



King's High School

*Junior Creative
Writing Club*

Summer Anthology





The Missing Water

By Rhiannon

One sunny day in Kenya, 4 friends were meeting at their favourite watering hole. The friends were called Picasso the painted dog, Savannah the Cheetah, Banzai the hyena and Zuberi the Serval. When they arrived at the watering hole, they realized all the water had gone. The only thing normal was the go-away bird, Ondoka saying go-away every time someone came to the watering hole.

“Look” says Savannah, “Mizani the pangolin”

“Maybe he can help us” explains Zuberi.

The friends ask the pangolin where all the water has gone, and the pangolin tells them that last night Asali the honey badger and his evil assistant Manyoya the honey guide drained the watering hole and the hippos have nowhere to go when they need to escape lions. The friends know they need to do something but for them they can't stay away from their packs and families this long when they're in the wild, so they go to Banzai's pack for a sleepover to discuss what they will do in the morning.

The next day, the friends head back towards the watering hole so they can do further investigation. Picasso suggests they ask a hippo for help because they probably saw Asali and Manyoya drain the watering hole. They decide to ask Maji the hippo who is friends with Banzai's pack. Maji tells them that Asali dug a hole, and all the water has gone into the hole and vanished. Luckily, the friends are still young so are just about small enough to fit into a honey badger hole. Inside the hole, it was dark, and the sides and floor of the tunnel was damp and cold.



“Look, light” squealed Savannah, pleased they were nearly out of the tunnel.

The friends came out of the tunnel and saw a giant hole where the water was. They see Asali coming this way but Asali sees the friends and runs back to where all the water is being kept.



“Look there's another hole we can go through that” exclaims Zuberi.

“We are not going through another hole like that again,” replies Banzai.

“We will have to follow Asali,” explains Picasso.



The friends follow Asali until they lose him at dusk. They are extremely tired so decide to settle down for the night. The youngest and smallest of the friends Zuberi is woken up by some rustling bushes and a Zorrilla comes out. The Zorrilla is black and white and looks a lot like a honey badger. His longish tail was swaying slightly, and his small ears twitched. He is called Usiku and he tells Zuberi that Asali has been causing chaos and digging a giant hole in this area and is disturbing everyone. Zuberi asks Usiku where this giant hole is so Usiku takes him to the hole which is now full of water.





The following day, Zuberi takes his friends to the hole full of water that Usiku showed him the previous night. When they got there, they saw the local pride of lions with their leader Nguvu. Nguvu is a very big lion with long sharp teeth, a black mane and a bristle at the end of his tail. He is already trying to stop Asali from doing anymore evil work. But suddenly, it started to rain. The wet season was here. The winds picked up and the rain got heavier. The friends and the pride rush to the big swaying tree for cover while Asali and Manyoya are in trouble by the side of the new pool with the bursting banks.

“We need to help them,” shouted Savannah trying to be heard over the howling wind.

“That collapsed tree over there could help them,” replied Banzai also shouting to try to be heard.

As the lions prowled over to the tree, a flash of light came down and hit the ground closely followed by a rumble. A fire had started. As the fire came closer Asali and Manyoya were in even more danger. The rain came down heavier but that wasn't enough to stop the fire. A few minutes later, the fire had reached the pool. You could see fear in Asali's eyes. The fire edged closer and the lions retreated to the tree where the friends were standing. Usiku was rushing towards the tree from the opposite direction to the lions. Giving everyone a heart attack, Usiku started to whisper his plan to the friends and lions.

Once Usiku had finished explaining the plan he ran round the back of the new lake and managed to run through a hole in the ground to get to Asali and Manyoya. As the fire started to die down Usiku lead Asali and Manyoya through the old hole and safely to the other side. For the next two hours everyone stood under the tree and waited for the rain and fire to stop. Once everything had stopped and the sun came out, they went back to where the friends lived and when they got back home the water was had returned due to the rain. Maji and the other hippos were enjoying the return of the water, Ondoka the go away bird was saying go away and the wazimu group of guinea fowls were running around. Everything was normal. The friends went to see their packs and families before the next heavy shower of the wet season.





THE CHRONICLES OF THE JUICY PIG!

By Rhiannon and Alexandra

STRANDED



As the sea got stronger, the boat that looked like a cardboard box called the juicy pig rocked more and more. Nyama, the magical fox who can vanish, started to feel seasick. Kuruka, the magical bat who is friends with Nyama, was steering the boat terribly. The wind howled and it started to rain. The rain got heavier and heavier. The juicy pig was going round in circles. Nyama got so scared she vanished and Kuruka turned into an apple. The boat continued to spin, and a mysterious figure took the wheel. Eventually, the juicy pig got to shore. The mysterious figure climbed out of the boat and was shaking like they were laughing in an evil way. After an hour, Nyama and Kuruka calmed down and went back to their normal form, but the mysterious figure left no footprints behind them. Nyama and Kuruka jumped out of the boat and had a little look around. They eventually concluded they were lost. A wave tumbled over in the distance, and a terrible scream-like sound was made. Karuka could feel it in the cold air. Their old friend Juicy Pig had returned.

