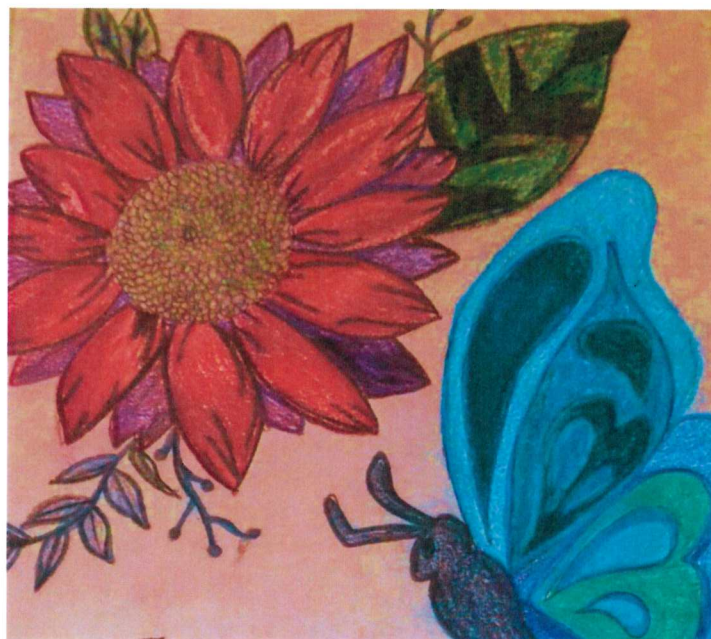


King's High School

*Junior Creative  
Writing Club  
Spring Anthology*







## The Lost World

### By Charlotte Knight

My name is Lulu Milicent Brown, and I am eleven years old. In the city where I live there are no trees, no animals, no plants. That's what it's been like since 2074. All the animals and plants were killed, all the trees chopped down. Even the smallest insects were killed. The only tree left was this one. So, I spent as much time as I could near it. The waterfall in the stream was also a favorite place of mine. I spent my days letting the cold-water trickle on my feet and the branches of the oak hold me. And to any of you reading my story, I hope you save the world before it actually happens. I will start at the start of this story, which was on August 12<sup>th</sup> 2134.


The Wishing Tree. The Magic Oak. The Spell-Branch. I know the names of the tree in the stories, but this felt more powerful. My hands crept along the rough bark of the oak tree. my mind was whizzing. In the only place with a tree was in the only place that felt like home. This wasn't like the city. This was heaven.

My ears were deafened by the sound of the waterfall. Jason kept pulling my sleeve, telling me to move on, telling me to go back home. But I kept my ground, the gnarled oak giving me power. I let the power drag me to another dimension. Another world. I landed softly on the floor of the forest and looked around. The world looked completely different. Trees were small, grass was big, and The Wishing Tree was gone. Was this really happening? Could I really be in a dimension without the tree? How would I get back? I walked around the forest and followed the little stream. Except now it wasn't a stream, it was a river.

My eyes darted around the forest, searching for something normal. It wasn't supposed to be like this. I was supposed to be able to get back to the dimension where my family was. Only then did I realise that Jason was following me. I knew that it was the real Jason. He was the right size, for one thing, and his eyes were so full of fear I knew it was him. I took him in my arms and held him tight, scared for him, and me. I scanned the forest again. No sign of the tree. I realized my mistake then like a bullet.

'Jason, go to where the tree should be,' I said desperately. My little brother wasn't supposed to be seen like this. He was supposed to be seen as a tough guy. He bit his lip and nodded, and ran off. His once fierce look had shattered, replaced by a 'little scared boy' one. I rummaged in my bag for Grandad's binoculars. I brought them out with shaking hands and scanned the horizon. I was surrounded by trees. This wasn't a world without animals. This wasn't the city. The sound of birds was now so loud that I covered my ears. Looking around, I saw many more animals, each more peculiar than





the one before. At first I was scared, but I was beginning to get excited. I stayed where I was for ages, but my brother did not come. He was lost. My brother, Jason Draco Brown was lost. He needed me right then. I knew it. I searched for him with the binoculars. But I could not see him with the trees in the way. I searched for a tall tree, and spotted one. I hoped it would be easy to climb. I walked to it, not running because then an animal might pounce on me. I got to the tree, my eyes crying. I circled the tree, looking for a starter branch. There were none. I took the big knife from its sheath and drove it in the wood slowly. It dug in, firm but easy to take out. I gripped the handle, and drove it in higher. I gripped the trunk with my shoes and drove the knife higher. I kept doing this until I got to a branch. I reached my legs over the branch, and half sat, half stood on the branch. I sheathed the knife, climbing to the next branch, to the next branch, to the next. I was nearly at the top when a hand crept on my shoulder. I turned, scared. a small girl sat behind me, scared. She pointed at a branch above us. I almost screamed. There was a giant wasps nest, bigger than your average mirror. I recognized the nest immediately. It was a Tarantula Hawks nest, the most deadly species of wasp known to man. I looked at the girl. At a quick glance she had looked beautiful, but now I was looking at her I noticed bruises, scars, cuts. Her hair looked like it had been dragged through a bush backwards, and not cleaned for a long time. Yet I recognized myself in this girl, the confident look in her eyes, the furious setback of her mouth whenever I looked at her. I decided there and then that I liked her. She gestured at me to follow her. She led me down the tree and into the forest, attaching a ball of string to the tree and letting it roll. She attached the other end of the string to her belt, letting it drag behind her, and stopping every now and then to untangle it. She didn't talk until the ball of string was half its normal size. Then she stopped and I stumbled, nearly crashing her down to the ground. 'Who are you?' I asked, once I had regained my balance.

'My name is Violet, if that's what you're asking.' she said. I smiled. That was my usual reply too. 'Who are you?' she said.

'Lulu, at your service.' I joked.

'Haha, I order waffles!' she said.

'What are waffles?' I asked.

'Are you joking? Waffles are the best!'

'Seriously.'

'Umm... I don't actually know what they are, I mean they are kind of cakes...'

'Are you kidding?' I asked, 'I mean, you seem to like them.'

'Like them? I *love* them.'

'Anyway, we have other things to talk about.' I said. 'Like my brother.'

'What happened to him?'

'He got lost in the forest. We have to help him!'

'Oh no! He's beyond help Lulu.' Violet said sadly. 'The forest has chosen him.' I let this sink in. I just stared at her.

'I'm sorry Lulu.' Violet said quietly, 'It happened to my sister too.'

'GO AWAY! I DIDNT ASK TO BE TAKEN HERE! I DIDN'T ASK TO ALMOST BE KILLED! AND





I CERTAINLY DIDNT ASK FOR MY BROTHER TO BE TAKEN! I HATE YOU!

Violet backed away from me. I ran off and sat down on a log. I cried a river of tears and I wept and buried my face in my hands.

'Lulu! Look out!!!!!!' Screamed Violet. I looked up and saw a big crowd of the Tarantula Hawks coming my way. I got up and ran. Violet was right behind me. We ran away, past the stream, past the muddy path I had came by, and past a cottage.


'Mum! Get out!' screamed Violet at the mud coated cottage. A lady peered out the window, and, after one glance at the Tarantula Hawks, ran up to us, panting like a dog and holding tight onto a baby. She was watching us, and that was her mistake. She tripped over a root, and went down to the ground as if someone had pushed her. Within minutes she was drowning under the stream of Tarantula Hawks, who were surrounding her with increasing speed. Violet was sobbing violently, lakes of tears forming into puddles on the ground.

