



INTRODUCTION

We are delighted to present you with our 500 Word Story competition finalists for 2024! This anthology features entries from Year 2 and Year 6 from all primary, infant and junior schools within OAK Multi Academy Trust. All stories are unedited and left 'in the children's words'.

Another year and another speechless judging panel!

The standard and quality of stories never fail to amaze us, making the process of choosing winners, almost impossible. Inside our anthology you will find a great mix of entries containing our, wonder, magic and suspense, whilst expertly painting the picture for your imagination. And all within 500 words!

This year we have also created a virtual art gallery for each school to showcase some of the children's finest artwork. Pieces have been created in a variety of media, from pencil sketches to acrylic paint, from print, pastel and clay work. I think you will agree that the children have created some fabulous pieces to enjoy alongside their amazing writing.

Happy reading!

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THE DRAGON AND THE VET



Once upon a time there was a helpful, nature loving vet called Lizzy. She loved dragons and loved kind people. Did you know that she loved every type of dragon like fire breathing ones, candyfloss ones and others? People heard on the news that she was the kindest vet. She already had a baby shark that ate all the cakes. She wanted to know how to blow fire because she had red, orange and yellow hair.

One cold, frosty day she set off into a childhood forest to find a dragon. The type of dragon she was looking for was an injured dragon to keep as an assistant after she had made it better. After walking 1 mile she heard some wizards building a snowman. They were finished when she got there. The snowman came alive and it looked evil! All of a sudden it started putting snow on Lizzy. They sat Lizzy on a chair so no one noticed her. She said to herself that the wizards might have put a potion in the snow. She thought about all of the good times.

A dragon was coming by and saw a bumpy white thing. "What could it be?" he said. He saw a

familiar face poking out. He forgot the name but remembered that it started with L. The dragon remembered that he had hot milkshake on his back! So... He poured it on the white bumpy thing to melt the snow. Lizzy was free! She asked "How did you do that?" Finally, the evil eyed snowman disappeared. It did it because it had green magic gem paper.

The dragon asked "what is that thing on your head?"

"A dragon bit me," she said. "I recognise you!"

Lizzy asked where he lived and he said he lived in Dragon Candyfloss Town. "What's your name?" she asked.

"Shake... like milkshake." The dragon said, "I've got a milkshake house."

"Can you take me to your house?" Lizzy said.

"Can we be friends?" On the way she told him that he had a lovely gem house and they became friends.

The end.

Daiya Bassi

Brookside Primary School
Year 2

MY TRIP TO BOURNEMOUTH

I arrived at Bournemouth and I just went in. I took my shoes off and ran up the stairs with my dog called Lottey. My brother was playing with my cousin called Mathew. A few hours later we went on a beach and I met a friend called Myiah she was very nice and we started playing with each other. Suddenly, we saw a cave. Myiah looked at me in shock! She grabbed my hand and ran as fast as her legs would carry her. She showed me her secret! I noticed she was an alien! She told

me why and she said there was a secret lab, which was a science room. We went in that room and I did a science experiment. Myiah dragged the carpet to me and I spilt the experiment on the carpet and Myiah stepped on it she was back to an again and the experiment worked.

We went back to our houses and went to bed. Next day Miyah came for a sleepover and we all lived happily ever after.

Hana Akbar

Overdale Infant School
Year 2



FLORENCE AND THE FLAMES



Florence Hughes had always known that she was different. It wasn't her vibrant, blue hair or her purple eyes that were the oddest things about her. No. It was her fangs. Long, protruding fangs. She had never been outside for fear of being accused of witchcraft. You see, in Tudor times, anything that went wrong was blamed on the strangest people in town: 'witches'.

Florence had been abandoned by her parents at birth and had only one companion. Jane Paget was a perfectly ordinary person. A bakery owner. An orderly, ardent woman, whom Florence had lived with her whole life. She had always accepted that Florence was different but cared for her nonetheless.

Their day-to-day life was a jumble of baking, selling and maintaining their home. Even though they were busy, they still enjoyed their time together. Until one day, everything changed. Let me explain...

It all started on a normal Sunday, as most stories do. They were baking bread, cakes and custard tarts, when Florence left a pot of jam boiling for too long. By the time she returned to it, red flames had engulfed the pot. "Jane, JANE! Get out...NOW!" Florence screamed. It was too late- Miss Paget had been consumed by the flames.

Tears welled in Florence's eyes. Her one friend.

Gone.

She weaved her way in and out of the flaming boxes and furniture, desperate to escape. The smoke stung her eyes and ash clung to her clothes but at least she had made it outside. She took a great lungful of clean, fresh air. Not the horrible smoky ones she had been breathing in seconds earlier. Just as Florence thought that her luck couldn't get any worse, it did. King Henry VIII and his soldiers were passing by. "You, young girl, are a WITCH! Guards. Seize her!"

"B...But...No...Please. I am innocent!" Ignoring her pleas, the guards grasped onto her with a firm grip and took her down to the dungeons.

One hour...two hours...three hours spent in her cell. Three hours wasted of her life. Although it would seem that her short life would end tomorrow anyway when she would be thrown on a blazing fire. Like Jane, it seemed certain that her life would end in flames.

After a dinner of stale bread and cheese, she went to bed on her mound of hay. Due to worrying about the next day's events and the scratchy bedding, her sleep count was a grand total of zero hours, zero minutes and zero seconds.

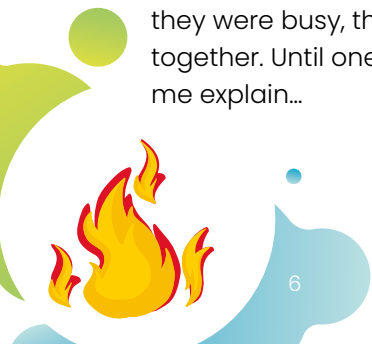
Day dawned after a sleepless night and Florence was ready. She was not going to let

them kill her without a fight. With a gag in her mouth, she was led into a field. Within the field were axes dripping in blood and held by masked people. Pits of fire were scattered all around.

One thing in particular caught Florence's eye: everyone was calm. Completely and utterly calm. Not screaming or trying to escape. Just accepting. But that was not what Florence was planning. As the guard led her to the pit, she kicked him hard in the shins. All the other people in the field stared at her, astonished by her daring.

A shadowy figure swooped down from above. "Father. You're back?" she whispered, shocked. He swept her up in his arms and together, they flew into the sky. She was safe at last.

Tilly Brett
Overdale Junior School
Year 6



CANDY KINGDOM

Banished by his kind and his land (Cocoa Marshes) due to his insatiable curiosity, Choc was sent to Candy Kingdom. You may be wondering, what was the curiosity that caused him to be banished? Well, Choc was bored living in his plain old land; he wanted to explore the world and see how other civilisations lived. Due to this unanswered question, he would pester the elderly chocolates for as much information as possible, asking questions like: did they explore? Did they like their way of life? Is there anything they wished they had done when they were younger? After a while, the elders were fed up of all his questions, so they told the Kinder King that they wanted their golden years to be peaceful. So, the king sent Choc to a faraway land – never to be seen or ask questions again!

After Choc roamed Honeycomb Roads, Candyfloss Forest and Wafer Bridge, he arrived at his new home: Candy Kingdom! He explored

all around the kingdom – the streets were like a maze, with lots of twists and turns. There were endless rows of houses and shops, coated with multicoloured icing. Then, Choc saw someone, someone who looked so different and nothing like his kind at all! The person was a pink, fluffy candyfloss, munching on some sprinkles. Choc walked up to her.

“Hi, my name is Choc. What’s your name?” he asked excitedly. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing!

She replied, “Hi, my name is Floss. I’m from Candyfloss Forests. Are you hungry? Would you like some sprinkles?”

Choc anxiously took one sprinkle and ate it. All of a sudden, a flashing light formed around Choc; sprinkles engulfed him; Floss fled. Before he even had a chance to take in this change, he realised that the flashing light had caught the attention

of all the candy cane guards. They hurried over to Choc and captured him.

“You don’t belong here – you’re different!” said one guard.

“Send him to the Jolly Rancher King!” agreed another.

At once, the guards took him to court. They pushed him into a chair, then a staff was banged against the flooring. Everyone was silenced. There, on the throne, sat the Jolly Rancher King with his bodyguards. A discussion began, but here were the words that hit the hardest: Choc would live in prison

for the rest of his life! He was flabbergasted, he couldn’t believe his fate – exiled and imprisoned! He left the court in despair, as a broken-sprinkled chocolate.

Choc was now stuck in a place called Strawberry Pencil Prison. This place was like a sauna: Choc was slowly melting. Within hours of his incarceration, boiling away in his cell, Choc had an idea...

It took a while of melting and contorting, but eventually Choc was able to mould his body into the shape of a key. A key that perfectly fit the cell’s lock! Gleefully, he unlocked the door. Choc was a free bar at last!

Aran Patel
Woodland Grange Primary School
Year 6



THE DRAGON MYSTERY



Three astronauts were floating into outer space and all they had to eat was a banana sandwich. Before long they came to Mars and they met some dragons. The dragons were having a great fun and were blowing fire. The astronauts became friends with the dragons. One day a darkness fell. It was all dark. It was the dragon's greatest enemies. The dragons tried their best but their best wasn't enough.

And that's where I came into this story. I'm the only dragon left and I think the rest got trapped in another galaxy. I will defeat my ultimate enemies, the dark werewolves. I will find them. So, I set off to space. I searched and searched and searched until I reached the planet called Wolf's Lair.

