

AUSTIN FLYER

May 2023

Stories,
poetry and
artwork!



May 2023

**A
N
T
I
Q
U
I
T
Y**

CONTENTS

This half term at writers’ club, we’ve been inspired by (but certainly not limited to) the theme of ‘Antiquity’- looking to the past for inspiration. This theme could prompt a story set in or celebrating the past; exploring time travel, or in an old fashioned setting.

1. Sixth Form’s Featured Artwork
2. Story corner – The Old Mansion
3. Poetry – Rhyming Things by Jessica Brown
4. Story Corner – Coin Adventure
5. Crispin’s Miniature Worlds



Featured artwork–
Emily Wightman

Editor’s Note-

This is the last edition of the Austin Flyer that I will edit – thank you to all of the writers and artists who have contributed! I’ve absolutely loved editing and being at writers club, and I hope that you all continue to explore your talents and produce amazing pieces of work!

Freya, U6th

AUSTIN FLYER team

Editor – Freya McCall

Cover artwork - Anastasia Palmer

Writer – Jessica Brown

Writer - Emily Wightman

Writer – Crispin Bloomer

Writer – Anastasia Williams

Writer – Evie Lawrence

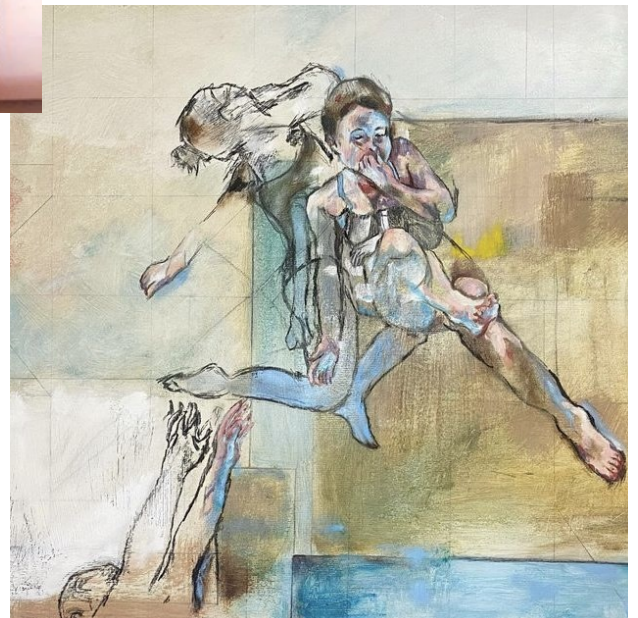
Creativity Corner:

ARTWORK

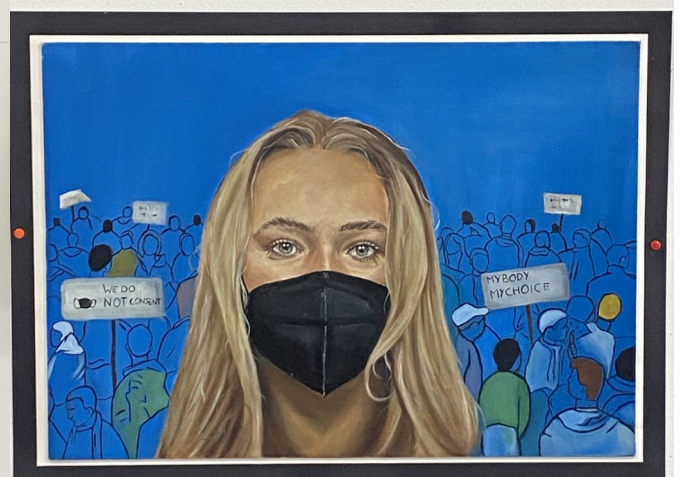
INSPIRED BY ANTIQUITY



By Anastasia Palmer



Arabella Barker Bland



**By Arabella
Barker Bland**

Story Corner:

Antiquity- The Old Mansion

The sky was dark, and the moon was blocked by the massive mansion that stood before him. It was a dark oak mansion, that towered into the sky, with lots of intricate designs carved into the corners on each floor. The house looked so old, Mason was sure that if he touched it, it would fall like a tower of cards. But still he ventured on, as if his body was being controlled by invisible strings, forcing him to move forwards. Mason put one foot on the old stairs, they let out a loud creak, and his foot fell through. That should have been the sign for him to stop, but he didn't, and so, Mason ventured on.

As he hoisted his foot out of the hole, Mason grabbed onto one of the unsteady beams that was holding up the porch, to provide support. Once he was on stable footing, Mason reached his hand out towards the old door, it's rusted handle snagging his hand as Mason tried to open it. Mason winced slightly, and tried to pull away from the door, but something was keeping him there, not allowing him to move. He gripped his hand tighter around the door – now not caring whether he bled or not – and pushed it open, with a thud, as the rusty golden hinges sprung, and creaked. Mason was just about to see what was inside when he was woken up.

Mason woke up with a start, as he was pulled out of the dream, as if a lifeboat had made its way across the vast sea of dreams, and responded to his subconscious cry for help. Over the past few months, Mason had been having the same vivid dreams about the mansion on the hill of his town, but this one had been the most realistic yet. Mason put his hand on his bedside table to hoist himself out of bed, when he winced, and blood was dropped onto his bedside table. Mason lifted his hand up to his face, and froze in shock once he realised that it was *exactly* the same wound he had gained whilst exploring the old mansion in his dreams. This troubled him and gave Mason another reason to get away from this place.

