

Expected

KS2

Narratives 2

The air was black all around me. I wasn't sure if I was visible or not. Also it felt like I was going to faint. I was having a panic attack. It felt like someone was watching me through the window. I jumped out of bed and squinted through the glass but I couldn't see anyone. What time was it? I fumbled for my phone next to the bedside cabinet. It was barely six in the morning... everyone would be fast asleep.

Stretching and rubbing my eyes, I got back into bed and tried to go back to sleep. It didn't work. Therefore, I decided to use ~~for~~ my energy to go for a jog around the block, even though it was still dark.

Outside, the wind swished the tree branches and the gate was creaking. I looked around but there was no cars or people, except for an old man wearing a warm woolly coat. He was walking a Yorkshire Terrier further down the street. Perhaps he was the person I had felt was watching the house?

Suspicious, I crossed the street. I looked back and saw that he had also crossed over. Then I sped up my running and tried to get away. However, every time I looked back, he was a bit closer, rather than farther away! My heart was pounding - and not just from the sprinting. A shiver crept down my spine like a spider on a web. I didn't understand who the stranger was or why he was following me.

Leaping over my neighbour's fence, I fled home and scrambled to find my keys. The man was at the end of the driveway. He was staring at me with red eyes, his lips moving as if he were warning me.

"Mum!" I yelled, petrified, whilst I slammed the door

and locked it from the inside.

I pounded up the stairs and screamed again. "Mum! Someone was following me! He's outside the house now."

"Don't worry angel, it must've been a dream," she replied sleepily.

"No, he was really there! come look!" I pulled her over to the window."

"Told you it was just a nightmare, go back to bed," Mum patted me on the back.

I couldn't understand why she didn't believe me but he was nowhere to be seen so I guess the panic was over. For now...

The Island

The glowing, milky moon shone down on me like a light source, while I was watching the royal-blue ocean suddenly change colours. As the sun started to wake, I could see an ancient, wooden boat sailing closer and closer before my glistening eyes. Suddenly, I felt the eyes belonging to the dark slender figure peering into my soul.

"Hello can you help me?"

"Who are you?" I cried to the mystery soul. I waved my arms to the figure and waited for a response.

With the blink of an eye, he landed on the island and slowly got out of his raft exhausted.

"Oh no!" I shouted with disgust, as he was completely naked. This strange creature (as pale as the clouds) began walking up towards me. In a split second, he sunk in the sand without any breath, but rose again. The tall, slender figure wasn't so slender, he was a frail, helpless man.

Why is he here at this time? Why is this needed?

Cautiously, I took a step back with a huge amount of shock. Perhaps he is just a tourist, but why is he naked?

After what felt like forever, I took this man to an old goat pen that stood for many decades without use. While I walked further away you could just see a faint figure in the distance. The blistering sun shone on the village like a fireball.

Did I do the right thing? What do I do?

The grass-green trees waved in the cold breeze.

As days past by, the island became normal again and the villagers were happy once more until the next day..... when the man came to town, the villagers were speechless.

"Why are you here?" I shouted with anger.

"I... I'm really hungry, do you have any food?" the man said with fear.

"We don't have enough food for it!" whispered the butcher to the villager. The man is a helpless figure.

I was feeling tense: sweat dripping; heart pounding; blood boiling. Considering a job – to earn food – this idea made the man's face light up.

"Possibly we could give this man a job," explained the young woman.

"Yeah," everyone chanted.

Should I do this?

"We could give him an easy job yet a hard one," I exclaimed.

"I say we let him do everything that needs doing in our town." I replied.

"Uh... ok." The man grunted.

Over a period of time, the man, who was a complete stranger, began doing the jobs everyday.

He haunted the night and often the day. The villagers feared; the animals frowned, while women stayed home and children played near. The village became empty – not a whisper was made. Villagers believed rumors during this wicked, awful time. The teachers raised awareness about the dangers of the stranger in the silent town.

"He eats with his unclean hands," explained the innkeeper, "the man also eats the bones of our dear animals."

"He will eat all your bones if you don't finish your tea," told the mother of an only child.

"This is ridiculous, our children are terrified to even step out of their homes," shouted one of the teacher in disgust, "the children shouldn't have to suffer from this!"

"I think the man could kill us in one go, if he was stronger," the policeman joked.

The fear in the village was beginning to become a major problem, the villagers began thinking about what to do about it.

"I've got a great idea," screamed the innkeeper with joy.

"What.... what is it?" interrupted the shopkeeper.

"Well we should get rid of the man by putting him back on his raft, let's send him back to where he came from," exclaimed the innkeeper.

Without hesitation, the villagers rushed to the goat pen with sun-orange pitch forks and disturbed the man.

The man was taken to the aqua sea where his hand-made raft lay waiting for him. The sea became a mountain of water. He fell and a instant grunt came from the terrified man.

"Maybe this has gone too far," I shouted feeling sorry for the man. As time went by, he was forced off in his raft, until I could just see a slight solitary figure in the distance.

"This is giving me deja-vu," I whispered to myself.

Suddenly, the boat vanished from view as the sea waved goodbye. I guess we'll never know what happened to the visitor from the sea.

Shilling Pie

Jim Jarvis wizzed past the city, racing past
dark gloomy alley-ways. As he passed boys
with scaps racing down their backs, he glared
up at the ghostly haunted moon. He heard distant
cries and groans echoing around ~~around~~ him.
Roof tiles shattered into small fragments and
ice shards grew on shop stairs.

Jim hesitated, looking down, down, down at bone dry
boys, then gripping onto his last shilling he entered
the shop. Quietly he crept forward. Mrs. Holder snatched the
coin off Jim then she bit it. As she was pouring
gravy on Jim's pie, he snatched it and held
it tight. Jim finally set off home. He walked out
the shop door. Sick boys sniffed the rich
smell of gravy and sniggered at Jim. Gipping
onto his pie, he made sure he wasn't being
followed. That's until he heard deadly young voices
shout, "GET HIM!" Jim ran with all his might
and hid in a small alley-way and lost
them. This sort of thing was usual for Jim.

