Flash Fiction Competition 2016

Image 4 children’s entries
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The Thieves

I sat on my chair, reading my favourite book. It was calm outside; it wasn’t usually like this. There was usually fights going on everywhere and, as I work at the local police station, even if I’m not on duty I still need to stop them. I decided to go to the café with my friends, when I got there I found out that people were fighting in there! They must have realised that on a calm day like this I wouldn’t be out searching for crime! “Stop!” I shouted “You’re all going to stop fighting or you’ll all be in big trouble!” Everyone stopped except one pair that I hadn’t seen around the town before, one was tall and skinny and the other short and tubby, “Hey you two! I said stop!” I shouted so loud that the people outside could hear me. “Don’t get me in trouble, he broke the law! He stole an artefact I found that I was going to donate to my work, the museum!” “He broke the law he stole it from me!” The other man said, “Yes, I stole it back from him because he stole it from me!” “You did not! It was mine, I was going to take it to my work too, the museum!” “Do either of you have an ID for where you work with you?” I asked, they checked their pockets but they couldn’t find it. “I’m afraid you’re both going to have to come with me for the time being then!” I drove them both to the museum and asked if either of them worked there but they both did so I was a bit stuck on what to do. Then I asked them separately where they found it but neither of them had an answer. Then in the paper it said that David Trobbleforth found a rare artefact but it got stolen and they showed a picture of who found it. “Do you recognise this person?” I asked them both, only one of them did. “Evidence, I might need more.” I mumbled under my breath. “Did you steal the artefact from this man?” I asked the man who said he recognised them (who was also the short and tubby man). “I’ll admit it...I did steal from him. Just take me away.” “You will be going to prison but you won’t be alone as the man who stole from you didn’t know that you had stolen it so he intended to steal from you anyway so he’s going to prison too! You won’t be in for as long though as you turned yourself in when I asked if you did it.” Then I sent them both to prison and returned the artefact to the man. That’s my favourite part of the book, I love it! It’s called The Police Woman. It’s kind of obvious there is a police woman in it. Well, I hope you enjoyed my favourite part of the book!
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. . .
Is this Living or Dying?

I want to be on my front porch reading my book.

Not here. I want to be anywhere but here.

I’m in a darkened room no light, at all. People are screaming from the rooms next door. I hate this hospital. I’m not even as mentally unstable as some of the people in here, so what if I have random nervous breakdowns I’m getting in control of it. The day I came here I thought I’d only be here for a week or two but it’s been a year now, my mum and dad haven’t visited once. I’m 17 and in Oakwood Psychiatric Hospital for young adults.

It’s Sunday the 26th September 2015 and it’s my 16th birthday. The bathroom smells of bonfires and dead leaves, due to my candles. I love autumn it’s my favourite season and not just because it’s my birthday. The smells, the toffee, pumpkin spices, the colours and the bath bombs. Ahhh, the bath bombs, my favourite part. I unlock the door after blowing out my candles and opening the window. I rush down the stairs to get breakfast; my mum and dad have wrapped my presents in black and white paper I can already tell they’re books. I had black pudding for breakfast. I sit on the sofa surrounded by books and wrapping paper; I got Say my Name, Paper Butterflies, Seed and a few more, I go straight out to our front porch to start reading. I open Paper Butterflies to the first page then I crack the spine and smell the pages and start to read.

It’s been 2 hours and I’ve finished the book. I decide to go and have a bath I pick out my favourite lush bath bomb, Autumn Leaf. As it hits the water it explodes into an array of colours: oranges, yellows and golds, “beautiful” I think, “is the bath bomb living or dying?”

Exactly a week after my birthday my mum and dad take me to a hospital, I don’t quite know why yet. As soon as we get there I’m rushed to a bright room and strapped to a table. The only thing I feel is a sharp pain in my arm and what feels like ice shooting through my veins but I’ve read enough books and seen enough television shows to know it’s some sort of drug. The room starts to go dark and I hear slow, quiet footsteps coming in, I think it might be a doctor. There are hushed voices but I can’t quite make out what they’re saying, the door slams and they’re gone. I lie on the table for a bit the room light flickering. I’m so bored; you never know how much you appreciate sitting with someone, even if you’re not talking, until they’re gone. I focus on the light, every 10 seconds it flickers. The light is fading, the room getting darker and my eyelids getting heavier, then the room starts disappearing - is this living or dying?
January the 1st 1843

She sat her arms aching her neck and back in agony. Drowsily her eyes drifted shut she slumped against a stone wall her dirty brown hair with ashes and pale wax sitting in it pulled tightly into a bun. Suddenly a voice, “Annabelle Crawford!” Her eyes bolted open and she clumsily stumbled to get to her feet in time. Her boss marched in. A short, stubby man well paid for brutally punishing his workers Annabelle was sure she would get punished like all other workers. “Sleeping on the job I see,” Annabelle fiddled with the bun on top of her head. “GET BACK TO WORK,” HE PAUSED Annabelle felt worried. “IN THE CONFINEMENT ROOM!” He yelled as she hurried away.

The confinement room built in 1702 it was in no state for the workers of 1842. It’s gloomy atmosphere and grimy walls, rickety machinery the walls gushing with Molten wax, and the pungent smell was grotesque. Only one person had been sent down there. Jaqueline suffix.

On her way down she twirled her fringe on her left pointer finger dirt coming out in flakes She reached the bottom of the stairs and looked at the rotten wooden door and she knew she would that stairwell again anytime soon. She took a deep breath and stretched out for the handle. She opened the door and saw a figure with blonde hair and she knew it was Jaqueline Suffix dead in the corner on the stone floor.

There she lay still, Motionless Annabelle was not sure if she was dead or not she bowed her head in remembrance as the figure lay on the floor. She made her way towards the machinery trying to ignore the body in the corner she bowed her head, upstairs the noise was catastrophic. Then the unthinkable happened Jaqueline woke and screamed Annabelle’s eyes flicked to the corner “Hello.” She said.
Jaqueline store in disbelief, “You’re real I can’t believe your actually real!” She yelped happily her dirty blonde hair shining, her shockingly grey eyes gleaming with hope her tattered baby blue dress looking matte,

“I’ve been all alone in here for god knows how long!” she began in her high pitch voice “I think we need to escape!” Annabelle said calmly. “ARE YOU COMPLETELY WRONG IN THE HEAD?” “WE CAN’T IT’S IMPOSSIBLE!” she shout whispered in case anyone was eavesdropping!” She put up quite an argument until she finally said “Alright but if we get caught you know what...” she was cut off by Annabelle. “Come on!”

