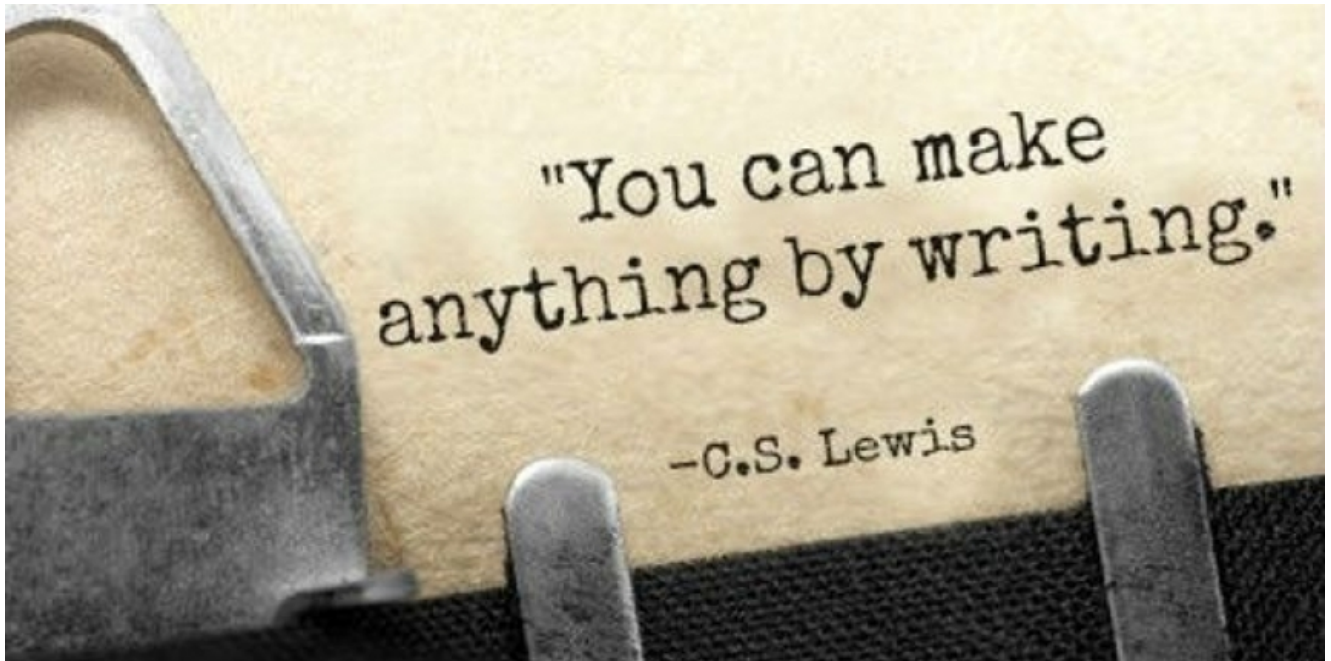




THE WAY

THE WAY WEEKLY RECAP I
FRIDAY 27 NOVEMBER
2020



YEAR 10 CREATIVE WRITING

Throughout Semester 2, Year 10 have been examining texts through the lens of Justice.

Students have engaged with a range of text types to use as stimulus for their creative, discursive and analytical writing. The following two pieces of creative writing were written by Tom and Tristan from 10ABX. We hope you enjoy reading them!

'Vibrant green littered with silver dew, crimson stars hang from the leaves, and sunlight bounces off strings of gold, the glory of the birth of Jesus Christ. Emerald green turns to charred black, there is no sun bouncing off flimsy strands of honey coloured plastic, delicate silver droplets gradually turn to heavy rain, the blood coloured moons hanging from the leaves reflect what blackness remains, for the Earth has swallowed the sun's glory.

Eagerly, you leave, short shopping list in hand, shallow pockets heavy, to prepare for tomorrow's celebrations. As you walk, the thunderous noise of thousands of car horns fills your ears, the suffocating stench of petrol seeming to engulf your whole body, until finally, in the distance, you see your destination.

Gratefully, you welcome the dry, fresh air of the shops, the excitement in the air contagious as you browse the hundreds of stores, each with something new to offer. And then you see it, the most magnificent tree, stretching into the heavens, hundreds of gold baubles reflecting the light of millions of twinkling lights. As you look down from the balcony you see a great multitude of people, like ants next to the majestic tree. Filled with joy, you continue shopping, bags getting

heavier with each store you enter.

Through the dark, desolate streets you walk, pockets no longer heavy, arms weighed down by the frightening weight of your own greed. Through the impenetrable gloom shines a soft amber light - the church. In anguish, you stumble, exhausted, towards the welcoming brick building, the warm light almost unbearably bright against the cold, dim rain. As you enter the alarmingly empty building, overwhelmed with guilt, you are welcomed by lively, undeserved, smiling faces, more inviting than any amount of presents or decorations or food.

At the far end of the warm, bright building, most welcoming of all, you see the most wonderful tree yet; the cold, rough wood more real than the transparent illusion of your own joyful celebration. Not cloaked in sparkly tinsel, not disguised with shiny red baubles, the bare brown wood, somehow far more glorious, decorated only with the blood of Jesus nailed to the cross.'

By Tristan S

'A slow, meticulous process of gathering the desired flora, all in the hope to achieve the perfectly coloured scarlet that will bind and augment the avant-garde style of the yellow paint on the soft fabric of the canvas, like a single, dominant rose in an ocean of daffodils. A linen curtain awning an open window, taking the shape of the breeze of the chilly autumn wind, and carrying the delicate aromas of the freshly grounded strawberries mixed with small amounts of corn starch throughout the classroom. Little bits of sweat trickling down the artist's young, flowing hair, motivated by the extensive swooping motion that is carrying the brush around the atmosphere. Translated on the canvas, the self-made paint is transformed into a wild display of irregularity and movement represented through each individual bristle in an artistic and eccentric manner, led by an experienced hand.

Sitting on the singular bench of the art room, seemingly isolated but in full control of the environment, he finished up the painting he had been working on and hung the canvas onto a small nail which was affixed into the blank, white wall. Standing under the doorway, he took a last glance at the colourful display before exiting the art room into the dreaded tangible environment. During the long walk through the tall hallways of the prestigious college, the sense of euphoria he experienced was slowly fading away, as he looked through the windows and witnessed a society he couldn't conform to; the male cohort playing soccer, and the female cohort watching them. It made him realise boys were looked down upon for using their creativity, while girls were looked down upon for being independent. Walking around in a haze of thoughts, the sudden shuffling of leather soles on the hardwood floor caught his attention instead, drawing him into a horde of people witnessing an unknown event taking place in a nearby classroom.

Before the teachers arrived to separate the victim and the instigators, he caught a glimpse of what only confirmed his view on the difference between him and what was seen as a normal teenager. Shocked in a sudden realisation, he stood still for a small moment in the middle of the hallway while the crowd dispersed past him. If he ever hope to fit, he would have to keep to himself, trying to contain his bursting artistry and expression from the outside world. An unexpected strike of the nearby clock tower made him quickly glance at his watch as he realised the time. In turn, he rushed to continue his walk.'

By Tom N