☆ ☆ ☆

As Jim carried on his journey home, he thought about his old life at the cottage. He had so many memories there. Jim was looking into a house window. People were crying with dread and never once smiled. By now the man had vanished into the misty clouds. Jim knew it was getting late so he hurried home, trying to have hope in his heart, hoping better days were upon him.

At last, Jim made it home to see his sisters, Emily and Lizzie, waiting for him. Jim's Ma was resting from all the hard work she's done for the family. Lizzie launched for the first slice, then Emily after her. Jim had the rest until one remain. "Can I have the last one?" Jim questioned. "What about Ma?" Emily wondered. She could tell by the look on her mother's face she wasn't bothered so Emily put it on the bed next to her. "Aaaaaa I wanted it." said Jim. "Jim..." shouted Emily and Lizzie both together. "Alright sorry." Apologized Jim being sarcastic.

"At least we even got food." laughed Emily. "True, replied Jim, but how will we pay rent?" "I'm not sure," said Emily, "but this is what we have for now."

As the girls dashed around the corner they saw a man. The tall, slender man stood still like a crow, staring deep into Emily and Lizzie's souls. His cold, white knuckles were as delicate as a pen. Lizzie and Emily wanted to run but they saw he needed help. He tried to speak but they saw he needed help. He tried to speak but he was only letting out cackles. He showed his ice, cold frost eyes to the girls. He was lonely. Whimpers came as the skinny bone-like body crept closer. His cold hands reached onto Lizzie's shoulder as his knuckles trembled. The girls ran as

fast as they could but they gazed back and no one stood there until, they realized he was behind them. His hair swayed like a dancing fire. He opened his mouth for Emily and Lizzie to see crooked broken teeth.

The man glared down at the girls with a frown.

"Come with me," he said slowly with his deep, rough voice.

"Emily," Lizzie whispered, "I don't think we can trust him."

The man heard them though.

"Don't trust me?" the man yelled, "I'll make you not trust me!"

The man grabbed Emily and Lizzie by the shoulder and threw them into his cart. The girls screamed for help but none would hear.

"Where are you taking us?" cried the girls.

No answer.

"Who are you?"

...

Again, no answer, until he finally spoke.

"You will be taken to a friend of mine now be quiet!"

The girls exchanged glances. They had arrived at their destination.

The man cackled an evil laugh. The building looked like a barbaric prison. The girls were pushed in reluctantly.

They screamed as the man dragged them across the concrete. That's when they saw the building up close. It was big. It had small windows it was danger.

"Let's see if you like it here," the man scowled.

They heard the clatter of keys as they entered a lock. Silence. Right before their eyes the steel gate opened. There was no escape. The girls knew that. They were in the grasp of a workhouse. But now they have to face cruelty because someone lied to them. All was not good. The girls heard the key lock in the old, rusty door. Then silence again. The girls were sent to a small room with walls as soft as a pillow. Lizzie stared out of the small delicate window. That's when she saw something. Two small boys carrying an object she couldn't identify. One of the boys was small. Thin. Recognizable. That's when he turned to show his face...

"It's Jim!" shouted Lizzie.

Emily dashed to the window to see. Indeed, it was Jim. Right before their eyes. They tried to call out his name but he was too far to hear them and just like that, he disappeared.

The Vow.

When Kelly was young, she lived in a town that swam in sorrow. All the joy and color in the city was gone due to a curse which had forced everyone who entered the city to grieve. All the other cities usually looked down on their homeliness and their continuous sadness. This city made their children come just to just with despair. The city was tall, grey and strong. Everybody who came in, came out ^{of the} with huge amounts of dread.

③ Kelly acted mean, dreadful and angry too. She lived off scraps and food stolen from other people.

One night when Kelly was looking for a victim, she came across a tall, slender girl. ① This girl was... smiling? Kelly was confused (people rarely smiled here). The only thing that made people smile was money and power. Her mind wandered thinking about what the contents of the bag would hold. Was it gold, was it money, or was it jewels? ④

Abruptly

Kelly lunged forward at the girl snatching her bag, but to Kelly's surprise, this person clutched onto the bag with the straps of the ^{God's} ~~goods~~ and she spoke, "I will let go of the bag only if you make a vow with me to spread it as it is very powerful."

Kelly did not care but ^{answered} to she said, "I agree to make the vow," The girl let go and Kelly ^{disappeared} ~~disappeared~~ into the deep, dark city.

Feeling strange,

Kelly ran into a small cave ⁽⁵⁾ she had discovered only a few days ago. ⁽²⁾ She rummaged through her big black bag to find several containers of glitter. Was this some sort of joke? Kelly expected food and money, she did not know what

to do. She began to think back to what the mysterious girl had said: Only if you make a vow to spread it. Kelly had an idea!

When she arrived at school the next day, glitter in her bag and rays of destiny shining over her, she sat down at her desk and gratefully put the glitter on her hand. Now, the only thing she needed to do was to touch someone. Later the teacher did a handshake with everyone in the class. Kelly was first. Terror ran through her body with the thought of getting the teacher dirty. She took the hand off her teacher, her heart skipping a beat and her eyes squinting. Then... he smiled, because of the curse no-one had smiled it was a change to see such an expression. The boy behind her (who was still in shock) began to shout, "Kelly is magic! shake her hand before it runs out." Everyone came running over. This was not for Kelly to take since there were lots of children in the class. Eventually the children were smiling so much, no-one could stop it until Kelly remembered the inspectors were coming today.

On that very afternoon, the inspectors were on their way. Even Kelly as her smart self could not find a solution for this straight away, however a thought she would ever imagine came to mind. "Guys I have an idea," she exclaimed. Before anyone could say a thing she shouted her plan to her classmates. "We can put glitter in their coffee and give it to them since they wouldn't be able to see it!"

