Flash Fiction Competition 2016

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The Fair

Mr Johnson, Mrs Maclaren and Mr Rodgers were the ‘odd’ folk of the village. Upstanding folk most days of the year, they generated more whispers since the farm-hand had been caught cheating on her husband. These three had an obsession with Renaissance fairs. With the subtly of thieves, they’d prepare costumes, modelling them after peasants and queens, and admire their reflections. Of course, having a hobby as outrageous as this in Snoozy Dip was subject to mockery, from sly elbows at the back of jam competitions, to announcements in Town Hall meetings. The three oddballs wouldn’t be deterred though, inviting all of their friends to flock to the tiny village without any warning.

It started late one sultry afternoon, people in droves making their way into the square, clothed in late 16th century attire. This alone was cause to gawp, especially as Mr Johnson began to greet them warmheartedly, wearing his hand-sewn merchant outfit. A cluster of glassy-eyed locals had by now formed in the Town Hall, the timid mayor protesting as he was shoved outside. He walked towards the frolicking strangers, a reluctant sacrifice. Mr Rodgers greeted the mayor with enthusiasm, ignoring his feeble excuses of, “Noise disturbance,” and “um...you lot really shouldn’t be here...please?” The poor fellow was dragged into a folk dance, eyes terrified as he was jerked around by colourfully-clad strangers chugging ale. The villagers watched with baited breath, confused as the mayor began to relax, resting happily on the arm of a scantily dressed barmaid, half of her height.

The jam ladies watched indignantly, muttering to each other as the farmers joined the festivities, whooping as a street party began, fiddlers playing furiously as someone took out a ukulele. (There was some debate as whether this instrument should be allowed, as it technically didn’t fit the time period.) Singing echoed through Snoozy Dip, only the group of jam-ladies left in the abandoned Town Hall, stewing in their own bitterness. They were the middle-aged mothers of the village, plump and resplendent in flowery frocks and stubborn as donkeys. All of this seemed suspicious to them. Moving out into the middle of the fair in a tight pack, marching up to Mrs Maclaren with clear intent. For a few minutes, they sliced her to pieces with their tongues, leaving the poor woman trembling. Her friends sprang into action, swords literally drawn but the mayor waved them away, turning to face the jam-ladies himself. Through the evening, he’d had rather too many shots of Dutch courage, leaving him slurring through the announcement that Snoozy Dip would forever welcome the Renaissance fair. A cheer went up, more drinks poured out as the ‘respectable’ ladies steamed. Inwardly though, they rather enjoyed the fair, for the reason that it provided more to gossip about in the days to come. After all, it’s not every day a village is woken
from slumber and a certain mayor finds a new hobby...
The Ancient Painting

This a tale you may not believe but let me tell you this is 100% true. It all started long time ago on a full moon when a full moon as bright as a light hit an old picture that was on a wall of an ancient mansion. The amazing mansion was very old and very big. However the people who lived there were away. It was surrounded by lots of trees and flowers and bushes.

Slowly a character in the painting started moving and suddenly he started talking to the other characters. This character was a soldier who always looked his best. His hair was as blond as hay and his wide open eyes were blue. His suite was black and his buttons were gold. He had medals that sat in his pocket where his tissue would go. The soldiers name was Liam and he was the head soldier and he was in love with a maid.

The maid was called Mary. She was a beautiful young girl who everyone loved. Her hair was very long and brown and her eyes where blue. She wore a beautiful dress. Every boy in town adored her apart from her brother David who really didn’t like her at all.

David had ginger hair that was so long that he wore it in a ponytail. David had a wonderful imagination. He would draw amazing pictures all the time. Mary cared for David because their mum and dad were always busy at work. Their dad was a soldier trainer and their mum was a dress maker. Soldier trainers train all day and sleep all night and that’s exactly what he did, he would come home from work have his dinner and go to bed and in the morning he would wake up have breakfast and leave and every day was the same. His name was robin and hers was Victoria.

Mary had learned how to cook when she was 17 because her mum was away one week and she left Mary and David by themselves so Mary had to cook for David who was only 14 at the time.

Mary was now 20 years old and David was now 17. It had been 3 years since the moon light hit and now there was an eclipse coming... it was going to be directly over the mansion and in the past a very grand painting was hit by an eclipse and all the characters jumped out and that’s exactly what they did. When the light of the eclipse hit the characters jumped out of the painting and began their lives as normal people in the real world. So after every full moon they come to live and jump out of the painting and become little people running around in the real world. Every
time they went out they would have a great time and then jump back into the painting and wait until their next adventure. So after that they all lived forever.
Assassin

There were big oak trees off in the distance. Down in a valley with green grass in spring the sun was shining over all the land and there was a house with grey stone walls with only degrading concrete holding it together it also had a thatch roof.

