

My life as...



a full stop

+ SIX MORE
BEDTIME STORIES

by
Hannah, 12



From the Author:

Hi, I'm Hannah!

I am eleven years of age and I enjoy writing, but my life during lockdown has been devoted to writing stories for others to enjoy.

My mum and dad were both teachers and have always encouraged me: so finally I created this book of short stories for children younger than me!

Thank you to my step-brother Cerulean for helping me get them out to people!

There are seven of them and I hope that they might be read, one for each night of the week, as a little extra bedtime story before the lights go out!



Hussett



From the Publisher:

Hi I'm Cerulean!

I wish I'd been this talented at eleven years of age, but even in my 20s I enjoy reading Hannah's short stories, and hope other children - or big children - will enjoy them too!

Please Contact@CeruleanSounds.com to request a printed copy and consider making a donation to [Southampton Hospitals Charity](#).
Colourfully,



1. My life as a full stop.

I started out on the tip of the pencil. No life, no feelings, no thoughts. But my life really began when that pencil rubbed me off onto his page at the end of a sentence. I had no tail like the commas, no flying abilities as the apostrophes did. I didn't have split personalities like my friend semi-colon, nor a twin sister like the speech marks. In fact; I was rather plain. So one day I set off in search of my true purpose. I hopped off the end of the queued lane of cars and crossed the other roads making for the edge of the page. It was only after hopping off the edge I realised that I could not get off the table. However I soon noticed the curtains, and not only did they provide a suitable way to the floor they also had an assorted pattern of dots. I was only a simple creature and though this was not my place, I was still hurt after being chased away for being bland, dull and boring. So I slid miserably to the floor and watched some drips racing down the window.

Life passes by quickly for a creature such as me so as I made my way into the next room and saw an open door leading into the garden, I was a pensioner looking for a suitable resting place. I had heard of the dangers of *the garden*. As I rolled off the door frame, I spotted something red. Red for danger, maybe? I decided to investigate. Stealthily creeping up until... crack! My creaking bones gave out, drawing the creatures' attention! Slowly it turned around; then after spotting me trembling behind a clump of grass its face creased into a warm smile and it cried out, "spot! I've finally found you." Then the ladybug (another dot just like me told me she was one) lifted me onto her back. I'd found my final home, and I was happy with it.



2. My life as a toy.

Oh help... it's happening again! I'm being arrested, yet I'm innocent. Round and round and round, the rope goes. Round and round and round and round, then just when I think it will never end; Stop. Up... Down... Up... Down... this... Is... what... happens... every... day. Sky... Ground... Sky... Ground... this... Is... my... whole... Life. Then suddenly... Bam! I'm stranded on my back.

Redgreenbluepurple red green blue purple, red, green, blue; purple; red; green... blue... purple... red... green... and pink. Poor yo-yo, as stuck on his back as I am stuck on my head. It must be awful always going up, down, up, down, all day long. I myself can just about bear having to spin around all day. Then at least he gets to look at the ever-changing sky. I have to stare at this pink wall.

What a sorry pair we must look, the spinning top and I. He's a nice boy, and I feel sorry for him. If I ever get the chance, I'll try to cheer him up. Oh, it's starting again. Mabey he might be learning another trick. I do hope he is, that monstrosity. OOOH! The shotgun. I love this one. I get shot into the air like I've come out of a cannon.

Though now he's finished showing off. He's been careless today, (which usually means I get a break.) and left me on my side. I'm free to lasso my love cheer him up.

Psssst. Psssst. A voice kept whispering to me at the corner of the table. Each time I ignored it. Then a noose of rope lassoed my feet and hauled me from my current place of resting, I was by my darling yo-yo. She always makes me laugh, whenever I'm down. "so, where are we going today?" I ask her. She tells me that we're going to the garden, then waits to observe my reaction. I am ecstatic!

When we reached the garden there was a reception committee waiting for us. It was almost like they knew my plans. Down to the edge of the pond and whip out a ring. " will you marry me?" her reply wasn't hard to guess. Yesssssss!



3. My life as a Whale

There's no-one out here in this icy slipstream. Just me. No-one to share it with. Just me. I don't have friends like the thing that supports me. Just me... I; am a plastic critter on an iPod charger. That's me.



4. My life as a lump of coal.

I started life in a cold, iron coal shuttle. One day the human of the house had a friend over for tea and was about to put me on the fire for some extra warmth, but the friend cried something out before he did. Then they had a long discussion which resulted on me being carried away. After that someone through the kindness of their heart shaped me and polished me, changing my appearance from a shabby, drab, rock to a glistening, turquoise gem. Then I was packed carefully into a waterproof trunk and loaded onto a ship. We sailed (I heard a sailor saying this) northwards and were apparently bound for the queen Elizabeth's gem collection. I had big plans as I was aching to become a part of "one's royal crown" but on the way we were attacked by pirates!

