

Expected

KS2

Narratives 1

"Where's Rusty?" bellowed Tony, one Saturday morning, as he stomped sadly into the kitchen, "I've been looking everywhere for him and can't find him."

"He ran away when I took him to the beach with mum," cried Sammy, with a guilty look on his face, "and we looked everywhere for him but there was no sign of him, honestly." Sammy stepped backwards away from his little brother; he knew that he'd be disappointed in him so he put his head down... He really hard tried to find the dog but it seemed as though it was no use.

"Is this true mum?" asked Tony, "Did you report this to the police? Come on, what's been done about the situation? Who's out looking for him? Is it only me who's worried here?"

Shaking her head in sadness, mum whispered, "Sorry Tony, but he's not lying - Rusty escaped from his harness whilst we were walking him along the beach."

Tony opened his mouth to speak but he was speechless.

"Let's go to the beach again and find our dog, Tony bravely sobbed as big tears rolled down his face. I will not rest until he is found."

They all drove to the beach to find Rusty.

"What happens if we can't find him?" Tony questioned negatively, "I don't think we will find him as he might be trapped somewhere!"

"We will ... don't worry bro," Sammy exclaimed with a frown on his face, "trust me!"

"Why should I trust you?" Tony shouted, "You were the one who lost him in the first place!"

Impatiently, Sammy bellowed, "Mum can you hurry up please because the sea might pull him away!"

They all ran onto the beach and split up until Sammy exclaimed, "I see paw marks on the sand! He must be in that cave. Quick, come and help me!"

As they entered the cave, they noticed that Rusty looked a little scared.

"Look mum, he's afraid of that huge crab," shouted Sammy, eyeing the sharp pincers, "I'll use a stick to distract this huge monster," he gulped, "as you grab Rusty..."

After that, the family were on their way home with Rusty in their arms. "I can't believe how brave you were, Sam and I'm really sorry for shouting at you," whispered Tony in embarrassment.



Late last night, while I was hunting for food, out of nowhere I came to an almighty halt! In the bright, luminous glow of the epic moonlight, in front of me stood the Red Dragon in my way. Quickly, I noticed he was grunting at me with no care at all.

Lunging, he slapped his gigantic, battle-scarred wings with belching steam coming out of his mighty nose while I was flexing my bulky muscles. Before I knew it his long, barbed tail - laced with pointed spines - whipped through the air showing me that he was ready for battle. All of a sudden, we darted at each other.

Meeting eye to eye, he stood, his whip for a tail, and tried to lasso me but of course, I was too quick for the dangerous beast. Taking him hold by the snaky scales, I yanked him into the air. Above me, he began to chomp and bite with his crimson-stained gnashers however it was too late as I powerfully threw him down the hill. So that was the end of it!

Charlie, Molly and I were walking to home from another treacherous day with Mr. Murrings. "Yeah, and ~~remember~~ remember when we had to all ^{do} our times tables. Uh!" moaned Molly. We were just turning into our cottage and then, Charlie and I felt it.

"Something's wrong," Charlie said with a worried turn in his voice.

"Yeah, you're right. There's something twitchy going on around here," I said. After a couple more steps, we heard a noise. It was a distressed frantic grunt or sob. Instantly I knew it was Big Joe. Soon after, Charlie broke into a brisk walk, into a run, and then into a race. Molly and I followed too. We opened the creaky door to hear...

"Who let that disgusting mutt in my house!"

It was Grandma Wolf, and it was not good. All of us ~~were~~ trying to find Big Joe's cries and shrieks. Around us we heard the screams of those wretched, puckered lips.

We had come to Big Joe sitting in the corner, holding his precious box. He was rocking, singing trying to comfort himself. But this time Oranges and Lemons didn't work. It was the Harvest Mouse.

Molly had a real go at Grandma Wolf. "You're going to go to hell you wicked lady." I was proud of my Molly, but she had made everything much worse. We grabbed Joe's hands and ran into the garden with Grandma screaming after us.

There would be no tea tonight.

A flashback to the trenches

It's an awfully wet and cold day, as usual. Typical for England. The clouds are viciously ~~splattering~~ throwing down all its rain. Not to mention the mud. It's gooey and cold. I'm shin-high in water and mud. My boots are battered. They're horrendously muddy and covered in brown. What an awful sight they are. I hope I get some new ones.

Our boots in the trenches were extremely uncomfortable and gave us Tommy's whopping blisters. We were always in mud, always in cold but as the days rattled on, we got used to it. The trenches were an awful sight to see - if you weren't blind.

I was writing a letter home. Never finished it. There was always something stopping me. That one night, just was about to sign off. I heard a sergeant shouting madly. I didn't know what it was, but I knew it wasn't good. All these men forced a gas mask on me. Instantly I knew.

Gas. A great gas attack. It snaked over to us getting closer and closer, nearer and nearer.

It was a beast of silence. No sound, but great damage. There was no escape, no way out. It slithered towards us sniggering us out, scenting gear. As deadly as a viper. The Devil's daughter for sure. I was trapped in its cage. I was a prisoner.

A Lucky Escape

"Clover!" screeched Paige - her mother - from downstairs in the kitchen cooking home-made chicken nuggets. "I need you down here now!"

Clover froze for a few seconds trying to make out what her mum had just shouted before rapidly racing down the stairs, up the corridor and into the kitchen.

"Yes Mum?"

Her mum looked flustered. "I need you to go straight to 'Sweets Treats' shop across the beach. Gran's coming for lunch and I need to bake a cake. We need eggs, flour, milk and icing sugar."

"And I can get everything I need for my sleepover," said Clover.

"You'll have to get some money from your dad," said Mum. "And hurry up please," she moaned. "No fussing, no daydreaming and no stopping to watch crabs walk back and forth!" exclaimed her mum, doubting what she had said would even pass through Clover's brain. "Straight there and straight back, OK!"

"OK," responded Clover.

Clover daintily jogged up the stairs, put a change of clothes on and picked up her toy shark that she had had since she was born. For the third time in less than an hour, she scampered back down the stairs and into the living room where her dad was watching football. Greedily, she grabbed the ten pound note - given to her by her dad - and sprinted outside into the open, where the air was fresh and salty.

Clover stared at the scenery she saw every day and realised just how fortunate she was. There was the aqua-marine ocean that

glistened in the rays of sunlight. There were also the glorious pinky-peach sunsets she watched in the evenings out of the balcony doors in her bedroom. Lastly, there were the shops, owned by the most lovely people in the world, that gathered around the beach in the shape of a horse shoe.

As she walked further up the beach, she stopped to listen to the waves wash up on the shore. It reminded her of the time she watched all these different animals swim in the aquarium: whales, dolphins, seals, stingrays and many more. Clover joyfully skipped over to the sea and dipped her feet into the still, salty water - however, the smile on her face soon turned into a frown. She felt a sudden pinch of pain on her toe.

