



Hi! Lands

Welcome to the second edition of Hi! Lands, a monthly celebration of creativity, imagination and personal expression. Contained within are short original pieces written by various Highlands College students and a selection of visual creative work.

Students and staff are encouraged to submit future content for Hi! Lands by emailing it to paul.bisson@highlands.ac.uk. Prose, poetry, artwork or any other examples of creative brilliance achieved on campus are all welcome.

And now, on to the stars of the show...

Paul Bisson

English and Maths team

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Farewell Salute



Here I stand at my father's funeral. I'm scared, upset but most of all proud. He died protecting the futures and freedom of us all, and we are here to bury him in his new home. Arlington, where he's re-joining mom and many of his friends.

I feel someone's hand on my shoulder all of a sudden and it's then that I realise that others have started to arrive, and that's when I see them, the Marine corps honour guard carrying father. I fight back a tear; father would want me to stay strong. I watch silently as they approach the plot and lower him onto the ground.

The chaplain stepped forward to say a few words. I could see his lips moving but I couldn't hear anything at all, still trying my best to fight back the tears. The honour guard stepped forward to fold the flag, and then one of them stepped forward and handed it over to me, apologising for what has happened. Following that my father's brothers in arms stepped forward one by one to hammer their cap badges onto the coffin to say goodbye.

The honour guard took positions to fire the twenty-one gun salute marking the final moments my father would spend on this earth. At least it was a beautiful sunny day, you could see the sun glinting off the Potomac.

Then they fired, once, twice, three times. The coffin was then raised up and lowered into the ground. Goodbye father; I promise to do you proud some day. We all just stood there for a minute in complete silence and then people started leaving one by one all coming over and saying they were sorry. After they had all gone I left with my father's CO who was looking after me until other arrangements could be made.

So here I am, nine years old, and all alone. Both parents gone but together again and yes I might be upset but here I am standing tall with pride and the thanks of a nation keeping me up. And the knowledge that freedom doesn't come free.

Matthew Martin (*Automotive Studies*)



OPINION: Should footballers be paid more than nurses?



Some people always say “Footballers shouldn’t be paid more than nurses.” They are right to a degree but there are a lot of different factors that need to be thought about.

First of all, supply and demand is a huge thing. Football is constantly getting thousands and thousands of pounds weekly, if not millions, through people watching the games; TV licensees, ticket sales, shirt sales etc. Whereas nurses aren’t in the public eye until it is required from them personally, meaning they may not get a constant flow of money coming in. In terms of supply there is not much people in the world that have the same skill set as the likes of Messi and Ronaldo which in turns creates more demand to watch the players and their clubs playing, meaning they get more money and the club sees the high salary as worth it.

Secondly, people may say it's excessive; a Premier league first-team player earns up to £2.4 million annually, whereas the highest paid nursing role earns up to £95,000 annually.

Lastly, the football players give back to charity, and also attend fundraising events, which will then generate the media's attention and give a platform to show the world their charity. They will also collectively spend a lot on taxes. However, nurses save lives; surely that is more valuable than trying to bring charities to light?

In conclusion, I think the football community as a whole are way too invested in buying the new home/away kits, and going to watch their favourite teams play live. As a result the clubs just have too much money which they invest into new/current players as they want to keep some of them at the club, whether it's getting a new player or giving them a higher salary. So I can see why they have such a huge salary. But if we start saying why don't they give some to the doctors, police, fire services etc then surely they will then have a similar wage to the normal person which doesn't seem too fair.

Tiago Ferreira (*Building Services*)

I Wish I Were a Fish



As I take my last breath of fresh air, I close my eyes and feel the cool, crisp, sea breeze sweeps across my face. I look down at myself and in the reflection of the dark blue water, preparing myself to go deep down into the exquisite, admirable, unknown waters.

The thrill rushes through my body as I dive in, like I am entering a whole other dimension with a new race of strange looking creatures. No oxygen, people, shops, cars, noise, no nothing; truly lovely.

