

Jenny Van, Y9

To the one I call master,

In slavery my body is a cage for a spirit you cannot touch. You prefer those whose eyes have dimmed, submissive to your abuse and hate those whose eyes burn with the knowledge of your inferiority. A true man is a man of love and integrity, you are neither, an empty shell pretending to be human.

As “no name” wrote her heart out, hidden in a spot that shaded her from her master’s threatening gaze, the cruel sun beat down, it's one malevolent eye unblinking, and the sky was its co-conspirator with not even a wisp of cloud to soften the harsh rays. The orb of heat was like a flame that danced orange and yellow, and “no name” couldn’t help but get hypnotised by its illuminating rays. The air was thick and hazy, each breath like drowning in larva. Slaves around her were more like lifeless silhouettes, chained by hands that has touched the blood of innocent black lives, hands that beat her with a look that used to be of guilt and horror. Now there is only pleasure and satisfaction that resides in that sadistic smile of her master.

In the time that my mind had wandered off too, you were walking up to me, eyes that masked a feeling of hatred and disgust. I watched as those blue orbs that when looking at people other than of my own, flicker with sapphire rays and iridescent shades, turn a menacing malevolent black that showed no fear nor mercy. You walked up to me with a sinister grin plastered across your pale sullen face, with a death whip gripped between your palms.

Waiting for the pain to be inflicted on her once again, a bright light submerged her into an aura of stars. The twinkling of the stars were enchanting; they blinked and flickered away, and yet always returned like rogues hiding away in the shadows. They scattered embers of a dying fire winking down at “no name”, illuminating the atramentous curtain of brightness.

I closed my eyes, shielding them from the blinding light, only to open them again to a sea of people, holding signs of justice. Faces of determination lit up brighter than that aura, shouting words I was unfamiliar with. A sense of wavering frustration resonating in their voices, like it was trapped in a cage of hurt and pain. However, amongst all these voices there was one that dominated. A speech was being made, a man with an expression of deep resentment, a man of my colour. "Beware of revolutions, for their chaos soon becomes a negative chaos that kills in so many ways. We lived, live, and are living for survival every single day, terrified for our lives to be taken away over nothing. We shouldn't be cowering back in fear, but be raising our heads with confidence and wisdom. Our colour is of treasure, black is beautiful and you should never be told any different than this."

Rayyan Dillon- Year 10

Creative writing competition

Her first day back came sooner than expected. Before she yearned for this day, but now she dreaded this day. Her arms shook as she dressed, a cold sweat dripped from her forehead onto her hand that she used to wipe away the never ending stream of tears. Every time she blinked she saw him. His lifeless body. She saw the gun. She saw the bullet. She saw the officer. She saw the reality. As she arrived she saw the uplifting murals on the wall but she saw through it. Whispers from teachers and students filled the locker lined corridor. They knew. Dragging her feet across the marble floor, she rose her head slightly whilst moving her beautiful braids out of the way to peer inside the room. Nothing changed. The tables were still arranged in a specified order with two teenagers sitting on the other side either ready to learn or wreak havoc. Why had nothing changed?

Hours passed in a blur, as she sat there lifelessly. The final bell rang, and she stared at his blood stained shadow on the street. She couldn't forget.

That day started off as any other day would. She got dressed, ate some toast and shouted goodbye to her mum and brother as she left for school. Her brother would pick her up from school everyday at five sharp. Whether it be sunny or raining. Dark or bright. He was always there. But not that day. As she left for school that day she saw a man in the distance that held a shocking resemblance to her brother. It couldn't be him though. The police would have nothing to do with him. Creeping closer and closer, she recognised him. Standing at a staggering 6'5 her brother was dressed in an all black nike tracksuit with his hood up to shield him from the rain. Did that make him a threat? Mumbles and muffles soon became screaming and shouting until it was silent. Slowly, she angled her head towards the floor to see her brother crying red tears from his chest. His hands were ice cold and his body was suddenly heavy. She tried to help but every time she covered one, another would appear. Nothing could be done. She tried to scream, but her throat was so dry and sore she could barely croak. As she stared into his eyes, she noticed they were void of their usual spark.

Before she knew it, she was staring at him being lowered into his final bed, beyond the feeling of moral comforts. In an instant, he became another statistic. Another hashtag. Another story. Yet there's never a resolution to that story. Everyone returned to normal, yet that very word was foreign to her now. Racism suddenly became very real to her and she realised she couldn't live in a world where it was. As she swallowed her last pill she dreamed of her utopia. A place where melanin wasn't a death sentence.