As ~~they~~ expected, the inspectors came. It was time to put the plan into action. Kelly opened the door and greeted them politely. They sat down, the regular questions were asked and then Kelly passed them both a boiling hot, glitter infused coffee. Her classmates had all crossed their ~~to~~ fingers, even Kelly, hoping it would work. The first one, Aaron, and the second, Adam, began to smile. ~~They~~ ^{smiles} ~~had~~ ^{to} were stretched all the way across their faces. "The plan had worked!" Kelly thought. Af

After a few days she was going to admit what she had done but it was already too late. These unique expressions were spreading like wildfire. ⑥

A year later Kelly and the mysterious girl, who was called Eleina, were ~~noticed~~ ^{known} for changing the world; Glitter medicine, glitter food and glitter drinks were invented. This negative city that was always looked down on was now outshining all the other cities and they lived a happy life on.

The End'

① holding a bag

② ~~feels~~ Feeling excited,

③ Living in this drab town was a young girl called Kelly. As a young girl you'd expect Kelly to be cheerful and energetic. However this was not the case.

④ Would it make her smile too?

⑤ (which was on the outskirts of the town),

⑥ Little did Kelly know how much hers and everyone else's lives would change forever.
'til then

Chapter 9

Wild Boy awoke in a musty foreboding darkness. A deep rumbling alerted his ears. Discomfort rose up in his throat. He felt rotting pannels underneath his grimey palms, straw littered the floor coated in... was that...? Realisation dawned on him in waves of panic. The taste of blood and the rancid, ^{stale} of manure overwhelmed his senses and he fell to the floor. He felt a soft, silky... paw. He started panicking and frantically started rattling the rusty iron bars.

"Please..." He moaned, "let me out of here..." A growl broke the stale silence and a huge head came into view, ~~adorned~~ ^{adorned} with a matted, sandy mane, deep hazel eyes you could swim in; sad, sharp and lonely. Teeth yellow, plaque laden, but sharp and fierce...

The lion growled, padded closer, his legs illuminated in the small shard of ghostly light.

"Please... don't hurt m-m ee..." Stuttered Wild Boy.

The Lion spat on the ground, and rolled over and fell asleep in the manurey straw. Wild Boy gasped. Had the lion obeyed him? Was it their similarity in appearance?

Or was the lion not willing to kill, because he was lonely?

What seemed like an eternity passed before the damp rag covering the cage was pulled back, and a ghostly face loomed into view. The pasty makeup had crusted on her face, her eyes bloodshot and swollen. Mary Everett spoke,

"How did you kill him?!" Mary Everett spat. "I need answers!"

Her husky voice dimmed until it was a threatening whisper.

"If you don't tell me, I'll ring your ugly neck or I'll feed you to old Daisy over here," her breath stank like cigarettes and lard, but still Wild Boy stayed muted.

"Well then I guess Daisy will handle you," she spat. "Daisy! Get up you moth eaten flea bag!"

Daisy, the lion, rose magnificently and bore ~~her~~ his bangs...

Suddenly, a cry broke out in the tent, that distracted Daisy, Mary Everett and Wild Boy, what or who was it? Then Mary Everett slumped to the ground and behind her stood Clarissa:

"Stay absolutely silent while I bust you out!" Hissed Clarissa, drawing out a rusty key from her leopard. She slipped it into the lock and, click! The door slid open and Clarissa stood there tapping her foot. Daisy promptly fell asleep, disgusted by

the Shesky reunion.

"Come on," hissed Clarissa, "the wagon's departing in 2 ~~x~~ minutes, so if you don't want to rot in the Grease Show for the rest of your short life, I suggest you come with me."

They took off and made it to the wagon just as it took off. A new life, Wild Boy thought, with a murder to solve...

World Cup Wonder

The roar from the crowd of onlookers filled my ears; their desperate cries like vultures about to pounce on a decaying carcass. The ball just sat there on the grass - so harmless looking and yet so deadly.

The pitch was silent. The stadium was silent. The world was silent. A lump formed in my throat like a hot, dense coal. Fear curled in my soul like twisting tendrils, gripping my heart. The crowd's eyes widened, waiting for the whistle. The goalkeeper flexed her muscles and stared me down.

My shirt stuck to my neck, the pressure grew, and pounded in my ears like a drum. Boom! Boom! Boom! The piercing whistle howled in my ears. I ran. My foot made contact with the ball, and the ground shifted beneath my feet...

The ball flew through the air, all eyes trailing the comet of the soaring ball. Tension gathered on the pitch and the stadium hummed with pent up energy – everyone wanted to see the final result. My eyes were glued to the destructive arrow which is called a ball that bring nations together and wrenches them apart. Everything that mattered to me in life was forgotten when the golden ball bit the back of the net.

The crowd erupted - some in joy, some in sorrow - as I basked in my glory. Fans came flooding onto the pitch, my team mates lifting me up in celebration.

I had done it. I had won the World Cup.

Yesterday's events began when the two girls had a sleep over at Helen's house. Whilst telling scary Zombie stories to see if their ^{hair} would stand on end, they heard footsteps ascending the stairs. As the footsteps grew closer, Helen got up and ^{crept} crept over to the keyhole. She was staring straight at a spooky old lady!

Moments after, the pair ^{heard} heard what sounded like scratching at the door. Confused, the birthday girl took a few steps back. Then, the lady called out, "Open up, it's Madam eleven o'clock." Helen saw that the lady was wearing a star like Lydia's. Instead of questioning it like ^{the} girls had been doing, the lady was vigorously pulling at it. Just as Lydia crossed the room to join Helen, more footsteps were heard on the stairs and Madam eleven o'clock fled to the top floor of the building. As fast as the footsteps had started, they stopped.

Helen looked through keyhole again but this time she

saw a red face. A man cried, "Quick, open up, it's the Midnight ghost!" Lydia and Helen stood on the cold, tiled floor, shaking uncontrollably.

A few minutes passed and yet another pair of footsteps were heard but they sighed a sigh of relief when they realised ~~that~~ that the noise was coming from Helen's parents. They quickly got back into their beds and pretended to be asleep. When

Helen's mum found out that they had been the telling Zombie ^{Scary Stories} stories, she said, "Girls, you shouldn't have ~~so~~ scared yourselves like that." The

couple couldn't believe that the girls had had such a traumatic night when Helen told them what had happened. Helen's father went out to look for the uninvited guests but he only came back with Maelorn eleven o'clock. ~~The man~~

Further into the night, Lydia announced that she wanted to go home. She looked longingly at Maria and began to drape her coat over her shoulders. As she buttoned her long, heavy coat, her body started to tremble. The worried girl turned to Helen. "I can't believe you are leaving me on my birthday," spluttered Helen. An ashamed Lydia began to stomp across the hallway as Helen screamed, "Go on, go! I don't care, you are not my friend anymore." A eerie silence spread across the room and Helen stomped off.