"Ow!" she squealed, pushing her legs out of the water. It was a crab which dizzily drifted away, side to side, on the sand in the sun.

Suddenly, a pair of grey clouds floated above her. Walking beside the sea, she felt something grab onto her ankle. It was a slimy, sticky scarlet creature. An octopus! "What shall I do?" gasped Clover. Then she remembered from her science lesson that octopus were scared of sharks. She frantically grabbed at her pocket and took out her toy shark. Then, she stuck it out in front of her. Squeezing her eyes shut, she squished the toy which let out a powerful gust of wind. The octopus lay in the bed of water and whimpered. Clover ran away as fast as she could, towards the shop.

"Where have you been?" asked Paige with a frown on her face. "I thought I said no day dreaming and watching the crabs walk back and forth."

Clover gave her mum the shopping. "I had a lucky escape!" she said happily.

Night fall was slowly casting over the once aqua-marine sky above the Scenery below. What a Spectacular Sight! Out of Knowhere, a midnight-black bat speedily flew through the night (as gracefully as a hawk) loudly shrieking, making sure it dodged every obstacle and not foolishly crashing. A still breeze floated about the air and although it was getting dark, a miniature ray of light just about pushed through the dark, heavy clouds. The tranquil Silence was broken only by squawking.

In a grey castle plotted in the middle of Knowhere, stood Macbeth - ~~was~~ a handsome knight wearing the clothing he wore when he first met the three ghastly hag sisters not long ago: his shimmering armour - nobly built by the fellow citizens of Glamis; his pure silver helmet which shimmered in the sun's rays, molded by some hard working factory workers situated in the east of Scotland; and his metal shoes - mudstained since he ~~was~~ had been sprinting about in the heath.

He was accompanied by Lady Macbeth who was currently in her bed time outfit: a long baby-blue gown - which fell to the ground in ribbons; her scarlet slippers as pluggy as a cat's newly bought pillow; and her hair tied up in a professional professional bun. They were loudly arguing in a dim-lit room surrounded by stone-cold walls. What were they arguing about?

"I shan't do this terrible deed!" exclaimed Macbeth with his temper rapidly rising higher and higher every second.
"If you were a man, you'd be fearless!" Lady Macbeth answered practically pulling her own hair out. Suddenly, Lady Macbeth pulled out two glistening daggers and slyly placed them in front of Macbeth.
"Is this a dagger I see before my eyes?" questioned Macbeth - stealing glances of the dagger which lay before him.

A number of thoughts rapidly raced through his mind; Should I or Should I not?
He began questioning his own thoughts.
"I shall do it!" he eventually spluttered looking as pale as snow.

Lady Macbeth was exhausted after encouraging, motivating and forcing Macbeth to kill King Duncan. Hush fell upon the land once again.

Alma

Scrunch, some chalk fell onto the snowy surface of the pavement and a little girl seemed to be looking up at a great wall of graffiti. Her mouth drew upwards to suddenly turn into a smile - you could see pride and joy in the light green eyes of the innocent young girl. The graffiti she was looking at seemed to be loads of names and she was staring at one in particular: Alma...

Suddenly, the smile lit-up-face disappeared - they turned into confusion. Something had changed, something wasn't right. Alma spun on her heels and looked around for people, but no one was there. She saw a big shop in front of her and saw something in the dark, dirty windows but the shop was enough to worry about - it wasn't like any other on the street and was art nouveau in style. The more she stared at it though, the more everything about it confused her. The giant oak frame was odd in shape, rounded with room for three glass panes. It looked like a mouth opened wide and two grills above the window looked like menacing eyes that followed you around, no matter what...

Click clunk, was the sound all the cogs made around me, when suddenly I was pushed onto a small wooden plinth. I knew exactly what was going on because I'd seen it before thousands of times and I hated the fact that I had to be the one today. As soon as I was on the tiny platform the cogs started to turn faster and I was ascending upward slowly so I could see out the foggy window onto the cobbled street. That's when I saw her - the little girl who looked just like me from the blue bobble hat to the brown mittens. I felt so sorry for her. I did try to warn her but she did not hear - they never do. She had a gigantic smile on her face when she saw me. It was almost as if she didn't know where her fate lay.

Alma saw a figure inside the frosty window. She got a bit closer to get a better look. She could not see through the steam so she took off one mitten and rubbed at the window. She could see a doll. A look of confusion sprang upon her face - she looked down at herself in shock and recognised that the doll was just like her, all the clothing, everything was the same!

When Alma looked up though, it had gone. She tried to look down to see if the doll had been knocked over but there was no doll to be found. She had to keep looking for it through the pane so side-stepped to the door, still searching for the doll. When she got to the door, she cuffed her hands to get a better look. She found it. The doll was on a small table in the middle of the room. Alma reached up and tugged down on the door handle but no matter how hard she tugged, she knew she couldn't open it. She got really annoyed and her face wrinkled as she crossed her arms. She noticed the snow fill her boot and chucked a snowball at the door while she walked away angrily but behind her she could hear the old oak door creak open ever so slightly...

Alma turned round quickly with joy. She ran straight into the shop. She couldn't waste any more time. There it was. It was as if the doll had put her into a trance. She started pacing along the mosaic floor slowly and even slower. Suddenly, she knocked over another little doll on a tricycle. It had pitch-black hair, a pale face and a little suit on. That shook Alma and knocked her out of her trance. As soon as she picked it up, the doll started pedalling and cycled around Alma, just to head straight for the door. Alma found that funny because it kept banging its head against the door! When she looked up though...

She had come into the shop now and I didn't know what to do. I couldn't move, not with her watching but she was finally distracted by something - it was another doll. This was my chance to save an innocent little girl from the most horrible death.

It had gone. The doll wasn't there, it had moved once more. Alma was panicking, her eyes jolted to every corner and crack in the room but no matter how she tried, it was nowhere to be found. She looked under the table but it wasn't there either. Alma didn't look too happy now. When she stood up to walk out though, she saw it on one of the top shelves. She could have sworn she looked there but she didn't care - she was too focused to worry about something like that.

She started climbing onto the old sofa and then onto the oak bookshelf. The wood started creaking but she did not care. This was it - doll was one shelf away.

She was climbing up and there was nothing I could do this time. She was going to touch me, going to live, but going to die. I tried and there was nothing more I could have done - this was it. She touched me. Everything went cold. I couldn't see anything. There were weird patterns flashing in front of me and then suddenly it stopped - it had happened. She was now trapped inside of me.

It was early Monday morning when I woke up to the horrible sound of hurstling reporters. Those sounds brought ^{me} back to the real world. So I went down for my breakfast and plunged out of the house and through the news reporters. When I got out of the enormous crowd ~~the~~ I ~~have~~ got straight in the car to go to school (like school would be much better though).

When I finally got to school, I swear I went deaf. Seeing as all I could hear was kids screaming and shouting as loud as they could; and all they were saying was...

"Cameron is it true Cameron?"

