

NEW WORLD



The 15th Elmbridge Literary
Competition 2019/2020

Winning and Highly Commended
Entries
8-11 Category

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NEW WORLD

Whether the first day at school, the start of a new job, the tenuous steps into a new life or a strange landscape of the imagination, to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the sailing of the Mayflower, this year's Elmbridge Literary Competition was looking for short stories and poems that explored new worlds.

Now in its 15th year and following the success of 2018's 'A Shiver Down the Spine', The Elmbridge Literary Competition was opening its entry criteria to national and international submissions. Run in partnership between The R C Sherriff Trust and Elmbridge Borough Council, it was open to all ages. Previous Competitions explored the following themes:

2005:	Cook Up A Story
2006:	On My Way
2007:	A Life In Colour
2008:	Once Upon A Time
2009:	A Symphony of Life
2010:	The Elmbridge 100
2011:	Breaking The Barrier
2012:	A Dickens of A Christmas
2013:	One Act Radio Play
2014:	Dear Diary
2015:	Flights of Fantasy
2016:	Love
2017:	Luck
2018:	A Shiver Down The Spine/Things That Go Bump In The Night

Category: 8-11 Years; Short Stories

1st Place: Land of Lasagne

by Arielle McLaren

This story is a world changing story so be prepared to hear the dreadful life of no school everyday, and the amazing Land of Lasagne.

Have you ever heard of a land made of yummy, yummy lasagne?

This is a land where the people eat their buildings. Each floor is a layer of pasta, cream and meat sauce, and the roofs are melted cheese. Carpenters make floors from grilled cheese and windows from cream sauce. The politicians only need to worry about making enough gyms so that no-one gets unhealthy, and the gyms are made from low fat lasagne. The teachers teach pasta history, and the farmers grow peas for the meat sauce.

Everyone is happy, friendly and kind to each other as none of them are ever hungry, but once, things went a bit bad.

There was an awful storm and huge waves, about 150 years ago. The Lasagna people thought a tsunami was being created by the people from nearby Swimming Land, where all the people there were doing a diving competition. But they were wrong.

There was another land where the people were always arguing about each others clothes and sometimes not even letting their smaller people go to school, This was the Land of Giants. The sea around the Land of Lasagne was being stirred up by a giant named Efering.

The other giants didn't allow him to go to school only because he was a small giant. Also, the other giants teased him about his shoes made from oak trees, and his waterproof jacket made from dried tar. He couldn't do any work as he didn't have any schooling so Efering couldn't reach his dreams of becoming a trampoline instructor, he had no money and was hungry all the time. He decided to leave the Land of Giants. First he read some dusty books and maps that showed how to make boots waterproof, how not to be bitten by mosquitoes using smelly leaves and interestingly things about other lands.

Swimming Land sounded fun, but a bit cold, and there was Phoneland where everyone held a fascinating box to their face to hear and see each other even when they were standing right next to each other. They didn't actually live their lives, they went from one amazing event to another and just took photos of them. Efering felt that this world wasn't for him, because they just took pictures of their food without actually eating very much, and he was hungry! There was School Land, where the parents go to school and teach each other's kids who never get a day off. This might sound like a cruel world, but to Efering it was exciting. He was banned from going to school and the only reason he could read the dusty books, is because giants have an ancient history of being born free readers and do beautiful art with black ink. But School Land was far away so he set off to the Land of Lasagne.

Efering waded into the sea with the maps and kept them dry under his tar jacket. He protected himself from mosquitoes above the sea with smelly leaves and from biting sharks under the water with waterproof boots. The sea came up to his shoulders, which is actually very deep because as a small giant, he was just over 24 meters tall. Eventually, the sharks stopped swimming around his legs and the sea started

changing colour. It got thicker and turned reddish brown. It smelled delicious. Then he felt the water slipping down his shoulders, then his chest and then eventually he was on land again.

And what a land it was! Buildings everywhere made from lasagne! He could see there had been damage caused by huge waves from the sea, but he didn't know that it was him that has caused the tsunami. Lots of the people were looking sadly at the damaged lasagne buildings, which looked tasty to Efering. Suddenly they noticed him and ran away horrified and screaming their heads off. It made Efering feel sad, but he was hungry! He grabbed the nearest beach hut and gulped it down in one mouthful! It was delicious, so he grabbed the fish market made from pasta cheese. He went tasting vegan farmhouse lasagnes, fashion shop diet lasagnes and full fat lasagnes made into barns and the houses of parliament.

Then he spotted a school. Oh yummy, yummy, the thing he couldn't have in the Land of Giants and here it was made of lasagne! He scooped it up in one handful and began eating it like a pizza. The school children were locked inside for safety so they ran scared to the edge of the school hall pressing against the window made from cream sauce. As Eferings bites came nearer and the school got smaller and smaller the kids were terrified! They screamed and screamed, but Efering couldn't hear them. He was crunching the most amazing mozzarella roof and slurping gorgeous meat sauce that ran out of the school library. As he popped the last piece into his mouth the children fell out of the windows. They ran around crazy and terrified, stamping on his tongue. All of a sudden this caused him the most enormous burp! All the children, their chairs and pencil cases came shooting out of Eferings mouth and landed safely in the park lake. Efering realised what he had done and began to speak.

He explained he needed food, that he wanted to learn and spend all day in school, that he was sorry he caused danger and that he didn't mean to eat the children.

The people realised they had the power to forgive Efering, They thought about all the things they enjoyed in their life and decided to help him achieve his dreams instead of punishing him. They sent him to school and in time Efering opened a trampoline business on his enormous tummy.

2nd Place: The Mysterious Case of A Doomed Goat

by Tyra Bebel

Jodie Myers hopped on the busy bus. It was only a fifteen-minute walk to work, but she overslept so she decided to take the bus instead to save time. She worked at her family business, 'Myers Zoo'. She was the head zookeeper there, and would continue working there until she retired, in which case her eldest daughter, Yasmin, would take over.

At the zoo, there were many animals such as tigers, Jodie's personal favourite, lions and giraffes, all of which piqued much interest. Today, though, Jodie was particularly looking forward to seeing the goats and their funny-looking cloven hooves. She reached the zoo fairly quickly and rushed over to her stack of paperwork. There, she found a rough script for her presentation on the goats that, checking her watch, she realised she should start in a minute.

She brushed her shirt to try to get rid of the visible creases, then called out, "If anyone wants to hear the presentation on goats, it's about to start!" People rushed over to where Jodie stood, and listened intently to her presentation.

"So, as you can see, this goat here looks similar to a child's size, about one and a half metres, right?" Jodie looked around to find her audience nodding in agreement. "Well, he's much heavier than them! This one's 83kg, and," touching his fur, "he _ _"

Jodie stopped abruptly as she felt fur on her hands. Had she accidentally taken some of the goat's fur off? Looking back at him, she realised she hadn't. Suddenly, she felt something strange growing from the top of her head. Feeling it, she realised what it was: *horns*.

She was transforming into a goat!

Petrified, Jodie abandoned her audience and ran away to get on the bus before she fully changed into a goat. Fortunately,

the bus was just approaching the stop, so she jumped on right away in the hopes that the driver wouldn't see her horns or hairy hands. With luck playing into her hands yet again, he was looking away as she hurried past so he didn't notice. She sat by the window at the back, trying to blend in as she metamorphosed into a goat. However, one passenger noticed and screamed:

“GOAT!!”

“Oh, no,” Jodie mumbled under her breath as she tried to rush out of the bus. The doors opened as the driver pulled up at the bus stop, and she sprinted out, now on all fours. She ran away from the busy London roads, away from the people, just somewhere where she could be alone to figure out how to become a human once more. The form of goat seemed so foreign to her - she wanted to change back at once but didn't know how to.

Once Jodie had found a quiet place, she sat down and thought hard for a moment. “If I touched a goat to become one, then...”

“Then...”

“Then I have to touch a human to become one again!” she triumphantly finished.

The goat bleated loudly and galloped to the crowded, chaotic London roads to try to touch a human and return to her normal self. However, everyone was alarmed and ran away at full speed, waving their arms wildly as they shrieked things like “GOAT!!” and “GET THIS NUISANCE TO A ZOO!”

Jodie Myers had never felt so alone; she was not used to being treated like this. She trotted down the street to her house, but found that she could not open the door with her hooves – she had to stay outside instead.

She slowly, silently sat down on the ground and thought, “There's no hope for me. I'm doomed! I'll be a goat forever and my family will be scared of me and I will never be able to finish that presentation on goats!”

But from the midst of people running away, one unafraid child stepped forwards. She bravely said, "I see who you are," and Jodie smiled as she said the last word: "Mum."

Jodie's younger daughter, Rachel, had come. Jodie had always thought she had special powers when it came to seeing animals' true hearts, and this confirmed the thoughts in her mind. When everyone ran away, Rachel came forth.

