

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17

Full name: Laetitia Moehler

Age:12

Full school name: The British School of Beijing, Shunyi

Title: Rachel (Fan-fiction for Cinderella)

Word count: 499

Once upon a time, there was a young girl named Cinderella. She met a prince and a few years later they got married. They had a daughter and they named her Rachel, but her mother died one year later. Soon Rachel's father re-married. They moved together and Rachel had to live with two evil step-sisters and their wicked mother. Rachel's father died five years later.

Every single day she had to clean the house, wash, cook, bake, wash dishes and clean the oven. On her sixteenth birthday she woke up like every other day at six o'clock. Rachel wasn't excited at all because she knew that she would never get a present from her evil step-family. When she straightened her hard cushion, she suddenly saw a quick sparkle from the corner of her beautiful eyes. She pulled her cushion up and saw a small sparkly glass shoe attached to a necklace that shined in every colour.

"Come on ugly girl get down here, I'm starving!"

"Coming!" Rachel replied and quickly put the necklace and the small note that said: "Only three wishes" in a small, secret pocket under her dress.

"Mom, yes my dear."

"I definitely need a new dress for the rock concert."

"Of course! I almost forgot, let's go shopping."

Rachel and her best friend Jenny really wanted to go to that concert too, but how? Rachel's step-mother would give her enough things to clean, which she would never finish by the time the concert started. So she thought and thought and thought until she came to an idea. She called on Lilly, a house cleaner, who was an old friend from her father. Lilly organized five cleaners and Rachel knew that her step-mother had to go to a meeting until midnight, so he was free to go to the concert. But Rachel didn't have a dress yet.

Rachel went in the garden to pick some flowers. She ducked down to reach the stem when suddenly her necklace fell out of her dirty dress. Rachel had totally forgotten about it. When she picked it up, it sparkled like a diamond in the sun. Then, suddenly a small wind came and when she looked down she wore an amazing, beautiful dress in her favourite colour. This was her first wish. When Rachel heard a car coming she ran in the house quickly and changed into one of her ugly, dirty dresses and hid her beautiful dress. Then she pretended nothing had happened when her step-mother and sister walked through the door.

On the next evening, Rachel waited until nobody was in the house and let the cleaners in the house. Then she quickly changed into her great dress. When she walked to the door she realized that she didn't have any nice shoes so she held her necklace up to the descending sun. Again she



felt a small wind and then she looked at her feet where she saw adorable glass shoes. Rachel still had a third wish...

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17

Full name: Hyunjung Kim

Age:11

Full school name: The British School of Beijing, Shunyi

Title: The Capture of Cadaverous Gant (The after story of: Skulduggery Pleasant, The dying of the light)

Word count: 498

The Capture of Cadaverous Gant

Valkyrie drove through the darkness. Gant was on a motorcycle, but it was no against the glossy black Bentley Valkyrie was driving.

Gant weaved in and out of the road, smashing bins and vandalizing every object in sight. Gaining speed, the Bentley clashed into the motorcycle, sending both Valkyrie and Gant into the air.

Valkyrie landed on the coarse pavement, breaking the already injured arm. If she had the armored clothes Ghastly had made for her back in the good old days, impacts like this would have been nothing.

The good old days were over.

Ghastly Bespoke was dead.

Valkyrie was now old enough to defend and fight for herself.

By the time Valkyrie recovered enough to stand up, Gant had already disappeared. There was no use finding him now, Cadaverous Gant was a cunning man who can hide in an empty room.

Valkyrie staggered upright, moaned a bit then ambled home.

Valkyrie, after her long, hot shower, slumped into bed. Although she had been gone for almost 6 years, Valkyrie's parents had not removed anything from her room, knowing she will come back.

Valkyrie always came back.

She was just about to close her eyes, when her phone abruptly rang. Groaning, she fumbled around for her phone. With eyesight foggy with fatigue, she glanced at the screen: Skulduggery, it said. Immediately Valkyrie switched onto warrior mode, then accepted the call.

"Hello?"

Half an hour later, Valkyrie arrived at the doorstep of Gant's mansion.

"What's up?" Valkyrie asked, trying her best to hide her weariness. Skulduggery Pleasant produced an object from his trouser pocket, a very familiar looking gadget that she had seen years ago.....

"The scepter?" Valkyrie raised her eyebrows in suspicion.

"Yes. We don't know what else is in the mansion. I've called the Cleavers for inspection, but the Sanctuary denied our request.