I thought this must be it. So, I went in. I was ready for battle and was prepared for justice. Then an army of wolves approached. I needed to win and the fight went on for a long time. I was extremely tired but at least I only had one more fight of my life. I needed to have more power but it turned out I didn't need it. I won and now I am searching still for my family.

You didn't think that was the end, did you? Let me ask you a question. What would you do if you were me? You know what let's just get on with the story.

After that fight all of the werewolf valley was restored so I decided I would stay there for a while and then I would set off again.

Hari Jain
Woodland Grange Primary School
Year 2

JAMES AND THE CLOCK TOWER

Once upon a time there lived James and he was a friendly boy who had shiny teeth. He had a green t-shirt and wore black shorts. When he was nineteen years old, he went to go and live in Dubai and he wanted to buy a Ferrari and a mansion to live in. He brought all the things he wanted and now he was rich. When he was in his mansion there were lots of balloons and there were so many lights. When he got into the mansion, he loved it and he loved his Ferrari. He started to ride the car and he was going super-

fast. The best thing about it is that it was a black Ferrari and he loves black! When he got into his mansion, he loved it! When he saw the clock tower it was full of silver and gold glitter and his eyes sparkled as he was full of joy. He wanted to go inside but there was a gate and it was locked. I can help you said a voice, he looked around and the clock went to eleven o'clock and he was scared that he'd get robbed. He helped James and he was full of joy when he touched the clock tower he burst out with pride and they lived happily ever after.

Eesa Bhayat
Brookside Primary School
Year 2



Downfall

Being blamed for the downfall of society wasn't what I had in mind when I said I wanted to be famous. So now I'm here. In the rubble of what used to be New York, surrounded by walking... **not** talking, corpses. The worst thing is that I never see or hear them. I **smell** them. Even if I don't want to. Suddenly, rotten smells come from everywhere around me. I gently wrap my hand around the handle of my sword, ready for anything. I realise the smell is getting immensely worse from behind, so I unsheathe my sword as I turn around and slice a zombie's head clean off. Though its body fell to the floor, its hand grips my ankle. I kick it away, and it stops moving. Dead. Again. But, that was just one. Around two hundred zombies lie in my path.

"Probably only one hundred brains then," I whisper to myself, smiling a little. I rush forward, as fast as my legs can carry me. My lungs yelled, 'STOP! BREATHE!' But my brain told them to "shush." I leap up, and, as I land, drive my sword into the ground, sending cracks through the earth as zombies fall to the floor. Again, I rush onwards, frantically slashing at everything in my path. My blade stained red and green as I kill more living corpses, hacking at their mouldy bodies. I realise the acrid stench is fading, and after I parry one more blow, then thrust my blade into its chest, the smell fades completely. I think I'm done, but I see a shadow pass by me. Too fast to be a zombie, not the shape of an animal... 'It's a an!' I think to myself as I hear a **clink** beside me. I turn around to see a green, pine-cone-like object. A grenade.

The explosion sends me flying backwards, and I crash through the window of a fallen skyscraper. I try to stand up, but I feel dizzy. The world is spinning before me, as I fell over, unconscious.

I wake up, with a start. Then I stand up. Or, at least I try to, but I slip over on the wet...

"Grass?" I say to myself. "I don't remember any..."

Then I see him. The man who threw the grenade at me. "Wh-Who are you?" I ask.

"Γεια σας, Justin. It's me. Your brother," he says to me. I didn't believe it. So many questions rushed

through my head. What was his name? Why did he throw an explosive at me? I didn't even know I had a brother!

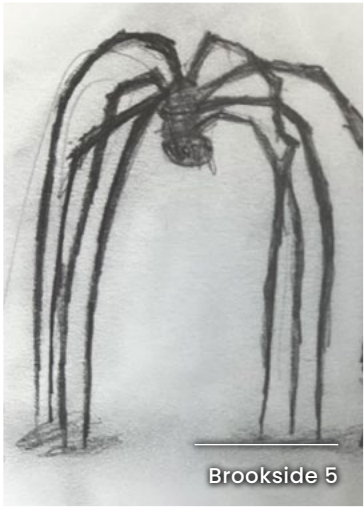
"What's your name?" I ask him. I knew I was born in Greece, and he said hello in Greek, so it could be possible. "That is not of importance," he says as he walks towards me. When he reaches me, he puts his hand out. "Though, I do ask you something," he says. "Do you trust me?"

I thought for a moment. I made my decision. I put my hand out to grab his, and he pulls me up. "Now, we aren't gonna save the world by standing here all day," he says.

Jonah Chorley
Overdale Junior School
Year 6



Brookside 1



Brookside 5



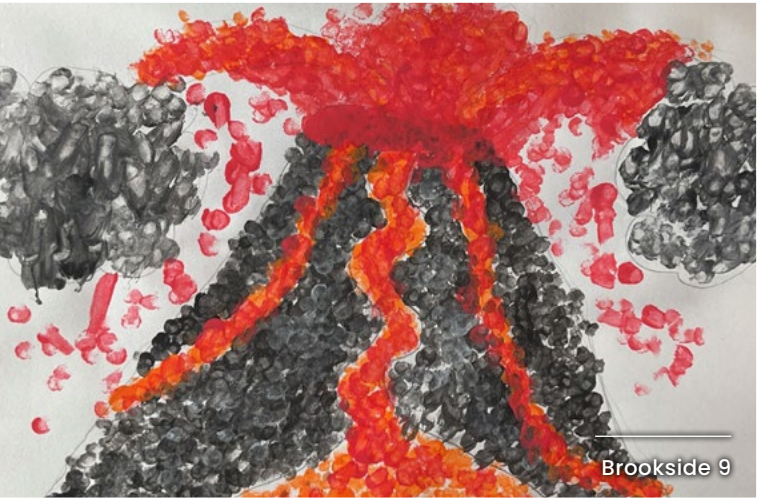
Brookside 6



Brookside 3



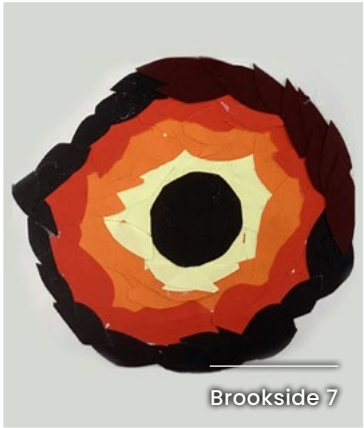
Brookside 4



Brookside 9



Low resolution -
needs replacing



Brookside 7



Brookside 2



Brookside 8

The Society for the Investigation of Magical Creatures



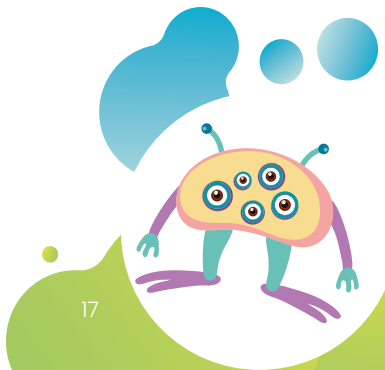
Once upon a time, there were such things as magical creatures. Some were big, some were small, some were furry, some had scales, some you might keep as pets, some you wouldn't and some were unknown to most of a kind. Now we need to carry on with our real story. There was a boy called Ben, he lived at No 72, London Lane in Leicester and he loved animals. His parents Charlotte Green and Henry Green were very proud of their son. One night, or to be clear for a few nights, Ben swore he saw a pink mist. One night he made up his mind to go and check so he got out of his comfy, soft bed and stepped down the creaky, squeaky stairs and put on his raincoat and trainers and went into the dark, cold night. He received a hug and then heard

a voice saying "Oh Ben! We've been waiting for you. There are Zenzas on the loose, Wonktrods and Wonknods bodies are growing and the dragons are going crazy!" Ben was confused. He felt his head would burst! "What are Zenzas? What are Wonktrods or Wonknods? I know what dragons are!" The woman said, "Zenzas are birds with tantalizingly shiny feathers, Wonktrods are creatures with gigantic eyes and a miniscule body which are growing. I'm Emily, Emily Johnson, hold my hand and then they went through a swirl of colour and landed in a moor. There was also a door but it wasn't attached to a building. We'll go to the SIMC, the Society for the Investigation of Magical Creatures." They went through the door and it was like they were in an inside zoo.

Emily said 'we have to go in the door', it was on the left side of the building. Emily said, "we must wear sunglasses" then Ben thought these were the Zenzas. Emily said "touch them". "WHAT!" exclaimed Ben. He tried, and amazingly it worked. Ben did it till there was one left. Emily did that one, "now we will have to go to the Wonknods. We should have enough people to

pour the potion". That was true and finally only the dragons were left. He had to jump on their back. Ben thought he would have to wrestle with it, but he tried like today was a miracle, the dragon calmed down in the end although it seemed like an hour, he got down they went slowly back to his house hoping he would be going to the SIMC again one day.

Clara Miodrag
Overdale Infant School
Year 2



Enoki and the Giant Spider



Once upon a time there was a family of mushrooms living in the woods, playing. There were two little mushrooms waiting to hear a story from their mummy so Mummy Mushroom was going to tell them the Enoki Tales. Enoki was a very famous mushroom and he always wanted to go on dangerous journeys. He was one of the most famous mushrooms ever so Mummy Mushroom started reading.

Enoki started packing up some lunch for his exciting journey to the magical forest where he was looking for a magical waterfall. He started walking to the magical forest for his adventure. He heard the birds singing happily and he

knew there were going to be very dangerous creatures so he was prepared with some magic sleep powder that puts creatures to sleep. He was nearly there and very excited to find the magic waterfall.