"Are you really pig heart boy Cameron?"

"Is it true!?"

"How does it feel?!"

"Cameron CAMERON...!"

Suddenly, the bell rang and everyone surprisingly went inside. Everyone I knew was there shouting my name (even more people I didn't think knew my name) apart from Marlon and Julie.

Eventually, when there was only five people still outside, I decided to step through the front gates but as soon as I laid a foot on the school grounds I felt like I could hear everything, every little thing that was said about me.

I finally got to class and everyone was looking straight at me when I walked in even sticky Stewart. Unfortunately the last seat free was next to Marlon so I walked over at a steady pace and sat down. As soon as I sat down, Stewart

started the lesson without saying anything. About fifteen minutes into the lesson, Marlon started talking to me. "I'm really sorry about the news and the papers, he whispered. "Be quiet Marlon," I said. "We'll talk about this outside."

As soon as the bell went, I rushed out of the classroom and down the hall. Marlon struggled to catch up but he did. He started talking to me and started to say how sorry he was. "Carn. Carn I truly am sorry about everything," he said catching his breath, "It wasn't even my fault."

"Wait... what!" I said with shock "This this wasn't your fault?! you're the only person I told! and it wasn't your fault?"

"No," he mumbled guiltily. "It was my dad, he..."

"He what? He wants money so much that he would betray his friends!" I said.

"Well, yeah."

"What! Marlon that's horrible!" I said angry and surprised.

"I need to go!" We were now standing in an empty hall and I just walked away.

When I got outside, I didn't think my day could get any worse, but it could as I bumped into Travis.

"Hey there Cameron; or should I say Pig Heart Boy?"

"Leave me alone Travis," I said annoyed.

"Where you going?" he said carrying on.

"None of your business!" I shouted getting angrier.

"Whoa... Don't get so angry now Pig."

I had had enough so I turned round to look at him and I asked "Why do you do this Travis? Why do

you have to be such a bully?? So he stepped over and whispered "Because it's fun." So I punched him and ran away.

At lunch time, after I had finished, I was sitting on a bench outside, when Julie decided to walk over and start talking to me. She said something like if I get bullied and teased then I can talk to her and that made me ever so slightly happier.

As soon as I got home I ran upstairs into my room, without having to catch my breath, got the camcorder out and told Alex all about my day with a slight twist. I said I had beaten Travis in a fight and that I got a date with Julie, but most of ~~all~~ it was true and it's a small lie. I'm sure I'll tell Alex in person one day.

Deep in the over grown jungle, the birds screeched. The trees waned and the insects jumped beneath their feet. The carpet of moss trailed onto the trees. Tangled vines ^{blocked} blocking the way. Next to them, stood a crystal blue water with a ^{large} large school of parrot fish. The hurried air made them wet. Twigs ^{snapped} snapped under their feet.

Pixy, the brave one, stood and scanned her exotic surroundings. Meanwhile, Kia, the lazy one, stood there paralysed shivering in fright. After days of trying to climb the great mountain, they felt exhausted and started to regret venturing here. Legend had said that a golden totem would grant you ultimate strength. They had made it half way up the mountain.

"How far away are we?" whined Kia.

"Half way up I think," Pixy said reassuringly.

"I'm dying of exhaustion!" bellowed Kia.

"Come on, just a bit closer," shouted Pixy.

"Then can we rest for the night?" Kia asked her.

"Fine!" replied Pixy.

"Look over there; a cave, we can stay there for the night!" explained Kia. They fell asleep; it wasn't comfortable.

^{The next day} the mountain was eventually scaled by Pixy and Kia. They slowly approached the totem.

Their hands shook and droplets of sweat ran from their heads - with a trembling hand, the totem was picked up by Pixy. The totem (which was made of gold) burst into smoke. The charred remains only left a peculiar note which read: "Warm-hearted child you have seen ^{the} strength you sought; it was with you this whole time."

Deep in the middle of a dark, gloomy jungle, I found myself stranded with my best friend - Jonny. The smell of poisonous smoke brushed past my nose which sent shivers down my spine. The sound of loud echoing sticks cracking gave me the terrifying sensation that we weren't alone.

~~Stranded~~ Staring at Jonny's petrified expression we had the same idea - run! AS we ran for ^{our} lives, I tripped over a tree root. Jonny kept running without realising I was no longer by his side. I was alone. AS I sat up, pinned with fear to a damp tree, I saw some flashing lights through the ever-densifying mist. Thinking this could be an escape from the unknown ~~tooth~~ creatures lurking between the jungle leaves I crawled cautiously towards the light.

Peering into the lit jungle clearing, I suddenly heard someone say quickly, "They have fallen for the trick; let's get prepared!" Scanning the area for any sign of hope, I noticed a dark shadow hiding on the other side of the clearing. It was Jonny. Trying not to alert the mysterious voice of our

location, I carefully crept over to him. "We need to get out of here," I whispered frantically. "They want to kill us!" Jonny let out a piercing scream. I stopped him as quick as I could but it was too late. The sound of a slamming door and a reloading gun vibrated through our bodies. The quickly approaching feet made us realise that our time was running out. All of a sudden it became silent. There they were. Two broad, overgrown men staring aggressively at us. "Run!" I shouted loudly. I darted through one of the man's legs. But did Jonny make it?

"Finally we are back where we belong," exclaimed Zak happily to Daniel.

"Aggaristan is in the past," said Daniel, "look on to the future." His voice echoed down the ~~tht~~ tunnels of the London underground. They heard whispers coming from behind them and ^{they} turned. Suddenly from the dark entrance, came four homeless men out men. They slowly staggered towards Daniel and Zak begging for money. After giving them some money, Zak saw ~~something~~ ^{something} shiny. Thinking it was a gun, Zak pulled his out in defence and held it out at them. The ~~men~~ homeless men spoke as one, "It is an old form of fortune telling, they are fortune telling crystals. If you hold the crystal, we will tell you your future."

Zak cautiously reached out to touch the crystals. "You have a bright future - you will be General in the army and King. Daniel, your daughter and son will be second commanders of war."

Shocked, they got on the train and went home. As Zak entered his house, Belle his daughter, came running over to him. "I received a letter today," said Zak's wife, "the queen has given you the General's medal for your bravery and to honour the previous reigning General who sadly died. The queen has invited you to go for tea."

"O...kay," replied Zak aghast. Zak and his wife made a plan to poison the queen's wine so that Zak could become king. They would

go to dinner and sneak some poison into her wine.

Later that night, they went to Buckingham Palace. Zak's wife managed to drop some poison in the wine while Zak distracted the Queen with tales of Afghanistan.

As she took a sip of her wine, Zak sat up in his chair abruptly. In his mind, he could feel the golden crown on his head already. Within minutes the queen fell off her chair. Zak ran over to her in sarcastic sobs of joy.

"The guards have killed the Queen - poison is in their pockets," screamed one of the guests.