Helen was very disappointed in her best friend when she announced that she wanted to leave. To finish off the night, Lydia gave Helen her birthday present and said, "Happy birthday. I hope you still want to be my friend."

It was a regular day in the life of a tree as I stood tall and proud, watching over the joyous children. They were laughing, playing, having fun and climbing up my branches. Suddenly, that all changed. The Giant returned after a seven year long trip to see his friend in the Cornish Ogre. As soon as he determined what was happening, he exclaimed loudly, "Get out! I forbid you to ever enter my garden again!" The children scattered as quick as a flash, they ~~disse~~ disappeared into the old town where happiness left and poverty began. As soon as they left, he began to construct a colossal wall around his luxurious garden. Then he put up a sign saying, 'Tresspassers will be prosecuted!'

All was quiet without the joyful children. ~~as seasons~~ Spring had left and Winter was lording his power over all of the plants and trees (like me). His icy breath wrapped round every inch of the once picturesque garden. The frost had a tight grip on every branch and the mist's shadowy spirit loomed over the bitter blades of grass. The biting north wind whisked away any trace of Spring as he ran riot around the ruined land. Judging by the ~~in~~ frozen look on the giant's face, he was appalled by Winter's shocking behaviour. I ~~he~~ overheard him questioning why Spring's arrival was so delayed. He was cursing and mumbling under his breath. A few bleak weeks passed when finally, Spring returned. The giant was ~~extatic~~, constantly smiling! Unfortunately for the giant, the beautiful weather had come with a down side. The children were inside the garden, relishing in the wonderful weather!

The children had crept in through a hole in the wall and were covered in blossoms of all ^{colours} ~~colours~~. While all of the other children were content and merry, one little boy was trying to climb up my branches. He kept trying and trying but he was just not tall enough to reach my snowy branches. Luckily, the giant had noticed the ~~little~~ ^{tiny} child trying to ~~climb~~ climb the only winter tree left in the garden (that's me). The giant had finally comprehended how selfish he had been and why Spring had not visited! The sight of the boy made him hasten ^{across} ~~across~~ the garden. When he eventually reached me, he lifted the child up and up and placed him gently on top of ~~my~~ my highest branch. From then on, the giant loved, played and cared for the children. One evening as the children went over to the castle to bid the giant goodbye, I noticed him question where the boy was as he did not ~~see~~ spot him. Nobody knew where the boy had got to or what had happened to him; the giant's spirit was not as bright without the boy he loved so much. Years later, the giant had aged and had become feeble and frail. Although he could not play with me and the euphoric juniors, he was perfectly content watching us frolicking around. He seemed fine yet he never stopped worrying about his long lost friend. Every afternoon, when school was over and the children arrived at the giant's house, he would exclaim, "How I would like to see him again!" However hard I tried, I could not get the boy's grateful expression out of my head.

One winter morning, as the giant was preparing for the children's visit, he glanced out of his bedroom window and what met his eyes was such a wonderful sight that he rushed downstairs and ran across the garden to hug me. The boy had returned and was standing ~~the~~ directly underneath me! The ~~ex~~ ecstatic giant spun the boy around with joy.

"You have returned, I have longed for you to return to me," said the giant as he ecstatically spun the boy around. "I have returned for you, it is your time." the boy gently replied. The giant and the boy sat beneath me reunited, never to be separated again.

As Orpheus approached the barbarous, gloomy land, he began to quiver and tremble. He started to doubt himself but the thought of getting his beloved Eurydice back made him go on. The Asphodel fields had a glacial gust of wind as he entered the land of the dead. It was so desolate and devoid; all the vibrant colours had faded away. Orpheus crept tentively as he heard echoes of ear-piercing shrieks. His knees were trembling. Goose bumps raced up his arm as he began to sprint and try to dodge and weave all of the horrifying, translucent ghosts. His feet felt like ice, since there was precarious ice beneath his feet. He lifted up his linen Chiton and ran for his life...

When Orpheus entered the palace, he knelt before the king and Queen. As he placed his golden lyre at their feet, he began to speak, "Please forgive me for trespassing without permission from you. I am here to ask you if I can get my beloved Eurydice back."

"I can't believe you have made it all the way to the land of the dead." Queen Persophone beckoned him. Orpheus began to play his song for his love and the Queen smiled.

"You may free Eurydice but on one condition - on your journey back you cannot look round at her. If you do, she will disappear forever," said Queen Persephone.

After he heard those positive words, his body was full of joy and he set off. First, he came to the land of Tartarus where the evil were tortured. Secondly, he came to the Asphodel fields where ghosts and ghouls confronted him. He did not look round.

Finally, Orpheus appeared at the river styx. He had a tingly feeling in his stomach... At that moment he began to think that Pluto and Persophone were lying, so he took one fleeting glance behind him. Eurydice was there! He was elated. But all of a sudden, she disappeared! Now she was gone forever.

She reached out her hand and wrapped it around the door handle. Taking one last deep breath, the anxious teacher opened the door.

"Hi. Erm excuse me. Erm sorry to interrupt but could I..." she said, still holding onto the door handle. In front of her a lady in a sharp suit sat typing away furiously at her laptop. The lady didn't ever look up. "Some of the children in my class have written you a letter if you have a minute to take a look?" the worried teacher asked.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" the woman at the desk snapped, still typing away.

"Yes I'm so sorry," replied the teacher who now had sweaty palms. "It's just that they are truly disappointed about the trip if you might be able to reconsider your decision," she continued, feeling like a nuisance.

and closed the door. Her plan had failed. How would she break the news to her beloved class?

