Flash Fiction Competition 2014

Image 1 children’s entries
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Flotsam and Jetsam by Laura Smith

The weather matched my mood, dark and gloomy. I gazed at the water as Gramps often had. The tears rolled down my cheeks like the waves that lapped over my toes. The beach was colourless.

Ever since I could remember Gramps had walked me to the end of the spit and we would gaze towards the distant land of America. Gradually, I reached the point where we had so often stood, and lay down his hat.

I turned away sorrowfully and grudgingly moved towards my cottage. I felt as though I was abandoning Gramps, our dream and all the traumatic tales of his life. Turning around to have one last look at it, a huge wave engulfed it and it was gone. “At least it’s where he is now” I assured myself.

The cottage was warm and I realised how bitter it was outside. Mother greeted me with a kind smile and motioned me towards the table. One of the reasons why I love my mother is the fact that she is strong. I could see she was upset and she saw it in me too. Gramps had always said we were alike and he was absolutely correct.

I snuggled in the bed with my two sisters and fell asleep and dreamt of Gramps.

The next morning I dashed out of the cottage and ran to the cave. I swung down and perched on a rock and looked at our drawings. My eye was drawn to a note written by Gramps. I was surprised as I had not seen it before. It said,” Do not follow my path, follow the dolphins’” I gazed around our secret cave to see if he had left any other indications of his visit. He had not lit the timber in the dry ledge of the cave; he had not knocked over the big rock by the door so he must have been very quick.

It was Gramps’ funeral that day. We didn’t have enough money for a fancy one so we simply said our goodbyes. Gramps had died at sea so we threw lilies into the water rather than on his grave.

As I meandered back to the house, I felt that my grandpa had not received the farewell he deserved.

So that night I crept out to the ‘log house’ and filled my arms with wood. I worked all night in the alcove near the cave. I carved and cut until my hands were covered in splinters, but when I stood back and gazed at my masterpiece I forgot my pain.

I lay on the beach and talked to the stars. I felt as though I was talking to Gramps again as they twinkled in the same way as his eyes.

Abruptly, I sat up as I heard mother’s voice calling my name. I scrambled to my feet and pushed my floating masterpiece into the water. A dolphin, with twinkling eyes, splashed its tail encouragingly. The sails billowed out and I surged forward.
There’s Something About the Sea by Mb Usua

Finally I was turning thirteen. My family and I were celebrating on the beach. Mum finally promised to stop calling me “Timmy”. I was too old for that. “Timmy!” Mum called. There goes her promise. “Lunch!” Lunch on the beach was my favourite. Mum always made chocolate cake and dad always grilled hamburgers and veggie burgers for Lydia. Whatever made her inclined to eat fake meat I would never understand. I let my mind wander as I thought about how great lunch would be. I was so immersed in my thoughts I tripped and tumbled down where a large rock was awaiting me. With a BANG on my head, I felt dizzy and everything went black.

“Is he going to be alright?” I heard my parents speaking. It seems your son has fallen into a coma. There were gasps from all around the room and then silence. I wanted to scream “Guys! Look! I’m fine!” but my mouth wouldn’t move. Everyday my family visited crying and praying for me to wake up. I really hoped their prayers wouldn’t go unanswered because I really wanted to wake up.

Others always said that in comas, people were oblivious to everything but that was not the case. I heard everything. From the nurses chatting about my health to the doctor questioning my parents about ending it. It was so discouraging and I hated how little faith the hospital staff had. No matter what I would keep on fighting.

While battling in my mind, I had a peculiar dream. I was standing on the shore with my dad. There was a cold wind picking up and ominous clouds in the sky. My dad was completely unfazed by it. He looked at me making sure he had my attention before he spoke. “The wind is the past.” I stared with confusion. “It blows away the things of the present and makes them the past. He held up a paper plane and let it fly away.

The wind was picking up and I struggled to hold my ground. “The rocks are the present. The way you see them now aren’t how they will always be. They slowly change over time. I understood what he was trying to say. “The sea is the future.” he glanced at the ocean. “It stretches so far and is filled with many wonders. He gave me a smile before embracing me. It didn’t last because the wind
carried me away.

The dream ended and my heart was pounding. I was drowning in sweat. What a nightmare it was. I discovered that if I didn’t wake up soon I would be swept by the wind into the past. There was always something about the future that intrigued me. Something about the sea.

I willed my heavy eyes to open. Giving up wasn’t an option. In came the doctor along with my loved ones. “Perfect timing.” I waited until I knew they were right next to my bed and opened my eyes.
The ship had arrived, and slowly each sad child walked down the ridged walkway carrying their trunk full of memories. Joe was last off and being called by several people. He was scared and didn’t know where to go. Suddenly he was shoved over to the side and collected by a tall friendly looking lady. She was wearing a long red dress with a bow in the corner; her red high heels matched perfectly with the cream hat which sat gently upon her head. Her hair was curled lightly and plopped on her neck.

She helped him with his trunk and packed it into her carriage and climbed in. Joe clambered into the seat next to her and didn’t say a word the whole journey. They arrived at this massive, vast house with acres of land. Joe started climbing out of the carriage when a kind gentleman called Wilbert helped him down the stairs; Joe went to the back of the carriage and started pulling out his heavy trunk, but Wilbert took it for him.

“This way Joe,” she said. Joe followed her down a winding path to a sight which was incredible; thousands of crystal pebbles scattered all over the place, with pale, foamy, blue water crashing softly against the pebbles. As quick as a flash Joe noticed this man standing on the pebbles with the waves crashing on his feet. Then Joe realised the man was his Uncle.

“Uncle Steven,” he cried, “Uncle Steven!” His Uncle turned around and saw Joe running as fast as he could towards him. He hugged his Uncle as tight as he could, as if he was the only person he knew. Uncle Steven showed his nephew around the house and to his new room which was painted blue and had light green spots which were scattered all around the walls.

The next morning Joe woke up ready to start his new school Ridge Primary. He had his breakfast and travelled in the carriage with his new bag and uniform on. He arrived at his classroom and took a seat beside a boy named Nathan. After his first class they had break and everyone stood about chatting about the weekend, all apart from Joe who sat in the corner by himself eating his banana until the bell rang. The next two classes were not the best because it was History and Maths. Lunch was the same; Joe sat on his own and ate the lunch that his Aunt has prepared for him. After lunch was much better, because Joe had English and HE.

Joe arrived home and gathered his bag from the back of the carriage and carried it into the house, and started doing his homework. He fetched a glass of water and took it back to his table where he finished of his homework. Joe had his dinner and then trotted off to bed.

“Will I ever fit in?”
The Lost Boat by Millie Scott

One cold, blustery day, a young nine year old boy named Will, steps out of his dusty, dark house, and stares out at the huge salty sea.

Will is a short tempered boy. It isn’t very surprising for him to suddenly lash out or kick off in a massive temper tantrum. Will lives with his tall, strict and sharp faced parents.

Will begins to slowly walk down the old stone steps of his house, still gazing out at the tossing sea water. He is searching the water for something he desperately wants to see, as he has lost an important item. It is his carved wooden boat that he had been given by his Grandad.

Just last week, when running along the rocks, he had slipped on some particularly slimy seaweed, and had dropped his wooden boat into the water beneath him. He had jumped into the water to try and get it back, but the water was icy cold and current was too strong and he could not reach it. He watched desperately as the boat sailed off into the distance. He wondered if he would ever see it again. He climbed out of the water, dripping wet, and shaking and shivering he walked home, knowing his Mother was going to be extremely angry at him for being so wet and losing his Grandad’s gift.

His Mother had been cross, and told him he was not allowed to go to the water’s edge for a whole week. Will got upset and kicked his Mother with frustration, as how would he ever find his boat, if he was not allowed to go near the sea? By kicking his Mother he had got into even more trouble.

Today, is the first day he is allowed back to the seashore. As Will walks down to the shore, he tucks his head in against the wind and holds onto his hat. He walks along the sand at the water’s edge. He is not looking where he is going, as he is too busy staring out at the sea, so his left shoe gets wet. He has to take it off and carry his shoe in his hand.

All of a sudden, Will hears a shout. He cautiously turns around, and sees an old man with a white beard. The man walks over to Will, and puts his hand on his back, and says “Are you Will?, I know your Grandad. He told me you’d lost a carved boat he had made for you”.

Will is surprised that the old man knows him, he says “Yes, I am looking for it right now”.

“Look no more. I found it bobbing beside my boat when I was out fishing” explains the old man, “here it is, sonny”.

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“Oh, thank you” exclaims Will.

As Will walks home, he wonders what adventures his boat has had in its week at sea.
An Underwater Adventure by Rahima Nazir

Tommy is 11. He goes to a boarding school called St Martin’s Boarding School for Boys. During the holidays he lives with his grandpa as his parents died in a car accident when he was three. He is extremely close to his grandpa. The day he came back he and his grandpa went to the beach. Tommy was quiet as they strolled along.

