

# Year 5's Summer 2020 writing competition

Children in Year 5 have been writing their own versions of the Dreamgiver.

The charcoal-black sky shadowed over me as the moon glistened in the distance. 2655 Kenington Avenue was an orphanage. I had been there many times, the walls dilapidated and the paint peeling slowly off of the window-sill and shutters. I lethargically fluttered my four insect-like wings over to the icy ledge and recorded the destination in my notebook. I proceeded to manoeuvre the shutters open with the tips of my bony pale fingers, being cautious not to wake the children. I could feel the cold air penetrating my lanky limbs. I stepped inside, jumping down onto my spindly legs as I wiped my goggles free of fog.

The only light in the room seeped through under the door and through the window. Comforting aromas of chicken dinner floated through the cracks in the creaky wooden floorboards. The walls were covered in a murky blue wallpaper decorated with white, now lead-coloured boats. The dusty dormitory was meagrely furnished. Four wrought iron beds lay side-by-side. Within each, a child slept silently under tattered, chequered bedsheets.

I slowly walked over to one of the children and placed my small, glowing bag (which was hanging on the top of a long wooden stick) onto the young girl's bed. Out of the bag I took a large, shining, gold egg that contained an extraordinary fluid. 'Dream Fluid' is an amazing liquid. It transforms images, text or objects into wondrous dreams that make the night that bit more magical.

*He heard a low grunt and looked from side to side. He didn't see anything apart from scary-ish stone faces, he went to investigate a bit more and found himself standing in front of an immense cave shaped like a mouth. While looking at the cavity in the wall, he accidentally leaned on a small headed statue that slowly tipped over. The boy (the astronaut) tried very hard to lift it and put it back in position - and in the end he succeeded. As he turned around relieved, he heard a soft growl only to realise that he was standing in front of an enormous, murky monster!*

*As quick as a flash, he darted around trees dodging their roots until suddenly... The boy cried out, he had reached a cliff. Now he was sure that he'd be eaten up in seconds. The monster roared the most deafening roar. Just as it was going to begin its meal, its attention was diverted to a splat that had landed on the ground. Then another and yet another one came falling at high speed. The boy had no idea where these 'splats' were coming from. In fact it was the Dream-giver who had come to rescue the boy! Just after the boy had been sucked into the*

As the dream giver was going to depart the old room, a big CRACK sound filled his hairy ears. He thought 'it can't be'. He turned slowly around and there it was, a broken egg. He sprinted over to see what the egg had fallen on. He took one glimpse at it before the magical spirit rose and pushed him on his knees. The singer who was always wanting to be a star was being sucked up by a purple galaxy. She was teleported straight to a large stage! But she told herself to stay calm and sing the song she was practicing at. She started singing and the reaction of the crowd was not expected. 'Boos' filled the stadium. She started to stutter her words with the confusion that filled her mind. She started to cry at the unexpected response. Mysteriously, the miniature girl suddenly spotted a familiar face in the crowd. The face wasn't booing, the man was the only one cheering her on. It was her dad! She was so happy! She ran to him without

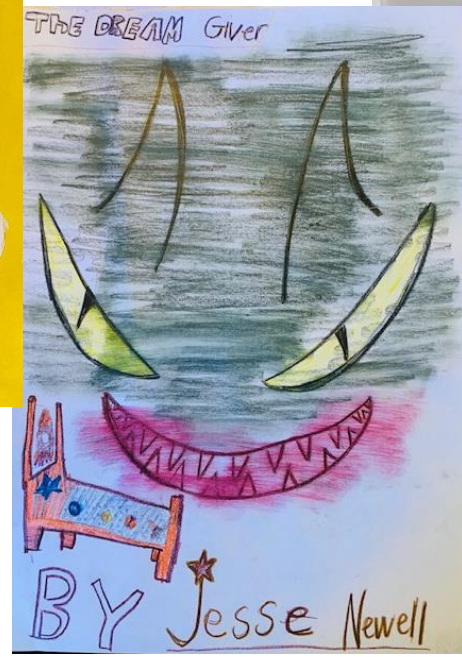
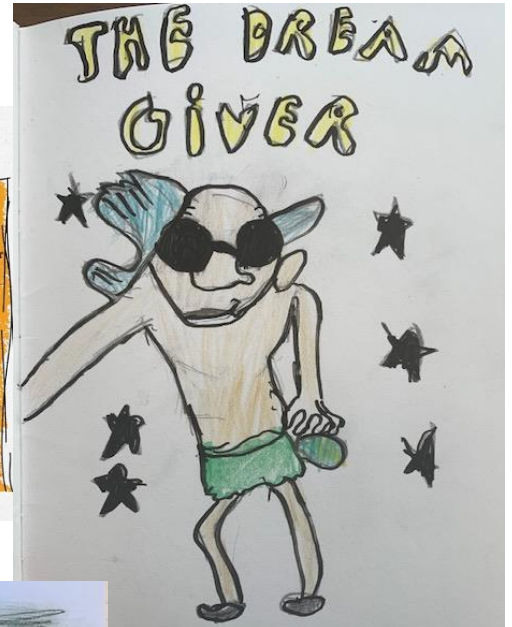
## Retelling Dreamgiver

One dark mysterious night as the full moon rose up, a sudden flash was heard from every window. The wind howled like a pack of wolves. Lamps flickered and fires crackled at the dead of night. The sky was a blanket of stars and darkness as a "Dreamgiver" flew across the night sky. Lorries zoomed up the road waking children, up but they eventually got to sleep again. Suddenly, CRASH! Lightning had hit a nearby tree which crashed down onto a lorry parked on the road. The Dreamgiver had a very big fear of thunder and lightning! He reached for a window and with his thin, skinny fingers he opened it, not waking the children. He stepped right in...

The Dreamgiver wore a green skirt like dress and leather slippers. On his face he had big grey glasses and a long nose. Everywhere he went he had a stick in one hand and a small bright bag in the other. He had small skinny fingers and long thin legs. Spreading across his back were delicate wings which he used to move around in the night sky! The Dreamgiver was a very mysterious creature who didn't speak that often!

In one hand was a bright, yellow bag of eggs. As he got to the heavy beds, he quietly placed his sack on the bed! He slowly moved across the room - his only light source was the glowing of the eggs. The creature carefully walked to the little girl's bed and cracked an egg over her bright pink ballerina slippers. Instantly a glowing chain had circled a shining ballerina who danced in the moonlight gracefully. The girl had a grin on her face as she wriggled in her bed. She had entered a dancing hall and she danced for the whole night!

The Dreamgiver



As part of the writing competition the children also designed these beautiful front covers.

Year 5  
Week beginning 22<sup>nd</sup> June