Just as James was about to drop off to sleep, a noise in the eerie darkness slashed through the air and snapped James out of his dozey stance. He was camping in a cold, deathly wood and each noise from the roar of the wind to the slither of the snake, sent a blood-curdling shiver down his spine. He looked at his phone. 12:30. Half past midnight. "When all of the ghosts will be out," he thought as he wrapped his sheets even tighter around himself (if that was even possible). Unable to settle, James shuffled over to the tent door and unzipped it. The air hung around him like a shadow. He whimpered, and then suddenly, out of the darkness, a whirling wind whipped through the air like a tornado. A wind so strong James was knocked over. Bang! His head hit the ground, "Please! No, stop! I mean no harm," he called out in terrified desperation.

In a flash, a horrific monster that could crush a tree with one finger, stomped into view; its eyes spitting red like angry lava; its ugly back had spines that looked like swords and a face that looked like a boulder. As the monster prowled towards him, he stood up tall preparing to protect himself.

The inhuman creature reached forward. "You will come with me!" His voice rumbled through the air like thunder.

"What do you mean?" asked James, "Why have you come for me?" Glaring at the monster, "I won't hurt you. I'm just a normal person! I'm just a child," he said with all the confidence he could muster.

"Because I need the truth from you," it roared. "You know what you have done. You will come!"

Under its glare, James cowered back wishing the creature to retreat. "You are mistaken. I haven't done anything. Never, never will I give you what you want!" he shouted, sounding braver than he felt.

And with that, James rushed to the foldable bed and climbed under. The monster roared in annoyance and flared from its colossal mouth. The bed set on fire. James cowered amongst his sleeping bag. The monster ripped the tent like blades shredding flesh and prowled towards him. James was cornered.....

Silent, forgotten, echoing, Dave had a full workshop of smashed inventions which used to have great potential. As the cogs turned, Dave sat lost in sadness as memories engulfed him, mourning for his loves regain. His compact workshop was bearily enterable with a cornucopia of mechanical concoctions now destroyed. Hopelessly, he reached out for his flourishing rose with his pallor hands. As the melancholy music flooded the workshop, he sat slumped on his mechanical chair, like practically everything he owned, the remorseful music sent horrible thoughts rushing through his head. Thoughts he would rather would just disappear.

On that epique night, the moon shone alabaster like a glowing pearl. The clouds and the mist were bioluminescent. The sky was as dark as coal. Over the stoney track he chattered and clanged towards the dark hillside. At the top a women stood, dressed in a black dress which swept around her like a cloud, and at her neck was a narrow white spill which shone like ivory. Her eyes were bright and as blue as violets. Out of the mist, Dave rode, he sat tall and proud on his mechanical horse. He smiled into her beautiful, grave face, dazzled by her beauty. He pushed a lever and his mechanical horse plucked a blossoming rose.

They galloped smoothly over rolling hills on Dave's mechanical horse, their hair

waning behind them in the breeze. As the mist cleared, twinkling stars were to be seen in the midnight sky. As they approached their destination, Dave climbed down off the horse and reached up a hand to gently lift her off. Down they sat next to the rushing river and shared their first kiss. In that moment, Dave's hope expanded. His love expanded. His capability expanded, he felt like he could do anything to his will. But could he? Would this work out?

Clutching her side, Ella walked steadily forward, she was with her friend, Emily. Emily^{She} had promised an adventure, so far, this had not come to light. It felt like they had been walking for miles. Randomly, they came across a toxic waste site next to a murky lake. The water in the centre of the lake was gurgling. The smell stung her nose, made her eyes stream and her head throb but she could not keep going, she had to stop. Stubbornly, Ella demanded to rest. They sat down and gulped down some water and then rested for quite some time.

As the light dimmed and the water rippled, they turned for home. "That lake is thought to be haunted," Ella grinned bravely. Emily, who was gazing thoughtfully at the lake, was slightly behind, called out, "Please wait," Ella walked a few more steps and turned to see, **Nothing**. Alone. Abandoned. Apprehensive. The dreadful situation dawned on her. In that moment, everything seemed scarier. The tree trunks looked like coffins and the lake looked like a smirk of death. Everything about the place seemed eerie and forgotten: the murky water, the dumped litter and the rusting machinery. It felt like she was actually sorry for the dumpyard. She knew how it felt to be doomed.

Suddenly, Emily burst from behind some bushes, pulling a skeleton with her, "Help!" She cried desperately at Ella. The skeleton yanked her by her wrist, pulling her to an abrupt halt. Ella started running, running to get help. "Stop, or the girl is dead!" The skeleton growled at Ella, sending a chill down her spine. She skidded to a halt turning to see her friend being dragged towards the lake. "NO," she screamed in desperation. "Please don't," she begged.

But it was too late. There was nothing she could do. All was lost. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut as the loud splash echoed through the air, she felt a rush of hopelessness wash over her which made her blood run cold.

In the snap of a dead man's finger, a skeleton's bony hands were clasp^{ing} her shoulder. She stood frozen to the spot trapped in horror. Pain. Dread. He rose a knife, that was as dark as the ominous glow in a devil's eye, until it reached her throat ready to strike. He gave her a huge shove and then everything went black.

As she hit the icy cold water, she was flung back into consciousness. Hopelessly sinking into the caliginous depths of the water. As hope was disappearing, she hit something hard. With trepidation, she floated towards an open door of a rotten, decaying shack, she felt a rush of desperation and determination wash over her and took her opportunity. Whilst still very confused.

She saw a bright light shine through the inky black water, enticed, she floated towards it to find an air bubble in the top crevis of the shack. Her eyes staggered in disbelief. She found something! A head! A skull! In the haunting corner of the shack was unmistakably a skull; was this a coincident or an omen? The skull was destroyed, damaged, decayed.

Behind her a mysterious figure moved out of the ebony water, into the light. Ella felt her nerves crackle. She felt something tight around her neck and then everything was gone forever!

Weeks later, she was found bobbing on top of the water unmoving. Dead. Strangled. Beyond hope.

The blanket of fog was slowly strangling the vast mountains and the sun cast a spotlight over the eerie forest. It had been a peaceful day. The world seemed to become its very own sanctuary and the never-ending silence appeared to be lost in the hazy air. It was only broken by the soothing sounds of a glute and this was where they came.