That night, Zak had a hideous dream filled with guilt. The next morning, Zak's wife found him with a knife through his heart.

The Jabberwock

As the satisfying breeze from the large forest was flowing through the calm air, birds were tweeting and flying over the towering trees. Scott was marching along the rocky paths of Epping Forest. Accidentally, ~~Scott~~ he tripped over a branch which fell from a dark oak tree.

Realising he was late, he quickly headed to his old Victorian house where he lived with his old grumpy father.

"Welcome home my son."

"Hello father," said Scott gently.

"I have bad news," said his father. "There have been attacks. All the victims of these attacks have giant ~~see~~ scratches on their bodies, which are very peculiar."

"Well, that is weird!"

"There was a witness who saw the attacks. They have described the attacker as being a giant, furry beast with claws like swords and paws like daggers! ~~Im~~ I'm afraid that this beast is the one who killed your mother!"

"I think this beast is the one and only Jabberwock..."

"I will have to kill him!" shouted Scott heroically. "I will avenge my mother! But first I need information," said Scott nervously.

"Let me tell you all you need to know," Scott's father said confidently. "The Jabberwock lives in the woods to the north; take my sword and hunt that ~~dangerous~~ treacherous beast. Be careful - it is a dangerous ~~world~~ world out there!"

Scott ran to the northern part of the forest. He searched for hours but he ~~could~~ ~~find~~ could not find anything. Later on, he walked up a hill and came across a large tree with the words, Turn Turn tree carved on its bark. At first Scott did not know the meaning of the words but then he realised it was a name. He sat down and rested for a while. "Roarrr!" ...

Sailing across the whirling ocean and through crashing waves, Max searched for land in his own private boat. He sailed for what seemed like days, weeks or even years until, in the distance, he found an island covered in emerald trees where the wild things lived. As Max approached, these fearsome beasts roared dreadful roars, gnashed dreadful teeth, rolled their dreadful eyes and showed their dreadful claws! But, Max was not afraid. Marching forward, he shouted, "Be still!" Bravely, he stared right into their tawny moonlit eyes and the wild things were tamed. Intimidated by Max, the wild things realised that Max was much more 'wild' than them. They gazed at him in awe, bowed and named him the king of wild things.

Max, who quite enjoyed the thought of being king, confidently stood in front of subjects and proclaimed, "Now wild things, let the rumpus begin!" Listening to his commands, the wild things followed Max deep into the dense vegetation. Under the bright shimmering stars at night, they danced: stomping their dreadful feet, wagging their dreadful tails and cheering with their dreadful roars. When the sun rose, they swung from branches, startling innocent birds and laughing at poor monkeys as they went. Finally, they took Max up on their nasty sweaty backs and paraded around the island.

"Now stop!" Max cried, and sent the monsters away. From the distance, the scrumptious smell of food began to waft. He craved to be in a place where he knew there was love and care so he decided to give up his throne.

But the wild things cried, "Oh please don't go - we'll eat you - we love you so!" And Max said "No!"

Running quickly away from Norwich, I ~~can~~^{could} hear loud bangs behind me. The mob were very angry and they started shouting at me. They were causing a scene. They were chasing me. I ran as quick as I ~~can~~^{could} to get to my boat (yca). I rushed to the shed where (yca) ~~is~~^{was}. I pulled her towards the shore line and jumped in. I made it...

As I started rowing, I could hear the angry mob shouting come back here. I felt isolated. I ~~had~~^{had} no one with me.

As I continued to row, I started to reminisce back when I was with my family. I remembered when Mum, and Dad and me use to hang around next to the fireplace and we used to go to the park. Thinking back to the day we got separated was a nightmare. It was the most miserable night of my life.

As I ~~row~~^{row}, Norwich ~~is~~^{was} getting smaller and smaller. Norwich, which was once a ~~city~~^{city}, is now an island. There was nothing left of the city ~~except~~^{except} the remains. Then a single tear dropped down my cheek. ~~Then~~ I clazzed off and drifted off to sleep. Suddenly,

~~Then~~ I woke up and found myself in the middle of the sea. I realised that I had fell asleep and drifted off. My cars were gone. This is disastrous.

I see her, right there in the distance, moving frantically around on MY beach. What is she doing? She seems to be remorselessly digging through my beautiful sand. I swell with fury, clashing my body against the sharp rocks. Slowly, my fierce blue bulldozers rise. I draw closer and closer to the girl, raising my fists, ready to pounce. She stops digging, ^{swiftly} ~~rapidly~~ turns her head towards me. She backs away, paralysed in fear.

I gather my white horses and charge towards the girl. Then, I stop. My eyes dart around my beach, searching for a way to trap her. Her screams ricochet off the cliff sides, whilst the girl paces from side to side, ^{rapidly} ~~rapidly~~ waving her arms. ^{swiftly}

My team and I charge towards the girl's exit from my beach. I whistle my deadly song, alarming her. She stands up, her knees shivering from the cold. I order my white horses to surround her and envelop her with ice-cold water, freezing her to death. She quivers in her soon-to-be watery grave. My team grip onto her, pulling the girl into danger. I ^{wrap} demand her to ⁱⁿ my blue barriers. It's time she takes her last breath...

"Oh, Lord," she whispered, and then she was gone.

Chapter Three: The Deadly Fall

~~The deafening roar of the water rages~~
The deafening roar of the water ricocheted off off the sheer rocks and filled the crowd's ears as the barrel approached the edge of the waterfall. "I can't believe this is actually happening; I'm so amazed!" whispered ^{a member of the} ~~the~~ ^{audience} ~~transfixed audience~~ in awe. The barrel slowly floated across the crystal clear water, ready to plummet down.

This was the moment everyone had been waiting for: Annie Taylor was about to perform the deadly drop down the mighty Niagara Falls. The crowd's eyes widened and their jaws dropped in disbelief as a ~~to~~ loud crack appeared in the barrel. Crimson blood coloured the water as Annie's barrel cascaded down the falls. The churning water rushed towards her and concealed Annie, pushing her down into the diamond & mist below.

The audience fell silent as jagged pieces of wood came racing down the thunderfall. One by one, they started to crash into the rocks below. Voices broke the silence. "What's happening Dad, is the lady still alive?" asked an anxious, little girl. "She's not gonna make it, I bet 'ya." replied the girl's dad, his eyes transfixed onto the barrel.

~~So~~ Suddenly, a young boy's dog named ~~sk~~ Skipper, leapt out of his arms and swiftly ran to the rocks, which sat below the falls, sensing danger. The boy, unaware of what ~~tragic~~ ~~tragic~~ ^{tragedy} awaited

him, followed Skipper and called out his name every time he barked.

In a blink of an eye, Skipper and his owner disappeared in the mist alongside Annie Taylor and her barrel. The muted crowd stood paralysed in fear, staring at the diamond mist.