'Violet, we have to keep going.' I said loudly. The buzz of the wasps was getting louder. Violet was still not moving. I grabbed her arm and pulled her with me to get her moving. She took one backwards glance and ran with me.

'Where do we go?' I shouted over the buzz, 'Where's the nearest river?'

'Straight on!' Violet shouted desperately.

I kept running, Violet pounding behind me, and we kept running forward until a body of water blocked our path. I ran faster and, using a log as a diving board, somersaulted over the edge of the river and, at the last minute, going streamline and diving perfectly in the river. Violet was not so lucky. She stopped just before it and watched me. Then, realizing what I was doing, jumped in after me, and made a huge splash. We stayed underwater whilst the Hawks flew over us, racing for the bank opposite. I pulled myself onto the bank, gasping for air, and gasping for life. The tree I was laid before was an oak. The Magic Oak? Violet waved goodbye, and I let the power of the tree take me home.





## Drama In the forest

By Annie Silvers

Lucy and Emma were walking in a large forest alone at sunset, it would soon be dark. They have been assigned a drama project and they must perform their play to the class. They are discussing what the theme should be.

LUCY: I know! I've got an amazing idea for the play! You know how we have been studying about young animals and what they do daily, right? Well, we could be two lion cubs play fighting cos you know that's what they do! (In a confident tone)

EMMA: Ok, so I'll win the fight, obviou...

LUCY: Uhhhhh hang on! It's my idea so I get to pick which character I want to be first! (Sounding slightly agitated because it was her idea, and she wanted the main part)

EMMA: OK, fine! What character do you want to be? (Looking Fed up and defeated)

LUCY: The lion who wins! HA! (In a mean voice)

EMMA: That's not fair! You know I wanted to play that role! You're so ANNOYING!!! (In an irritated tone)

LUCY: And were you the one who thought of the idea? NO! Ok, right so now that's out the way, can we get on with the play. (Rudely)

EMMA: I wasn't stopping you! (Growing increasingly irate with how she is being treated by her friend)

LUCY: Ok, good! Soooooo, I'm gonna mime a fight with you! You are going to punch me in the face and then I will slap you back and you will lose your balance and fall over! I will place my right leg on your stomach and pull a victory pose. All right? (Confidently)


EMMA: It's a bit short don't you think?

LUCY: No, it's not!

EMMA: And it's all fighting, and miss will go mad if all we do is fight!

LUCY: (Mimicking their teacher) There's absolutely no dramatic quality in fighting children! (Laughing at her teachers' ways)





EMMA: (Mimicking their teacher) If you want to punch each other then join a boxing club!

LUCY: (Mimicking their teacher) I can't grade a fight!

EMMA: (Mimicking their teacher) You'll have to start again!

LUCY: No, no, no, that can't happen! (In a worried tone)

EMMA: Well, I have a query about your theme.

LUCY: Go for it!

EMMA: Well, unlike you, I did some research a few weeks ago for our lion cub project. Did you know mother lion has around half a dozen cubs, which tells us that they have many siblings, right? Well then it won't be realistic if there are only 2 lions are fighting cos normally all 6 lions would fight with each other and Miss will definitely tell us off for that! Which means we can go with my idea instead. It's a great one by the way! (In a joyful and enthusiastic look on her face)

LUCY: Ok smarty pants if your idea is soooo good, what is it?

EMMA: Ok, so my idea is that we could both be rabbits, I would be the mum (also called a doe) and you can be the baby rabbit (also known as a kit) I've done all the research!

LUCY: HA HA HA! That's rubbish!! (In a mocking voice)

EMMA: That's not fair! I have a complete story line; I've done all the research and the whole play planned out!

LUCY: If you've planned it all out then can I hear your ideas?

EMMA: Yeah, so I will be the doe and you will be the kit. I researched what the animals do on a daily basis, and these were the results: rabbits live in warrens, tunnels underground, and I thought it would be cool if we were digging a tunnel and we found a huge pile of carrots and we could eat them and .... (Talking quickly with an enthusiastic expression)


LUCY: NO! NO! NO! THAT IS THE WORST PLAY I HAVE EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE! WE ARE DOING MINE!

EMMA: NO MINE!

LUCY: Rock, paper, scissors?

EMMA: Yeah sure!



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(The pair played 3 rounds of the game and Lucy won 2/3 so Lucy's play won! Emma was annoyed but there was nothing she could do about it. )

LUCY: Right, can we please continue, we only have the weekend to sort this out! Because YOU wanted to complete your science fair proj ...

(A cacophony of growling appeared from the darkness, the sun had just settled for the night and a huge curtain a darkness emerged into the sky. The trees towered above them and shook wildly in a biting wind. The pair were frightened but they didn't want to admit it to one another. But that was the least of their problems at the moment. It was too dark for them to recognise their surroundings and they also forgot to bring a torch. But the continuous growling noise was too irritating and frightening for the girls to worry about anything else! )

EMMA: What was that?

LUCY: I dunno!

EMMA: I hadn't realised it had become so dark! (Looking scared)

LUCY: Me neither! But why would it matter? Are you scared?!

EMMA: Pfft no I'm not scared! (In an unsure voice)

LUCY: You are scared!! HA! HA! Scaredy cat! Scaredy cat! (Laughing)

EMMA: NO, I'M NOT! STOP IT! (Looking like she was about to cry)

LUCY: How are we gonna get out here anyway, I didn't bring a torch did you?

EMMA: No, but I do have my phon ...

(The wind whipped louder and more violent than ever and slapped both girls in the face making their cheeks sting.)

LUCY: What did you say? (Shouting over the wind)

EMMA: I – BROUGHT – MY – PHONE!

LUCY: Great! Now call your mum and tell her to come and pick us up!


EMMA: I can't!

LUCY: Why?

EMMA: For two reasons, one because I don't know where we are? And two...

LUCY: I can answer that for you, tell her we are in Featherston parks forest, I





thought you knew that!

EMMA: Ok, fine! But I have no internet connection!

LUCY: Easy! Use your data!

EMMA: I can't!

LUCY: Why?

EMMA: Because I have used all my data! And my phones on 1% This is a problem!  
And I'm starting to worry!

LUCY: I'm scared! (With a frightened expression on her face)

EMMA: Same! (In a terrified tone)

TOGETHER: I WANT MY MUMMY!

(The growling started to crescendo and then it suddenly ended. The girls could hear a soft, quiet breathing and a warm, misty breath gently tickled down their spines! They knew exactly what it was, A WOLF and that they would be gone in seconds as a nice appetizer for the animal)

LUCY: Don't move! (In an extremely quiet and quivering tone)

EMMA: You have been a great friend and have always looked out for me! Goodbye!  
(crying)

LUCY: SHHHHHHHHHH!

(But in an extreme turn of events, the wolf picked up both the girls by the jaw (wet, gooey saliva dripped down their backs) the animal hoisted the pair on his furry back and rode them to his burro where he placed them on the ground and let them rest. The fox had just saved them! A few hours later dawn approached, and the early morning sun spread golden ribbons of light down onto the forest.)

EMMA: Where are we?

LUCY: I think we're still in the forest.


EMMA: Oh yeah! The wolf saved us, didn't he?

LUCY: Yes! ... Wait do you hear that?

EMMA: Hear what?

LUCY: I think it's our parents calling for us! (Excited)



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EMMA: Yes! We can finally go home! I'm freezing! (Shivering)

LUCY: Me too!

