



King's High School



Junior Creative Writing
Summer Anthology:
Nature

The Darkness in You

by Charlotte

Shadows swirled around my hand, creeping behind my back and seeping through my skull into my brain as I slept, thoughts sneaking past my resting defences and crawling past the nightmare that had said goodnight to my consciousness as it tapped my mind into a state of fear. The nightmare in question, a repeat of my sister's brutal murder. As the shadow snapped me awake, I watched as my brother looked at me through fearful eyes, staring into my eyes like I had turned into a demon. The hospital bed I was laying on suddenly shook, I looked at my brother, who rushed out of the ward, and no later than a minute later he reappeared with my doctor, who looked at me carefully, before ushering my brother out of the room. He walked out, glancing at me worriedly before turning his back and running out, his phone cable trailing behind him. My doctor took another scan of my heart, like he had the day before, and the day before that. He muttered to himself, Lord save me, and I repeated, but I don't think he noticed. I sat up, he stared at me, fear flittering in his eyes like a mockingbird, but I just shrugged it off like I had when he told me I should be dead last week. I stood, walking to him like I did every morning.

'What dream was it?' he asked.

'The usual.' I lie. 'What happened?' I asked, 'Why

are you scared?' he looked at me, surprised.

'Take a look in the mirror.' I pushed past him and looked in the hospital mirror, shocked at the violet eyes that stared back at me. 'Viola...' he said gently, 'I'm afraid we'll have to take you to a facility.' He took out his phone, and I stopped him.

'All I want is a normal life, without surgery or operations or bad lungs or stupid powers!' I yelled at him, then collapsing into my bed as my lungs gave out. 'Does my brother-' I said calmly, ignoring my previous outbreak.

'Cameron is fine. He just needs to understand.'

'What will they do to me?'

'They need to be able to work out what power you have, how dangerous you are...'

I walk to the door. 'Well, we'd better get going then!' I said, masking the fear inside me.

At the facility, the gates to it are locked with iron bars.

'Iron stops all powers.' He explained to me.

Men surround our vehicle and as soon as the gates are locked behind us, the men take out their weapons and force me out of my seat and force me to walk to the building. I start having a

coughing fit as the gas from the cars enters my lungs, and the men force me to keep moving. We got inside the building and the men at security scanned me.

'Name?' the men asked me.

'Viola Sheffield.' I said, my voice cracking from my coughing fit.

'Age?'

'Four- Fifteen.'

'Birthdate?'

'Seventeenth of July, 1932.'

They walked me to a room in which another Elemental sat. He smiled shyly then tilted his head down as the men followed me in.

'You'll be stuck with Finnick. He's a fire Elemental so be careful. Wake up at five am and sleep at ten pm. As soon as you wake up Finnick will show you where to go.' He told me, 'Room 301, Rider.' He said to Finnick. They left and locked the door.

'Hey.' I said to him.

'Hi. Um, what element are you?' he asked.

'Dunno. I just arrived.'

'It doesn't matter. Tell me what happened.'

I explained, and then he was on his feet and testing the door to see if it was open. I muttered something and he looked at me questioningly.

'It's locked. They locked it as I came in.' I said, louder.

He glared at me.

'Hey!' I said. 'Just trying to help.'

'We need to get out of here.' He told me.

'Yeah, well I know that. I don't want to be exploited for my powers. Besides, my friends and brother need me. My parents aren't the best people, and my brother relies on me for a lot of things. I earn money for him, cause my parents won't feed him, I stop kids bullying him, I... I'm sorry. I talk a lot.' I stuttered.

'Hey it's okay. I'll get you back to your brother.'

'And how exactly are you planning to do that? We don't even know where we are, let alone how to get back.'

'Just because you don't know... I've been here years. I was just waiting for a reason to leave. They trust me enough. I'm a golden ward now.'

'Why do I change anything?'

'I've never had a reason to escape before. Your brother, my mum...'

'How do we escape?'

'Now you're asking the right questions. Okay. We can't talk now. I'll wake you up at four.'