There was something eerie about the beach. There was thin sand that seemed to turn blue when you looked at it for too long. The rocks were cracked badly with a thick green moss enveloping them. The sea was a sapphire blue that had a slight green tint. Maybe it seemed different as Tommy hadn’t been there for a while. At the far left end of the beach there was a small hut with a rusty old door. It was crumbling like cake if you mash it too long, but it didn’t look yummy. It had been there for ages and Tommy enjoyed playing in it when he was younger.

The wave’s crashed as a young girl emerged from them shaking the water out of her hair like a dog when it gets wet.

“It’s awesome down there!” she said “You have got to take a look!” She skipped off.

Tommy didn’t even know her and didn’t understand what she meant. He peered down in to the ocean and saw hundreds of kids and adults swimming. They all looked so joyful, and he wanted to join them. He turned around to ask his grandpa but he wasn’t there. Tommy peered down again and saw his grandpa waving up at him from down under the shimmering waters. He hoped it would be warm and jumped in. All around him were happy faces. Beautiful shoals of magical fish in an array of colours swam around a pool were everyone was enjoying themselves. Gigantic clams lay steady with a shiny pearl as white as crisp glistening snow. Huge shells made for great hiding places lay dotted everywhere, and some children explored one and disturbed a small hermit crab attempting to take a nap! A big green blob of a turtle swam to-and-fro with an extremely grumpy look on its face as kids clambered on for a ride. Grandpa rode on a seahorse as elegant as a ballerina gliding as if it was dancing. Tommy enjoyed himself immensely, swimming and playing with all the others. After a few hours, Grandpa dragged Tommy away from the crowds and took him to the surface.

“Where were we Grandpa?” asked Tommy.

“I really don’t know Tommy, but it was pretty unreal,” said Grandpa scratching his chin. “I remember that when I was little a legend was told around the villages. Every century a small opening was made into the water and humans could access it. It was like an underwater fairground, and that’s where we must have been.”

“Ah so anything can happen,” said Tommy as they walked home, chatting about their little adventure...
The Dolphin Whistle by Nommy Soplantila

One very rough and squally evening, I was sitting on the deck of my dad’s fishing boat, The Sea Spirit, when I heard the clunk of my Granda’s stick. He came shuffling towards me, too old really to be at sea but he loved it too much to be away.

“Come ‘ere ma loon and let me spek wi ya a minity” he said.

“Let ma tell ya a wee tale.” He said and I squashed into his old jumper on the bench with him for warmth.

“Many many years ago when I wa not much more than a bairn, I was walking along Hopeman Beach with my Granda” He began. “It had been a high tide and we found an enormous bottlenose dolphin on the beach. Stranded. We ran, well I ran and me Granda hobbled” He chocked with laughter, coughed and carried on. “Well me loon, dinna ye think that the years in this dreich has got to me heid but that great beautiful animal spoke to me! “Help me” it said “I am dying!” Well me Granda an me, we pulled and pushed and poured water and worked for hours and jis as it seemed that all was lost we managed to move the dolphin enough for it to get off the beach”. Granda looked out to sea but with glazed eyes and I just stared in amazement! Granda was a practical fisherman, not a man of fairy stories of talking creatures.

Then Granda turned to me and held out the white tooth on the chain he always wore round his neck and opened my hand and put it in. “Ere” He said “The dolphin’s tail flicked this at me as it left the beach and now it is yours”.

I went to give it a try but Granda said “No”. I could only blow in real need of help, so I put it round my neck and tucked it into my vest. Granda went off for a smoke on the other side and I sat alone for a split second of calm until the fear of all sea vessels hit. Rocks. We had missed the skerries in the gale but hit other hidden high level rocks further round the coast. The boat lurched and I heard my Dad shout for me but it was all too quick and I was overboard before I knew it. The cold of the sea took my breath and I sank, eventually when I got my brain together I started kicking wildly, I was never much of a swimmer. I surfaced but in the dark could see nothing except the white whistle which has worked itself out of my vest.

I blew and blew and thought it was a gonner but suddenly I was being pushed by warm rubbery muscles. It seemed to force me up out of the water and skim towards the beach. I woke the next day in Dr. Grays with Dad and Granda beside my bed, smiling.
I feel the hand on my shoulder. I turn around and see the old man. He has visited me a lot these days. Just like the little boy did before. They don’t talk, they just stand with me. Like now. We just stand looking out to sea. I like having someone with me. When the little boy left, I cried. But the old man is nice too... People at school say I’m crazy. They say that when I stand on the beach I am alone. But I’m not! They are standing with me. They are! I swear. I can feel them. I have no friends at school but at the beach, where I spend my free days, they are with me, my friends. I don’t care what anyone says. I’m not insane! They are there!

I hate talking. I feel stupid. Everyone laughs at my stutter. Maybe my friends don’t talk to me because I don’t talk to them, or maybe they can just tell that I don’t want to talk. When I walk back to the home, I wish they were there. When mum and dad died my friends started visiting me at the beach. Each one comes and goes, leaving something for me to remember them by. A shell, a tiny piece of pottery, a shiny pebble. Something we found together. The little boy gave me a piece of rope and smiled. They always leave once they have given me something. It’s like a sign that they are leaving.

The old man looks at me and smiles. We start to walk along the waters edge, looking for crabs, shells and lots of small things. The old man bends down and moves the seaweed. Revealing a piece of sea glass and a crab. I laugh, I love crabs they are funny creatures. Most people at school are scared of crabs, they say that there eyes are creepy and that the crab will pinch you. If you are nice to a crab, it won’t pinch you; in fact if you look closely it smiles. I pick up the piece of blue sea glass and we continue walking. When we get to the rock we stop and sit down, his hand on my shoulder, both of us just looking.

The old man gets up and pulls out of his pocket a piece of pottery we’d found. He places it into my hand, smiling, I can feel a lump in my throat. He can’t leave. I have to talk to him. To make him stay. I think of all the comments people make about me. I’m not crazy!

“Wait!” I say as the man turns to leave, “Don’t go!”

He turns back, whispering “You’re ready. Follow me.” He takes my hand and together we walk into the sea... I never knew new death could be so painless.

I put my hand on the little girl’s shoulder. She looks at me and smiles. I don’t say anything; we sit on a rock, just looking.
The big wave by Aiste Kavoleltye

It was 1914 and World War 1 had started. Everyone was sad little kids were crying because they didn’t want their Dads and Mums to die in the war. Before the war everyone was buying lots of different food they would hide somewhere.

There was one boy who was really sad because of the war but the one good thing was that they lived in a big house beside the sea. The boy had a dog so he could play with him. The boy and his Grandma, Grandpa, Mum and Dad went for a little walk beside the sea every day.

One day the boy and his family were walking beside the sea and the boy said: “What if we die in the war? Or what if you die in the war and I am left on my own?”

His mum said: “You will be alright. None of us will die in the war. But if we do you will be ok because you are a big boy. You are eight years old.”

The boy said: “If you go to the war I want to go too.”

Grandpa said: “Sorry you can’t.”

“But why?” the boy asked and Grandpa replied:

“Because you are too young. You only can go to the war then you are 18 or over.”

So they were all walking beside the sea and suddenly the boy started to cry. His dad asked him why he was crying and the boy answered: “I don’t want to lose you!”

Mum said: “Don’t be worry. You will be fine.” The boy hugged everyone to help make him feel happier.

It was four years after the war had ended. The town was all messed up. Everyone was starving and all the shops were closed. Little children were crying. Lots of people died. But the little boy’s family was still alive. When the war ended the little boy was really happy.

As usual the boy and his family went for a walk but this time they took their swimming suits. The boy didn’t want to swim so he watched his family swimming.

They were swimming and he heard “HELP ME!” The waves where huge. He couldn’t see who it was, but he thought it was his dad. No one could save. The boy was really sad. He cried for three days and his mum said: “I know son. I really miss him too. But you can’t be sad all your life.” The boy replied “I know. I just really miss him.”

10 years later the boy moved because he had a wife and kids. He lives happily but is still sad about his father.
In 1929 a wanderer in the wasteland of America, on this trusty horse Chloe, were looking for a village or a city. “We need a place to stay, Chloe,” he said with haste because the dehydration was kicking in.

It looked hopeless until in the distance he saw something. In excitement he dug his spurs into Chloe’s rump to make her speed up drastically. “Come on!” he screamed. As they got closer he saw a little boy who was standing beside a little oasis.

The first thing the man and Chloe did was drink the water. There was only a little puddle left but it was ok for the time being.

“I hope you drank well,” said the boy.

“It was only a puddle,” said the man.

“Yes but it’s a little puddle of hope. I’m Jack,” he said trying to shake his hand.