"Wait, how did you recognise me?" asked Jodie.

"Your eyes," Rachel laughed then asked, "How do we fix this?"

Jodie told her daughter about the idea on how to transform back to her human form, and Rachel nodded. "Well," she answered, "I'm always here for you," holding her hand out.

Jodie thanked her but was still tentative as she touched her daughter's hand, waiting for the transformation process to begin. She worried more and more as each second passed, and thought, "So, it's not happening? I'm stuck like this forever?"

But finally, she felt her horns shrinking and her hooves becoming more like human feet. "YES!" she cried jubilantly. "It worked!"

Her horns shrunk and shrunk until Jodie could feel them no more, and the annoying bleating noise she kept making finally ceased after one last dramatically loud sound. Gradually, she felt her own body again! "Thanks so much, Rachel!" she smiled.

30 years later

Yasmin rushed over to Myers Zoo, where she began her presentation on giraffes. "This six-metre giant has a long neck that accounts for a third of her height – it's nearly two metres alone!"

Touching the giraffe, she continued: "This neck helps –"

Yasmin was cut short when she felt her neck growing. As she looked at her hands, she realised she had spots similar to a giraffe's forming on her skin.

Shocked, she realised:

She was transforming into a giraffe!

3rd Place: Entering A Mystery

by Lexie Zieleznik

The little girl walked down the street, and suddenly came to a stop. Straight ahead, within a wall, she spied a door covered with twisted vines, half hidden as if amongst weeds. An old rusted doorknob beckoned her to try it. Expecting a slow, cranking movement, she was surprised that the door swung suddenly open revealing bright sunshine and bright green fields. The promise of a lovely new world beyond this strange entrance.

She stepped beyond the threshold and smelled the fresh, clean air. The landscape surrounding her was perfect. A new, clean world with sparkling skies and whispering white clouds untouched by pollution. Beautiful trees towered towards the clear skies and flowers danced delightedly in a gentle breeze. Nature in all its perfection. As she ventured further, Lily heard the birds sing a tune as mesmerising as listening to opera singers. She followed the path which daintily weaved along the fields, lined with fluffy white sheep and contented cows grazing in the long luscious grasses. At the end of the path was a golden bridge. Walking towards it, she wondered where it led to, as if in a trance.

As Lily cross the bridge she realised she was unable to look backwards. Her feet would only move forwards and was unable to stop, as she left the green fields behind the smog rolled in. Littered on the floor were junk food boxes and discarded sweet wrappers. No one seemed to be around. Was anybody here? Was anyone alive in this awful place? Not even the birds, bees or beasts seemed to inhabit this place. Her feet shuffled on leading her towards a mysterious wooden shack. The windows were broken. an old chimney bellowed puffs of yellow smoke

suggesting some kind of life within its gloomy walls. She thought she could hear shouts and cries, maybe gunshots. But she couldn't be sure as her eyes were stinging from the smog, her throat was constricted with the hideous gases seeping from the ground and she couldn't focus her hearing whilst all her senses were being drowned in despair.

Cautiously Lily opened the door of the decaying building. She could just make out a candle and some matches as she entered the threshold. Without thinking she lit the candle and recoiled in horror at the sight of over one thousand dead bugs in a pile in the corner. On one of the walls, the words 'DON'T STAY IN HERE' were scrawled, however she ignored it. Sitting down on the floor Lily noticed it was covered in grime, dirty and dusty and she edged further away from the bugs littered everywhere. Suddenly Lily felt a hand touch her shoulder. She looked back but nothing was there. It happened again. And again she felt the hand again and again, but nothing was there. Swiftly glancing back almost before the hand reached her Lily saw her mother as a zombie. Stifling a scream she lurched forward towards the door whilst the creature chasing at her heels.

Lily felt a searing pain in her head and the zombie-mother was reaching towards her. She ran towards the door and threw herself at its mercy. The door yielded and Lily managed to shake herself free of the demon. All around her was death and destruction. She could sense the world's madness. A depression ran through her veins like blood. The world's animals were dying. Children were starving. Wars were being fought with no end in sight. Bringing her hands to her head she struggled to understand what she could do to get out of this place.

'Lily! Lily! What are you doing? Have you tidied your room yet?'

With a jump Lily woke up. She slowly started to remember she had gone upstairs to do her homework and tidy her room but it felt really tired. The radio had been on and she'd fallen asleep listening to music and then the news had come on. No wonder she'd had such a hideous dream with Brexit, the climate crisis and various political crises, it was hardly ever easy to listen to the news anymore. But her dream, or her nightmare, had seemed so real. She couldn't shake that feeling that something needed to be done to find that beautiful world again. What a depressing thought that the only future is the one beyond that golden bridge.

Lily looked round her room. Perhaps her mum did have a point and she would have a tidy up. There were crisp packets and chocolate wrappers dotted across the floor like messy confetti. The six o'clock news chimed out and she caught occasional phrases 'doom' 'virus' 'environmental disaster'...Perhaps she should actually do something about it rather than simply tuning out and turning the news off.

With her litter bin in one hand, and a determined look on her face, for the first time in her life Lily felt a real sense of purpose. Right - time to save the world. But first...

'Mum - what are we having for dinner?'

Highly Commended: New Family, New Friends, New World

by Elise Schwengel

A tear ran gently down my cheek.
The memory of me screaming & crying was too much.
It wasn't that Mike & Kelly weren't nice.
They told me "It was for the best!"
But I just wasn't happy living with my foster family.

I was 5 or 6 years old when they took me away.
I remember loud knocking on the door. Dad opening the door
to 5 or 6 tall, muscular men in police uniform.

The men frightened me.
I hid behind my Mum, clinging tightly to her trousers.
She hustled my three younger brothers and myself into the
kitchen – as if to try and hide us.
I remember the policemen shouting at dad and telling him
"Move out of the way!" in harsh, gruff voices – trying to barge
past my Dad.
Mum grabbed my brothers and me and shoved us behind her,
frantically screaming: "You're trespassing, don't you know
that?"
The tallest policeman explained to Mum that they had a court
order to remove the children. Though at the time I didn't really
understand what that meant.
"No, no, they are mine, you can't take them." Mum pleaded
desperately.
The next thing that happened was the policemen asking Mum
and Dad to have a chat. They went into the living room
together.
But I listened through the keyhole.

I could hear crying, firm words and arguing.

“Please, please. I beg you. Let us keep them. They are ours.” I heard Dad beg.

“No, please, please.” muttered Mum.

It was obvious she was crying properly now.

The officer explained gently that they would be taking us – the children to a foster family. And that we would be well looked after.

“No” Mum and Dad chorused softly together.

They were sad. I was sad too and frightened.

“We’ve done nothing wrong, honestly!” cried Mum through choked tears.

“The court has come to the decision that there is enough evidence to take the children into care.” stated the officer. I remember him having a soft Scottish accent.

Silently I stepped away from the door.

My brothers and I were separated, because they couldn’t find foster carers to take all of us. I missed them.

I was moved and moved again. I had lived with eleven foster families before I started living with Mike and Kelly.

Mike suddenly appeared – telling me dinner was ready. I went into the kitchen. Kelly had set the table. We ate - in silence.

The half-term holidays had just been, now it was “Back to school”.

I hated school!

I was always changing schools.

Why couldn’t I just have stayed with my parents, stayed at the same school. I missed my Mum and Dad; I missed my friends and everyone I knew. I can’t remember them perfectly now, but I still miss them.

I had never been to this school before. But Kelly said, "It was a good school." She had been there herself. Mike agreed.

I stepped into the classroom. Everyone stared at me.

I went red and felt like running off into the distance.

"Hello there. How are you, lovely?" a kind looking, plump lady asked me.

"I'm fine.", I replied nervously though I was anything but.

"I'm Mrs McKenzie. Welcome to my class!" and she showed me to my seat.

The day went by quicker than expected and soon I was "home" again.

"So, did you have a good day? Make many friends?" enquired Kelly hopefully.

"Oh yeah, I have got loads of friends." I lied. In reality no one had spoken to me all day.

Time sped by. Already it was the holidays again.

School was better. I had made one friend, an unpopular girl with an eye patch, glasses and braces. She might not have been pretty on the outside, but on the inside, she was beautiful & kind. My Gracie-Jane.

Mike and Kelly took me on holiday. I had never been on holiday before. Cornwall - to me - was the most beautiful place in the world with its' sunny beaches and windy cliffs.

For the first time in a very long time I felt happy.

I still missed my parents and brothers. I knew they loved me but were not able to look after me properly.

Mike and Kelly may not be my real family, but they feel like "Home" now.

New family. New friends. New world.

Highly Commended: A New World

by Natasha Truesdale

“T-minus 3...2...1...Ignition...Lift off for the NASA 3030 Jupiter Mission!” announced the Houston flight controller. “Commander Williams, Pilot Clarke, are you receiving? Over,” he asked.