Feeling at peace with everything around me, in pure harmony admiring the hundred shades of different blissful blues in the water, the angelic fish that moved with such delicacy. Even though it was silent, there were an energy that could be heard by all the species in this underwater wonderland that I could not hear but only feel.

As I observe the seaweed sway left and right in rhythm with the ocean, the sunlight beamed a tunnel of light which illuminated everything that could not be seen before, just like a torch lighting up a dark room. The millions of sea particles were iridescent upon the suns beam.

Sailing myself further down in unity with the ocean I felt an urge to never leave this mysterious place, I so called heaven, a place on earth. My body feeling at rest while watching all the fish wade themselves through the ocean, just always going with the current, just going where the flow takes them.

It just seems so right. I wish I were a fish.

Laetitia Green (*Business Studies*)



The Hostage



I feel like a knife was going to cut through my stomach, like I'm a to get murdered. All I can touch is the rope around my hands and my feet getting more painful. An hour later the room I am in gets darker and darker like torches blowing out, like someone is coming closer to me. I hear people talking outside sounding like they are having fun or planning to kill me.

Two minutes later I can smell food and camp fire burning from outside and hear more talk of their plans. I can see shadows under the door like they were ready to take me out for questioning or going to kill me, but they just keep walking past like I am forgotten.

I can taste the black smoke from the campfire coming into the room and going into my lungs, as though they are going to choke me to death. One hour later I hear footsteps coming towards me I am getting terrified trying to struggle out of the chair. As the footsteps get closer and closer they stop. I raise my head and see someone's feet.

I look up to see more of the person he has his hoodie all the way down. I do not know who he is but he gets closer to my ear and whispers. "Hello my old friend."

Liam Durham-Waite (*Theatre Studies*)

The Patient



A man, they said. A man.

"Is he dead? Is he dead?" they all murmured.

Suddenly the corners of his mouth turned up. Then his face, his face screwed up like a ball. His face going blank with confusion. His eyes slammed shut. "Call an ambulance," they shouted.

Soon after entering the hospital he awoke. Looking down into his deep green eyes you could see a glimpse of confusion. The man sat up in his hospital bed with his eyebrows drawn together, like a frown.

"Where am I?" he mumbled.

"In the hospital," they said.

Colour had drained but terror grew in his face. Soon a flush crept over him and he began sweating. Panicking, his jaw clenched. He stood up and went for the door but his frail body couldn't hold him, his legs were trembling. Suddenly he collapsed and dropped to the floor. He didn't know where he was; it was like watching an animal being caged up and screaming to be let out.

Doctors rushed in to help him get on to his bed. They asked him questions but one particular question he was stuck on was:

"Can you tell me your name?"

Doctors were stunned when he wouldn't answer that.

"I don't know," was his response.

Fear was growing in his eyes; his long brown hair was dripping with sweat and he started breathing fast and heavy. We noticed that he had bruises along his arms, legs and up his chest. He had an ungroomed beard and his hair looked like it hadn't been cut for years. His clothes were ripped. He also didn't own any shoes.

Was he lost? No-one knew.

Sofia Siouville (*Childcare*)



Barrier Reef



The great barrier reef is a vibrant and mesmerising city of colour. Golden sand stretch for miles covering the whole of the sea bed. Much like New York, swarms of fish dart and weave their way though the heavy traffic that has just recently built up. Yellow and black taxi fish are among those who are most important. In a rush to reach their final destination and unwilling to waste time, they are the fastest to make their way out of the reef. Giant and beautifully crafted rocks work as barriers to protect the delicate and fragile coral that has populated the central city.

The varying shapes and colours have attracted all different underwater life as both small and big have inhabited the trees of the sea. Microscopic bodies of fish that are only visible when very close, remain the most content with their choice of housing. Dome shaped coral surrounds bigger fishes that have just managed to squeeze in to the tight space glimpsing out from behind waving fans of purple.

Eden le Luan (17)