Enoki finally made it to the magic forest. He started walking further and further. Then he heard a snarling sound but he was very brave so he kept walking further. He came across a giant purple spider. It was ginormous, scary and very angry. Enoki was so terrified! It started walking closer and closer so Enoki stepped back.

Then Enoki ran behind a rock and the spider couldn't see him. Just then Enoki remembered

that he had magical sleep powder but the spider could just jump out of the way and not fall asleep. Just then a magical fairy came over and gave Enoki a flute.

Enoki thought what do I do with this? Then he had an idea. "It might just work," he said. Enoki put the sleeping powder in the flute, stepped in front of the spider and played the

flute. The sleep powder went on the spider and it fell asleep.

Enoki crossed by and then he found the magical waterfall he was looking for. He was so happy! Enoki took some of the water and brought it back home.

The end.

Khush Joshi

Brookside Primary School

Year 2

THE END OF ZARKORG'S REIGN

One.
Everyone – our family, our friends.

One-by-one, they were torn apart, limb-from-limb, head-from-shoulders. They ate Mum slowly; knowingly tormenting us. Now it's our mission to take down the Sky-Screecher's leader: Zarkorg.

It's been seven months since the invasion began. I remember that Monday clearly; Delyla, Amber and I skipped our last day of school to go on a shopping spree in the city. Who knew that being there would save our lives – at least two of them...

We shall be forever grateful for Delyla's sacrifice on that fateful day.

The devil-hounds chased us for the longest five minutes of my life, then they suddenly halted. As young, mortified teenagers, we never stopped or turned around to look back. Until we noticed something. 'We' only included Amber and I...

Delyla was gone.

I showered Amber with positive words, but that's all they were; words. My mind was engulfed by negative thoughts – they had eaten at every optimistic thing I had to offer. My mind was a buffet. We hid in the bathroom for half an hour, I have no clue how the devil-hounds didn't find us, but of course I'm thankful that they hadn't found us the THREE TIMES they checked the bathrooms.

Once the scattering sound of claws on tiles stopped, we crept out to where we expected our saviour to be. She was there... at least half of her, anyway. A blue eye was gouged out from its socket, her guts were hanging from her clawed stomach, blood pooled around her half-devoured legs, her erus protruding from her shattered arm. That was the beginning of our path to revenge.

Unfortunately, Amber is not here to see how far I have come either. Two months ago, whilst she was scouting for food, Sky-Screechers swooped

from above. Her remains suggest they had a common interest: nourishment.

Together, me and my own army of monsters, will be the reason of Zarkorg's downfall. But don't worry, Synog – who was a former scientist working for the Galactic Golbdorg Empire – has thought up a master plan. We will capture Zykon (the heir to the Golbdorg throne). We shall interrogate him; with his classified information we will be able to infiltrate their mothership, and then – we will have our revenge.

Shanzeh Khan-Puar
Overdale Junior School
Year 6

THE MISSING

It all happened on the 23rd of June 2021. I was so excited to go on my school trip, we were going camping in the woods for a week.

When we got to the camping site, it wasn't as luxurious as I thought it was going to be. We set up our tent and got ready for bedtime. Exhausted, I got into my sleeping bag and called it a night. I woke up to shouting and screaming. When I climbed out of my tent, I saw worried faces everywhere; the teacher's faces were filled with horror. "What's going on?" I asked my friend.

"Ten people from our class are missing, no one knows where they are, the teachers have looked everywhere."

Questions were running through my mind. Where are they? What happened?

"Everyone be quiet, we need all students to stay here for if they come back – I'm sure they will. P-please don't worry, everything will be fine,"

said a teacher. I couldn't bear just standing there thinking about the others and thinking about what would happen if I got snatched too. We were all sent back to bed, the night was filled with dread. I climbed into bed anxiously. I couldn't go to sleep and lay with my eyes wide open, listening for every movement. Before I knew it, it was morning and I carried myself out of my tent, eyes heavy with drowsiness.

My headteacher's shout cut through the air: "Children, you have to leave now – pack up all of your belongings!"

"What?" shouted a boy from my class.

"There's no time to explain Tom – pack your belongings NOW!" roared the headteacher.

Butterflies filled my stomach when I realised... more of my class was gone, twelve of them were now missing, I looked around to figure out who.

In fear, I packed up all of my things as fast as I could. I couldn't wrap my head around the disappearance of the children. I was tempted to go and search but somewhere deep down I knew I would get lost too.

"Everyone on the bus now" yelled the headteacher.

By the time we were on the bus, I had lost track of the time or day, I knew we were hours from home still and fell asleep.

The bus suddenly stopped and I woke up. Then I saw it, in the distance there were people

in the middle of the road, standing still like soldiers quietly.

As the bus slowly approached, we all gasped, it was the missing students. Slowly they moved towards us, but then there was a bang and they turned and ran. The driver tried to go after them, but it was too dark, too late. They were gone.

It still haunts me to this day. I always wondered what had happened to them; I always wonder if they will ever come back.

Anaiya Patel
Brookside Primary School
Year 6

A Magical Land and a Pet World

One day I was watching a brave mighty dragon film of a knights and dragons fight, then suddenly I got sucked up into the TV. In the TV there was a wonderous land of magical things. There were dragons, kites and princesses; it was lovely but I did not know how to get out! I tried to get a dragon to breathe fire through the door but it didn't work out at all! Then I had an idea. I could make an invention that could make any animal appear! I tried it on a strong brave lion and he crashed through the door. Then I ran home happily and told my parents all about it.

One other day I was watching a film about cats and dogs and I got sucked up once again into the TV. I thought that it would be great but the dogs and cats just started licking me. "Oh no! not again!" I said. I tried to train them but it was no use, they just were not used to it. When they were finally used to it another person came through the door and he knew all about cats and dogs because he has one. The boy (John) took over so I went home very thankfully.

The end.

Imogen Saunders
Overdale Infant School
Year 2



The Mystery of two Mushrooms

One gloomy, dark day it was nearly home time in the mushroom school. It was story time for the mushroom family but after the story, they needed to go to the toilet. Alice the cute, small mushroom had a blue body and one spot. Bouncy was the tall cute mushroom and was yellow and had one spot too! Ten minutes later, they arrived home and their mum said "Please can you come to the shops?" she asked. "Yes" said the mushrooms so off they went, but in the shops they got bored so they tiptoed home

without Mum knowing. Soon, Mummy Mushroom came home. The children were not anywhere to be seen in the house or the garden. They were lost. Mummy Mushroom was shocked! "I have to find them before it's dark" she said, then she had an idea. She had a lamp and found the children. They followed the cheese path all the way home. When they arrived home, their mum told Alice and Bouncy, "don't leave without asking your Mummy or Daddy". The cute baby mushrooms were really tired and sleepy. The family went to sleep and they lived happily ever after.

Saara Uddin
Brookside Primary School
Year 2





Siya Doshi



Sianna Patel



Prithish Kaviarasan



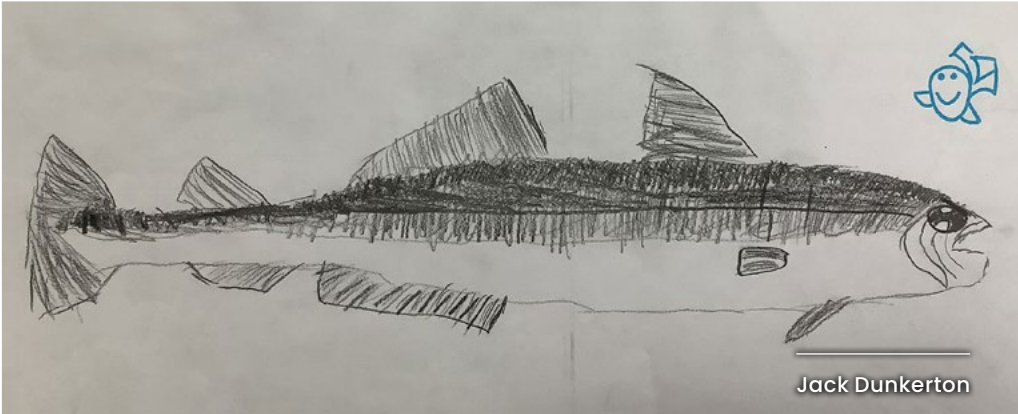
Sawa Yamamoto



Siya Doshi



Amelia Nandikumar



Jack Dunkerton



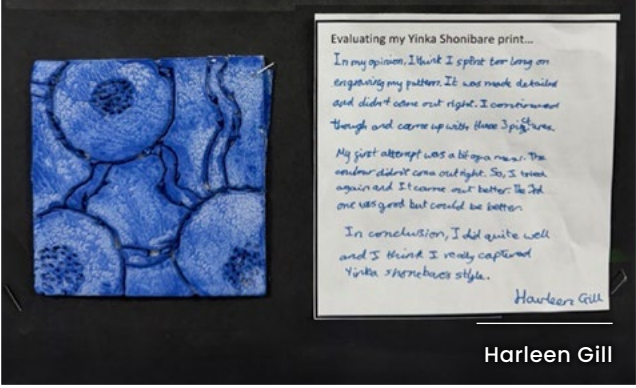
Evana Pandit and Kaylan Jain



Ayaan Thanveer



Marriyah Ghumra



Harleen Gill



Junak Das



Areeba Gull

THE CURSE MUST DIE

The small crew of three, walked close together – closing in on a once functioning juvenile detention centre – now an aged, rotting building; bleeding out a cursed aroma with vast rust chipping away at its mouldy walls. They were dispatched to this hell for a special mission: to kill a special grade curse. It seemed unbelievable for a tiny, young group to do so. They may all be talented, but talent can't necessarily save them from this. They could already feel its cursed energy even before going inside; it was seeping out from the dank, grey walls. This must be a tough curse, especially for them to have to deal with. They finally got to the door and went inside carefully. As they entered, the crew noticed the door they got in through, had now suddenly disappeared. They were now stuck in here with no other options than to proceed forward. But as they gradually started to look around, they noticed this wasn't any ordinary building interior. Far from it in fact, it was a strange, closed in labyrinth of entwining pipes of metal.

