Flash Fiction Competition 2013

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Once upon a time there were 6 best friends who were cowboys. They lived in a small village in a large desert. The village was small and friendly. It had its own water supply. In the village where they live there has been tonnes and tonnes of water draining away every day. No one in the village knows why this is happening. The friends look at the newspaper and it said that people think there is a monster that lives in the mountains and has been drinking all of the water. The people of the town are feeling scared and nervous. The friends tell the people they are to set off for the mountains tomorrow to stop the creature drinking all the water.

The next morning the 6 friends set off for the heart of the mountains. The sun was hot and the heroes were ready to go. The heroes finally got to the mountains. One of the heroes said “It is a long way down.” They smelt something which did not smell good. The horrible smell was of the monster’s breath. Then the monster crept from behind the cowboys and threw them into the dark cave. They then went down into a big set of tunnels.

The tunnels were pitch black. The cowboys thought the caves were small and dark, it was like they were blind. It was very scary. It was going on and on. After a very long time they saw the monster.

They went into a big battle with the monster. The friends worked together to try to move the monster. They didn’t want to have to kill it but if they could scare it away from the mountains maybe it wouldn’t drink their water any more.

They decided to light a fire in the mountains. They came across the monster’s nest and they set fire to it with sticks they had found. The monster screamed an awful noise and seemed to scurry away.

The heroes had won. They went back down to their village. A very long walk. When they arrived back everyone was so happy to see them. They gave them a hero’s welcome of a big party and festival. The village had water again and no monster ever came back to their mountains. To make sure the friends often took a walk to the mountains to make sure that the monster had not returned.
The Great Brothers by Szymon Repec

In the sandy desert there was a small village. In that village there were lots of good and rich people having a fantastic time in a giant festival, but suddenly the evil gang of gangsters tore through the town shooting their bullets out of their golden guns to scare all people out of the town.

The town turned into a dark and really spooky town quickly. People were screaming like monkeys, shouting, the buildings were on fire and destroyed and lots of shooting was heard in the middle of the town. Five of the men were brave brothers. They decided they needed to get were some help otherwise the whole town was going to be defeated. They would head towards the other towns and look for people to help their town in need.

They started walking through the hot desert. They were hungry and sweltering. Then they saw a bakery with lots and lots of yummy bread and very juicy wine. After they got out of the bakery they saw the Sheriff coming out of the prison. They told the Sheriff all about the gangsters in their town. They explained that they were going for help and the Sheriff decided to come along to help too.

Eventually after a long tiring walk they came to a village. They asked people for help but there were not many. Around 30 strong men and women said they would help the brave brothers get their town back. They gave the men some water and bread to eat and they had horses to ride back on. They jumped on the horses and rode back towards their town feeling refreshed.

When they arrived it was a horrible sight. Buildings had been burned and people were injured all over, some even killed. The men set to work immediately tidying the mess and helping hurt and wounded people. They set up a small make shift hospital in a hut to help those in need.

The gangsters were nowhere to been seen at this moment but they would emerge. A few hours later the gangsters did emerge. The brave men made it clear that they didn’t want to fight but the gangsters were to leave the town and never return.

The gangsters, seeing the number of men and woman who had come to help decided to flee the town. The towns people were so relived and they thanked the brave people who had helped them.

The gangsters ran out of town never to be seen again
1821 by Charlie Lamb

It was the first day of the year- January 1st- when the competition came to town. I’d spent all year working on this legendary invention and was now determined to show it to the public. I had to walk round with my mouth firmly shut so I wouldn’t blurt it out to anyone.

I couldn’t control my excitement- I was sure it would work. I ran to the kitchen and barely chewed my breakfast before swallowing it! Once I was done, I grabbed my coat and my invention and rushed out to the car. I carefully placed my invention next to me and sped off towards the main town where the competition was held. It was five to ten- I’d surely make it in time!

Fortunately, I had time to set up my invention before the judges arrived. I was at the end therefore I had to wait a while before I had my turn. Finally, at long last, I heard my name come out of the microphone.