They crept out of the door and up the stairs and around the waxworks towards the door and reached for the handle until they heard the voice they prayed they would not hear the whizzed round to see their boss “Get back in there!” he boomed and they were taken back to the sad room never to see the light of day again until the day they were hung January the 1st 1843
Dark Day

It was a dreary day, the sun was hidden behind the colossal and powerful clouds. Rain was coming down like bullets on the small town of New Deer. A sense of misery floated through the town.

Only one soul was out of their nice warm house and enduring the rain. It was a young boy no older than sixteen with dark hair matted to his head with the rain. He walked through the twisting paths until he came to an ancient black house. He knocked on the oak door and opened it with a ghostly creak.

A figure stood in the arch way “Hey kid,” the figure said in a booming voice.

“How is she?” the boy asked cautiously moving through the ash ridden house. An agonising moan came from the far side of the house as he came nearer the moan.

“Rex, wait,” the man called after him but Rex continued forward. Then he saw it a small young girl crying in a crumpled heap on the floor.

“Mia...” he started, tears welling in his eyes as he spoke. He turned crying to himself, worried of what the fever had done. He walked slowly out the house and passed the man.

“Tried to warn you,” the man said solemnly but Rex ignored him and kept walking.

He walked up to the market square and he glided past stalls of food and clothing. Eventually he came to a stop outside the apothecary stall.

“Hello Rex what is it today leeches?” questioned the man behind the counter. Rex shook his head and pointed at a tall stained glass jar.

“I want that,” Rex spoke with fuelled rage, dropping the exact coins on the desk. The man was stunned but yet passed the jar suspiciously.

Suddenly a trumpet sounded and a redcoat and three men that looked terrible, as if they were meant to be dead walked into the square.
Rex winced he knew of the rebellions but not that any rebel was alive. He turned and the apothecary smiled.

“No wai...” Rex started.

“Jacobite!!!” the man screamed. Rex started to run and the redcoats gave chase. Rex ran out of the square if he made it to the forest he could easily slip away.

A loud bang rattled through the air as gunshot littered the sky and with every shot Rex edged nearer to the forest. But then it happened a shot exploded right into his shoulder. Staggering to the ground he cried out in pain.

He tried to stay awake, to stay alive. Suddenly more shots ripped his body to shreds.

All that was left was the old stained glass jar that held the cure to the virus that he had lost so much to...

Three days later Mia sat in the old black house reading an old text, a diary of a worried soldier about to fight against the Jacobite’s.

Then it started shrieking out in pain her skin started peeling of her body, dying the most agonising death.
The lady

Back in 1998 there was a very very small village where there was only one or two houses. The village was about a ten fifteen minute drive just out of London. It was a very quiet place it was surrounded by all these mountains. The houses were very victorian and old.

In one of these houses there was a lady. She lived alone and her name was Carole and she was a very fit lady. Every now and then there was a man and his daughter visited every two weeks. The man was called Scott and his daughter was called Roxy. Scott was very handsome and Roxy was a tall girl but was very nice.

One night there was a big bang on the door Carole got up like a flash. Carole was getting annoyed because this banging had been going on for weeks straight. But as Carole got to the door the banging stopped and as when she went to sit down the banging started again.

Carole got fed up and went to sit down again on the same chair. Carole sat down with a sigh. “I am fed up with all of this banging I wish it could stop.”

Carole started to read the same book that she had been reading for over a few weeks. After a couple minutes of reading her book there was creek coming from the door. Then there was all these voices and it was Scott and Roxy. Roxy said “hello Carole.” Whisper Roxy. Carole said I need some food. Scott said I will take you to the nearest local shop.

Carole said I only need a few thing. Then Carole said I’ll go my self and Scott shouted! NO! way you’re going yourself. Yes I am. No you aren’t, So Carole gave up after a while. So Carole just went with Scott. When they came back from the shop Carole put the shopping past. Then Carole sat down and started to read the same book that she had been reading for the past two weeks. When Carole got up to get something to eat Carole didn’t feel that well. Then all of a sudden there was a thud .......
Carole woke up in hospital and she didn’t know what happened. Carole started to panic so Carole jumped and got a shock then all of a sudden Carole was knocked out and that was the last ........

Listen up for part 2
Alone

Quietly she sat, on the rocking chair reading her book whilst the bright dawn was shining through the windows.

Mariah Black was a very timid person at heart however she was known to socialize quite well. Strangely she didn’t feel in the mood for meeting up with her family.

The trip to England most people would exaggerate is very long and dull, but those people have no imagination: although it would be extremely rude to say that to their face: it was one of the things Mariah felt like saying.

In England the morning sun made everything seem stunning even Mariah’s pale drawn back face not to mention her mousy light brown hair seemed beautiful in the bright light.

Mariah’s family hated going through the tiring trips to England they thought a plain, dull place like Cornwall couldn’t be beautiful. This might have been thought bad this was extremely good for Mariah because she loathed her family coming to visit.

Her sister was a very crude young women brought up thinking that she owned the world and wearing only the best finery for she was too special for anything else.

Now Mariah’s mother was a rude arrogant lady and if happiness was to smack her in the face she still probably wouldn’t acknowledge it. Her mother was the type of women who would delight in making children distraught about their lives.

Her father was no worse for it except for the simple fact the he took his anger out on two boxes (two not one) of donuts.

Mariah was different to all of them: she was pale, thin and kind: they all shunned her because she believed that there was a higher power such as magic like fairies-in fact that was the only magical creature she believed in other than God of course-of all colours, shapes, sizes and of all powers.

Actually her mother had tried to get her locked up for it (she never managed to do it though).

Mariah longed for someone who could understand her for what she believed in, yet all that hope wasn’t in vain because the following day she met him.

Her parents had been trying to get her sister to find a husband and they hoped to find one in Cornwall.

Fortunately the person they found was soon to be Mariah’s future friend.

Jacob was the fifth man they had brought to Mariah’s house however he would be the last.

They started talking.