"What is this place?!" Yuji asked in awe.

"It's a cursed domain, never seen one?" Megumi responded.

Yuji looked around at the old, artificial field.

"Of course not," he replied, "I'm still pretty new here!"

Nobara turned towards him, scowling.

"Well go make yourself useful and find the curse with Megumi!" Nobara demanded.

"Why're you so grumpy all the time Nobara?!" shouted Yuji. She stood still, idle, in disbelief.

"WHY'RE YOU SO-" Megumi ran towards them both and separated them.

"Can't you just stop hating each other for another minute?" Megumi angrily shouted. They both looked at each other and snarled, walking

away from each other – knowing they were actually right.

"Does she have to come with us?" Yuji pleaded.

Megumi paused for a second, thinking.

"Sadly, yes." he sighed.

"SADLY?!" She shouted "HOW DARE YOU-"

"Let's just get going and I'll buy us all food after!" Yuji exclaimed but then muttered under his breath, "If we actually make it out of this place."

The other two stood there as Nobara's face became slightly tamer – clearly not having heard the second part of that conversation.

"Where?" she asked, calmly.

"We'll decide after we're done," Yuji finished, "we haven't done anything yet!"

"Shouldn't Gojo Sensei come with us for food?" Megumi contemplated.

"Sure, if you want." he confirmed, "but we should get on task now." They all nodded in sync and as they quickly wondered off into a hallway.

The mechanical vines started noticeably strangling the architecture. The old, florescent lights flickering violently, bleeding a looming fear over the team. After a while, they entered a large, solace room, it looked like a swimming pool without any water, yet it was still damp and cold. Yuji turned as his face wrenched into a scarred disgust. There were three corpses with only one identifiable as a an body. It was missing limbs and personality, and bleeding from the mouth. "Isn't that?" Yuji hesitated, reaching his hand out onto the wet, prison uniform to see the name tag.

"It's that woman's son!" Megumi said faintly, "Tadashi Ozaki..."

Aubrey Mockford
Overdale Junior School
Year 6



The Travelling Family



Once upon a time there was a Mum, Dad and a little child. They were going to India by plane. Soon they arrived in India but the mum, the dad and the child felt sleepy so they slept for one hour.

When the family woke up, the dad decided to go to the seaside because it was a sunny day but then there was a storm! They rushed to the house but when they got to the house, they saw that the house was broken.

The family felt very sad and worried. They searched all day but at night there was a cave so they decided to live in the cave but in the cave, there was a monster!

Everyone freaked out but when the monster was talking, he said "I'm a good monster." So, the family was calm and they agreed with the monster that

he was kind. The monster talked about his life but it was night time so the monster and the family said "Goodnight" at the same time.

When they woke up, they didn't have any food but did you know that the monster had powers. So, the dad said "Can your powers make food?" He said "Yes". But before the monster gave them food he said "What food would you like?" They all said "toast please." So, he gave it to them.

After they finished breakfast, they went to England but the family thought about the monster and they said "You can come to England with us." So, the monster came with the family. When they arrived in England the family said they would have a walk but they actually went to the supermarket and bought something for the monster. It was a watch. The monster was super happy when the family gave him the watch.

Shreenika Kundu
Woodland Grange Primary School
Year 2

LOST UNICORNS!



One day me and my family went to the park. I felt happy because I was going to the exciting, fun play park. When I was playing there, I found a secret cave in the hill. I felt surprised, I hadn't expected to find it there! I went in, it had glimmering, shimmering walls and pictures of expensive china. In the next room I heard a noise, I peeped in and saw some unicorns! I went into the cave and met them, their names were Sparkle and Shimmer and Lila. At first, they looked scared and surprised but as I approached, they saw that I was kind. From that day on I went to the park and played with my new unicorn friends. But one day Sparkle and Lila had gone! Shimmer and I looked everywhere but we couldn't find them, maybe they had been kidnapped! "This is bad, where are they?" We looked and looked and looked and Shimmer found a clue, the two unicorns had left a note. It said 'we have been

taken but we don't know where we are, love Sparke and Lila'. They have been taken! Shimmer ran to get me, "Sophie, they have been taken", she cried. I looked at the note, I saw what it said. "Let's search for them" I said, so we set out on our quest. We searched everywhere until we came back to our cave. "It's no use", I sighed. But out of the corner of my eye I saw a big hole. When I was inside, I heard a whinnying and neighing noise, this is definitely where they are being kept, I thought. I saw a cage and there they were! I found the key and unlocked their cage; they told their story of how they had been taken and locked up. We all climbed through the hole and had an exciting party. We played party games and ate lovely, tasty cake. Then I said it was time to go home and I ran home to tell my story. What an adventure, I thought.

The end.

Sophie Cave
Overdale Infant School
Year 2



Home



Zaniyah, sis ni kuhami Uinegerza... samahani." Admitted Mama Zaniyah.
("Zaniyah, we're moving to the UK... I'm sorry.")

"WHAT?! But why mama? I love it here, and so does Xielo and Aaliyah!" I cried out

"Tunapaswa, kuwa na huzuni sana hatuna chaguo kwa ajili yako," proceeded my mother, ignoring me.

("We have to, it's for your own sake.")

I stormed out of the room, leaving our bungalow to have some time to myself. How could she do this?

I began to feel all sorts of mixed emotions, but mainly upset and angry. I felt like I was over-reacting but I also had the right to. But then I started to feel bad.

"I feel like I need to check on mama," I say to my best friend Khadija, giving her a final hug and our secret handshake for the last time.

"Mama? I'm sorry for acting a fool." I explain in a hushed tone, loud enough for her to hear me.

"Ingia," she says in a soft voice.

("Come in.")

"Niko pamoja na ndugu zako," she proceeds whilst opening the door, revealing three packed suitcases, "I've packed baadhi ya suti tayari," she says whilst looking down.

("I'm with your siblings. I've packed some of the suitcases already.")

"Oh." I say with teary eyes and let out a deep sigh, "Daddy, mama, I still can't believe you're going through with leaving our family in Tanzania."

But that was the end of it.

We were already at the airport. I didn't know if I was excited or scared.

"I agree, sissy," Xielo, my younger brother said, "but I'm kind of excited to see the United Kingdom."

"Ni kwa ajili ya bora mtoto wangu!" Mama says, trying to lighten the mood.

("It's for the best")

"Mama, when is the plane arriving?" Aaliyah, my other sibling, asked. Her eyes were puffy from crying.

"Sijajua Laylay,"

("I don't know, Laylay.")

"Wait...mummy. Ni kwamba babu na bibi?" I said in shock.

("Is that...Grandma and Grandpa?")

I couldn't believe my eyes. What were they doing here? I thought we were leaving them behind.

"Eh? Hapa ndio wanafanya nini?" Ma said, with her mouth wide open.

("That is them. What are they doing here?")

Me, Xielo and Aaliyah all ran over to our grandparents, leaving our suitcases behind.

"Hello Watoto wangu...nadhani wakati wake unajua sisi ni kuja na wewe guys. Kwa Uingereza."

("Hello, my children. I think it is time you know, we are coming with you guys. To the UK.")

I take a deep breath.

"Huuni mwanzo wa sura mpya." I say to Xielo and Aaliyah.

("This is the start of a new chapter.")

"Come on, let's get to school, deep breaths." I said nervously. A few months had passed. I wanted to reassure my siblings and make them feel powerful and brave, like Mama.

I stepped into the classroom, feeling worried but immediately everyone was...smiling at me?

Instantly, I felt welcome. Safe.

Like this was home and I belonged here.

Home.

Phaedra Muchayiri
Overdale Junior School
Year 6

Happy Place



It was the day before the Christmas holiday started. “Bye Tom! Great work on the coding,” my friend Mike waved as we walked in different directions. Once I finally arrived home, I showed mum my certificate from computer science for my coding.

Then dad got home, “were you in a tornado Tom?” dad joked about my hair like always. I showed him the reward as well and he beamed. He went over to mum and whispered something in her ear.

“Alright then,” she said hesitantly.

“Do you wanna open a gift early Tom?” asked Dad

“Yeah!” I exclaimed. Hurrying over to the tree I knew exactly which one I wanted, it was the large box-shaped present. If I was right, it should be a VR headset. As fast as I could, I tore the wrapping paper off and-yes! I was right!

I took a picture and sent it to my best friends Mike and Lucas who both already had VR headsets. Lucas replied immediately saying to play a game called Happy Place with him and I plugged it in. While waiting for Mike to answer too, I switched on the TV and the news came on, the report was about some breaking news of kids who were all found in some sort of coma. The reporter was just about to go into more detail about whatever linked the kids when there was a loud ding from my phone and Mike said he was going to join the game too.

