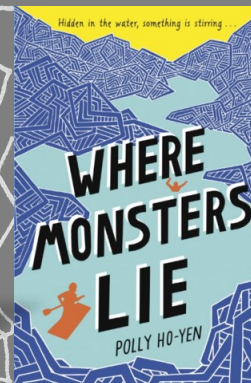
## THE GRAVEYARD BOOK

Neil Gaiman



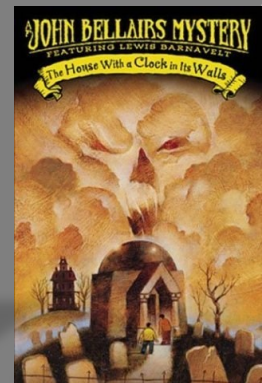
## THE WITCHES

Roald Dahl



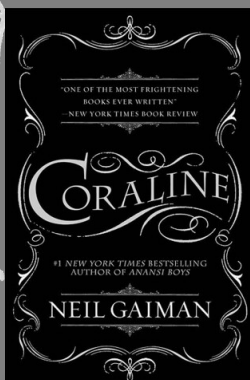
## WHERE MONSTERS LIE

Polly Ho-Yen



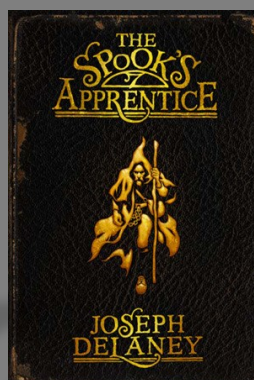
## THE HOUSE WITH A CLOCK IN ITS WALLS

John Bellairs



## CORALINE

Neil Gaiman



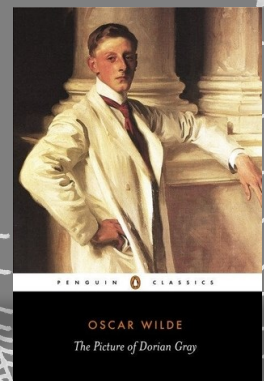
## THE SPOOK'S APPRENTICE

Joseph Delaney



## THE TELL-TALE HEART

Edgar Allan Poe

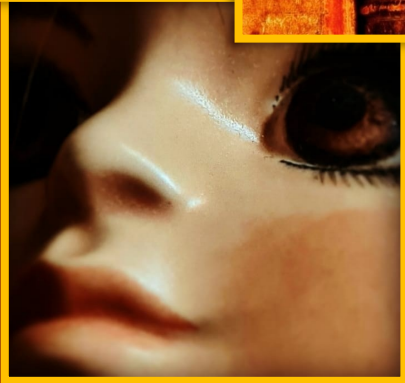
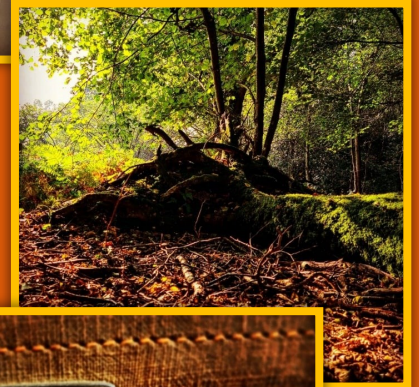


## THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Oscar Wilde



# STUDENT SHOWCASE



Bella Gutzwiller, year 7

**The nights are becoming longer, the mornings darker.  
Shadows lengthen, and the moon hangs low in the sky.**

**Our ancestors believed that this was the time of year when the  
world of the living and the world of the dead were closest together.**

**Perhaps these dark nights are when spirits are most likely to  
cross over from their world to ours...**

Our inter-house competitions this term have been to capture the spirit of this spooky theme in a photo or a short story.

# STUDENT SHOWCASE

## In the woods

Ben Dodson, year 10

1856 rural England. Every day a small child no older than nine would be left at home alone. Every gloomy morning the boy would say bye to his parents. He would eagerly wait for some thought of something he could do no matter how irrational it may be. On this nebulous morning, he decided he would go and explore around his village. This is the opposite of what his parents always told him, but he would not let that stop him. He got on his boots and coat and walked out the door. After wandering for a while, he appeared to be at the mysterious woods he was always told not to go into however, on this occasion he thought otherwise.

He clambered his way through the branches and bushes until he reached a clearing in the forest, he observed his surroundings; tall trees glaring down upon him, the wind hissing around his ears and the leaves making a crackling sound every time he took a step. He stopped once again; it was as if there was someone else there. He proceeded to look right then left. In the corner of his eye, he saw a glimpse of a human-like figure. He ran. He screamed. How long would it last?

He neared the edge of the woods, but it was still chasing him. He ran until he couldn't run anymore. He had lost. This creature had won. The boy was never to be seen again. Until...