(Eventually, Lucy's parents found the pair, and as they were too weak to walk, they were carried back home and lay snuggled in blankets on the sofa with hot chocolate, enveloped in hugs and kisses. And every night before the girls went to bed, they both looked out their window and stared deep into the forest to remember the inexplicable events and their fox hero would be treasured nostalgia in their hearts, but they dare not tell anyone. A few days later, it was time for the girls to perform their play, they decided that the idea was on that utterly amazing and terrifying night in the forest, they performed it well and everyone loved but it was now time for the teacher to give out the grades!)

TEACHER: Brian and James, you got a B+! Well done!

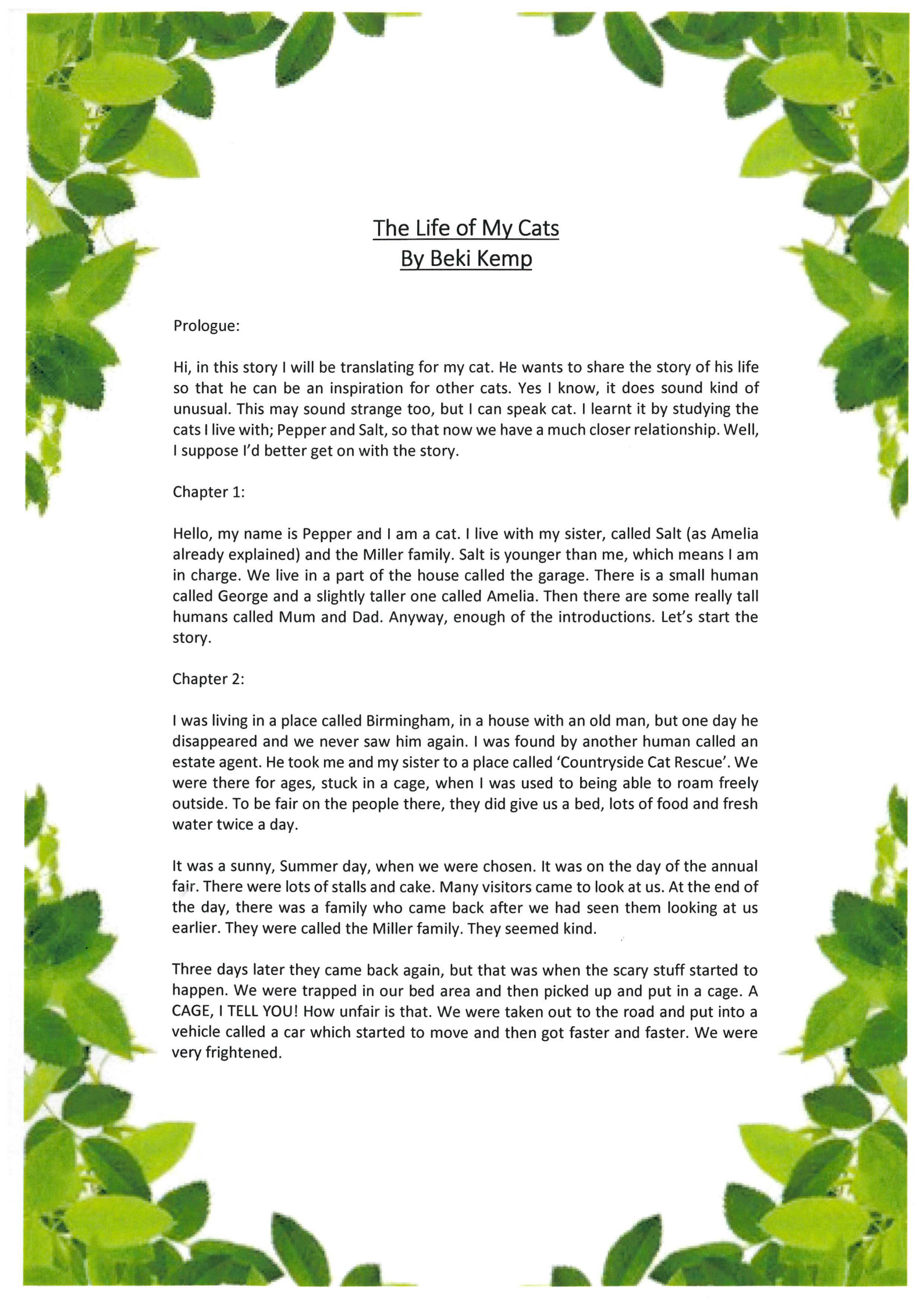
LUCY: Uhhh but theirs was really good! How can we possibly get a higher grade than that! (Slightly worried)

EMMA: Yeah, I really wanted to get an A!

TEACHER: And finally, Lucy and Emma! Your grade is ... an A! Well done the highest score I've given out all year! Your theme was so dramatic and jaw dropping! How did you produce such a great storyline?

TOGETHER: Some of the best plays are the ones that are true! (With an immensely proud expression on their faces)



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## The Life of My Cats

By Beki Kemp

### Prologue:

Hi, in this story I will be translating for my cat. He wants to share the story of his life so that he can be an inspiration for other cats. Yes I know, it does sound kind of unusual. This may sound strange too, but I can speak cat. I learnt it by studying the cats I live with; Pepper and Salt, so that now we have a much closer relationship. Well, I suppose I'd better get on with the story.

### Chapter 1:

Hello, my name is Pepper and I am a cat. I live with my sister, called Salt (as Amelia already explained) and the Miller family. Salt is younger than me, which means I am in charge. We live in a part of the house called the garage. There is a small human called George and a slightly taller one called Amelia. Then there are some really tall humans called Mum and Dad. Anyway, enough of the introductions. Let's start the story.

### Chapter 2:

I was living in a place called Birmingham, in a house with an old man, but one day he disappeared and we never saw him again. I was found by another human called an estate agent. He took me and my sister to a place called 'Countryside Cat Rescue'. We were there for ages, stuck in a cage, when I was used to being able to roam freely outside. To be fair on the people there, they did give us a bed, lots of food and fresh water twice a day.

It was a sunny, Summer day, when we were chosen. It was on the day of the annual fair. There were lots of stalls and cake. Many visitors came to look at us. At the end of the day, there was a family who came back after we had seen them looking at us earlier. They were called the Miller family. They seemed kind.

Three days later they came back again, but that was when the scary stuff started to happen. We were trapped in our bed area and then picked up and put in a cage. A CAGE, I TELL YOU! How unfair is that. We were taken out to the road and put into a vehicle called a car which started to move and then got faster and faster. We were very frightened.



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### Chapter 3:

We arrived at a house. It was made of brick and it looked really pretty. They put us in inside a room. At least we had food and water. We had our familiar basket and all of our old toys too. My favourite one had always been Tigger. We weren't allowed out though. That was so we didn't run away. Did you know that the humans had owned a trio of cats before us? One of them got out of the upstairs window and escaped, but those cats were allowed to be in the bedrooms. We're not allowed to go in the bedrooms because we scratch the furniture, which seems very unfair to me.

### Chapter 4:

A couple of weeks later, we were finally allowed outside. The sun was shining brightly and there were no clouds in the sky. Suddenly, another cat appeared from nowhere. I had never seen him before, but he looked just like me. Walking with purpose he came closer. I noticed he had claws that were long and sharp as knives. His eyes glinted like diamonds in the light. He noticed everything. He missed nothing.

His name was Sam and he had a sister. He started to hiss at me, but I said I was friendly. He didn't trust me at first, but now we are best of friends. Salt is friends with Sam's sister too.

There are lots of cats to compete with. We all wander into each others' gardens so I have to make sure that one of us is around so the others can't take over our garden. There is a cat who has fur as black as coal, apart from the tip of his tail which is white. He is a viscous cat. One to be wary of. His claws are like daggers and his eyes are piercing. He is the most feared cat in the neighbourhood and everyone is scared of him.