Three people two soldiers and a lady. One of the men was wearing a hat that was made of a hard leather that certified he was of high rank in the army he also carried a musket which was old and rusty. He had jet black hair beautiful sea green eyes off with jet black hair as well as a handlebar moustache. The other man wore a robe like top and he had light brown hair which was very short with hazel brown eyes and murky black pupils. He carried a sword and shield. Although she wore a dull knee dress she carried around a sharp little dagger in her old leather boots. She had short ginger hair with a shrewd wrinkly face completed with sky blue eyes. The man who carried the muskets name was John besides being the sergeant in the army he was also Marys [The lady’s] wife Mary was very caring and helpful for his husband and her brother William who shared his sister’s trait of helpfulness but was only a private in the army only having been persuaded by John not long ago. As they walked slowly back to the house and it came over the horizon. They were glad to see it hadn’t fallen over yet when they walked in john said “I’m just gonna go get changed won’t be long.”

“Ok” Mary replied .Suddenly there was a bang then “I’m gonna go check on john.”

Suddenly William heard a scream and ran to see what happened when he walked in he saw john lying in a pool of blood and Mary cradling him in her arms. While looking out of the window he saw someone looking out of the window he saw the murder fleeing and he said “quickly Mary” and she looked up with a tear stained face which then turned into a face of sheer rage and she leaped through the window as William followed he bolted after him gaining on him since he had been trained in the army but he couldn’t catch him but he did see him go into a lighthouse on the cliffs. So they started climbing the lighthouse and when they got to the top they saw a man wearing a grubby brown trenchcoat a dirt clarted face and dirty blonde hair. Suddenly Mary screamed “why did you do it!!!” then the murderer said. “Well let’s say me and john were never friends so I thought I’d take care of him.” Then he jumped off the cliff and Mary tried to follow but William grabbed her and said. “It’s not worth it” but Mary wriggled free and followed the murderer off the cliff
The adventure begins

Long, long ago there was a museum just out side of London on a busy street. The museum looked like a big castle old and spooky but every day hundreds of people would visit from all around the world just to see one thing that one thing was 3 famous statues all in a row but what no one knew was that they were heroes. At night they come alive. Two Off them are boys called Bill and Jeff and the other one is a girl called Lucy. One night they rescued lots of valuables and gave them back to the owner. On 9-9-99 the worst thing happened they came alive too early.

“Jeff lets go.” Bill whispered.
“ I am coming.” Jeff replied.
So the three of them set off on another adventure.
Slowly they walked past a mirror and checked they looked fine. Bill was wearing a suit, hat and some long boots next Jeff looked in the mirror he was wearing long boot, trousers and a top with a superhero cape down to the bottom of his back then Lucy was wearing long skirt and a white shirt.

Walking towards the door they got spotted by about 10 people that were leaving late.
“AHHHHHHH!” A little boy screamed.
“It’s ok.” his mum said trying to comfort him.
The 3 of them ran out the door as fast as they could.
“That was close!” Bill murmured.
“I know we almost got caught.” Lucy whispered back.
So they walked through the big dark city. The only light was from the giant street lamps up above.
“Is this safe? It is early we normally go about 11:00pm it is only 9:17pm.” Lucy asked
“It will be fine.” Bill replied.
They spotted a robber trying to break into a bank with a big black sack over his shoulder.
“STOP” Jeff shouted at the top of his voice
The robber fell silent then carried on collecting money and putting it in to his sack.
“AHHHH” Bill went charging over to stop him. He tackled him to the ground and returned all the money.
“Lucy call the police” Jeff shouted over still wrestling with the robber.
“Beep……Beep……Beep……hello what service do you want?” the police officer asked
“we would like the police please, at street 11 in London.” Lucy replied.
“ok we will be there in a couple minutes just hold on.” The police told her.
After half an hour the robber was hand cuffed and put in jail.
All they needed to do now was get back to the museum by 9:00am. It was 8:55am
“Run quick were not going to make it” Lucy told them
It is now 8:59am. They needed to sneak through the back door as soon as they got in to there positions the church clock hit 9:00am
“We made it can’t wait to our next adventure” bill said softly.
Once there were two folks living hard lives. It was post war in London the year 1949 25th of December. Many houses were knocked down and rubble lay where rows and rows and row of terraced houses once stood. The sky was full of smoke people sitting on the street because their houses have been knocked down, piles of homes on the ground, cars upside down on fire, the road broken and rubble on the road.