They boarded and conquered our frail ship; stealing the cargo and scuttling it afterwards. I did not enjoy the journey from then on. We sailed over rough seas; endured the glare of the krakens' single eye as we passed over the deepest part of the ocean and finally, we were wrecked by listening to the siren's deathly song. Luckily all the trunks on board were floatables and, as we were sailing near the English channel at that moment, we drifted on and on towards it. Eventually we were caught in a current and just as we were about to pass the opening to the river Thames a storm blew up and swept us up it. We were carried all the way up to London and were finally recognised for what we were... the queens lost gem cargo! In the end I achieved my dream and became the jewel on the top of the queen's sceptre.



5. My life as an albino flamingo.

Once I was among my own kind. Then- as an egg, I was snatched from the angry clutches of my anxious parents by poachers willing to do anything to scrounge them some money; even willing to shoot my parents. When I hatched, I was in a cramped cage, with no love. Though I was a flamingo the poachers knew something about me was different. I was white. They sold me off to a scientist for an extortionate price, claiming I was a rare albino pygmy flamingo. They ran test after test after test on me yet still couldn't work out why I was white.

After ten years of tests I was sold to a zoo still unbearably white. At the zoo they tried feeding me loads of different foods:

1. Pineapple; this gave a yellow tint to my feathers.
2. Strawberries; although I knew they would make my feathers have a pinkie hue I hated these rosy fruits.
3. Oranges;(note to self, I look ridiculous in orange.)

Quite by chance, one day a girl in her pram started throwing blueberries at me. Fortunately she missed every shot until she had no blueberries left. Curious at what the spherical blue fruits tasted like I picked one up and ate it. My eyes shone as a burst of flavoursome goodness rushed round my body. When the keepers saw my reaction, they piled blueberries into my enclosure. Until now they had been worrying for my health as they had identified me to be in the adolescent stages of my life and I only weighed a quarter of the others' weight.

Finally they had found a food I liked, and it was a food that wasn't running short. As the years passed, I was growing noticeably blue so when I died a comfortable death, I was a bright and flamboyant blue!! From my perch in the clouds I watched as keepers changed flamingo's food to experiment with colours. But pink will always be the natural flamingo colour.



6. My life as a fiiiish!

I started in the sand. A tiny egg waiting to hatch and have a chance at life. I finally broke out of the pearly sphere to see a poster floating fast. The year was 2020 and there was an open-air circus in town. I swam upstream as a fry and watched a massive object being unloaded next to me. It was supposed to clean the water of plastic and so I watched how it worked (from a distance!). It sucked water up a long spout before filtering it and releasing it.

Unfortunately as well as many of my brothers and sisters dying of curiosity (literally.) the machine malfunctioned; sending a wave of water pulsing downstream and sweeping me out to sea. What I saw there shocked me. Turtles were bobbing about, dead on the surface of the water; plastic bags over their mouths and noses. Dolphins were floating trapped in nets, lifeless as cuddly teddies. Yet worse of all, whole shoals of tuna like me dying of being sawn in half by non-recyclable tuna tins. Our packaging became our death.

I floated back upstream, having lost all will to live. The next thing I knew was that it was 2050. Again the circus tried out its machine. Again it failed. Again I was swept out to sea. But this time was different. There were no lifeless bodies, let alone alive ones. The sea was plastic. The animals were plastic. The coral was plastic. Everything was plastic.



7. My life as an e-book.

I started with one word. Then that word became a sentence. That sentence developed into a book, and then the process started again. Eventually I was two books, now three; then four. Finally I was 6 short stories, squished into one book. Yet, one was missing; I was one story short of the words on the cover. So I sent the dot; yo-yo and spinning top; Spatula (He's a brilliant sniffer); Salmon, diamond and albino flamingo out to search for it.

I told them I'd send them out, one-by-one to look for it. out with spatula leading the way. Each day they returned within the hour, claiming the last book was already here. Eventually I came to the conclusion that they were just lazy, incapable of the task of seeking one of their own. So one day I set out with them. Every step I took apparently guided spatula's nose round to my trail, but I concluded that he was just wanting to get home. This trip I was determined to achieve my goal. Without funding or this last story we could not be published.

Nearing the end of our journey, every one of the characters stopped and joined in the circle that was forming round me. Once and for always, they told me, *you* are the missing story! How surprised I was at that. But there was no mistaking it. I was the missing story.

Now all I have to worry about is the funding. At the moment my friends and I are an e-book. If you donate a few pounds we might possibly become a real book, which we can sell to raise money for our lockdown key worker heroes!
Please help us!