One day, he came into our garden after lunch; it must have been about two o'clock. He was strutting around like he owned the place. Luckily Ella was in the garage. I hissed loudly and immediately he looked at me. Then we both heard a noise above us, we looked up and there stood a human in the bedroom upstairs. She was one of the little ones. Her name was Amelia. She quickly shut the open window and disappeared, but a few seconds later she came out through the back door. White Tip was afraid and immediately ran off.






## Chapter 5:

A couple of days later and we were allowed out of the garage and into the house. I was wary since it was a new environment. I went into what was a long, narrow room. In front of me were some stairs and a door which was closed so I couldn't go in. I went through another door on the left. I was standing in front of two large sofas and a table. The walls were painted pale green and the carpet, which was very soft, was brown.

I carried on through another door into the kitchen. This had a hard, cold floor which I didn't like at all, so I went back into the other room. I explored lots more over the next few days and I got to know the house much better.

That brings me up to now. Sam and I are still friends and White Tip doesn't bother us anymore. We are gradually getting to know our family better; life is great and our days without a forever home are far behind us.







## The Magic of Nature

By Katie Brackley

I studied the old Oak tree carefully. It didn't look like a portal to another world. So I turned my head and asked Grandma why she thought it was.

She chuckled softly. "Can you not see the way the magic weaves in and out of this tree? Do you not know why it casts no shadow? My girl, I do not *think* this is a portal, I *know* it is. And one day, so will you."

I stared at her. "But you said there was no magic in this world. All of your stories said so." I tried to keep the accusation out of my voice.

"Yes, Rosie, but the stories are just stories. It contains more Nature Magic than any other!"

I sighed. "So now you're saying that every tree has nature magic?"

"Yes. How do you think trees grow like they do? How do you think the leaves grow back every year?"

"But that's just Nature. Not Nature *Magic*. Magic doesn't exist." I said confidently.

Grandma rolled her eyes. "Of course Magic exists! Magic, with a capital M!"

I groaned. There was no point in talking to Grandma when she was acting like this, so I pulled out my phone. Two missed calls from Jemma and Izzy. I frowned as I listened to the voicemail. Jemma never left those, something big must be on her mind. And I was right.

"You **HAVE** to come over R. The first 10 people to guess what Musical Melanie's favourite fruit is gets backstage passes to all her shows for a MONTH!"

I squealed in delight. Melanie was EVERYONE'S favourite pop star!

"I'm going to Jemma's house Grandma!" I called as I ran towards the house quickly. At the driveway I nearly went straight across, but I stopped. I double-checked for cars before hurrying to the house across the road. Jemma's house. I knocked on the door and waited- not so patiently- for someone to answer.

"Rosie! You came!" I grinned as Jemma opened the door just wide enough for me to see Izzy beaming back at me.

"Only 4 spaces left! We have to hurry, because if I don't get to see Melanie with backstage passes, I will *literally* die." Izzy said dramatically.

"We know," Jemma and I chorused.

Izzy rolled her eyes. "Well hurry up then, because we have to input our answers!"

I paused. "Wait. Do any of us actually know what Melanie's favourite fruit is?!"  
Silence.


"No... I reckon it's strawberry though." Jemma said finally.

"No way." I replied. "It's probably blackberry."

"**BOTH WRONG!**" Izzy yelled at us. She did a little victory dance. "It's raspberry. She says so in ***Music with Melanie.***"

"Oh yeah, I'd forgotten that." Jemma replied.





"I haven't even read that book. *How* did Izzy remember that?" I muttered under my breath.

"Inputting 3 answers of raspberry riiiiight... now." Izzy declared. But we were too late. The screen flashed gold right before she pressed the *send* button. I bit my lip. "We're out of time. They've all been taken." I closed my eyes. We weren't going to see Melanie. The best we could do was to watch a recording of the show. No backstage passes for us.

"Hey, there must be another way to get those tickets!" Jemma said. "do we have enough money to BUY backstage passes?"

"Nope." Izzy said gloomily. "they're REALLY expensive and I spent all my money on my sister's birthday.

I sighed. "Maybe we can get jobs backstage?" I said desperately.

"No chance. We're 12, R. We should just give up. I'm going home to die on my bed." Izzy murmured as she walked out the door.

I fell quiet. "I'm going home too Jem. Sorry."

Jemma sighed. "Yeah. Izzy's right. We should give up." She flopped onto her bed.

"Bye R."

I was as quiet as mouse when I walked back home. I didn't speak during dinner, or even when we were watching game shows. I just couldn't take my mind off those tickets. There *had* to be another way to get them, no matter what Jemma and Izzy said. There just had to be.

"Why so glum?" Grandma asked the next day over breakfast.

"I missed out on free backstage passes to see Melanie perform live with my friends."

I admitted quietly.

"Well surely there must be another way to get those tickets?"

"Well if there is, I haven't found it yet." I said miserably.

"Perhaps you should ask the tree. Nature uses its magic to help people, you know."


"Sure it does." I mutter as I climb up the stairs.

I thought Grandma's Nature Magic was just one of her stories again. But I decided to see if this tree *could* somehow help me get 3 backstage tickets to Melanie's performance.

I walked outside and stood in front of the oak tree. "I wish I could get backstage passes to Melanie's show for my friends and I." I held my breath for the count of 10 before bursting out in giggles. Nothing had changed. What had I expected?

I placed my hand on the bark of the tree. Pale green light with silver streaks came shooting out of it, twisting and turning, before wrapping themselves around me. It was like they were alive! Which, you know, was possible. A *portal*. I was being taken to another land! Or another world! I landed with a *bump* on a green hill. The tree was still there, but everything else had changed. I stood up cautiously. I caught a glance of my reflection in a crystal-clear stream and stifled a scream. What was I *wearing*? I had a sleeveless silk pale pink dress on, with a purple cape. My hair was pinned back and had changed colour to a lush-chocolate brown. I wasn't... well, me.





I slowly came to my senses and realised I wasn't alone. Two other people were walking towards me. A boy and a girl. The girl looked around my age, while the boy was a couple of years older. They were staring.

"Who *are* you and how did you get here?" the boy asked suspiciously.

"And where did you get that cool dress?!" the girl exclaimed.

"Zoe! We don't know who she is yet!" The boy frowned at the girl – Zoe.

"My name... you can call me Flora." I decided. I wasn't about to tell them my *real* name, not just yet anyway. I was Flora for now. "and I don't *know* how I got here. Or how to get back."

The boy sighed. "You can call me Flare. This is my sister, Zoe."

I made a face "*Flare?*"

"Codename." Zoe explained. "We all get them when we turn 13. We're named after our element."

"Element?" I asked, confused.

"Our power. Mine is water. Flare's is Fire. What's yours?"

I fell quiet and looked at my hands. "I... I don't know." I should have realised. If Nature Magic exists, why can't other's? I froze. Nature Magic. I'd used it to get here... maybe I had Nature Magic!

I concentrated all of my willpower towards a small patch of daisies. A couple of precious seconds later, a single rose flower started to grow.

"Nature Magic!" Zoe squealed.

I nearly laughed with glee, but then I remembered my problem. I had no way of getting home, and I still didn't have backstage passes to Melanie's show. I might never see my family or friends again. The reality of it almost crushed me, but I took a deep breath and carried on talking.

"Say I told you I came from another dimension... hypothetically of course... would you be able to help me get home, or...?"

Flare narrowed his eyes at me. "Well, *hypothetically*, we would be able to help you, but there are certain *rules* in Arlad, so if it meant..."