Ninja Dan and servant Jemma were very good friends from school. Both of them remain 20 years old and their birth days are very close together. Ninja Dan got his nick name because he wants to be a master ninja but he needs money to get more training, as jobs are hard to get after the war servant Jemma does have a job. However she doesn’t get paid very often from Donald Trump. Donald Trump is the master of Jemma and Donald Trump’s wife is Hillary they are both very strict and Jemma does not like them she wants to just run away but she can’t because then she won’t get any money so she has to stay.

One day Donald gave Jemma a break so she went to see Dan. So they talked about how poor they are and why they need the money so one day they got to gether and planned to rob the bank who is owned by Donald Trump Jemma’s master so they planned and planned but after a couple of months they had planned the perfect robbery so they needed a getaway driver. Dan was good at hacking and sneaking, Jemma was good at distracting and sneaking so when they had their getaway driver they were ready.

The Day Of The Robbery
The next day thy all met up the getaway driver was called Bob so Jemma distracted the guards Dan hacked all the terminals. Once they got to the vault door after almost getting caught “the last terminal” whispered Dan. “This terminal needs master hacking luckily I have master training” said Dan. After Dan got the vault door open there was stacks of money and gold bars. They bolted out the door got in to the car and left as fast as they could.
Fortunately they got away with it. They all split the money Dan got his master training and became a master ninja, Jemma got herself a house and Bob opened a restaurant called Bobs Burgers and Dan and Jemma had some money left over. They got married.
**The Three Hats**

Matilde wandered confidently along the cobble stone path towards the local well. She needed to collect water for their little hunting cottage. She gazed out at the beautiful view across the glen, the sun glistened off the rocks and the heather made the hill look like a rainbow, she heard the birds singing and she felt happy and content.

As she reached the top of the hill, she spotted her brothers, Yakov and Ninki. They were on their way to the woods, arguing about the best place in the woods for hunting.

“We shall travel east: there are plenty of birds and deer there!” said Yakov in a dictatorial tone.

“No, we must go into the west side of the woods, where there will be much more!” argued Ninki.

“Morning” said Matilde, abruptly and her brothers jumped back with surprise. She noticed with amusement the hat on Yakov’s head.

“Why on earth are you wearing that strange hat, Yakov? It makes you look like you have a castle on your head!” she laughed.

Yakov’s hat was tall and cone shaped. It had an extra rim around the base, which looked like extra castle turrets. It really did make him look like he had a castle on his head.

Ninki sat down on an old tree stump, “I agree,” he admitted, laughing. “But you Matilde, look just as silly with that water jug on your head!” he added. “I don’t think you can go hunting with a water jug like that!”

Matilde was getting rather frustrated by this point and so attempted to grab the gun from Yakov. Though she did not manage to seize the gun from Yakov, the tussle did result in the gun accidentally being fired. Suddenly a loud gunshot echoed into the air, and all the birds flew up out of their nests and deserted the wood, flying sky wards.

“Well done, Matilde” groaned Yakov, “Now we can’t go hunting till the birds fly back to roost again!”

“Phew” said Ninki, pretending to wipe sweat from his forehead. “Now, you can take the hideous castle hat off!”

“We might as well stay here for a bit, and drink some whisky from our flasks, until the birds return” suggested Yakov, trying to keep positive.

The brothers sat down on the hilltop to enjoy their whisky. The whisky felt like amber gold as they drank it, warming their tummies. When the whisky was finished, Ninki stood up ready to go, Matilde and Yakov noticed he had a wet patch on his bottom from sitting on the mossy tree stump and they burst out laughing.
Ninki not sure what they were laughing at, looked around and in his flurry, his hood fell down from his head. Underneath Ninki’s hood, sitting on his head was his pet rat! Both Yakov and Matilde burst out laughing and such a sight.

Matilde commented “Ninki, your hat choice is the strangest of all – a rat!”
Body Language Never Goes Unnoticed

“I’m home!” said Willum.

He took 4 long strides onto the kitchen and wrapped his arms around his fiancé cooking a broth.

“Hi, how was it?” Alicia asked. Willum had been at a hunting competition up in the mountains. He smirked,

“First place, as always.” Alicia smiled. He was very cocky, but that was something she had learned to love about him. Willum glanced at the table set for three.

“Are we having company?”.

“Oh, I invited Craig over.”

“You know, stable Craig.”