All that was left when the wind cleared away the fog was a small stream of blood ~~woven~~ weaving through the water and the cracks between each sheer rock. Where had Skipper, his owner the little boy and Annie disappeared to?

As the darkness of the night stretched over my head I took my leave from work. It had been such a long day and my head was filled with questions and confusion. The coldness of the night seemed as if it had gripped onto me, never once letting go.

As I tightened my small scarf around my neck I saw a woman in the distance grappling with an abundance of posters. A couple of moments later, she dropped them onto the cobbly floor giving a sigh. I rapidly rushed over to her; I picked up quite a few of her posters. I looked at one recognising her purple and green banner. Was she a suffragette? ~~People~~ They were the people who were ready to fight, ready to be thrown in prison, ready for anything, just to fight for women's rights. Then my face dropped; my fingers were filthy, absolutely disgusting. I had left muddy fingerprints all over the papers. Embarrassed, I expected the modern woman to give me a dirty look and walk off. However, she did not.

"How kind, my dear. Thank you, you really are a charm! My name is Mabel, Mabel Awkright and you are?" Mabel pleasantly asked.

"Alice. I am truly sorry for putting dirty fingerprints on some of your papers. I really am" I apologised, trying to sound amiable. "Is it okay if I help you put up your brilliant posters around town is it?"

"I really like you Of course Alice. Only if you want. I think we should become friends, you are indeed such a dear" Mabel complimented beaming happily. She held my hands up ~~with~~-revealing her white, silky gloves and smiled at me. And it gave me great delight to smile back.

Around town we went handing up posters. I do hope our strong friendship still builds on.

Dawn had casted rays of luminous, ^{golden} glowing ribbon, over the glassy lake. Katrina woke up at the crack of dawn to watch the beautiful sun - rise over the horizon. The mist of the morning rose into the cool air. The rough road ~~was~~ ^{was} lit with lamps. She wore her little dress, which was embroidered with glowers ~~and~~; ^{she} wrapped her pink scarf around her neck. She exited the house with her cup of cocoa in her hands. The view seemed enchanted to her. Then, she heard the mumbles and murmers of the radio. She could also smell the sweet aroma of strawberry pancakes, dark, crispy toast, English muffins, ripe fruit and mango juice. Her Aunt Emma rushed out with the baskets. They sprinted over the cobbly roads and over the rocky hills. They laughed and played, which ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} like forever.

After the lemony sun rose into the middle of the vivid, blue sky, they arrived at the field. It was dappled with glossy rose bushes and Emerald trees, which ^{was} as high as skyscrapers, were scattered ^{all over the field} in its ~~own~~ area. The minty, green grass ~~was~~ ^{was} levelled in some height. It ~~was~~ was absolutely spectacular. The ~~most~~ best of glowers were given rich soil and compost. Aunt Emma worked as a glower seller. She had the best glowers anyone could have.

On a chilly, dark day, when there was fog all around, and there was not a single ray of sunlight piercing through the clouds, a group of demon-like, rude, cold-hearted crows were soaring around the dull foggy sky looking for another victim to persecute.

"Hey! Look at the weirdo playing his flute again," said the head crow.

"He's going to get it: we will destroy him" hissed another one of them.

Poor Wing, who was sat on a log in the middle of the forest, was completely unaware of the danger that was lurking above the tall trees, which were surrounding him.

Immediately after noticing him, the crows swooped down to the ground to bully him. "Give that to me!" howled one of the crows, whilst pushing Wing to the floor as hard as he could.

"Umm... wh, wh, why did you push me? We can share," the boy stuttered. But, the crows showed no sympathy. One of them grabbed his flute and passed it to another, who tried to play it. A vile, unbearable sound echoed in the forest: Wing put his hands over his ears.

Furious with themselves, the crows threw the flute, across the forest. Meanwhile, Wing took the opportunity to run while they were distracted. "Tonight I will make myself a Wing, so that I can fly away to safety before they come back again," Wing muttered to himself as he stood trembling beside the door at the front of his house. He was petrified, but more determined than ever: his brain was ticking ~~away~~ ^{always} his hands were shaking; beads of sweat were trickling down his forehead. He couldn't believe what he was about to do.

As the door opened in to a spacious, old room, which had a towering object in the middle of it, Lucy entered the room and gazed at the object. It was covered in an off-white stained sheet and a blanket of grey dust- it looked like it hadn't been touched for years. Slowly and quietly, Lucy reached up and grabbed one of the corners of the sheet and pulled it: a cloud of dust appeared. Underneath the sheet was a wardrobe, not any old wardrobe: it was a unique wardrobe.

Lucy stared at the wardrobe with curiosity: she couldn't stop staring at it. Meanwhile, "...eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two..." Peter was getting closer to one hundred: she only had eight seconds left to hide. Rapidly, without thinking, Lucy jumped in to the wardrobe that was in front of her. Inside the wardrobe were furry coats, long ones, short ones and colourful ones. "I'll move right to the back in the corner, behind all the coats, he'll never find me there," she muttered to herself.

Quickly she took a step, then another, and another and another. She didn't feel the back of the wardrobe, but instead, she felt something cold on her feet. Something ice-cold. Then she felt icy branches on her face. "What a strange wardrobe..." she muttered, but before she could say or do anything more, the dark, musty wardrobe turned to a cold, bright white foreign land. It was covered in trees which looked like a crowd of umbrellas. The floor was festooned with pure white snow. Lucy's eyes grew bigger with amazement at the marvellous land she had discovered. Cautiously, Lucy stepped forward. There was complete silence, except the gentle crunching of the snow under her feet. Then SNAP, a twig snapped under her foot and the AAARRRRRGGG! There was a scream. Lucy had bumped in to a strange-looking creature: he had two furry legs that looked more like donkey legs than human legs, a tail, two rabbit-like ears and a human-like upper body and face.

Lucy's amazement quickly turned to the opposite. Both of them hid behind trees. But when Lucy noticed that he was also scared of her, she came out and collected up the packages he had dropped. She asked him what he was. "I am a Faun," he replied. Lucy had never met a Faun before and the Faun had never seen one of Lucy's type before. "What are you, a beardless dwarf?" he asked. Lucy explained that she was a human, a girl. "Would you like to come for tea?" said the Faun instantly after discovering that she was a human...

I have been dreading this day to come, for months, even years. I have just awoken to hear the beautiful sound of birds. That brightened my day a little. However, not a lot. Today, I will have to leave my treasured family. I am in the kitchen ~~also~~ standing up. Alone. Silence ^{fills} the room ~~as~~ while I can see ~~the~~ dawn arising through the little gaps in the curtains. As I look around, I am compelled to glance at my creased origami bird I made sitting on the mantelpiece. This special gift ~~is~~ ^{is} waiting to fly away with me on this journey*. For it was a present I gave to my daughter and wife that they would ~~we~~ never forget. We treat it like a valuable treasure to our family. It symbolises peace and hope for us. However, I ~~could~~ ^{can} not put my family at risk. There is darkness here in our little village. This is the toughest thing I have ^{had} to do. As a monster is crawling around getting more and more frightening every ~~day~~ second.

