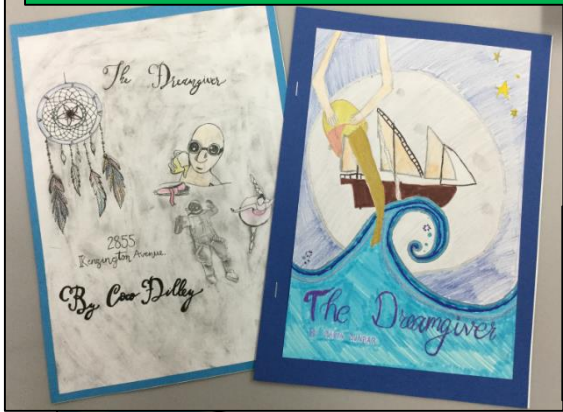


Creative writing competition – July 2021

Our Governors had a very tricky job of judging our writing competition winners from each class. There were amazingly creative and well written stories about mermaids on Neptune, computers that suck you in, deep sea angler fish, cats who win baking competitions, octopuses being chased and tortoises who save the day!



...she was going to be in space she was going to be an astronaut. She didn't have a costume so she went to the shop to buy one. She got a white spacesuit. She didn't buy any food. She went to the shop she got sausages and pasta. She didn't have a rocket. She went to the shop she bought a rocket. Now she could go up.



She planned for a distracted fish to leap into her web as it woke, so she could cook and serve it. That would show Fox that she could cook. The dawn's light filtered pink and gold through the trees. Spider watched as a fish woke up, eagerly splashing up and swallowing.

Well done to all the children for their stories and to our winners in each class!

THE DREAMGIVER

Underneath the cloud ridden starry sky, the orphanage stood, silently enduring the battering wind. Evening had come early, and with the crickets out and chirping in a chorus of creaks, an eerie dark had descended on the rows of cottages. Swinging in the aftermath of the storm, soaked washing lines dangled from the sloping slate roofs. Everyone was asleep after another hot summer day, with every light and lamp put out, making the town almost pitch black. BUZZ! Something flew by and descended on the lonely orphanage.

Inside the orphanage, the children tossed and in their restless sleep like chained animals, fighting to get out of bed. Unnoticeably, slender bony fingers firmly wrapped themselves around the paint-peeling shutters and began to creak them open.

On the windowsill, the unknown figure stood. Long daddy long legs supported a small, hunched, bony body and a pair of huge goggles, covering his huge eyes. A large, bulging nose and sharp, wrinkly ears hung from his bald head and his only clothing was a dirty green loincloth tied around his spidery waist. Fluttering about on the shelf with his mechanical wings the mysterious intruder picked up a thin staff with a glowing gold sack tied to one end. Happily, the peculiar creature ticked 2655 Kenzington Avenue off in a faded book with torn and tattered pages and then leaned into the moaning orphanage. Slipping the woven sack off the staff, the Dreamgiver opened it up and peered inside. Clustered in an infinite group, a pile of warmly glowing eggs radiated light out pleasurably, but not waking the slumbering children.

The rope started to stretch through the deck and the rope. I climbed the rope to the turtles hard back. The thick rope snapped with a tremendous, earbursting boom! Just then I noticed I was terribly afraid of heights! The colorful amazing thing me to a beautiful hidden in the ocean, a waterfall like

The whale shark was chasing the fish. He could not see the gull. He...

...he thrust itself into the tank. Pink was gone. Orange was all by himself. Pink was thrown into a toolbox carelessly as the orange one looked hopelessly as his wife was carried away, imagining all the horrible possibilities that could happen. He thought of all the knives next to the tank he called home. He had never paid much attention.

