



Hi!Lands

Hello there!

This edition of Hi!Lands features pieces written by students in response to English iGCSE mock exam tasks. With only a title or opening sentence to go on, students are required to write a **narrative** or a **descriptive** piece between 250 and 350 words in length.

The following extracts are all examples of great writing on a variety of topics; we hope you'll enjoy reading them as much as we have. (And if you're a student with an English exam on the horizon...take note!)

Paul Bisson

English and Maths Team

Inside the Café



The small, square shaped building sits slumped alongside the busy and hectic road. Inside is cramped full of people. The walls, faintly coloured pink, are home to several pictures displaying the golden sands and deep blue sea. Benches instead of chairs accompany the tables, which are often say upon by large families or the occasional furry friend.

The loud and continuous chatter fills the room and the café comes to life. Early morning and people are already crowded outside. The smell of cinnamon and sweet apple allow for any stomach to grumble as it becomes intoxicating and almost unbearable.

Tight orange curls and bright blue eyes catch the attention of everyone around, as the plump and excitable woman shouts, "orders up". The china plates I lift from inside the kitchen are unfitting for such a small, unorganised family owned business. A petite woman and heavily built man dart their eyes in the direction of the food and immediately the feeling of intimidation surfaces. The man, with muscles bigger than his head, looks ready to devour the food just as a lion would his prey. The young woman opposite sits tying up her long chestnut coloured hair as if she was ready to do the same.

More aromas begin to emerge as sizzling bacon can be heard popping in frying pans while different varieties of egg are being created. A small boy with pale skin and brown hair, sitting alongside his older brother have quietly decided that the toast stripes mum has shaped are better off as swords. The smallest boy, clearly an expert in the art of toast wars, has his older and more reserved brother concerned. The big sibling gives up and sulks, using his dirt covered jumper as a shield.

Each window within the café is oddly shaped and dotted randomly throughout the building. The two biggest allow for natural light to engulf the whole area, which for customers, brings added warmth. Almost all people sit in shorts and t-shirt as the heat is overwhelming.

Weaving your way through is like trying to navigate a ship. After leaving plates with little to no leftover, families look for an escape and dart towards the door. Some are sweaty and beads of moisture have covered most of their faces and leave them almost gasping. The smells, still as pungent as ever, and the lively but friendly atmosphere are what encourage people to stay. People know each other and soon groups begin to form. The dingy café sat upon the side of the road houses a family of individuals, quite like no other.

Eden Le Luan



Wind



The wind is gaining strength as if it was planning something. I can hear people chattering, a mix of fear and confusion, some wanting to risk the journey home.

As a couple try to get their car the wind picks up and becomes a force to be reckoned with. The wind that hits me is stronger than I ever felt, as though I have just run into a brick wall. The couple in the car have a look of disbelief on their frozen faces.

The wind had hit the perfect time to strike fear into people. The wind is a hunting dog that is closing in on us.

Before I knew it another monumental blast of wind hit, drowning out all of the noise around me all I could hear was the sound of the screeching wind. I couldn't hear anything except the deafening white noise from the wind, my ears began to hurt like my ear drums would burst. I could see the people around me and their terrified faces, I felt their fear and I shared it. The deafening torture finally stopped and in that brief calm I could smell the worry, fear and utter disbelief of everyone.

The wind began its hunt once more as it shot the strongest blast, completely obliterating the roof of the shop. It felt like the wind had just charged up for that attack. The windows shattered glass on the floor and the roof was torn apart as if it was a war zone. Safety was out of the question this was indeed no man's land. The true strength was now beginning to come to light as the power transformer couldn't take anymore punishment and just caved over and died, with that the lights around us began to flicker and die.

Suddenly we began to feel more alone than ever.

Matthew Hunt



Holiday



School is out. The suitcases are unpacked. The rush of excitement. The most surreal moment when you final arrive! Months of planning and money spent, and you are finally here! Although checking and checking the reviews for the right place this may not be what came to mind.

I knew that it was going to be busy. I knew it was going to be loud, but not this busy. From the minute we arrived the noise was impossible to hide away from; even with headphones on. From babies crying on the plane to the overly drunk staggering around on hen parties. The online pictures and reviews of sitting on a comfortable chair enjoying a glass of cold freshly pressed juice were lies!