“Your house is very nice”, said Jacob.
“Thanks, sorry about my parents but please just play along with it”, replied Mariah.
“Don’t worry I will”, said Jacob.
This was how the relationship was formed. Soon he was coming to visit every day.
They would read and talk. Gardening to their hearts content.
Winters afterwards Jacob grew ill and the medicines he was given made him more ill. Soon he stopped breathing...he died.
Mariah grew old and sad, she thought to herself I am once again Alone.
It was a warm and sunny day in New Jersey and Liam decided to play shoot the fruit. Liam’s girlfriend Lucy said “Are you stupid or something?” Liam said “No I am not.” His friend Frank said “I think you should do it.” Liam thought about it for a few minutes and then said “I am going to do it.” Lucy started crying, saying, “Please don’t do it, I don’t want you getting hurt.” Liam replied with “Don’t worry I won’t get hurt.” Lucy argued by saying “What about everybody else?” Liam said nobody will get hurt, stop worrying.” That evening they went to the store and bought lots of different fruit to play with. When they got home they took the guns out of the closet and began to play. They were only a few apples in when disaster struck; BOOM went the gun and DOWN went Grandmom. Frank grabbed his phone and called the emergency services. The operator who answered said, “Hello what service do you need?” Frank yelled and screamed saying “Help I need an ambulance straight away, my friends Grandmom has just been shot!” The operator said, “Okay don’t panic I am sending an ambulance straight away.” Within minutes there was an ambulance pulling up in the driveway and Grandmom was being put on a bed and into the ambulance. Frank, Lucy and Liam followed the ambulance to the hospital in Frank’s car. Once they were at the hospital Grandmom was told that she would be kept in for a few days to make sure she was okay. Liam stayed at the hospital with her to keep her company and prevent her from becoming lonely. After a few hours Grandmom was in surgery to make sure the bullet went straight through her and never got stuck in any of her bones. Fortunately the surgery went well and nothing bad happened to her. Two days later Grandmom was discharged from hospital and they went home to their little lodge in the mountain. Once they were home and settled they decided to play a Nerf gun war. Lucy won the Nerf war with Grandmom close behind her. After the Nerf war Frank and Liam built the pool for them all to play and swim in. They also built the goal posts for them to play football. The best part of the whole evening though was the tennis: the teams were Frank and Lucy verses Liam and Grandmom. Frank and Lucy won the tennis match but they all had fun. The next day Lucy, Liam and Frank all went on a hike around the hills, after a few hours they finally returned home to eat some freshly made fish and chips. Liam said, “Thank you this is delicious.” Frank and Lucy both said, “I agree.” And they all lived happily ever after.

THE END.
The Diary

Thursday 11th July 2013

I wonder why she did it? I want to know what was so bad in her life she had to leave. It’s been 10 years since my mum disappeared, nobody knows why, but I do. I found out today. I have been visiting the strange little house down the path for years now, it was where my mum used to go. I don’t do anything in it I just sit there on there in the chair, rocking back and forth pushing my feet off the small wicker basket that sits by my feet.

    Well that was what I used to do until the chair broke, but maybe it was meant to happen because while I was fixing it I found something that belonged to my mum, her diary. She must have hidden it in the chair hoping no one would find it, but now I have I am going to read , to try and find out why she left. I visited the house every day after that to see if I could find out more answers, so far i’ve found out that my mum was depressed and was visiting a help group. I still haven’t found out why?

Saturday 13th July 2013

I haven’t told anyone about the diary not even dad, I feel like it would upset him too much. Mum never looked sad or upset but I suppose you learn how to cover it up. I decided to not do any reading of the diary yesterday, I had too much homework from school, and I also just felt like I needed a day or so to take in all the information. I have also been thinking about whether or not I should tell dad? Anyway I have got to go to bed now i’ll write more tomorrow.

Sunday 14th July 2013

I woke up early this morning so I could sneak to the little house and do some reading before dad woke up. And i’m so glad I did. I found out a piece of information that could change my life. Three days before my mum left she wrote... “I can’t take it anymore, I can’t pluck up the courage to tell Emily (that’s me) that i’m not her real mother. I’ve been lying to her for nearly sixteen years and I feel like it’s too late to tell her now, her father doesn’t think we should.” I don’t understand why she wouldn’t want to tell me? It makes me so angry that I am the reason that she left! It’s not like I could have known. I was adopted from a care home when I was just 2 months old, my real mother couldn’t take care of me, so my mum and dad adopted me. How could they not have told
me? I don’t know what I am going to do next, I think I will go and tell dad everything. The diary, the depression and why mum left. Absolutely everything.
A Whole New World

I’d always preferred winter to summer and night to day. So walking home on a cold winters night, I was quite content. The snow had started to fall, landing on the pebbled ground and slowly disappearing, as I trudged back home. The concrete steps were illuminated by the orangey glow of the street lamps and I could see my shadow dancing along the brick walls as I stepped inside the house. The fire was lit and making soft crackling sounds as the embers drifted up the chimney and out of sight. I glanced around the room and saw that there was no sign that my mum was here. I shouted for her but got no reply. My stomach flipped as I spotted a red leather notebook on the worn out armchair. It felt cold in my hands as I opened the book and saw my mums unmistakable writing.

My dear Lillian,

The time has come. I have been wondering for over a year if this is the right thing to do. I’ve come to the conclusion that it is. You are about to travel to the unknown and I want you to know it’s okay to be scared. Things will be confusing at first but I promise it will all make sense with time. Trust me.

Mum x

I threw the note book to the ground and stared at it, stunned. My brain was working at one hundred miles per hour. I couldn’t grasp the concept that this was real. I was staring at the book so hard it started to blur, taking me a minute to realise that it was glowing a light shade of purple. I slowly took a step toward the book, my legs shaking. I picked it up and edged it open. A little slit at the top of the first page had purple light seeping out of it. I pulled the paper back, getting a paper cut in the process, to reveal a dark purple stone lodged in the middle of a sliver chain. There was a tiny hole in the middle of the stone and I grazed my finger over it. It took me a second to realise I’d touched it with my bloody finger but I had almost no time to dwell on that as my feet lurched and my arms flung out.

My head started to spin as well as my body and then all I saw was blackness.