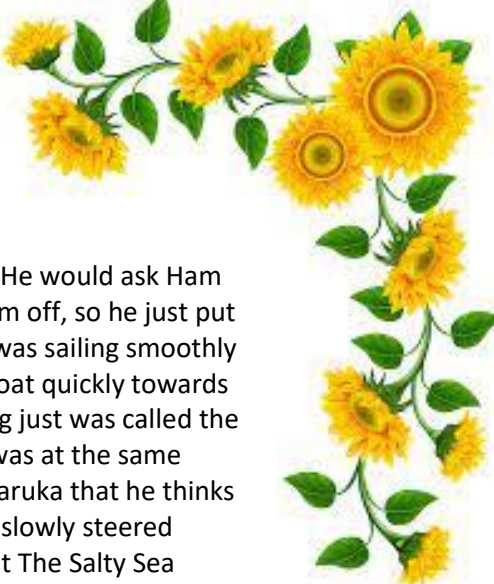

The old cardboard boat was named after old captain Juicy Pig who sailed the bacon seas. The old captain was named Ham Juicy Pig and he was the only one who knew every nook and cranny in the bacon seas. Soon after his return, the mysterious figure came back onto the beach with a leaf tied to their cloak, so his footprints disappear. He walked to the water's edge and muttered some words. The words were too hard to make out. The cloaked mysterious figure puts their hand out in front of them over the shimmering blue water. A few seconds later another cardboard boat appeared but this one had three sails, a motor and was called hahaha (only the figure knows why). The strange, cloaked figure slowly and carefully clambered onto hahaha but then all of a sudden, the cloak slipped off the figure. Karuka's jaw dropped. The mysterious figure was Matata the evil magical badger who can make anything appear. Matata raised the main sail and set off for a voyage back to the Isle of Pig where they all lived. Soon Matata became out of sight, and they couldn't attempt to follow him.

Ham walked round the island and looked under nearly every rock and tree. Once he had walked round twice, he told Nyama and Karuka that they were on Piggy Island. Piggy island was just off the coast of Gravy Lagoon. Nyama and Karuka jumped on board the juicy pig ready to set sail once Ham had worked out the way back to the isle.

Kuruka read Ham's diary

"That night the sea was cold with the gloom and sorrow of the gruesome night before. When tales so tragedy clashed with the waves and songs of joy were sung. I remember a simpler world it was. Apart from when I attempted to eat fire on board! Then my friend Matata got ill. He coughed and coughed. I was up all-night doing research on how to cure it. There was only one cure that was a magical fruit. At that point I didn't know the cure would change our lives forever."





Kuruka wanted to read on but there was no more writing in his diary. He would ask Ham what happened, but thoughts were telling him that Ham would tell him off, so he just put the old diary back on the small table where he found it. The juicy pig was sailing smoothly across the water until they heard a shout for help. Ham steered the boat quickly towards the shouting. They saw a boat that was almost a replica of the juicy pig just was called the juicy zebra and it had a zebra, a donkey and a moose in it. The zebra was at the same sailing school as Ham and was called Norman. Ham told Nyama and Karuka that he thinks the moose is called Lily and the donkey is called Libby. The juicy pig is slowly steered towards Norman, Lily and Libby. Suddenly, Fearsome Floyd on his boat The Salty Sea Frog shot a giant water balloon at the Juicy pig. Due to the giant water balloon the juicy pig suddenly started to speed up and bounce along the top of the water. Quickly, Nyama and Karuka grab Norman, Libby and Lily while Ham is trying to get the juicy pig back in control. Eventually the juicy pig is steered away from the rocks. Karuka thinks to himself and plucks up the courage to ask Ham about his diary. Just as Karuka is about to ask Ham he decides to turn into an apple to make it less obvious it was him asking. He begins to speak.

Karuka's question puzzled Ham at first, but Ham then tells him that his best friend used to be Matata. Ham carries on talking.

"All the things in that diary are true, we were best friends, me and Matata," Ham explains further, "One day Matata was ill, and the cure was a fruit called an evil fruit. Like it suggests in the name from that day my friend became evil, and he still is today."

Karuka was shocked.



"The only way to make Matata back to normal again seems nearly impossible, though they say it can be found on the Isle of Pig" Ham concludes. By the time they had finished talking they were back at the Isle of Pig. Norman the zebra, Libby the donkey and Lily the moose run back to the forest on the isle. As soon as Ham stepped out of the boat Matata appeared and was acting differently. He was being nice.