“Receiving loud and clear, over,” came a muffled, crackly voice from the speaker.

Already thousands of miles away, two hard-working women were celebrating.

“We’re finally doing it!” Commander Esme Williams exclaimed joyfully, her toes tingling with excitement.

“I can’t wait to place my foot on another planet!” Pilot Isla Clarke said animatedly – and then frowned.

“Wait, what’s that? The crimson light on your panel. Is that normal?” asked Williams.

“It means we’ve lost communications with the flight controller. We will have to terminate the mission. I’ll take over manual control. Leave it to me,” replied Clarke. “Buckle up, this could be a bumpy ride!”

Clarke turned off the Auto-Navigator. “Right, the nearest planet for a safe landing is...74 light years away, but it’s unexplored...”

“Until today!” interrupted Williams. “Let’s go.”

With Clarke at the controls, the NASA rocket roared off to its new destination.

“You’re right, this is a v-v-v-ery b-b-bumpy r-r-ride...” Williams said through gritted teeth, feeling unwell and jolting around in her seat.

BOOM! CRASHHH!

“Aaaaaaaahhhh....!!” they both screamed.

They had landed on a foggy, fuchsia planet. Williams opened the emergency hatch. It was as hot as a sauna, but the astronauts could not see anything because of the bright pink haze. The terrain was crumbly and fizzy underfoot and smelled so strongly that it made them both sneeze.

“Where are we?” Clarke wondered.

“Seems to be a giant bath bomb, you do pick them,” replied Williams, glaring at her pilot.

“Let’s go further into the fog and see if we find anything interesting,” suggested Clarke anxiously.

The two astronauts walked nervously into the murky blanket of magenta mist, arms outstretched. Their fingertips brushed on something cold...

“A window?” cried Williams, feeling around and finding a door.

The astronauts walked into a grimy, cramped building. A group of weird creatures crouched inside some sort of conference room. The monsters were so wrapped up in conversation that they did not hear or see the astronauts!

“Belogorofugla!” In the centre of the grubby discussion room they saw a squat, sky-blue monster with one tired-looking eye and dozens of yellow tentacles sticking out of his round bottom, talking to a group of orange aliens with spikes on their knees and shoulders.

“I think we need to turn on our Translators,” Clarke whispered. They both fiddled with their communications devices and crept into a filthy storeroom to the right of the meeting room to listen in.

“Ah, there we go, I can understand the aliens now!” said Williams, relieved. But their relief soon turned to alarm.

“What?! They’re saying something about invading Earth! Why? We HAVE to stop them!” said Williams urgently.

“How on Earth will we do that?” asked Clarke, adjusting her helmet.

Williams took a deep breath, opened the door of the antechamber, and walked confidently into the conference room.

A thousand and one alien eyes stared at them in amazement.

“What are you and what do you want?” demanded the blue alien. “They call me Zagabob, the leader of Planet Witterzog. Identify yourselves!”

“I am Commander Isla Williams from the North American Space Agency on Planet Earth, and this is Pilot Esme Clarke,” Williams informed Witterzog. “Why do you want to invade Earth? Our forests are burning, a thick ring of pollution has taken over the air, our seas and oceans are full of plastic and all our oil and coal was depleted years ago!” she exclaimed.

“Well...we didn't know that,” Zagabob confessed, his eye finding its way to the floor. “Life on Earth must be hard with that level of pollution,” he sighed. “This planet was beautiful once, but we poisoned it thousands of years ago and now we need to move on,” he said sadly. “But not today. My people, I have an announcement!”

Zagabob introduced Clarke and Williams, and explained what they had said. Most of the aliens agreed that they should not invade Planet Earth, but some protested, chanting “Invade!! Invade!! Invade!!”

Zagabob held firm. “We have made a mistake here. There is no point invading a dying planet.” At last the room fell quiet.

“I think we have the technology to fix your spacecraft,” Zagabob reassured the astronauts. “Go back to your world and tell them about Witterzog. Maybe Earth can learn from our mistakes.”

Humans and aliens worked hard through the day on the spacecraft, rose smog circling their heads whilst sweat ran down their brows and spikes. Finally the repairs were finished.

“Farewell, Zagabob, and thank you!” Commander Williams shouted over her shoulder as she got back into the cockpit.

“No, thank you, and good luck!” Zagabob smiled warmly. “I hope they get home safely,” he thought as the rocket blasted off.

Back in the spacecraft, Williams and Clark watched blue Planet Earth get larger and larger through the cockpit windows as they returned home.

“We may have saved Planet Earth from aliens,” remarked Clarke, “But now we have a new mission. To save Planet Earth from ourselves.”

THE END

Highly Commended: Inside Out My Body

by Jessica Gunstone

In hidden special village called Cliffe woods on Blue Berry lane lived a girl called Katie. Katie was ill so today so she couldn't go on her school trip to the museum. She was snuggled up on the sofa with her pet dog Wilson lying her on lap. Wilson was normally jumpy and playful but because Katie was ill, he was too sad to play. Katie decided to take a nap. As soon as she fell asleep, Wilson started to bark loudly. Katie patted Wilson gently on the head and said, "What's the matter Wilson?"

She opened one eye. All she could see was darkness. She opened the other eye. It was pitch black. "Maybe I'm having a dream." But she tried as hard as she could but could not wake up. Katie saw a little crack of light in the distance. Wilson barked again, probably telling her not to go towards it but Katie just said "How dangerous can it be, Wilson?"

She crept towards the light and peered through it. She noticed that it was her living room. "It can't be real!" said Katie. "I'm inside my mouth. Oh no!"

They took two steps backwards and Katie slipped on the wet, slimy tongue and fell down the throat. "AAAAHHHH!" Wilson fell down after her. They found themselves in the stomach. "Maybe we should climb up the throat to the brain?" So they did.

When they were climbing they heard a deep laughing noise. "Who is that?" said Katie. The noise got louder. They hung onto the throat in case they fell down again. "Who are you?" said Katie.

"I'm your throat."

“Now I know I’m dreaming!” said Katie. They sat there for hours and hours talking about what was going on. Katie asked him what he was angry for. It was because he didn’t like his job anymore. Katie told him how important his job was and he understood Katie. They said good bye.

Katie kept climbing and climbing until they were tired and had a break. They talked about the plan but Wilson couldn’t talk so he barked. After a while they started to climb again. When they got to the brain, they saw it was a funny colour. It was bright blue. Slowly, it started to change into a pink colour. “That’s more like it!” cheered Katie. “Maybe because the throat didn’t like his job so that’s why the brain was an angry colour and that’s why I had a headache and a sore throat.”

Katie crawled to the mouth and through the teeth. She was carrying Wilson under her arm. They climbed down the other side and fell asleep. When she woke up, she was in her own house on the sofa and she didn’t have a headache or a sore throat. She was much better.

Commended: Do You Believe In Extraordinary Flying Fish

by Oliver Atha

Do you believe in extraordinary flying fish? Well you will now because three boys had the most extraordinary adventure together with an unearthly fish that flies the skies of the deadly seas.

Two days ago, the boys all awoke to an echo on a spooky beach which was covered in dark squelchy sand. They could smell the salty sea air every time they took a breath. The annoying squawking seagulls broke the calmness of the quiet beach.

Oliver who was the captain of the group gathered his friends to search for organic matter so they could build a shelter. Joseph his good friend brought some chocolate so that Raphael would follow. Raphael who is the oldest member of the group was also the most scared. He would only follow if there was chocolate around.

The boys searched frantically in the woods for materials before darkness fell. As they searched, they found a speed boat stuck behind a tree. It looked very old because it had been there for 100 years and it was covered in cobwebs and spiders.

The next day, after a broken sleep, Joseph and Oliver found a rusty old treasure chest which was in the dirty sand beside the trees. "Look Joseph I have found a treasure chest with lots of tools" shouted Oliver. The toolbox was as rusty as an old stove, but it had useful tools in it. When Oliver found a rusty axe at the bottom of the box a super idea struck him. "Ooh we can chop the tree down now" thought Oliver. They also found a legendary ancient map hidden in a secret, unfound compartment, which

showed them an island called Deathly Hallows Island. It was a very dangerous mission but the map showed that it was a risk, but they needed to go and find the very rare Helifish.

Carefully Oliver hit the tree and the boat fell down rapidly with bump. Joseph looked at the boat cautiously and said to Oliver "it only needs a new propeller, it should only take a few minutes". After three minutes the boys pushed the sandy boat into the salty water and set off on an extraordinary adventure...

The boys were very excited, their smiles were so big that they were as big as an elephant. They sailed for seventy hours over stormy seas which made them feel even more excited, soaring fast through the pummelling waves. Each man had turns of being on guard looking out for other battleships before they attacked them and also tsunamis and dangerous, destructive tidal waves.