I woke suddenly, struggling to get up and taking in my surroundings. The sky was painted a mixture of dark reds, oranges and pinks. I could see silhouettes of massive birds flying into the sunset. There were dark and light blue trees planted randomly around the turquoise blades of
grass. I jumped when a hand landed on my shoulder and spun around to see my mum smiling at me. She held out her hand and I took it, ready to follow her into this new world.
Curfew

Thirteen-year-old Melina had chestnut eyes, long dark brown hair and a huge passion for reading. You would often see her sitting in her favourite chair, reading book after book. If Melina wasn’t reading she would be down at the market helping out with odd jobs here and there. Although, that was soon to change...

The dreaded war had begun and everything was on lockdown, a huge wall had been put in place to protect the small village from the outside world. Guards patrolled the streets every night to make sure everyone was in their houses by eight o’clock, windows were locked and food was rationed. All the villagers felt like their freedom had been taken away from them - though of course this was all for their benefit. Melina out of everyone felt like she was suffering most, as there was barely any market now all she could do was sit and read and she started to develop a particular liking for adventure books. Even though she could not have her own physical adventures now, it didn’t stop her imagining the ones her characters were having in her books. Although this was fun for a while, Melina longed for an adventure of her own, one where she could be the main character and witness all the excitement first hand but of course, this was all a fantasy. Wasn’t it?

The more Melina got used to the idea, the less mad it seemed - to her anyway. So she started to formulate a plan, her aim was to get to the gates (the only way in and out of her village). Even though her village was tiny, it was the biggest adventure Melina could think of under the circumstances. Her initial idea was to follow the guards that patrol her streets each night, right to the gates, which no one had been able to reach before without someone stopping them.

So that very night Melina put her plan into action, as usual everyone was in their houses by eight for when the guards came. They passed soon enough, giving Melina time to sneak out of her house without making a sound. She stealthily moved down the narrow streets cautious of anyone watching her. It was all going to well until she could hear the sound of boots clanging on the cobbled streets and muffled voices coming towards her. Melina searched and searched for somewhere to hide and finally her eye fell upon a little crack in-between two houses, she quickly and nimbly climbed into the dark and dusky crack hoping it wasn’t too late. The voices grew louder and louder and two guards came marching down the street. “Are you shore you saw something and it wasn’t just a shadow” one said “I thought I did but your probably right,” said the other. Just as Melina thought she had got away with it she felt a cold icy hand grab her on the shoulder...
"I’d like some chocolate\textit{ }, said Nimbus, strapping the Airacnal to her back and standing up. She headed outside to the chocolate tree, climbed up to the highest branch, and picked the most delicious looking chocolate fruit she could see. She dropped down to the ground, and stumbled forward accidently.
And fell off the island.
"Aaaarrgh\textit{!}", screamed Nimbus as she plummeted down through the orange clouds. She pulled the Airacnal off her back and opened it at the page of the gliding spell. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed another floating island, suspended in the air as she streaked towards it. Realising there wasn’t enough time to work a gliding spell; she flipped a couple of pages forward to the destruction spell. The island was no more than fifty meters below her.

"Proceon\textit{!}\textit{}, Nimbus read from the Airacnal, no more than twenty meters above the floating island. A beam of white light streaked out of the Airacnals pages and hit the island, splitting it into large chunks of dark green rock that sprayed out in every direction. Nimbus swerved to the side as a small piece of rock with a banana tree clinging to it like a barnacle shot up at her.

Nimbus fell through the area which had contained the island. Flipping two pages back, she worked a gliding spell. A pale blue bubble formed around her and she gradually slowed down, landing on another floating island. As soon as her feat touched the bright purple grass, the blue bubble shimmered and cracked, breaking into little blue ashes which glowed an unearthly blue light.

"Well that sucked\textit{\textit{,}} said Nimbus as she strapped the Airacnal to her back. She surveyed the island she had landed on. A couple of Piflywinks (small, fuzzy creatures that like to hypnotise other animals with their cuteness) were mulling around in some trees. Nimbus averted her gaze and started searching the bushes for a Hux. There’s usually at least one on every island. Upon finding one, she pulled it out of its bush.

"Can you transport me back to my island\textit{\textit{?}}\textit{,} Nimbus asked the green, glowing, portal like creature. “Hmm, I’ll just check the connection”, the Hux answered. He closed his eyes and concentrated hard. The glowing plasma in the centre of his body shimmered, and an image of Nimbus’s island swam into view. “Thanks\textit{,} she said flicking the Hux a gold coin, and stepped through the portal in the centre of the Hux.

She stepped onto the familiar light blue grass of her island. She paused, watching the Sun go down until it was completely level with the Airacnal strapped to her back, then shimmering and
darkening, until it was a round, circular Moon, Nimbus went into her house and into her kitchen. She had just remembered that she had some Chocolate in her larder.
The Big Move

There once were three sisters called Cassie, Izzy and Leigh. Cassie was 15 and she had blue eyes and brown hair with bits of blonde hair at the end. Izzy was 11 years old and had blue eyes and brown hair. Leigh was 5 years old and had blue eyes and brown hair. The three sisters looked just about the same.

They lived in a riding school called Starlight Stables. Their mother was called Rachel and the father was called Alfie. In the morning Alfie had disappeared from Starlight Stables. Rachel went all around Starlight Stables but he wasn’t there. When the children woke up they went to go and find father and they saw mother sitting there looking very upset. Rachel told them that father left to do something and never told them. Mother was so worried because anything could have happened to him.

The next day a message came through to Rachel and it said that Alfie had to go to work because Starlight Stables was old and he decided to move. Mother didn’t want to tell Cassie, Izzy and Isla. So it would be a surprise. It was when Cassie, Izzy and Leigh were out on a hack they were very suspicious about how their dad had disappeared. After tea the children were all meant to be in bed but Izzy and Leigh couldn’t get to sleep because they were worried about father. So they sneakily crept into Cassie’s bedroom and talked.

It was the start of the summer holidays and when they came through the door there were suitcases at the door and there were people taking the furniture. It was two hours later and they had arrived at the new house and riding school. They saw a man looking and waving at them and they looked closer and it was father. They waved so fast that their hands could have fallen off.

When the car stopped, they ran out and gave a huge hug to their dad.