"Ham I am sorry about what I did from that evil fruit, I didn't want to do any of it really," Matata explained.

"It is alright, it was my fault anyway," replied Ham, "I gave you the fruit."

"But you giving me the fruit saved my life," responded Matata, "for that I will show you how I fixed our problem."

Matata lead them along bacon coast and beach. They went through the field of sleeping pigs until they came face to face with an orchard that had trees with bright pink fruits that dangled from the plant. The fruits looked a bit like a dragon egg and Matata told Nyama, Karuka and Ham they were called dragon fruit. The trees themselves had extremely long cactus like leaves that were coming out of the trunk like a volcano. The trunk of the tree looked like one of a banana tree and Ham was happy his old friend was back, so he threw a party on the bacon beach.





No one expects me

By Isabella

I am white, beautiful and pretty, everyone thinks of me as special everyone thinks of me as rare, but I travel fast, so fast that they think that I am a whole species. I like the idea but it's a shame that they won't be around much longer I really do enjoy the praise, I really do enjoy the 'company' but that's not what I am here for, that's not my purpose. I am here to bring peace to the measly little human race before they come and destroy my home as well as theirs. The good thing about being me is that no one sees it coming. NO ONE EXPECTS ME! It's funny to see their efforts as they try to run, or some who are dumb just stand on the spot and stare taking photos but I disconnect their stupid 'Wi-Fi' and then well I bet you can guess. The funny thing is that none of them has even suspected an animal to be doing this, they blame each other and lock people up because of the things I do! Well now that you have heard my story you are not worth my time. I am coming. You are next because:



NO ONE SEE'S IT COMING.

NO ONE EXPECTS ME.

NO ONE BLAMES THE SNOW FOX!

Fighting for a home

By Isabella



A nightmare struck the land which after this night many will forget about, all was quiet but one sound remained untouched by the stillness around. A monstrous sound thudded through the air disturbing the peace in the land. Again the sound roared and as it did so the wind whistled along in tune with its beat, birds screeched trying to get away from the unearthly noise. Then it stopped and everything was still once more. The fight had began, The deadly Black Panther vs the ferocious Black and white panda. As claws struck and tails got cut they both had one thought in their heads "*for our family*" no matter what they did they kept fighting for the lands, making the same mistake as humans have, That night a race went extinct and that night pandas lived in China. That night many forgot about their mistakes. That Night.



Beautiful

By Isabella

Beautiful as the summer skies,

Beautiful as the dreary nights.

Beautiful as new life,

Beautiful as nature's watchful eyes.

As beautiful as nature can be,

It has a downside,

You and me.

We need to help,

Before it's too late,

We need to help This planet to awake

From its sleepy coma of litter and trash,

So that it won't get too mad

And drown us in its awful quake

But what I fear is – it may be too late





The Myth of Magic

By Mia

Magic was powerful, beautiful and enchanting,

But it can also be scary, fearful and appalling.

At the time of 5000bc, there was a little village named Catelle full of witches and wizards,

The magical as small as mice village full beautiful view and rivers.

This enchanted place full of good and bad magic,

You could turn paper into flower or turn good into tragic.

Although this place was beautiful,

It can also be dreadful.

In a cold wintery day full of blistering wind,

The snow started getting thicker by some delicate dainty snowflakes gathered.

All witches and wizard stay safely at home and trying to stop the strong blizzard,

The blizzard was non stoppable, not even the magical strength of all witches and wizards.

The stiff snow is getting thicker and thicker every minute plus it's getting into the wood-built houses,

The screaming of the village was loud and thunderous.

As day past day the strong blizzard started getting lighter and lighter,

Although the blizzard was getting better there isn't any human voice or laughter.

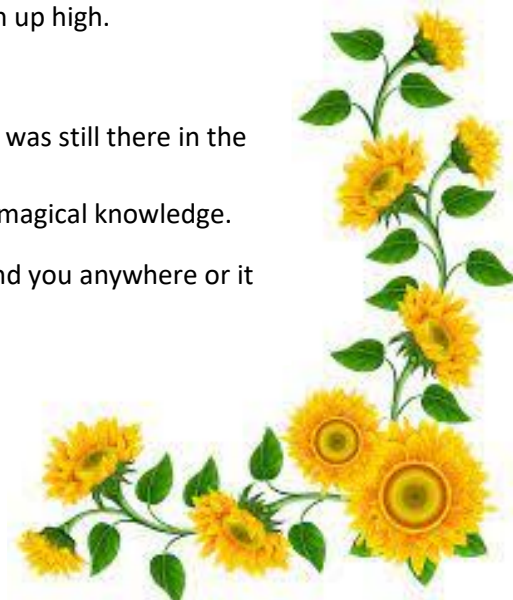

As the snow were melting the bloody orange starts rising up the sky,

The village was again being beautiful and as beautiful like the heaven up high.