"Ha! Look at that! This'll be easy; he's right under us" it stated, "the punk"

A murder of skeletal crows, if you could call the hooded creatures crows, were hovering above and their victim was top of the menu.

"I can even see the glute; he won't know what hit him," another one cackled.

They started to manoeuvre closer and closer until they were swooping over him - WHOOOSH! Suddenly, the boy was clung to the ground. He was sprawled on the moist forest floor.

"Pathetic - we can have some fun here boys," one of them snarled, as the beaked monsters jeered towards him.

"But I didn't even - who are -" this time it was something else not letting him speak.

The crows turned around instantaneously. This was his chance. Tearing through the forest, the young lad tripped and stumbled like a clumsy elf. His heart was

pounding, thudding like thunder and the discontorted branches were scratching his face like razor blades. There was no going back, not even for his piccolo. It would be late to consider it. The crows were now far out of sight. He was now close to home. It couldn't be far could it? And the boy was right. Without knowing, he had stumbled into the clearing, the clearing next to his treetop sanctuary, the clearing next to home.

SLAM! He shut the door violently, pulled the lock and collapsed onto his bed, not even thinking about those grotesque creatures, not even thinking about their deep crouky voices and especially not thinking about the nightmares he would certainly have that night.

Unsurprisingly, he couldn't get to sleep. They seemed to have scared him and instead of drifting away to dreamland, the boy spent the night working. He had been inventing something for the past few weeks now and he was just finishing it off.

"Done!" the lad exclaimed with joy and before he even started celebrating, he heard the project out of the door.

He clunkered inside a dome-like dish and fixed something onto his wingless arm.

"3..." he called, counting down confidently "2..." he geared up a long stick attached to it "1..." time for lift off, "GO!"

It was a terrible idea, maybe that was why he liked it. The only thing good about it was that it worked - well, for a bit. The handmade wing suddenly ripped off his arm and, ungracefully, he fell.

THUD!

Luckily, the ground was soft and he didn't gain any more scars. The only thing was, when he opened his eyes, they were there - they were back. He gulped. Running as fast as his legs would take him, he could barely see, and without thinking, he ran into something, or rather someone.

Startled, the girl turned around and exploded with questions.

"Who are you?"

Out of breath, all he could say was, "They're coming."

The girl's mouth dropped, but suddenly, a light appeared. His eyes slowly drifted to her wing - wing, not wings and so did hers.

"Let's go" they cried in unison.

A single droplet of sweat made its way down his trembling spine. This was not good.

"Kid, I want you to know, we're not gonna lose with the good we have, and if we do, you'll be a lucky little boy," Blackbottom was now getting the just, well nearly, "And if we run out, two words: Percy pie," Worsely drooled.

He had taken a while to think of that but he was proud.

"I'll do you good ~~top~~!"

"Oh Blackbottom, you sure will," he continued.

The boy was now trying to play out the scenario of being eaten, it didn't last long, and he started to look forward to that step at South Georgia.

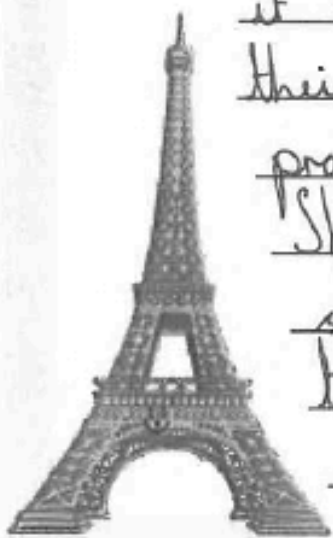
"Get to work now," commanded Shackleton. And with that, Percy Blackbottom was a certified member of the Endurance and top of the Emergency menu.

Paris in the 1930's

In Paris, the vibrant sky glistened and the clouds hung like a medal. The elegant Eiffel Tower stood stationary near buildings as the lights glowed. The cafés were busy, the freshly baked ^{bread} put into the oven and the melodious music playing; it was like a mix of sounds and smells from all around the world. While adults were enjoying their baguettes, the children were playing on the cobbled streets. The high street lights, which ~~are~~ ^{were} jet black, were glimmering.

Paris in the 1940's

The buildings stood still while the threatening Nazis flags were hanging on iron balconies. Suddenly, monstrous Nazi soldiers were marching into Paris; they were shouting and people were forced to obey ^{them}. People looked petrified; it was like a shiver went down their spines. Some people delivered propaganda ^{posters} on their rusty bikes. Shopkeepers were putting down their shutters, frightened of what the menacing troops ~~are~~ ^{were} going to do to their shops. Patrol cars entered Paris and a



colossal veil of smoke came out of their engines. ~~There~~^{There} was burning rubber, bombs scattered and huge shards of glass on the wide boulevards, that people ^{had} tripping over. Children's faces were painted with the same anguish and urgency, confused about what was going on. As many individuals were walking cautiously on the streets, an army of men laughed at people getting injured. ^{Evil} Nazi troops took their munitions out, pointing and aiming ^{them} at people's heads.

Star of Fear. Star of Hope

In the late afternoon, Lydia and her family were having lunch; they were chatting and sharing activities ^{with} each other. Suddenly, they heard a relentless knock at the door, crushing the tranquility of the day they were having together. Lydia's mum stood up rapidly, her spine completely straight. She answered the door, her ~~had~~ hands trembled with fear and her face flickered with anguish as the door creaked open.

On the doorstep, there were two stern-looking men staring intently at Lydia's mum. She looked perilous. "Mum, who is at the door?" asked Lydia.

"It's a policeman," Mum replied, stammering nervously.

"We need to inspect you and your child instantly!" barked the Nazi officer, in a voice laced with menace.

Lydia was petrified. "Are we going to get arrested, are we going to get sent to camp?" Lydia thought.

"You need to come with us now!" bellowed the officer as a sinister grin appeared on his face.

Lydia and her mum obeyed him and followed

Chapter 7- Floodlands

As Zoe took a midnight stroll, she set out to find Dooby. She searched the Cathedral's surroundings for him but, he wasn't there so, she into the creaking Cathedral. Walking slowly, a sudden bang hit her ears.