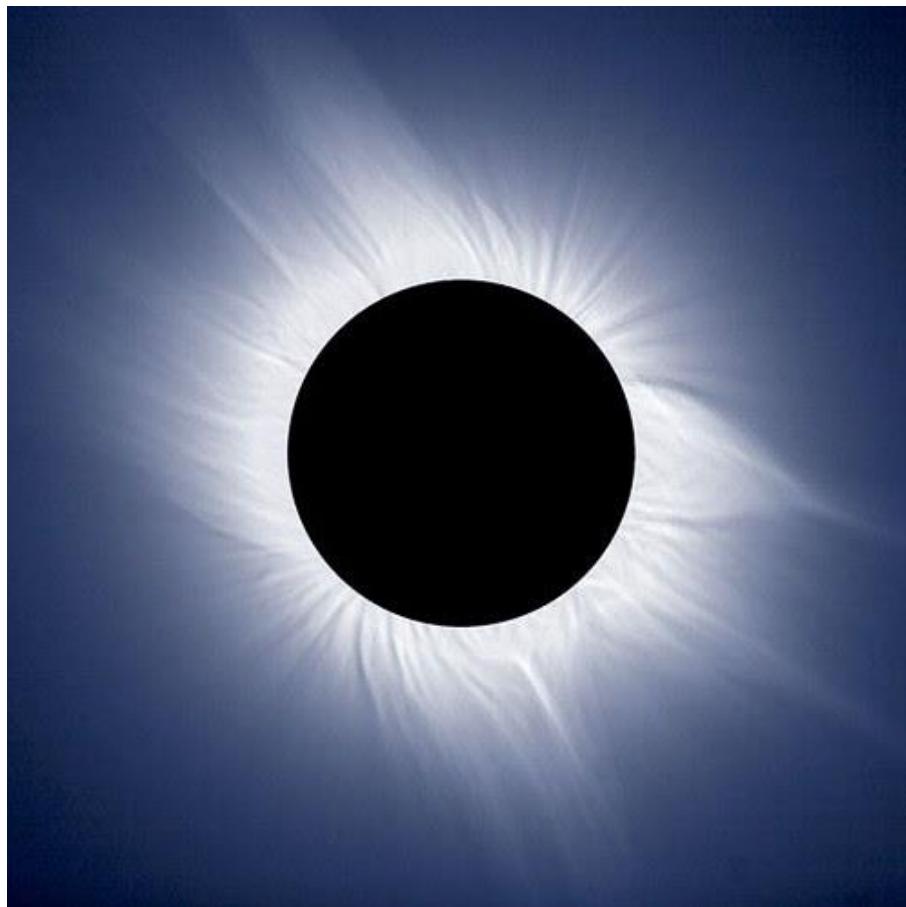
The crashing and splashing of children and overweight adults jumping in the pool made the fake sand surrounding it turn a sloppy, muddy consistency.

Gangs of children were invading the adults' personal space; you could see them getting disturbed and frustrated. We sat by the pool the whole day watching people burn. Some were so burnt you could hear the sizzling of their skin.

Suddenly silence! Pure bliss. All the hard-working hours to pay for this holiday resort were all worth it. I was at complete ease with life, the waves in the background massaging my mind as I watched the sun set over the beach.

Rosie Moore, Art

Black Sun



The worst day of everyone's lives, yes... everyone, every individual person, every mammal, soul, insect; every living thing on this planet of darkness, disgust, hate, love. No one knows how this epidemic happened, or even why, it just happened. The Black Sun, everyone here in London called it,

just appeared, one normal morning around 07:00, the weather became freezing, to the point where it burnt. Everyone was so confused. London stood still, everyone staring at the black sun – waiting for something crazy to happen.

It's now 08:00. Schools are shutting students in like prisoners in a mansion, warmth, food, drinks they're acting like it's an apocalypse.

My friend Charlie, she's a scientist expert with her dark loose hair and her glowing hazel eyes. Charlie notices me down the road, where everything is still standing still, calling me by my nickname as per usual "Audolf," that nickname means 'wolf's friend' in Norse. Charlie pushes through the crowd with her everyday red folder and just rams through towards me.

"I just noticed something wrong with the black sun, it's way too big to be outside the atmosphere and not just that, it's not a sun at all, its extra-terrestrial we need to phone someone now!"

I reply with my normal chill, cool dude approach. "Whoa, calm down, let's just wait and see what happens."

Suddenly Charlie turned to the Black Sun to hear high-pitched screeching and smell such a vile beyond rotten stench. Never have I been so scared, Charlie shouting into my ear to gain my attention but all I can do is blank her out, she's refusing to leave me.

I want her to leave like everyone else. Hordes of them, tall, around 9ft in height, lanky but muscular, large canine teeth, black as coal, wing span of roughly 5ft. The monsters are flying world - wide, millions of them, some stroll on the same street tearing people apart right in front of my eyes. I feel myself giving in, I can't bear to watch this happen, Charlie still stands by my side, endangering herself to be with... me.