'Isn't it five?'

'Want to escape or not?'

'I kind of want to know my powers first.' I said, scowling.

'Wait a second. I can find out.' He said holding out his hands. I let him take my hands and I felt

his powers surge through my skin, I stared into his eyes, he looked at me. 'You'll have to trust me, don't make a sound or they'll kill us. They don't know I can do this.' I shivered, the wave of his power shattering my already weak defences. I let him search through my mind, picking at memories I held, feelings and emotions I felt. I felt him sneak further into my mind and search through my oldest memories, things I'd hidden, even from myself. I felt him see all my breakups, all my fears, deaths I'd seen, danger I'd caused. I felt him look at my darkest secret, the thing I'd not thought about for years, the reason my lungs broke, the reason I didn't talk for a year, just so that no-one could find out. I felt him pull out of my mind, shocked. I turned around, sat down. He looked at me.

'You want to know what happened?' I asked.

'If you don't-'

'It's fine. You are the first person I've told in three years.'

He looked apologetic, scared of me for the first time.

'I... my sister and I went down to the stream, we were playing there, my parents hadn't started drinking, my family wasn't a mess, we hadn't... Cameron was working at the garage, before his accident, we were just playing, my sister fell in the stream, I watched her fall, I didn't do anything, I could have saved her, but I didn't. I just stood, watched her. I saw her get carried away into the river. The river, it was a time where it was flooded, it was so strong. No-one could've survived, she hit a rock, I saw her blood run down the river, her hair it was dyed red, she

was so scared, I heard her scream so loud...' I hiccupped; a single tear ran down my cheek. 'I didn't do anything, my parents weren't home, I went home, Cameron asked where she was, I lied, I told him I didn't know, I could've saved her, she wasn't dead yet, but I lied. Cameron got blamed for her disappearance. A few weeks later, a body was discovered in the river. Me and my family were sent to recognise her, I could see her bloated body from lying in the river for a week. Cameron was arrested, sent to prison for a year, I couldn't sleep for a month, I felt so bad, my parents started to drink, I had no friends, my life was a mess... I went to the bridge on the other side of town, wanted to end my life, I fell onto a rock, my lungs were punctured, I got sent to hospital, Cameron got let out of prison, but he came home to be on his own with my drunk parents, who abused and whipped him when he misbehaved. I managed to convince my doctor to get him to stay in my ward in the hospital, he stayed there till I got better, I worked fifty hours a week to try and earn enough for us to survive. After he got out of prison, Cameron was different. He wasn't energetic, or friendly, or willing to work...' I gulped, tears pouring down my face. He put his arm round me and for a few minutes, it was like my sister was next to me, comforting me after my girlfriend broke up with me, after my friends deserted me.

'It's okay.' He whispered. 'I've got you...'

I looked at him. For the first time, I saw him for what he was, the evil inside him showing as he filled his hand with fire. I shook, my whole body convulsing, and I fell to the ground. He grinned, snarling at me menacingly.

Lost

by Rhiannon

I stare attentively. My heart racing with my body frozen to the spot. They've seen me. I can't move or they'll know where I am and if that happens, I have no chance. The predator never fails to catch its prey. That's the rule here. I'm the prey of these beasts, just a helpless fox. They turn away. I know it's safe, but my legs don't want to carry me. I try numerous times, but something is telling me inside that it's not safe. Even though I watched the danger walk off. Bells are ringing in my head and my legs are urging me to stay put. I watch my siblings anxiously. I want to join them, but I can't.

Crash! A tree falls heavily on the ground. I stumble into the den. My paws quiver under me. I lie down waiting for the constant booms to pass. The floor vibrating after each crash with more and more each second. I close my eyes and snuggle into my red bushy tail for comfort. The gloominess of the den reassures me that the dangerous predator causing this may not see me. I detect footsteps coming toward me. I bolt upright and speed to the corner. A hand reaches hesitantly into the den. I freeze. My breath stops. The predator never fails and that's the rule here. Millimetres away from me, the body suddenly flinches almost hitting me in the face. The hand goes away out of the den, and I sense the creature stumble off.