“Oh” he said with an annoyed tone.

“Go and get changed he will be here soon” she said.

15 minutes later, Craig Knocked on the door. Alicia welcomed him in and sat him down where there was bowl of soup waiting. Craig had always liked Alicia so being in her house with her fiancé was a very nerve-racking thing. He remained fairly quiet that night, either looking down or looking at Alicia, in a very fond way. They had finished dinner and it was time for Craig to go.

“I’ll see him out.” Said Willum quickly. They got to the door and Willum glaring at Craig. “What are you on?”

“What do you mean”

“You know what I mean?” Willum had noticed his staring not just tonight but over the last few months, since Craig had arrived here.

“Listen, I don’t want any more nonsense okay?”

“Yes” Craig said quietly.

“Now scoot!” That night Alicia and Willum went to bed with nothing said about Craig.

Time flew by and Willum did not see any change in Craig’s actions. The worst thing was that Alicia had noticed them too. However instead of ignoring them or doing some thing about it, she had started to join in. Willum had had enough. He had tried talking to Alicia but she simply said “I don’t know what you mean darling”. It was time Willum to take matters into his own hands.
Since Willum was a hunter, he had already been aloud access to weapons. No some people may thing that violence is not the was to deal with problems, but not Willum. He had always been one to go to far when it came to dealing with problems, and this time was no exception.

Craig was usually round at their house due to Alicia, but over the last few days he hadn’t. Alicia was starting to wonder.
“Willum, have you seen Craig recently?”
“Em.. no, no I haven’t. I wonder what’s happened?” Even though he knew just fine what the reason was.

Weeks had passed and still no Craig. Alicia was awful worried so she decided to go to his house.
“Craig?”
“Craig?”. No answer. Then Alicia walked into the room at the end of the corridor.
“Craig?”. Alicia gasped. There he was. On the floor. Dead. Alicia knelt on the floor.
“Now you can both be together.” Alicia turned around to see a gun pointed at the forehead. “You will regret ever betraying me” Bang.
Hunting Season

One cold foggy morning it was hunting season. Alex and Peter’s objective was to win the “Hunters of the Month” award that happened every month. Every single month the trophy and the £500 prize went to the Golden Brothers. They always made jokes about Peter and Alex, saying that they would never win the “Hunters of the Month award”. Peter always believed what they said. Every time Alex just said to Peter, “Don’t listen to them.”

After breakfast they set off to the forest, but first they had to check, just in case there were any other hunters sneaking around trying to catch any other wild animal such as foxes, rabbits and pigeons. Normally the Golden Brothers would find deer, chickens and lots more. That’s a lot more than Peter and Alex would ever find. In the distance they saw the Golden Brothers cheating. They were getting other hunter to kill the animals.

“Peter, come and look at this.”

“What now Alex? Come on!”

“Just come and look at this.”

“Ok then,” replied Peter nervously. “Look they’re getting poachers to kill their prey.”

“Those cheaters! Let’s confront them”.

“Why are you cheating? We caught you red handed!”

“So what?” replied the brothers, “We don’t care about winning anymore!”

“Don’t you understand we have got you on tape?”

“POACHERS!” cried one of the Golden Brothers.

“Oh no” whispered Peter. “What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know,” said Alex. “Even though we’re arguing, we will have to work together,” said Alex.

“Agreed.” said the Golden Brothers, we have to hide.

“Over here,” said Peter, leading them to a mysterious hole that went deep down into a ravine.

“Wow!” said Alex. “That’s amazing, get behind this rock guys, they’re coming. Everyone be quiet.”

“Where are they?” whispered Peter, “and how did they know we went down here.”

“I don’t know but we can’t worry about that right now. What we have to worry about is getting out of here before the suspicious and creepy poachers try to get us in this wet and cold ravine.”

“It’s literally terrifying!” replied the oldest Golden Brother.

SPLASH!

“What was that?” said Alex.

“It’s probably just a stone.”

“OH NO!” said Alex. “The award ceremony begins in five minutes.”
“Quickly I see an exit!”

“Ok then follow me,” said Peter. “Look over there. I see the poachers, DUCK!”

“Hey- the hunters are over there! Quickly close the front gate before they try to escape!”

The gate began to close quickly. Peter held the gate up so everybody could slide under the gate.

Finally they were out.

“Guys let’s quickly get ready for the ceremony. It starts in three minutes. Good luck- may the best team win!”

“May the best team win. It doesn’t matter about winning in the end.”

