Flash Fiction Competition 2016

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The Downfall of Wolves

Hedwig’s hoot echoed through the night skies. The magnificent owl’s feathers were as white as snow. He was just back from hunting where he found a vole. Astra, his sister, was happily perched on a branch. Hedwig sat on a branch just above her, excited to feast on his catch. Astra tried to snatch the vole from Hedwig’s claw but Hedwig screeched and flew away annoyed. Astra followed him hooting “Come back, I’m sorry!”

Suddenly, Hedwig dived down to the glistening lake below having spotted a rodent. He grabbed the creature then flew to perch on a rock. Astra came floating down. Hedwig gave Astra the smaller rodent to eat because he felt bad flying off too suddenly.

While Astra and Hedwig were eating they heard a growl - a pack of growling wolves were behind them! They flew up as fast as they could but a wolf jumped and bit Astra’s wing. Hedwig landed on the wolf’s face and clawed at it. While the wolf was stunned, Hedwig grabbed Astra and flew to a tree. There was thick blood all over her glistening feathers - her wing was broken too.

Hedwig went to find some food.

Hedwig got back to Astra who was sleeping, and placed the 2 mice quietly along the long mossy branch he was sat on.

The sun set as Astra and Hedwig were feasting on the mice. Astra asked “Can you fly me down to the lake? I need to clean my wing.” Hedwig nodded, picked up Astra gently and glided her down.

As Astra was cleaned her wing, she told Hedwig to return to the tree.

Hedwig snapped his eyes towards the lake. The pack of wolves were back! Hedwig flew quickly to the lake but it was too late. All that was left was the blood dribbling down one of the wolves’ jaws and broken bones floating in the lake. Astra was gone.

Hedwig started to fly away promising that he would avenge his sister and destroy the wolves even if it was the last thing he did.

Hedwig decided to take shelter in a barn, terrified that the wolves would return. A window just above the entrance had been left open which he perched on using his beautiful, beady eyes to see if the wolves were nearby. That’s when he saw them!

Hedwig flew down with hate in his heart and landed on what looked like the leader. He clawed his eyes and flew up again. The pack fled. It was Hedwig against the leader. He flew down for another attack. Hedwig scratched the wolf’s eyes that were pouring with blood. The wolf howled. Hedwig attacked again but the wolf went to bite him, and missed. He clawed the wolf again in hate and fury, diving harshly onto the wolf’s face. The wolf knew he wouldn’t win the fight this time so fled to the lake, scared for his life. Hedwig felt victorious having avenged his sister greatly.
The Desert Owls

Two birds flew over the hills, both owls. White from underneath and brown from the top. Almost camouflaged from the top but easily visible from the bottom. One had some kind of small mammal in its talons which, once they had landed on an old dead tree, they began to squabble over. The bigger owl who had the creature, was making his way along a high branch whereas the smaller owl was on a lower branch continually jumping up to try and grab the mammal out of the other’s talons. Suddenly the bigger owl’s branch snapped catching him by surprise, causing him to plummet down to the rocks below. The smaller owl dived after him in a desperate attempt to save the other owl.

They went out of sight once they crashed through the trees, moments later they both burst out of the trees hooting like mad.

They both flew off whilst still shrieking like wild hawks into the middle of the night, feathers flying everywhere into the night air like snowflakes in a breeze.

The land was a desert, never becoming any brighter and never becoming any darker.

A big patch of water going through the hills led into the sea. As far as you looked you could only see black hills, murky waters and dark grey sky. You could hardly hear anything, occasionally you might hear a distant bird calling out to another.

All around, smelled dusty and damp. Apart from the hills, hardly any rocks or stones on the ground, just grey sand blowing in the wind, which would blow into the small caves on the hillside. The water was smooth, no ripples, even with the wind it didn’t move, just stayed still. The few trees that stood there were bare and had nothing on them like soldiers standing to attention. The trees were in small groups of five unlike a great big wood. The bark was ridged and frail, very dark brown in colour.

All the different types of birds were perched on branches; they didn’t make nests, just resting until hunger overcame them and they were forced to go hunt for food.

It was hard to find food with the desert less sands, on the other hand water was easy to find. You could see it everywhere you looked. You couldn’t see the bottom of the water, dark and endless like a pit.

The mountains were steep and treacherous, you slipped on them when the ground was dry and the rain didn’t make them any easier to climb. Stone black in colour, looming out of the darkness everywhere the eye could see.

The sandy ground, grey and hard, was easy to grip, occasionally you would hit a soft spot of sand and sink into it slightly.
And there was also quicksand, one touch and it would not let go, it would suck you down, you would see skeletons of other drowned souls.
That’s the story of how I died in that wasteland.
A MOUSE’S HUNT FOR FOOD

Jeffrey was a small mouse who had recently been finding food to store for the winter ahead. He had made himself quite a large cache of food which could easily keep him through the winter. Jeffery had collected all of his own food by himself and had several well hidden caches of berries, nuts and other things that he had found in the woods. He didn’t want to take any chances as other animals around the area would often steal from others’ caches, leaving them empty, and usually leaving whoever had done the hard work to starve.

