



Every child wrote a story for our annual writing competition. It was great to share our stories with parents at our open afternoon and to hear the winning stories read out in a special assembly. Governors judged the stories and presented the prizes.



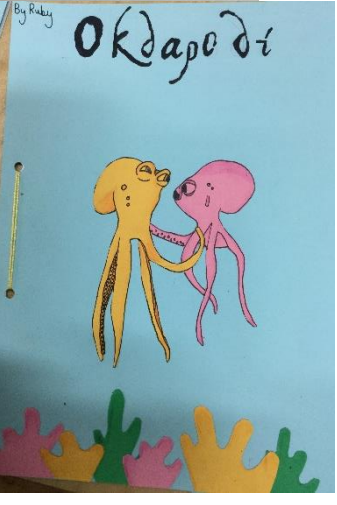
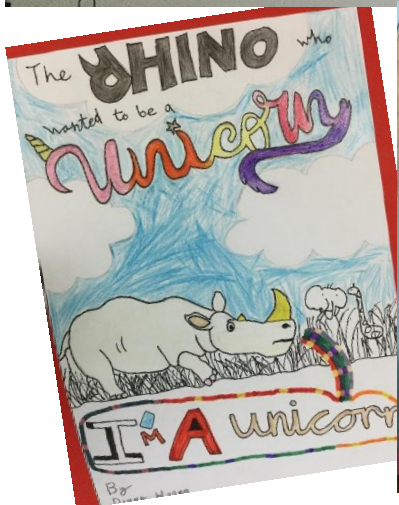
The twinkling stars peered over the Cobble Village as the twilight sky stood tall. Below the night sky, getting closer to the village, wispy and candy glass-like clouds hung below the dark sky blocking out the rare sight of a gull moon. The quiet chirp of crickets could be heard throughout the town. The tall church spire could be seen above everything else. Ding! ... Ding! The bells rang in the night. It was time for the dream to come out. I was awake at this time! What an unusual place; you were sleeping. I was thinking for an adventure to take place! You are quite wrong! The shining stars illuminated the town.

Writing competition July 2019

One sunny day, I woke up and got dressed. Then I had my breakfast and it was a fruit salad. Then it was time to go so I put on my coat and grabbed my bag. Then I left. My bag felt heavy and then I heard a mullch! Finally I arrived and then I put my back pack in my box. Then I started my maths. Then I saw



Once upon a time a space robot called Jimmy was having a picnic on the moon. He was eating ham sandwiches and cake. When suddenly a great big



One scorching hot day in the dry grassland of the Savannah there lived a Payne-grey, self-conscious Rhino. He owned stumpy legs and an ego as fragile as glass. Rhino's gnarly skin was abrasion to the touch. He possessed an awkward, ungainly gait and a blunt horn. His knobby knees didn't improve his lethargic strut. He smelt like a skunk.