“I’m John,” he said suspiciously.

“Say John, can I tag around with you?” he said shyly.

“It’s just I’ve been looking for someplace to stay for a long time and I can’t find a place” he said upset.

“Fine then but no crying” John sighed.

“Thank you so much!” he said energetically.

“Just be quiet” John snapped.

“Ok don’t take a hissy” whispered Jack.

“Get on Chloe,” barked John. So Jack sprang up on Chloe and off they went.

About half an hour later, John saw something. It looked like four men standing there. Instinctively John reached for his revolver but as they got closer he saw they were trees.

“Hey John, this looks like a good place to set camp.”

“Yeah let’s set up camp here” John said.

As they set up camp John saw a river up ahead. “Boy, are you still awake” John said. Jack groaned. “I see a river up there come on!”

As they were riding to the river Jack yelled “I told you. A little puddle of hope!”

When they got there Chloe ran into the water. “This is the best water I’ve ever tasted” John said while gulping water.

“I know!” Jack yelled while wiping water from his mouth.

John went out to get wood while Jack planned where to build the houses when he saw a bush rustle. “John?” he said. Out of nowhere a man came out of the bush pointing a gun at Jack. “Don’t you
remember me? Well I remember you and it’s time to pay with your life!”

John heard a gunshot and ran back to camp as fast as he could. He saw Jack on the floor. “Jack you’re ok. You’re fine.” he said.

“It’s ok John, just remember - a little puddle of hope” Jack managed to say.

“No!” sobbed John.

An image was burned into John’s head that day. It was a picture of him and Jack walking down the river.
Hello my name is Charles. I am 7 years old. I should be 14 but I had a life before this you see. I lived in a tiny town in Wales called Blumand. It is very close to the beach. It all started the day I could speak. I always told my new mum about Blumand but she never believed me. I always dream about Blumand. Sometimes I get a bit upset because I miss my Blumand mum and my Blumand dad. My Blumand dad died in front of my eyes when I was 5 - he was knocked down by a harbour truck. They were huge big trucks that carried the fish to the market.

Now that I have told you about my Blumand parents I will tell you about my new mum and dad. My mum has long hair, as black as coal and wears grey glasses and my dad has brown hair and always wears a sky blue tie. One day my new mum and dad took me to the airport to go see my Blumand mum. My new mum and dad asked me “What does your house look like Charles?”

I replied: “It is a small white house beside the beach shore where you can see the planes land on the beach.”

We drove for hours along the beach and suddenly we came across a white house that was small and beside the sea shore. It was just like how I remembered it. I ran as fast as I could. I opened the door shouting “MUM.”

No one replied. I looked everywhere for her. My mum said that she must be dead. I felt the world around me melt. I was absolutely heartbroken. I really wanted my two mums to meet. I looked for my sisters but I couldn’t see them. Then I ran outside to go and look for them. I played outside for a while alone but it wasn’t the same. We went back to the airport to go home and my new mum asked me if I was ok.

I replied “Yes. I’m just disappointed that you didn’t meet my Blumand mum.”

My mum said “That’s alright, you can draw me a picture of her.”

When we got home I drew a picture of her and when my mum saw the picture she said:

“WOW! That’s amazing. I didn’t know you could draw like that Charles.”

It was a very realistic drawing. From that day on I carried on drawing I have now published my own book and it is about my new mum. The best mum in the world.
The Pigeon by Helen Forbes

Zayn was very excited to go on holiday. He was going with his mum and dad to Florida. It was his first time ever going to another country. When he got on the plane he was terrified. Zayn was so scared he was trying to get off but as the plane took off Zayn calmed down. Finally the plane landed and they all got off. It was extremely warm and the sun was shining. Zayn wanted to go straight to the beach and the theme parks but his mum and dad wanted to go to the hotel.

The hotel was a big disappointment. It was small and there was no swimming pool. The rooms were also very small. Zayn’s mum was annoyed and tried to go to another hotel but it was too expensive so they had to go back to the awful hotel. Zayn and his dad were fed up and wanted to go to the beach but it was getting dark so they couldn’t go.

The next day they went to Disneyland and Zayn wanted to go on most of the rides. Zayn’s mum and dad got really frustrated waiting and eventually gave up and wanted to leave. Zayn got mad when they said that so he ran to the front of the line, cut in front of everyone and jumped on the ride when it stopped. His mum and dad shouted his name but it was too late. He was already going upside down but suddenly it broke down and he was stuck up at the top. Zayn only had to wait ten minutes and then someone got it to come down. When he got back down he got into big trouble and had to go straight back to the hotel.

Zayn didn’t get to do anything for the next two days. Finally, on his last day in Florida he got to go to the beach. He was super excited about that. It wasn’t very sunny but it was still warm.

At the beach no one was there so Zayn’s mum decided to go into the sea to swim. Zayn’s mum was a good swimmer so she went out quite deep. Soon she was out of sight.

Ten minutes later Zayn saw a big grey bird. It looked like a pigeon but it was too big. It was five times the size of a regular pigeon. Zayn didn’t think anything of it but then when he saw it again the pigeon was carrying something that looked like his mum.

Zayn and his dad tried to follow it but it was too fast. They looked for it for days but they couldn’t find it. Zayn phoned the police but they didn’t believe him. Zayn’s mum was never seen again...
Disaster on the boat by Henrijs Stekis

04.08.1914

The war has started. It’s been 2 weeks. My dad used his life savings to get us a boat so we are safe from war. The next day we rush down to the beach waiting patiently for it to arrive. Finally the boat arrives; men in an army uniform get out and quickly ask my dad for his name so they know it’s him. My dad answers “My name is James Steadler.”

The men answer: “Get in before anyone sees us.”

When we get in, the first thing we see is a huge storage of food which will last us through the year.

04.04.1915

We have been on the boat for exactly 8 months. The war is still active. My dad James always says it won’t get us here in the middle of the sea, nothing has happened to us yet.

18.04.1915

We were stopped by the Germans. They stole our food and we have been kidnapped. We are trapped in a room on the boat with hardly any food and our boat crew have been killed.

18.05.1915

The boat has started leaking and it’s going down. My dad James quickly tells me to jump on a box that’s empty because it will float. Now we are stuck on a box in the middle of nowhere, tired and freezing.

19.05.1915

We find ourselves stuck on an island with no food. We realise nobody will save us any time soon. We quickly go hunting for food and pick some berries. While my dad is making the shelter I enjoy the beautiful mountain on the island and the river coming down it. Finally, the shelter is done and we enjoyed the sunset before going to sleep.

18.01.1916

We have spent 7 months on the island now. The island is starting to feel homely.

27.01.1916

Help arrived. They said they saw the fire we had set up. They took us back home. The war is still on, everything is destroyed, there are dead bodies about 10 minutes away from our house and there are horses with people riding them. Staying in the house is safer than the island.

The war is over

We have cleaned up the house from all the stuff that happened and my dad moved the dirt to the ditches so there aren’t any holes in the ground. Now that the war is over we have been thinking about everything that has happened and are going to the beach where it all started.
Joe and the LNM by Logan Duncan

Once there was a boy who was at the beach because he was getting bullied. He was getting upset at school and when he got upset he liked to go to the beach.

One day when he went to the beach he saw his grandpa (Phillip) and he was surprised. So he asked him “Grandpa what are you doing here?”

Grandpa replied “I know you come here.”

Grandpa and Joe just walked along the beach, talking and throwing stones into the water and climbing up steep rocks. While they were climbing up the steep rocks, Joe noticed a weird creature in the sea and he pointed it out to grandpa. Grandpa couldn’t believe his eyes “It’s a Loch Ness monster” he said. So he pulled out his camera and took a photo of it.

They started to follow the Loch Ness monster. They followed it for about half an hour or so and the Loch Ness monster kept coming closer and closer and closer. Joe went to try to pet the Loch Ness monster and at first grandpa was anxious about how the monster would react to being approached. His anxiousness changed to curiosity about wanting to get close enough to the monster to touch and it and see what it felt like. The monster was OK with him coming closer and touching him.

Then Joe went on the Loch Ness monster’s back and he was riding him for forty five minutes and grandpa was ok with that. So Joe was riding him around the sea having fun and then he got off the monster’s back.

After a while Joe thought of a name for the Loch Ness monster. He decided to call him George and grandpa said “That’s a great name.”

Later while they were walking home grandpa asked Joe if he was ok and Joe said “Yes. I feel a lot better now that I have met George.”

“Well, I’m glad,” said grandpa.

When they got home mum had dinner ready but she had been anxious about where Joe had been. Grandpa had to go but before he left Joe said to him “Thank you grandpa. I am really glad that I saw you at the beach today”.

Grandpa said “You’re very welcome Joe. You’re very welcome.”