The next day they realised that they were sailing into the dreadful Bermuda triangle, this was more dreadful than the devil! They headed North for the triangle top and looked for Deathly Hallows Island. They found a gigantic, colossal giant defending the castle in the middle of the island. The castle was crushed onto the destructive volcano of doom.

Hidden in the depths of the volcano was the extraordinary flying fish. It was dark red with bright green larva laser beams blasting out of its eyes. Its helicopter fins make the fish swim faster than a cheetah.

Eventually, the boys reached the deadly island. They were feeling brave and determined until a huge massive foot stepped right out in front of them. Finally, the boys figured out that the

big foot belonged to the big monster . The boys looked at each other with shocked faces and whispered, “What are we doing here?!” They threw a stone all the way over to the other side of the island to distract the monster. The monster grumbled” Yo Ho Ho I smell human blood, who goes there?”

The second the monster heard the stone, he lumbered slowly over to the other side of the island and the boys ran as fast as the speed of sound to the volcano. Suddenly, the extraordinary flying fish rose from the hot, flaming lava. When the helifish flew to the top Joseph shouted “ quick grab on to my hand”, and they set off with the helifish flying high in the sky on their way home.

The next thing Joseph knew he was waking up in his bed. Was it all a dream?...

Commended: New World

by Ebelechukwu Ezeuko

I've always dreamed of being magical. When I was little, I used to play all sorts of mermaid or fairy games with my best friend Ellie. I still like to play those games, but Ellie thinks pretend games are babyish now, so I keep it a secret. Ellie thinks a lot of things I like are babyish now. I think it has something to do with Rose. Ever since she came to our school last term, she and Ellie have been inseparable and I've been pushed out on the edge.

It all started one Saturday morning when Rose, Ellie and I were in the park. Ellie's real name is Giselle, but Rose calls her G. Rose was doing Ellie's nails whilst she talked non-stop. I wasn't really listening to what she was saying.

Suddenly, I saw a small flash of light and heard a tinkling sound. I stood up and walked to the nearby railings.

"Do you like Blue, Cindy?" Ellie looked at me. My real name's Lucinda but Ellie's called me Cindy ever since we first met in Reception. We were as close as anything back then. We still would be if Rose hadn't messed things up.

"Blue what?"

"Don't you know anything?" Rose said scornfully. "Blue's a really cool new band and they've just released this amazing song called Colour." She started humming something, which was probably the Colour song because Ellie joined in. Another flash caught my eye and I leaned over the railings to see where it was coming from.

"What're you looking at, Cindy?" Ellie asked.

"I thought I saw a flash of light; I think it might be magic!"

"Only babies believe in magic," Rose said. Then she sighed.

"This park is so boring. Come on G, let's go to my house."

Ellie agreed to this and they walked off together, arm-in-arm. I called after them to wait for me, but they ignored me. I decided to take a shortcut through the forest so I could meet up with them, but I ended up getting lost. I was sitting on a log, trying not to cry when I noticed a small, dark blue box decorated with stars on the floor. I opened it and inside was a lilac butterfly necklace and a tiny roll of parchment. The necklace looked very pretty so I put it on and squinted at the miniscule writing on the parchment.

“Mountains and forests, wind and sea, take me where I’m meant to be.”

In an instant, I was transported to a small village with cottages built from white pebbles and thatched roofs. The grass was emerald green and dotted with a rainbow of flowers from red roses to sweet-smelling lavender sprigs. The sky was a beautiful sapphire and the tinkling sound I’d heard back in the park was louder, clearer. It was a laugh.

Two girls came up to me, smiling. They both had long, curly hair but one was purple-black and the other was white.

“You must be Lucinda,” the lighter-haired girl said.

“How do you know my name?” I asked, completely baffled.

“Let’s just say we’ve been expecting you,” the other one said.

“I’m Petal and this is my best friend Lotus. Do you know where you are?”

I shook my head.

“I’m really glad you were able to get here: I was worried that my handwriting on the parchment was too small. Come inside my house,” Petal gestured towards the nearest cottage. “We’re having nettle soup for tea and Mother always makes extra.”

I wasn’t too keen on the prospect of nettle soup, but Petal was so kind and friendly that I didn’t want to be rude. The soup didn’t taste too bad but the chocolate cake that Petal’s mum made was heavenly. Whilst I was there, Petal introduced me to her seven sisters and told me a bit more about The Land of Fey.

That was where I was. She told me about how my strong belief in magic hadn't gone unnoticed by the Fairy Queen, May, and that my necklace gave me magical powers. She told me about the Enchan-Tree and how they had gotten the transportation spell from him.

When I heard that I could do spells too I was so excited. Lotus taught me how to cast them and I made so many sweets and biscuits appear I almost flooded Petal's room. I made lots of enormous bubbles that the three of us had great fun popping. That's when I decided that I wanted to stay in The Land of Fey. It was perfect here. There was no Rose to tease me and Lotus and Petal were perfect friends.

However, when I told them about this, they looked at each other gravely.

"Lucinda," Lotus said. "If you don't go home today, the Enchan-Tree won't let you go back into the human world until the next full moon. It's quite complicated. You have to transport out to be allowed the freedom in and out whenever you like."

"I know that you find magic cool," Petal said, putting an arm around me. "But you'll be able to use it whenever you wear your necklace. Is a little bit of magic worth giving up everything?"

I, of course, realised that they were right and after another slice of Petal's mother's chocolate cake, Lotus and Petal took me to the Enchan-Tree and I was transported home.

I was a bit disappointed but that changed when Ellie came around with a box of my favourite chocolates to say sorry for leaving me on my own. We shared the chocolates together in my room and it felt just like old times.

Magic is amazing but I think friendship is even better.

Commended: I Thought Nothing of It

by Ada Lowrie

It wasn't my fault. I pleaded, but the judge didn't listen; he called the case closed and shouted 'guilty!' The sound of the gavel hitting the table rang out in my ears, and made me feel dizzy.

Two guards ran towards me and led me out of the stuffy room. It felt different in the prison, almost dangerous. All I kept thinking about was that jewellery set, the rubies and emeralds twinkling in the light of the moon. How could she do that to me? My best friend!

It was my nineteenth birthday. My best friend, Kimi and I were going out for dinner and then going to a bar.

After our meal, I went to pay and Kimi said that she was going to look for a gift for me. I paid and sent her a text. She told me that she had found me a present, so I should meet her outside the restaurant in ten minutes. I thought nothing of it but didn't know what was to come in the next seven days. I met Kimi outside and she told me she was going to give me the present after "it" had happened. "What had happened?" I asked myself, but again thought nothing of it. I went to the toilet and Kimi said that she would look after my bag, and again, I thought nothing of it. When I went outside there were three police cars pulled up. The bright blue lights of the cars made me feel sick to my stomach. A couple of officers stepped out of the cars; I pinched my arm but this wasn't a dream. They told me to raise my arms above my head and asked me if I was armed. I shook my head reluctantly. A female officer told me that they had the right to search me and that I was suspected of an armed robbery. They grabbed my bag and searched through it. To my disbelief, they pulled out a jewellery set and a small black gun. I started to sweat profusely and their questions swam around in my head like tiny fishes in a huge ocean. The next thing that I remember,

I was standing as still as a statue with handcuffs locked tightly around my wrists.

The officer guided me into the vehicle and drove off. I could hear the muffled sound of the policeman talking into his radio. We got to the station and I was asked questions, still getting over the fact I had just been arrested and suspected of armed robbery. I stayed silent. "We *know* you did it. Now if you tell the truth, you may not be sentenced to as long if you do So..." asked the stern policewoman.

I stammered but spoke loudly "it wasn't me, I'm telling the truth!" She said nothing but gave me a cold stare and led me to my cell. She slammed the door and brought out a large bundle of keys, butterflies flew around in my stomach as I heard the key turn.

The cell's walls were a shade of discoloured cream, paint peeling of them. It smelt musty and stale as if many other people had been there. There was a solitary chair that sat isolated in one corner, one bunk bed and a scratched oak table.

As I looked around the room I realised that there was someone sitting on the top bunk, I thought I was alone, but obviously not. Her cold, dark eyes stared straight at me. She had blunt chestnut brown hair and an eyebrow piecing. She had thin, cracked lips, which did not look like she had smiled much.

"What the hell you lookin at."

Well she didn't seem nice but this is my life now, my world, my harsh new reality...

Commended: The Abandoned House

by Shavini Nawarathne

I was bored with the silly games the others were playing. A pathway, almost hidden by the long grass, caught my eye. The surrounding wilderness was slightly overgrown, but it looked interesting, more interesting than playing "it".

Just above the treeline, a tower-like cone protruded. Keeping an eye on the tower, I stumbled through the increasing wilderness, which became denser. Trees were closer together, branches twisted and stretched, creating an impossible, green, thorny barrier.