"Arlad?" I interrupted.

"Our land. This land. Arlad." He confirmed.

"Right... go on."

"So if it meant breaking one of those rules, we wouldn't do it. We have *enemies* who might *ask for our help* and then only go and *betray* us." He looked at me pointedly.

"hypothetically."

I bit my lip. Flare didn't trust me.

"Whatever." Zoe said. "that was a *long* time ago and Flora isn't one of them."

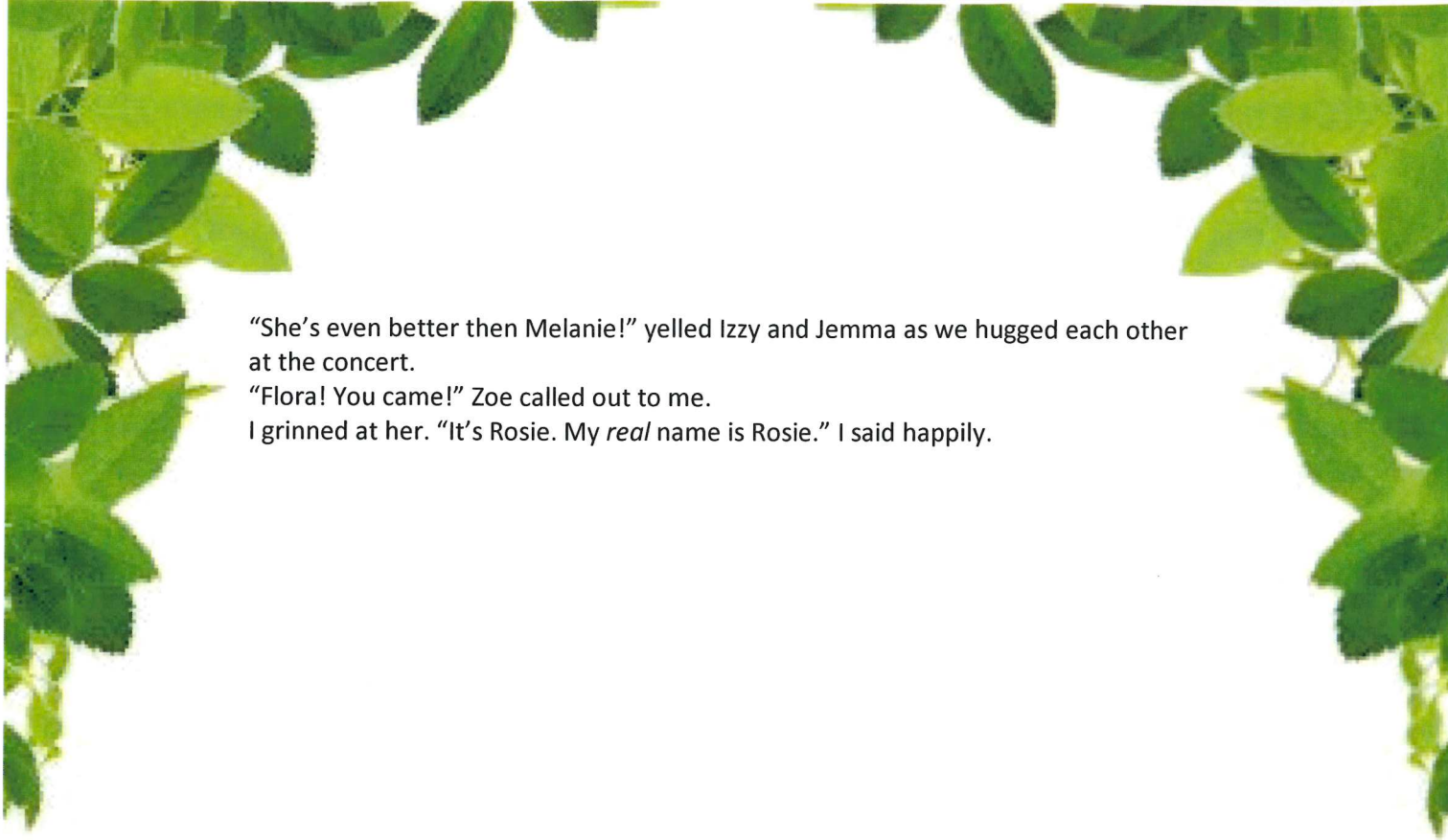
"It was last month!" Flare exclaimed.

"Exactly. A long time ago." Turning to me, Zoe said "There's a concert at this spot at noon tomorrow. You don't need tickets. Will I see you there?"

"Maybe." I said doubtfully, as they walked off into the distance.

I turned my head back to the Oak tree and once again placed my hand on the bark. At that moment in time, I knew exactly how to get back home. I had to wish.






"She's even better than Melanie!" yelled Izzy and Jemma as we hugged each other at the concert.

"Flora! You came!" Zoe called out to me.

I grinned at her. "It's Rosie. My *real* name is Rosie." I said happily.







## The Lost District of the Koala

By Mia Chan

It was a bright sunny Saturday morning in Wishford; birds were singing and bees were dancing. I rushed down stair, as quick as a flash to get ready for my table tennis training section.

"Holly , eat your breakfast quickly, and take Lola with you for a walk after you finish the section." said my mum who was in a hurry to get to work.

" Okay mum, I can handle it" I said while putting my shoes on.

Lola barked excitedly in the car, while we were on our way. The songs on the radio made my mum and I happy, which we both sang along it.

Suddenly, the music stops death and heard the following announcement :

" Breaking news, a district the city in Wishford , which is where we are currently living right now, went missing for this month. It's gone as silent as smoke and no one can find out what happened." said by Michael the newsreader. I was getting very interested and curious about the district, of how it would be like? How could it went missing without anyone seeing? What happened if someone found it? The amount of questions in my head increased, and I just couldn't stop thinking about it.