The next day Joe went to the beach looking for George but he couldn’t find him. He looked everywhere because he just knew George was in the water but he couldn’t see him again. After a while he decided to just walk on the beach and throw stones instead of search for George.
The War by Mark Tatarnikov

The story comes to a tragic end. Let’s begin!!! There was a boy called Jake. He was a calm boy who lived in England. He had lived there for 5 years. He had a family, a dad, a mum and a granddad. They were really calm too. Jake’s granddad was talking about the war. He said the war was coming soon and Jake said:

“There is no war Granddad. You’re just crazy.”

The next morning Jake heard a sound. “Something must be wrong.” Jake said, “There are bad soldiers. Dad. DAD!!”

Jake could see his granddad. He ran over to see him but it was too late. His granddad wasn’t moving. “Granddad wake up.” His dad came and told him his granddad had had heart attack.

The family drove to a military base where mum and dad said they would be safe. The soldiers were behind them and there were tanks too. Jake found a dog and asked if he could keep it. His mum said that they could and Jake smiled.

It was 1940 and they were in Aberdeen. It was clear they behind them were military tanks and that there was a war happening.

“Mum I’m scared.”

“It will be ok son.”

As they continued Jakes shook his head. They had put gates everywhere and everywhere they went houses were burning. Jake’s dad came and told them to get out as quick and as possible. “RUN!!!!” yelled Jake.

The building fell to pieces so they got into the car and drove as fast as they could. “We’re gone. Out of that city,” said dad.

“Yeah dad. We weren’t safe and we could have died.”

They went back to England. Nothing was there. They went to the beach to think about everything. “It has to come to an end dad,” said Jake.

Jake was looking out at the sea with his dad and his mum. The dog was with them too and was playing in the sand. They got onto a boat to New York for their holidays.

When they got to New York Jake thought it was hot but he had fun. They were at a water park and Jake went onto the slide. He loved it and as he went down the slide, he splashed his mum and dad. He thought it was very funny.

And the story comes to a very happy end. I know it is not tragic but it is a good story.
Alone by Mckenzie Tocher

Hello, my name is Niall. Last winter my life changed and I am writing to tell you all about it...

It was December 17th, the wind was nippy, the grass was covered in a thick layer of snow and the branches on the trees had giant ice poles hanging from them.

I lived in a small orphanage; it wasn’t the nicest orphanage to be honest – cracks in the walls, holes in the floor and if you listened carefully you could hear mice scurrying by. My mum and dad passed away when I was three. In the orphanage everyone had a sibling but I was the lonely kid.

Every day after school I went to Sunnytime Beach. Like me, the beach wasn’t popular at all. It wasn’t really a beach, more a pile of rocks next to the sea. The sea was beautiful, especially in the winter time when the powerful wind made the waves crash on the rocks like Thor throwing his thunder bolts at his enemies. Sometimes when I felt really alone I would talk to my reflection in the water. I called my reflection Rian, which was my dad’s name. I liked talking to Rian, it made me feel special. No one could talk to him but me.

It was Monday afternoon and I was at the beach as usual but when I turned around, I saw a shadowy figure behind me. I saw a man no older than 50, with wrinkles on his face, he didn’t have much hair but the hair that he did have was curly, his eyes were green and he had a kind smile, almost like I knew him.

“Hello,” he said.

His voice was soft and gentle and I automatically trusted him. We talked and laughed and discovered we shared the surname Burr.

Two weeks later, with snow was falling rapidly and the wind whistling, I decided to go to the beach to see the waves crash off the rocks. As I approached the beach I noticed a shadowy figure on the rocks. I ran frantically to the beach.

When I reached the rocks my fears were confirmed, it was Nair. He looked upset and it was clear he had been crying. I asked him what was wrong and he told me that he was leaving and that he wanted to give me something. It was a short goodbye because we couldn’t say much without our eyes filling up like a waterfall.

He shook my hand whilst he slipped something in it then he disappeared. It was crazy. I opened the piece of paper. I couldn’t believe my eyes. It was a picture of me as a little boy. With Nair!

I looked at the bottom of the paper and written on it was “Rian Burr”. Then it came to me. Nair. Rian. The letters were just mixed up and he had my surname!

Nair Burr was my dad!
The day dad died by Mia Kelly

It was a super frosty morning and Layland and his dad had a really bad bug. His dad had it really bad. About an hour later Layland started to feel better, but his dad got worse. Later that day his dad passed away.

The next week it was time for Layland to say his last goodbye to his dad. Layland’s dad loved to go to the beach but it took a few hours to get there so his grandpa took him to the beach in his tiny car. When they got there Layland got down on his hands and knees and screamed for his dad to come back. After he had calmed down, he started to admire the view. There were dolphins jumping everywhere. It was majestic. It was the best view he had ever seen: the water was crashing against the rocks and the sky started to turn a pinkish colour. It was amazing.

Layland was thinking about the time he and his dad had nearly died. They went out to sea one delightful morning and had brought food and water to last them the whole day. But after three hours they had eaten all of the food, like pigs. They wanted to head back but it was pitch back and they could not see a thing. They waited for the lighthouse light to come on next to the Cliffside rocks but it only came up a flash. That’s when they saw GRANDMA…. She was a very mean person and nobody would mess with her. She was the one who had flashed the light then switched it off. They had to sleep on the boat until it was morning. It was terrifying because the waves were smashing against the boat and they did not sleep very well.

Finally, they got home and had some food and water. It was time for bed because they were almost falling asleep as they were eating.

Layland’s sister put herself in charge. She had wanted their dad to die. She said their dad was a very selfish boy and was spoilt and that he never accomplished anything in his life because everything was given to him.

That night Layland packed everything and set off into town. He glanced around and his eyes saw the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life. They lived in a small cottage in the city and had a perfect family – a girl, a boy and twin girls.

Layland and his family all lived happily ever after.
The cold April rain leaked in through the open window in the Saint Stone’s orphanage. One drop hit Penny and she was up “Who left the window open?!” she said angrily. Everyone woke up with a fright.

“What?” Robin asked, tired.

“The window is open and there’s a storm coming!”

“Well I didn’t open it,” Josh snarled.

Lily stayed silent and Doug just pulled his covers over his head. Finally, I spoke up. “Penny,” I muttered.

“Yes Liu,” she replied, while walking back from closing the window. “I did it and I’m really sorry. A butterfly got trapped inside and I left it open…. Please don’t tell Miss Willow.”

She sighed, “Just don’t do it again, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Get some sleep. There is work to do tomorrow.”

I lay my head down again and closed my eyes.

“Children! Up now or I’ll feed you to the dogs!” Everybody, including me, got up and went to our ‘jobs’. I followed the big line that went out the door but was stopped by Miss Willow. “Meet me in my office. You’re lucky, you don’t have work.” I looked up at her and smiled. “Just get changed into something nice and come down.” As soon as she finished speaking, I ran to get a new outfit. “I’ll be in my office. Don’t take too long,” she said as she left.

I ran down the old noisy stairs to meet with a woman and a man and behind them was Miss Willow. “These two lovely people want to adopt you Liu.” They smiled and so did I. “Really?”

The couple were smiling and Miss Willow said: “Yes. They were looking for a talented, smart and polite boy. Liu, this is Mr Winter and Mrs Winter.”

As she looked at the people that were about to adopt me they said, “You can call us mum and dad if you want.” I jumped up and down with excitement. I’d never had a mum and dad before. Well, I’ve never meet them. I was left in the woods in a basket. “Now, now. Calm down. We need to show you your new house.” We left the orphanage and went to my new home. It was a huge house. I had lots of toys and fancy outfits it was the best life until…..

Two years later, I was standing by the coast staring into the black water when grandpa put his arm on my shoulder and said, “You need to let it go son and live a happy life.”

“They were the only people I could call mum and dad,” and with that I walked off with my grandpa.

My grandpa looked after me when I lost my parents. Although they are gone, they will always have a special place in my heart.
Flashback by Nicole Trew

A young boy and his father were at the beach. The young boy’s name was Joey and his father’s name was John. Joey and his father were at the far end of the beach, furthest away from their house. Joey’s mother, Mary, was in the house cleaning the kitchen. Joey’s dad said to him to go home and get some fresh lemonade. I’ll wait here.

Joey went back home to get the lemonade but what he didn’t know was that the tide had come in and pulled his dad right out to sea. When Joey got back his dad was gone. “OH NO!!”

Joey called: “DAD! DAD!” There was no answer. He was mortified to see his dad’s shoe wash up on the shore. He ran home at the speed of lightning and burst through the door “MUM!!” he screamed at the top of his voice.


“I can’t find dad. I saw his shoe wash up on the sand,” he sobbed. She ran straight to the beach as fast as she could. When she got to the beach she saw an ambulance parked up at the side of the road. She had a funny feeling that it was her husband on the stretcher. She had tears coming from her eyes.