I made my lungs take in as much air as possible and bellowed, “Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you, the very first…TIME MACHINE!”

I grinned around at audience and whipped off the cloth that had covered my machine. I didn’t have the applause I had imagined- everyone had started to laugh.

“Why, it’s only a colander with a few extra bits and bobs attached to it!” I heard someone shout.

It took me a while to take in what had happened and what was just said.

“I- I’ll show you!” I shouted back and rammed the colander on my head.

I hadn’t even checked what date it was set to but I pressed the button hard in anger and felt a whirling sensation around me. I heard the cheers stop and someone say “Oh my- what’s happening!” before I shut my eyes and began to spin. I started to feel horribly sick until it all stopped- abruptly.

I slowly opened my eyes before I grabbed my invention and checked what year it was- 1821.

“Oh no!” I whispered.

I first looked down and saw not the jeans I was wearing this morning and the green jumper and my favourite black boots but instead a long dress and big, black and uncomfy boots. In front of me was a wagon with a few men sat eating around and in it.

“My, what a beau’iful lass,” one said to me, taking a big swig of what looked a lot like beer.

I panicked and ran as fast as I could and heard one of the men shout, “Oi! Where you goin’” but the big boots were making me stumble. Eventually, I tripped and my time machine fell to the ground. I hastily realised what had just happened but it was too late-it had smashed on the hard ground- I was stuck in 1821!
It was a dry, dusty day on the outskirts of Cactus Valley. Standing tall on his horse in the blazing heat was Chance Cooper, a shamed outlaw, blamed for the dynamite explosion that destroyed the old mine.

Cactus Valley's main saloon, the Dusty Nugget, was preparing itself for the morning rush, when Sheriff Gussleman strolled in. "Mornin' Leanne' He said to the bartender. She looked up briefly and went back to washing dishes. "So," He continued awkwardly, "how've you been?" She glared at him through her dark brown eyes. "Aww, come on Leanne!" the Sheriff whined, "you can't still be mad at me for that?" He was referring to the mine incident in which he banished Leanne's love, Chance. Aggravated, she pointed a finger at the door.

Sheriff Gussleman stood outside the saloon. He kicked the sand, sending it swirling up in the air. As the sand fell, Gussleman was alerted to the sound of gunfire.

Chance had noticed the standoff too, and decided that now would be a good time to take action. He whipped his horse and bolted off towards the town.

It was quiet! He cautiously crept past the bank and sprinted off like a bullet towards the saloon, where his dear Leanne would be waiting.

The standoff didn't amount to much, to the Sheriff's discontent. Slowly, he meandered back towards the saloon, gun holstered, hoping that Leanne had forgiven him. That, was when he noticed a horse. The horse that stood outside the bank. The horse that was unmistakable. The horse that belonged to Chance.

The Sheriff sprinted into action. Loading his pistol, he burst through the saloon doors to see Leanne in the arms of his worst enemy. Chance Cooper.

"Mornin' Charlie" retorted Chance, "Or should I call you Sheriff now?" Gussleman's eyes narrowed and with a brief movement, pulled out his pistol and shot right above Chance's head. Chance had a pistol too, and shot at the Sheriff. He narrowly missed, hitting a barrel behind.


It was 12:00. The two rivals stood back-to-back, guns at the ready. They began to walk forward. "Draw!" Gussleman fired his bullet, missing Chance and hitting a post. Chance then fired his bullet. The bullet spiralled through the air and struck Gussleman in the shoulder. Writhing in pain, he fell to the ground. "What are you going to do with me?" he stuttered. Chance's gun was pointed at his head. "Tell the town the truth," he demanded. So that was what he did.