Silence falls over the forest. My ears rotate to detect any slight noise. Nothing. I slowly walk towards the entrance of the den. My heart pounding. All I see is trees, chopped down. My forest is gone. What I once knew has been taken away. My family, my siblings all gone in what felt like a few seconds. It doesn't take long for me to realise that this forest may never be safe for me again. I must move go now.

I've never seen the edge of the forest before. It's certainly different to what I'm used to. The ground is weird stoney and hard rather than the soft dirt back home and everywhere you look there are

settlements from the predators with the weird transparent matter and the thing that can open and close the entrances. I glance around and realise that there's nothing here apart from the predators. I turn around and head back to the ruined forest or now.

Morning breaks and there's a smell in the air. A new smell. I jolt up and scan the area, but I can't see or hear anything. I run in glee in the opposite direction of the predator settlement. I always wonder how they manage to walk around on two legs rather than four. I come to a halt and find a path. I'm hesitant as I know it's a sign of nearby predators. I decide to walk along the side next to a bush just in case. I happily trot down the path not seeing any predators.

I hear a voice. Not a fox voice, neither predator. It's new. I listen, intrigued. My ears rotate to the sound. I follow it, stumbling over fallen branches and logs. I'm surprised this forest hasn't been attacked by those predators. I keep running following the voice. My paw gets trapped under a tree root and I fall to the floor with a thud. I try to stand but my back paw is in too much pain. I can't walk. Yet the voice gets increasingly closer. Panic grows inside me. I don't know what to do. I lie down in surrender to the voice, trying to attend to my injured paw.

The voice gets closer. There's a rustling in the bush, spreading fear through my whole body. A thought enters my head. What if it's the predator, the predator never fails. That's the rule. It's gradually getting nearer. My whole body freezes. I stare at the bush and a large badger comes out. I've never seen a badger before but then I have never really left the den much either. For what feels like forever we just stand staring at each other. Until the badger starts muttering in a grouchy voice. I keep my eyes on him as I don't know what badgers are capable of. His eyes stray to the surrounding shrubs and suddenly moves them back me. He turns away and shouts at me as if I should follow. I start hobbling

slowly behind him. He suddenly turns around and notices my injury. The badger investigates it closely and starts building something, telling me to make myself comfortable.

The next morning, I wake up to bird songs and an alive forest. I glance at my paw and realise that the badger has bandaged it and tried to make something to help me walk and then left. I slowly get to my feet. My body quivers under me but I soon find a method of walking. I slowly go back to the predator's path as although I have seen kindness there's no place for me here. I glare up to the sky and just sit by the path thinking. I see predators entering the forest with axes. I look in the other direction and see a young predator on a weird contraption. She stops and crouches down next to me. I would normally run but this is different. We sit there for ages.

Once there were forests, back when I was a young cub. There were trees as far as the eye could see. Now it's just a wasteland. A wasteland of the once predator. Every day, I'll look out and listen and if I'm lucky I might spot one of us, hiding secretly within the humans because the humans never fail and that was the rule. You see I was one of the lucky ones. I lost one family and found a new one. My home is with the humans, with the girl who helped me. Although I was lost, I was found and now the world will make sense because we can never be defeated, that's the new rule. So, on a cloudy cool day, I advise you to just sit outside, in the grass and listen. Close your eyes and listen and then you might hear the voice. The voice of freedom.