Unfortunately, there wasn't any witch or wizard left but some magic was still there in the village,

Magic will choose their rightful owner and who deserve to have the magical knowledge.

Magic is still around the world and witch and wizards might be around you anywhere or it maybe you!





Just 1 hour

By Siobhan

I often ponder on a simple thought,
A thought about a different time,
A time when things were better,
A time when things were magical,

I would spend an hour upon a tree,
Thinking about my thought gleefully,
I saw the trees deep in talk,
I saw the birds stand up and walk,

I would then see creatures that somehow,
Could do things that they can't do now,
A horse that could jump on one foot,
A frog that could put on a hood,

But then all at once the clouds would gather,
I can never work out what is the matter,
Until I saw a woman come out,
And she was the cause without a doubt,

She would be dressed from head to toe,
In a dark blue and purple witch's cloak,
A pointed hat upon her head,
A voice that would fill a soul with dread,

I've never seen a paler face,
Or a heart fuller of evil hate,
She would whip out a wand of twisted oak,
Right from the pocket of her cloak,

She would point it right up to the sky.
Spin it round and then cry!
Rain you clouds, make the land wet.
Or I will come up there and spank your head.

It would then begin to rain,
And I would emerge from my dream again,
I always do everything in my power.
But I can only be in that magic place,

for just 1 hour.





By the Lake By Siobhan

The lake was calm and clear, as it reflected the large willow tree, its pale green leaves dangling down off its long hands of pale brown wood. Pale stars shone bright as they reached to break from the sea of navy blue sky. Bushes of wild grass reached to rich the water, as they dangled from the edge, small ripples danced along surface of the water. As small leaf boat glided along the water. Its thin, paper like body balicing delicately on the surface of the water.

A pale purple glow emanated from it as it glided across the crystal lake. The shape of a small person was clutching 2 sticks for ores. The little person dropped the ores and rose into the air with clear wings engraved all over with spirals, the leaf shaped glass fluttered fast as a mouse running along a corridor.

As it reached higher and higher, the purple glow grew more luminous by the minute. As it rose in the air the lake reflected the pale conplection of the sprite. She now looked less like a sprite, and more of a ball of light floting to the sky. As she reached the peak of the tree another glowing sprite joined her, he was just as bright as her but a deep, muted orange. Just like the sprite before he glided in to the night air. More and more of the glowing sprites joined the 2 before. Each brighter than the last, all different, bright and brilliant colours. Before long the night sky was filled with glowing orbs, the stars seamed to blend in to the sea that was the night, cowering against the new lights in the sky.







Depression By Emily

Deceived by an evil force, Annie was just a child when it happened. She did not - could not - comprehend the decadence she was yet to face. So why she ended up in a city overruled by an inclement autarchy is unclear. From then on she lacked gaiety: autarky: amity. This autonomy of her liberty created an infecting anxiety that passed through the minds of many – Annie especially affected. Suppression dominating her pathetic existence: Repression acting as a despotism over her feeble reality. Oppression a subjugation of her rights, and depression. Depression. A hurtful dystopia. A harmful autocracy. So, when Annie was brought to face this horror, she faltered. A screaming deity now the only figure capable of relieving its own authoritarian reign. But why would they? Anyone within the range of global domination would surely not retreat. Power capable of knighting themselves the highest leader. Preventing them from facing death without triumph over their puny human slaves. Her renunciation from this monarch's grasp never to be placed on time's path. Forced to live forever with an abnegation of ecstasy. Annie was little hope for the future of humanity. Barbaric spirits risen from the dead to defeat the potentate - called upon to recoup their anger and overthrow the dictatorship that controls the barren land. No. It could not work. An attack on their arrogant masters could create a conflict unstoppable by human force. Therefore is this not the end? The moment in time when liberty ceases? For the despotism, now more powerful and still growing.

Violated rights unaccepted as requirements in a world angered by a tempest of grim outcasts vanquishing the outer regions. The emperor's guard posted at sentry stations for hours demonstrates fear. Implies hope for the captured citizens. Dysfunctional societies littered on the cobbled streets of the outer isles – never eradicated by diseases due to their cut-off lives – a mere presence, seen not to be at all dire in the current circumstances.





Dragonrider



By Charlotte



In my world there is no earth. In my world there is not a Universe, but a Multiverse. A Multiverse that is infinite. A Multiverse that was always there. I live in the universe Midgard. Portals are real. Monsters are an ongoing problem. My world that I literally live in with my friends and family. I go to school, like you. But you wouldn't call it school. Sword-fighting and war-games you wouldn't call lessons. But for us, it's necessary to survive. I have to defend my house using magic regularly. A cold dark mist encloses the world like a blanket. I have a companion animal. I have a spirit force. My force is air. I am learning Water and have mastered Fire and Ice. My animal represents all the forces, which is why I am the only person in the Multiverse allowed to be its companion. Force Dragons are a little unpredictable.