I pulled the headset on and clicked on the Happy Place game. A cool loading screen zoomed by and I was in. It was as if I had really entered a new world, I looked down where the controllers I was holding should be and all I could see was cartoon hands at my side. I looked around and could see Mike and Lucas ahead of me, we had met up in a park and played for nearly an hour, having a great time, when I heard mum call me for

dinner. “Got to go guys, this has been great!” I said, waving. I lifted my hands to take off the headset but all I could feel were my ears. I tried to exit with the controllers but all I could feel were my fingers, it didn’t feel like I was holding controllers at all.

“Aren’t you leaving, Tom?” Mike asked. I looked back at them and heard mum gasp from outside the game and shout for my dad.

“I’M STUCK IN THE GAME!” I yelled.

“What do you mean? Look, I’ll take off my headse-AHH!” We were all stuck in the game.

After a while spent thinking, I spoke up “Hey Lucas, didn’t Mrs Larn from computer science say that games are made of code?”

“Yeah, I think so” he replied.

“Then we’ve got to get outside the game, we’ve got to get right to the edge, and then I can fix the code” I said as bravely as I could.

So, we had to move, we walked and walked, knowing we couldn’t be too long because it was Christmas in only three days!

Time passed and we could tell it was Christmas Eve but then Mike, who was ahead of us, took a step forward and BANG walked into an invisible barrier. “This is it!” I said and looking closer we could see all around us green numbers and brackets and symbols. I saw the code which I knew would shut it down. “Here goes” I said, pressing it, and everything went black.

I opened my eyes, we were in a hospital, there were mum and dad and in beds beside me were lots of other kids, all of them waking up. The next day I was allowed home for Christmas day.

Maisy Mistry
Brookside Primary School
Year 6



CANCER CONTRACT

"You don't look too well today darling. You'd better not go to football."

"No! I want to; I need to!" exclaimed Callum.

"But you can't even walk," remarked mum. "And I'm sure your coach will be alright for you to miss ONE training session."

"But mum, coach Barry said that a scout from Liverpool was going to be there today – it's my favorite team!" moaned Callum, stroking his black hair.

"I don't care! I'm not taking no for an answer!" shouted mum.

Callum was left speechless. His heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs; the bedroom door was slammed shut on mum's face. As furious as he was, Callum knew his mum was right. His face was colourless and his legs felt like jelly, making him fall to the ground.

An hour later, he stomped back downstairs to apologise to her.

But he couldn't.

The courage could not be mustered. It was like his brain was reading the future; something terrible was about to happen. As he crawled back up the stairs, he heard a loud cry from the living room. Callum stood still – very still. "What was that?" he thought. A robber? His cat? His talking robot (compu-Test 2019)? But it was none of them. He thought again, he waited, until he found out what it was. It was...

His mum.

For the hundredth time that day, he trudged back downstairs, and ambled through the russet-timber door, where mum was crying on the white velvet sofa. "Hey mum, what happened?" Mum was too stunned to speak. After a couple of minutes, a response came out of her worried voice.

"Y...y...you have got cancer," she stuttered.

"Cancer? What's that?" questioned Callum.

"It is an illness that can put your life in danger."

"So that means I could die?"

"Y... yes," replied mum.

Later that day, Callum was really miserable, from the devastating news his mum had told him. Sitting in his Liverpool-themed room – with Liverpool wallpaper and frames of his favourite players – Callum doubted he could ever play again. His love for playing football was shattered.

One year passed, and Callum was still in the same state. He just wanted to stay out of sight and never go out. Laying on his tear-soaked pillow, something whispered in his ear. However, there was no one there. So, what could it possibly be? Then it happened again, and Callum still did not know what it was. Finally, he noticed: it was MO SALAH! But it wasn't the real one, it was the picture in his room! Callum was puzzled; was it all just a hallucination? Silence lurched around the

dark, dingy room, waiting for another sound to come. Until..." Callum" whispered a voice from the wall. IT WAS REAL! So then, Callum shut up and just listened.

"Football is nothing without you, we need you back!"

"Really, am I really that good?" questioned Callum.

"YEAH, your football skills are the best I've ever seen."

"T...th...thank you!" stuttered Callum.

After that, Callum had never had that much energy to play football in years. Excitedly, jumping out of his bed, Callum quickly slipped on his football kit and rushed downstairs. As he opened to the front door, his mum asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to play football!" he replied.

Ayaan Lorgat
Brookside Primary School
Year 6



Arjun Dhadyalla



Lottie Scott



Laurie Bronnert



Harry Baker



Lottie Scott



Sebastian Turner



Ayaanah Patel



Orla Morley



Ella Laurenti



Khadeeja Khalid



Overdale Junior 09



Orla Morley



Teeghan Kooner



Sahra Topbas



Ekam Johal



Lily Millard

ECHOES OF TOMORROW



Rain tapped against the café windows, a soothing rhythm against the grey of the day. Sarah and Alex, nestled in a corner booth, laughed as they shared stories over cups of steaming coffee.

"Your birthday always brings the best storms," Sarah teased, a playful grin on her lips.

Alex chuckled, eyes drifting to the antique pocket watch on the table. "Maybe the universe knows it's a special day."

Sarah picked up the watch, tracing its intricate engravings. "Where did this come from?" she asked, curiosity piqued.

"It was Dad's. Thought you might like it," Alex replied, a touch of nostalgia in his voice.

Before Sarah could respond, the watch med softly, and the world around them faded to black.

When Sarah blinked her eyes open, she found herself back in the café, Alex across from her, the watch still in her hand. It was as if time had reset, plunging them into an endless loop.

Each day brought subtle changes—a new face at the counter, sunlight through the clouds, a stray cat seeking shelter from the rain. But the repetition weighed heavy on Sarah and Alex, a reminder of their inability to escape.

As tension mounted, Sarah and Alex's frustration grew. They faced obstacles within the time loop—a sudden power outage, a misplaced key, a disagreement with a fellow café patron. Each challenge tested their resolve and strained their relationship.

Despite the hardships, they clung to hope, determined to find a way out. Sarah noticed peculiar symbols hidden within the pocket watch's intricate design—a clue left by their father, perhaps? Together, they

deciphered the symbols, unlocking the watch's true purpose.

One evening, as they stood outside the café, the rain slowing to a gentle drizzle, Sarah and Alex shared a quiet moment of reflection. They spoke of dreams deferred and futures uncertain, their words mingling with the soft patter of raindrops.

"Maybe," Sarah mused, "this was Dad's way of guiding us back."

Alex nodded, a sense of peace settling over him. "I'd like to think so. He always had a knack for leaving us breadcrumbs when we needed them most."

Their journey through the time coil had come to an end. With a shared smile, they stepped inside, ready to embrace whatever the future held; knowing that no matter what challenges lay

ahead, they would face them together – armed with the lessons they had learned and the bond they had forged through adversity.

As they settled into their booth, Sarah and Alex exchanged a knowing glance, their hearts filled with gratitude for the experiences that had brought them closer together. With the pocket watch resting between them, a silent testament to their resilience, they savoured the warmth of the café and the promise of new beginnings.

The café bustled with life around them, the chatter of patrons and the clinking of dishes a comforting backdrop to their conversation. Sarah and Alex lingered over their coffee, savouring the simple joy of being together in the present moment, their past struggles now a distant memory.

Prasaea Athwal
Overdale Junior School
Year 6

The Pokémon adventure

Once I woke up sleepily and went downstairs, put on the TV and started watching the adventures of Pokémon. Just then the amazing Pokémon started looking really real so then I tried touching it and it started pulling me in and I felt a bit surprised. And then for some reason Pokémon were coming up to me and I realised I had some pokeballs in my pocket and I felt excited. Then suddenly a Pikachu electrified me and then I heard a voice that said you'll get used to it and immediately knew who it was ... "Ash!" I shouted, and he said I should catch some Pokémon before they run away so I quickly bottled and caught five Pokémon and then team rocket came and I felt a teeny bit scared! Team rocket jumped down and chose Tyranitar and Garrodos so I

chose an Aerodactyl I caught and a Jolteon and a Pikachu and I felt confident so we battled and battled and battled. And Tyranitar tried to stamp on us and Garrodos tried to pull me into the water with my Pokémon! And I felt a teeny, weeny bit scared! And then I realised Pikachu wasn't with me and then saw him on top of Tyranitar and then jump onto Garados and used iron tail! And then Ash helped me out of the water and then Pikachu blasted away team rocket and then we went back to Pallet town. I asked Ash where could I sleep and he said at his house so we went to his house and had dinner and then we went to bed. And when I woke up, I was back at my house and I was a bit sad but then a Pikachu came to me and I was very confused because I was at my house but I had Pikachu!

Harvey Trzcinski
Overdale Infant School
Year 2

The Last Person on Earth

Once a upon a time there was a big happy Earth. It was a very busy planet and everyone was filled with joy but you can't say that nobody was upset. When I was walking through the loud, busy street I saw my cousin buying something yummy to eat. I went across the road to say hi but he didn't reply because he was too busy choosing something to eat. Later I went home but my house was wrecked by my baby sister. We felt exhausted after we tidied up, so we tucked up cosy in our beds. In the middle of the dark scary night aliens came to invade us. They swept everyone except me! It was absolutely horrendous that I was the last person on earth.

Even though I was the last person on earth I had a ton of fun. I could buy things for free and I could do anything I wanted in the entire world but I felt rather lonely so I thought I should fight to get everyone back. I made the biggest and strongest spacecraft ever, stronger than the aliens. Soon I was shooting bombs that were brighter than fireworks, when they popped. I was aiming as straight as I could and bang! Everyone came falling down but luckily, I caught them with my super parachute and everyone except the naughty little aliens came back to earth safely and everyone on earth lived happily ever after.