The Horses of the Moor

by Flick

The stallion's muscles rippled as he powered forward, his herd following suit as they battled with the hilly terrain of the stretched moors, the wind battering at their faces. Loud snarling from the trucks close behind them was a tell-tale sign that they were soon to be caught. Nevertheless, determined as ever, the herd powered forward. The Stallion was a deep shade of chestnut, his mane wild and tangled, a star planted on his forehead. A reassuring whinny from the stallion was thrown into the howling gale, and a terrified cry came back from grey mare, who was guarding one of eight foals. The rev of the engine grew

louder, and a screech of pain met the stallion's ears. He halted suddenly and whipped around, panicked. A young mare had been dragged back by a harsh lasso, chafing into her smooth coat. Rearing, the stallion began to charge forward as the rest of the herd kept back, ramming shoulder on into the truck as gasps came from the cab. He battered at it with his hooves, his nostrils flaring, ears pinned back. Gasping, the drivers were momentarily distracted, and busied themselves trying to restart the engine, but not before the stallion had pulled the rope from the truck's tether to free the mare.

Brook

by Flick

The stream bubbled gently as the water flowed smoothly, gently tickling the tips of my toes. Minute sized fish darted back and forth between ankles and protruding stones, letting the water whisk them away down the stream to wherever they were destined to go next. Most of the stream was caressed by the warm sunlight, others cast into shade by trees of all kinds, some smooth and young, some old and brittle. The bottom of the stream was a random mix of smooth pebbles, pleasantly cool against bare feet on a warm midsummer's day, not at all malicious and sharp like you'd expect. It was one of those places that was always there, gently welcoming you, ready to sweep away the woes of life, an untouched beauty that would be there for many years to come.

Among the Willows

by Flick

I walked through the thick gathering of willow trees, their long branches parting easily as I wandered forward. Carpets of lush grass was soft beneath my feet, tickling the tips of my toes through my sandals. I used my hands to gently push apart the sweeping branches, my gaze resting on a smooth, hollow trunk. It was shady, with cracks of soft sunlight peeping through the branches and creeping across the soft green expanse of grass. I ran my hand down the trunk of the tree, smooth and hollow against my palm. Slowly it began to open, the ever-expanding crack glowing a bright white as it invited me to step into another dimension...

A Tale of Two Sisters

by Isla

In a faraway town known as Pleatwood, there lived two sisters. One of fair golden locks and periwinkle blue eyes that entranced all those who lay eyes upon her, the other of dark tangles and a mood of gloominess and secrets that displayed her as someone rather disagreeable. The first, Heather, was known for her undeniable beauty, her willingness to help at all costs and her charming manner. The second, Ebba, was notoriously known for being extremely morose, her shy, gloomy way of presenting herself and her vexatious way of seeming to not hear when she was spoken to or requested to attend to a task. Each sister was the exact opposite of the other.

One day, after leaving the village for a walk, the two encountered a small child in the woods. Heather, wanting to retain her perfect, pleasing status, immediately hurried over to tend to the frightened boy (of which she concluded must be an orphan) whilst Ebba hung back, feeling shy and irritated that her sister was making such a fuss over the infant and disrupting their stroll. Heather, without much coaxing, took the hand of the boy in a seemingly kind way and lead him back the way they had come, all the way back to the village. Having returned, Heather, with her looks and noticeable way of dress, had attracted a tumultuous gathering of intrigued villagers, all crowding to catch a glimpse of who this newcomer was. With a frightened expression, the boy, of whom had revealed his name was Odin, seemed to wither and shrink in the gaze of the gossiping people. Heather noticed this, and, being the good girl once again, gently took the frightened child's hand and pressed through the throng of people. Ebba followed them, scrutinizing

her sister from a distance, feeling jealous of her attention and like she was a loose thread at the hem of the regal robe her sister's confidence wore.

Inside their cottage, a toasty fire blazed before a soft velvet armchair, casting a warm glow upon the white-washed walls. A tabby purred upon a cushioned stool of patchwork; a copper kettle whistled merrily to itself on the stove in the adjacent room. Posies of violets and daisies perched on the sunlit windowsill and a plate of piping hot pastries stuffed with sweet sticky apricot jam sat upon the polished oak table in the very centre of the spacious, cosy room. To all the senses the house was a safe refuge. Odin timidly took a seat and with a slightly bolder hand, took one of the apricot pastries. Heather smiled at him with her blue eyes sparkling as he ate with gusto. Unnoticed by others, behind her back, her hands were balled into fists and her muscles clenched tight. After he finished eating, Heather hid her frustration at the mess of sticky crumbs and invited the beguiled boy to see her toy ship from her childhood and lead him to a small wooden door.