“After this you guys must promise you will never cheat ever again. “

“We promise. “

“Hunters of the Month Award goes to Peter and Alex! Congratulations guys”.

“Friendship is the key to team work.”

“Agreed.”
King Gunman

Once there was a man called King Gunman and people paid him to get them their brunch or tea. And he very quickly became the richest man in the land. He once went into the forest and an acorn fell on his head and he thought that it just hit him but a squirrel had thrown at him. A really rich man said he would pay him £1000 if he got him a full size pig. For about the 4000th time he went into the forest.

“WHOOO! OW!” “What in the world was that? It was a rock that hit me in the toe.” Just then an army of apes just stood out of the forest and said, “Stop killing our friends or we will kill YOU!”.

“You can’t do that because I am the richest man in the world”.

“Well not for long. CHARGE!”

Just then the apes went charging into the very rich man. Quickly the man jumped out of the way and tried to run into the forest. Once he got into the middle he had lots of scratches from branches and tripping over logs.

“ATTACK!” the man heard. It was a tiny army of squirrels. They were on gliders and were throwing acorns at him and had mini machine guns that shot out bulbs for flowers. After he got hit by acorns and got shot by bulbs, he kind of just gave up. And the police came and got him for animal abuse. They were either going to hang him or put him to jail for 20 years. The police decided to put him in jail for animal abuse but there was a boy that wanted to be just like him. He had the suit and everything. So after he heard the bad news about Gunman going to prison he wanted to help him break out. The boy had a mum however his dad had left so his mum had nothing to care about and felt like she had nothing to live for. He asked his mum if he could break the Gunman out and his mum just said, “Go ahead”.

That night off he went to go and break him out. It was dark out there and his cell only had one window. Just when he thought that he had nothing to live for, the boy stepped in and Gunman said, “Hey, you look just like me, why are you here?”

“I am here to break you out,” said the boy. “If I am right, there is a window in every cell. If you are wondering how I know, I looked at the map. Look over beside the cell door and there is a bolt beside the window. I will pass you something to use as a screwdriver and you can jump out the window.”

So the man did what the boy said.

Just as they both got outside: “BANG!”

The Gunman was dead.

The apes said, “Never do something like the Gunman.”
The Crime He Made

“I’m goin’ t’ the gun range t’ practice” I screamed at my amazing wife with the door closing quite soon after. I walked out of my luxurious house and trekked my way up the mossy hill up to the gun range. I loaded the bullets into the rusty barrel of my gun to practice my aiming on this horribly damp day. I tested my gun on a low flying bird. The bird then came falling out of the sky and landed around about 5 ft. away from me.

All was going swell until I was loading the tiny yet deadly pellets into the rusty barrel of my rifle and then suddenly I felt a tap on my back. I did not look until I loaded my gun. I loaded the pellets in, closed my eyes and looked behind with my weapon aimed and ready. Only when I thought it was safe did I open my eyes.

To my surprise it was old friend Fred who was the town’s guns man.

“Watch what yer’ doin’ you almost got yer sel’ killed by me gun” I exclaimed rather loudly to my friend, who just nodded and said “It’s a’ right I know what I’m doin’.

I hastily rolled my eyes to show that I thought that he was wrong. Anyway I turned around and aimed my rifle at the trashed-looking target. However before I could pull the trigger…

“Okay! he exclaimed. “I’m just here t’ tel’ ye’ that there doin’ a town fair tomorrow an’ here is a note t’ tel’ ye’ that” he said to me.

I took it and said good day to him. He walked away back into town and I trekked back down the not–so–wet mossy hill. I entered my house and went upstairs. I then went to sleep. The next morning I heard something shooting. It was my gun! I ran outside, all the way to the gun range.

There was my wife standing there. I grabbed the gun off of her and told her off because it was my property. She ran all the way back to the house and I followed soon after.

I got changed and said, “I’m goin’ t’ th’ fair” I changed into my hunting clothes” and my wife got ready for the fair. I walked down there a lot faster but she soon caught up. There was a competition for shooting and I entered. My wife said “I may enter for the ladies”. I replied “no” and she sighed. Suddenly a horn blew and everybody was silent and then suddenly somebody said “Al’ gunners t’ their stations”

Quite a significant amount of people stood up to their podiums, all hoping to win the grand prize. The person counted down and everybody loaded their rifles. “10…9…..” Suddenly my wife started screaming and ran forward towards the shooting range. The lady didn’t notice.