A few weeks later they had everything sorted out and customers coming. The next day Rachel’s sister Aunt Emily came round and none of the family knew Emily was coming. She stayed for a few days and went. Cassie, Izzy and Leigh had got new horses called Starlight, Sam and Destiny and Boomer Bella and Flynn that was Cassie’s horses. Izzy’s horses were called Casper 2, Tia, Tommy and Jazz. Leigh’s horses were called Millie, Blue and April. There was a competition and the Cassie, Izzy and Leigh were all competing so they had to practise, so they did.

It was the day of the competition and Cassie was doing show jumping, dressage, racing and cross country. Izzy was doing dressage and show jumping. Leigh was doing games. It was the end of the day and Rachel, Alfie were so pleased with them that they had a hug and got ready for the next day. Then they went to bed.
Alone. Alone in the silence, the silence of anger, sorrow and loneliness. Each time I cried I was alone, when I smiled I was alone. But that's just me, I'm alone, I am alone because of something I did a long time ago, something unforgivable...

Hi my name is destiny, I was 11 years old and because my name is destiny people thought automatically that my destiny was planned out, which was true, but they all thought it was all sunshine and rainbows. That was far from the truth. I lived with my mum, dad, sister and two brothers, they all have similar facial features and brown hair, like me. I'm the youngest, so whenever I said something is wrong they don’t take me seriously, but I knew something's was up. People had been, well, disappearing. Everyone thought they had been kidnapped, but I knew what was really going on. I knew I was a part of it, somehow.

I had been having a bit of conflict with people I knew, and they made me do the things I didn’t want to do, but they never really listened when I yell, and no one believed me when I tell them. So I'm telling you now, you are the only person who trusts me, and will listen when I say, they're coming to get you. So run, run as fast as your legs can carry you, never stop running, because because they will find you eventually, and take you, I mean that's what they did to me, and they will make you do the things you don't want to do. So run.

Whenever I see you next, be careful because they’re watching, they always watched me. All of their other slaves, because that's all they want, slaves to work for them, or they will kill me. and I don’t want that. Soon everyone will be a slave for them, so I’m warning you early, leave this town. This country. This continent. Even this world. However, they will still find you. No matter what. There not from here, they’re from a galaxy, away from here.

You’re probably wondering who they are, well, T.H.E.Y are The human extermination yearly, because they want to take over the world and can’t do it in one day, so every year they pick out the country and pick away at the population, one by one and eventually they will rise, and the human race will fall. It has hurt for every minute for the rest of my sole crushing life, working for them. It kills me do you know the fateful truth to this planet, the end of the world is coming and, I’m was being forced to make it happen.

Yours truly,
I am alone because they stopped coming after my 17th birthday when everyone else had already gone. I don't think they even know I'm alive. Now I am alone, alone being all I am. Because I just sat, and watched.
Me, Myself and War

On July 28, 1914, the day that proceeded to become the worst day of my life. I dreaded it ever since my husband told me that he was going to war. When he told me I was absolutely devastated, I cried so much, it felt like I cried a river. I kept on over thinking and over thinking it, then suddenly the day was upon me I started shaking and was quickly filled to the brim with anxiety. When we walked out the door to say goodbye I gave him a tender hug, it felt like my heart was breaking into a thousand pieces. When he had gone it all sank and my heart ached with longing with his safe return. I didn't know what to do with myself. When he left I just sat in the rocking chair which was 'his' chair in silence for what felt like hours.

Then suddenly I hear an almighty crash. I have no idea what it is but I quickly ran under a table to shelter my head then again bang, bang, bang, booooom. All I can think about now is my husband and if he is ok. I am shaking in terror. Suddenly I began to fall in and out of consciousness when I woke up the next morning, I found myself laying on the ground with a thumping headache I slowly stood up and sat on his chair once again, still terrified. I drew myself together and proceeded to lift my coat from the rack and cautiously ventured out into the street, where upon I met the postman which informed ‘me not to go any further’ but as I peered passed the wall and saw the astonishing bomb site of a village. I screamed 'OH NOOOO!'

It has been three years since the bomb and I have built up the courage to join the WLA because they know what I am going though, I can talk to them and keep me occupied by baking, gardening, cutting hay, milking cows and worked in munitions factory. It gives me a focus and allows me to contribute to the country when it needs it most but a day never goes by that I don't think about him but it also help me get out of the house.

I am still as terrified as ever counting the days until he is set to come home which is November 19, 1918 I only have two days to wait, fingers crossed that nothing happens to him in that space of time. Suddenly I hear a 'knock ,knock' at the door, I am hesitant to open but when I do I am taken back when I saw his face I fell to the ground but I jumped up and gave a loving hug I felt safe once again. I never knew I could miss someone as much as I have missed you I said. We both walked into the living room, I sat down on the sofa and he sat down on 'his' chair and told me all of his stories. They were full of scary but fascinating events, that made me feel so lucky to have him back. Now he is with me I feel complete and I am looking forward to the days we have together.
The Diary

Malia Winsley sat in her dad’s rickety old rocking chair with her feet perched up on a box in front of her as she stared down at the leather bound diary that laid in her lap. She hesitantly picked up the diary and slowly opened it, scared of what she might find inside. Her face slowly morphed into one of sadness as she recognised the messy and rushed handwriting of her father.

_Dear my beautiful daughter,_

_I seem to have disappeared, huh. I just want to apologise and explain to you why, I made a powerful man angry, I was planning to tell you all of this but I didn’t want you to get hurt and involved in all of this, I’m very sorry for all of this and if I could go back in time and fix it all I would._

Malia could feel her eyes become blurry as she read the letter. She wiped away a stray tear that had fallen before taking a deep breath to calm her nerves and continued reading.

_Malia I am so sorry for leaving you so soon after you mother did. I was running short on money so I borrowed some from the first person I could think of and I promised to pay him all back by the end of the next month, but I didn’t and months had flown by and eventually his patience had worn thin. I overheard him and his friends talking this morning after you left to visit Granny, he said he is going to collect the money this afternoon or he is going to take me instead. He is a very bad and dangerous man and I pray to the gods he doesn’t go anywhere near you but I also need your help to stay away from him. You will know him once I tell you his name he is one of the richest in or town he is Arthur Murray._

Malia quickly flicked through the book in a state of panic but when she didn’t see any more writing she put down the book and closed her eyes hoping her heart would go back to its original speed. _No it couldn’t be him could it?_ She thought. _He used to give me sweets and would always help me carry the shopping._ Malia shook her head as if all her thoughts and worries would fling out. As it finally dawned on her what had happened she pulled her legs up to her chest and brought her arms around them, tears streamed down her face as the sobs racked through her body she buried her face in between her knees and took several deep breaths. Just as she was
about to doze off there was a knock on the wooden panel of her front door frame, she looked up and stared into the dark green eyes of Arthur Murray.
Books are like an endless abyss, hooking you in. Never letting you out. It truly is evil. After all, it takes over you completely.