The old clock is lying in the corner of the room. Tick Tock. It ~~was~~ ^{is} like a grumpy man. It didn't let me have enough time with my family. It made the days go by faster, and now, today, I have to leave this house. I hear the soft sound of footsteps coming down the stairs. It is my wife. Her warmth heals my soul and the crisp air around me. I close my eyes for a second capturing all the memories. Good and bad. Will the grass be greener on the other side? Probably not. Today is the day, I will be going to live somewhere else. Hopefully, my family will come and follow me if it is sage. My daughter has drawn a picture, it is us, as a family. As I pour a cup of tea into the teacup, I put my chapped lips on it. I feel the jagged edge touch my mouth. Softly.

My suitcase is sitting next to the door. Only one. My heart sinks - even though I know that I am going to be on this journey alone. On the top of the suitcase is my hat. I rested my hand on my ^{battered} suitcase, trying to save as many treasured seconds as possible in this house. Then I lift up my beloved hat. I gently place my hat on my head. It protects me from the horrors of life. As I pick up the photograph, I feel a warm glow inside

* So it could remind me of my child and wife and our tattered family house.

my heart, I place the photograph inside a soft fabric material and wrap it up. As I put my tender hand on the suitcase, my wife puts her warm, precious on mine. A tear runs down my face. My wife reaches out and softly touches my tear stopping it from running down my cheek. However, not stopping the one running down my neck. I think of all the memories we had together. This might be our last moment together. In that moment, my daughter comes down the stairs looking tired. As she eats my homemade cereal, I can tell she doesn't really know what she is doing. After she finishes her breakfast, we start to get all of our scarves, hats and coats on. As I put my shoes on, I squeeze my wife's hand.

"We are going to seize him," exclaimed the leader of the mob. Just outside of the goat pen, the mob were plotting and planning what they should do to the innocent man. It was the dead of night, voices softly echoed from every corner of the island. Only slight murmurs could be heard;

"We have to do something, he has to go."

"He is not one of us, he isn't our problem."

"He is a stranger, he doesn't belong."

"Stop, don't do this to the blameless man, he hasn't done anything wrong," said the fisherman,

Glaring at the fisherman with their angry eyes, the mob shoved through the door like ~~an~~ ^{angry} ~~bull~~ ^{bull}. Charging into the goat pen at full speed, they grabbed the man by his fragile hand, their nails ~~were~~ ^{were} gnawing into his brittle skin. "What are you doing, stop please!" However, this did not change ~~any of~~ their decision. The leader of the mob shouted "at the other members of the gang.

"Put these ropes on his wrists and feet and tighten them, tighten them now." They marched the man right up to the raft. The mob then took revenge on the fisherman for trying to help the man and put fire to his precious boat. The blazing fire was like the anger raging ~~in the~~ inside of the fisherman. They threw the poor man onto the raft.

"Push him out, that's it." Now ^{that was} he ~~is~~ cast adrift, again, fearing for his life, maybe ~~he~~ ^{he} never be seen again. ~~At that time that the fisherman was worried, that the stranger couldn't go back, the mob, just threw him out to sea.~~ In the ~~tempest~~ ^{tempestuous} water, the fisherman's boat lay there moving up and down, still burning and still ripping apart. His livelihood and best friend had just been taken away from him. ^{Unfortunately,} ~~unfortunately,~~ the fisherman failed to help the man. Guilt was enveloping his body. He watched his boat burn before his eyes. The disease looked into the fisherman's eyes. It was like he was ^{saying} ~~saying~~ thank you; the fisherman looked at him too, a feeling of pure guilt ~~inside~~ inside.

From out of the pen, the petrified pig sprinted across the enclosure squealing as he went. The worker-Joe- tried to save the worried pig. In shock, Joe flew off of the metal platform, crash landed into the lethal enclosure and struggled back to safety. Quickly, Owen slammed the button to open the gate. Guards came to shoot the vicious creature but Owen knew that if they had shot them they would never trust him again.

"Hey, hey, hey, hold your fire!" Owen shouted.

After the worker had fallen, he looked up and saw the sharp teeth of the colossal beasts. Whilst looking out for the fierce dinosaur, the third keeper opened the gate frantically and helped the worker and dragged him hastily. Owen held his hand up to the raptors calming them down. Slowly the monsters edged even closer to Owen, snapped and snarled at him. As Owen instructed them to close the gate, he crept back keeping his cool. He dived to the ground, rolled underneath the metal bars and found himself face-to-face with the three hissing raptors on the other side. Keeper number three pulled

Owen up with the fallen keeper still out of breath.

"You're the new guy, right?" Owen questioned.

"Yeah," Joe panted heavily.

"Right, never turn your back to the cage, ever noticed why we never had job openings?" Exclaimed Owen, as he strolled away.

The location was 87 miles away from the devastation that had completely ruined Isla Sorna four years earlier. The island was a place to loosen up and a place of tranquillity. Aqua majestic seas gently tapped the golden sand as the craggy cliffs lined the shores. Other than a few fluffy marshmallows, the sky was as clear as the sea below with the sun beaming down on the crystal water creating an atmosphere of a dream holiday.

Enjoying a luxurious meal on the beach, a wealthy family were taking advantage of the secluded island. With no loud noise, they were loving the sand. Cathy, who was the little girl, was getting bored and wanted to explore the rest of the fascinating island. As Cathy skipped off, her mum was concerned about snakes. There was nowhere she'd rather be with the shiny sand between her feet and a delicious sandwich in her hand. She was determined to have some fun of her own.

Cathy was just yards away from the beach but the sight she had saw was spectacular. Most of the grass was barely noticeable with all the vibrant colours around her.

She hummed with joy as she was heading more into the forest. Cathy could hear a squeak coming from one of the bushes in front of her. The bushes rustled. The adventurous girl edged backwards cautious of what was coming out. A little creature hopped out, it had a slight resemblance to a dinosaur! But it was so tiny - not even knee height - she thought it would be harmless!

Kneeling down to take a closer look, Cathy was puzzled. She had thought it might be hungry, so Cathy gave her sandwich to the unknown creature and after a bit of gentle persuasion it snatched the food. That was a big mistake. The same squeak she heard earlier was now coming from every direction. In the blink of an eye, Cathy was cornered with all the vicious beasts jumping up and biting her legs. Meanwhile, the weather had taken a turn for the worst. The clouds darkened the sky and covered the sun completely as waves violently struck the rocks. Cathy had let out a scream that had echoed the island. Everyone had froze in confusion and sprinted tracing the little girl's footsteps. In shock, her mum had let out a scream five times the sound of Cathys.

He climbed out of his hole. The journey wasn't that bad, as the cool breeze from the open window landed on Stanley's hot, sweaty face. He could imagine his "friends" laughing. He could imagine them stuffing their faces with stolen Sunflower seeds. But, he honestly didn't care, he was more concerned for Mr Sir, who had been chewing on the sunflower seeds to help stop his addiction to smoking.

