

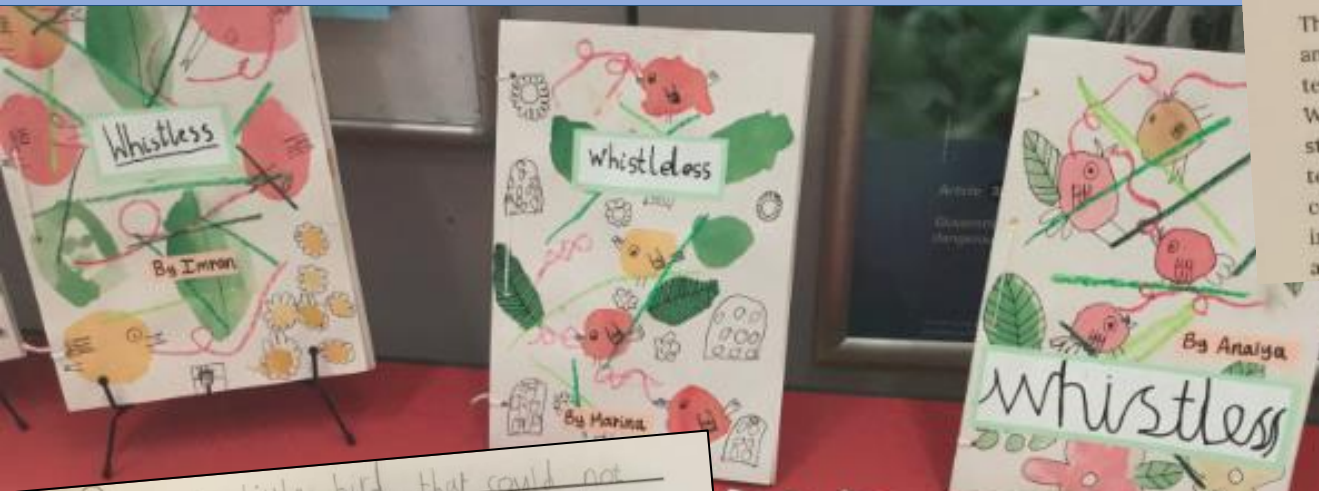
# Writing Competition

Each year we hold an annual writing competition where every child in the school drafts, edits and presents a creative story and then we share all our stories with the school community at our Open Afternoon.

We have a special assembly where we share the winning stories and present certificates and book tokens to the winners of the best story in each class (judged by one of our Governors) and to the writer who has made the best personal effort in each class (judged by class teachers).

We are all very proud of our brilliant stories!

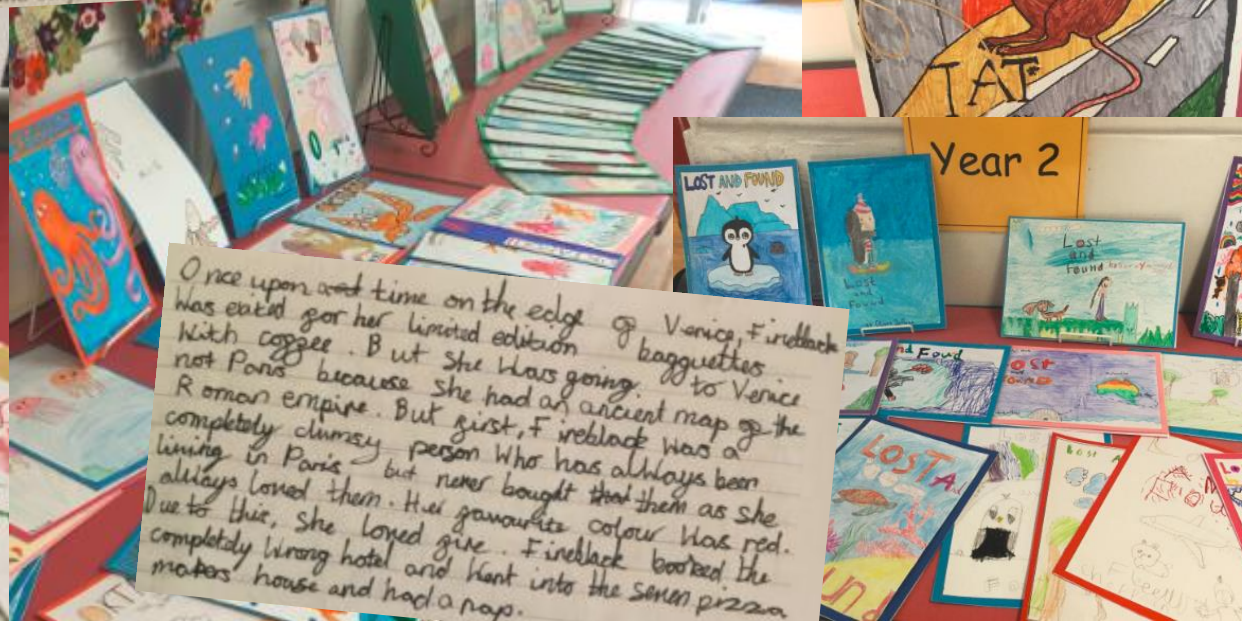
Coated in darkness, the town lay still. The wind wandered and meandered through the streets streets overlooking the tall, dark intimidating houses. The wet clothes, which swayed in the wind like ghosts, hung on the washing lines. A red a dark gloomy church with its spiralling steeple, peered the black blanket covered in glistening white diamonds. Beyond the telephone lines, beneath the vast canopy of clouds, behind a wall of houses stood a silent, still and ominous orphanage. Some had wrapped its dark, icy slaws around the children sucking every ounce of hope out of them. But little did they know that a flicker of light was hiding in the shadows, waiting.



The sun radiated its assertive light onto our tank, revealing my love's glimmering amber tentacles. I gazed blissfully into Spiro's sapphire irises and entwined my tentacles with his, stroking and admiring the texture of his fluorescent scales. We spent our numerous days like this, bathing in the azure blue water, strengthening our own loveable companionship until the whole world seemed to fade out sluggishly until Spiro's charming figure remained. I soaked in the composed moments, oblivious that it would be our last. I entangled my tentacles in Spiro's, pulling towards him with a force I could not imagine. 'You are my one and only, Coral!' he murmured into my ear. A warmth encroached upon my body.



Once a little bird that could not whistle lived with some big birds. They tried to help her but they could not help her. They flew off into the town and over the cars she saw a yellow man in the shower. He was whistle into her. She tried to do it but she could not do it. So she went on.



Once upon a time on the edge of Venice, Fireblack was excited for her limited edition baguettes with coggies. But she was going to Venice not Paris because she had an ancient map of the Roman empire. But first, Fireblack was a completely clumsy person who has always been living in Paris but never bought that them as she always loved them. Her favourite colour was red. Due to this, she loved give. Fireblack booked the completely wrong hotel and went into the seven pizza makers house and had a nap.

July 2024