

The sound of birds chirping among the trees and the sound of the coo was really calming and it made me relax so I didn't panic about any danger. Looking past the grass I could see the crashing waves beating on to the ground making the ~~sea~~ golden sand boss and turn. The glistening sun was beaming onto the sand making it impossible to walk on so I had to move onto the coarse grass. The burning sun was becoming warmer and warmer and it was scorching to burn my skin.

Stormy  
clouds.

I lay in the sand dunes — my fingers were numb and my mouth was as dry as ~~the~~ ~~grass~~. The coarse ~~grass~~ ~~not~~ to me prickled my dirty skin. I observed, I heard, I moaned at the nearby bird's screeching song. The freezing ocean waves crashed against the cliff, soaking against my shivering body. I was being whipped by the wind, blustered by the relentless waves, suffocated by the bitter silence. I hated my lookout job; my parents said I was privileged to have it, I had no idea why.



\* So  
blue I  
felt cold  
dive into  
His mysteri-  
ous, rich  
depths

☹️	cackling	😊	tweet
	angry		trilling
	cry		coo
	harsh		chirp
	choking		hum
	ravous		sing
	shreik		twit- twoo
	screech		
	high pitched		

only a swish of  
the sea foam  
every now again

On that Spring morning, the sea was calm and the sky was <sup>a sapphire</sup> blue, the sand dunes were glistening like piles of gold in the early morning sun. As I strolled down to the beautiful church where peaceful hymns drifted

in the wind as they left the Holy place. As I walked past the church I was stopped by Steven (they didn't call him brother because he did not respect the christian religion) who said he could see the future, but was believed to be "not right in the head" as my mother would say. Steven's left eye twitched and he said, "Boy beware the gods are angry." I tried not laugh: how could the Gods be angry the birds were singing, all the animals were joyful happy and the crops were ready for harvest.

An icy wind whipped my face as the sky turned grey, a fog emerged from the horizon. The sea began to roar followed by crashes and bangs as it violently hit the rocky shore, the sun disappeared as its last beam lit up the fog. Animals rushed into their shelters, birds aggressively shrieked and crackled.



Thursday, 18th June 2020

I ~~could~~ <sup>as</sup> nestled comfortably down in the coarse, dry grass on the top of ~~my~~ <sup>as I could, get</sup> a sand dune, overlooking the shore down below. The sky for now, was clear and blue, seagulls circled overhead, eyeing the ~~swamy~~ <sup>swamy</sup> savourable fish swimming just beneath the surface of the perpetually grey sea. The waves gently lapped ~~against~~ against the shiny, ~~smooth~~ <sup>smooth</sup>-covered rocks of the beach down below; ~~the~~ <sup>I was enraptured</sup> beach itself was a partly charcoal-dark, gritty, flat expanse of a mixture of sea-coal, ~~and pebbles~~ <sup>rockpools</sup> and sand. \* A distant raven called in its harsh, cackling voice.

\* A warm, pleasant zephyr blew on ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> face.

I stared into the distance - partly in my thoughts, partly keeping watch. - I absent-mindedly picked ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the petals of a daisy, ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> picked up a bit, drying my eyes so that I blinked, abruptly jerked ~~out~~ <sup>out</sup> of my daze. As my mind slightly picked up, drying my eyes, I blinked, abruptly jerked out of my hovering daydream. It hissed and whispered around me, wordlessly scolding me, reminding me of what it did to my father. \* It seemed to lift waves and layers off of the sea, making the surface just thin enough for me to glimpse the rotting ~~hull~~ <sup>mast</sup> of a ~~small~~ <sup>large</sup> fishing boat, ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> which my father had died ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> a storm. He had had no escape.

I was settling into my spot in which  
the sound of beautiful ~~soft~~ flying birds  
sang and chirped, their song carried  
by the wispy wind and ~~got~~ my wife  
~~out ready for the snowiness ahead.~~ The  
water licked my feet and the ocean  
rose up the shore, weaving <sup>its way</sup> through  
the tufts of grass that swayed  
with the wind. I watched the church  
and its ~~decoration~~ shimmering from the  
gold and precious stones beautiful golden sun as the glowing  
sun towered above it in our. Over all,  
Lindisfarne <sup>was</sup> very peaceful and quite  
except for the old chime and  
chorus from the church that <sup>made its way</sup>  
to the edges of the island like  
a warm patch of sun ~~when it on~~  
~~to~~ a cold wintery day. Then an eerie cold mist  
reached out from the depth of the  
ocean, like limbs putting ~~there~~  
~~themselves~~, reaching for me, something was  
coming.

Ruben



Crouching in the tall grass, I listened to the sweet chirping of the beautiful birds, singing their morning tune. A soft breeze gently cooled my face, the sun radiated down onto our small island, with intense heat making the calm sea glisten in the light. The ocean lapped, feeling its way onto the golden, sandy beach and then slowly retracting back into its depths. I looked up at the sky, the gulls were circling the perimeter with perfect synchronised harmonised harmony. The sky was sapphire-blue and cloudless, I felt that nothing could ruin this beautiful paradise; but at the same time, I had a sense of doubt, as if this ~~was~~ was all too good to be true... Suddenly, a dark cloud formed out of nowhere, casting ~~an~~ an eerie shadow ~~it~~ loomed over the island; a whirling mist frightening all the animals just by its presence.

Harry