Stanley stepped out of the truck. Mr Sir was ~~chewing~~^{chomping} ~~crunching~~ on Sunflower seeds whilst Stanley ~~took~~ looked out into the distance. The other boys had told him that the cabin was engulfed in shade (one thing he had missed). The truck had stopped a few yards away from the cabin so they had to walk. The walk wasn't that bad as she owned the shade. Stanley had met her before and she seemed fairly nice; but that was when he wasn't in trouble.

The warden opened the door. She was wearing shorts and a t-shirt and her hair was glowing down her shoulders.

"Well if it isn't Caveman!" she started, "^{C'mon in} ~~Please enter~~" Stanley didn't know if she was happy to see him or ^{if} she was angry and putting on a smile.

"Ma'am I am so sorry I had to interrupt you, but Stanley here claims he stole my sunflower seeds but I think he is covering up for X-ray or Magnet," explained Mr Sir grabbing the empty bag of sunflower seeds out of Stanley's hands. Stanley ~~just~~ stayed silent.

"Alright, Stanley do me a favour and go and wait in that room," she said pointing to a door. ~~in the~~ Stanley did as he was told.

The room was filled with boxes and shelves. He could hear the muffled voices of The warden and Mr Sir talking outside. Stanley walked around peeking into each box. One box caught Stanley's eye. It was slightly smaller than the other boxes and had holes poked into it. The door opened.

"What are you looking at?" shouted The warden walking over to Stanley, who was now holding the box. "Stanley wanted to say something, but couldn't." "Get out now!" her voice boomed. Stanley ran out of the cabin and into the truck. ~~Mr Sir's face was full of fear. He had three~~

Mr Sir's face was full of fear. He had three bulging marks on his left cheek. ^{all being different injuries.} Whatever had happened, he clearly didn't want to talk about it. The deafening silence was too much for Stanley.

"I can walk if you want?" spoke Stanley in a quiet voice. Mr Sir sighed.

"What a great idea," said Mr Sir sarcastically, as he stopped the truck allowing Stanley to get out. Stanley clambered out and Mr Sir left in a ^{cloud} ~~blast~~ of dust.

stood outside the gates, were the school's most geared tricksters. Scanning the perimeter, their eyes ~~too~~ locked onto the door they had previously left open. "Hey will, give me a boost and I'll pull youse over," spoke Katie, as she walked towards the gates. They all climbed over and began to approach the door.

"Alright d'ya know the plan?" Hector asked, opening his backpack to check he had everything. His friends nodded and they entered the school.

They sprinted down hallways ^{and} ducked when they saw the cleaner. Before they knew it, they were stood outside the main office; the trophy cabinet reflecting the moonlight. Hector ~~pushed down~~ lifted his back pack off his shoulders, as Will and Katie left to get the ladder from the caretaker's office.

"This is my moment. I'll show them not to mess with me," muttered Hector, as he pulled a bag of goldfish from his bag. ~~straight~~

"We're back with the ladder. Now all three off us need to get the hose," spoke Will, helping Katie set the ladder up. (She was always useless ^{at this})

"Alright let me finish sorting the fish out," said Hector, pulling another bag out, before standing up and following his friends down the corridor. Hector had never been in the caretaker's office, but he had a pretty good idea of what to expect. He entered the room. It looked alot like a garden shed - full of gardening tools and confiscated items he had stolen from children at breaktime. He thought: I might use this stuff ^{one day}

"Hello, earth to Hector?" started Katie snapping him out of ~~day~~ his daydream. "Me and Will were just saying how you will stay here to turn the hose on and we will ~~wake~~ ^{it} ~~the~~ hose down." Will and Katie carried the hose down and Hector turned the tap on, filling the tank up.

Once the 'tank' was full they one by one released the gish into their new home. ^{men} they ~~tegg~~ made their exit.

"Good morning Mr. Lancaster!" spoke greeted Mrs. vegara, as she exited her car making her way ~~up~~ towards the main office.

"Good morning Mrs. vegara," replied Mr. Lancaster. They both entered the building. One thing Mr. Lancaster did everyday was check the notice board; so he obviously checked it today. ~~Everything looked~~

"No notices, how strange. Oh wait what's this?" questioned Mr. Lancaster, picking up a bright yellow post-it note. Written on the post note in scribbled handwriting was: "remember to feed the gish!"

"Fish? What gish?" said ~~Mr~~ Mr. Lancaster confused.

"Sir, you might want to turn around," whispered Mrs. vegara.

* * *

Hector and his friends walked down the corridor.

"You don't think this assembly is about the gish?" asked Will. The three of them were in a line, Katie at the front, Will in the middle and Hector at the back. Hector and Katie shrugged.

"It's probably one of Mr. Lancaster's boring assemblies, where we have to sit and listen to all the dribble he has to talk about," spat Katie, whilst rolling her eyes. The two boys nodded and entered the hall.

"Good morning everyone!" spoke Mr. Lancaster. He was stood at the front in his usual spot. Hector could sense the anger in his voice.

"Now last night me and Mrs. Vegara think that a pupil broke or pupil's' broke into ~~school~~ ^{the building} and played a malicious act on the school." He started, as he pulled something out of his pocket, "They left this note and so we ask throughout the day each and everyone of you will write this out so we ~~know~~ ^{have an idea on} who did it, otherwise this will be taken up with the police." The three troublemakers stared at each other.

"Oh no!" the three of them said together.

"Where are we going?!" cried the little girl as her legs were shaking uncontrollably. "Some place where you will be safe and happy," replied the billeting officer accompanying the small girl close to her. In a glimpse of her eye, she saw a tiny, pale boy in rags hiding in the corner, as the sound around her began to increase intensely. He was sat in the corner of the carriage, on the cold wooden floor clenching his black, shabby bag. A slow drop of water ran down his cheek! "When are we going to stop?" thought Willie as he was trembling on the ground.

Getting off the train and stepping onto the platform it was grey and foggy. They followed the billeting officer and got sorted into groups. They turned the corner and they all could not ~~take~~ take their eyes off the countryside view. A bunch

Of beautiful flowers blossomed near the lush green fields and towering ancient houses, beside the Sweeping hill. The children biting their lips and twiddling their thumbs were trailing ^{closely} closely behind the billeting officer. As the birds were chirping and the wind was blowing, the strong breeze swept the children off their feet. "Nearly there," the billeting officer exclaimed, as they were walking past the isolated graveyard with shadows casting on the road. The smell of lavender and fresh flowers filled the countryside air around them. Willie stared in awe as the other evacuees were being taken in, with new families and new homes.