She got a phone call from the local police station and they told her the horrible news she hoped she wouldn’t hear. She burst into tears. Joey and Mary felt awful. They phoned everyone to tell them the heart breaking news. Everyone was devastated.

Mum planned the funeral and everyone was heartbroken, Joey most of all. A few weeks after the funeral, they were kind of getting over it and started going back to normal. The family were all coming over, having family time and going out and just spending time together.

Joey hadn’t been to school for 2 months and some of his friends didn’t know what had happened and kept on phoning and phoning. One day the house phone rang and it was one of his dad’s friends. They left a voice mail and it said: “We have been phoning and we are getting quite worried. We haven’t seen John in a while and we are not only worried about him, we are worried and Mary and Joey.”

So Joey’s mum called them back and told them what had happened and why she was not answering the phone. They felt quite bad for calling all the time and apologised. His friends were all very upset, of course.

As years passed Joey and Mary missed John a lot but they just had to get on with their own lives.
Albert at the beach for his birthday by Tegan-Leigh Downie

One day a boy called Albert (that is me) was making a picnic for the beach. I was going with my sister Natasha, my mum, my dad and my Granddad. We all got ready and left, it was very far away but when we got there, my mum, my sister and dad took the picnic out of the car and put the food on the blanket.

Me and granddad went for a walk along the beach. It was amazing because of all the sea life we saw. There were dolphins, seals, jelly fish, and lots of fish. It was pretty. I loved it. Granddad was talking about going out on trips with him. I really wanted to go. The first trip I was going to go on was a fishing trip.

Granddad and I went back to the picnic because I was hungry. There was a lot of food: cake, sandwiches, crisps and sweets and a lot more.

After all that I and Natasha were really sleepy. We got our supper and a snack. It was fine. And then we all went to bed.

The next day I got up and got ready for fishing. We had breakfast and off we went. We went on a boat, it was amazing. When we went home we had fish and chips for dinner it was so fine.

After that we went out for supper it was so so so fine. Mum took me and Natasha to a toy store to get stuff for my birthday and toys for us to play with. After that we all went shopping for food. My mum went to Asda for summer clothes. I got an Xbox1 and a Power Ranger toy and my sister Natasha got a TV and rainbow looms.

We went home and I went to the beach with Granddad. As we were walking, I collected some stuff like stones. After that we went home and went to bed.

I woke-up at 7am. I went down stairs and eyed all my birthday presents. I had over 30!! There was a lot. Then everyone woke-up. I opened my presents. We all had breakfast at 11am. We had my birthday cake at 1pm it was so fine and it had Power Rangers on the top.

We all went to the beach with my friends. It was amazing because it felt like a birthday party. We went home and had chips and cheese. After my beach birthday party I was really tired so I went to bed very happy.
It was just after WWI had ended. The Allies were celebrating their victory with joy and the enemies were commiserating with one another. Lots of men had died during the war. A couple of months later a boy called Kevin wanted to find out where his dad died. He thought he was old enough to find out.

Kevin’s granddad Steve took him to the beach where his dad died. His dad’s name was Richard, he was 32.He was shot against a rock.

“You can still see the blood mark,” whispered Steve.

After, they went for a walk on the beach. Granddad Steve was telling Kevin the story of how he survived the war. It was extremely interesting for Kevin. It was getting dark so Kevin went back home.

It was 7:30am the following day and Kevin was getting ready for school. Throughout the day Kevin couldn’t stop thinking about his dad and who had killed him. He couldn’t concentrate on work because he was thinking about his dad.

That night Kevin had a strange dream. He saw the person that killed his dad. He didn’t recognize him until he glanced through his dad’s army yearbook and found:

“Hope you have the worst year ever. James.”

The next morning Kevin woke up early. He had to go to his granddad’s farm. There were lots of strangers passing by. And he noticed the man who he had seen kill his dad.

“James,” he whispered.

He ran and tried to catch up with him. James was very confused.

“I know what you did,” said Kevin, “you won’t get away with it.”

Luckily his granddad saw him and told him to come back to the farm.

The next morning Kevin went to the farm again. He stayed there all day waiting for James but he didn’t come. Kevin’s granddad was worried about him. Kevin realised what he did was wrong and that he shouldn’t have threatened James.

The next morning Kevin’s mum was reading the newspaper and Kevin came downstairs for his breakfast. He was shocked!!!In the newspaper it said

“James-29, died in a fire last night at 11:00pm.”

Kevin was really confused. He never knew that would happen. If he knew he wouldn’t have threatened James.

It was 3:30am and Kevin had had no sleep. He was frightened. He thought something horrible would happen to him.

The next morning Kevin was getting ready for school. He rushed out of his house. He was already 10 minutes late for class. His teacher was strict so he knew that he would get in trouble. Sadly a car hit Kevin while he rushed across the road to school.

“No!” cried everyone.
It was 1955. Aberdeen looked nice after the rain. It was a nice sunny day. Jake woke up and had a nice feeling because it was his birthday. He rushed downstairs where his mum was making him a special birthday breakfast. He sat down, ate his breakfast and mum said that there would be a surprise. It was 10:00am and Jake’s dad came back with a box in his hands. Jake rushed to see what it was. When he opened the box it was a white puppy with a black ear. Jake named the dog Fluffy. Fluffy was a white Highland Scotland dog. Jake and Fluffy went out for a walk. The next day Jake went to a dog shop and used some of his birthday money to buy Fluffy things like balls and chew toys and a really nice costume. When Jake got home he tried out the costume that he bought and she looked gorgeous.

Two years later they went out for a walk and Jake threw a ball and it went on the road. Fluffy ran out onto the road to get the ball and just at that minute a car was driving and he did not notice the dog. Luckily the dog ran out of the way. Jake was so happy.

Jake was so happy that his dog did not get injured. The next day Jake got a letter from a farmer. The letter said that that Fluffy had to be taken away to the farm to help. Jake was so sad but knew he had to do it. He packed all the things that Fluffy needed and a car came and picked Fluffy up. It was a really tough day. Jake’s dad decided to take Jake for a walk on the beach. They had a good talk and after that dad took Jake fishing. They caught a big fish and they ate it for dinner. While on the farm Fluffy had to do a lot of work. He had to look after the farm.

A year after when Jake had forgotten all about Fluffy a box came for him. Jake opened it and there was Fluffy. Jake was very happy and took Fluffy out for the rest of the day.

They entered many competitions and Fluffy won medals, always coming first. Jake was very proud of Fluffy and all of the certificate and medals, everyone was.

Fluffy, Jake and his family lived happily ever after.
The Death Island by Catriona Lindsay

He gripped my shoulder tightly, in a comforting way but I shrugged it off in the offhand manner he was going to have to get used to. I didn’t like him comforting me. He was my step-dad, and he was always kind to me but he just didn’t replace my dad’s ready smile, or his silly jokes that would always make me laugh, though they were never funny.. No one could replace him and if he was gone, then it would be better having no one but mum and me. Now it seems like I don’t have anyone, not since my mum taken off on a stretcher. If there both gone, then I’ll have to go on alone. I don’t need the comforts of step dads- they never help.

The grey beach is lonely, as we plod along. I have a ready scowl on my face unlike him, who’s making an attempt to break some devastating news.

“Listen son,” he started, “ do you like adventures? I know I loved them when I was a little boy like you.”

“I suppose I used to like them, but no anymore,” I grudgingly replied, “and don’t call me little. I’m not small!” His plan wasn’t what I expected, and certainly far less appealing than I thought it would be. Move house? Go to some far off place, and worst of all, go on a boat to get there? Not a chance!

It seemed however, that no matter how much I didn’t want to go, we were going. As each rough cardboard box was filled, I thought of the fact I had never been on a boat, and the only stories I had heard about boats were ones where they sank, apart from one time when mum and dad went on one, but that didn’t count. Not really.

Up and down, back and forward, rolling on the waves. A sudden jolt caused me to start, but a much bigger fright was in store for me, seconds after what I can only recollect as a loud scraping noise. The icy water came all in one rush, one last gasp of air, and one last sight of the ship.

Me, my step-dad and a few others were on a tiny island. I was told I had blacked out and we had little food and water. But one by one, they staggered into the ocean and vanished.