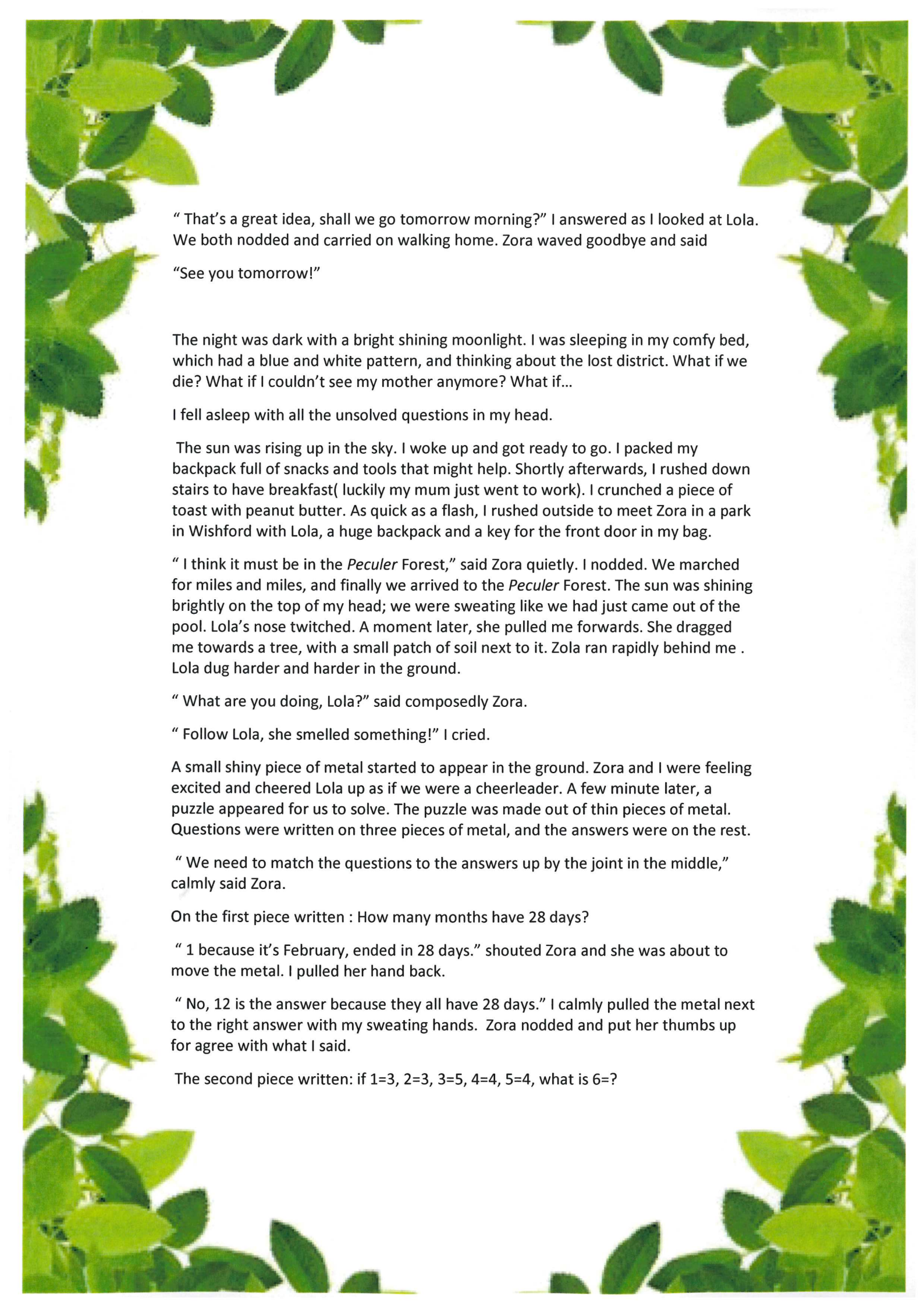
" Mum, could there be animal trapped inside the district, and how could it went missing without anyone seen?" asked Holly inquisitively. " Holly, you are such a clever girl to come up with a smart question. Yes, animal could be trapped in there and yes, people would notice of it has gone missing but I think someone is lying about this. Anyway, Holly, you've got to play well today, have fun with Zora and Lola, bye darling." said my mum while she waved at a girl with gingery- blond hair.

The girl had a pair of greyish-green eyes and a bag as blue as the bottom of the ocean floor . Zora and I were best friend since we first met. Because there weren't many girls in our club, mostly boys. We were both excited when we saw each other and we just couldn't stop chatting about the lost district. We were both playing amazing shots and showing amazing skills that day, because we nearly beat all the boys.

After the as hot as hell section, we went on a refreshing walk with Lola; we felt like we were walking on air. While we were walking, we were both discussing the lost district.

" Holly, did you want to investigate it, because than we can tells everyone how brave we are." said Zora excitedly.





"That's a great idea, shall we go tomorrow morning?" I answered as I looked at Lola. We both nodded and carried on walking home. Zora waved goodbye and said

"See you tomorrow!"

The night was dark with a bright shining moonlight. I was sleeping in my comfy bed, which had a blue and white pattern, and thinking about the lost district. What if we die? What if I couldn't see my mother anymore? What if...

I fell asleep with all the unsolved questions in my head.

The sun was rising up in the sky. I woke up and got ready to go. I packed my backpack full of snacks and tools that might help. Shortly afterwards, I rushed down stairs to have breakfast( luckily my mum just went to work). I crunched a piece of toast with peanut butter. As quick as a flash, I rushed outside to meet Zora in a park in Wishford with Lola, a huge backpack and a key for the front door in my bag.

"I think it must be in the *Peculer Forest*," said Zora quietly. I nodded. We marched for miles and miles, and finally we arrived to the *Peculer Forest*. The sun was shining brightly on the top of my head; we were sweating like we had just came out of the pool. Lola's nose twitched. A moment later, she pulled me forwards. She dragged me towards a tree, with a small patch of soil next to it. Zola ran rapidly behind me . Lola dug harder and harder in the ground.

"What are you doing, Lola?" said composedly Zora.

"Follow Lola, she smelled something!" I cried.

A small shiny piece of metal started to appear in the ground. Zora and I were feeling excited and cheered Lola up as if we were a cheerleader. A few minute later, a puzzle appeared for us to solve. The puzzle was made out of thin pieces of metal. Questions were written on three pieces of metal, and the answers were on the rest.

"We need to match the questions to the answers up by the joint in the middle," calmly said Zora.


On the first piece written : How many months have 28 days?

"1 because it's February, ended in 28 days." shouted Zora and she was about to move the metal. I pulled her hand back.

"No, 12 is the answer because they all have 28 days." I calmly pulled the metal next to the right answer with my sweating hands. Zora nodded and put her thumbs up for agree with what I said.

The second piece written: if  $1=3$ ,  $2=3$ ,  $3=5$ ,  $4=4$ ,  $5=4$ , what is  $6=?$





"Three!" shouted me and Zora at the same time and barked Lola who got scared and was shaking. Zora and I moved the metal carefully avoid to dropping it because it was as heavy as stone, much heavier than the first piece.

The third piece had a following written on it: there is a three-digit number, the second digit is four times bigger than the third digit, while the first digit is three less than the second digit. It is a multiple of twelfth, what am I?

There was a moment of silence; the watch around my wrist is ticking, the wind is blowing slightly, just enough to make the leaves on the trees move.

"Could it be 141?" I said unsurely.

Zora nodded, and said nicely, "we could try."

I joined the heaviest metal piece together with the answer. The quiet of the forest made me shudder with fear. The trees began to grow, the bloody orange sun was now covered and only left with darkness and a small amount of light. Just then, lights appeared in a cave right next to Zora. Brave Lola, walked quietly with her small paws towards the cave. We followed her. The cave was warm with fire from flaming torches. We sat there and had a rest.

BANG! A huge stone, just rolled across the entrance and closed it.

Zora and I were shaking with terror- what would happen to us? Could we stay alive? Would we made it through? Soon after, some words in a grid appeared in the floor, and a sentence emerge in the cave wall.

"I don't understand the language? Is that Spanish?" I asked while trembling.

"I think it's words with disordered alphabets." Claimed Zora.

These was the to solve, teh ditsirct si nrea yb, namials were aprtrped, solve the sentence.

The second sentence appeared with the instruction, 'unscramble the words and jump to the correct words written in a table on the floor, otherwise danger is nearby.'


Zora and I looked each other, shocked. "I think teh means the?" I asked unsurely.

"I think so, jump to the box with the words the, there are two boxes. You hold Lola." said Zora bravely.

We lifted our feet carefully towards the words 'the'. Nothing happened. We smiled at each other, and looked at the second word.

"I think it's district." I said certainly. Zora nodded. As silent as smoke, we lifted our feet and on to the box which said 'district'. A second later, we stepped in the box



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which was written 'is' because that's the only possible word solution of si.

"The third word is earn." said Zora surely.

"But it could be near as well." I claimed.

We hesitated a moment and then we went for earn. At the moment we stepped in the box with the words earn, Arrow shot out. Luckily we were quick enough to dodge it. The arrow touched the top of my head slightly. Then, we straight jumped to the words near, nothing happened.

We both felt relieved, so did Lola. A few minutes later, We walked through the words table in the floor.