Alice slopped down on her chair, tired. She had been trying to convince everyone, there had been a man watching her. She didn’t know where he was located or the reason behind why he was watching her. Could it be that he was madly in love with her?

Nah, can’t be. He’s probably just planning on killing me or something... she signed.

After attempting to figure out the ‘whys’. Alice slumped back into her chair and gave out a loud sigh.

She stared at the open window, not too far away from her. She knew ‘he’ was there. Watching her. She was curious of the mysterious man, attracted to him. Even obsessed with him.

Alice was puzzled. How could she be in- Love... with such person? A man she has never seen or met! But she couldn’t help it, without even realizing it she fell for his magic.

A sound slapped Alice back to reality. A book. Below the window. Alice processed the information into her intelligent mind. A book was dropped from the window of her beloved. She knew what she had to do, Like a script, Alice jolt up and ran towards the book. Instead of being at her destination, in front of the book, she found herself on the floor next to her rocking chair.

Alice was confused. She tried standing up but nothing happened. She couldn’t move. Her legs were shaking like mad- her entire body was. Her hands throbbing like the beating in her chest, making her cry out loud. Her body went numb and her body met the ground.

Alice didn’t understand any of this. ‘He’ dropped the book for her, she must go retrieve it! Why was this happening to her now?! She let out a cry.
“Alice... Alice!” a soft yet haunting whisper came to her ears.

She used her little remaining power to tilt her head up.

“Who...?”

“Alice... come here...!”

With no control, Alice’s body rose up on its own. Heading to the only direction. The book. She started crawling towards the voices, a big grin of despair hanging from her face. Her eyes like an abyss. The fates tried to stop her but they couldn’t. Not when she’s this close.

Alice’s eyes gave off a shine. She gleamed with joy, she jolted up with the book in her now calm hands, and ran back to her rocking chair not noticing how dark and cold her room became. With one click on her lamp, the lights flowed into chair dim room.

As Alice flipped through the pages, excited, her big grin unfolded. Tears started streaming down her eyes. She promised herself to never fall in love.

Books are truly evil. Making you dream and fantasise about many things. Even about the one you love most.

Hey, tell me. Have you fallen too?
In the Moonlight

Midnight. Moonlight. The stars, along with the moon, glow a cold intensity that strikes the ground, pure, and unshielded by cloud.

She sits, book in hand, yet eyes closed, her body illuminated by the silver sliver of moonlight that beams through the open door. The rocking chair that she sits on has long since stopped rocking, the pages of her book long since turned, and her eyes long since opened. The world is still. The world is silent.

She stirs, her eyes fluttering open, and her body tensing in the chair. She tilts her head to check the clock, and cocks it in curiosity.

“Strange…” she murmurs to herself. She shifts her position slightly, and, as a result, the rocking chair creaks and groans in protest. “Strange… He should have been back hours ago.”

She smiles. “Oh, how I’ll tell him off when he arrives.” She begins to laugh, clearly amused by the thought, which, within seconds, turns into a racking cough. A frown breaks across her face and, to no-one in particular, she says, “Being old has denied me enough already”. “But now, even happiness is too much to ask?”

She leans back, exhausted, and with the familiar creaks of the rocking chair, closes her eyes.

Within minutes she is fast asleep, and for a long time it remains this way. The silence and stillness ensues. The person she waits for does not return, indeed, not a shadow passes the yard that her door gives way to.

But then, a figure. It appears out of the shadowy blackness cast by the surrounding buildings with such fluidity, such confidence, that it could almost be an extension of the shadow itself. It steals across the yard – black flash – up to the open door, and to the sleeping woman. No sound is made by the figure, it is as if they have no material form.

She opens her eyes, but is not alarmed by the figure looming above, quite the opposite, she holds her hands out in welcome. The figure does not speak. Instead, he reaches a black arm out to her and holds it.

“I knew you would come tonight,” she whispers. “I felt it.”

And, with her words, her body begins to slacken, her eyes begin to droop, her life begins to fall away. Their hands remain clasped together, as the feeling runs out, the thought, the pain and the memory.

But not once does she feel scared, stepping into the unknown. She departs with him with trust, as though old friends. And with this final thought, her body halts, resting from the relentless work it has done, and lies still once more.
Rocking Chair

Page after page, she flickered through the tampered book that she had read 138 times, and counting. With a lick on her sticky finger she turned another worn out page, reading each word thoroughly. Quietness filled the cottage, only to be interrupted by the ring of the rotten away doorbell.

The lady got up and out of her sinking chair and walked to her wooden door. She opened the creaking door a few inches and was met with the big, blue eyes of a young man. “Hello, package for Ms Elizabeth Wilowski?” “Yes, that’s me” Elizabeth stated hesitantly. “Sign here ma’am”. She gently took the pen in her shaky fingers and flicked her wrist to sign her name. “Thank you, have a lovely day”. Elizabeth took the Large, heavy, brown box in her small, fragile hands and pulled at it until she got it inside the tiny house.

Spending a full hour putting the mystery object together it appeared to be a wooden, rocking chair. That day she spent hours in her new chair, enjoying the peace with bright eyes as she read. Elizabeth stretched her back, earning a loud crack and got out of the surprisingly comfy chair and into her spring filled bed to fall fast asleep.

It was exactly 2:41 AM when Elizabeth was harshly woken up to the sound of an ear gripping creak. Curiously she got up from her bed, shaking in fear. Her lips trembled as she got closer to the creaking sound. With every step she held in another breath. A moving rocking chair came into view, with not a soul in it. Her arms relaxed by her sides as she walked into the unusually cold room and stopped the chair from moving with a single finger. “Problem sorted” She said to herself.