Jeffrey perched on top of a fallen tree and looked around. He saw a large bramble bush in the middle of a field. He quickly started scurrying towards the bramble bush, oblivious to the recently cut field which provided little cover or protection from nearby predators. As Jeffery ate some of the brambles, an owl was flying overhead waiting for Jeffery to finish eating them.

Jeffrey had eaten all the brambles he could and was about to head back to one of his caches. He looked up to see if there was anything nearby and if he could safely get back to his cache. He saw the owl swooping over his head trying to tempt Jeffrey out of the bush. Jeffery knew that the owl would not attack him while he was in the bramble bush, as it would get its feathers tangled in the prickly thorns, making it hard to fly away. Jeffrey waited for the owl to go away, but the owl didn’t leave.

Jeffrey had been hiding for a couple of hours and was getting cold. He didn’t know what to do. Suddenly, a mole burst out of the ground a couple of meters away from the bush then went back down his hole. Jeffrey took his chance and scuttled straight down the same hole, narrowly beating the owl to it. As Jeffery got deeper and deeper into the hole, he found himself lost in the complex that the mole had made.

Jeffrey walked for a while until he came across a small opening. He climbed up to see that he had gone in completely the wrong direction! The owl was nearby as well! Jeffrey quickly plunged into the hole once more to escape the owl.

Jeffrey ran as fast as he could in the general direction of his home. He came out the other side and the owl noticed him. For Jeffery, it was now a 5 metre sprint finish to his home. The owl was 6 metres away from Jeffery - but the owl was much faster. As Jeffrey got nearer his home the owl closed in ......
**Wild Fire**

Peacefully winds blowing across the influential camouflaged trees, water flowing ambitiously trying tremendously not to stop going down. Vast expanding the amazon rain forest was like being in wonderland, swaying with shining trees and singing with lovely colourful birds.

Peering through the trees there was a gargantuan colony of owls. There were two owls with soft white feathers, glaring in eyes. These owls had crystal blue eyes and beautiful white beaks. Rodney was one of the owl’s names and Julie was the other ones name. Rodney had strong hard muscles with gigantic fierce legs. Julie had calm soft muscles and gentle small legs. Rodney was eight years old and Julie was 7 years old.

1999 July 17th on a hot summers night there was a full moon with some animals trying to go to sleep and others enjoying the heat. Rodney was cooling off at the top of the biggest tree there was and slowly but surely drifted to sleep meanwhile Julie was partying. A couple of hours later she passed slanting beside melon tree. It was twelve at night and Rodney woke up smelling something peculiar so he went for a fly and his wings were getting hotter and hotter as he was going north until he could not bare the pain, then he looked down and saw red hot ember almost touching his furry white fur. In an instance he turned and raced to save the colony.

Rodney flew first to his best friend Julie and woke her up at once and then he said “there is a fire!”.

Julie energetically got up and shouted “tell the others,”. Rodney told Clyde, Jim and Ralph tell everybody to pack their bags and head south. Within twenty minutes the place was deserted. There were one hundred owls so Rodney did a head count and counted ninety nine so one was missing. It was Julie. Rodney went to look for her. Rodney went to inspect the north cabin and saw a tremendous wild fire had made it the already and in the corner of his eye he frantically saw Julie trapped under a log in front of the fire. The fire would take at least half an hour to reach the two birds. So Rodney did not have time to save Julie so Rodney didn’t have much time to save Julie.

Eventually Julie was broken free but at a cost. A broken wing. Rodney was extremely exhausted and could not fly so they were in trouble. They had fifteen minutes until they would perish but they never lost hope.
The cabin caved in and the two beautiful birds were not beautiful birds no more and were inhaling smoke rapidly so they died knowing that they were Heroes.

That is the tale of the WILD FIRE!
A story about Epyon

I stared out the window there were two owls fighting over a dying mouse then they scattered
there was a massive wall surrounding the town a flash of light appeared a hand grabbed the wall
and a head appeared it was a robot! Everyone around me froze.

“ Its colossal! “ someone shouted.
It kicked a huge hole in the wall and robots started to flood in. I saw freedom corps members use
there odm gear to grapple with smoke shooting them forward. A shock wave shook the world and
all walls collapsed. I suited up in my armour but when I got outside all robots were killed. my allies
where just as confused as I was. Since the walls were down I went for the forest and used my
armour to fly up the tree. I then felt a pain in my leg my metal armour was pierced and a liger bit
my leg I got dragged to the ground and was knocked out.
I woke up in a hospital. I then was greeted by a general “looks like you’ve recovered “he said “ive
got a plan for you “he led me through to a room with a gundam towering above everything. so
this is what he had planned for me I got in and the huge metal cockpit closed on me. I powered it
up and started moving its name was Epyon. I set off shooting out the hanger it was the most
brilliant thing ever. Then I shot into space only to be greeted by tons of mobile suits and a
commander class flag ship came out of no where. I smashed my way through them I set the Epyon
to full power making its fiery whip with a beam sword a lot stronger. the fleet was sliced to pieces
in no time a lightning fast gundam shot past me. I chased after it. Armour formed out of know
where and joined to Epyon. I caught up to it and grabbed it and threw it back down to earth. I
shot down and crashed into it. Started tearing it apart. I hit the ground breaking a hole into the
ground and it also absolutely trashed Epyon then I thrust my beam whip through him then he
exploded. I was thrown away breaking my Epyons wings. Epyon was absolutely destroyed I took
one last stand and looked to the sky. At least I won I thought. Then Epyon collapsed and then
Epyon exploded.
Once upon a time in a big city called London there was a little girl called Zoe and she asked her Mum Dad if she could have an owl but her parents said no because they are too messy and expensive.