"They've written nearby wrong, it's meant to be one word." said Zora cleverly.

The sentence said, the city is nearby, animals were trapped.

"What animal can it be? A mouse, kitten, dog. I hope they are still alive." said Zora sadly.

Instead of hearing what Zora said, I looked down at Lola who was walking forward, she seemed to be guiding us. We went after her. We walked miles and miles. The flaming torches seemed to be getting lighter and lighter, just then, we saw the sun, the bright shining sun and lakes and river, like a wonderland. Lola barked excitedly, we looked at her view, a giant group of koalas were smiling at us.

As quick as a flash, we took out tools and food to make koalas to follow us. An hour later, were backed at the entrance. We were saved, the animals were all save. We gave the grey fluffy koalas to the police, and at the exact time, the police caught a guy who had trapped the koala because he is trying breed and sell them illegally.

Luckily, our mums were working all night, so we didn't made them to worry. We got a medal from the president for saving animals and district, plus were on the news. Zora, Lola and I exchanged a smile along.

"I think I am up for the next adventure." I said quietly so that mum can't hear. Zora nodded with an extraordinary smile across her face. We were definitely ready for the next adventure.





## The Lost City

### Rebecca Pink

The bet was made at the end of history on the last day until the autumn hols. It was Ricco's idea to do the bet, you see we had started learning about the legend of the lost city which was said to be concealed within the Wayless woods which isn't far from the boarding school. So, it seemed like a good idea over the autumn hols to make a bet for twenty shillings that whoever found the city first would win.


As soon as school ended, me and Aria walked down to the edge of the wood just before night fall. We were going up against my brother Ricco and his friend Freddie to find the city, this made me even more determined since so far, we had a winning streak of three. There have been many rumors spread about the Wayless Woods, the shadows a cloak woven from death, darkness, and secrets to hide the monsters that lurked there, and the twelve-year-old girl who entered and never came back out, of course I know these are just some fairy tales designed to discourage children who think of entering the woods, but they still scare me, a bit.

We went in, almost straight away we were engulfed in thick dusty muggy air which made it almost impossible to breath. I could almost feel my pupils widening in the darkness; however, we were lucky enough to find a pack of matches in amongst the snacks in arias backpack, but these didn't even last us an hour so being unable to even see a meter in front of us we were forced to settle down to sleep away the night.

I could have nether have prepared for the extreme discomfit that I was about to undergo, it was cold, and the forest sounds spooked me the owl calls and the constant crunch of leaves under the feat of the nocturnal creatures that scavenged the dark wood for food, this made me flinch at every sudden noise or movement nearby.

I must have fell asleep eventually for when I awoke the forest seemed brighter, softer, and much less menacing, the trees towered into the sky their crowns poking through the clouds, their trunks dappled with the pale-yellow morning light their canopy's so broad a troop of soldiers could shelter beneath the leaves. I picked one of the fiery autumn red leaves out of my hair and let it crumple into a fine dust and trickle between my fingers onto the floor. There were clusters of shrubs covered in a myriad of jet-black berries shiny with dew, their pleasant but intoxicating scent made my senses drowsy, their juice stained the moist moss a deep violet. I gently crushed one of the berries between my fingers and then tentatively tasted the juice, but I couldn't help but wince at their tartness. The smell of wildflowers and fading blossom hung in the air mingled with the sweet pine needle scent. Tiny flowers delicate and pale as wax covered patches of soil. Just visible, the gleaming, cherry red and white mushrooms poked





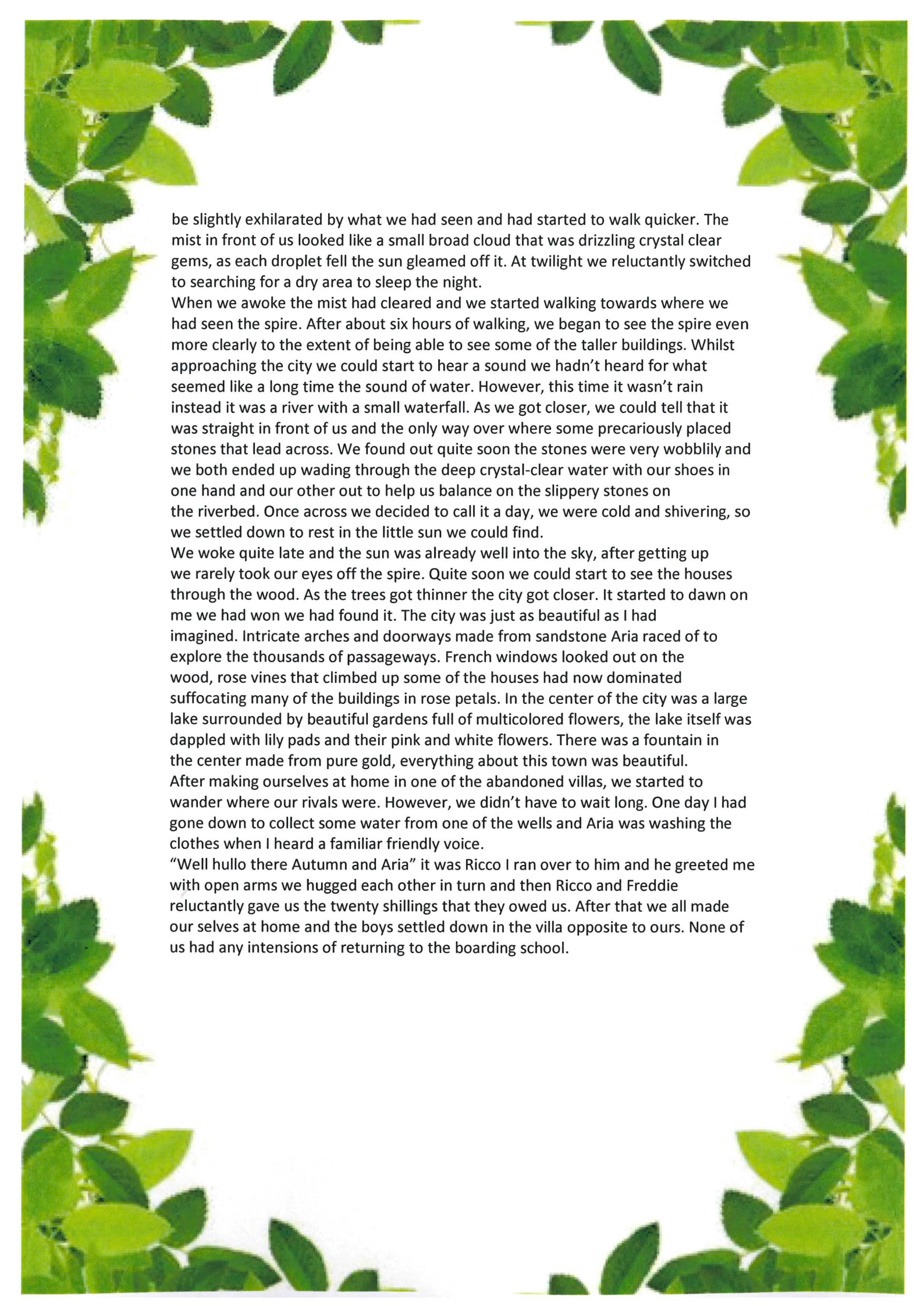
their hats out from above the crimson and caramel leaves. In the clearing that we had settled last night in, Aria still slept snoring loudly surrounded in the sun's golden light.