It was another dry, dusty day on the outskirts of Cactus Valley. Standing tall on his horse was Sheriff Cooper, celebrated hero, responsible for solving the mine case. He put Charlie Gussleman in jail and claimed his place as Sheriff. He glanced at the clock. 12:45. "I wonder when Leanne's break is?" he asked himself and galloped off into Cactus Valley.
There was no noise in the town of Oasis. Two full grown men stood opposite each other hands on their rusty pistols. Silence. Jeremiah, the taller of the two, whips out his pistol and shoots. He misses. His shot hits a barrel of beer. The barkeep yells out of the window at him, the other man, a Sheriff, slowly pulls out his gun and aims. Jeremiah, who has no ammunition left in his revolver, has no choice but to run. Run as fast as he can. Jeremiah runs around the block and whistles. “Arrow, c’mon boy!” A black stallion runs around the saloon corner and greets his owner by rearing up showing Jeremiah he knew the chase was on. Jeremiah sprung up onto his loyal horse and they speed off into the desert which surrounds the town.

When Jeremiah woke up next morning he was surprised to find himself under cover. He did not expect to be lying in what seemed to be a carriage. “Where am I?” he asked himself trying to break from his sleep.

“Howdy partner!” said the man on the opposite bed who then squeezed out of the carriage and sat down on the sand. “Arrow, where’s Arrow?” pleaded Jeremiah. “He’s eatin’ hay with our horse, Betsy”. Jeremiah looked over to find his horse greedily chewing and gulping hay. “Who are you?” Jeremiah enquired.

“Oh, I’m here a cowboy of this desert. A’m Wayne, Leader of the Oasis Cowboys”. Jeremiah managed to swing himself out of the wooden wagon by one hand. He really must not allow himself to sleep so deeply again. Five men greeted him. “Howdy, I’m Tim”. The four men went on to introduce themselves to Jeremiah. “I’m Jim”

“I’m Chuck”
“I’m John”
“I’m Tess”

“Tess? That’s a strange name for a ma-“, Jeremiah went quiet. Tess took off her hat and revealed her burgundy hair.

“I’m sorry I thought you were a man!”
“It’s okay, everybody does”.

It was obvious from the twinkle in his eye that Jeremiah liked her. A lot. Although she didn’t show it, Tess liked him a lot too.

“Nice to meet you.” Jeremiah stuck out his hand.

“Yeah, you too.” Tess replied.

“Ooooooooooohhh” said Wayne ,Tim, Jim, John and Chuck in unison.

(Within five years Jeremiah and Tess were married with three boys but that’s another story.)

Just as Tess and Jeremiah managed to shake hands a mysterious cowboy rode up. As he got closer Tess noticed a black bandana around his face. Tess jumped into a tumbleweed bush and held it still. Jeremiah looked puzzled. The mysterious man pulled his pistol and shot Jeremiah. The bullet thwumped through his shoulder.

Jeremiah woke up for a second time in the carriage. He tried to get up. His new wound hurt real bad. “He’s awake”, John shouted. “Who was that?” Jeremiah managed to croak. “Oh that was no-one”. Jeremiah knew he wasn’t just no-one . . .
The Storm by Eilidh Lindsay

The refreshing glow of the sun made every blade of grass glisten. It was a sunny October morning and Nick felt he hadn’t a care in the world. Then he found a picture that would change his life forever.

It was in his mum’s room, hidden away in a dusty chest with a bronze key. Nick had never seen anything like it, but he felt he must keep it.

With the picture badly hidden under his jumper, he hurtled downstairs for tea. When Grandad trundled into the room he stared intently at Nick’s jumper, he was sure to have noticed it. That night, Nick huddled in his bed, wishing Grandad hadn’t seen it. Then his bedroom door opened with a click, Nick froze, who was it? Why were they there?

“Nick?” a hollow voice sliced through his thoughts. Grandad.

“Show me son, show me what you had under your jumper at tea.” Grandad continued.

As Nick brought out the picture, he regretted his actions, now Grandad was suspicious of him. He wanted to put it back, but now was too late, he couldn’t hide it.

As Grandad recognised what it was, his eyes widened in shock.

“That picture is a ghastly memorial of the olden days,” he gasped hoarsely. Nick glanced again, how a picture could do so much to someone was incredible. There were just six men and a strange wind blowing over the desert.

“That picture is of me and my friends, before the…storm.”