"You just didn't bother calling them, did you?"

"You're absolutely right". Skulduggery admitted, "Come on. Let's go."

The inside of the mansion had shrunk considerably since Valkyrie had last entered. This was the result, by what Valkyrie had inferred, of Gant being out of the home.

Just as they were reaching a door, Cadaverous Gant burst out of it. As he dashed away, the enchanted walls began to reactivate: new hallways forming, passageways opening and traps blossoming in his wake.

“After him!” Skulduggery yelled, and Valkyrie pounced. Feet against concrete, she pounced whenever a new trap sprung into place. She was lost, but Valkyrie listened to the muffled breathing of Gant and followed him.

Just as Gant reached the corner, Skulduggery appeared revolver in hand. “Stop.” Instead of listening, Gant leaped on Skulduggery’s stretched arms, stepped on his skull then landed on the ground with a satisfying thump.

He was just about to run for it, but Skulduggery was quicker. He grabbed Gant’s arms and shackled them.

“That was awesome!” Stephanie yelled.

“We can do this again, you know. The detective stuff. Together.”

“Like the good old days?”

“Like the good old days.”

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17

Full name: Julienne Victoria Simbajon

Age:14

Full school name: The British School of Beijing, Shunyi

Title: Ever After High Fan Fiction (*This fanfiction is about Ever After High, which is a cartoon show, and the character Aven is a creation of my own and they are gender fluid. Darling on the other hand is a minor character in the show.*)

Word count: 498

They were out of breath; heaving through corrupted lungs and yet they continued. The crunching sounds underneath their feet reminded them of the liveliness of the forest. This. This was the feeling. Their feet hinged into the ground, halting them before they collided with the tree.

It was *wonderful* to be visionless.

Aven. Aven. Aven... Breath.

They knew it wasn't their idea to enter the realm of the fairy tales and try and conspire with them. They knew it was horrid yet they mingled around and trusted. When did their heart turn so ice cold?

A mangled scream ripped though the forest.

The forest intertwined itself to their power. The ground rumbled and a canopy of greenery erupted from the raging dirt. The animals of the Ever After forest trembled from the impact.

Aven wondered why something such as a flimsy feeling could erupt into a sea of frenzy in a matter of seconds.

Heartbreak. **Heartbreak.**

Of course a Charming could woo their heart. She was, after all, *charming* and they were lured in her little spell; twisted strings wrapped around their heart tugging them towards her.

Their nails gripped onto the tree trunk turning her knuckles white as she remembered the soothing tone of her voice; warm as peppermint tea. She was strawberries and bloodroot. It was the perfect mix.

It was a bittersweet tragedy.

The greenery twisted and turned through the thicket and into the town wrapping around buildings ruthlessly. Panicked, the fairytales ran and some daring to fight couldn't overthrow Aven's power. Blindingly, the plants havocked the town zooming through like a hurricane with a death wish.

They tried to count, and each time they counted a spark of a memory ghosted across her thoughts. It was a sickening purity, a cure washed away. Aven couldn't reconcile with their soul and this was their soul's doing, avenging for what Aven had started. Crystal streams poured out of their eyes as everything overwhelmed them; they had no control over the power.

The girl went by as Darling. The only daughter of King Charming and she was the epitome of heroic, even more so of her brothers.

Aven could recall the amount of times they had to touch her face just to sense her smile and the amount of times that smile was because of them. Many times being due to describing them, Aven couldn't resist the urge to ask her for most of the time. Darling was prone to describing in detail, the paleness of their eyes and the little creases of their cheeks when they smiled.

The vines stopped expanding, unexpectedly to the panicked fairytales. Out of the menacing vines bloomed anemones, landing on their feet and some even giving each other the purple flowers.

They collapsed onto their knees exhausted from the impact of her unyielding power. Their head pounded and anemones floated down covering the area. A rustle of leaves murmured behind them.

“Aven?”

There was a calm. A calm after the storm.

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17

Full name: John Saul

Age:13

Full school name:The British School of Beijing, Shunyi

Title: An Inspector Calls- 10 Years On (Fan Fiction for JB Priestly's Inspector Calls)

Word count: 498

An Inspector Calls- 10 Years On

With tears in his eyes, Arthur Birling, a shadow of his former self stepped up to the podium. Equipped with a handkerchief in one hand and notes in the other, the broken businessman had started his speech. "Sh-she was so young" he began "but she was more mature, more caring, more considerate than anyone I'd met before. She could see the bigger picture, much better than I- we- would like to admit." Gazing upon the sea of black and solemn, Birling felt an urge to stop and mourn in silence, yet he knew the importance of his speech would mean more to his family than it would for him.