My name is Claudia Goodman and I am the biggest threat to the Grandelas. They are a four-armed species that is a result of the evil DomDaniel's latest experiment. I am currently training for the biggest battle yet. In Norse it is Ragnarok, but to you, it's Doomsday. The day could be any day. But the God Zeus is destined to fall in it. We can't stop Ragnarok, but in delaying it we can prepare ourselves for what we know is coming. Freya ran out of the way as Athlgar shot a fiery breath of fire at the unfortunate trainer. 'Athlgar! Stop! Hey, here boy, here!' i growled in Dragonish. He hissed and took flight above the grounds of Glaraland and set fire to the stadium. I flew up to him and he blew a ray of fire at me. I didn't care. Dragons being my companion, I am repellent to fire and can fly without needed to waste energy on a spell. I sent a freeze spell at him and he stopped mid-air, his wings only just keeping him from plummeting fathoms down onto the smoking ruins of the training stadium. I flew down and landed smoothly onto the lawns. Freya ran to me and threw a rage of furious words and curses at me mercilessly, glaring at the huge golden force dragon forced in mid-air. My Magyk was low and i needed rest. Freya looked at my pale form, furious, and banished me to the Magyk Nurse. My Flyte power was everlasting, but after doing a spell of freeze, it was hard to keep it up because of the Darke Magyk that made up it's core. The Nurse groaned when she saw me, the store of Magyk food was running low, but she gave me a kit and put me into isolation 1. I ate half the food, but i was fed up with being treated like a child. I waited a bit until the Magyk ran back to me, and i did an Unseen spell to escape. The camera's would catch me, but i didn't really care, there was no point fiddling with the Avenger's tech. It was unbeatable. That was why i was worried when i heard the guards talking after i escaped. 'DomDaniel's found the location of the Gemstone. He knows Claudia's imprisoned.' The first guard said.

'She's trouble, that girl.' said the second, shaking his head.

I ran out and tapped the guards on their head. Their eyes became unfocused and they stumbled off in opposite directions. I ate a cookie and teleported to Athlgar's stable. I was tired and weak, and Freya was still mad at me, but i knew he was fine. The stadium was still smoking, but in shape, so i wasn't worried. I called up to my dragon and he loomed over me, fiery eyes glaring at me, his mouth carved into a snarl. I climbed onto his back and flew him into the air, my eyes glued on the stadium as the Olympian races started, the firing pistol leaving a burning image of my mother being shot in my mind. I wasn't scared, what good fighter would be? I felt like I was on top of the worlds. DomDaniel was the first





problem I had to face, being an immortal, and a king in the monsters' eyes. I flew over the Dark Wood, watching the trees, waiting. I knew that there was a high chance that there would be a monster in there, their cold eyes boring on me, their claws scratching at the bark, firing a pistol at my heart...

I stopped the thought as my mother's bloodied figure's image faded into my eyes.

Screeeeech!!!!

A four armed demon howled and grabbed onto Athlgar's neck. I grabbed my knife and slashed at him. He fell, but another demon leaped up, and another, and another, and soon I was covered in the brutes. I flew up and blasted them with Freeze, and they all froze, unfortunately, that meant my dragon. I called for my best friend, Alex. Alex came running and ripped all the monsters apart, sending runes at them, until on Athlgar was left. I unfroze him.

'Thanks, Alex.'

'No problem. But why?'

Oh, yes. Alex is an Elf. He lives in Alfheim, the home of the elves.

'DomDaniel is nearly free. We have to stop him, and thing demons were working for him.'

'Yikes.'

'Anyway, I reckon you should come!'

'Sure, but what about Leo?'

Leo is my dwarven friend, and he is helpful with magical objects, so i guess it would be a good idea to bring him.

'We will pick him up from Nidavellir.'

'Good.'

We flew Athlgar to the portal, and we stepped through, the sudden blinding light almost making Athlgar fall into Helheim.

We met Mr Andraar at the entrance, and he cursed at us, his fiery eyes almost sending us to oblivion. We left him be and walked through the cold dark streets of Nidavellir. We came to the street where Leo lived, but got a nasty surprise. The houses had all burned down, and one lone dwarf was crouched in front of the furthest house, and he was crying.

'Leo?'

The dwarf raised his head and nodded at me. He seemed to be older than Leo, but his facial features were similar.

'Leo... I am his father.'

'Where is Leo? The Grandelas' are out and... well, we need him.'

'Grandelas? Not again.'



'Wait, you-'



'I am willing to help, but Leo...'

'He's dead?' I said, Alex staring at him, his eyes filling with tears.