The next day she went to a shop called fantastic bird shop. She would go there at 7:00am in the morning because that’s when it opened and at 9:00pm at night because that’s when it closed. Politely she asked the man behind the counter if he had any white owls with black stripes on their wings.

He said “yes they’re at the back of the shop”. “They’re very rare and they cost £10.99”.

She went in. It was black. The man switched on the light. There were two owls flying about. The man said, “They don’t like each other. They keep fighting and stealing each other’s food.”

“Oh!” She gasped, “I can take them and put them in different cages.”

The shop keeper said “yes please I’ve been trying to get rid of them for ages.”

“I’ll give you both of them for £10.99”

“Ok I’ll go home and ask my mum and dad if I can get some money”.

So she ran home and opened the door and asked her mum and dad if she can have some money. Her mum said “how much” she asked. “£15.00” “what for” her mum asked “for an owl” “NO YOU’ER NOT GETTING AN OWL” roared Mum and Dad. “IF YOU WANT AN OWL GET MONEY FROM SOMEONE ELSE”.

She went back to the shop and outside the shop was a purple piece of paper. It was an £20 note. She had the biggest smile on her face ever. She went to buy both of the owls. She went home and told her Mum and Dad and told her the whole story. “after I went out of the house I walked to the shop and outside the shop I found a £20 note so I bought both of the owls” “Fine you can keep them but you have to promise that you’ll look after them and buy everything for them and that made her smile bigger than she did at the shop.

When she was 89 years old she still had them and she had the biggest smile in the whole world.
The Two Owl Twin

It started when two twins wanted to have a finding adventure. “Dad can we go out please?” “Pleaded Simon but his dad said nothing, Simon asked again and again but finally his dad said something, “ok” said dad in a cloudy voice.” Rosbert lets go outside.” said Simon in a pleading face. “Where are we going Simon? Asked Rosbert.”To the tree of seeing and after that we go to the jungle of mystical. Rosbert was sharpening his claws just in case he needs to catch some food in the jungle. Simon was playing claw ball with his friends. “Simon why don’t you invite your dad to play claw ball?” Said one of Simon’s friends. “Well my dad doesn’t play that much of claw ball anymore, because he’s always busy being a leader of the palace, he say this and that but I don’t want a listen that long, I will try to avoid his election if I can.” Said Simon. One of his Simons friend said again “please just ask him politely, he was very good at claw ball at around your age long ago.” So Simon went to his dad and knocked at his door. “Come in.” Said Simon’s dad. He opens the door and asked him. “Dad can you play claw ball with us?” At first his dad never said anything and then he said “fine only 45 minutes, but then I need to go back to my work after that ok” Simon nodded and closed the door. He shouted “thank you dad!” Simon came down to his friends and said “great news guys, my dad are going to play claw ball.” Said Simon cheerfully. Rosbert came down. “Let’s go Simon.” said Rosbert. “Sorry guys. “Said Simon.”Hey catch you guys later ok?” Asked Simon? They started flying to the tree of seeing. While they were flying they started to chat. At last they finally saw the tree of seeing. They landed on the tree and stopped to see the horizon, it was a beautiful view from up top. Simon looked back and saw nothing. His heart started to pound faster ad if his heart was racing. “Rosbert?”

He started to fly around to see if he was wandering anywhere near him. He couldn’t see him but he caught a glance of something moving. He chased a dark figure. The dark figure carried a shape like his brother. “Come back with my brother!” shouted Simon furiously. The dark figure kept flying faster than Simon. He was flying towards the mystical forest but he never knew the path that they’re taking. “I don’t care where he is going, I’m going to catch him!” said Simon in his head. He gets a stick from the ground and kept it with him so he could throw it and maybe it hit him, with all of his strength he throws it.”123!” He closed his eyes. When he open his eyes he saw Rosbert laying on the ground weakly. Simon put rosbert on his back “everything will be fine.” back on the palace.
Ruthless Creatures

The owls were fighting over a mouse that they had found at the lake, by a rabbit hole. Each owl had taken one end of the stick, the rat in the middle. Both owls heaving with all their might to try and get a snack for their young. All of a sudden the owl with bright white feathers lets go of the stick causing the owl with magnificent brown and black feathers to fall off the dead tree, crashing down into a thorn bush, wings all tangled and crushed. The owl that caused it to fall couldn’t care less and flew off to feed his young.

The brown and black owl was completely defenceless for hours, until the white owl came flying down from its nest to see the poor bird. For a second you could almost innocence in the white owl’s eyes but not for very long. With the blink of an eye the white owl started to attack the helpless owl, ripping the tangled feathers out one by one. The owl could do nothing. The big white owl was planning on taking the owl home for food, so with that the brown owl gave the white owl a big claw to the face causing the owl to fly back to where ever it came from. The brown was relieved and wish to never cross paths with that ruthless owl again.