The end.

Aishah Patel
Overdale Infant School
Year 2



WHAT HAPPENS AFTER MIDNIGHT

I guess that's why they say 'curiosity killed the cat'...

Ever since I was little, I have been told to never ever stay up past midnight. Ever since I was little I have followed that rule. Until one day, that one fateful day.

Tuesday 28th May 2018

It was half-term and my school was off for a whole week. You might say I was lucky but I disagree: my parents never let me go out, even during the holidays. My best friend Jenny's, on the other hand, were away on business for a few days, so as the reckless rebel she is, she decided to host a party. Of course, I knew my parents would say no. That's why I snuck out.

I should have known better.

Jenny's party explained:

- Drinking energy drinks
- Partying (absolutely NO studying)
- Having fun
- Staying up past midnight

When I read the invitation, my eyes felt like they were going to fall out- what's the worst that could happen?

Oh, how I was wrong.

Clueless me arrived on Jenny's doorstep and was welcomed by a warm smile. Not long after, Jenny's house was filled with bustling crowds of teenagers talking, dancing, laughing and mucking around.

Eleven o'clock rolled round sooner than anticipated. I sensed that everyone was beginning to feel sweaty and anxious so when the clock struck midnight everyone held their breath, waiting like ticking bombs. Nothing happened?

Or so we thought.

12:10am

"Erm... nothing happened?" a boy hidden within a large group announced.

"I can't BELIEVE our parents lied to us!" I said, "Nothing happens after midnight!"

Jinxed it.

RAAAAEEEEERRRRRRRRR!

"WHAT WAS THAT?" screamed Jenny, fear catching in her throat.

"I don't know, but I sure know that I'm not sticking around to find out- later y'all!" shouted Audrey, running away.

RAAAAEEEEERRRRRRRRR!

Curiosity got the better of me and I decided to risk a peep out the window. Outside were multiple beasts, each the size of a titan, screaming with their wings held out.

"What on earth are those things?" I questioned, amazed.

Melanie answered in a low voice, "They're midnight beasts."

"Wait, how did y--"

"No time for questions," she interrupted, "we need to hide!"

Melanie forcefully grabbed me by the wrist and took us to a rusty old shed and I suggested sleeping in there. "No, the monsters will find us here and anyway, we need to be sleeping in our own beds for them to disappear." she explained, "I say we go back to our own houses."

We ventured out into the dark, careful not to be seen. Suddenly a ongous claw grabbed Melanie, crushing her. My blood froze. My heart dropped. My eyes widened in shock. But I had to keep going. I ached with exhaustion.

Using my last drop of energy, I made it back to my house. I'll never ever forget Melanie and what she did for me: I'm only alive because of her.

That is why they say curiosity killed the cat.

Kiera Cadena Ballee

Woodland Grange Primary School
Year 6

The Magic of Books

10pm June 30th 2024

The torch flickered. June looked up from her book's weary, yellowed pages.

It was long after her mum had called up, "June. Bedtime!" But this book was just so strangely addictive. She just kept on reading and reading and reading. June turned the page, eager to see the fox give chase again.

What?

No.

That wasn't a thing!

That **couldn't** happen.

The fox was moving. Running. Jumping over logs. She rubbed her eyes. It was still happening.

All of a sudden, trees made out of words sprouted from the page. The now 3D rabbit looked at her with desperate, pleading eyes. A murky black hole glared back at her...

June did not know why she had stepped into there. But it was definitely the start of her tale...

At first, there was just mist. Lots and lots of mist. Then it began morphing into shapes ... a forest clearing, a fox and ... a rabbit!

The chase started up again; just as animated as before.

June stumbled blindly towards the rapidly disappearing fox: this mystery world was not fully formed yet. Meanwhile, June's conscience was having a mental battle ...

Optimistic brain: Explore! You may never have such a chance again!

Pessimistic brain: Get out of there! If you don't, you're going to get stuck in that stupid storybook!

Optimistic brain: But she loves storybooks. Remember that time when she kept banging her head on the pages of *The Wind in the Willows* in an attempt to get in?

Pessimistic brain: Yes, but she was four!

Optimistic brain: Your point being?

Pessimistic brain: Sigh. Honestly, do you really want to succumb to her madness? The same monologue over and over again. You're having a laugh!

Optimistic brain fell silent.

The rabbit was still running. As it reached a clearing walled in by trees, it vaulted over a protruding root. It didn't notice the branch plummeting down to meet it. It caught the rabbit mid-jump and pinned it between two logs. The rabbit's spine was broken; breath sputtering out in gasps.

The predator's nose began to appear at the edge of June's gaze. The fox smiled a devilish smile as it realised what an easy catch this would be. The fox tore at the rabbit's stomach. It had gone in an instant, leaving behind only a cold body. The cunning beast

savoured a mouthful before deciding that it didn't want rabbit for dinner after all and slinked away.

The girl grasped tearfully at the rabbit's body only to find pure chalk dust crumbling in her hand. The mist began to evaporate and soon she was back in that same white box that she had been in five minutes ago.

TP!

All of her belongings hovered in the air for a moment before crashing back down.

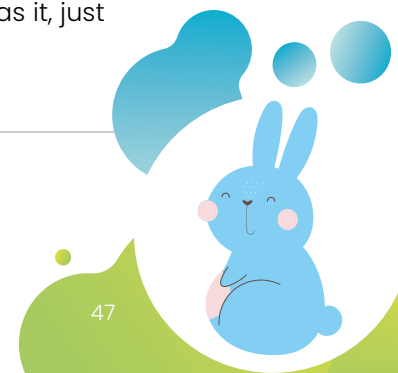
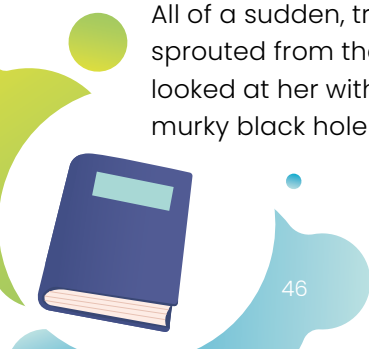
SLAM! CRASH! THUD!

Everything was how it had been previously: scrapbook stuff strewn rakishly across the dishevelled, yellow carpet. The clothes she had to put away two weeks ago, still on the floor. Her quilt still pushed to the end of the bed. Her blinds still half closed.

Had she been dreaming or was it, just maybe, magic.

Elodie Perks

Overdale Junior School
Year 6



Haruto's Adventures

The bedroom door burst open. Ryoichy strode, looking important, into the cluttered room. "Get off that game, I've got a ceremony at 13:00. People would at least expect my own brother to show up." Haruto smiled smugly at these words. Ryoichy had been talking about his 'famous' ceremony for weeks. Turning his head, he just scowled at his brother: he looked as though he had just won an oscar. He looked irritably formal, he thought, with a disgusted look on his face. Haruto scowled again, whilst Ryoichy marched out of the room. Reluctantly, he dropped the controller on his greasy desk and craned his neck over his phone.

Haruto was 15 years old. Sweat coated his itchy, sticky skin. He had not had a shower for several weeks. He had set off out into the sunshine; his head still buried in his phone. "Meet@Shibuya?" texted Haruto and, almost immediately, two replies came, both agreeing to come.

Within ten minutes, the three of them stood side by side at Shibuya crossing. Kaito – a strong, reckless teenager – let out a deep sigh and, without warning, hoisted Haruto upon his shoulders. "What are you doi...?!" exclaimed Haruto, in a tone that displayed utter panic. Shinjiro – a short, crazy teenager – had already whipped out his phone and was already recording as Haruto struggled against Kaito's grip.

Haruto's world was spinning wildly. His stomach had left his body. Then, unexpectedly, he found himself. He let out a high-pitched whoop, which did not indicate fear, but joy. His stomach lurched in surprise and Kaito jolted backwards, stumbling as several impatient cars beeped at them.

"Oi!" shouted an infuriated voice. A security guard. They floundered away as a livid guard

looked around for them obliviously. Panting, they bustled into a crowded bathroom, bolted into the cubicle and flipped the lock for safety. Suddenly, the lights switched off. The sound died. The tension grew. They crept out of the now empty bathroom and onto the streets. They were deserted. Haruto couldn't believe it; the whole city was abandoned.

As dust fell upon Shibuya Crossing, they still hadn't figured out where everyone had gone. The sky became a twilight grey, when they saw a sign of life. Red lights burned malevolently in the sky. "You see it too, right?" asked Shinjiro nervously. The other two gave weak nods. They were drawn towards the lights like a child being enticed by sweets. They reached a clearing where a lit sign read: the games begin in 20,19....

"Games?" whispered Haruto apprehensively, "what does that mean?"

11, 10, 9....

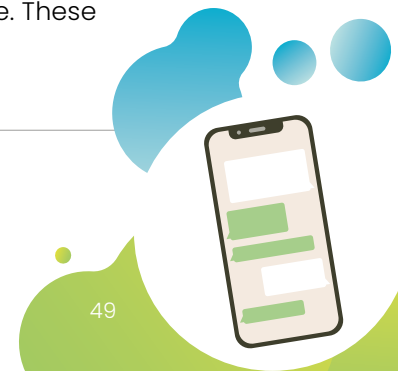
"What's going to happen?"