Down cool stone steps they trod, into a cramped circular space. The cellar, dark, damp and distinctly gloomy, was draped in masses of frail, dust-smothered cobwebs, though that didn't deter Heather from venturing down there. Heather sat Odin down on a rickety stool. Placing her ice-cold hand upon his pale moon shaped face, she assured him of her return after fetching him a glass of milk. At the top of the stairs, she smiled a cruel smile and giggled gleefully to herself, before

drawing a key from her pocket and locking the door with a sharp click. There was no ship.

Meanwhile, Ebba was upstairs reading one of her many contraband books (The Sailor who wore petticoats- her favourite!); no one knew of her desire to become an author beyond the cramped extent of her inadequate village, but why would they, when all she was to them was a moping, miserable girl. Too engrossed in her book and wistful dream, she was oblivious to the spiteful events unfolding beneath her.

A few days later, Ebba sat bolt upright in bed, the silken sheets slumping onto her legs. It was pitch black, the middle of the night, yet a queer mewling sound was coming from the dark downstairs- the cat perhaps? But no, she mused (also, as the cat was snoozing snugly at the foot of her bed), it sounded more like the whimpering of a fretful child. Her mind darted at once to the boy, Odin, that Heather had taken care of earlier. Was he downstairs? Heather had claimed that she had delivered him to the local library where she knew the Librarian would have a place for him to stay until they could find him a permanent home. But come to think of it, the librarian was an aged and ill-natured woman, extremely egotistical and rude, with an immense hoard of unspent money that she selfishly kept for herself. A sudden turn in nature seemed extremely improbable in the context of the old woman, so what had actually happened to Odin? The noise came again but even louder and shriller. The sound was nothing like Ebba

had ever heard before, as if the noisemaker was in great pain or distress. It sent a shiver of foreboding down her spine, but she knew she must face the truth; she must go down and see where the sound had come from.

But the sight Ebba was met with was nothing like she'd imagined.

A tear-stained, cowering boy. An accusative finger pointed from the towering, heinous monster of her sister. Glaring cold eyes. A malicious grin. A bitter laugh. The truth of who her sister really was.

They were safe. Heather was gone. Banished for good. The whole village had heard talk of her cruelty and sly deceit; the realisation that her beauty was superficial. Now she was only thought of with extreme disrepute. It came to light that Heather had enslaved poor Odin (thankfully only for a few hours) and punished him severely if he did not comply with her harsh demands. In contrast, Ebba was celebrated as a hero! She showed enormous courage in standing up to her sister and rescued Odin. She proved herself to be kind and honourable, and her pure heart shone through her misunderstood appearance. Free to chase her dreams and supported by a kind community she started a book shop. The sign above the door read "Don't judge a Book by its Cover" and the smart young boy behind the counter was called Odin.

Words

by Isla

Words have a taste when you say them,
Some taste sweet,
Some sour,
And some so boring to say they have no taste at all!
I like words,
My favourite (it's 'bonkers'!) is a combination of many strange flavours,
Some days,
It is nutty with a sharp kick of lime,
(Or perhaps it might taste like custard),
Others it has an herby relish,
And –very occasionally- its flavour is the scent of something hardly edible to us humans at all.
Sometimes it is more of an aroma,
An air,
A feeling,
Or maybe acorns.
Imagine if every book you read aloud,
Tasted of your favourite foods. Imagine that!
Reading about fairies in a forest and you taste sweet candy floss,
Of pirates in the Caribbean Sea and you sample a salt-smothered pile of crispy chips!
Whatever the occasion,
Whenever the time,
Words can be magic.