“8….7….6…5…4…3…2…”

“Get out th’ wa’”

“1…GO”.
The guns fired and her corpse lay dead.
Survival

He was the hunter of his family. He had an old rifle and a serrated knife. He lived in a small white cottage in a beautiful meadow with a green forest to go hunting in and a spectacular mountain range that had white snow. He was called Rob. Rob was hunting one day and his wife came with a pot of water. He was hunting a bear. Rob loaded his rifle. “This will be a lovely dinner”. He thought to himself. He missed the shot and fell out of the tree. The bear massacred him and dragged him away.

He woke up. “Where am I” he wondered. His leg was chewed to the bone. His gun was lying next to him all smashed and broken but at least he had his knife. He could still see the mountain range but he was on the other side of it. Rob crawled over to a tree and made a leg brace so he could walk. Luckily he was a Scout leader so he made a shelter. There was plenty of fruit. He made some rope out of vine and climbed it. After eating food he went to bed feeling quite lonely.

The next day he needed some tools to survive and his knife wasn’t enough. He made a bow out of wood and vine. He made some arrows out of pieces of wood that he sharpened with his knife. Rob made an axe with wood. Despite being injured he went out to hunt. He aimed his bow at a bear. He hit it but it was fine. It charged at him. He was very scared. He wasn’t the best archer so he missed most of his arrows. Eventually the bear died. He cooked and ate the bear along with some fruit.

He decided to go exploring. Strangely he found an airfield that had military planes. There was a hole in the wall so he went in. it was completely deserted. There were some broken planes. Rob thought there must be some things he could use. After a few hours he found some food and water which was good because he was parched. He climbed up a ladder and found a box with an assault rifle (a machine gun). It didn’t have much ammo but it would help him survive. He started hunting and stocking up on supplies for the journey home.

He knew roughly where his house was; it was over the mountain range. He started the long hike home. He decided to jog home instead of sprinting. Later that evening he made camp and found that he didn’t have as much food as he thought. Rob tried to find food; he found some sheep but they had marks and they belonged to a farmer. He found the barn house and almost got shot by the farmer. The farmer let him stay overnight and stocked him up on supplies. He drove him home in his colossal tractor and he got home.
I left my house, quiet as a book left to dust. Suddenly BANG! BANG! BANG! Someone was knocking on the door. I was in shock, Mr TW at the door with a strange, dull picture with people sitting down reading a book. It was quite suspicious. So I left as quickly as I could. I just went to the shop to buy some food. I saw milk, guns, roses and also a lantern. I bought a lantern and also some milk but the milk glass was cracked. Everything started to scare me.

The lantern was a little bit dusty, so I wiped it. It played a little tune “Ding, Ding Dinaling”. A genie appeared in a blink of an eye. “Hello I am Cherry!” said the genie loudly. I was silent...

“I will grant 2 wishes!” What’s your wish?” Said Cherry. “I wish for… a time travel portal hand… a time travel hand please!” I said joyfully. “Yes of course” said Cherry quietly. A magical portal just appeared automatically. “Can I go in?” I said. “Yes” said Cherry.
I went into the portal with fear in my eyes...Woah!...Weeeeee!... It took me to an old country with guns and mountains. Someone was walking towards me.

“Aye Aye mate, Fit ye deing round here?” said the man. “Emm...WHAT?” I said.

“Oh sorry. I am Bob McFarlow and you are?” Bob said. “I am Jo!” I said, He was silent.

“Hello?” I said again.

“Now I’m going tae shoot you!” He said...I fainted...

“Now that will show her nae to come back Mhahahahah.” My vision was blurry, my hearing was bad and it got better by the minute. I woke up and ran...

Before I ran I found a note that said...

Hello, Bob McFarlow strikes once again. Do not mess with me or this can happen. I’m sorry. From Bob McFarlow.

I left again. Now I was really scared. I saw a really diminutive item with a little boy beside the item. He was so blissful. At this moment I felt ready to leave. Bob McFarlow would be immortalized in his history, the note said.

I had to leave now after everything crazy that had happened. I ran as fast as lightning to the portal where Cherry was standing. “Why are you leaving so soon?” Cherry said with a low voice. “I fainted and someone shot me then a boy was standing with this diminutive item” I said.

“Ok let’s go now” said Cherry.

We went into the portal. I ran back to the shop.

“You still have the wish what isn’t granted” said Cherry again.

“No thanks” I said.
I returned the lantern to the shopkeeper and talked to her. I said that the lantern has a genie inside of it and when you wish it was cursed. I couldn’t come home in time. I was running really quickly. I came home to a surprise: my room was haunted!