The white owl is laying on its own out in the wild, not feeling very safe at all. All of a sudden a magnificent red fox appears out of the blue. It hasn’t seen the owl yet but it has seen something else. A rabbit doing nothing but minding its own business. The fox approaches the rabbit slowly, Luckily the rabbit heard the fox coming and at the speed of light the rabbit made a runner into the bushes. The fox turns around and spots the owl. Slowly the fox moves closer to the owl, who is scrambling to try and escape from the dreadful fox. The fox is ready to attack but just before the fox pounces at the owl a magnificent eagle flies down and swipes the owl away into the sky, leaving the fox empty handed.

The owl knew exactly where it was going, the eagle flying through the sky like a bullet toward his home to feed its family. The owl now only had one option, and that was to try and defend himself somehow, otherwise it would turn into a snack for the eagle’s family. All of a sudden the owl strikes the eagle with a big claw in the face. The eagle drops the owl in pain and continued to fly home. The owl comes shooting down and lands in a big lake. The owl moves onto a rock, safe for now but it won’t be long before his next victim comes to attack.
Stranded

There I was. Stuck on a remote island by myself. I went from everyone doing things for me, to having to do everything for myself. I survived by eating all different types of insects such as spiders and ants. I wished that I could eat a proper meal again. I had no hope that anyone would rescue me. I felt very lonely, until a special moment happened.

One day I was looking for my breakfast when I heard a sound coming from the forest. It sounded like an owl. This was weird because I hadn’t seen any animals apart from the bugs and insects that I had been eating. I ventured into the forest and the sound was getting closer but I just couldn’t find where the sound was coming from, until I looked up. I saw two owls up in the trees. One owl had a mouse in its mouth. It looked like the owl was feeding the smaller owl. I guessed that the larger owl must have been a mother.

The owls didn’t notice me so I started to climb the tree that they were on. I was right next to them when they noticed me. I thought they would fly off. They did the complete opposite. They came towards me and stopped right next to me. I shifted back on my branch, expecting them to attack with their large and sharp beak. They started moving towards me and then one of them brushed against my hand. It was like it wanted to be stroked.

I started to climb back down the tree and when I got to the bottom there they were. I went back to my campsite and they followed me. It was like they wanted to stay with me. I started to feed them some of my food. The next day they started to help me collect small logs from the forest. I wanted to make a boat and find salvation. The owls were very successful and came back with lots of logs in their mouths. I started to make my boat and practise sailing next to the island. I planned on taking the owls with me because of how helpful they were to me. It took me a month before I was ready to set off.

I collected all the food I could and other materials I would need. Finally I summoned the owls and we were ready to go. Me and two owls in a rowing boat that I had made myself. I sailed as far as I could which took many hours, until I found land. This land had people living on it. It was salvation! I reached the shore and all was good. Except for I had reached America. The only problem was that I lived in Scotland!
Exactly one year ago I killed my best friend Tom. I didn’t mean to of course, it just sort of happened; I was chopping vegetables for tea and we were arguing. We had been friends for as long as I could remember and he was telling me that he was going to move to New Zealand and probably never see me again. I knew it was selfish but I couldn’t help being upset and I turned around to speak to him and there was the knife in his chest. It was nearly impossible to live with the guilt, the feeling that I had killed someone but somehow I managed.

It was well after midnight and I was still awake so I decided to do what I often did when I couldn’t sleep: go for a walk to clear my mind. As I stepped outside I saw two barn owls giving me a curious look from a tree beside my house. I turned a corner to see a man in a grey hoodie standing at the end of the street as if he was waiting for something. Ignoring the strange man I speed-walked past him, when his cold hand grabbed my shoulder and for the first time I saw his face. I nearly fainted when I saw him. “T-Tom?” I stuttered, tears welling up in my eyes. He reached into his pocket and took out a razor sharp kitchen knife. “I didn’t deserve to die Kathy, but you do.” Tom said.

Terrified, I sprinted down the street as fast as my short legs would carry me, with Tom on my tail holding the knife up in the air. Like a bolt of lightning I turned the corner and dashed towards my cottage at the end of the road, praying it was just a dream. Taking a sharp turn I ran up my drive, Tom dangerously close, and into my house. I slammed the door on Tom and his knife smashed a hole in the door’s glass, narrowly missing my cheek. Petrified I ran up the stairs as he opened the door. I could hear his loud heavy footsteps racing up the stairs as I slammed my bedroom door and searched the room for an escape route.

My shaking fingers unlocked the window as the door opened and Tom walked towards me with a menacing smile. Frantically I opened the window and scrambled onto the window ledge, when Tom lunged forward and grabbed my collar. I turned my head quickly to see the knife in his hand flying towards me and anger glistening in his dark brown eyes. Pulling away from him I threw myself out the window as the knife flew down, slamming into the wooden windowsill. I fell onto the grass but thankfully I wasn’t severely injured. I looked up to the window only to see there was nobody there, just the curtains blowing in the wind however the knife was still there stuck in the windowsill.
Amongst the Wilderness

The man sat there just gazing at them. One of them clutched something in its claws that it would devour later. The other creature was eagerly pecking at it trying to get at least a morsel of it into its gaping beak. These elegant creatures were owls. Hank loved owls. The way they could cut through the air so effortlessly and the fact that they had the precision of a military sniper. Hank was in the woods perched on a moss covered rock just staring at them in utter amazement. There was no sign of human life apart from him in these vast woods.