I looked at the dark tangled maze in front of me, noticing tunnels and secret paths made by animals. Staring into the eerie greenish gloom, I saw a tunnel which I could possibly fit through. Pushing through the shrubs and trees, tripping over brambles and roots, branches grasped at my ankles like bony fingers, and I felt hot and sweaty as I wriggled into an open clearing.

In front of me, there was an ancient wall with thick, gnarled fingers of ivy on which hung rags of cobwebs. Set into the wall was a neglected wrought iron gate, covered in patches of orange mould. Sun and rain had battered the old gate, leaving it pock-marked, pitted and dilapidated. On closer inspection, I traced round the intricate flowers, leaving a blob of dust on my finger. I then heaved with all my might, but the gates screeched, forbidding my entrance.

Looming through the gates was a derelict house. Clearly, it had once been a very grand manor, but now it sat there, looking melancholy. My gaze swept over the imposing house, noticing the tall, arched windows, gaping in their rotting frames. The round steps that led up to the main entrance, were now grey and grimy from years of dirt and twigs blown upon them. Everything seemed lifeless; surely nobody would live here?

Yet I could imagine lights blazing from every window, guests enjoying a fantastical party, music drifting into a warm evening... Jolted from my reverie, my spine was shivering. Out of the corner of my eye, I had seen a shadow.

It was there. It was. It was. It was!

I was traumatised and froze on the spot. What was that? As I stood there, I made my choice and ran. Through the empty clearing, barren and bare, right into the mass of jade, which I had passed through earlier, as it turned into a puzzle. My leg stung from a harsh scratch on a thorny branch, as I darted through the trees to the camp. I knew that I was safe as I applied a dressing to my wound, but there was one thing on my mind. The shadow.

Commended: Georgia and The Dolphins

by Georgina Roberts

There was once a 11 year old girl called Georgia. Georgia loved dolphins. "Mum can we go to the beach now, it's just down the road!" said Georgia. "All right, all right, calm down Georgia", her mum said. "Bye Dad, see you later!" Yelled Georgia. "Bye Georgia! Have an exciting time!", yelled her Dad back. Georgia and her mum set off down the road. "I'm going to explore", Georgia said. "Ok but don't go too far", said her Mum. But it was too late Georgia had already started to run off to the beach. When she had not gone far she heard a sort of squeaking noise so she went to see what it was. It was a baby dolphin. "Aww, so cute – I think I'm going to call you Charlotte, or Lottie for short. Oh my gosh, you've got stuck on the beach," whispered Georgia. She ran back to her mum as fast as she could. When she came back, she had a whole army of people. They all wanted the dolphin to be safe and sound. One of the people said "I'll call WWF WaterHelp, they'll soon fix the poor thing up."

"I'm sure we could do it ourselves," said Georgia. "But we'll have to work together," Georgia's Mum added. So they all tried and tried and in the end they managed to lift the dolphin and managed to put it back in the sea. "Bye Lottie, I'll miss you," said Georgia.

The next day Georgia went to the same spot where she had seen the baby dolphin. And there she was bobbing in the sea. "Please can you help me?" squeaked the baby dolphin. "Of course I'll help, what for?" Georgia said. "Thank you, I'm a jewel dolphin, my name is actually Ruby, my sister is very special, she is the queen, her name is Amethyst." "Cool" Georgia said. "Please don't tell anybody" squeaked Ruby. "Don't worry I won't tell" promised Georgia. "Then hold on to my fin." Ruby

squeaked. "Um ok why?" Georgia asked puzzled. "Who cares just hold on tight," Ruby said. "Why?" demanded Georgia. "Huh" sighed Ruby. "I'm going to take you to my home." said Ruby. "That's just cool" Georgia said. So Georgia did what Ruby said. "This may seem a little strange" squeaked Ruby. Georgia gulped. She had never been underwater before. The dolphin placed her flipper over Georgia's face. Georgia felt strange but safe at the same time. Together they dived under the waves into the deep water. In the distance they saw Amethyst's palace. It looked incredible made of shells and coral with seaweed too. "That is where I live," said Ruby. "It's amazing" breathed Georgia. "come on Georgia we need to talk" wisped Ruby. "Ok why?" Asked Georgia puzzled. "Just follow me" Ruby said. Ruby led the way. "Stop right there" said a cold voice which Ruby knew. "Amethyst," Ruby called softly. "Rubes" said Amethyst. "What are you doing here? And who is this?" said Amethyst pointing a fin at Georgia. "Oh Am this is Georgia, Georgia this is Am". "Get out of here it's not safe" said Amethyst. "Am that's why I brought Georgia here, to help" said Ruby. "What's going on? Georgia said. "Oh Georgia we need help" said Ruby crying. "The sea is moving the shells of our home!" "Don't worry, I can help you," said Georgia. "My hands can fix it." Georgia moved the shells that fell and were on the sand and put them back on the castle. She moved some seaweed and plastic bottles too. The two dolphins flipped and swam with joy. Their home was saved from the danger. "Thank you thank you thank you!" cried Amethyst and Ruby. "That's OK," said Georgia. "I like it here. Thank you for bringing me." The dolphins gave Georgia a shell to keep and took her back. Georgia waved goodbye to her new sea friends.

Commended: Invader

by Mengmeng Wang

As Adam Steward dropped steadily into the darkness, the sweltering Caribbean heat was replaced by the cool silence of the deep. He spoke to the in-built microphones” Bob, you copy me, over?”

“loud and Clear, over”

“Why do the Chinese always build these things so cramped? I can hardly breathe!”

“Well, you volunteered for this wild goose chase!” laughed bob

“Anyway, leave Navcom* to do the hard work.

Just make yourself comfortable and watch the view!”

Adam was stunned by the beauty of the tropical oceans. There were coral, turtles, jellyfish, fish of every size and colour.

As the *Curiosity* softly descended from the twilight zone to the pitch black of the midnight realm, where the creatures that never saw the sun lived, he watched in sick fascination as an angler fish lured its next oblivious meal towards its monstrous jaws.

“If I were the fish, I wouldn’t take the bait,” he thought to himself as the prey was gruesomely devoured.

His mind had just started to wander into daydreams of deep-fried oysters and cold beer, when the tremor hit. Adam felt like a badminton shuttlecock being smashed around by giant racquets.

“Bob! Do you read me?”

Static. Suddenly, the lights went out. Adam was submerged in a void of darkness.

When the shaking stopped, Adam activated the emergency lighting. Without warning, Navcom reported.

“Strange radio signals detected. Should I follow?”

“Yes” replied the slightly shaken Adam.

As the vessel turned, strange lights of all colours started flashing outside and Adam smelt the unpleasant stench of burnt plastic. The on-board computer systems were toast. "Great," Adam mumbled "first, I lose communications, then I lose radar. What next, Aliens?"

Then it hit him. Dozens of strange looking vessels that resembled angler fish were floating in the water. "Aliens!" He immediately pulled the mini sub out of sight. He steered the ship around the alien ships to get a good look at what the ships were guarding. As Adam silently drove inside the circle of the vessels, he saw a gigantic alien base in the middle of the defensive position.

Suddenly, a circular opening appeared on one side, Adam took a deep breath, and steered the ship inside. There weren't any aliens in sight so Adam activated Navcom's humanoid body and crept towards the end of the hallway. Suddenly, two laser turrets swiveled out of the wall and started to shoot at him. Adam darted across the hall, trying his best to avoid the lasers. Amazingly, he managed to cross the hall in one piece. As he turned around the passage, more turrets sprang into action. He ducked and dived, avoiding the beams that spurted out from every side. At the end of the passage, there was a door. Adam ran like he never ran before, as he got closer and closer to the door, a laser blasted a dent into the metal floor, and Adam stepped into it, tripped. Another laser was zooming towards him. It was as if the world had gone into slow motion, he could see the reflection of the beam on every wall. He sensed movement to his left, Navcom dived over his body, the laser bouncing harmlessly off the titanium outer shell, as they approached the door, it slid open. Behind the door was a large circular room with a long metallic silver antenna pointing out the middle.

The antennae seemed to radiate a harsh green light that was steadily getting brighter and brighter, as soon as Adam set foot

into the room, the antennae started to twitch violently towards him and begun emitting a high pitch sound, a bit like the sound when the steam is let out of a kettle. From his experiences, this happens when electronics explode. Adam didn't hesitate. He screamed,

"Navcom, destroy the antennae!"

as he turned around and sprinted as fast as his legs could carry him towards the docked submersible. As soon as he was strapped in the small tightly packed control room he started to frantically activate the vehicle's systems, as he finally got out of the doomed building, he propelled off at top speed, then, "KABOOM"

The base detonated, sending shards of green metal and rock hurtling off in all directions. All he could do was watch as the outer metal plates of the submersible were shredded by the debris, sending jets of murky water spurting out in the inside. Adam tried to deploy a escape pod, but a piece of metal had damaged the release clamps, with no more options, he decided to take his chances, he opened the escape hatch, inhaled deeply, and jumped into the darkness. As he shot towards the sunlight at breakneck speed he felt an agonizing pain in his body, He had got the dreaded bends. It was as if his bones were on fire, his skin was peeling right off his muscle, thirty meters, twenty meters, ten meters, as his hand broke surface he fell unconscious from lack of oxygen.