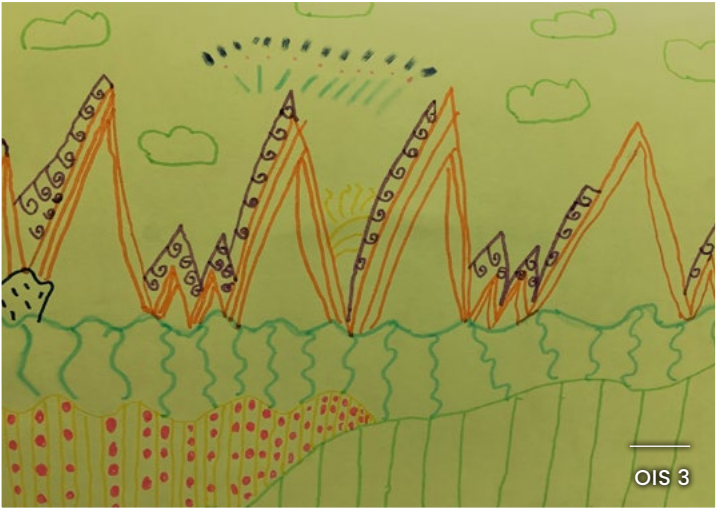
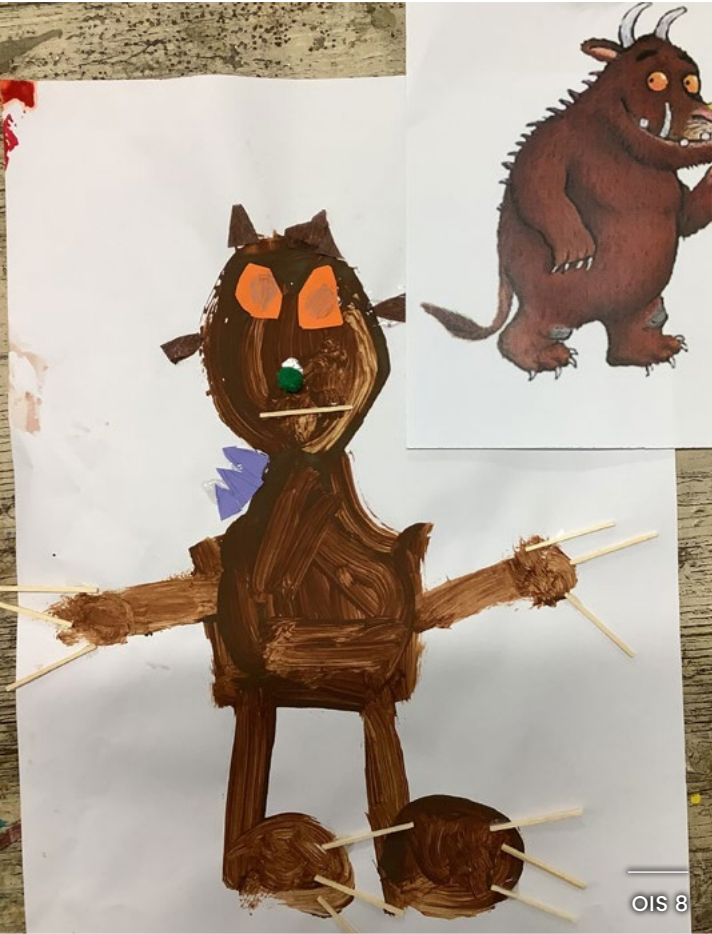
3, 2, 1...

Haruto's heart was in his throat. His head pounded uncontrollably as the tension rose once again. The ground started to crumble, and they were forced into a dull room. A voice said, "this game is called 'Dead or Alive'. Escape through one of the doors in each room, good luck!" Haruto looked bewildered. A minute timer had started. In panic, Kaito opened the 'alive' door. A gunshot rang out; he lay prone on the floor. 5, 4....

Haruto darted through the 'dead' door with Shinjiro into another identical room. The perilous room burst into flames and another timer started. Fifty seconds this time. These games were no joke.

Muhammad Zaheer Ismail
Brookside Primary School
Year 6





THE DOOR TO THE UNKNOWN



He had made a decision. He hadn't listened. He was in a room full of pure darkness. Nothing. Silence. He was all alone except for a shadow with no person. There was no going back.

"Phil, are you going to have breakfast or not?" came a booming voice from downstairs. With hesitation, he said, "yes, I'm coming." His feet tped on the creaky, wooden stairs. As he sat and ate his cereal, he had a think of what to do to try and not make it the most ordinary day. In his head a light bulb pinged: he was going to the forest; he was going to roam the place. He told his mother that he was going to stroll in the woods. She frowned, disapprovingly. Mother obviously didn't like the idea.

He visibly changed his body language; tensing his body and moving back. "What's wrong with the forest?!" he yelled in anger. He stormed

through the front door, closing it behind him. Phil angrily stomped with a red face and clenched fists and soon enough he was standing at the edge of the forest.

So far, this wasn't the most ordinary day. Nothing had gone his way. Phil took a step into the forest. He stared at his surroundings. He saw lush leaves, tall oak trees. So much more. But something was wrong: the birds begun swooping and swerving in the most peculiar fashion. A chilly, black wave of darkness filled the warm and id atmosphere. He ran, ran, ran. Stopping, Phil's mouth gaped open in reaction to what he saw.

It was a door. An extremely small door. It was like a small hill covered in fresh, emerald-green grass. No one would dare to enter. The brown, wooden entrance unlocked, with a small creak, in front of Phil. He was in disbelief. "You can do

this...3, 2, 1...," he muttered to himself. A chill of fear went down his spine. Shadows danced on the walls. It was so much bigger on the inside. "What is this place?" he asked himself. He thought he was the first ever person in there!

BANG! Was it what he thought it was? The innocent boy turned his head. The door had locked. "NO!" he shouted. All Phil could hear was constant rustling noises. He took a few steps more. He looked around, exploring. In the distance, he saw another door. But it wasn't a regular door. His hands were trembling. "What was that?" Phil questioned. There were four symbols: an umbrella, a train,

a clock and a bird. Phil whispered, "should they link together or something?"

He hesitantly approached the door to inspect it even closer. It clicked open. Pushing hard on the door with his shoulder, he took a step into the room... which turned to instant regret.

The door shut once again. He was never getting out. "What do I do now?" he said in a terrified voice. Against the wall was a shadowy silhouette of a person. Except there was no one. "You should not have come," the shadow whispered. Phil screamed, "MUM!"

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Overdale Junior School
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MISSION METEORITE



The dewy morning grass parted as I walked through the vast field: a new day had begun- and that's when I felt it...

Understandably, I presumed it was a dragonfly that was buzzing by my pocket, I soon realised that it was my compass, its needle spinning wildly. Only a magnetic pull would trigger a reaction such as this, one from a meteorite.

Striding forward, I followed the pull. If there was anything I'd learnt from my three years in pre-history it'd be this- follow your instincts.

Growl.

From a thicket close to me emerged a deep green and purple beast, which was twice my height. Its hide impenetrable to any sword. I wasn't afraid: I knew what to do.

Slash! A claw swung across my face, inches from my nose, close enough that I could see its

eyes were filled with hateful malice. I backed away seeking shelter behind the nearest rock.

Shriek!

Run.

A distant roar.

A flurry of feet led me to believe fate wouldn't end my time here. I'd been forced off track by the beast, yet managed to regain memory of where I had to go. Retracing my steps, I heard something which enlivened my spirits, a familiar buzzing. Just as I reached the stretching mouth of an eerie cave. I wondered whether or not I should enter.

Eyes adjusting to the darkness, my attention was swiftly drawn to a glowing object, this was it! This was the meteorite that I'd been searching for!

I groaned as I felt debris pelting down like rain from the ceiling, the cave was collapsing.

After just celebrating my discovery, I was now wondering whether I'd make it out alive.

I took the meteorite into my hand, feeling the other-worldly warmth of it; I could feel the endless potential of it.

A threatening rumble reminded me that there was still a risk to my life if I did not leave right now. Stumbling out into the bright daylight, I could feel the splendour of triumph in my eyes. With no time to waste, I crouched behind a bolder, it being the only other audience seeing the collapse of the cave. Crash! The rock shack tumbled before my eyes.

Snapping a small nugget off the meteorite, I sealed it within my locket; a souvenir of my three

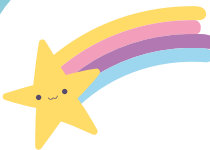
years away from my home and my friends. I'd sacrificed so much for the future world to be able to change. I sighed.

Lying against the boulder, I listened to the gentle flow of the steam. I'd miss this place. Mournfully I stood.

With the portal pellet grasped firmly, I threw it into the air and eyed it as it whizzed past. Blue-green swirls engulfed me as I stepped back to the future, leaving the Mesozoic Era behind.

"Bye!" I called, knowing that nothing would understand me. I was already shrinking. As a raced back to everything I knew, I was left with the satisfied feeling that I had completed my meteorite mission.

Tehya Soni
Woodland Grange Primary School
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THE TWO MAGICAL LANDS



Once upon a time there was a princess, knight and a unicorn and they lived in Dreamtopia. But there was another land that was underground, it was called Thorny Manor. There was Mlifo, goblins and dragons, it was a horrifying place. Every one million years they got into a war and the Dreamtopia always won. But this year they didn't win because Thorny Manor had a dragon called Thunderfire. He had powers and his new power was fire. Dreamtopia is a land of love and joy and Thorny Manor is about darkness.