The children were scattered all over the village and settling into their new homes. "Children,

Stay at the end of the path while I walk William up to his new home," shouted the billeting officer as they opened the creaking gate. Willie

Could barely move; he was rooted to the spot. Walking forwards, Willie could see the sage-green vines climbing up the overgrown house. Suddenly, he was there. Shaking in front of the door twice the size of him waiting for someone to answer.

Mr Tom answered the door sharply. "What do you want!" snapped Tom staring at the billeting officer in the eye.

"I... I.. have an evacuee for you," she stuttered pointing to the small boy facing the ground.

"And what's your name boy?" Willie took one glance at the towering man and kept silent.

"Best you come in then aint you." And with that Willie trembled inside.

Memories in the Attic

"Get out of the way!" shouted Sophia as the pair of siblings crashed up the stairs. They were eagerly pushing and shoving both trying to catch their breath.

"Woah," shouted Amar with his hands in the air trying to stable his balance.

"I've never seen this before," stated Sophia trying to be sneaky. Surrounding the children were clouds of dust and precious, cluttered boxes.

"What's in there?" shouted Sophia pushing her way in.

"Hey! Let me go first," yelled Amar, elbowing his sister in the chest.

"Should we go in?" exclaimed Sophia as another thought was hitting her, but with that Amar peeked in.

"Wow!" Amar interrupted with complete shock on his face, "Sophia come look at this!" After saying that, she raced in letting her eyes adjust to the dark, dusty environment. A small ringing was in her ear as she observed the attic.

"Why would they not tell us about this; it's like they have hidden something from us," Sophia announced with a mischievous look on her face. One little window, letting all the light in, allowed the children to discover what else was in there. From on top of the table, a pile of boxes, tumbled onto the pair of siblings as they were looking through everything.

"Ooo look at this!" mentioned Amar, lifting the ancient items from the scratched, creaky floorboards. Amar saw mannequins, mangles, a wireless and a tin bath but in the corner of Sophia's eye she saw an army-green trunk in the corner of the room. Silently, tip-toeing across the attic floor, as Amar shot past trying to open the box, Sophia took a closer look. Yet, the closer she got, the smell around her began to get worse.

As they approached the evergreen trunk, Sophia knelt down and gently tapped the lock. Suddenly, the top came off.

"These are all ancient antiques from the war!" Amar commented as his sister was already rummaging through. The only light shining in was from the small window soon covered by big, grey clouds in the sky.

"It's a note," Sophia muttered, "I'm going to read it!" Yet she knew she was to do wrong. She could picture everything in her head as if she was actually there with him.

They could soon imagine the trauma he went through. Then, they heard the floorboards creak.

"Sophia, Amar where are you?" shouted grandad not knowing where the grandkids were. Exhausted, worried, tired, Grandad raced up the stairs. As grandad ushered into the cold and cloudy, cluttered attic, he suddenly felt his whole body go cold.

"What are you doing?" he asked angrily.

"Why would you not tell us about this?!" both the siblings shouted at the same time. Tears were now running down their cheeks. Standing up, Grandad came over and tried to comfort them.

"Did that really happen to you, Grandad?"

As soon as Amar said that, Grandad took the hat away from Sophia, locked up the trunk and carefully walked the children out, hoping they wouldn't be this mischievous ever again.

ALMA

Snow fell to the ground as a little girl came from around the corner. The girl, who was wearing her hat, gloves and her woolly coat, skipped happily down the empty street, not knowing what awaited her. Not another soul was in sight. Joyfully, she wrote her name on a mysterious chalkboard.
Alma.

A creaking noise made Alma turn in confusion when a doll emerged in the front of a shop window behind her. The doll looked just like the girl, not a detail was missed. Staring. Alma slowly approached the shop window full with curiosity. She stood and studied the doll, took a glance at the floor but when she looked back at the doll, it was gone... She was shocked. Where had the doll disappeared to? The girl stumbled to the door, rattling the door handle forcing the door to open. It was locked. She was unsuccessful. Annoyed and aggravated, Alma launched a snowball at the door and carried on walking. As she continued to walk down the street a noise from behind her caught her attention..... CKREAAAKKKK!

The door was open. Alma didn't care about how the door opened she was so excited to find the doll. The girl took a few steps and gazed around the room, looking at all the other dolls. She saw the doll that looked identical to her and walked over to reach the doll. In the process,

She accidentally kicked a little boy on a bike and picked him back up. When he got back on his feet, he headed straight for the closing door, desperate for his freedom. After the door shut closed the doll bashed against the door repeatedly. Alma went to look back at her doll but it had disappeared again. The girl looked everywhere, on the floor, under the table. Where had it gone? After a minute of looking, she spotted the doll on top of a shelf, high up with some others. She was determined. Alma started to climb, two dolls spoke with their eyes trying to warn her not to touch the doll. The little girl climbed and climbed, took one of her mittens off and touched the nose of the doll. Her eyes were locked on Alma's finger. Black. Everything went black. She was a prisoner in her own body. It was almost like a flash of something horrific. Breathing heavily, Alma couldn't move, all she could do was spectate. A few minutes passed and another doll appeared in the big window and it happened all over again...

In the cold winter weather of November 2016, Richard Ackermann was on the lookout for enemies in the dark night. He was patiently looking closely out at the horizon in case someone attacked. As a German soldier, he was part of a ⁰⁰troop who were depending the eastern front. They lived in muddy trenches and were always freezing cold and tired, (they didn't have suitable clothing). While it was calm, Richard thought about his two children back at home in Germany. He had been away for so long, they might have forgotten him. He was just wiping away a tear, when suddenly...

"Alert! Alert! Enemy attack!" Richard shouted to wake the other soldiers, who were napping slouched against the walls. They immediately grabbed their guns and stumbled about in the dark, rushing to their posts. The air raid siren started to shriek, and in the distance people shouted and bombs exploded. The dark night was lit up red and orange like a firework.

An Austrian tank rolled up beside the

trench and two soldiers and a sergeant climbed out. The Germans raised their guns: they couldn't be sure if the Austrians were on their side or not.

"Don't mess with us," the Austrian sergeant called out. "There's Soviets on the way and we're here to sort out your disastrous front line." The Germans stepped forward threateningly, however Richard just watched silently.

He didn't know what to think. They'd lost so many, so many ~~so~~ no man's land between the trenches and they really did need reinforcements. But Austrians? Were the Nazis really that desperate?

The muscular, stern sergeant, who was called Hans Androschin, ordered his tank to fire out the Russian forces. It boomed and roared: it made the ground shake with every explosion.

Suddenly, the trench erupted in noise and confusion. Soldiers were running everywhere; grabbing their weapons, shouting in a radius, shooting their guns over the top. Richard realised that an enemy plane had dropped a bomb close to them. Too close. With his ears ringing, he stood frozen to the spot. His heart pounded. His knees trembled. Was this the end?

"Move man, get your gas mask on!" The sergeant shouted. "Do what I say, or I have the authority to shoot you!" His command broke through Richard's followed orders and prepared himself - he would need all his courage to survive the next few hours.