“Tell me!” Nick challenged him. Grandad sighed,

“Well…

That night was the worst night I have ever experienced, wind howling and sand lashing at the tent, in which all of us were huddled, me, Robert, Jack, Tommy, Oliver and Charlie, it was a night all of us never wanted to happen.

We were outside and none of us knew of the dangers that were to come, when the wind began shrieking louder, we realised that there was something atrocious was coming our way.

We all huddled down in our tent, fearing the worst, then when nothing happened, I went to investigate. The sand towered above us, then as if in slow motion it was hurled at us. My legs wouldn’t move to warn the others of the dangers that lurked outside. I was frozen with sheer fear and shock. I clambered down the wagon, blood trickling down my leg as it caught against a metal clasp. Then I ran, like I had never run before, away from all the dangers that faced me. When I looked back I felt a pang of guilt, and I thought how unkind I was for not warning them. I watched frozen with fear as the tornado of sand collected the wagon and threw it far away. I could only watch as my friends flew through the air, facing positive death.”

“Grandad, that was horrific!” gasped Nick.

Grandad looked emotional, he took the picture and left. Everything looked the same, yet Nick knew that everything had changed.
“Roger will you ever be back for me?” Maria asked. Roger and his mates were saving the county from the Westwind attackers. The people they would leave behind would be the second last people they may ever see again. “You’re not to be startled Maria, just have hope and faith,” he sighed and replied no more, for he and his mates were already heading for the horizon.

“Alas, we’ll camp here it seems like a cracking place.” That was Charlie he was the most experienced cowboy they all said. The men unpacked their rucksacks.

“Oh, Maria your eyes and your hair.” Donny cried out.

“Missing your lady girl, hey?” joked Fergus. Donny was the newest edition to the group. He worried about his family and friends constantly. All the men had to go, it was law and order they thought. “Think it’s time to rest boys, the next thing we want is those sea dogs at our tail!” Morris pointed out. The men relaxed for only an hour before opening the dusty wagon to make a brew to keep them going. “Any favourite Whiskey?” Ron asked Donny.

“Only the best Black Rover today and a glass for you!” replied Ron happily.

The boys were restless with horrible thoughts about those ‘Westies’. “Rodger, Donny, Morris, Ron, Fergus get up immediately, I smell Westwinds somewhere near here. I smell the campfires and I hear the drums drumming,” Charlie whispered.

“Over there, in Dartmoor, behind Big Rock Canyon,” said Morris, grabbing a map to check. They climbed Big Rock Canyon in search of the Westwinds, without harnesses. They joked about one of them going back to get one from their mummy! When they reached midway they were so tired some of them nearly fell off the rock. “Come on chaps, let’s show our manly side and GET UP THIS ROCK!” shouted Ron frustrated.

“Westwind’s camp, I told you so,” cheered Charlie proudly.

“Now Charlie, calm yourself. Well done, it’s the ‘gabbling geezers’ on the other side of the canyon,” replied Ron calmly.

“Charlie, wait it wasn’t campfires you smelt last night, it was a bomb placed by the Southern Invaders or the Northern knights,” said Ron with a shiver. They all knew what that meant. Northern Knights or Southern Invaders, whichever way it went, this would still be bad news for both Eastside and Westwinds.

Suddenly, war broke out. Swords clashed and bullets raced. Not one weapon was left from either side. Each cowboy group fought for a reason. Northern fought for weapons and money, Southern did it for food and transport. The Westwinds cowboys did it in defence for food and water. The Eastside cowboys did it for family, food and even transport. When the fight was over there was only one victor, Eastside had won! They traded their personal things with one another and helped those who needed most. When Eastside returned home everyone had a midnight party to celebrate. Everyone was happy, for now!
The Life of Jo by Ademola Thomas

“There once was a boy named Jo he always talked about his dream cowboy living. Sadly he had a near death experience when he was five years old.