Maria-Lucinda Richardson, year 8

Elise Ross, year 8

## Manifestation

Tap, tap, tap. They were here. The one day they could come. All Hallows Eve. I crept down the stairs, being sure not to wake anyone. The door creaked open, and in they drifted in. I did not know what their intentions were that night, no one did. These were the ghosts of our ancestors, our blood. I didn't know they wanted that. These ghosts couldn't speak, only able to communicate with their eyes and hands. The eldest turned to me, a sly, evil grin spreading across her face. The others were glancing around at each other, unbeknownst to me why this was. I took them up to the loft, where we kept their belongings. They sifted through, their connections were strong enough this night. They each pulled out an item that had brought them joy in their lives, ranging from stuffed animals to pendants. I didn't know why. I do now. Their movements suggested I could leave, so I left them to have some alone time, and I went to my bed. Something was off. They wanted rid of me for some reason. I must have drifted off. It was light. They must've gone. I went downstairs, looking for my parents or siblings. I found them, but they were different. My sister turned to me. That same sly grin from last night. "Thank you for helping us," she said I went white as a sheet. I knew I would never see my family again. They had been taken over.



Lily Mae Evans, year 9



# STUDENT SHOWCASE

My vision was impaired by the harsh snow that hurled itself at me, shaking, my hands went an unhealthy blue, and felt as brittle as ice, my pulsating feet ached with every step I took in the thick cruel bed of snow I was lost in.

There are trees around me, trees that look like they go on for miles and miles, dizzily I kept stumbling forward, hoping that I may find a path to follow, with every dreaded step, I lost more and more hope, the trees attacked each other, snapping twigs and breaking branches, parts of shattered wood fell to the ground like hail.

I collapsed in exhaustion. Warm breath hugged the back of my neck, I turn slowly and shuddered at the sight of a great creature, its giant, dark, ragged body was hunched over me, the head of the beast completely bone, and resembling the skull of a stag, warm breath that looked like smoke was pushed from its vicious jaws followed by a deep growl.

My body was frozen in terror, my pounding heart felt like it was about to fire out of my chest, its jaws gaped with drool leaking from its fangs, it grabbed my arm in its mouth, its razor sharp teeth broke through my delicate skin, shaking its head with my limb in its mouth, I felt every tear of my arm before it ripped like paper, it did with so much ease as if I were just a rag doll.

Rae Berridge, year 11

Maisie Sloman, year 7

**1985**

October 31st 1985, was possibly the scariest day of my life. Very early in the morning of that date, it was around six thirty AM, I heard a very deep, slow voice whispering my name.

Creeped out, I slowly made my way down the stairs, the closer I got to the kitchen, the louder the voice got. When I stepped into the kitchen, the eerie voice stopped. I felt a shiver go down my spine.

I sat down and ate my buttered toast in silence. The voice I had heard minutes before sounded oddly familiar, but I could quite figure out where I'd heard it. Out of the blue, I heard what sounded like a door creaking open. I went upstairs again to see if I was correct and saw my bedroom door wide open. I was 100% positive I had shut it behind me but...

At around 11am, I decided to go on a walk around my neighbourhood, as couldn't sit comfortably in my house due to all the peculiar stuff that was happening, the next thing I remember was waking up the next day. Seems normal, but it wasn't, it was still October 31st. Eventually, it reached November 1st, I don't know how long I was trapped in that time loop of sort, but what I do know is that October 31st 1985 was the most spine chilling day of my life.

A broken down house stood proudly in front of our car. It's the kind of house you knew had been neglected. Although, for some reason, I felt a sense of warmth and love when looking at it. It was almost like it was calling me, it was yelling my name. My feet felt almost like they were being pulled towards it in a trance like state. My body became light. My breathing calmly slowing. Was it been hypnotised? Before I knew it I was in, but I wasn't myself and I knew that for sure. A sudden urge to kill filled me it was like it was my destiny. It was too late. The deed was already done. A warm sense of appreciation filled my mind. Whatever was inside of me was happy.

Nobody ever found the evidence and they never will.

Lillia Salter, year 8

# STUDENT SHOWCASE

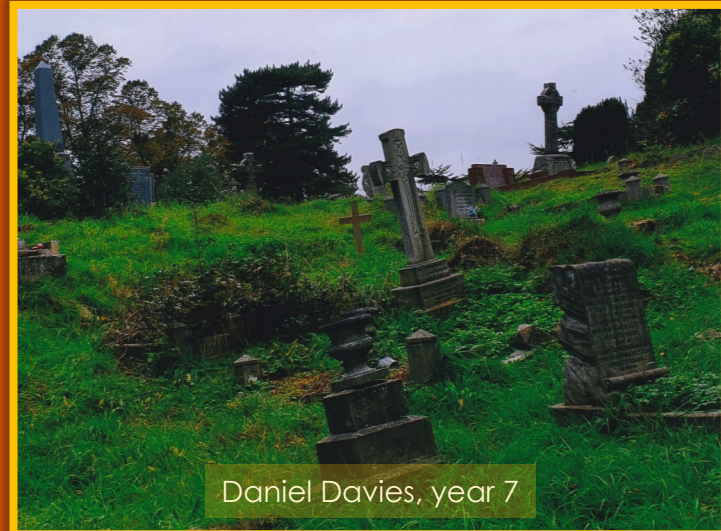
On the dark night of Halloween, we went to the graveyard. Me and my friend, Dave, decided to go and explore our local graveyard, the perfect thing to do on a cold, misty Halloween night. We opened the iron gate, whispering excitedly. The wind howled and the fog thickened. There were lots of graves, we would have seen even more if the mist was thinner. We flicked the torch on and started to read some of the epitaphs. We kept reading them until we got to the old, derelict chapel. It was falling apart. The walls were overgrown with moss and vines. We stepped in.