"What was that?" Zoe questioned.

There was a short deadly silence...

"It's me, Dooby!" Zoe peered around the pile of smashed crates. Dooby had a ruck-sack full of essentials for their journey.

All of a sudden, a faint sound of footsteps echoed down the dark corridors... The floors were creaking, the doors were screeching.

"Who's there?" Dooby demanded, scanning his surroundings. There was silence... Slowly, Zoe muttered,

"It's probably just the rats."

Without a sound, Dooby and Zoe set off to go to bed. Once they were completely out of sight, Munchkin, a mouse like boy, shuffled forward silently to Zoe's cabin. As she came around the narrow corner, Munchkin was stood like a statue.

"What are you doing here?" questioned Zoe suspiciously.

"I want you to take me with you and leave Dooby behind." he replied, still frozen.

Bravely, Zoe agreed to take Munchkin instead. They chose to set off as soon as possible. Grabbing ^{shelves} ~~stuffs~~ of supplies the two of them scurried down to the docks dropping food as they went. Before long, they had managed to get out of the creaking Cathedral. Just then, William stood up from a destroyed deck-chair.

He asked, "Where are you two going?" Munchkin and Zoe froze in fear. What were they going to do? Lie to William or tell the truth...

William asked again, "Where are you two going?" this time more confused.

The Christmas Truce

It was a cold, frosty Christmas morning and a lone robin was sat silently on a barbed wire fence. Icy-cold wind blew over the trenches while soldiers' hands trembled uncontrollably. All of a sudden, one of the soldiers slowly began to climb an unstable ladder, his feet slipping on the frozen steps.

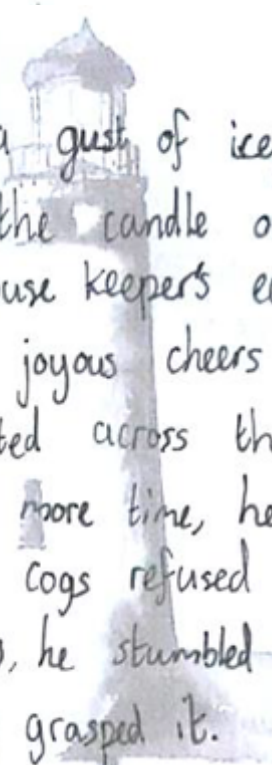
"No!", his mates shouted in panic while he was ascending up to the battlefield. Glancing nervously, he raised his right hand high holding his ragged-looking hat as roars of fear erupted from the enemy.

Manic shouts filled the air rapidly and the frightening sounds of guns loading rose. Sharp, beady eyes were cautiously scanning through a periscope, searching, to prepare to shoot but a loud yell exclaimed, "Halt, he's surrendering!" Immediately, they dropped their weapons and made their way to No-Man's-Land.

Slowly staggering, both armies looked terrified as they put their lives at risk. A sense of fear filled their drooping eyes as their hearts raced wildly. At this point, they were only a few feet apart, their arms dropped and a breath of relief arose. Both of their hands reached out, still quivering, and shook. Eyes lit up in happiness and joy; shouts of thrills and laughter echoed across the hard, bare ground. Grinning, an English soldier chuckled, "My name's Jim." The German soldier simply smiled and laughed, "My name is Otto." Now it really did feel like Christmas Day.

The Lighthouse

One stormy night in Devon, a lighthouse stood tall on top of a majestic cliff while the wind howled. As the bright beams of light swept across the elated village, party-goers cheered happily, ~~happily~~ shouting noises of joy. Wind swirled across the sky while the sea tumbled upon the cliffs crashing into jagged rocks. A window was warmly lit. Through ~~that~~ window was a lighthouse keeper, a very old lighthouse keeper. Annoyed, he slammed the rusting window shut and carried on with his work.



Just then, a gust of icy-cold wind blasted open the window and blew the candle out furiously. A huge crash hit the lighthouse keeper's ears. The once bright light faded into darkness; the joyous cheers dissolved into nothingness, thunderous clouds drifted across the sky as they grumbled in anger. Wasting no more time, he scrambled upstairs grabbing tools on the way. Frozen cogs refused to move, darkness overcame the squeaky floor-boards, he stumbled over to the lifeless bulb and awkwardly grasped it.

Shuffling along, stepping over old tools, he hobbled across to his tool-box. All of a sudden, he toppled over and the glass dome slipped out of his sweating hands. The harsh crash of glass shattered his heart. What had he done? His guilt-filled eyes watered to the thought of losing his home, his friends... The deafening sound of a ship's horn echoed. His heart raced. What was he going to do? Tears streamed down his cheeks. Within seconds, a large spray of sea water smashed against the window.

He bolted down the stairs. Quickly he flung open the moulding oak door. Almost dropping his torch, he halted in awe. Lanterns covered the hills like stardust. The cheery villagers had strolled cheerfully up the hill with smiles on their faces. They held their lanterns out to the sea and ~~thip~~ the ship sounded its horn once more and turned away. A feeling of joy filled the Lighthouse keeper's heart. The once sensation of loneliness seemed to disappear and he smiled at the thought of it.

The Piano

As I sit down at my old piano, a relaxing song begins to play under my fingers. The music brings memories flooding back to me like a wave in the ocean. Each note I play reminds me of the most important times in my life.

I see her again (my wife) sitting beside me like she used to. Her smile is soft and kind, and for a moment, it's like she never left. The music makes me feel ~~calm~~ calm, like she's still here with me. It's a sad, but also peaceful, feeling.

As I keep playing, a new memory comes back: one that is much harder to face. I am back in the war. Smoke is everywhere and the noise is deafening. My friends and I are hiding behind a broken wall. I see my best friend run out, trying to help someone. A gun fired and he falls to the ground. I ran to him, but it was too late. My hands are shaking now, but they still keep playing the music.

The music changes again, and suddenly I am a child. I'm opening a present, it's a wooden hobby horse! I feel excited like I felt back then. I rode it around the room pretending I was in a race, one of the happiest days of my life.

Then I look beside me and see my grandson. He is riding the same hobby horse that I had. He looks so

happy and full of life. He sits next to me and the piano and we play the last note together.

