

Connections:

There are many different connections in the world: family, relationships, links and association. Though we may not see it in our busy lives, we are all connected in some way.

"THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS IN LIFE ARE THE CONNECTIONS YOU MAKE WITH OTHERS." TOM FORD.

The Story Of A Long Lost Doll

It was 1962, Rosie was your average 12 year old girl, who lived ⁱⁿ Islington [London] with her family in a small flat above the baker's -which her father owned. For her 8th birthday she got a doll; she named her Jane. She was over the moon she had wanted this doll for ages. Rosie was just so thankful to her family for Jane. As soon as Rosie stared into her eyes, she knew Jane was going to be her best friend. She would always dress Jane in the exact same clothes and plait her hair the same, with pink ribbons at the end ,a blue dress with a pair of white socks and shoes. As the doll was very popular, she wrote her initials on Jane's foot [R.S.] to make sure no one would take hers instead. Rosie never wanted to lose Jane ever.

It was the summer of 1962, Rosie and her family were on the train to go on their annual trip to Sidmouth. While on their journey, Jane and Rosie had so much fun: they read together, waved at the people, talked and told each other ghost stories. Rosie fell asleep, so when it was time to get off the train, her mother carried her and completely forgot about Jane. Jane lay alone on the seat of the train missing Rosie, hoping she would come back...but she never did. When Rosie finally woke up, she wondered where Jane was. Her family realised she was left on the train. The train was gone and so was she! Rosie was distraught. Jane was her only real friend and now she was gone!!

After a long day, at their last stop in Sidmouth, the train guard Robert had a final check to see if anyone left anything. He found a doll. She looked so sweet

and innocent, he thought his young daughter Julia would love her. He carefully put Jane in the back of his car, wrapped her up in his coat [so she wouldn't get damaged] and took her home. When he showed Jane to Julia he said, *"After a night's work, I checked all the carriages saw this, immediately thought of you!"* Her reaction was priceless. *"I adore her daddy! Thank you! I always wanted a doll! Thank you, thank you!"* she exclaimed. Robert smiled. He was so joyful she liked it.

As the years went by, Julia [now aged 20] was getting bored of the doll. They had their fun times, but not many years later she was put on the shelf and never touched again. A few weeks before Christmas, Julia picked her up and decided to have a look round Exmouth town centre to see if there was an antique shop to sell her to, so she wouldn't go to waste. After a while, she spotted a little antique shop [Annie's Antiques] just outside the centre of town. Julia went in and asked the lady at the desk if she wanted the doll as she had grown out of her. Annie who was a widow, collected many dolls to fill up her now grown up daughter's room. Her gloomy face soon lit up when she saw the doll. Jane was beautiful in her eyes. Annie agreed to take the doll, excitedly she told Julia about the fact that she treated her dolls like babies, as hers were all grown up now.

Annie was overjoyed that she had the opportunity to take on the responsibility of this beautiful doll. She was so drawn to her, she decided to take her home that night. Annie cared so much for Jane.

Years later, Annie passed away. Her shop and dolls were left in the hands of her daughter, Jean.

Jean worked in a local charity shop down the road from her mother's shop. She decided to take all her mother's dolls there to donate, as she wasn't too interested in them.

Jane was in the charity shop for some time]: not many old fashioned toys were popular now, everyone was interested in Barbie dolls [as they were more modern]. Many seasons had passed until one day a little girl named Beverly came into the shop with her mother while on holiday. The first thing Beverly saw was the doll. She fell in love with her immediately and asked her mother to buy it and her mum said "Yes."

After their week in Exmouth they travelled home by train. When they arrived back in London ,Beverley and her mother went to granny's house. She went straight in to show her grandmother her new doll. Her granny recognised the doll, "*Jane is that you?*" she whispered.

"Who are you talking to granny Rosie?" Beverly questioned.

"Well it's a long story my young Beverly," Rosie said as she closely inspected the dolls foot. She was shocked to see the exact same initials that she had written, but more faint, were on Jane's foot "*This was my doll Jane! I got her for my 8th birthday, then a few years later I lost her on a train on the way to Sidmouth. I never thought I would see her again, she was my best friend,*" Rosie said shedding a tear. She was so overwhelmed she had finally seen Jane again after she thought her best friend was gone forever. Beverly realised how much Jane meant to her granny, so she told her, "*Granny you can have her, she was your best friend and you didn't get all the time you wanted with her so here she is, your Jane.*"

"No Beverly," Rosie said, "*you have her. She had her time with me but now it's your turn, look after her.*" Before Beverly had to go home, Rosie asked if she could hold Jane one last time and tell her something. Beverly allowed her granny. Rosie said..