Adam woke in a small white compartment with a circular window at one end. People outside were watching his every move, the one shouted,

"He's awake!" as soon as he got out Bob pulled him aside and made him tell the experience from start to end. When he finished, Bob said, "very well, I shall contact the department of defence immediately."

With that he led him to his quarters, on the way Bob asked, "Well? So How do you feel?"

Now only thinking of his soft, fluffy bed Adam truthfully answered, "I feel like I could sleep for a week."

*A robot's name.

Commended: The Elephant

by Peter Brown

Gracefully swaying in the wind, battalions of regimented grass surrounded the sun-washed hills. The dry cracked ground cried for water. Fountains of spindly branches burst up everywhere, their roots in search of water. Gazelles danced in the scorching sun. Birds ruled the skies, swooping and diving.

Suddenly, one of the gazelles darted into the yellow shrubbery and disappeared. The rumbling engine of an ancient zebra car destroyed the peace and zoomed over the horizon into the golden meadow. Like Mexican waves, cameras flashed, catching the stunning wildlife of the Savannah. One boy, eager to catch a glimpse of the beautiful African wildlife, leaned out too far. Crash! He backflipped out of the vehicle, his head slamming like a meteorite onto the rough dirt. The lights went out. Taking no notice of what had happened, the mob of eager tourists drove off with a bang as the engine groaned again. The shadows got long then the heat of the day was replaced by a night as black as coal. Unaware, the boy lay motionless.

The cool darkness was soon replaced by blistering heat. I awoke. Kicking my huge legs, I used all my might to get up. Flapping wildly, like a carpet being banged, dust and bugs erupted from my ears. Plodding gracefully, I stomped my way through the curtain of greenery, swinging my trunk like the pendulum of a grandfather clock. Charging excitedly, I waded into the cold murky lagoon.

Splashing and splashing, I squirted water over myself using my floppy hose. My smooth tree trunk like legs sunk into thick, watery mud. The fresh, cooling water felt wonderful!

A group of giraffes stood quietly next to me, sipping the murky water. I sprayed the gooey mud onto my sunburnt back, protecting me from the fierce rays of the sun. Hidden in the water, I could sense the presence of a mighty hippo, as he wallowed in the water. He was like a giant submarine on an underwater mission.

In the distance, vultures were enjoying a delectable dinner, feasting on the rotting carcass of a zebra. The stench was horrendous! Flies buzzed excitedly around it like a swarm of bees. As I stomped through the unfamiliar landscape, I reached up to the sea of greenery with my long Hoover tube.

Commended: Dream In The Forest

by Rian Shah

Thomas entered the library ready to get in trouble again by yet another mean teacher for being late . "That is a minute Thomas! Late again! "Shouted Mrs Laki.

Thomas nodded slowly as he plunged onto the blue comfy beanbag in the reading cave.

"Only half an hour left until I can get home and play Sword and Switch on my Nintendo," thought Thomas sullenly.

At last he started reading, 'Pollution in the world' by David Shah. It compared living in the lush countryside where the air was fresh and clean and the city with all its dirty pollution. His brown eyes began to droop as he continued reading.

The life around him was fading into a dark shade of black. Slowly his eyes fluttered open. It felt like midnight had come early, ready to attack the world. Then light appeared. It felt like good overpowered evil, but the place was not the same. There were not red pods rolling around but tiny squirrels scampering around the leaf covered floor. There were no tall bookcases but thin tall oak trees. There was no thick red carpet but a thick layer of red mud. There were no pictures of a forest in the library but ...then it hit him. This was a forest! It all fitted. The smell of wet gloppy mud was sucked through his nostrils like a vacuum. The branches, that were covering him from the scorching sun were reaching for the sky . This place was like a hidden side of the world.

Suddenly from the corner of his eye Thomas spotted a grey furred wolf perched on a rock, about ten metres away.

"Oh no!" thought Thomas as fear filled his rigid body, "It could kill me!"

He needed to scream, but no sound no came out of his dry mouth and his body shook like a leaf

The wolf licked its lips, howled loudly and then it darted towards him. It looked like lightening flashing on the ground. He had to get away. As quick as he could he ran, ran for his life. Luckily here in the clear air of the forest he ran faster than he had at school. Faster and faster, he ran and ran until he found a graveled pathway leading to an old tumbled down cottage. He heard the hungry wolf' s breath behind him. Maybe he could lose the wolf if he could get inside the cottage, but what if there was something worse waiting for him inside, so he closed his eyes and he turned the silver handle on the rotting door, but as he did a strange voice echoed around.

Thomas' eyes opened.

"Do not sleep in my lesson! That is another minute! Get out of my library!" Mrs Laki shouted loudly. Rubbing his eyes with one hand, he looked down at the other hand and saw that he was still holding a silver door handle. His heart was beating even faster than it had been when he had been running from the wolf. How did he have this and what had happened to the cottage and forest? His eyes widened as a wolf howled, but how could there be a wolf in the library?...

Commended: Back To the War

by Yash Kotecha

Vijay and Abisheck were at a firework display at their School in N01thwood. The brothers loved going to the firework display each year. As they watched the Catherine Wheel, suddenly, to their horror the firework escaped from its stick and hurtled towards them. "Duck!" Screamed Vijay

"What was that?" Asked Abisheck "Look!" a cannon whizzed past them, which had 'Hitler' printed on it.

"Where are we?" Exclaimed Abisheck. "I don't think we are in Northwood" replied Vijay. Vijay and Abisheck were really anxious. They looked around them to see if they could find some clues as to where they are.

They saw an old man sitting on a bench and walked over to him.

"Excuse me," asked Abisheck, "Who are you and what's the date today?" "Me names Windsor Harrison an' the date is 26th May 1945."

They were in the middle of a war.

They were shell shocked, how could this have happened.

"Where do you live son," asked Windsor

"We live in N01thwood, 2019," replied Vijay

"Hmmm," said Windsor "Come with me,". They followed him to an old house which was called Little Bees. Cautiously, Windsor stepped inside. The boys followed apprehensively. Inside were a series of typewriters and SOS machines, there were also lots of documents. "What is all of this?" Asked Vijay. "This is part of the military government," explained Windsor, "and I am here to try and find the coordinates of the German base to go and spy on them."

"Cool," said Vijay, "but why have you brought us here?"

"I need your help," said Windsor, " You are from the future right?" "Yes" the boys nervously said..

"So you know about more technology and more spying techniques," said Windsor

"So you want us to help you spy on the Germans?" Asked Abisheck

"Exactly" replied Windsor. KNOCK KNOCK. "Hide!" Exclaimed Windsor. Vijay and Abisheck hid under an oak table.

"Just coming." Shouted Windsor to the people knocking, as he scrambled to hide all the documents. He opened the door to find 2 Germans with rifles standing on the door way.. Windsor, calm and composed asked, "G'd afternoon, how may I assist you,"

"You're coming with us!" Barked the Germans and they grabbed Windsor and put him in handcuffs. "Where are you taking mmmmm?" The Germans gagged him and took him to the German base.

After 5 mins Vijay and Abisheck came out from hiding.

"Quick we need to find the coordinates to the German base to save Windsor," shouted Abisheck as he started to rummage through the documents, "Hurry!"

The SOS machine popped up with a message:

Coordinates:

57 sandy street

"Those are the coordinates!" said Vijay, "Quick lets go. Come on." "How?" Asked Abisheck

"We'll just use the satnav on my phone." Said Vijay

They ran and found the German base! Windsor was strapped to a pole. They rushed over and quickly freed him.

"Let's go to your house Windsor!"

"Quick, get the documents!" Screamed Windsor

They took the documents and rushed to Windsor's house and quickly sent the information to the government.

"Thank you boys I don't know how I could ever repay you,"
"There is one thing," said Vijay "d'you know how to get us
home."
"Ahhhhh," said Windsor wisely, "Drink this tea." They drank the
tea.....

Commended: Soulless

by Mathilda Harris

Layla was sat in a hospital wing crying. She had something in her quaking hands. It was a key on a necklace. The key was golden and pearl studded. It was decorated like a royal crown. Her mum gave it to her before she passed away in that very hospital wing. She told her never to use it, just to protect it.

One year later, Layla has recovered from her mother's death. She was walking through a small wood by her house. Without warning, the key necklace flew off her neck and in to a gap between an oak tree and a willow tree. Suddenly a door appeared there – with her necklace in the keyhole. She remembered what her mum said but something about the door made her ignore her mum's advice. She turned the key and leapt in to the new world!