He was at a park he saw a man riding a bull. The man however was an annoyed weirdo wearing socks and shorts. He had a cowboy gun everyone was shocked and ran away but young Jo was stuck and couldn’t run with his older brother. But out of nowhere a horse blocked the bull. But someone told Jo it was “National Red Day” So Jo wore a red bandana. The horse died and almost landed on Jo. Horse blood was everywhere He managed to get away but that moment changed his life. Ever since that all Jo wanted to do was save horses and become a cowboy.” “The end” said Jo. “Get in the tent guys we have to sleep” said Jo. Suddenly it was morning. Jo and Sam were up by 5am. They both went for a morning ride. “Hey, what was with that story last night?” said Sam. “Nothing it was just a story. It wasn’t real at that moment he saw he’s old friend Tim. They both were happy. They both came to the spot to dig because under that spot was Seventy Billion pounds/Dollars. But they never dig deep enough on there.

They all went back after they stopped digging they woke up the others. They told Ken, Billy, Kenny and Jack “We need to get to a bank” said Jo “Why? Why are WE going?” said Ken. “We need the money...” said Sam looking unhappy. “Get your guns and be happy” Jo said looking disgusted. Get in the carriage the next bank is 508 minutes away from hear. Les just go” Jo said looking as unhappy as ever. They finally got to the bank. They shot their guns upwards three times. “GET DOWN AND NO ONE GETS HURT” Screamed Jo. “NOW GIVE US THAT MONEY” Jo Screamed. The sheriff was around though and hey got the money. But billy was shot in his heart. His pulse stopped. Surprisingly another bandit was around. He cut the necks of Jack, Ken and Kenny. Their heads fell off and the last expression seen on their faces were horrifying. Tim was so scared and didn’t want to get haunted. He shot he’s own brains out. Sam and Joe ran they both had the money. He bandit was arrested and hanged. They only survivors were Sam & Jo They both burst into tears and said “This is not the life I requested”. They Promised to stop and then both shot each other. Their last words were “I’m Sorry”
8/6/08
The baking hot sun, its killin’ us. I don’t know how much longer I can take. All we have left is a little water and some bread. The only shade there is, is in the carriage. I feel sorry for the horses the most. There’s nothin’ out here, no one for miles. Anyway I gotta go were movin camp.

10/6/08
I’m sorry I’m only writtin’ now there is no time. I’m writtin’ this next to the fire, it’s the only light for miles except from the stars. Everyone’s asleep it’s so lonely and quiet, I feel like I’m the only one in the world. I love it here despite the loneliness because it’s so, so real so alive with nature. Our next stop is one of Sam’s friends, I better go.

11/6/08
I’m sorry I haven’t told you my name, I’m Elijah, there’s: Sam, Kripke, Jo, Stanley, Col, Jim and Cullum. We are still at Sam’s friend he’s given us a safe route up the peak. Were goin cause Sam thinks there’s a cure to his wife’s sickness, I feel sorry for him he worries that it will be too late.

15/6/08
We’ve left Sam’s friend’s house. Its rainin’ real hard it’s getting worse and worse. The muds too thick for us to walk so were stuck. It’s painfully boring here, there’s nothing to do but wait, wait for the rain to stop. I’m in the carriage with everyone. I’m the youngest, I’m 14 I have no parents. I use to live with Sam, he taught me to read and write. I used to hate in the village everyone knew me (and hated me). Sam left me in the village, but I snuck into the carriage.

18/6/08
Were never gonna be movin, Stanley’s broken his leg. He was outside searching for food (even though we have plenty of food he likes to help out) he slipped and fell we won’t be movin for a couple days.

26/6/08
Sam’s left me and Stanley, me and Stanley don’t exactly get along (he’s hated me ever since I stole apples from his yard). The reason I haven’t written is I don’t want Stanley to know calls everyone who can write evil and Satanists. I don’t want to be on his bad side (Stanley serves the food)

30/6/08
Stanley’s leg is getting better. Sam came back to get more food I was so glad to see him I was sick of only seeing Stanley if he didn’t come I sware Stanley would have ripped my head of(the feeling was mutual)

3/7/08
Staley died the carriage was goin downhill he got crushed like a bug. Sam came back he’s got the plant, the plant that killed Stanley and probably won’t work. Were goin home finally I hate it out here it’s too lonely I have to see other people. I’m sick of trying to convince myself there’s other people out there I need to see them.
They say ‘Don’t judge a book by its cover.’ If I followed that my life would have no mystery. My name is Kennedy. I live with my granny and granddad in a small town called Connecticut. I must have underestimated my granddad, because last time I checked, he was a 74 year old man who liked playing chess.

