

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17
8 - 11 Stories to illustrate

The Neverseen's Prison. By Elizabeth Hsu, Village School, USA

Based on the book series *Keeper of the Lost Cities* by Shannon Messenger

(Sophie's POV)

Anticipation ran through my veins as I grabbed Biana's and Dex's hands. Making sure we all were ready, together we ran off the cliff. They squealed and whimpered and when there was mist spraying our faces, my instincts kicked in and I split a crack in the ground. And then I remembered - we wouldn't be able to teleport directly in, only to the outside - which means we would be fighting our way into the prison. But I had no time to waste now. I pictured the image so bright and vividly in my mind that I had to rub my temples. With a loud crack and a blink of an eye we arrived at the Neverseen's main prison. The darkness surrounding us covered me with a blanket of fear. Linh soaked our cloaks with mist to help us camouflage into our dark surroundings. We twisted and turned so many times I was almost sure we were back where we started. And that we were lost. Dex took the map from my hand and began to study it very carefully.

"This is going to be very confusing. Stick with me and we will hopefully be fine." I couldn't help but notice the soft tremor in Dex's voice and how much it scared me.

Then we found Keefe. Keefe had serious eye-bags under his eyes; they rivaled Edaline's. His tattered clothing was muddy and his hair disheveled and unstyled. Dex unlatched the lock swiftly with a flick of his finger. Could it really have been this easy? Could we really have actually done it? But, of course we couldn't have. Because that's when they arrived. The Neverseen.

"Finally, I can get you all!" Fintan shouted as he threw a sphere of Everblaze across the room. We dodged and ducked but it still wasn't enough. I rubbed the knot of emotions near my core getting to unleash the power of my inflicting. Letting the feelings swell, I finally shoved the powerful force out of my mind. I could've bathed in it all day, but instead I thought of a thing I cared about: my friends. It pulled back a veil, and as soon as I opened my eyes they were collapsed on the cold, hard muddy ground.

"I'm going to call for Silveny to get us out of here." Within seconds the Alicorn's peppy voice shouted in her mind: *SOPHIE! KEEFE! HELP! COME!*

"As I said earlier: Leave it to you to have our world's most endangered species at your beck and call'." Tam said with a smug grin just as Greyfell and Silveny arrived.

"Just get on."

We climbed onto Greyfell and Silveny and they swooped up into the air getting higher and higher and farther and farther away from the ground, until they finally nose-dived back towards the ground teleporting us back to Havenfield. Once Keefe and I were in my bedroom, he said:

“Thank you,” Keefe told me. “You saved my life.” Then he leaned in closely. And closer. And closer, until I could see every fleck of pearl white in his icy blue eyes and feel the warmth of his relaxed breath on my cheek. Suddenly, we heard: “Fintan is here!”

Then I saw the light.

The Journey Back Home. By Gonzalo Catala de Juan, British School Warsaw , Poland

Based on *The Hobbit* by J.R.R. Tolkein

Bilbo Baggins walked across the thin ice, tears at the corner of his eyes after witnessing the death of his good friends, Thorin, Kili and Fili at the hands of the orcs. Bilbo stared at his comrades, or what remained of them and muttered, "I am going back home, back to the shire," He sighed then continued "thank you for your help and for keeping me safe but I must return home now," He turned around again, glanced at them over his shoulder and this time whispered, "I will remember you". Not looking at the ground before him, Bilbo walked forward. Suddenly there was a loud crack and Bilbo fell inside the ice. As he fell, he heard the dwarves shouting and going to aid him but he knew he could not be saved. It was only himself to survive. Then the world went blurry and dark.

He woke up, soaked to the bone, in a freezing lake. Using all his remaining strength- most had been drained from him while inside the ice- he swam towards the edge of the lake and climbed outside. The sight before him terrified him and he jumped back into the icy lake. Bilbo swam at full speed and did not stop to look back at the dangerous creature, an orc. However, Bilbo soon felt exhausted and stopped swimming. In no time, the cold kicked in and Bilbo suffered a hypothermal attack. He fainted and again the arctic water was to decide his destiny...

Fate was on his side and Bilbo regained his consciousness next to an enormous mountain. Though he could hardly remember anything, Bilbo remembered his visit there, finding the ring and losing himself, the misty mountains. He entered quickly suddenly recovering the memory of the way around the mountain and walked in the darkness for a couple of seconds. Then, he started feeling for the walls remembering that there had to be a torch somewhere. After some time of nothing but darkness, he gave up and continued walking. His eyes adjusted to the dark and he decided to look somewhere else. He walked with no purpose and started praying for he remembered something that happened inside the confines of these tunnels.

As though his prayers had been unanswered, he walked into a big cave with a lake and an island. With nothing but fear in his tone, Bilbo muttered, "Anybody there," There was silence and then his worst nightmare spoke, "Of course, Gollum is here," Bilbo recognised it and took his sword out. Then there was a quiet thud to his left. He slowly turned his head and saw two big, green, gleaming eyes. He was finished...

Like if the gods were on his side, Bilbo, as Gollum had attacked him, had brought his sword up in defence and struck Gollum in the arm, shedding blood. He quickly ran for the surface where he found a sleeping ogre. With no time to lose, Bilbo stuck his sword in the ogre's neck and killed him. He quickly got out of the mountain and reached the shire in one day, with no obstacles on his way. He sat in his empty hobbit hole and drank from a mug of beer. At last, the adventure was done for.