Unfortunately, Thorny Manor won so they got hoovers and they sucked all the colour out, everyone was scared but Princess Rose, Gadabout and Sparkle weren't afraid they were going to Thorny Manor to fight back. They came to Thorny Manor, they were going to the castle to find Mlifo. They finally found her, they asked

her why she's doing it. She said, "I want to colour in my city." Princess Rose said "you can't just take the colour just because you won." "Well, how are you going to stop me! I've got a dragon and his name is Thunderfire." Princess Rose said, "goblins, let's go back to think of a plan." Princess Rose had a brilliant idea, "we'll go back, sneak into the castle and break the wire off the Hoover." "But how do we get past the guards?" the goblins said. "We will go through the back gate, come on, we have got to get there before the whole land turns black. Let's cut the wire. We did it! Let's go back let's celebrate with popcorn. Let's throw a party!" Then everybody was dancing with their colour.

Mlifo was so angry but then she had an idea, she would make invisible hoovers to get the colour back and everything they have. She started building. As soon as she finished, she lifted it into the air. While Dreamtopia were dancing the

invisible hoovers were sucking up the colour. Sparkle looked and saw the colour going away. Sparkle said, "look guys Mlifo made invisible hoovers! We need to stop her! No time to waste, let's go! Ok we're there, wait, the entrance is blocked. Is there a secret entrance?" "Yes, at the top of the castle." "I see it, let's get in."

There's Mlifo with her dragon! Rose said, "stop trying to take our colour because we're going to cut the wire."

"HAHA, there is no wires in this one."

"Ok then we will break it", Sparkle lifted Gadabout to the Hoover and Gadabout can kick it now! "It's broken, yes! Now a big party all around the city, DJ hit it! I love our city with colour."

Mlifo said, "ahhhh I can't believe I didn't get colour it's all Obort the Goblin's fault, he didn't help, I hate Dreamtopia! They win everything! Where's Obort? I need him right now!"

Anaya Badiani
Woodland Grange Primary School
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SECRETS IN THE SHADOWS



Filling their lonely little home, Ada and Miss Giften's house contained so many books that it could be mistaken for a library! Years ago, Ada's father departed to go on a work trip, but never returned – he was reported missing in the year 1987. The girl did not know much of her father, due to her being young when he became lost. So, what was so important about her? Well, here's the story of Ada Giften: the girl with the never-ending story...

Outside, the night sky was black. The heavy downpour was like the banging of a drum – thunder clapped and echoed throughout the neighbourhood. Ada's room lit up with a bright flash; thunder rattled the windowpanes. Ada felt intimidated... the sky was angry! A strong gust of wind unsealed the windows and let in sheets of rain. Ada shot up like a jack-in-the-box and frantically shut out the storm.

BOOM! Shards of lightning illuminated the sky. Ada forced herself to curl up into a ball like a

defenceless hedgehog. Her eyes were glassy, tears fell from them like a waterfall.

"What's happening?!" Ada squealed.

"Nothing you need to be afraid of," her mother whispered. Miss Giften pulled her close and wrapped her shaking arms around her daughter. Gradually, the pouring rain began to fade...

Ada sat and stared into the gloomy night: clouds travelled by and blocked the moon's brightness; owls hooted; robins whistled. Then, another noise interrupted... something fluttered and tumbled through the air, hitting the ground with a quiet tp. Ada spotted an envelope in their fireplace.

Her eyebrows furrowed. "How did that get through our chimney's rain-cap? Why is it here?"

Her muddled mind had a buffet of thoughts running through it. Ada went to seize the

envelope, tearing the seal open to remove an item inside: a black piece of paper. Rummaging further, she also found an LED light. Ada switched it on, shining it onto the paper's surface. She examined the message it revealed: Section B, row 7, book 14.

"Book?" she wondered. Ada eyed the books gathering dust around the room. An idea sprang into her mind.

Eventually, Ada found the book she had been seeking – 'The Never-Ending Story'. The cover looked fascinating; it grabbed her attention straight away. Carefully, she read each sentence – she couldn't divert her eyes!

Suddenly, the lights flickered, and everything turned black...

Soon, Ada realised she was no longer at home. She was in a location she had never seen, but read of. Then, she heard heavy footsteps... a man appeared! He had a bushy beard, similar to her father. Similar to the character in the story! Although Ada was inside the room, the man didn't acknowledge her existence.

As her shock faded, Ada began to think. If the note led her to the book, the house she suddenly found herself in matched the features in the book, and her father was missing... could the man be her long-lost father?

Erin Fytche-Perry
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THE BOYS WHO TRAVELLED IN TIME

There were two boys called Charlie and Danyal, they were wonderful. The boys looked out of the window, they saw an antique shop was moving in right next door, they waited because they wanted to look in there and get something. They got some pocket money then went next door. It was massive with the coolest things on earth. They found watches with lasers, exploding candy, iPhones that turn into an iPad. On the second floor there was more cool stuff, such as things that taser people which is invisible and sticky. Some things were strange like bottles that blast blue paint. On the third floor there was an old watch with a knight at the top and on the sticker it said it could take you to any year, so they bought it. They read the manual and it said shake to activate so they did. They found a portal in front of them and they hopped in.

They went back in time to 2080 (future) the portal closed and forgot the date. They were shocked that they forgot too. They saw robots, flying cars and electric buildings. They stumbled across a robot police man and he tried arresting them because they were not robots. They managed to escape from him and they even found out they had turned into robots! They also went in a chocolate factory and wanted to try at least some of it; they finished and went back home. They could not find their home it was taking so long; they didn't know if they were going to be home ever again.

They finally found their home and told their mum and dad they were finally safe. They put the time travelling watch in their room and they decided to not to not use it ever again. They had an idea to sell it for £5 so someone will buy it and have

an adventure like them. Before they could do it, it vanished. They could not find it anywhere. They didn't find it but it went back in time by itself. The boys went to the shop and got another time travel watch. They tried finding the time travelling watch. They bumped into a festival of a new queen, then went to a Robot Land then a Lego Land. They checked nearly all of them, but

still didn't find it. They stumbled into a war which was World War 2. They decided not to go up a time, to go down a time, they went down, down and down! They went to Roman time, not there. Greek time, still not there; they went to the Great Fire of London. They were struggling to find it. They searched until they found it, they went up in time, to their time and managed to sell it.

Aryan Vindhani
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Aliens on Earth



Once upon a time in a place called Zergy there lived three aliens called Boggle, Zergy and Erg. One day they were trying to build a colourful bright space ship because they wanted to get to big, red Mars. They were so excited they kept breaking the hard shiny parts but then their friend came along and she was so kind and she helped them. When they were finished, they got into their warm, cosy space ship and pressed a button, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 lift off! They flew high up into the bright sky. The golden lights started flickering. The aliens were shivering in fear. Right then they heard a crash, they all looked out off the glass window, that was the moment they saw they were at earth! They thought, 'where were they'? All of the three magical aliens were worried. Both of the aliens tried asking people how to get home but they just didn't understand

them. Boggle, Zergy and Erg all started crying. "What are we going to do?" they cried and cried heavily. They walked quietly and silently around but they thought it was hopeless they were never going home but just then they all saw lots of old rusty broken parts. They felt relieved! They said how are we going to make it if we just keep breaking parts! "We will work as a team", Erg said. Sleepily they built day and night. It was tiring but they did it! They built an amazing spaceship! All of them were filled with happiness. "It's time to go back to our own happy home" Zergy said. Zergy, Erg and Boggle got into the spaceship. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 off they flew into space. When they got back all their friends were waiting for them all. "Did you get to Mars"? "No, but we did land on earth." They all laughed!

The end.

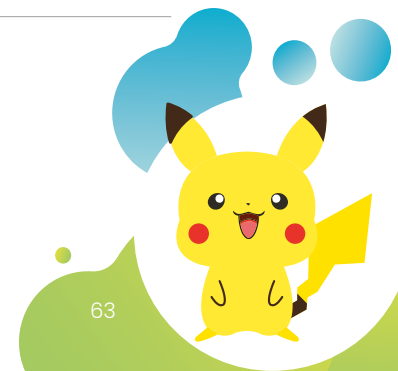
Phoebe Wright
Overdale Infant School
Year 2

The Crazy Pokémon Battle

I was watching TV and it was a new movie of Mewtwo Strikes Back. I was watching Mewtwo make a portal and I went to get my lemonade that was in front of the TV and the portal was actually real so it sucked me in quickly! I ran around looking for Ash. I started to jump on the bin, suddenly I ran down the pavement and I saw Ash walking around the corner so I said "hi" then he said he was going to the shop so I went in. I brought some chocolates and I got beamed so I ran back down the road. I walked into a forest thinking there would be somewhere good for a picnic. I found a good place with a big rock next to it and grass big enough for a picnic. I was terrified when I remembered Pokémon world because

a Pokémon that was moving in a bush could instantly attack so I took out my Charizard to fight it. It was crazy wild Pikachu that wanted a battle so I battled it. It was a long battle but in the end I won with a gigantamum Charizard! I ran out the forest but another wild Pokémon chased me. I left my chocolate and ran to Ash's house and I left my chocolate and the wild Tauros stayed there. I hid under Ash's bed and Ash asked why I was hiding under his bed. He said his stripey blue bed was comfiest thing in the world. I said a wild Pokémon was chasing me. I gave Ash my Charizard and he was very happy because he now had 2 Charizard, I jumped back out of the portal and finished watching TV.

Muhammad Ali Patel
Overdale Infant School
Year 2



THANK YOU

for taking the time
to read our stories