‘Kennedy, dear,’ my granny exclaims as she walks in my room without knocking. ‘would you please go into the loft and get the chess board for your granddad and I?’

As I go up and find myself in a palace of boxes and junk. I won’t ever find a small chess game up here. But what I have found is a journal with a photo taped on the front. I open it, and it reads.

If ever I fail to tell the story in truth,
If ever I leave and don’t return,
This is my story, my past, my pain.
I read on.....

Tuesday 24th June 1850
Today we left for Afghanistan and I’m very nervous. After 2 years of training I feel I’m ready for war. I hope I will return a hero, or at least die one.
They are packing us onto a jeep.

Well, today was awful, I got shot and had to get stiches on my leg. But my nurse Grace, is very kind and she is very funny. But I’ve been taken to base for my day of just resting, along with John, Al, George, James, and Gavin. They all got shot too. At first I was scared and excited. Now I’m scared yet full of courage.

Wednesday 25th October 1850
Well, here’s what’s happened... Well, Grace and I have been out on a walk to the bridge where I proposed, and she said yes, yet I didn’t have a ring. But aside from that there was sorrow as John had past whilst in combat.

Thursday 31st October 1850
Well, I’m very depressed because one of the Soldiers for Afghanistan tricked me into believing he was on our side and I gave him our bases & tactics. He killed all the doctors and soldiers. All that’s left is Al, George, James, Gavin and I. They killed Grace and now I guess you could call me a widow. I decided I should go back home for a while.

Goodbye forever.

Wait, so granddad killed his 1 true love, and left his friends to die at war. Maybe this all happened for a reason. Just then I stood on a box marked ‘Memories.’ I opened it and there was photo of a beautiful woman with dark brown hair like mine and she looked a lot like me, but she was holding a baby that looks familiar. It’s my mother, but it can’t be because the woman’s necklace says ‘Grace.’

“Kennedy, did you find the chess game?” I race downstairs to find my ‘granny’ calling me. I ran out the house and didn’t look back.
THE ODD COWBOYS by Filip nycz

On a fine evening on a summer day there were three cowboys the 1st one was called Fred the second one Steven the third one was called Marylan she was a girl and she was the leader of the lot, So they set of on a journey to find gold, They had one horse two crates of bread and some soup they headed north and that was their mistake the snake gang was there, The snake gang was a bunch of evil people nobody wanted to fight with them when they raided towns people just gave up and gave them what they wanted.

The horse was getting tired the cowboys too and then suddenly the snake gang showed up they were quite interrogating with their hissing sounds the leader said “give us all of your supplies” the leader of the odd cowboys said “go now fast” to Fred quietly Fred didn’t hesitate and said “wia!!” to the horse and the horse went as fast as his little legs could, all of them had a head start the snake gang had such fury in them that one of them fell of his horse the others went after the odd gang but the odd gang had to big of a head start and got away.

The next day the odd gang got to the mountains of silver they found miners of the otter gang the most loving gang in the world the odd gang didn’t have to worry about them they could pass they went on. They finally got to the gold waterfall there was a little house inside the waterfall they went to rest there they had a nice sleep they woke with a loud bang coming from a distance they got up ran to the horse Fred got the tack on the horse, Marylan got the wagon ready, Steven ate bread for breakfast and then all of them went after the loud bang.