'Leo, in the house, not dead, I don't think.'

Alex lit a flame in his hand and ran to the house. I followed, starting my Glacier Shield and holding up my staff and charging towards the door. Alex ran to the door, opening it and freezing the monster in the door way. We charged through the monsters, and i ran to the main hall. There he was. DomDaniel. He was surrounded by demons and zombies, and the door were blocked by giants. Alex was staring at the table. I glanced at it, blasted with a sudden wave of shock. Leo lay on the table. DomDaniel was above him, holding a knife in his hand and grasping Leo's neck in the other. I blasted him with lightning, but he laughed darkly and flicked it away.





‘What has he done to you?’ I screamed, my voice echoing in the depths of the house.



‘Leo is a dwarf, and a very powerful one too. His blood is of the Ancients.’

‘We’ll defeat you again!’

‘You and what army?’

‘This one.’

I wait a second. DomDaniel laughed. But then they came in, in full armour, and charged him. It was Dragonrider, and Skul-man, and their entire army of monsters. DomDaniel stared, and dropped the knife. It fell down onto Leo, handle first, and he took it, and then took a wild shot at DomDaniel. It hit him, blood dripping down from his chest like a waterfall. Leo stumbled towards us, his blue eyes flickering uncertainly. We ran down the monsters, and they disintegrated into plumes of grey dust. We had won, I was sure of it. But then Dragonrider got shot down by a titan. He was screaming, there on the floor, his chest spurting a mass of blood. No one moved, their eyes had drawn to him. We ran out, and stabbed and shot anyone in our way. It was hard, us dragging him with us, but we were still strong. Leo stumbled behind us and we held him in our arms. We told Leo’s father to run away, and he obliged reluctantly. We teleported to Midgard, but collapsed as soon as we stepped in. Freya was there, teaching fire breathing to the young people. I screamed to her, and she ran to us, tending to our wounds. I had a broken leg, and my wrist had sprained as I had stabbed the stone giant. But we had stopped DomDaniel, and I am now the new Dragonrider.





Autocracy

By Emily

Tired of the amity that conquered her mind,
She demanded despotism,
A dystopia of bad not kind,
To defeat the reigning realism
Charred bones protruding from her face,
Her teeth now biting off her jaw,
And her whole mind was to deface,
The amnesty she saw.
What was she to do?
Live on and see liberty,
The hints were here, the clue...
The abundance of humility.





Knife Devil

By Amelia and Jess

The magic knife,
Oh, how it took my life,
And now I am reborn.

I wield my most wonderous knife as if I were a child,
And as it scrapes the earth the creatures all go wild
Whilst in my cell,
Which sits in hell
I sat and smiled

I am a god,
And to be fair my job is to make things rather odd,
My knife,
my wand,
my magic tool of hell,
It holds secrets of destruction that I will never tell,

I am god or perhaps a devil,
And you will never reach my level!





The Magic Portal

By Poppy, Ellie and Lauren


Holly's long brown hair cascaded down her shoulders like a waterfall as her starry brown eyes focused on the plants swaying in the delicate breeze outside the window. Her legs stretched out and fingers resting upon the dusty storybook. She was seeing multiple scenes from her stories playing out as she read. How she wished that could be her; fighting demons and exploring new lands. But no, she was stuck on her leather sofa watching her brothers on the new Fifa Xbox game which she had little interest in. Another image appeared; it was her on that pitch playing with the pros scoring unlimited goals and endlessly winning matches. Another hopeless and childish dream that would disappear. A yell from Holly's younger brother cut into her fantasy world, bringing her back to her dull, monotonous everyday life.



'Give me the controller, it's my go!' Yelled Bill

Holly sighed trying to block their voices out- why was her life like this? Grumpily she trudged up the stairs and went into her room. Dodging mountains of dirty clothes she slumped down in her bed. Suddenly, a brilliant flash of gold caught her eye! It seemed to be coming from beneath the bed. Thoughts of magic and trolls filled her head and curiosity overpowered the infectious fear. Livelily she jumped out of her bed and onto the grubby floor. Another silver glint! She peeked her head under the bed and saw a myriad of flashing, swirling colours. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen! Despite this fear swept over her like a tidal wave. And her heart raced incredibly fast. It was like the whole world stood still. Then she came to a decision -with sweaty palms Holly tentatively she reached out her trembling hand and was sucked into a whirlwind of blinding colours. And the next thing she saw was pitch black.