Elizabeth was only halfway back to her room before the creaking sound started again, only this time it was faster. She turned around and stomped aggressively in annoyance towards the lounge, where she saw the rocking chair moving once again. “This room’s colder” she thought to herself. Elizabeth slowly peered around the room before turning back to see the rocking chair, but this time someone was in it. Elizabeth let out a loud ear piercing scream, chills ran down her spine and tears ran down her cheeks. The creature swayed its long, grey hair over its face and crawled out on all fours, off of the chair. “No!” Elizabeth screeched, wanting all of this to be a nightmare. She stumbled back, still staring at the deformed specimen with large, watery eyes. The creature sprang at her, making Elizabeth fall but when Elizabeth opened her eyes she appeared to be in a dimly lit forest, far from home.
It was a dreary day, with large grey clouds in the sky. Erika was sitting next to the door, on a brown, dusty stool, reading her book. This was an everyday thing that Erika would do, as she had nothing better to do. She had two children, Max and Ester, they went to a school near the newly built power plant. As the power plant was built earlier in the year it had a few flaws. There had been a small chemical leak the month before, luckily no one was hurt.

Erika lived with her Husband, Steve. Steve had a late work shift so he worked from 8pm-1am, so he was always at home. Erika sat reading her book for another hour or so until she heard a loud “BOOM!” come from out in the city. She went to the window to check what was going on and what she saw was unbelievable.

She started to panic, as what she saw a chemical explosion at the power plant. She cried out “my children NO! Steve HELP!” Steve rushed through the house and screamed “Close all of the windows and doors now”.

Erika tried to escape the house to save her children but the air was too dangerous to breathe. Ten minutes later Steve and Erika had locked all of the doors and windows, and tried calling any rescue services they could but they had no signal.

It had been 3 hours since the explosion, and 3 hours of crying and stress. Steve walked up to the front door and looked through the peep hole. He froze in shock as he saw something that looked like a Zombie Freak. He thought it must have been the polluted air that had caused this to happen. He kicked down the kitchen door and started to grab things from around the house to nail in to the door so the zombie like person couldn’t get in.

Erika tried to block up the back door but she ran out of wood to nail to it. The freaks started to work their way to the back of the house. Steve slid across the floor to help her using the last thing they had to block it up.

They both hid under tables to hide from the freaks. Steve quickly ran to the bedroom and grabbed all the bed sheets, and then he covered the windows and doors with them.
They were calling everyone place in town, texting everyone they knew, but nothing got through to them. “I hope Max and Ester are okay” said Erika. She knew they weren’t going to be alive but she still had hope.

The freaks started to push the door, and almost break the windows. Steve removed one of the bed sheets to see that the door was open enough for a person to fit through. He turned round to see a freak chasing Erika. It was too late she had been bitten, she had the virus.
The Woman in the Chair

Three day’s remaining until the parcel would come. Every day Katie would wake up, run down stairs to have breakfast and sit on a chair waiting at the door. Every time Katie sits on the chair weird things would happen to her. One time she sat on the chair and she only saw mirrors but it wasn’t her that she saw in the mirrors it was her Dad. But when she got off the chair everything was back to normal. Katie couldn’t see her dad she only saw the door. That night she cried and cried for her Dad. The only thing that she could think of was her Dad.

Outside she saw a man with a parcel in his hands so she ran down stairs and opened the door, the man went to another door so she slammed shut and went to her bedroom. She wanted this book so badly she had to order other books to get the book that she really wanted, this book was a very rare and special book to her, it was called “The women on the chair”. Her friend called Abbie wrote the book about her. Abbie only published it a week ago that’s why Katie wanted to get the book before everybody does.

The next day she did the same old routine got out of bed went down stairs had her corn flakes. After she did all of that the doorbell rang so she went to the door and opened it. At the other side of the door it was her friend Abbie and she said “Happy birthday” Katie totally forgot it was her birthday. So she ran up to her and gave her a big hug. But she suddenly realised something. None of her family sent her a card or a present. The smile on Katie’s face went on to a sad face and she started crying but at that moment of time there was another knock at the door it was all Katie’s brothers and sisters.

They all came in with bags and bags of presents that’s when the sad face went into a happy face. Katie said “This is the best day ever “Then there was another knock at the door and Katie said “I think I know what this is” so she opened the door and it was the parcel. Quickly she took the parcel from the post man and slammed the door shut and opened the parcel as fast as she could. When she opened it in front of her was the book that she was waiting for days.

After the party Katie tidied up and started reading the book. She was reading the book on the chair. Then suddenly she disappeared from the chair and after that day nobody saw her again.
The Nightmare

Anne was a young lady with long hair, a soft brown, not dark but simply gentle in any light, and green eyes, the colour of the forest after it rains, the green that always brings hope no matter what happens. She is beautiful, but not like the girls you see in the magazines, she is beautiful on the outside but on the inside too, because of the sparkle in her eyes, the ability she has to make you smile even when you feel bad, but now you can’t see her smile because not very long ago she suffered a great loss: her father died of lung cancer and a few years later her mother killed herself because couldn’t endure the loneliness. Anne found herself all alone after her parents’ death, she had no one. After a long period of mourning her parents she decided to move somewhere far from the city to live a quieter life.

In the first evening at the new house Anne was exhausted after tidying, so she decided to sit and read a book, the last rays of the late afternoon sun fell slanting through the window.

Suddenly she heard someone whispering: “Anneee, Anneee!” Anne jumped up her chair and walked around the house to find if someone was there. She didn’t find anyone so she sat down reading her book. She saw a face at the window, now she was sure someone was there. She went outside to find who the creepy person that was in her house. It was getting cold and dark...but Anne didn’t care, she had to find out who it was, maybe she was in danger...she could hear footsteps right behind her, getting closer and closer. “Anne, Anne...” someone said again. Anne ran, she couldn’t breathe, her heart was racing. “Stop right there, young lady, right now, stop there!” Said the guy with a low voice. A choked cry for help forced itself up her throat, it seemed as if this was the end of the road for her. Tired, she stopped and turned around, she saw a strong, tall guy, with a tomato face, narrowed eyes, cold and hard with a big scar on his cheek that made Anne be even more scared, but she tried to stay strong and asked:

“What were you doing in my house and why are you following me? “

“How dare you talk to me??” This was the last thing he said before he took out of his pocket a sharp knife. It was old, rusted, with a jagged blade.