Toxic Air

by Izzy

The trees stand tall, but they weep,
Their leaves fall, they cannot keep,
The air is thick, the skies are grey,
The environment is dying, day by day,

The oceans once full of life and wonder
Now choked with plastic, a world torn asunder
The creatures that lived beneath the waves
Now suffer and die, enslaved by human ways

The forests that once were full of sound
Now echo silence, the wildlife drowned.
The animals that roamed free and proud
Now struggle to survive, their voices not loud

The fields once green, now scorched, and brown.
The rivers and lakes, a toxic crown.
The earth cries out, in pain and strife,
A world once beautiful, now fighting for life.

The glaciers once majestic and grand,
Now melting away, turning to sand.
The earth is warming, the ice caps retreat,
A world once rich, now incomplete.

Humanity, so blind and deaf,
Ignoring the signs, ignoring the theft.
Of a world that was given to us to cherish,
Now slowly dying, it will soon perish.

The sad truth is clear for all to see,
The environment is dying, it's plain to me.
We must act fast, we must make a difference,
Before it's too late, get rid of the ignorance.

Oceans of Change

by Izzy

Sadness descends, struggle prevails,
No more paw prints on the trails.
No more animals, no more love,
Because of us no more birds above

No more sounds of laughter, no more songs to be sung,
No more joy heard from anyone.
The world is black, the world is grim,
We all caused this terrible thing.

They hide and burry down in the ground,
Hidden and scared, don't dare make a sound.
The animals don't talk they no longer play,
They barely come out at all in the day.

The monstrous waves, the flooding to come.
Look at what we have all have done.
Is this really right, is this fair?
Or must we stand up for animals everywhere.

We must try and help and fight,
For a world that is shining ever so bright.
For one filled with love, with happiness and joy,
For one that all the animals can enjoy.

So, think about what we can do,
And a new world we can pursue.
No more rubbish, no more hate,
Protect the earth for the animal's sake.

Natures Allure

by Izzy

Lost in the depths of the untamed wilderness, a solitary hiker embarked on an enigmatic journey. The ancient forest whispered secrets as the golden sun pierced through the dense canopy. Shadows danced, revealing hidden paths to the traveler's curious soul. A symphony of wild creatures serenaded the wanderer, their melodies hinting at forgotten wisdom. Bewitched by nature's allure, the hiker stumbled upon an abandoned cabin, its timeworn walls cloaked in mystery. Inside, a weathered journal unveiled tales of explorers long gone. Each word ignited the spark of adventure, igniting a fire in the heart. The wilderness held the keys to extraordinary tales yet to be discovered.

What the Tree Sees

by Arabella

Two kids dancing round me,
Then their faces in the snow,
Grew up to be buddies,
Not so long ago.
With their books in bags,
Complaining about school,
Tired of their parents,
Making up new rules.
Their faces a few years older,
They now come in the night,
The eyes catching a glimmer,
Under the moons light.
10 years later,
There are more humans around me,
Some are crying and screaming,
Others are playing happily.
They are now growing old,
Walking up to me,
I've loved watching them,
I can't wait to see the next family.



The Last Fall

by Arabella

Just imagine, you're the only one.

I felt connected in some way. I just couldn't explain it.

I'll save your day, and I'll save mine and give the snapshots as I might not have much time left. Neither may anyone. They predict 28 days...until the tree falls.

It's the year 4912 and since the year 3000, trees had been falling more rapidly than ever. They called it "the fall", carbon emissions increased which the government kept under the radar in case the community started to strike. Even though pretty much everyone had an electric car the power companies couldn't afford for the electric cars to be run on a more economical source. They tried everything: Solar power, wind power. So, they charged more money off the electricity.

The economy collapsed.

The power companies had no choice but to go back to a cheaper source. Fossil Fuels. All these wonderfully economic electric cars...which their energy was run by fossil fuels, the equivalent to petrol/diesel run cars. How do I know this exactly? My dad was in the business. He died of lung disease 10 years later from being in all those factories. It's been my mum and I ever since, watching as the world slowly started to collapse. But back to the present.

There's about 11, no. 12 of us and all day, we sit, round the tree, breathing in what could be our last breaths. We can't go far, not without an oxygen mask about 5 or 6 metres at most. Otherwise, we will die.