Blinking furiously, Holly opened her eyes. The beating scarlet sun blinded her. Stumbling up to her feet she felt a searing pain in her leg, wincing Holly glanced down to see her knee which was now bleeding profusely. She looked around to see what could have caused the cut, but saw nothing, just a cottage Hobbling forward her eyes lit up, standing in front of her was the biggest house she had ever seen... it was the best thing she had ever seen. It was a massive gingerbread house with a sheet of multi coloured sprinkles layer after layer pouring on the roof top! There were brightly coloured marshmallows spiralling from the ground to the slightly crumbled gingerbread roof. The door was made out of delicious dark chocolate and the door on was a gleaming green skittle. Bricks appeared to be made from giant ginger bread. A fence around this fairy tale cottage was made from ruby red and scrumptious looking candy canes. Desperate to see the inside of this magical hideaway she opened the dark chocolate door and stepped cautiously inside.

She was admiring the dream like furniture in this fairy tale gingerbread house when she heard a low mystery voice behind her. She turned round to see an old women staring at her, she had mouse grey hair and emerald green eyes. She was wearing a black coat which made her seem like a witch. "What are you doing here my dear" she asked in a croaking







voice. Holly explained that even she didn't know what she was doing there and about the portal. "I see darling, why don't you stay here for a night whilst you decide what to do, but whatever you do, do not eat the strawberry lace." By this point Holly wasn't even listening she was staring at the many different mouth-watering sweets used to furnish the cottage. The witch like woman was trying to warn Holly about a curse that had been placed on the cottage, but Holly wasn't listening, she was busy exploring the dreamy cottage. Inside she saw a cosy little room with a fire place and a small table with scones and a teapot with white spots. A small armchair in the corner of the room made out of blue candy floss which had a sweet smell to the room. Laying down in a comfy beanbag Holly's mind wondered to a thousand different places, but just then a furry creature swept past her leg. What was it? Intrigued Holly sprang up and followed the black shadow with no regard for where she was going. The fluffy ball scuttled across the floor to an old oak cupboard! Cautiously she opened the door. "Creak." The door reluctantly groaned open and revealed its hidden treasures.

Inside on a violet pillow lay a sweet only dreams were made of. Holly's mouth watered. The crimson sweet seemed to call out her name begging to be eaten. Overcome by the scrumptious smell Holly stretched out her hand and took a bite. Out of the blue appeared a jagged bolt of gold. Holly shivered and then a tidal wave of realisation swept over her. She had broken the warning. The once cosy room transformed into a haunted house. Sprinting past the baking trays the gingerbread stood up and placed one crumbly for after another. "Ahhhh" a deafening scream escaped Holly's mouth. Out into the clearing she sprinted, past a murky lake and into the dense forest. She was sprinting as fast as she could from the gingerbread men, not knowing how they were alive. She ran past hundreds of mountain tall trees looking at a cave where she thought she would be safe. The cave got closer and closer and then she reached it. "Finally, I've lost them" she said gasping for breath. She was wondering how she would get home, when she saw something from the corner of her eye. A door leading to nowhere, it was just standing there in front of her. She was confused but after all she had been through it almost seemed normal. Slowly she reached out to the round door and opened the strange door. All of a sudden, a mysterious mist started to surround her...

The next thing she knew, she was sitting on her bed staring at the window. She was confused wondering what had happened, she wanted it to be a dream but deep down she knew it was real.





Lost in the Woods By

Amisha

Night has fallen. Two girls stand alone in a forest. Lost. They have nowhere to go. A barrier of trees surrounds them like a wall. When they try to get out, they get lost again.

‘Mum and dad will be furious,’ said Molly ‘they will be worried sick about where we are.’ she continued.

‘Stop worrying, I can text them on my phone and then they will come and get us.’ said Lucy.

As Lucy said she got out her phone, when she turned it on, she realized that the battery was almost dead.



‘Maybe we shouldn’t text them. Look.’ Lucy showed Molly her dead battery.

‘seriously’ Molly relied. ‘If your battery is dead, we should find somewhere to sleep because it is dark and probably very late.’

Molly and Lucy went to find a high tree so they could sleep up there, so none of the animals could hurt them whilst they are sleeping.

The sun started to come up to a rise, it was a beautiful sight. Molly woke up first as usual. When molly had woken up, she could hear weird noises, they sounded like hooves moving on the ground. Moving closer to her. Molly was scared. So she climbed up the tree. She looked to see if she could see Lucy waking up . Lucy was sound asleep. *Is she dead.* Molly thought to herself. She looked back down at the ground where she could see the hooves moving around . There was nothing on the ground. Nobody or nothing.

Molly climbed down the tree with great caution. She decided to climb up the tree that Lucy was in, just to check she was OK. When Molly got up the tree that Lucy was in she found Lucy dead. ‘she’s dead. But how?’ Molly whispered. Lucy had an arrow pierced through her heart. Molly couldn’t believe it. Her sister was dead. What was she going to tell her parents. She would have them telling them the gory truth. But how?