"Right! Let's get out of here before these psychos kill us!" Charlie shouts filled with confidence. Suddenly Charlie picks me up slouching me over her shoulder; starts running through alley ways as if she knows where she's going. Whilst Charlie takes us to where ever, I think; I think, and I think of how me and Charlie could possibly survive this Armageddon. Charlie stops and puts me back on the stone-cold ground.

"Here we are!" Charlie whispers with more confidence, I reply with anxiety; "wh... where are we?"

"We're in my hide-out, an abandoned pub," she interrupts. I'm still thinking on how we need to get in contact with someone about these hideous monsters tearing through London and the world in general, then... It hits me!

"We need to get in contact with Area 51," I shout to Charlie.

After saying that, both Charlie and I hear sirens. Ringing through all the alleys we passed through...

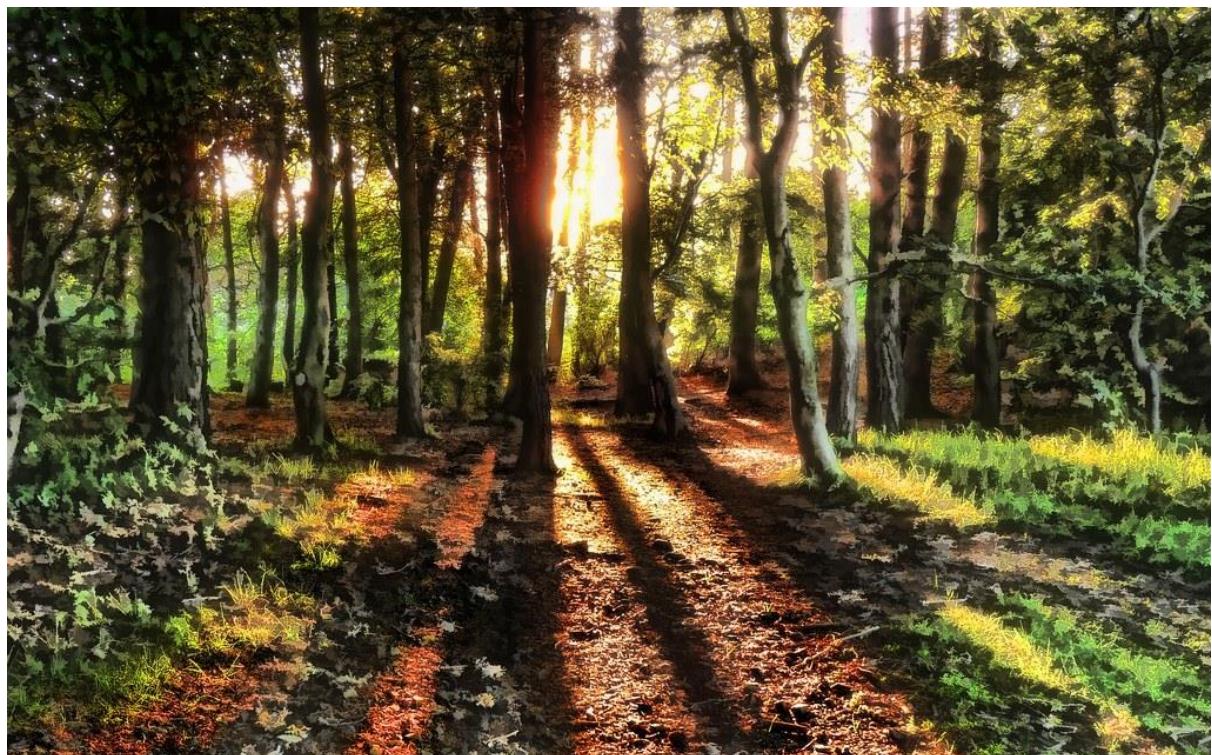
"It's the police - I think," I stutter. "Maybe."

Charlie replied anxiously staring out the window, trying to find a single reflection or sign of siren lights.

Timothy Melim, *Building Services*



Into the Woods



Into the woods I ran not knowing what else to do. I ran so fast trying to escape the harsh realities I had to face. I had been to the park where my best friend had summoned me. We were not in speaking terms after a small fight we had over some rumours that had been going on for a while. I missed him so I thought it better to go talk to him.

"Control...Becky, after watching this you will need to control your emotions. This is as hard for you as it is as hard for..."

I did not let him finish, I grabbed the camera trying to search for what he was talking about. He took it from me, sat me down and I watched it. The awkward silence that was there could be compared to that of mutes having a conversation. I sat there in utter disbelief trying to make out of what I saw.

Ted hugged me as I buried my face in my hands, shocked and totally wrecked.

Abigael Waithiegeni