He remembered hiking through these very woods once before, determined to get to the start of the river so that he could white water raft down it in his inflatable dinghy. This had been his ambition for many years and at that moment in time it was closer than ever to becoming a reality. Sadly his adventure was cut short. He had barely been half an hour into his rafting experience when disaster struck. His raft was torn after colliding with a boulder hidden just below the surface of the water. He had been thrown from his raft and woke up later to find that he was stranded in the woods.

He didn’t keep track of time (or his name) as there was no point but he guessed that he must have been out in the wilderness for nearly 20 years now. At first he acted like most would. He panicked. Then he began lighting huge fires and shouting for hours but to no avail. After a while he gave up and realised his life was better out in the woods, so he stopped his attempts for rescue. Now and then he will spot a small plane or a helicopter passing over head but doesn’t try to be found. He just shakes his head and feels sorry for the people on board.

He now embraces life and is thankful for being stranded. He no longer has to deal with the stress of waking up and having to go to work at six in the morning or paying taxes. He is now out here at one with nature enjoying life to its fullest. There is a never-ending supply of food and water that he can take advantage of to survive. He has tried multiple types of plant some resulting in awful outcomes, the worse one being when he had diarrhoea for 4 months after eating a red berry that was yellow with black spots on the inside.

The majestic owls took off and soared into the distance and the man stared at them until they turned into little dots on the horizon. He got up and strolled amongst the trees until he reached a particular one. He scrambled up it using the branches as handles. He lay down on his wooden bed covered in leaves, balanced on a branch and thought to himself, what a life.
Little Owl

The wintery presence is overbearing in the crisp October air, through which plumes of cigarette smoke carry from the backstreet pub nearby. Nothing but dim, orange glow from the steel lamp posts illuminates the sooty night sky. I know where I am. The large expanse of meticulously cut grass and cobbled pathway surrounding me are evidence of that. Tranmore Park; the only green space for miles in a town of ascending grayscale.

I have completely and utterly zero recollection of why I am here, never mind how I got here. I scramble for any clues hidden in my worn jean pockets, however all remained empty. No money, no phone, no keys; wherever my final destination, I wasn't going to be there for long, in fact, it perhaps I was simply wandering. For which reason I'm still completely unsure of, but I knew I would be returning to an open door, somewhere like home.

I know where home is. Home is a brightly painted farmhouse in the middle of the Devon countryside that always emanates the sweet scent of spring tulips. Mum, Dad and I, curled up in front of the T.V.; these are the people who really make home. But Mum died a year ago, and Dad hasn't been right since. I'm nowhere near home now.

"Twoot-twoo!" cried a dainty snowy owl from a gnarled oak branch. A reply echoed through the park from another tree and a large male owl swooped down through the trees. I watched, mesmerised, as the two glided through the air to meet each other. I can remember him now. Steve his name is. Everything begins to rush back to me, our wedding, being so deeply in love, but there is something more. Something I am missing from the happy memories.

The owls begin to claw at each others feathers, and the joyous jig through the air turned into a vicious scramble. Talons protruded from the toes of the muscular male and with one large strike the little white owl was thrown to the ground. I know that this means something. Something significant. Something life-changing.

I am the little white owl.

Staring into the puddle of rainwater below my feet, I can just about make out the blue and purple bruises along the side of my jawbone. It started a few weeks ago, the fighting. I could never stop
him, convincing myself I deserved it.

Lifting my shivering body from the park bench, and running down the tar paths to the lit streets, I paused, gazing back at the owls. The larger is nowhere to be seen, but the little white owls wings are beating fast, carrying her far away towards the starry night sky.

I have a choice. I can continue down the path of destruction and sorrow on which I am on, and head back to him. Or I can cut across the grass to the other side and change my life.
The Light Returns

Before the human race started there was a faraway land. It was ruled by two powerful creatures of the sky. One ruled the daytime and one ruled the night. Vic, a ruthless killer of the hours of darkness. His sister Alrica, the calm, courageous ruler of light. Darkness consumed the light. A great war had begun between light and dark and an even bigger one between Vic and Alrica.

Vic was fed up being in Alrica’s shadow. Even though Vic was handsome and talented everyone admired Alrica because she was fast at catching prey and she got all the attention. Vic felt he was in his sister’s shadow. No one praised him and he felt no one loved him.

Darkness took over Vic when he was gathering his army. He convinced all the animals in the land that Alrica was the reason why it was dark all the time. This caused the biggest split in the universe.

Inside of Vic was a burning jealousy ready to erupt like a volcano. He persuaded the biggest and strongest animals he could find to join him and destroy his sister Alrica. There was one problem. He was not able to communicate with his army properly as his voice was taken from him during a fight with his sister. So…… he enlisted a small noble squirrel called Dawn to make the evil plans with the ground animals to slaughter Alrica. Meanwhile, he squawked at the animals of the sky to make sure the strongest attacked with him.