“Don’t ...” was the last thing Anne could say.

Anne woke up sweaty but thankful that it was just a dream, the absolute horror paralyzed her, she thought it was impossible, so she went outside just to make sure there is not a scary man with a scar on his cheek. No...just her neighbours.

She went back inside sat down on her chair looked at the book and thought “I shouldn’t read these scary stories anymore” and laughed.
Oppression Depression

A frigid breeze whips past two silhouettes alone on a shadowy Parisian street. Only a snow-white moon shatters the flawlessness of the navy sky. A soft masculine voice is heard from the taller of the figures.

“I’m sorry my love, I must leave. I can’t have you live forever in this terrible time.” The second figure looks up.

“But Darryl, as long as I’m with you. I’m happy.” A young lady replies.

“I will leave you now; we will meet again at better times. Farewell Alecia.” The man speaks in return. He then walks down the street leaving his betrothed sobbing.

Alecia hadn’t seen Darryl for 2 years since he left to join the French Resistance. The Nazis still had a cruel clutch on France; she feared Darryl may be dead. As she sat alone on that quiet night reading, she remembered their last encounter. With tears in her eyes she swiftly slumbers. She wakes to the sweet rays of sun drifting in from the window and gets ready for her day. She takes her rationing book and leaves her house for the local market. As she walks the cold streets she remembers her last meeting with Darryl and she is once again filled with tears. But her mind is put off him when she reaches the busy market.

Alecia quickly comes in to the market and gets her rations before leaving. As she is walking home along a road she sees three Germans taking away a family she is frozen in terror. She can pick up some words - “Your husband... found resisting... taking you...” Alecia worries if they may find Darryl and what might happen to both of them. She runs home to collect herself. When she gets herself back to her house she tells herself Darryl’s safe and if he is then she is but she just can’t stop dreading if He has been found or killed. Once again she falls asleep with tears in her eyes, dreading the days to come.

“Thump! Thump! Thump!” Alecia awakes to her door being pounded vigorously. She hurriedly gets dressed before; with her hand trembling opens the door. She sees three of the most sombre individuals. The three Nazis of whom she saw previously.

“We’ve gathered information that your fiancé is fighting in the French Resistance.” One of the men states in his gruff voice, “You are under arrest.”

Alecia silently walks to the van with the men before an unknown person rushes in and full on tackles the Nazis, knocking them to the ground. The figure and Alecia run away as fast as they can, leaving the disorientated Germans lying on the ground.

When Alecia and her saviour are alone she recognises him and falls into his arms. It was Darryl! He had returned from fighting unscathed.
“I’ll never leave you again,” he says.
“I will not leave you either,” replies Alecia.
One Early Morning

One early morning this girl was reading a book that is grabbing her attention and making her want to read more, a fairy tale. But she is being watched by someone as she reads. Every time she looks round the door or window shuts silently. She stops reading and noticed that the door was shut so she goes to investigate the surrounding and when she gets to the bottom of the window she gets hit by something and goes into a dark long sleep!

Awoken by a thud, she got up and started to feel a bit light headed because of the object hitting her on the head she can’t remember what hit her on the head. She started to walk around and realized that she had gone back to the future to a very, very dark age. She’d fallen out of the window. The walls are giving up on themselves, old crumbly shops. She could smell mouldiness of the walls and the wood rotting. She could hear walls crumbling, wood cracking and the tarmac road cracking and breaking away. Farm animals walking around everywhere! ‘Mooooo, Bahhha’ and the chickens chirping.

As she walked further and further away from the village she spotted a small man with a very big, tall hat. She shouted over to this man who was skipping but nothing happened so she followed him home.

She spotted him walking into a small hole in the side of the mountain. She knocked on the door and the man came to open it. The girl said “your pretty small” and he replied with a high pitched voice “I’m The Mad Hatter, pleased to meet you!” She could barely stand up let alone the seats were up to her shins so she decided to have a wander around his house on her knees because she couldn’t stand up. The corridors were so small and round that she had to crawl to get to each room.

She went into one room and she finds herself getting tired so she asks him if she could sleep there and the man said “Yes, of course you can.” So she went to sleep. She woke up the next morning bumping her head on a rock. She asked The Mad Hatter “Please may I have breakfast with you?” Then he replied “Yes, you may” The rice crispys were tiny, the milk jug, the bowl and the spoon were tiny. She finished her breakfast and went home and got back into her chair and finished the fantastic book she was reading.
Girl Skater

Sat there reading my book with no sound but the crackle of the fire burning pleasantly at the edge of the room. I began imagining what it would be like to be the main character skating on the ice with no worries apart from what the next move was. I carried on reading becoming more and more hooked wanting to know more, that when I wanted to stop reading I found that instead of imagining what it would be like I was there, I was the skater with no worries with the book still in my grasp as I sped around the ice.

I sped around wondering what to do next perhaps a twirl, maybe a jump the choses were endless. I decided to do jump and a twirl, once that was done and I was deciding what to do so I opened the book for an idea and discovered the pages were blank, the book was being written in front of my eyes, it was about me!

The music that had been playing came to an end so I skated off the ice. My skates came of my feet as a score was announced with my name being called out. I was in first place, going from not skating to winning, it was a miracle. Would I stay first place was all that mattered now.

As I stepped onto the podium I realised the impossible had happened I was standing on a podium collecting the first place medal for a sport which only a couple of hours ago I couldn’t even attempt to do. The medal made of heavy gold was placed around my neck and the British national anthem played. Not only had I come first but I had come first competing for my country at the Olympics.

The book was coming to an end only a few pages remained. I had to think fast, think how to end it before the ending would never be known my book never finished, it would be known as the uncompleted book.

I sat in my room at the Olympic village (which I had been escorted to after the medal ceremony.) wondering what I should do to finish it off, should I complete it or should I leave it unfinished, the ending never to be known.
I was woken the next morning by a member of our team telling me it was time to leave and catch the flight back to Britain. We arrived at the airport and went through check in. We boarded the plane, the plane took off, and we were in for a comfy journey (we were in first class).

I was back sitting in my chair silently, only hearing the crackle of the fire burning pleasantly at the edge of the room, my book was finished. People would now know the ending but would be left wondering, what happened when the landed back in Britain. Would I rewrite every book I read? Only time will tell.