They got quite close they saw lots of dust then they saw blue green and red lights flashing. They got even closer and closer and then out of nowhere a blue creature what could it be, they still couldn’t see very clearly they said “we have discovered a new creature” then marylan screamed “ALIEN” everyone stepped back. The alien said “bliff gaff”. Steven ties the alien up then puts a bag on him, he then takes his spaceship on the wagon then the alien. All of them set off with the alien and his spaceship to the police what they were worried about was the police taking their alien. While they were going to the police the alien made a lot of noise. When they got there the officer was amazed they took the alien along with the gang to the wolf gang the deadliest most intelligent of all, they investigated the alien they found it was investigated the alien they found it was a cowboy.
The western gang by Igor Kantor

Hurry up and get on the floor and nobody gets hurt, yet! Screams coming from the bank of Armadillo town bank. Once they took the gold they loaded the wagon with the gold it took no time for the sheriff of Armadillo to get to the bank, but when he got there the robbers were far away from the scene.

Whilst the sheriff was looking for clues the robbers were sitting tight in their hut at the abandoned tracks. Their names were Jim the leader of the bunch, Frank, the psychopath Michael, the second in command Ed the dumb guy and Ron the smart guy. As they stayed low for a while...well they could after all they were the best robbers in the whole of America. They sat and drank away their money all night long laughing and well....having fun.

THE END?

The next morning they all woke up and got in the wagon to run from this small town that they used to call home. They took the mountain side to be more discreet but what they did not know that it was a trap sprung by the same man who began this business Marko de Santo.

BANG! Went the dynamite set on the ground. Was this the end for our heroes? Well that’s what it looked like at the beginning and in the end. The wagon crashed down the mountain and exploded at the end peace’s flying around. Only one man still not dead hanging onto his only pitiful life begging for mercy as his sweaty hands slipped and slipped slowly losing grip.

TEN YEARS LATER

With his friends gone and the money destroyed there was not much for Jim in life he drank his misery away and read about life. He knew nothing of what to do he shut his eyes every night and imagined his past life when his friends were still alive and well. One of his books said ...

Where there is poor there will always be rich where there is rich there will always be poor

One night whilst Jim was sleeping he had a strange dream haunting him for years it was of the past strange things happened in this dream many strange things. And for many years he did not find peace but pain.

But one day it changed the old man collected his mind and remembered the death of his friends it was like a nightmare but the he realised they were always alive to him and he found peace telling kids Stories of the past.

How do you know this old man? Because I’m Jim.

The end ...
Can u see through smoke by Jamie Hutchison

As a group of five we don’t do bad in a massive pit. We’ve lived long enough to know the truth. More than ten years as group we have lived
But along the way we have lost lives many lives. Surviving on snakes
And other animals. Life could be better, by far for all our lives we have lived here. This group I’ve lived with all this time we have all lost our family’s to the this pit of darkness and coldness. Life is hard we have never known the truth of the pit. At the site of creatures form space it changed our lives. My name is Finn cattle and this is my story

I had never really felt the heat just from a fire in this pit the shade covers our souls. Living in this freaking hole strange things happen to us.
People have had light shot into them then they would drop dead and we have seen flying spaceships. We call ourselves the hunters we slay aliens for were god would not go.

And know this is how starts. Run, run they have R>S savers they will turn you inside out, if this doesn’t work we will be inside out. Well it was nice living, cya suckers...BOOM a massive boulder smashed on to the creatures of the void that’s get the hell out of here re group at base. That was fun Bungey said can we do that again. Wait were is Rory he didn’t make it but we did find a way out of this pit of death.

I never think I would see the world. I have always lived in darkness for all my life and the reason we are a group is because these creatures
Have killed our family’s for them to live and that’s not right! If they want to live on me they are going to some bad stomach pains. Bungey was man of life and energy. Me Finn am a man of great looks and speed being one of the fasted in group I am always in the running part of the heist. Jerry is a man of strength his fists are hard but his heart is soft when it comes to animals. Rose the girl of the gang she is the girlfriend of me Finn the charming lad. And Rory that’s not go there. Walking on there seemed to be scum bags patrolling the area they saw us. A and a smoke bomb rolled over and exploded right by are feet I managed to get my buff on to stop the gas from killing me the others were not lucky they dropped to their feet then all I felt was pain and anger because in my back laser was stamped into my back and I dropped dead. And ever on the creatures have ruled over the earth

And the man who wrote this book is my father and he will live in peace.
You may have heard of the gold rush, but the books have never told you about the mystery of Mourneville.....