"I remember when she was just a child, without a care in the whole bloody world. It didn't matter that I wasn't bringing home a sustainable amount of money, or my dear wife was pregnant with Eric. I knew she deserved better, so I worked harder and harder in the hopes of a better life. I know I was greedy, but I did it for her, she deserved it."

Next was Gerald, accompanied by his new wife. As much as Birling loathed him, he knew he'd have something meaningful to say. Gerald's speech was shorter than the others, only lasting a mere couple of minutes. No one was surprised to see his new trophy-wife remain silent.

Even Eric, now an alcoholic, spoke his part. Words slurred as usual. Birling was shocked to see his son in a suit, so used to seeing him in the same pair of clothes for days at a time; he had even shaved. Stumbling from the podium, he rejoined his family.

But that wasn't Birling's only surprise for the day.

It was the end of the funeral ceremony, but Birling still felt incomplete. He ushered his family into his car and gave the driver his instructions, deciding to stay slightly longer. Walking down a dilapidated alley, the memories began unraveling...

With all that was going on inside him, Birling failed to notice the sturdy figure approaching him. Resting his hand on a weeping Birling's shoulder, he uttered: "Missed me?"

Startled, Birling stepped back. Staring intently at his eyes the man spoke: "It's been a while since we last met Mr. Birling. I heard of Sheila's death, how unfortunate."

“It bloody right is!” Birling bellowed, “how dare you show up on such a day! It’s your fault this happened, your fault!” Unfazed, the man sighed: “is this what Sheila would have wanted?”

“What could you possibly want?” Birling wept.

“I just wanted to deliver a message. You realise it was guilt that took her life, don’t you? I’m sure she regretted it fully, and would have done anything to reverse her actions. So listen to me when I say this... the public deserves to know”

The following day, with his staff before him, Birling cleared his throat and began: “Let me tell you a story of a young girl named Eva, roughly 10 years ago...”

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17

Full name: Ally Deya Yu

Age: 14

Full school name: The British School of Beijing, Shunyi

Title: The Little Red Riding Hood

Word count: 481

Fan Fiction- The Little Red Riding Hood

The howl of the wolf was heard throughout the village, dreadful as several sounds of cutting followed hastily. Wind danced with the withered trees in the dark night, blowing off the last yellow leaf, leading it towards a red cottage with brick walls. Inside the warm cottage, the wolf was wounded severely, dark liquid poured outside of the cut on its stomach like a rush of stream, staining the white carpet beneath it with red flowers. Its round glaring eyes resembled the full moon on that night as he stared towards the red figure in front of it, the figure that led to its death. Slowly, it made its last howl.

The nightmare stops as the Little Red Riding Hood woke up from her sleep, her sweat soaking the red cloak that she forgot to take off before her sleep. It was still dark outside, with a faint moonlight that can barely be seen behind the greedy clouds, clouds that tried to swallow the last source of light of the night. The complete silence was only broken by the whispers of the tiny lives on the ground, as if they were having some secret gossips in the dark. She stood next to the window, looking out to the vast forest at the distance. The tips of the towering trees would sometimes mischievously wobble, as if to correspond to the calls of the wolves once in a while. 'Big Bad Wolves....' She thought to herself and she turned her sight to red cloak she wore. It was no longer like the original cloak, perhaps it was because of the unnoticeable scratches on there, perhaps it was because of the dirt and dust gathered at the edges of the cloak, or perhaps it was because of the dark red patterns on there that did not match with the entirety as nicely. Scenes of what happened that day were marked deeply in her mind, that day when she nearly lost her grandmother. After that day, what happened was spread across the village and was used as a lesson for smaller children, to always listen to their mother and not talk to strangers on the street, or else bad consequences will happen. However, there are no such things as wolves speaking as a human and pretending to be a grandmother in hopes of someone would fall into the trap. Instead, they would stay in their forests peacefully until humans set a trap towards them. The Little Red Riding Hood sighed as she thought of the accident that might have happened if everything went wrong on that day. "It seems like I will need new cape soon." She said in the silent night as she went towards the closet.

Hanging right in the middle of the closet was a new made cape and it looked marvelous as it seems like it was made by wolf fur.