As the days started to pass only my step dad and me seemed to be left. I was weak though, and I knew that he was too. We sipped the last of the bottled water hungrily, but then I saw it. I called to my step dad, and he waded into the sea to try and reach it. I watched him becoming a dot, then a speck, until couldn’t see him and he never returned, so if he got to the ship I don’t know. Eventually I fell into a deep sleep, exhausted from hunger and never woke again.
“So that’s where it all happened?” asked Joe in a quiet voice. “Unfortunately…. yes it was” replied his granddad with a slight tear in his eyes. “So you mean that my parents died out on that calm ocean.” Joe started crying and his granddad hugged him tightly while telling him that his parents loved him very much and that they will always be with him even if they are not in human form. Joe slowly let go of his granddad and said in a whisper “Can I have a moment alone? I will catch up in a minute or two.” His granddad walked away and Joe sat down on the rocks, he put his head in his hands (when he done this his hat fell off but he didn’t notice) and started to chant over “why them, it shouldn’t have happened!” After about a minute of doing this he got up and threw a stone in to the water as if he was trying to hurt it. “I love you mum, I love you dad” Joe said and he picked up his shoes and walked over to where is grandad was waiting for him. “Let’s go” he said and with one glance back he left. Joe was a very lonely child because he didn’t have much family after his parents died and he didn’t have any friends.

Joe had gone to that same spot every day until… one day he didn’t go back because it was his grandad’s birthday, so they went on a day trip to a carboot sale instead, just ten minutes out of Aberdeen (the city they lived in.) The next day Joe woke up feeling so guilty that he was sick. When he went to the beach the next day he found his hat that he didn’t even know he lost..... He picked it up and inside he found a note. He unravelled the note, inside it said “Dear Joe, I know you don’t know me but I heard you talking to your grandad about your parents and I know how you feel. My parents were on the same boat journey as yours were. If you want to meet up go to 64 George Lane on Saturday the 11th of October, I will be there.”

It was the day. Joe’s grandad drove him to 64 George lane. He walked through the big metal gate and before he could knock on the big door a beautiful girl opened it. “Hi I’m Katie.” “I’m Joe, did you leave the note?” “Yes I did, do you want to come in?” “Okay.” So Joe went in and they were talking about their parents. “I feel guilty” said Joe. “Don’t, even if you were there you couldn’t do anything.” This made Joe quite happy. They carried on talking for a few hours. Joe never felt lonely again. They became good friends and met up almost every day, it looks like Joe has a new thing to do every day.
Run away to serenity by Lauren Robertson

I had so much doubt in my head, should I stay or should I leave, my thoughts were in a million places I didn’t know what to do. I had been locked in my room for days with no food or water, my mother didn’t care about me.

A week later I had decided to leave, the moment I was aloud out I packed everything I needed and grabbed a few things to eat without my mum noticing. I wore a thick jumper to keep me warm, a pair of rolled up jeans and a grey cap with an old pair of black scuffed shoes. I travelled until I found a beach a few miles away from my home in Pittsburgh, I thought it would be crowded with children playing, having lots of fun. But it was empty, as I walked along the beach I took off my shoes and felt the sand between my toes.

I found a hut with an old hammock tied up by a small window inside. There was lots of junk lying around and I found a camera, it still worked and I enjoyed taking photos. That night the sea was so loud I could see the waves crashing against the rocks. I made myself a fire with pieces of drift wood I found by the water to help me fall asleep.

The next day, as I stepped out of the shack and smelt the sea breeze, a man was standing on the north side outside a huge beach house staring at me. I curiously stepped back inside and had a look at some photos I had taken the day before. About a minute later I heard a soft knock on the door, I had quite a fright and slowly opened the door it turned out to be the man looking at me, he had brown eyes and grey coloured hair, and he wore a jumper with a collar, trousers and a pair of black shoes. He looked a really nice old man.

I went over and stood by the water with him and he told me I was his grandson, my face just froze I was speechless. At first I would have never of believed him but over time I realized it was my grandfather, I had noticed the line of scaring across his chin I was so glad I had finally found him. He told me a bit about his life and I told him a bit about mine. His name was Marcus and he was 52 years old, I told him I was now 10 years old, he told me I was growing up way too fast.

I met my grandmother Mary and we then moved to America the place we all dreamed of living and stayed there until I was a lot older, we lived in Central America, it was amazing, I was living the life I had thought about my whole life.
Just Me And My Granda. by Sophie Mckessick

The man and little boy were walking along the beach. The little boy is called Max and the man is his granda John.

Max and John live in a little house beside the sea. Their house has a balcony and big glass windows on the side of it so you can see the sea and it’s a really breathtaking view. John and Max like to have regular walks along the beach, especially in the morning when they wake up. It’s bright because of the sun. Max sometimes comes home from school and goes for a walk along the beach.

Max’s mum and dad died a year ago in a car accident. They used to live in the house together with John and Max’s grandma Joyce. Joyce also died a few years go from cancer. It’s just John and Max now. Max does have aunties, uncles and cousins but they all live really far away. John still works to provide for him and Max. They like to talk about Max’s mum and dad and Joyce. There are photos of them around the house. Max has a photo of him, his mum and his dad beside his bed. He also has one with all five of them.

Max is still quite young but he understands the situation and is really thankful to have John there to look after him and help him get through loosing his mum, dad and grandma all in the space of 2 years.

Max is 12 years old. He goes to school Monday to Friday. On the weekends he goes out with his friends or does something with John. Max and John both like football so they go to football matches, go to the cinema, get some chips or ice cream and have a walk along the beach. Max enjoys going out just to get out the house and take his mind off things.

John works in an office doing admin work. It is for an oil company so he earns a lot of money. He doesn’t spoil Max but he does like to treat him now and again. John misses having all of the others around to help him out sometimes but he is glad he has Max to keep his mind off things and keep him company.

As much as they love their beach house they thought it would be a good idea to go on a holiday. They decide to go and visit his auntie Jo, uncle Liam and his little cousins Leah and Yasmin. They live in Australia so it’s a long journey but they haven’t seen them in so long that it doesn’t really matter.

A few days later... Max and John set off for Australia. They are very excited to see their family. After a very long journey they arrive safely but tired in Australia. It is very emotional when they see their family at the airport. They can’t wait to spend a few weeks in Australia.
Benjamin’s Story by Alicia Grant

When they got there they seen little children playing on the street and heard children screaming from their gardens. One of their new neighbours was on the roof sorting their aerial. When his wife seen them she ran to them and left her husband on the ladder and suddenly while she was welcoming them her husband fell of the ladder landed on the road. We all ran over. Neighbours were looking out windows. Gemma phoned the ambulance and they said they would be 10 minutes. The ambulance came and picked up Neil and Jill went with him. After this they went inside and started unpacking and taking in furniture. By the time the unpacked important things it was half 10 so they went to sleep.

Next morning Benjamin’s mum and dad woke him up and said they needed to tell him something exciting. Benjamin went downstairs. Gemma said, “Benjamin we have great news, you’re going to get a little sister.” Benjamin was in shock, he wanted to be an only child, all his friends in Aberdeen had little brother or sisters and they said that they got forgotten about as soon as the baby got here so he was fearing that it would be the same for him. Gemma and Lee looked at each other funny. Lee says, “Don’t you want a new little sister?” Benjamin says, “yes but it just…how long have you got left?”

Mum, “I have 3 months left…”

2 and ½ months later...

Benjamin made lots of new friends at his new school. His birthday came and he went downstairs and he got handed a card. His mum and dad said they couldn’t afford anything for him because the new baby was going to be so expensive. He already felt forgotten so he wondered what it would feel like when the babies born. He grabbed a small bag with important things and ran out the front door and down the street to the beach.

He stood there just as a hand touched his shoulder. It was an old man called Jim he asked why he was himself and what his name was. Benjamin replied, “I am Benjamin and I have ran away from a family who doesn’t like me no more because my baby sister!” Jim replied, “No I’m sure they still love you!” “No they don’t” Benjamin replied. Jim managed to talk sense to Benjamin and Jim took him back home. Benjamin’s parents wouldn’t let him go but then sent him upstairs till they spoke to Jim. Gemma and Lee went upstairs to see Benjamin and mum said, “We will always love you even if you have a little sister.” From then they stuck together and Benjamin ended up loving having a little sister, who was called Leigh-ann.
All At Sea by Jordyn Milne

It was a dark foggy night and Fred just came in to the news that his parents might be dead, at first he thought that his grandpa was just kidding but it finally hit him. Fred just shrived up and burst into tears “I might never get to see my mum and dad again!”.

After Fred had his bath his grandpa brought him some hot chocolate with marshmallows. Then Fred’s grandpa Joe sent him to bed. Fred drank his hot chocolate and ate all his marshmallows, he tried getting to sleep, he tossed and turned and had a nightmare about his parents on the boat. Fred woke up screaming and shouting “NOO!” his grandpa came through and made sure he was ok.

On Monday morning his grandpa woke him up and made him breakfast in bed and took him through to the living room and there was pictures on the table of his mum and dad and they had a laugh at all the photos on the table, he sighed “mum and dad looked so different when they was younger it didn’t look like them at all they look so different”. After his grandpa tidied up all the old photos he made Fred his favourite dinner, a hot bowl of soup with some white bread it smelt delicious.