Fortunately Alrica was gathering her troops to bring light back to the land. Alrica was frightened of what Vic had turned into and was furious at Vic because he had tricked all of the animals into thinking she was the mischievous, evil owl. Despite this, Alrica and her allies knew the truth and would fight till the light came back to the world.

The warriors on both sides, light and dark, were fearless when they clashed in battle. Many were killed and many were injured, scarred, broken beasts when it was over. Alrica flew into help her animal army, determined to save as many as she could. However, Vic held back and waited until Alrica was in his sight. Vic furiously swooped over and tackled Alrica from behind and threw her towards the ground but at the last minute Alrica grabbed on to Vic’s ankle and took him with her.

Even though Alrica was in pain she snatched Vic’s colossal wings and used them as a shield when they blasted down from the sky. Vic was paralysed and as a result could not move. Having decided that she was going to banish dark from the world for ever, Alrica prepared herself to kill by raising her mammoth talons above Vic. Fortunately for him his faithful servants smashed Alrica to the side and lifted Vic to the misty dark clouds never to be seen again.

In the end light was restored and dark was where it should be.
Snap! The branch Dave was standing on snapped, which sent him tumbling down to the marshy moor below. “Oh No,” shouted a man. “A bird has fallen.” They scooped up Dave, put him in their van and drove away. Horrified, Jack, the other owl, stood and watched his younger brother being taken away. Thorgan, the little vole that was dangling in Jack’s claws, squeaked, “I will help you rescue Dave if you won’t eat me.” “Very well then,” muttered Jack. He flew off in search of Dave with Thorgan in his claws.

After a while they reached the city. “Man it’s busy here,” squeaked Thorgan. Jack nodded his head in agreement, completely out of breath. Jack scanned the view, searching for a building with a green cross on it because that was what was on the men’s van. “Look here,” shouted Thorgan, “a green building!” Jack scooped up Thorgan and fluttered down to the building. Jack examined it carefully then flew in. He fluttered over the barrier, through the open door then... snap! The door slammed closed and they were thrown backwards. “We appear to have come to the wrong place, muttered Jack hastily. Ding! The doors flew open and dizzily they flew out.

Thorgan spotted another building that was green but this time it had a green cross on top of it. “Are you sure this time?” Jack whispered. “Absolutely positive,” squealed Thorgan. Indeed he was correct: the building they flew inside was a bird clinic. Thorgan spotted Dave lying on a bed; a doctor approached him with a knife and a drill. Thorgan tried to open the door but he couldn’t. A nurse walked by and saw Jack. She thought he was injured so she picked up Jack and took him inside the room. Thorgan squeezed through the open door. Jack sprung to life and flew right into the bad doctor. Thorgan tied a string round Dave’s foot. Jack picked Thorgan up in his claws. Thorgan picked up the string and they flew out the open window. When they arrived back at the tree they invited Thorgan to live with them.

The next day they decided to build a home inside the tree for Thorgan. They met a friend who was a woodpecker; he drilled a hole in the tree where the house would go.

An hour later it turned dark. “Sleep Now!” demanded Jack, collapsing in his armchair.

In the dead of night, when everyone was sleeping, there was a rustling sound in the bushes below. Thorgan woke up, startled by the noise. Silently a fox crept out of the bushes and started climbing the tree. It snuck into Dave’s cave and snatched him up. Jack and Thorgan looked out to see Dave getting dragged into the bushes. “Not again,” moaned Jack sleepily...
The tale of the greedy squirrel

It was an autumn evening in the forest. The warm breeze was sweeping past like a soft brush. The flowers on the ground of the big redwood were blooming, the birds were singing and the little squirrel was collecting nuts so he could have a feast by winter. He had already collected a lot of nuts for himself and he knew he would have to go inside to his home inside the big redwood. But he wanted more he was as greedy as a pig he thought “I will be fine” but little did he know a storm as wild as a wolf was brewing and there was a couple of owls just as wild as the storm getting closer, closer and closer.

The squirrel was looking for nice crispy hazel nuts then thought “I should go back now”. So he leaped from the hazel nut tree to the big redwood but as he was going up the redwood the soft brush turned into a strong fan and the orange sky turned as black as death. He got to a thin branch of the tree then heard “twooo”.

“What was that” said the squirrel. Then an owl, a barn owl it seemed but not one but two their eyes as red a blood. They were demons inside owl’s bodies and their claws as sharp and deadly a meat cleavers. The owl grabbed his neck and lifted him up, up and away.

“Where are you taking me” screamed the squirrel. The owl did not respond. Then dropped him from the air he landed back on the branch the second owl pulled out his leg and the other holding his neck. It was like tug of war and the squirrel was the rope.

“It’s mine” shouted the owl

“No I found him” screamed the other owl.

As the shouted they pulled harder and harder until Snap! The squirrel went flying down to the floor like a failed plane falling, falling and falling SMASH! The squirrel hit the rock hard ground of the big redwood.