I was so scared that I ran down stairs...
The Quest

“If that irksome bomb had never gone off, we would all still have shelter”, sighed Joseph. “Shut it and stop complaining or they will hear us you imbecile”, whispered Elena as we crept cautiously up to the small wooden structure. “Here they come...NOW!!!” I shouted as we jumped up to find a half-naked man with a murderous knife in his hand. He roared thunderously just as he threw his knife at Joseph’s shoulder. As we took care of the strange, unspecified human, Elena took care of my brothers bloody wounds. When my brother was healed, we opened the door.

It was quite a small wooden structure but we managed to scavenge: a blueprint for a big stone hatchet or small stone axe, a “scroll of the elders” that we could examine and lastly an Ak-84 the most famous model from 2777 with two magazines of thirty five metal-spiked shell bullets which were illegal in this universe. As we were heading to our mill we saw smoke in the direction of our mill so we ran as quickly as we could. We were armed with our treasures from the wooden structure but we had unpleasant surprise when we got there...

“Get off my lawn!!!” shouted Joseph but the hooded people were so stubborn they just burnt some more of the mill. After they burned half of the mill they growled deeply in unison. “This is what you get for killing our boss”. A split second later they took flamethrowers and still in perfect unison, you guessed it, they threw flames, so we had to run for our lives and auspiciously it only got one tree but grievously, for both sides, it scorched the rest of the forest, killing half the team of people and turning our mill into carnage.

We all dozed off on the ground that night, next to the havoc of our mill. “It’s quite nice to sleep under stars” I said enthusiastically. “Just because you’re an astronomer who loves stars it doesn’t mean we all have to”. So that shut me up.

Meanwhile... “Pick up the pace boys, we need to kill those, THINGS that killed our boss while he was on a business trip,” commanded Sergeant Squeakers as his workers made him a shockingly built fort. “What is this litter?”

“I-I-It’s what you asked for.”

The workers were hung later that day for no reason at all.

I wondered what would happen next after our action packed days. Maybe we would run into a bear or a tiger or an elephant that would be scary but I was feeling like Ronaldo Jr. No sorry I am
Ronaldo Jr. so I thought the world could throw me anything but I was wrong; it threw me an army of peasants and the notorious Sergeant Squeakers.

“Go to hell you monster,” squeaked Elena to Squeakers.

“Now why do that?” he said as he took hold of Elena. “Nooooooooooo” shouted Joseph....
The Forest

“Elizabeth hurry that food, we already got the guns, water and rope!” A burly man stood outside a chalet with an older, frail man.

“How long do women need!?” the burly man tried to make a joke, but the frail man just shrugged, this automatically killed the atmosphere. Finally, a woman in a loose fitted dress stepped out of the chalet.

“Do you really need me to come?” she questioned

“Yes, you need to keep the peace me and old Charles here will end up killing each other if you don’t come!”

“Fine” she said as they set off into the forest, little were they aware of the danger ahead.

As they entered the forest an eerie silence fell upon them, there was no sign of any life, the forest was thick, dark and it had an unsettling feel, many said that it was a death trap only inhabited by spirits of the dead who have tormented minds. Many go to the forest for the animals that are rumoured as perfect game.

“Come on you two we don’t have all day!” said with a tone of irritation

“Albert, wait let’s be cautious!”

“And who put you in charge Elizabeth!? We already wasted time waiting for you!” Albert spat as he marched off.

Elizabeth and Charles found small clearing in which they off loaded some of their supplies.

“I hope Albert didn’t go far”

“I’m sure he’s safe, no need to worry so much” Charles tried to reassure her but she just stared blankly.

Albert was tying tougher the legs of a skinny deer, muttering in pure rage that was fuelled by not hitting the stag and the pervious squabbles, he flung the deer over his shoulder and headed back.

Albert was unaware of the shadowy figure following him further fuelling his rage, tormenting his mind.

“Elizabeth! Is that you?” Albert questioned as he entered the clearing

“Albert! Where in heavens name have you been?”

“That doesn’t concern you! Where’s Charles?” As soon as the words left his mouth Charles appeared out of clump of trees.

“Oh, Albert! You’re back!”

Albert marched over to Charles, picked him up by his collar and shouted in his face.
“You told me that there was good game here!”
“No, you said that to me”
“Stop lying to me old man!” Albert dropped Charles and sat on a log at the other side of the clearing.