To explain, Mason's town was very creepy, quite terrifying and extremely haunted. Many of the people here are odd in their own way, some good, some bad. For example, Mason was pretty sure his good friend, and neighbour, Kieran was vampiric, as Mason had seen him sucking blood out of a dismembered arm. He was also pretty sure that the mayor was some kind of lab experiment (like Frankenstein's monster) because their leg had come off during a city council speech, and stuffing had fallen out. Most people just laughed it off. But Mason wasn't just most people, he was very paranoid. He had never used to be, it was just *something* about this town that always sent him off the edge.



Which is why, when Kieran suggested they visit the old mansion to get rid of his fear, Mason was petrified. He was also scared of the equivalent, as Mason was very quiet and lived on his own (another reason for his paranoia) and was afraid that Kieran might just use him as a blood bag otherwise. Deep down Mason knew his friend wouldn't do that, but you never know, right?

So that is when Mason and Kieran trekked off to the old mansion on the hill, to find out what secrets it held. Once they reached the top of the hill, Mason began to shake, trembling with every step. That was when Kieran reached his hand out, and gave Mason a reassuring squeeze on his shoulder. Mason looked up in fright and saw Kieran smiling down at him, reassuring Mason that he would be ok. This made Mason slightly embarrassed, because he hadn't meant for Kieran to notice how scared he was. Kieran detected this and took Mason by the hand, and quietly led him up to the old mansion. Surprisingly enough, this action calmed Mason down, and he trudged alongside Kieran up the stairs of the house and towards the old wooden door. It was already open, beckoning them inside. Once they reached the top of the stairs...

By Anastasia Williams



Rhyming Things

Running wild,
There goes the child.
Broken class,
Trailing behind in the grass.
Trying not to fall,
She can hear them call.
Never wanting to die,
Never asking why.
She will advance,
She still has the chance...
Running with her knife,
Fighting for her life.

By Jessica Brown

Antiquity: Coin adventure

I charged into the corner shop with only one intention; operation chocolate raid. I began rampaging through the high-stacked shop aisles, grabbing any sweet food within my reach. Once I had shoved as much deliciousness into my corner shop basket, I made my way over to the counter. The cashier scanned my items at a snail's pace. I tapped my foot impatiently before handing him a twenty-pound note.

"Here's your change," the cashier grumbled. "Have a great day."

I immediately noticed his mistake. "You've given me the wrong change; I need another pound!" The cashier looked at the change before grunting in agreement and opening the till, handing me an ancient looking coin. It probably wasn't legal tender, but I just wanted to get home and enjoy my food.

As I was walking home through the streets, I stared wonderingly at the coin. It was chipped and covered in dirt which covered its original colour. I could only assume that it had been a gold coin, as I could see small shimmers gleaming through the dirt. How did it get so dirty?

I placed the coin delicately on my bedside table before getting in bed for the night. I felt my eyelids drooping and before I knew it, I felt the peaceful comfort of sleep overcome me.

Blaring lights and deafening sounds woke me from my peaceful slumber. I jumped up, squinting against the blaring light that threatened to overwhelm my tired eyes. The sounds of shouting and hammering thundered in my ears. I gazed round before gasping. I was standing in a castle, surrounded by Roman soldiers! There were people storming around the castle in a wild manner, screeching and shouting angrily. There were women flowing about in stolas, dresses that flapped lazily in the breeze, and soldiers charging around madly attacking dummies.

I followed some of the soldiers around their camps; nosing through Roman camps was probably not something everyone got to experience! I reached the largest tent soon after, it was laced with gold leaf and was a majestic blood red colour. I pulled up the flap and noticed a shining object glittering on a tabletop. It looked like it was holding down a map of the surrounding area. As I moved it closer to my face, I noticed it was the coin I had received from the corner shop!



Just as I tried to step forward to collect my coin, my vision wavered, and I felt myself fall to the ground.

The next time I woke, the sky was on fire. I yelped, jumping out of the way of a flaming meteor. My gaze travelled quickly over the devastated landscape around me; I was in Pompeii at the time of the Mt. Vesuvius eruption!

Romans fled around me, screaming and running for their lives as yet more rocky, flaming meteors, rained from the sky with vicious accuracy. I fled with them, running as fast as I could. Even if this was a vision, would I still perish?

The lazy lava lapped at anything in its way, setting buildings aflame. As I rushed past people to try and find a safe place to wait out the eruption, I spotted a glimmering object concealed in thick, grey ash. I picked it up gently, brushing off the ash to get a better view of the object. It was my coin! It must have been left here after the eruption and picked up by a disrespectful tourist, and somehow it had made its way to me.

The coin suddenly let out a wild bright burst of light and my vision faded to black once more.

I woke up in a cold sweat. I looked to my coin sitting on my bedside table, shining cheekily in the dim light. If I hadn't been to the corner shop, I would never have found out about its rather... interesting history.

-By Evie Lawrence





Dr. Plants

A Miniature World

By Crispin Bloomer 10C

What is a miniature world?

A miniature world or commonly known as a Paludarium is a type of vivarium that incorporates both terrestrial and aquatic elements.

Paludarium usually consist of an enclosed container in which organisms specific to the biome being simulated are kept.

They are maintained for purely aesthetic reasons or for scientific or horticultural purposes.



What is the difference between Paludarium and Vivarium?

Vivarium enclosures are similar to terrarium enclosures, except they also contain a living element like an animal.

Paludarium enclosures are mostly land and plants with a small amount of water.

How to build one?

It is hard to explain how to build a Paludarium; however, if you head over to 'Dr Plants' YouTube channel he has two videos on how to build these. Plus, these Paludariums aren't cheap to build and take a lot of maintaining.