Molly had to find a way out of the forest. ‘maybe I could climb over the trees’ Molly got on to the point of a tree and attempted to climb cautiously to the tree closest to it. But failed. She could hear the sound of hoof prints again. Getting closer and closer. She climbed down from the top of the tree. To see if she could catch a glimpse of what this noise was. She could see them. Running in front of her. She ran to move out of the way. The creatures stopped . ‘hello, we are centaurs’ said one of the strange creatures .



'I thought centaurs were fake' Molly answered

'no. We live here in the enchanted forest.' The centaur replied

'Did you kill her. My sister.' Molly said

'We thought you were hunting us centaurs' the centaurs said back.

'Well we weren't , so you killed my sister for nothing!' molly shouted

' But we didn't know, can we just be friends and me my friends will help you get out of here." Said the centaur.

'fine' said Molly

Molly got on one of the centaurs back and they all rushed off into the forest looking for a way out. There was a tree a large tree surrounding the whole of the woods. It was impossible to get out of the forest.

'The only way to get out of the forest is to climb the tree.' Said the centaur Molly was riding on.

'But how' said Molly

' All of us centaurs will have to climb on top of each other to create a ladder and you will climb up us.' A centaur revealed

'OK' molly replied

As the centaurs said they started climbing on top of each other. It looked very unstable. It took several hours to form the ladder of centaurs.

'We're done. Climb up' a centaur exclaimed tiredly.

AS they said Molly did that.

'Bye. Thank you for everything' Molly thanked

She climbed up and got to the top of the ladder. She waved down at all of the centaurs. They waved back. Molly jumped down the tree and landed on the ground.






The School to Everywhere.

By Rebekah

There once live a girl in 1963. This girl was like you or me. Maybe it was your friend or your neighbour kids. You do not know yet I do and I intend it to say that way. For a promise I made many years ago. But I can tell the story but not who's in it. Let's call her...Lyra. Yes Lyra sounds like a good name. That is our main character. Now settle down, get comfy but most importantly listen.



Lyra was an adventurous, daring girl.

It was a sunny Monday morning when she found that door. That secret door. One door you could not look behind, yet she did. That one where everyone friends dared them to look, yet she'd did look behind it. But she did not do for a dare or to save her family as some people did. She just did it out of curiosity a human nature.


She knocked on the door. It opened with a loud creak. Lyra heart instantly started to beat quicker and her breath got shorter. There was a triangle floating in the middle. She touched and out came a map of the Universe. She clicked the planet called Jupiter. A place on Jupiter appeared. She clicked another place speared. This was not any door she opened this was a magic door to everywhere!

She clicked on her home planet, Earth. And there appeared another place she realised that was her village. She clicked on Earth again and it came bigger. She could go to Asia and Africa and North America in fact she could go anywhere she wanted.

She clicked on Europe and the England. After she zoomed in a lot she clicked on the woods she played in as a child. She stepped through the door. There was that den she built and the tree she use to climb. It was all exactly as she remembered. She turned around and the portal was gone. Where was it? It just disappeared. Gone. Never seen again!!!

Out of the bushes appeared a half-man half-bird. He was rule book but he was a walking, talking rule book. " I see you do not know how the portal works. The portals are only work one way round"

"Like a load of One-way road!" Shouted Lyra.





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"Like a load of One-way road!" Shouted Lyra.

"Yes, The closes portal back to the main one is a few hundred miles."

"A few hundred miles!!!"

"That Sahara I said!"

"How am I going to walk a few hundred miles?"

"On this!" And out came a unicorn. Its horn standing proudly on its head. Its mane multi coloured and brushed. It was the most beautiful thing Lyra had seen. "It's wonderful!"

"Get on and go!" Exclaimed the half man and half bird creature. Helping Lyra onto the horse. The horse gave a loud neigh. It galloped into this distance...

It was night by the time Lyra came to the portal. It was a big, tall brown door. She opened the door and there was the portal she could see her school again. She said goodbye to the horse and stepped through the portal. She rushed through the doors of the school and all the way home. Her parents were waiting for her in the lounge when she came in they both rushed up and ran over to her.


"Are you ok?" Cried her Mum

"Are you hurt?" Ask her Dad.

"I am fine!" Shouted Lyra.

Honestly what are parents like?





Flutter of Wings

By Isabella

Flutter of wings,
Something mysterious sings.
Thunder awakes,
The ground starts to shake.
Something is wrong,
Where is the song coming from?
My hands start to shake,
I am next to a lake.
The fish were swimming,
They were the ones singing.
I looked around the land it was ever so grand

Tasmanian Devil

By Isabella

I am the Tasmanian devil,
I am angry and
I always go for the kill.
My ears grew red I couldn't help it. I crept forward. They called me a skunk! I shall have my revenge. I lashed forward my jaws took control of me. Someone came in, they were different. They patted me. I backed away.
I am the Tasmanian devil.
I am angry and
I always go for the kill, or do I?