It all started in the 1800’s, on the west coast of America. There was a small village which had only twelve families. Each family had one child, but only eleven ever came out to play, the twelfth though, no he was always inside. His name was Vincent, a small, hazelnut brown haired boy with green eyes. He always had a doctor to check him for mental conditions. A very strange boy indeed. As the children turned into adults a new era originated, the gold rush! Gold was a scarce supply, so if people discovered some they could fulfil their dreams, feed their families and make their dreams come true. Some of the lucky people were those eleven children who once lived in the village. Of course they were adults by then. They were rich, greedy, and selfish. They built that village into a town, partied every night and mined every day.

As a month advanced the town was dying down. No more gold could be found. By that period Vincent moved into the town, once his home village. He bought a house with the money he got after his mother passed away. She knew that the whole town was strange. Vincent had met up with the children who once lived in his village. They had told him the problem; they thought he was crazy enough to know an answer. He knew about a mountain over the horizon, named Dawn Mountain by the natives there was many riches in the caves on the mountain. Plenty to make the whole country rich. They all agreed with his plan, this might have been what Vincent was planning as a youngster. After a day’s preparation they finally headed off. All they had in their carriage was bread, water and bad blessings. On their way they met other gangs, traded with villagers and had outrageous stand-offs. They finally reached the mountain, only to see a strange light in the forest. They crept cautiously to it but felt a strange force pushing them back from it. They were scared but felt they had to camp beside it. They camped, ate, mined, camped, ate and mined. One stayed look out each day and on the seventh day it was Vincent’s turn. Vincent never slept, ate very little and didn’t talk a lot.

The next morning, when they woke up Vincent was gone! They didn’t know if he went to the light, or if he went to find gold himself. They went to the light first; they were scared as there was no energy anymore, no strength. Once they got there they saw a ship, disguised, camouflaged. They went into it seeing strange shadows. They didn’t know it yet but these are aliens, shadows lurking through the ship, eating souls. They had eventually found Vincent and headed home. But they don’t know that Vincent is different.

Hehehe........
Once, a long time ago there were six cowboys who were exploring the world. They went to the different places. They had lots of fun. Once they went to the really high mountain. They saw a hole in it. So they went through the hole. Then they saw a hideous monster. The monster was attacking them. All of them were very scared, but none of them give up.

The monster looked so disgusting that one of the cowboys could not bear to look at him because he had so many warts on him. It was just too disgusting. He had ginormous horns on his head and he had scales from the top of his head till the end of his tale. He had huge teeth in his mouth.

When the cowboys started to attack him the monster got very angry and he started to attack them himself. One of the cowboys was very brave that he started to protect his friends. Everybody said “no don’t go there you are going to hurt yourself”. But he didn’t listen to them and he was still going to defeat that monster.

Then everybody came to help him but it was already too late the monster had hurt the cowboy a lot that he could not bear to stand up any more let alone fight the monster. So the rest of cowboys tried to give the monster back because he hurt their friend.

All of the cowboys were very worried about their friend. One of the cowboys run to the hurt friend and stayed with him. Everybody started to think “why is the monster so angry on us”. One of the cowboys saw something under the monster. It was an egg. They were trying to come the monster down that he won’t step and break the egg. So that was the reason why was the dragon attacking them.

So the six cowboys just left the dragon alone. Those six cowboys had to hurry to get to the village because the need to get to the hospital for their friend that got knockout by the monster.

When they went to the doctor, he said “your leg is broken, I am sorry you can’t explore anymore”. All of the cowboys were very sad, but what can they do. All of the cowboys missed the exploring but it’s good that they were together. After year all of the cowboys found their love and all of the cowboys had lots of children, so they were very happy!

The End