There were 5 children but now it's only me. 30 adults but now only 11. We will be the last people to die. What is it like to die? I hope heaven is not only a conspiracy for I would really need it about now.

And there's nothing more to say, so I can only hope that this journal can be passed back in time to ask you one question.

Can you change this?

How I Spent My Life

by Arabella

I laid in bed that night.

Knowing I'd never get to sleep. Knowing that this may be my last night. Knowing I may never sleep again. Knowing that this was my final mission.

The mission was simple. Test Starship01754 by exiting the earth's atmosphere, all the way to the moon (and back). I got up and thought that I would spend what could be my last night well.

I headed up to the attic, like I would never touch ground again, up to the miss placed slated roof. I sunk into the rock-hard roof like it was wishing me farewell as I looked up to the sky. I would be there soon. After what felt like seconds but what was hours, staring up into the endless sky, I headed back down to my bedroom. Opened the door and slept (as best as I could).

That annoying ring tone that your phone makes to scream at you to say, "GET UP!" or what some people call it, you alarm, haunted me, this was no ordinary day. A shiver ran down my spine like a cold finger was run down it harshly. Goosebumps.

I got changed, grabbed my pre-packed bag by the handles and started to exit my room. But something stopped me. Like a magnetic field as such but made of memories. I turned around. Memories of my childhood watching the rocket launch hoping that one day that would be me in that rocket, memories of my mum reading me a story about animals and my obnoxious self, pushing a guide to Astrophysics as she laughed. Memories of my dad forcing me to come outside to play football, but I encouraged him that a magazine on NASA was way more fun. Memories of my sister shouting at me saying that I should never go into space...because I may never come back. And that scared me.

But I know one thing. When I go my memories will stay here.

All where they were made.

The Bewildered Bear

by Lola

In a dark, frosty cave, a lonely bear could be found. Nobody even knew this cave existed, not even the sun. But from the inside, there lived a bear, an outcast. For generations and generations, there had been a long line of castaway bears. Their massive bodies covered with a thick coat of brown, long hair. The bears were so strong, independent, fearless and courageous. Except this bear wasn't.

Having spent years alone, the bear feared everything but yet again, he wanted some friends. A little girl who loved bears was called Daisy. She made it her mission to find her bear best friend. So later on, she climbed up the highest of mountains, weaved through rocks and puddles. She had not much luck but wouldn't give up until she found her bear which wasn't so bad because she loved the sun and the valley view. But all of a sudden in a dark and dreary bunch of rocks, she heard "drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop". She went to investigate. A gentle "Zzzzzz" came from a dark cave.

Throughout the pitch-black cave, the snoring just got louder and louder. She stumbled into something, someone. This terrified massive lump of fur started moving away from her. He was petrified. But of course, Daisy didn't understand so without hesitation she kept moving closer, closer and closer. As a result of this, the poor bear was just so confused; he was just standing there bewildered, bewildered as a deer in darkness.

Being courageous, step by step he walked closer and closer to the little girl who solemnly stood there, watching, waiting, hoping for something to happen. Watching, waiting, watching, waiting, watching, waiting. Out of nowhere, he scooped up his massive fluffy hands and picked up the girl and immediately felt a bond; all the bear's fears had disappeared, and they just felt so happy. It was just them, the sky and nature.

Daisy and the Bernard, the bewildered bear who was no longer bewildered made a special pact; every weekend Daisy would visit Bernard and have the best time of their lives!

PS: They have still kept the pact. The best time of their lives.








King's High School

King's High School
Banbury Road
Warwick CV34 6YE
t: 01926 494485 e: enquiries@kingshighwarwick.co.uk

kingshighwarwick.co.uk

 [@KHSWarwick](https://twitter.com/KHSWarwick)  [@Kingshighwarwick](https://www.facebook.com/Kingshighwarwick)  [kingshighschoolwarwick](https://www.instagram.com/kingshighschoolwarwick)