

### Responses to *The Storm* by William Rothenstein

There is no back door  
Replaced instead by the rosemary and minted gardens  
Another door  
Followed by the turning, spiral staircase  
And a room of slanted ceilings.

The perfect life  
A country home,  
The smell of grass  
6 o'clock starts  
A neighbour greets you good morning  
A father kisses his wife on the cheek  
Wishing her the perfect day.

Respect your father  
A line heard too often.  
The deep sky, a storm maybe  
Fear clings to the inside walls.  
Poison spreading  
Inside old family portraits  
Uncle Albert, 1823,  
Contained inside the room  
With slanted ceilings,  
Counting bruises.

By Colbie McKinnon, All Saints' Academy

The door opens in front of  
Me it is a large hallway with a  
Wooden staircase with paintings  
Hung  
At the top is another hallway lined with doors.  
One door in particular stands out. The yellow door is open  
Cracked paint peels as if it was old and sickly.  
Inside there is furniture scattered.  
Like a scene paused in time while  
The world continues outside.  
A chair lies on the floor  
Paper scattered  
The room is encased  
In books. A globe lies on the  
Floor as the screws from where  
It once was held has decayed.  
The books are fading away along  
With all the other furniture getting  
Smudged away, blending into the room.  
The door groans in pain.

On the desk  
A letter lies open foreseeing events about to happen.

**By Asraf Khan, All Saints' Academy**

Look up. Dim windows.  
It's the left hand side;  
The right window is darkest.

Knock. Door's open.  
Deep breaths, enter.  
Fusty interior, the feeling of  
Abandonment.

Remember the darkest window?  
Everything's ancient.  
Ascend the stairs in the  
House.

Thunder clouds. Nothing will happen.  
The landing. That door...  
The need to enter, to uncover the  
Mystery.

The darkest room. Power cut?  
Typical! Flick on the torch - it's  
Like reading a story. It is I suppose.  
My story.

HELP. It's scrawled across a  
Wardrobe. In chalk? As if  
Somebody leant out from  
Inside.

**By Katie Cotton-Betteridge, All Saint's Academy.**