

The Senior Syndicate wrote imaginative pieces of writing about a moment in time of their choice. Check out some of their fantastic pieces!

My time has come

(A free verse about the Black Plague)

*Now I'm free of this deadly disease,
Striving high above the sky,
Floating high in the breeze,
The thought of the past makes me sigh,
There's no way to unfreeze
It's time to fly away from this disease
Goodbye*

By Meg Y.

A Moment in Stonehenge

The sun rises and another day begins.

Stonehenge as busy as always.

Tourists flooding in ready for photos and fun.

A tall, young, beautiful girl draws and writes all her thoughts about this grandiose sight.

"A mystery but beautiful, art but strange," she whispers to herself.

As the sun sets a blanket of night lays down over Stonehenge and the surrounding grassland.

A peaceful night begins.

This moment in Stonehenge, has come to an end.

By Bella T.

The Dead

(A piece about the 2001 Foot and Mouth outbreak)

Pearl and Jose had nothing to do but look at the men in white piling their dead stock on top of each other. Soon enough they were tipping bottles of diesel, and throwing hay on and around, where the limp stock were lying. The snap of a lighting match could be heard. Then it was there. The small flicker of light, then it grew. More matches were tossed onto the pile. The men ran back to a safer place. At first you could only see the black smoke, then the red, orange and yellow flames that climbed higher into the sky. Those flames only lasted a minute or so, and then it died down to a steady burn, like a massive bonfire. Clouds were as black as night, from the smoke that came from the pool of death. A couple of hours on, Pearl and Jose went to the mound of ash and embers of their once living cattle. Smoke filled their eyes and the tears came rolling down the faces of the two young girls who loved their animals deeply.

By Hannah C.

The Apple Tree

(A free verse about Isaac Newton)

Sitting under the apple tree watching the wind blow
Plonk, Plonk the apples fall
Did gravity pull them down?
Pondering the theories that could be applied even more apples fall from the sky
Some juicy and rose, others rotten and gold
Flies buzzing around munching on the rotten apples
I wonder if my theory is true
I really am curious as I sit underneath the apple tree.

By Lachlan S.