Soon after Fred finished his dinner Fred’s grandpa took him to the beach. His grandpa asked if he wanted to ask him any questions about his mum and dad, Fred shrugged his shoulders. Even though Fred’s grandpa was Fred’s mum’s dad he knew a lot about Fred’s dad’s history.

Fred’s grandpa took Fred up to the rocks with him and showed him where his mum used to play and have a laugh with friends.

Fred’s grandpa saw a tear drop run down his face he said “don’t worry it will soon get easier my boy, try not to think too much about it” Fred turned his head to look out at the view of the sea.

His grandpa told him a story about his mum mucking about in the sea and she ended up wanting to take a star fish home and keep it as a pet! “She was mad to think that I would ever let her keep a pet like that when she could just visit it down at the sea. Fred chuckled, he felt a bit better now that he had heard that story! After a few more story telling Fred and his grandpa asked Fred if he wanted to have a go down to the water.

After they got soaked in the water Fred found a star fish and he asked his grandpa if he could keep it in memory of his mum and dad his grandpa happily said “yes, yes you can my dear boy”. “You are one lucky boy you are, I never let your mum keep a star fish so you make sure that you look after it and take care of it my boy”.


The Orphanage by Colin Whyte

It was on a beaming Monday morning that a baby born was born. Unfortunately the mother slipped away when she gave birth and the boy grew up as an orphan. The boy’s name was Jay. Jay had short spikey brown hair and he had big dark brown eyes. He often wore dark clothing and always wore this old grey hat that had stitches all over it. When Jay was 12 years of age he got adopted by a very nice elderly couple called Jim and Claire. Straight away Jay moved to a large house in the middle of no where on an old abandoned beach miles away from civilization. (Jay was really excited....)

The beach was a rock and the tides were high and made a sharp sound of the rocks. The rocks were big and stone cold. The sand was dark yellow and felt sloshy in between his toes. Jay’s new house was humongous but looked oddly old. In the inside it was very big and was really modern. Jay’s new bedroom was really comfy and had many many teddies but Jay wasn’t really interested in them. Jay loved to watch the sun set because it was beautiful....

Jay’s surroundings were boring and quite unusual. There was no parks nearby and no other kids for Jay to hang about with. So Jay’s new dad made a point of going fishing every week with his new son to have a catch up and a little chat. They would go every week at an abandoned lake about a mile down the road. They would spend hours talking. Jay told his new father that he liked to play football and his dad a liked to go swimming in open waters....

**The Next Week !!!**

The next week had to go to school but Jay had never had to go to school. The school was set at his own home so he felt more comfortable there. Jay felt scared and alone because he was the only one there. The first period was maths and Jay took a seat in the living room. His teacher was called Mr. Wood. The teacher handed a small green jotter to Jay with tiny little squares in them. Jay opened it and started writing the 7 times table. He had a short hard yellow and black pencil with a red rubber on the top. Once it was the end of the day Jay cuddled up in his bed and fell asleep....

When suddenly he heard a noise down stairs. He hoped out of bed and trotted down the stairs. He peeked round the corner to find his dad lying dead on the floor. Jay screamed and then his mum ran down the stairs.... The next morning Jay and his mum sent the dad out to see on an old raft that they made a few years back
Meet Jack. Jack was no ordinary boy, he was 12 years old and loved animals. Jack woke up with his mum crying next to him, with his granddad hugging her. He asked what was wrong, “He has been called out for war, and he left this morning.” Diane murmured. Jack suddenly burst into tears and joined in with the hugging. They all eventually stopped crying, and ate some bread. Jack got dressed and went outside to see the animals. It was foggy and there were little bits of rain. Jack sat next to the sheep, and fed them. Jake came outside and asked if he was ok, “no” jack whispered. Jake asked what’s wrong. “I want it to be normal again, just me, mum and dad, and maybe you and grandma,” replied Jack. “I’m sure it will be after this stupid war is over,” Jake said angrily. The two of them just sat down in silence for hours on end.

Jack woke up with his dog licking his face, and his mum drinking tea and reading a letter. Jack approached his mum to see what the letter said, and she heard him and turned it over. Jack asked what it was, and his mum replied with “just a stupid letter.” After an hour or so, him and his granddad went to the beach. When they arrived there all they could here is the waves smashing off the rocks, and the seagulls singing. “What did the letter say that mum was reading earlier?” asked Jack suspiciously. “Your dad isn’t well, he has been shot in the leg 3 times and might not live” Replied Jake crying. They both hugged and cried, staring at the waves going back and forth.

The next morning Jack packed everything he needed and snuck out to find his dad. Jack ran through forests and swamps, looking for the training ground. Jack found a village with a large hotel. Jack knocked on the door and asked if he could come in. The owners said yes. They asked what he was doing there, and he told them the whole story, and were urgent to help him find his dad.

The next day Jack got his things, said thanks for the things the owners done, and left. There was a sign saying “Sign up now, and help your country fight, we need you and you need us.” Jack ran back inside and then asked for help, and all three of them left to try find his dad. They walked for what seemed miles, and eventually found a sign saying “boot camp 900 yards ahead.” They ran and finally got there. Jack asked where his dad John Cambridge was. Jack was asked to stay the night, as John won’t be home until the next morning.

Jack woke up with his dad next to him with a smile on his face. They both hugged for hours on end, and then went on a long journey home, and surprised the whole family.
The door slammed behind Tom as he ran away with tears strolling down his face, he ran as far as possible away from home following a straight path. He stopped to catch his breath with his hands on his knees and his head tucked into his chest. He slowly released his head from his chest and looked up to realise he had no clue where he was. Tom realised there was a rocky beach in front of him. He climbed down onto the huge rock and jumped on to the smaller ones and leaped over until he landed on the shore. He decided to take a stroll across the rocky beach. The tears still strolling down Tom’s face he kicked the little stones out the way. He was so angry and sad about what was going on at home. Tom didn’t see the hidden seaweed underneath the stones and slipped and landed on a sharp stone which cut through the skin on his left knee ripping right through his. He stood up with great difficulty and great pain. An old man was out fishing when he saw Tom crying and saw blood gushing out of his knee. The old man went over to help Tom. He asked Tom if he was alright but Tom wanted to know who the man was. “My name is Alfie and I noticed you when I was fishing”. Are you alright Alfie asked Tom again. With a puzzled face, Tom said he was alright but that he was in great pain. Alfie helped Tom stand up and said “come with me young man and I’ll clean up your knee.” Alfie helped Tom to his minivan and they drove to Alfie private mini aquarium/marine centre. When they arrived Alfie helped Tom out of the van and into the centre. Alfie sat Tom down on a chair next to the dolphins and another chair to rest his foot, Alfie asked Tom his name. Alfie went to fetch his first aid kit whilst Tom was gazing round at all the sea animals. Alfie appeared with the first aid kit, he cleaned his knee and bandaged it up. “I’ve got a spare pair of crutches if you would like to borrow them”. He went and got them and handed them to Tom. “This is an amazing place you’ve got Alfie. “Alfie asked Tom if he was interested in sea life. “Tom nodded his head. “Would you like a tour around my aquarium. Alfie took Tom around each animal and let him hold starfish and crabs and feed the dolphins and other sea animals. Every day after that Tom would go to the beach and meet Alfie and would help him in his aquarium. His parents ended up in jail so Alfie got full custody over Tom and became his legal guardian.
The mistake by Kyle Worrall

“But grandpa I want to know more please, please grandpa!”

The year was 1958 it had been 13 years since WW2 had finished. Tim had an obsession with WW2 but his grandpa had Alzheimer’s.

“sorry Tim but you know I can’t remember anything past 15 seconds ago… I’m joking, what were we talking about again, ahh yeah Alzheimer’s is a serious. My long term memory is bad but my short term memory is great.”

(sobs) “ok grandpa”

“look if it means that much to you then we will go to Germany instead of the library across the street, ok?”

“yay, woohoo grandpa yay, I can’t wait. But grandpa who will we ask and wont they try to kill us.”

“of course not Tim, I see if I can set something up with someone in Germany who can tell us the truth”

Grandpa decided to send a letter to a man in Germany who could help them. Tim and grandpa wait weeks until there letter came back from Germany. After that grandpa had set up a plane to take them to Germany. A few days later Grandpa and Tim went off to Germany where they would get there information. Tim couldn’t wait until he got there he was bouncing up and down wait to get there. Once there grandpa and Tim set off to ask people about WW2.

Germany was weird for Tim because he had never seen there building and villages and their building style before. They headed for a village were Tim’s grandpa had planned to meet someone who could tell them the truth. After about 3 hours of traveling Grandpa and Tim went to a hotel so of place where they slept the night and had had a German breakfast.