It was the dead of night and yet everyone was awake. The moon was as bright as the sun. There were lots of people around but something seemed wrong about them. They had no souls! The key swooped to another building and Layla rapidly chased after it. She entered the strange construction – it was like a library but with souls instead of books. The room had no roof. A man approached her. Even in the bright moonlight he was hard to see. He was holding something like a small vacuum. Almost immediately she realised, he was trying to take her soul.

The man had Layla cornered. She squeezed her eyes closed and thought she was a goner. All of a sudden, her dad burst through the door. He had a knife in one hand and a matching key in the other. Waving his knife at the soul stealer, he pulled

Layla through the door. She managed to grab the key just before the door swung shut.

Once they were out, Layla realised the key must be hidden to keep this world safe. She put it in a small jewellery box and wedged it behind the sofa. It was never seen again... at least until her grandchild Lizzie found the interesting box....

Commended: A Whole New World

by Tatiana Liebster

It was a dark, dank, dreary day and I was in my room with a scrunched up face. I was so angry I decided 'THAT IS IT!', so I trudged down the stairs and as soon as I got to the bottom I shouted 'This is the worst weekend ever! I haven't even taken a step outside!'

A deep, Daddy voice shouted back 'Go to your room young lady and don't come down until you think you will be nice!'

I took myself back up to my room and pulled open the flower bed sheets which seemed to me like burned, dead poppies and I clambered into my covers. I crawled to the very end with salty tears dropping down on the way.

When I got to the end I saw a misty bright light. What if it leads to a whole new world? What if I go through it and never come back? I crawled through with a shiver down my spine. But my heart went from nerve wracking worry to truly amazed. My eyes widened with glee and my mouth was wide open like a puffer fish. I could see double triple rainbows, flying pink cupcakes, limited edition unicorns, rivers of hot chocolate, cats with magic hats, candy floss clouds and that's just the start!

I flew towards one of the unicorns and asked it 'Where am I, is this a dream? Can you talk?'

She replied back to me 'Hello my name is Crystal and welcome to the Land of Happiness!'

I was about to ask another question when Crystal interrupted me and said 'Never go beyond that barrier there are creatures

here called Evil Pies and they will throw poisonous pie at you.' I started heading over to a big board that said all the rules of the Land of Happiness. The first rule on there was when you turn ten this world will no longer exist. My heart started pounding like an aeroplane that had just lost a wing! I remembered that my 10th birthday was only a week away.

I started flying over to tell Crystal but when I turned my head around I realised there was a problem, a BIG problem...

There right in front of me was an evil pie! I tried to escape but a second later I was in his slobbery purple hands. I shouted 'help, help, and help!'

Crystal came flying over, she was still on the other side of the barrier but she was a real help. She was shouting things at me like 'backbend, flip, kick' with actions to help. I finally managed to escape with a flip. I flew as fast as I could to the other side. I dragged my left hand across my sweaty head.

For the rest of the week we went to the sky racing, rocket racing, cake tasting and star gazing. It was the best week of my life!

I said goodbye to Crystal and said I will come every day until I turn ten. She waved goodbye to me and I crawled back through my bed sheets which no longer seemed dead flowers.

When I woke up on my 10th birthday I felt quite sad that I couldn't now go back to the Land of Happiness but also extremely happy that I was now double digits! I ran down the stairs feeling like a glossy rainbow cake! I saw balloons in the air, presents on the table and lots more. I sat down on my favourite aquamarine sofa with my mummy, daddy, and my

little brother Nico. Then I opened all my wonderful presents but one caught my eye. It didn't say who it was from, it was just a purple box with a pink tied ribbon. I pulled the ribbon across and opened the lid. Lying there was a carved, delicate model of the Land of Happiness.

THIS WAS THE BEST 10TH BIRTHDAY EVER!!!

Commended: Darkness in Fairyland

by Eva Tolson

In fairyland it is a bright and colourful world full of happiness and joy. But there are three ugly villains called Milife, Meefie and Malificent. They live in the darkness of fairyland.

One day in the happiness area of fairyland, Varya and Spark were playing funny face spider web, until their watches rang. "Oh no, we have to go and ruin Meefie's party" said Varya. "Come on Spark" said Varya. "ok, we will come and change all of the arrangements for the party. We will make the cake a huge rock with icing". Varya and Spark began to put their plans into action.

Meanwhile in the darkness of Fairyland, the three Villains did not know that Spark and Varya were watching them and planning to save fairyland from their evil destruction. Milife, Meefie and Malificent were planning to destroy the happiness of fairyland by pretending to throw a party, disguised as fairies so they could capture the happy fairies and turn the whole land to darkness.

Spark and Varya used their invisibility powers and searched for the biggest rock they could find. They covered it in beautiful coloured icing and decorated it with flowers.

The villains were hoping they would capture some fairy's, but after two months they still didn't capture any. They really wanted the party cake but then they got distracted they saw some fairies, so they made a quick plan and they put a sign up saying FREE TEA PARTY INSIDE !!! the fairy's didn't feel sure about the tea party.

So they disguised themselves as villains so they wouldn't get captured "they fell for it" said spark. They paused for a minute to have a great laugh. The villains just ate the cake then they felt sick because the cake was a huge rock. They were in bed for months with broken teeth and sore tummies.

When the villains were in bed feeling sorry for themselves, all of the fairies in Fairyland were able to enjoy themselves without having to worry about Milife, Meefie and Malificent. They danced in the flower gardens and camped under the beautiful stars every night. They sang sweet songs and danced with the forest animals. Life was fun without the villains annoying and scaring the fairies.

When Milife, Meefie and Malificent finally felt better, they made a plan to capture all of the fairies in Fairyland and bring them over to the darkness. But the fairies had already decided to try to capture them and set up a trap. They convinced the animals of the forest to play with the villains leading them over to a big hole in the ground which they had covered with leaves. Varya and Spark were as quiet as two mice when they waited on the trap to work. When the three villains followed the forest animals and walked on the trap they fell into the big hole. They screamed for help and the fairies laughed and thanked the animals for helping them.

The fairies made the villains help them every day and made them do kind things instead of nasty things. The darkness side of the forest eventually became bright and happy and the villains learnt their lesson and everyone lived happily ever after.

Commended: Ocean Project

by Oliver Townrow

CHAPTER 1

In London, there was once a man called Ollie Townrow who was a Marine explorer and he found a treasure map. He said to his venerable boss "I'm going to find this treasure. I'll be back in a few days" and off he strode whistling a merry tune, he went to his office to grab his diving suit and muttered to himself "I'm coming for you treasure".

Ollie then jumped into his Mercedes and sped off. Ollie was so desperate to find the treasure as his grandad had been a famous Maren explorer but then an Eagle-Ray killed him with its poison. He drove to the local beach and put his diving suit on and then got out of his car with his map and dived into the water then propelled through the ocean.

CHAPTER 2

He had swum at least 10 miles when he reached the rip current that was on the map but when he dived in he realised that it was incredibly strong and it glided him through the current but then he bumped into a turtle. The turtle cried furiously "What was that for?" "I didn't mean to" replied Ollie a bit frightened because this was expected on the map "Can I get through please" asked Ollie "No this my duty to protect fish from the rip current" shouted the turtle. Ollie had no choice but to fight him. The turtle wasn't expecting a firm punch on the nose and it knocked him out cold. Ollie then crossed the current safely and carried on with his quest.

CHAPTER 3

He was now at his second destination: The Great Barrier Reef. A giant lionfish was expected here but he couldn't see it anywhere then a swift movement struck the current and flipped

Ollie over as Ollie steadied himself he saw a lionfish as big as a bus. There was known to be a sword inside it's stomach but Ollie came prepared and shot him with a mini-gun and then dug through his body and grabbed the sword and swam off.

CHAPTER 4

Ollie only had 15 more miles to go until he reaches the treasure, then all of a sudden a tail walloped him in the face and pushed him back. As he steadied himself he saw a figure emerging from the reef, once he had stopped spinning he saw a shark *that looks like a Megladon* thought Ollie *but they're extinct* so he asked "Who are you and what crea-" "I'm a Megladon guarding the treasure that lies on that map" interrupted the Megladon "Get out of my way" shouted Ollie "Never, I've already killed Tom Carvery he was the ea-" "You killed my grandad. He is the most famous Maren explorer in world history" bellowed Ollie furiously "And now I will kill you" replied the Megladon calmly "No I will kill you!" Ollie growled getting louder by each word. Ollie drew out the sword he got from the lionfish "Ahhh you've killed the lionfish have you?" said the Megladon. "Yeah and now I will kill you" and with that Ollie lurched towards the Megladon and stabbed him with the sword. As Ollie went to swim away and then remembered the sword, he went to go and get it and then swam away.