As the music ends, life keeps going. People are born, people die, but memories stay with us. Even when I'm gone, I hope he will remember me like I remember the people I loved.

The Door in the Dust

The sun burned down on the cracked path beneath my feet. I wasn't supposed to be here. I'd taken a wrong turn on the way home from school, and now I stood in a field that looked forgotten by time. Tall grass brushed my knees and the only sound was the buzzing of insects. That's when I saw it.

A door. Just a door. Standing there, upright, not ~~attatched~~ attached to any wall or building. It was wooden, with flaking green paint and a strange brass handle shaped like a lizard. Something about it pulled me forward, like it was meant for me. My heartbeat fast. Should I go through? I didn't know where it would lead, but I knew I wanted to find out.

As I stepped through, the world around me flickered and spun. I stumbled forward onto soft moss. When I looked up, everything had changed. Trees stretched high into a purple sky, their leaves glowed like tiny stars. The air smelled like cinnamon and something else I couldn't place.

"Where... where am I?" I whispered. My voice sounded smaller than normal, like the forest was listening. I turned around, but the door had vanished. "Oh great," I muttered, "Just like ⁱⁿ the books."

A faint giggle sounded nearby. Was someone there?

I pushed past glowing bushes and found a small creature crouched beside a stream. It looked like a fox but had feathers instead of fur. Its eyes were kind. "You're not from here," it said, not moving its mouth. "You've crossed from the other side."

I gasped. "You can talk?"

"Only to people who need help," it said. "My name is Ferrin. And you've come at the right time."

He explained that something was wrong with the Heartstone of the forest. It kept the land alive, but it had faded. "Only a stranger can wake it again," Ferrin said. "Will you come?"

I nodded. I didn't feel brave, but couldn't say no.

We travelled through glowing meadows and misty caves. Strange birds flew above us, singing in tunes I'd never heard before. But the closer we got to the Heartstone, the more unsure I felt. "What if I mess it up?" I asked Ferrin as we reached a great stone arch. "I'm just a boy."

"You're more than you think," he replied. "The forest chose you."

Inside the arch was a tall tower of crystal, but its light was fading. I stepped forward, my palms sweating. This was my moment, but what if I couldn't do it?

Ferrin [^]noded at me. "Put your hand on the stone."

I reached out and touched it. At first, nothing happened. Then, slowly, a feeling spread through my arm and my chest. I could feel memories - mine and not mine - rushing through me like the wind. Sadness, happiness, joy... The Heartstone glowed bright, lighting up the whole forest. Flowers bloomed instantly, and the ground buzzed under my feet.

"You've done it!" Ferrin cried. "You've brought the balance back." I smiled but then I remembered: I still didn't know how to get home.

Ferrin led me back to where the door first appeared. Now, it was there again, between two trees. "You must go," he said. "But remember, doors don't stay open forever." I turned the handle and said, "Will I see you again?"

"Maybe," he said winking. "Or maybe you'll meet someone else who needs help." I stepped through.

Back in the field, the sun was starting to set. Everything looked the same but I didn't feel the same. Something inside me had changed.

As I walked away, I looked back one last time.

The door was gone. Or was it?

The Cellar

The cellar was cold and smelt very unpleasant. Mia thought it was definitely not what she expected. There was only a tiny crack of light from the door. It was difficult to see much. The air felt damp, like the environment was not meant for people to stay in for long.

She had imagined shelves with colourful jam jars or maybe some battered old cardboard boxes, but instead it was a strange collection. There were weird looking bottles in a crate, some green, others blue; they made a pattern on the wall from the light.

Then Mia came to a vast cupboard that was attached to the wall. Inside was clothes, probably ancient, and one coat with unusual stitching on the sleeve. She tried to pull it out but it came crashing down, it made a noise like thunder. She jumped in fright and nearly dropped her torch.

"Oh dear!" She cried, "I'm so clumsy sometimes!"

On the floor she saw a teddy bear. It looked old, its shoulder was torn open and one eye missing. She picked it up but it smelt of dust and dampness.

"Yuk, what an ugly teddy. I don't like it down here," Mia thought to herself.

The whole place gave her the creeps, she wanted to leave, but at the same time her curiosity made her stay. She felt like something important was hidden down there, but she didn't know what yet.

Beowulf stood proudly at the front of his ship, sailing through the ocean. Behind him, his men rowed, with shields glowing in the sun. The sea spray splashed against his face, but he didn't mind. He was on a mission to help the people in Denmark.

After days of sailing, the Geats finally reached the Danish coast. Beowulf and his men marched across the land until they reached the great hall of Heorot. The hall towered above them, its golden roof glowing brightly, though its doors were broken from many of Grendel's attacks.

Inside, King Hrothgar sat on his throne, tired and full of worry. He welcomed Beowulf, remembering that once he had helped Beowulf's father. The lights flashed as the two men faced each other.

"My lord Hrothgar" said Beowulf, "I have heard of the terror Grendel has brought to your people. Night after night he murders your people. I'm here from across the sea with my supporters to stop your misery."

Hrothgar sighed "Beowulf, many men have tried to face Grendel, but none have returned alive. He is stronger than an elephant, and his heart is full of hate. I worry about your safety if you take this path."

Beowulf lifted his head and said, "I do not fear death. If I die, I will die honourably. I have fought sea-monsters with my bare hands, and I will face Grendel the same way. I'm gonna either destroy the beast or die trying."

The king's eyes shined hopefully for the first time in years. "If you can do this, Beowulf, you will be Denmark's greatest hero."

The warriors in the hall cheered, raising their glasses. Beowulf looked around at them, he felt his heart beat with determination.

"Prepare your feast, King Hrothgar," Beowulf shouted, his voice travelled through the hall. "Tonight, I will wait for Grendel. And when he comes, he'll be in for a fight."

Hrothgar smiled and put his hand on Beowulf's shoulder. "May the gods watch over you, brave Beowulf. May tonight be the end of our suffering."

As night fell, the hall of Heorot filled with the sounds of laughter, music and excitement. Outside in the dark, Grendel growled, ready for battle.