This is where it all started to go downhill. Inside, the stained windows were cracked. The pews were black, in fact, everything was black. The altar was the strangest out of everything. There was fresh blood on it, and on the walls. It said, "You are condemned."

As soon as we looked at the message, Dave disappeared. My head was swirling. I could

make out the silhouette of a figure holding a knife, and the decapitated head of my friend, rolling on the floor. I backed out of the chapel and made my way towards the gate. However, I was too slow. Vines curled around my legs, crawling up to my neck. The vines gagged me and started to pull me down into the earth. Half a minute later, I was completely underground, sealed away from the rest of the world, suffocating for all eternity.

Charlie Pearson, year 8



Daniel Davies, year 7

At some point in time, there was nothing I truly feared. There was no boogeyman, there was no Krampus, there was no monster under my bed - but now I understand what terror is. Confused, I wipe sleep from my eyes. The dappled moonlight barely creeps through the blanket of fog enveloping my surroundings and I feel my chest tightening, the panic setting in as my heartbeat rhythmically pounds in my ears, over and over as the blood rushes through my head way too fast and a scream escapes my throat.

Two things hit me at the same time.

First, the realisation that I am in the woods, in the middle of the night, which is something that is never pleasurable for a person to go through. Especially in such darkness, and when the person in question is in their pyjamas.

Second, I have no idea how I got here.

Wet leaves cling to my back as I throw myself upwards and stand, panting, desperately searching for a hint of a path to follow back to my house. I briefly curse at myself for moving into the backwoods, ignoring the warnings of my mother, and listen as hard as I possibly can.

I hear it then. Raspy breathing emerges from somewhere (and yet everywhere as I hear it), every splutter chilling my blood further as I whimper. Twigs snap underneath whatever it is as it approaches. My eyes finally focus on something amongst the mist.

My feet don't move fast enough.

Faith Scott, year 11



# STUDENT SHOWCASE

There were a group of friends, their names were Sam, Mark, Oliver, Jack and Isabelle.

They wanted to go trick or treating, on Hallow-Night Road but other people were telling them it was haunted. The rumour was about the road having lots of mysterious creatures, vampires and werewolves. The area was cursed, they came out at midnight on Halloween. No one talked about surviving the night, it was like they had all forgotten or did they survive. No one was sure. The children knew it would be dangerous and risky. There was an abandoned factory with a top secret laboratory, they were locked and boarded up. The children's parents agreed that they could trick or treat on Hallow-Night Road but to be home before midnight. None of the adults in the town believed the creepy stories about the road.

The children were fine trick or treating on the street, they were having fun and forgot all about the silly rumours. They kept checking their watches for the time and they thought it was great that time was going so slow because they were having an amazing time together. Then all the sudden, the moon became full and then the sky became a blood red colour and then they thought to themselves, 'we are in trouble'. Everyone on the street locked their doors and turned their lights off to look like no one was home. The children then noticed the abandoned factory's lights turned on, the door opened and they were slowly pulled in.....

But the children did walk back out. They felt new, refreshed but not full of life, they were emotionless and not human. They now joined the 'forgotten' force and would tell next year's trick or treaters to go to Hallow-Night Road.

Callum Perry, year 7

Penny Howell, year 7

## Sally

Sally's parents went out for a Halloween dinner, so Sally decided to invite a few friends over. There was some slasher DVDs, and then the spooky highlight: a Ouija board.

Just gibberish at first and then, to their horror and delight, messages. Specific messages.

**S-A-L-L-Y**, the board spelled out.

"Who is this?" said Sally.

**SALLY OH SALLY**

"Are you dead?"

**YES**

"How did you die?"

**CAR CRASH**

"Who are you?"

**YOUR MOTHER**

Sally is still screaming when the police car arrives, and a single officer, cap respectfully in his hands, approaches the house. The house was filled with blood on all the walls, but Sally was nowhere to be seen. You could just hear her faint scream from the back of your ears. The police searched for days no bodies were found the only clues there were the messages left on the board.



Saitarn Golding, year 7

# Stonehenge School Magazine



## Have Your Say...

### Do you have a story to tell?

We are looking for submissions of the following;

- Short Stories
- Poetry
- Journalist or Opinion Pieces
- Jokes
- Comics
- Tips & Advice
- Anything else you can possibly think of....

Everything will be considered and submissions are open to all ages and abilities.

Send your work to the team at [library@stonehenge.wilts.sch.uk](mailto:library@stonehenge.wilts.sch.uk) for review and hopefully see your work in a future edition.