Charlie saves the Chocolate Factory. By Samantha Mambrino, British International School of Boston, USA

Based on *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* by Roald Dahl

As I walked into the room my eyes doubled in size. I stood still astounded by two awesome machines towering up in front of me. The machines honked and popped and blew out thick orange steam. The room had been painted blue and it took my eyes a while to adjust to the bright white lights that shone from the ceiling. My eyes finally rested on a large sign that read “danger eye color changing m and m’s”. It was written on the side of one of the machines in big bold red letters. It didn’t put me off. I walked closer and reached out my hand to take one of the small innocent looking chocolates that had been dispensed at the bottom of the machine. Then I heard Mr Wonka’s voice saying, “No please do not touch or eat those they are faulty. We still haven’t got the recipe quite right”. I obeyed him but I couldn’t hide my disappointment, it seemed as if everything in the factory was faulty. The machine then began to shake and rattle. A hissing noise grew louder and louder. Mr Wonka looked tired and worn out. As the Umpa lumpa’s rushed about around us I noticed a small tear sliding down his cheek. Had this factory become too much for him? Was the strain of competing against other chocolate factories finally taking its toll. Was he running out of ideas?

Pipes were sticking out from every side of the two machines. Who knew where they led to or what they were for. Like every room in the factory each direction you turned brought new smells to your taste buds. I longed to eat, I was desperately hungry but Mr Wonka barley left my side for more than a second. He towered above me and his gaze followed my every move. The noise in each room made conversation difficult and I longed to finish the tour and escape the factory.

The second machine was clearly out of control too. It appeared to be bouncing up and down. No one was taking much notice of it though and I was longing to find out what was inside. I didn’t have to wait long because suddenly a large round purple skittle came shooting out of the machine and landed in my hand. I had to grip it really tightly because it was bouncing about and spinning around. I placed the skittle in my mouth and before I knew what was happening I had lunched into the air. I felt like I had millions of tiny bubbles all dancing around in my mouth pushing me upwards into the sky.

The air above the machines smelt of wild flowers and I felt hypnotized and light headed. Gadgets and buttons appeared all around me as I bobbed around the room. The bubbles in my mouth began to pop and I slowly floated towards the ground. Mr Wonka greeted me with a smile and I could tell he was hoping I would be impressed.

My heart was beating very fast and it was a while before I finally stopped shaking. This factory was dangerous and I was definitely going to have to report Mr Wonka to the Ministry of Chocolate. The skittles had left me with a terrible smell in my mouth and I still hadn’t seen anything that convinced me I should reopen the factory. There was also no sign of Charlie anywhere? How had he let things get so out of hand in the factory? I started to wish that he had never found that golden ticket all those years ago. I should never have come back and I should never have lied to Mr Wonka.

The Train Journey. By Ivan Krivodsky, The British International School Bratislava, Slovakia

Based on the novels of Michael Morpurgo

His eyes burst open, Justin could see the course, white wall which he remembered painting with his now absent father. Staring at the white wall Justin realized that his new and uncertain life would begin soon. Hesitantly he lumbered down the smooth, wooden stairs, drowsily trailing his hand down the smooth worn banister. Justin appeared behind his mum as she was frantically working in the kitchen, keeping her mind away from the dreaded thoughts of her son leaving. Sensing her son's presence, she turned around. She could see Justin's tears falling to the cold, hard kitchen floor.

"Come here my dear and have your breakfast", she soothed, giving Justin her last smile. He came closer and closer and took his usual seat for the last time. After a long moment his mother placed a warm plate on the table, his favourite, blazing hot toast with last summer's strawberry jam. Justin's mother then gave him his favourite mug filled to the brim with thick, creamy hot chocolate.

Minutes later, he plodded back up the worn stairs, put on his dad's war jacket feeling and allowing the memories to flood his body. Then he stopped, stared at the majestic mirror, stretching to his left, he looked almost identical to fading photographs hanging on the wall of his lost father.

He lumbered down the stairs giving all the photographs on the wall a last look, barely a smile. The minutes seemed like hours, but at the end Justin reached the door. He felt a warm hand touching his left shoulder.

Slowly his mum murmured into his ear, "My dear Justin please stay safe, don't forget to wash behind your ears and come home soon," giving him a last kiss on his tear streaked cheek.

After a few minutes, Justin was already ten metres from his house, when he turned around, seeing his mum waving and sending him another kiss. Then he turned. Shrank away into the distance, his mum knew she was alone again.

Half asleep he trudged down the main road while the thick layer of clothes dragged him down to the ground. He kept on repeating in his mind, don't look back, just keep on walking.

The train station appeared into view, a large Victorian style structure with huge ceilings and towering class windows. Hearing the rasping march of an arriving steam train followed by a thick black cloud of heavy smoke, Justin could hear the babbling sea of children's voices. A mixture of excitement and dread. Justin felt the waves of children smashing him and carrying him away, he had no choice but to be carried away and move with the hoard.

Feeling the pressure of someone grabbing the scruff of his coat, turning he saw a stout man, placing a label over his head and gruffly saying "Carriage four, move it".



Justin broke free from the pressure which was holding him. Leaping onto the first step, Justin climbed into the first compartment, six seats in two rows of three with luggage space above. The train abruptly jolted forward throwing Justin back into his seat, the thin card label stuck into his back, reaching around he slowly retrieved it. Mouthing the words ' JUSTIN MARSH: 16.11.32 arrival 15:45 Eastdown'.

The Adventurous Journey. By Zara Shirin Serpedin, Compass International School Doha, