



Furthsetter

Creative writing from the pupils of Boroughmuir High School

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Vol. 2

Welcome to this term's edition of Furthsetter, the mini creative writing magazine from Boroughmuir High School.

Each term, the English department will be publishing some of our favourite pieces of recent creative writing. This issue includes some pieces from our fantastic Advanced Higher class. Enjoy!

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McBrien**

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No Charge

Mairi McBrien

He won't be charged. She knew it was coming. Everyone told her that's what would happen. All those afternoons in the police station, breathing into paper bags; all those days working from her living room, far away from the rumours circling the office; all those tortuous family Sunday dinners, stewing in disapproving silence. Wasted.

She leaves work early. She didn't even want to come.

She hurtles down the winding coastal road snaking along the cliff edge. So fast but she can't slow down. She told herself she wouldn't do this again. The breathing exercises her therapist recommended are pointless now. An abrupt turn in the road and there is no ground beneath her. And for a moment, she is floating and it is glorious. All she can see is sky: rosy clouds bathed in the ethereal glow of a setting sun. But she can never stay there, and the car plummets down.

And every time, as the water gently envelops her in foam-fringed claws, she resists the urge to float far below the surface in her own tears. And every time, as the sirens whisper from rocky depths inside her head, she plasters a smile on her face. And every time, as her bones turn to shells and her hair to seaweed, she tells the sky, 'I'm fine. Yes, I'll be in for work tomorrow'.

And then she claws her way up the ragged side of the cliff to do it all over again.

S2 Shakespearean-style Sonnets

Sonnet 263,047

Jad Figueroa

Though Leo Cassidy's beyond compare
I have to admit, he is not flawless.
His soft skin sometimes shines a shade too fair
And in cooking, he is simply useless.

He always talks about his awful cat,
I think he cares more about it than me.
And the worst thing about Leo is that –
He keeps quoting The Big Bang Theory!

But even though Leo has many flaws,
I still love him with the whole of my heart.
Though he doesn't follow "true beauty's" laws,
Until we die, we will never part.

If anyone can ever prove me wrong,
Then life is useless and all love is gone.

Skateboarding

Rohit Gopalkaje

I have had the interest for a while,
There's nothing like the feeling of the breeze.
Careful or you might fall into a pile,
If there are lots of flowers you might sneeze.

One time was when I almost broke my hand,
'Twas when I tried to go down a steep ramp,
I hit myself hard on the concrete land,
The day I did it I felt like a champ.

When I realized that wrist pods exist,
I was very glad that I was okay.
If I hit the ground hard it'd save my wrist,
My problem is solved, at least for today.

Now you know that skateboarding is the best,
You can stop reading this and take a rest!

Changing the Atmosphere

Ruby Nienow

Elodie turned off the dusty, sandy track and onto the earthy moorland. It was dry, and the afternoon sun was shining on her back in soft, warm rays. A gentle breeze blew through the heather and whispered through her hair. It rustled the long grass and made the groups of trees in the distance dance. Elodie bounded up the hillside onto the gentle sloping ridge and stared out at the clear blue skies and wafts of soft silvery cloud. She sat down and listened to the choir of birds singing and the calming noise of the wind swishing through the bursts of violet heather. She looked out at the empty wasteland that surrounded her. It was a never-ending carpet of rolling hills and small woods with tangled trees. Elodie knew that she could cherish the cool crisp air of her moor alone. No one ever came up here.

After sitting for so long, her feet became restless. She began to move along the ridge in a dreamy wander, the skylarks above, the wild heather at her feet, absorbing the beauty of the lonesome moor. It was a free and uncontrolled place. She walked for hours, not noticing how far or how deep into the moor she had travelled. She didn't see the dark clouds in the distance chasing away the clear blue sky, or the trees slowly surrounding her. It was deathly quiet; the only sound was Elodie's tired feet treading carelessly over the desolate and lifeless land. The moor darkened into a ghostlike shell.

A bird squawked and Elodie snapped out of her trance in a shock. She spun around, her eyes flitting back and forth in panic. Everywhere looked the same, an infinite field of dark shadows and secrets. She ran back the way she thought she had come, the heather on the ground grabbing and scratching at her bare legs, tripping her up, constantly teasing her. The wind whipped her face, the cold, damp air biting her skin. She carried on running. The mountains glared menacingly down on her and the birds that had once lulled her, now screeched in tuneless screams. The air smelt

rancid, the grass turning to rotting fingers and the trees into luring arms.

Everywhere she looked she saw a trap.

Sweets

Connie Davidson

I see Bob has found the string of the fan to play with. Margaret won't shut up with her off key singing and, no matter how often I tell her to, she won't stop. In the corner of the room, Donna is rocking herself to sleep. Back and forth, back and forth, again and again. As opposed to Dave who sits there, staring at me again.

I would have thought that I'd get a break by now but as I stare up at the stained white ceiling I don't think I'll ever get them to shut up. It doesn't seem to be in my calendar of activities for the week.

There are too many people in this room; it's irking me to do something, but they won't let me. They never do, so this time won't be different.

12:17. 13 minutes to go. Bob continues with his yanking. Margaret continues to holler. Donna continues to sway, faster now. Dave continues to stare blankly, no blinking. Or maybe it's me not blinking. 11 minutes. Bob has made the fan look still; it's spinning so fast. The ground shakes with Margaret's high notes. The wall will get a dent soon from Donna rocking. Dave's eyes look dry. 7 minutes. Swing swing. Scream scream. Sway sway. Stare stare. 1 minute. Like clockwork someone blue comes in with my sweets, I take them dry with cloudy water and sit back as I watch everyone slowly disappear away.

Leaving me alone, in a deadly quiet room, empty of everything but a headache.

The Advanced Higher class had a go at creating villanelles: poems of nineteen lines, with tight rhyme schemes and deliberate repetition. 'Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night' by Dylan Thomas is a famous example.

Rebecca MacArthur

From changing seasons you cannot run
Twisting and turning throughout the year
While through clutching fingers time becomes undone

As youth fades away with each falling sun
Life will be buried, memories disappear
From changing seasons you cannot run

Summer with reluctance sees Autumn has begun
And will say goodbye with one silent tear
While through clutching fingers time becomes undone

Leaves are blown away when Winter has won
Autumn ices with solidifying fear
From changing seasons you cannot run

Time will always catch up, counting breaths one-by-one
Not one soul nor body can interfere
While through clutching fingers time becomes undone

We are forever pulled towards a fate escaping none
Which makes one thing clear
From changing seasons you cannot run
While through clutching fingers time becomes undone.

Denis Meehan

That summit, scattered with embers of modernity's glow,
Rose beacon-like as nature's light faded, that summit today,
where the young think not upon tomorrow.

Uncertain movements, between eyes intoxicated yet
playfully so,
Happiness fills the present, a gift the future will have to pay,
At that summit, scattered with embers of modernity's glow.

A child of recession knows that horizon needs money to
borrow,
So perhaps only these clouds can leave him with no fears to
allay,
And the young think not upon tomorrow.

Another one passes, the light of her phone upon her head
held low
But a smile underneath, grinning with teeth because reality
is far away
At that summit, scattered with embers of modernity's glow.

Out in the world, tomorrow's dawn is rising, distantly it will
bestow
the end of the status quo and uncertainty might incline
some to pray
that the young think not upon tomorrow.

Yet as much as they know freedom only lies in future paths
to follow,
Today's setting sun is still a golden age, so for now they'll
stay
At that summit scattered with embers of modernity's glow,
Where the young think not upon tomorrow.