"Jane, you are my best friend and always will be, but now you're going to go and live with my granddaughter Beverly, she will look after you I promise..."

The End

BY LIZZIE C

Connections

by Neha Anand

An Open Letter to Zeus

Date In Perpetuity

Refer Eternal Log

Dear Zeus,

I'm Janus, the God of Connections, and I am writing to ask to swap jobs with you, as I have recently found it difficult to cooperate with my mates at work. The thing is, they don't connect with me. I mean they do, but they are just on a different level of connection with others.

Cupid, the Roman God of Love and Desire, has crossed boundaries and just keeps hanging out with our Eros and together they just make the whole place feel uncomfortable.

Then Hades, although he is the God of the Underworld, he goes on and on about Persephone and how he admires her beauty.

Ares, the God of War, Bloodshed and Violence has been seen arguing with Athena, the Goddess of Peace, Warfare and Battle strategy. I haven't a clue about what will happen if Ares wins the argument?

Every one of them has lost their capability to connect with the rest of the world. I mean, do they even know what a connection means? That it would bring friendship to a lonely soul, that it would help to keep our families safe, keep Gods informed about what's happening around the world....and by God!!...it would even help us find a plumber to fix the perennial leak in the summer rain clouds. I need their help to help me do my job in the world – to help people connect – I have failed in my mission because they are busy connecting with each other!

I beg you to swap jobs with me. I am sure your job is much easier. But you are not doing justice to it, are you? Letting all the heavenly Gods do what pleases them, instead of encouraging them to combine their skills. What happened to your leadership qualities? Besides, I am positive that sitting in a chair and controlling everyone's lives is just a thrill.

And when you take on my job, I will leave it to you to figure out how to help the Earthlings make connections between warring countries, between fighting couples, between families who are split, between races and religions and between long lost friends. I challenge you to undertake this job without the cooperation of Eros, Hades, Ares, Athena and the rest of them.

I wait optimistically for your consent to my job swap proposition. Your early reply would prevent the catastrophe of a world which is stagnating without connections.

Thanking you,
Yours Sincerely,

Janus
(God of Connections)

Nate Catterall

You dipped into darkness,
As though to test I it was cold,
And I knew right when you shivered,
You were more scared than you had told,
These words were a life ring,
Something to keep your world afloat,
But against the strength of your nightmare,
They were a soggy paper boat.
I don't know what the blackness told you,
What wondrous things it tried to give,
But I watched the light die in your eyes,
Along with your will to live.
I screamed your name to pierce the silence,
But you were too gone to hear,
Caught somewhere being noticed,
And wanting to disappear.
You once said you were scared of darkness,
But promises pumped through your veins,
You held your breath and jumped right in.

The nightmare consumed you and you were gone for good,
Love had disintegrated and hatred began within,
No memory of the sweet bitter past,
Just injustice for the years to come,
No one saw this coming,
From the light of the small town,
No-one thought your destiny lay in hell,
A precious soul wasted at the foot of death itself,
Another heart turned to ice,
Frozen due to the lies it told you,
The nightmare deep within.
Escaping from the underworld,
Everything I warned you of,
Coming to haunt you as it once did to me,
Nothing can save you now,
Not from the gates of death,
That you entered in,
You knew what was coming,
Because I had warned you before,
Not to enter in.

Losing a connection is as if you've lost a limb,
It will never come back,
Lost forever at the hand of life,
Lost in your deepest thoughts,

It can never be replaced,
Though you think hope that it will return,
It tragically is irreplaceable,
No matter the lies they tell you,
Just remember to never believe,
The lies they tell or the wishes they'll grant,
They aren't true.

Inner detest escapes outwards,
Destroying the only good will left,
It corrupts human kind to a life of iniquity,
Only a few remain pure hearted,
Nightmares rule the world and turning sky grey,
If we don't fight it we will all die,
Destroy it fight it and restore tranquillity,
The will be tough but push through,
This is a cry for help to all who read this.

You will find hope at the top of the tallest house,
Hope will be waiting for you as well as life,
A haven for survivors who escape the plague,
If you see this I am dead.
Go help the other miserable souls,
Don't let them suffer like me.