Lying down on the floor with the owls diving down at light’s speed aiming to get this squirrel. They dived in and tried to get the mess that was the squirrel. In the air the squirrel was not quite dead yet but could faintly see what was happening. He then knew he was going to bedevoured by the demonic owls he knew that in this very moment in his life lead to this horrible disaster. That was then end of the greedy squirrel.
Devil of Death

Snowy was sitting quietly on his branch. Cleaning his wings. An old, grey and white owl who tires very easily so he is waiting for his brother to bring him some food. Suddenly there was a screech, loud and shrilly coming from above. Snowy looked up to the starry sky and saw a white speck flying closure to the ground. Torney landed very softly next to snowy. A magnificent owl, all his feathers were white and brown and the gleaming in the night air. Snowy asked “what did you bring me tonight” “well I brought you a rat from the town. It scurrying around the bins. A bit later the two owls were tearing the rat apart and eating the raw flesh but then Snowy was not getting the same amount as Torney. Snowy pecked and clawed at Torney face. There was a loud screech and Torney toppled of his branch and fell in to the darkness. A white speck disappeared. Snowy flew in to the night sky and soared in a wide circle then dropped down fast. The owl was swallowed into darkness. Snowy landed with a loud cracking sound as the branch snapped. He flapped his wings hard then landed next to Torney lying as dead as can be. Snowy peered down at the motionless owl.

As time passed Snowy slept on a branch to wait for sun rise so then he could try and find a place to try and nurse Torney back to life.

Snowy picked up Torney with his claws and swayed to the rising sun. Torney was a very healthy owl so Snowy started losing height. He told himself only a little bit more! The pain was killing Snowy. He saw ahead of him a mountain towering into the sky which he flew towards. He placed Torney gently on a bed of moss just inside a cave which was flowing into the mountain side. Snowy stretched his tired legs then went to get some water from a spring which was bubbling down the rocks just beside the cave.

Snowy flew back to the cave. Next to Torney there was an owl, the biggest owl that he had ever seen. The owl was looking at Torney. Snowy stared at his eyes which looked exactly the same as Torney’s. Snowy squawked and the owl turned to glare at Snowy.

“What are you doing here?” said owl.

“Well this is my son”

“What!”

“Yes I never died you just thought I did but I just left you.”

“Why? I thought you died?”
Snowy soared into the blue sky and flapped his magnificent wings and flew into the distinct mountain. The owl became smaller and smaller until it was a little speck in the sky. Then Snowy was swallowed by the hill side.

Torney, sadly, fell into a soundless sleep, never to wake.
Flying

Dark, black and lonely. As if my brother and I were the only living creatures in the universe. I wanted to be free to be able to fly the skies but I was stuck here feeding my brother. I did like looking after my brother but he had to move on from being cared for. I looked up at the sky, the stars were twinkling down at me they were telling me I was doing the right thing.

I sat there on the branch waiting for the sun to sink so I could live my dream and fly all day and night. Hours had gone past but I had to get some sleep before tomorrow. My brother was moaning for food. I needed to go and catch his dinner it would be the last time I had to feed him. I jumped off my branch and spread my wings with the cool breeze on my magnificent white wings I flew into the tree’s looking down. It was spring and all the mice were thin. Then I swooped down and down and into the under grove, I grasped it. It wasn’t much just a skinny mouse.

The sun was just beginning to sink under the horizon. I could feel the night breeze on my feathers. I stood there watching my brother, it was time to go to leave my brother I was going to miss him I swooped into the sky I circled the air and looked at my tree for the last time and I was off.

I was flying towards the yellow and pink sinking sun it was blinding me. I flew past many flying object they might have been anything bird’s planes or even aliens, but they were all heading the other way.

Hours and hours had gone past. Pitch, dark. I heard an owl coming up behind me it had very slow and rapped wing beats’. I flew around and saw a little owl it could hardly fly. It was losing height rapidly I swooped down and grabbed it by the neck and soared upward I needed to get this owl to safety.

I landed in a tree and placed the owl on a branch. I put my wing around the owl to warm it up, as the sun rose I watched the owl falling asleep.

I woke up the next night and flew to get a mouse for breakfast. I sat there sharing the mouse.

“What’s your name?” I asked

The little owl just stared into my eyes

“I don’t know, name me something,” said the owl
“I think I’ll call you Hedwig?

“Hedwig would you like to travel around the world with me”. I have never had a proper friend, I had my brother but he was a brother not a friend. He just nodded at me.
The Two Owls and Jeremy Clarkson

The owl had just arrived back from hunting to feed its three week old chicks but wait. No! The chicks were gone and there was another owl swallowing whole the last chick. In a heartless way because it is his own kind.

The mother owl dropped Jeremy Clarkson, the mouse king, and tried to fight the cannibal owl. Tonnes of screeching and flapping of wings as well as tonnes of feathers and clawing, as the mouse fell he thought I wonder where I will land? Then splosh into the water and so his journey back home began.

As Jeremy climbed out of the water he spotted a bramble bush and thought all that running before the owl caught me made me very hungry so the mouse scurried its way over and gorged himself on the berries. He thought that he better stay there for the night as it was getting quite dark. Stuffed after eating, he started to calm down after his ordeal. The mouse was awakened by the sound of laughing children. Soon the children came over to pick berries. The mouse saw this a perfect opportunity to get home. He quietly snuck into one of the children’s back pockets and Jeremy hid there until they ran home.