CHAPTER 5

When Ollie was 1 mile away from the treasure when he kept feeling a current hitting him but he kept on swimming but then a really strong one hit him off course and into a shoal of anchovies and it was blowing him everywhere and in the end he flew out of the shoal and into some rocks; it really hurt. Then he saw some sort of eel but it was as long as The Spinnaker Tower in Portsmouth. It's fangs were dripping with blood. The eel was a goldish colour but something was glowing inside it,

then Ollie looked the other swords he's got from his other opponents: *the one from the lionfish was bronze and the Megladon's sword was silver so the eel's sword must be gold.* Then the eel gurgled "Go away or you shall die" "Never" answered Ollie "Fine. I shall kill you" the eel replied. Ollie drew out the now glowing swords and said "No I will kill you!" "No only one will die today" threatened the eel. Then Ollie shouted "Then it should be you!" as he charged towards the eel hit him with his tail sending Ollie flying through the water then Ollie tried again charging at him and stabbed him in the forehead and left the eel roaring with pain and then the eel collapsed. Ollie took the golden sword from the eel's stomach and swam away to find the treasure with only a mile left.

CHAPTER 6

Ollie was swimming through the sea when he saw a brown chest with three holes in it. As Ollie approached the chest, he knew he had finally found what he had been dying to see: the treasure. When he got there, he saw the holes were for the swords that he had possessed. He saw one hole had bronze on top of one hole, silver on top of another and same for gold. As Ollie slotted the bronze sword into the bronze hole the sword started glowing and the same happened for silver but when gold went in instead of glowing the chest lid flung open revealing jewels, gems, crowns, trophies, coins and gold chunks. As Ollie swam away with the chest he called for help on his speaker so he could get back as he had not had any food or sleep in 3 days. On the way home Ollie fell into a deep sleep and dreamt about his grandad congratulating him for getting the treasure but then was awoke by a loud cheer, he realised he was on his company's medical bed. He was congratulated by everyone and was announced the new boss.
the end

Category: 8-11 Years; Poems

1st Place: A New World

by Catherine Yeo

As a white sheet of snow
covered the northern land,
the wind was whistling
like the Arctic's own band.

But in one sacred place
by the icy blue stream
fresh snow begins to melt
under the feeble sun's beam.

Improbably real,
impossibly true,
with paper white petals
it joyfully grew.

It conquered the winter
As its petals uncurled,
A victor? Yes.
For a brand new world.

2nd Place: The Cry of Puffins

by Amelie De Villiers

We had been so content
On the islands of Iceland
For centuries generations lived
In peace and tranquility.

Then they came
Four limbed beasts called men
Hacking off our beaks to sell
Stripping us bare, our feathers fell
Slaughtering us for meat
Our flame-coloured feet
Hanging in shops as souvenirs.

What could we do?
We thought it through
Huddled together, a plan to devise
Then silently as always
We took to the skies.
It took two days to cross the seas
Where should we go? We searched below.

At last the fair Orkneys spread before us
Offering their craggy rocks, plants and coves
We settled in clusters
Exhausted but safe
And as our heads we hung
A new land awaited
With no one to harm our young.

“Freedom, Freedom” we sang and we sighed
Serene and joyful together we cried

Turning our faces to the glimmering sea
We marvelled at just how far we had come
Our smooth backs gently warmed by the setting sun.

3rd Place: Sent Over the Top

by Conrad McLaren

I remember the trenches as cold as ice
The barrels like darts focusing on me.
The shaking bomb as loud as the drum
The rotting feet in the wet muddy boot.
I remember scanning the horizon for the enemy.
I remember the rat ridden disease.
The exploding bombs, the scared soldiers getting ready to
perish.
I remember the guns fading away when my friend died
The haunted horses sensing the fear as a soldier cried "will
this be my last day?"

Now I take a first footstep up the ladder, I glimpse only grey.
My mind sets on fire with the unknown, but somehow certain.
This narrow world that is no-man's world
The state that exists between us, what a bitter blow it is to me.
Is there any more, or anything different that could have been
done?
Losing the youth but fighting for life and freedom.
It is something that can only be stopped by force, and we are
resolved to finish it.
Here I enter, in calmness and courage and duty,
In this new world, nothing will ever be the same.
I can't say what will become of me and neither can they.

But think, afterwards, I am able to tell you, that I remember.

Highly Commended: Dare To Be Different

by Alice Bonney

Dare to be different
It's easy to do
The world would be boring
With 10,000 of you

Dare to be different
Don't be told who to love
Respect others beliefs
God or no god above

Dare to be different
Don't choose to tolerate
Uniqueness is beautiful
We should always celebrate

Dare to be different
Follow your own star
Enough of this fakery
Just be who you are

Dare to be different
Let your weirdness shine
Be brave and be bold
Stand out in the line

Dare to be different
Don't try to fit in
If you try to be normal
You will never ever win

Highly Commended: The Change

by Jemima Todd

Once I was an only child,
who thought of things that were quite wild.
Monkeys, crocs and distant lands
who welcomed me with open hands.
Then I noticed something weird,
something that I've always feared.
Mummy's tummy started to grow
my perfect life was about to blow.
9 months later here she comes,
oh my dear and oh crumbs!
My little sister looked at me
and my heart was full of glee.
From that day I was quite happy.
Until I had to change a nappy.

Highly Commended: Mice

by Mia Taddei

We squash up by each other, hiding from a hand
Our little tails wrapping around our tiny bodies
Making sure we are safe from being swept off to another land
The cardboard roll starts shaking, being lifted up
To shake us out and be put inside a box
It is quite small like a cup
It is filled with tissue and hay, our tails are in knots
It is midnight black in here
We stick our noses out of the holes but get shoved right back
inside
It seems like a year
That we rock up and down, getting pushed aside

But at last we get set free, into a whole new world
With new tunnels to explore and twigs to chew
I nest down in some tissue in a ball with my tail curled
There are ropes hanging from the sky, all clean and new
I munch on some food, while I'm in my tunnel hiding
Before going back to get some more
My sisters are grooming themselves, always tidying
But I like digging up the floor.

I WANT MY MUMMY!
Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Commended: New School

by Daisy Millington

First day of secondary school

I was feeling nervous

Will I get picked on?

Will I get bullied?

If so, will it be days?

Will it be weeks?

Will it be months?

Will it be Years?

Am I going to find a friend?

Will she be kind?

Will we get on?

Will she like me?

Will we make more friends?

How long will it take me?

A day, a week, a month, a year?

How will I find the changes?

Will I find my way around?

Will I be late to class?

Will I find the work hard?

Will I like the teachers?

How long will it take me to settle in?

A day, a week, a month, a year?

Commended: Butterflies

by Florence Clegg

As the birds start their morning song,
The butterflies in my tummy flutter along.
Nerves begin to take over my body completely,
I see my new uniform folded up neatly.

Thumping down the stairs with a frown on my face,
I can't believe I have to go to this horrible new place.
Mummy tries to persuade me out of my strop,
But the rage inside me just won't stop.

On the journey I feel less furious,
Instead I look ahead and become a little curious.
What if the teachers are all stern?
I will have to listen carefully to learn.

I take a deep breath as I step out of the car,
Spotting girls I already know from afar.
The butterflies begin to fade away,
I am excited for my brand new day.

Commended: A Whole New Hemisphere

by Summer McDougall

Sydney to London is a big change,
Switching hemispheres was really quite strange.
Looking out of the window of the aeroplane,
The size of the city seemed insane.

London is a whole new place,
It's busy and it's crowded and there's not much space.
The accent here was really quite unusual,
Some words spoken sounded quite...illusional.

On the streets, there are red busses and museums,
There may as well be coliseums!
The architecture here is incredibly intricate,
The historical buildings are nearly infinite.

The everlasting journey that we had to take,
Was worth it in the end for the friends I've been able to make.
I am now Australian and English rolled into one -
I have the best of both worlds and that is good fun!

Commended: New World

by Jacob Box

The sky is not blue on this world of mine
The grass is not green on this new world of mine
The air is clearer on this new world of mine
The stars are brighter on this new world of mine
There's no pollution on this new world of mine
There's no plastic on this new world of mine
There's no war on this new world of mine
There are no diseases on this new world of mine
There's no one here on this new world of mine
I am all alone on this new world of mine
Won't you come join me on this new world of ours

The R C Sherriff Trust is an independent charitable trust, established through the terms of the Will of playwright, R C Sherriff. It has been promoting and developing the arts in the Borough of Elmbridge, for 25 years. Further details about the Trust can be found at www.rcsherrifftrust.org.uk

Elmbridge Borough Council's Arts Development seeks to increase opportunities for people to engage in the arts, culture and heritage of our Borough, either individually or through partnerships, such as those with the R.C. Sherriff Trust that make Elmbridge Primary Schools Festival possible. With the aim of engaging residents, Elmbridge Borough Council's Art Development supports arts organisations and presents arts-based activities that improve the physical and mental health of people who live and work in Elmbridge.