After shaking Aria out of her slumber, we got up and continued to wander clueless of where we were going deeper into the forest. Silky gossamer hung between blades of luscious grass and in veils from high up branches, each thread was embroidered with hundreds of crystal beads. Among the trees, pools spotted the ground shimmering against the grey and white pebbles; around the pools was flowering oleander. We stopped by the pool to have a drink it was fresh and chill and very refreshing. The trees that surrounded the pools were clustered in nests as pale as the wood under the bark that was peeling from the trunks which they clung to, the inhabitants of these nests swarmed about the oleander pollinating each one whilst humming their constant tune.

It was almost evening and it still seemed as if we had made no progress after another hour the forest had resumed the menacing dark cloak that it had also worn last night so we having found a suitable place to sleep we lay down. It seemed peaceful at least until the rain came, at first, I could only hear the ominous, inevitable thrumming of drops on leaves, and then the canopy gave way to a shower of water drenching us right down to our skin. The wood had lost its beauty and was instead replaced with a dim, dreary atmosphere where we could barely see five feet in front of us because the rain pelted down like bullets. We got up, stumbling, and splashing through at first mildly deep puddles and then through deep lakes, it froze us the rivers and pools that had seemed so pretty now swelled and the crystal-clear water now turned a muddy clouded glaucous green. After what felt like an eternity, sun started to shyly peep out from behind the smoke grey clouds, and slowly but steadily the rain began to ease off. Another five hours passed, and the water had gone down substantially, and the wood was returning to its original self however the water had left something behind, ink cap mushrooms, when we first came across them it was where all the water had gone, they were white and brown and they wore what looked like top hats, as we trampled them under foot a black liquid oozed out of them staining our trainers a deep violet.

Throughout the rest of the day the sun got hotter and hotter and it started to become humid and a mist so thick we could barely see anything as we moved on, feeling out in front of us with our feet and arms. As parts of the mist began to condensate droplets began to form on our upper lashes causing the world to fracture into red, yellow, blue and all the colors in-between, constantly brushing away the droplets to enable us to see again a sudden gust of wind caused the mist in front of us that was hanging in the air to swirl out of the way to reveal the wood in all its majestic beauty, but there was something else it wasn't clear but I could just make out a tall spike taller than any of the trees, the top of it concealed by clouds, I glanced at Aria, she had seen it too, it was the spire of a church. We couldn't help but





be slightly exhilarated by what we had seen and had started to walk quicker. The mist in front of us looked like a small broad cloud that was drizzling crystal clear gems, as each droplet fell the sun gleamed off it. At twilight we reluctantly switched to searching for a dry area to sleep the night.

When we awoke the mist had cleared and we started walking towards where we had seen the spire. After about six hours of walking, we began to see the spire even more clearly to the extent of being able to see some of the taller buildings. Whilst approaching the city we could start to hear a sound we hadn't heard for what seemed like a long time the sound of water. However, this time it wasn't rain instead it was a river with a small waterfall. As we got closer, we could tell that it was straight in front of us and the only way over where some precariously placed stones that lead across. We found out quite soon the stones were very wobbly and we both ended up wading through the deep crystal-clear water with our shoes in one hand and our other out to help us balance on the slippery stones on the riverbed. Once across we decided to call it a day, we were cold and shivering, so we settled down to rest in the little sun we could find.

We woke quite late and the sun was already well into the sky, after getting up we rarely took our eyes off the spire. Quite soon we could start to see the houses through the wood. As the trees got thinner the city got closer. It started to dawn on me we had won we had found it. The city was just as beautiful as I had imagined. Intricate arches and doorways made from sandstone Aria raced of to explore the thousands of passageways. French windows looked out on the wood, rose vines that climbed up some of the houses had now dominated suffocating many of the buildings in rose petals. In the center of the city was a large lake surrounded by beautiful gardens full of multicolored flowers, the lake itself was dappled with lily pads and their pink and white flowers. There was a fountain in the center made from pure gold, everything about this town was beautiful. After making ourselves at home in one of the abandoned villas, we started to wander where our rivals were. However, we didn't have to wait long. One day I had gone down to collect some water from one of the wells and Aria was washing the clothes when I heard a familiar friendly voice.

"Well hullo there Autumn and Aria" it was Ricco I ran over to him and he greeted me with open arms we hugged each other in turn and then Ricco and Freddie reluctantly gave us the twenty shillings that they owed us. After that we all made our selves at home and the boys settled down in the villa opposite to ours. None of us had any intensions of returning to the boarding school.



A decorative border of green leaves and vines frames the entire page, with leaves appearing at the top, bottom, and sides.

## The 4 Little Bunnies

### By Siobhan Appleyard

There once 4 bunnies,  
Happy bunny's they were.  
Living in their stump  
Without a care in the world

Their fluffy white ears,  
And bright yellow coats  
Their pink twitchy noses.  
And sweet little toes

Out there whole they hopped.  
One at a time  
With that the sun shone  
On their queer little line

The grass underneath  
The sky up above  
The berries and fruit  
On which they munched

When all of a sudden  
Out a blue  
They weren't safe.  
Something they knew.

Was it the glint of an eye?  
Or the rustle in the grass  
The swish of a tail  
Or a bright orange flash

They got to their toes,  
And nobody knows.  
Where it they go  
The 4-little bunny's  
Out in the world



A decorative border of green leaves and vines frames the top and bottom corners of the page. The leaves are various shades of green, from light lime to deep forest green, and are arranged in a natural, trailing pattern.

## The Storm

### By Ana Govindasamy

The clouds hung low over squat brick buildings, and bare trees stood yellow, and uniform in their lifelessness. Slivers of sunlight find their grasp on slate rooftops, blind fingers fighting through the winds, wiped out by the gusts, that blows the mottled marble closer and closer, from the horizon. Crows perch on aerials, eras clashing on Victorian chimney breast. Shutters slam as the wind whips, faster and faster, howling around the autumn-red-brick. Evergreens stand, tall and round over the world. They've seen the driest droughts survived the harshest blizzards.

But this is the one storm they know they won't survive.

That was ten years ago.

That was before she died.


Before she was washed away by the floods.

And she floated above rooftops, past uprooted trees.

The storm was a decade ago.

And it's brewing again.



A decorative border of green leaves and vines frames the entire page, with leaves appearing at the top, bottom, and sides.

## The Year is 2042

### By Hope Brotherhood

The year is 2042.

And the world is moving on. Away from us; humans. It all started about 5 years ago, when I was 11. The world was as you know it, beautiful, made from the essence of love and joy. Plants grew and animals roamed the streets everywhere you looked. But that was before the war, and advanced technology. People became so obsessed with power, and control, the internet became their everyday life, and people who tried to stop it? They were never seen again. No one ever really knew why they tried, we called them the untamed. And only when I was 14, I became one. Our mission is to stop our world from moving on. Because the thing that our leaders don't know; is that if we don't stop making the world more advanced, the more we will destroy it.

I walk down the dark incusted alley way trying not to be seen. My hair is pinned up in a low messy bun and I have a mask covering my eyes. Skilfully, we go through a lot of procedures to be put on certain jobs. This time I need to retrieve a hard drive and destroy it before they use it to bring out the next toy. I know it sounds silly, but it could make a big difference to the development of technology. And anyway, this is one of our smaller cases.

There he was, Mr. Cornfield, the owner of the company, Sealbrook Toys. He left through the back entrance, and by the looks of it, did not lock it behind him. As soon as he is out of sight, I sneak up to the door. These cases always give me a burst of energy. It has become fun to do the smaller ones; the big cases are the most frightening. Luckily, so far, I have been on just one. And let me tell you, that wasn't fun. But that's the thing, my life has never been fun.