When Jeremy realised they were home he swiftly hopped out of the child’s back pocket to find a humongous fluffy cat staring right at him hungrily. Jeremy quickly sped away but the cat was already in hot pursuit. Jeremy ducked and weaved all over the place, at last he saw his kingdom but he was so distracted he became caught off guard by the cat. He looked up to see a big hairy black paw coming down on him.

He just managed to get out the way when he spotted a black leather sofa and ran straight for it, when he got under it he started to catch his breath and thought how lucky am I twice I have escaped death.

He sat there for hours scheming a plan to get home so he waited until night time in the pitch black, when the cat would be fast asleep.

He crept so quietly it was almost like nothing was moving at all, wait no it can’t be the cat had awoken. The little mouse ran and ran faster than he had done before but yes he made it just in the nick of time he was reunited with his family and told every mouse he knew and didn’t know the whole ordeal and he lived the rest of his life as the clan leader and when he died his son became clan king and ruled the whole kingdom.
A being once told me “A battle has already started once the cause of the conflict has been born.” So let the battle begin.

Our story is set in a world where the gods have threatened to forbid any one not respecting the five pledges of Imorya.

1. “Murder, Theft and violence is forbidden”
2. “Conflict are resolved throughout games”
3. “Before playing players must bet on something they agree to be the same Equivalence”
4. “All bets must be upheld.”
5. “Anyone caught cheating is in a state of automatic loss.”

Therefor humanity being the only race unable to use magic resolved to a history of defeats after defeats. “B4 to C4.”

This story starts in a poor farm in Imorya, it is home for the Pinwoods, a peaceful family of four people who plant the magical source of mana called harpeas. They worked for an elven client but was under the shadow of humanity. Izumi and Ayato Pinwoods entered the capital to trade in some harpeas until a taking voice announced, “The King of hearts wants the new king to be a good player so he has assumed that the best way of finding that would be by having a contest. Therefore anyone from any age is now allowed to enter, humanity ruler contest!!!” The two boys were delighted from such news since they were really good players.

The fact that they could now have the chance of getting Humanity somewhere was to exiting. “2H to 3F.”

The first day of the contest started and the chosen game was poker that game was a game Izumi was good at. He was a good player because he uses a psychology side to succeed in games. First game was won for both, and so was second, third, and fourth. Until the fifth game started. Izumi could not help it notice that his contestant was mumbling to himself, as if he was speaking to someone. At that moment Izumi had already figured out all of it. The opponent was using a partner using magic to change the cards shape. “Full House idiot” shouts the opponent while laying her cards.

“To bad I guess that’s too bad” mumbles Izumi “Because Royal straight flush!” he shouts as he slaps his cards onto the table. Izumi and Ayato have now reached day two and get their letter. As
they sign the letter they remember the deal from their first ever game. “If we are playing against an unknown enemy we would play as one.” “5A to 1E”

The next day the two handed out their sheet with the signature Asuka. The game was chess and the openings were already set “7H to 6F” the king shouts. “3A to 6D” announces the two. “8G to 8F” the king says proudly. “Well then 1E to 3G check mate.” Say the two boys as if they were one.

That being said “To survive hunt, to win observe.” That being... Izumi the owl kings.
The Disturbed

It was a cold, dark night. A couple of owls flew past, fighting over food, but Steve was concentrating on something else. Something that could end his job, something that could get him promoted. He had his hands gripping the steering wheel, eyes on the road, blocking out the groans from behind him in the bus. He only had another three hours of driving to do before he could return to Greenstone. One of the patients in the back started moaning. Steve was beginning to get a headache from the noise they were making. He didn’t mind too much as he was told about the consequences when he signed up to be the bus driver for patients to travel back and forth between the two main mental asylums in Greenland.

There just weren’t any jobs willing to take him in last year. He felt relieved when his family claimed they didn’t mind him doing it. Steve was quite a bashful chap, who kept himself to himself, not willing to make friends with many people. He was bulky and pot-bellied, but also quite smart. Steve glanced at his watch and decided he would stop for some food.

Carefully, he pulled into a car park, situated next to McDonald’s, and found a space. Steve pushed on the handbrake and took out the keys. Owls hooted in the distance as he stepped onto the hard ground and made his way towards the food shops.

He walked out, burger in one hand, keys in the other, and pulled open the bus. He stepped onto the bus and sat down, turning to check on the patients. They were gone. Each and every one of them had disappeared. Steve jumped up and went into the back. Each of the seven seats were empty and there were no noises to be heard. Steve then went to check the door. But it was open. He stood, and thought to himself for a minute, took another bite from his burger and sat down. By the time he had finished his food he had thought of a plan. A devious plan, but a plan that could save him his job.

Steve started the engine and drove off into the dark, feeling nervous as he pressed on the accelerator. It was starting to brighten as the sun began to rise up through the hills. He slowed, and pulled into a bus stop, with awaiting passengers standing under the shelter.

The people under the shelter were too busy playing on their phones to realise what kind of bus they were stepping onto. They raised their tickets and walked onto the bus out of habit, and went and sat down on a seat. 1..2..3..4..5..6..7..

“Sorry, no more room on the bus,” Steve announced as he locked the doors abruptly.

‘Off we go to the asylum then...’ Steve thought, ‘hopefully the manager will just think they are extremely disturbed...’