In the morning they met up with the men. He was in a black suit and had his hair combed back like a mobster he looked very rich. The man took them to a secret place where none could hear them talk or scream! The rich man started to talk about how the Germans wanted to rule the world. Then he told them that Germans had made rockets which the Germans were going to use. Just after that he dropped a bomb shell. The Germans were incredibly ready to launch a missile attack on Britain.

Tim didn’t know what a missile attack was. The man explained that they were launching bombs in rockets instead of dropping them from a plane. Grandpa and Tim were shocked. The man said “don’t you tell anyone any of this or I will have you killed!”

Grandpa had to tell someone so they headed for Berlin it took them hours to get there when they got there they got it printed in a newspaper. Tim and grandpa know they were in trouble so they raced for the airport but it took them a long time they got in a plane as they were flying they crashed. The End!!
The beach (a) by Lauren McQueen

It was a breezy day in autumn and the moving van had just parked outside ready to be filled with all their things to be taken from their home in Aberdeen to their new house in Arbroath. Charlie Bruce was excited to make new friends and a lot of other things, she was also sad because she had a lot of happy memories in that house, and a lot of friends and family there too! Her parents began helping the men put some boxes in the van it all became a bit scary, everything she was used to everything she knew she had to leave behind! “Come on Charlie time to go” called her mum Jennifer. “Okay mum just coming” she called back. She walked outside as they closed the van door everything they owned was in that van. They drove to Arbroath in just under 2 hours.

Her family got to their new home they quickly started unpacking the boxes, because Charlie had her first day at her new school the next day she wanted to go for a walk around to get used to her new town. “mum I’m away for a walk around the area” she said to her mum who was excitedly putting things in the kitchen cupboards and drawers. “okay be careful and be home before it gets dark and put on your hat and coat because it’s getting cold outside” she replied. “Alright I will” she went and put on her hat and coat and left. Charlie set off on her walk she went all around the neighbourhood and then went down small streets which lead to the beach. Charlie walked along the street. She got to the end and saw a rocky beach with big rocks and small cliff edges leading to the water.

Charlie decided to go and explore the beach and climb the rocks. She saw a man walking along the beach himself. This man looked a bit older with scruffy hair and old looking clothes. She was climbing on to a rock when she lost her footing, she slipped, she fell! “Ahh!” she screamed, her hat fell of her jacket ripped too! The older man turned and saw Charlie fall. He rushes over too see if she’s alright, “hello I’m Robert are you alright” he says as he helps her up. “I’m Charlie yeah I’m okay I think I scraped my knee ” Charlie replies. “nice to meet you Charlie, is it alright if I check over your knee?” Robert says “yeah it is” Charlie replies as she rolls her trouser leg up. Robert takes a look at her scraped knee and leg and says “ I think you will be fine just let some air in to it for just now” “okay thank you for helping me” Charlie replies. “its okay, do you know your way home? Would you like me to walk you home as its getting dark?” Robert says “yeah please” Charlie replies they begin in to walk home. 5 32.
The Beach (b) by Shannan Morris

It was an autumn day 27th of October 1992, Joseph took his grandson Timmy to the beach, they loved it there and needed cheering up, he thought it would be a good idea.

Timmy’s mum and dad had died just last week in a fire when they were having a weekend away; Timmy was staying with his granddad at that point. Joseph and Timmy were heartbroken. Joseph lost his first daughter and his stepson, Timmy now only had his family in Australia and his granddad.

When they arrived on the beach they found nice rocks to sit on, they could smell the nice ocean and could feel it when a nice breeze hits them, they could feel little rocks under their feet and some little splashes of water when it hits the rocks around them.

Timmy was instantly happy when he saw a dolphin in the distance, he loved dolphins since he was a young boy at the age of four when he was at an aquarium, he watched the dolphin jump about and swim.

Timmy and Joseph sat in silence for a while after that, they began talking whilst they were walking along the beach, Timmy started to talk about the incident he was asking ‘will I live with you?’ ‘When would I move in?’ ‘What school will I go to? Will I stay at my old school?’ Joseph just said ‘I don’t know about the schools and yes you would be staying with me’ Timmy seemed fine with that.

Joseph was getting a bit tired so they headed to the pier, they went to a little ice-cream shop called ‘brain freeze’ the queue was massive so they waited ages eventually they got their ice-cream with banana sprinkles Timmy got Strawberry and Joseph got Chocolate.

They sat on a bench at the end of the pier watching seagulls flap about; they sat there until they finished their ice-cream, Timmy was almost finished but Joseph had some to go. It was getting kind of late, they had finished their ice-cream, so they left, they got in Josephs car and drove off, when they got home Joseph made them some supper they had some chicken nuggets and chips with tomato sauce.

Once they had finished their food they sat and watched a movie together Timmy got to choose, he chose ‘Despicable Me’ Joseph has a dog called Benji who was watching it with them they sat on the sofa Timmy was curled up in a blanket and Benji sat next to him snuggling him, Joseph sat at the other side of them.

The movie was almost over and Timmy had fell asleep with Benji, Joseph turned off the movie and wrapped Timmy and Benji up in the blanket, he slid a pillow under Timmys head.

He walked through to the kitchen turning off the living room light and making himself a cup of tea, he sat at the table sipping his tea, just thinking ‘why was it them’.... ‘why?’..
“Closer” said a tiny voice drawing me down the long corridor. Walked past rows of doors that seemed to disappear when I turned around. I have been here for a while now time just seems to go on forever but I can finally see a door at the end with a light glowing through the small glass window. “Closer”, there it goes again. “What do you want” I scream at the top of my voice, I stop to see that the walls are starting to close in on me so I rush to the end on the corridor putting one hand on the door and pushing.

“Ouch that hurt” as I picked myself up from the ground, I was in a dark place again I could just see one little lamp in the middle of the room “hello is any one there”, I ask hoping to find a non-evil creature. I hear footsteps, human footsteps; I turn 360 degrees wishing to find something or someone in the distance. But it’s just silent again and I know for sure that I am alone. I start to wonder to find anything to use but nothing! So I pick up the light, holding it in front of me I step on the muddy grass that leads to a path of stone bricks. I long myself not to follow it but this might take me back home.

walking slowly trying to be that scared if I run in to something, but there’s just a big haunted house in front on me I think of how this might be a game going through all the steps will take me home. Again my hand pushing the door forward just to be surprised that there is no ghost, no creepy paintings just amazed that right in my face is a shark with human like hands and feet, I faint.

Wakening up with sharks all around me licking their lips hope to get a taste of me! I jump up and start running for dear life paranoid that their right behind me. (Thump) I stand looking where I am now and I seem to be in a universe that’s upside down, so I am walking on the cloud “that’s so cool” I start to hope that if I get out of here then I will see my family again that’s all my thinking about now “that’s all I care about” my tears stream down my face dropping on to the clouds below me. “Wait what” I just whizzed of somewhere else a forest “my ears” I hear voices there laughing at me, there saying mean things I can’t understand but it hurts me, then that’s when it all flashed me all my memories with my family and my friends, it feels like I’ve been shot it hurts so much.

I scream finally waking up in my bed and running to my mum’s room and hugging her “I’m so sorry for everything I have done”.

good day to die by Sophie Duncan
Finally the day I’ve been waiting for, the day I become a teenager. I had to spend the day in the hospital because my mum had a stroke. The nurse had said my mum would be paralyzed her whole life so she wasn’t allowed back home. After a few hours I began to burst out into tears.
I had no one to live with because my aunt and my dad both stayed in Australia couldn’t stay in Edinburgh for the rest of my life it had too many bad memories. As I was running towards the double doors I could hear voices in my head.
I was on my way back home to grab a few things that I needed with me for my journey. I packed spare clothes, food and any money I could find. I was on my way to the train station and was deciding where I could go.
On the board it said a train was arriving in 15 minutes to Berwick. 15 minutes later the train arrived at platform 6. Platform 6 was over the bridge so went over and it was about to leave, I caught it just in time. I found the seat I was sitting on it was next to a boy that looked the same age as me.
I started to talk to the boy that I was sitting next to his name was Jacob. He was on his way to Berwick beach so I decided to go with him.
I couldn’t wait any longer because I really wanted to see what the beach looked like. It was a sunny day and the sun was shining right at me.
Time flew past like a bird in the sky it didn’t even feel like my birthday at all. As soon as I got the beach I flung my shoes away and felt the soft sand tickling my toes. I saw the waves crashing into each other as the sun set behind it. It was getting dark and Jacob didn’t have anywhere to go either. So that night we slept beside a rock on the beach.
It was early in the morning when I saw that Jacob had gone. I was terrified to hear what had happened to him. I had looked along the whole beach and suddenly came past a house across from the beach on the side.

I slowly walked over and noticed that Jacob was inside of the house. I opened the door and walked in and crept over to where I saw Jacob. As soon as I was just away to take another step and suddenly something touched me.