...  
At the stroke of midnight Albert, not fully aware of what he was doing he walked over to another shadowy figure who was holding out his gun...
“You know what to do” the figure pointed the gun towards Charles and Albert shot it, the noise awoke Elizabeth. She looked towards Albert whose eyes were pools of evil, she reached for Charles gun and aimed it at Albert
“Albert, what did you do?!”
“I did what I had to” his voice was emotionless and cold.
“What? Why?” she started to sob
“They told me to and now it’s time for you to join him.”
“What!” Albert aimed at Elizabeth but she beat him to it, she shot the gun......
“It was true this place is a death trap......”
Overhead the lighting pierced the sky.....the cursed forest had taken another victim.
Stephan’s Story

Deep in the Himalayan Mountains lay a small stone cottage and a little stone well. The nearest thing to the small cottage was a little village. Although the village is the closest thing to the cottage it is still a one-hour horse ride on a nice day. In the cottage lives a man named Stephan and his wife named Lilly. For food Stephan and Lilly go hunting and gather the fruit that they find and for drink they get water from the well.

One night Stephan was going out to hunt. It was nine thirty on a December evening and it was pitch black, freezing cold and snowing heavily. After about five minutes into his hunting trip, he started to get the impression that something was watching him. Since he had already checked all of his traps he was about to start heading home when all of a sudden he heard someone shout at him “PUT YOUR MUSKET DOWN AND PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!”, Stephan hesitated but did as the voice said as he didn’t know how many people there were. Once he had done as they asked, he heard footstep getting closer and closer from all sides. Stephan asked “What do you want?” but no one responded. Once they were visible he realised that they did not have guns but had knives as weapons so he picked up his musket. He then asked louder “What do you want!” After a minute someone responded with “you and your money”. Stephan didn’t know what to do but before he could think of anything he had been hit on the head with a club and knocked out.

It had been two days since he had been knocked out and now that he was awake he wished he was unconscious again. When he woke up all he could hear was people cheering and people fighting, all he could see was a door with some light seeping in through the gaps into the dimly light room. All of a sudden the door flung open and in walked a small, muscly man carrying a stick. The man said to Stephan “get up and get out that door” and he did just that as he had no idea about what was going to happen.

Once Stephan was out of the little room he realised the much bigger room he had been put in was an arena and on the other side of the arena was another man being pushed out a door identical to the one that Stephan had been pushed out of. Before long they were face to face in the centre of the arena. Stephan took a wild guess and knew that he had to fight the man. Stephan was proven right when a man announced the fight was starting in three... two... one.... That’s all Stephan can remember about that night, but all he does know is that he lived to tell the tale.
**Britain’s Last Stand**

The ground shook as powerful weapons roared in the distance, laying waste to the land around him. He ran not daring to turn back the muddy trenches sapping power out of him, slowing his every move. His friends he saw moments before, lay sprawled along the floor. Masked men running around frantically shooting everything that moved, gas poured in. He pulled himself into a dugout used for holding ammunition and food: there was barely anything left. He picked up a weapon of some sort, his eyes too fogged up from the gas to see what it is and he felt for a trigger, finally after minutes of searching he managed to hold it up to the door or at least where he thought it was at least he had some protection. His hand shook so violently he almost dropped it. He sat on a barrel, he knew he had no chance of holding his own against a whole German company. He heard a commander roaring orders outside in German footsteps were becoming louder, reinforcements were meant to come in 3 hours away. Hitler’s tyrant army was nearly in London. The door opened slightly and a grenade rolled in right at his feet, he fired a couple shots to see if he could get a lucky shot; maybe he could die a hero...

2 hours earlier...

“It’s cold up here!” a voice said across the dark room which was our living quarters. Rats could be heard scurrying, yet no one ever saw them but we knew they were there. We could smell them, they stank of sewer and rotten eggs mixed with whale oil from the lamps in the quarters. They stole food they put near the round so we put them on the cupboard probably used for holding skis and that kind of stuff, to help getting into the mountains. Sometimes we would share the bunks but now we have extra beds because the patrols rarely come back we don’t know why if they die or just run away, some say they need fresh air and disappear. At least it means we don’t have to share rations. We know the Germans had taken over the whole of America. Hitler has apparently told his troops not to waste precious bombs on the rest of the soldiers.

Back to present...

He knew he couldn’t die, he picked up the grenade a chucked it back out he waited 1, 2, as the sound hit his ears; he felt them scream under the pressure of the awesome blast. More voices appeared outside screaming orders not in German but in British. Reinforcements had arrived! He looked down to his side, his eyes slowly started closing he called for help, but his voice couldn’t get out any words. He moved his hand towards what looked like a bottle of vodka, he laid there opened the lid and drunk, drunk and drunk until his eyes closed...