



Portfolio

Lucy Wright

Untitled

By Lucy Wright

Hues of colour spread like iridescent jewels, while the capricious night took flight over the village of Huckle. But, it was no normal day. My life would soon be changed forever. I drove to the place, where I'd go no further and looked over the horizon, from the top of the cliffs. I peered into the eyes of life; I thought of nothing, I felt mentally paralysed for five seconds. I turned away and stared at the ground, still feeling rather hypnotised. I looked at my feet, there lay a singular white feather, its existence of utopia confused me. How could anything be so perfect, so innocent? Goose pimples ran up my spine into the back of my neck. I couldn't look at it anymore: my envy had almost turned to anger. My guardian angel? I imagined the aftermath of my mission: spread out limbs misshapen, them staring at awe, at this fragile sight. No. No I can't. No one could see me like that. I looked over the cliffs again, into death; the hues of colour had disappeared. Life had vanished. But, my vision did not register this affair, until it was too late.

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I woke up. Looked at my watch face, and got up. I left this desolate, over clean place as soon as I could, and went to the cliffs. This time I walked. But there was a smokescreen. The opaque colour of miasma cascaded around me; laughing at my vulnerability. I felt ashamed. I started crying, while breathing out of rhythm. I gasped for any air. I could hear the wind laughing at me, as I flailed around trying to make it go away. I couldn't see.

And I fell.

Untitled 2

y Lucy Wright

As I strolled along the plains, round a meander, I watched the cruelty of nature unwind before me; the success of one animal but the failure of another. But that's life: some win, some lose. The final flap a fish makes before it endures a long and painful death. Captured in a second by a more powerful species; the heron swoops gracefully down and kills the poor creature. That fish might've had a family; a mum, a brother or a baby that needs feeding. What would happen to her babies now?

I walk a little further up the quiet river when I see the same heron up a broken old tree. Awkwardly in a pile of twigs she sits; like something out of a post-apocalyptic scene, hanging on to life by a couple of rather uncomfortable spindly sticks. She feeds the fish, to her young trying not to choke them, with this rather large animal. I sit here peacefully for a while, just watching her care for her babies, when she flew off out of sight for yet more food. As I got up off the mouldy plank of wood, some might call a bench; I looked intensely up at the nest once again and noticed rather alarmingly an intruder. A bird of prey of some sort reached the nest in rather a flurry, fighting with the heron siblings. Nevertheless, the hawk flew away with one of the heron siblings. What would the heron mum feel when she finds out. But that's life: some win, some lose. But why does this have to be? I swayed back to reality after witnessing murder: why wouldn't something come and eat me?

Word count: 298.

Skyfall DVD Blurp

By Lucy Wright

STOP.THINK. GO. Under the threat of MI6 destruction, it's a race against time for Bond to track down his next targets. No matter how personal the cost. Starring Dame Judy Dench, Daniel Craig and Oscar winner Adele; join them in this explosive, action packed and heartfelt journey; set in glamorous Shanghai and misty Scotland as 007 unravels the truths of M and her haunting past. Director Sam Mendes has clearly taken the world by storm by this BAFTA, Golden Globe and Critics' choice winning performance. But can Bond do it? In his most physically and mentally challenging mission to date, MI6, M and he are in the hands, brains and muscles of 007 alone.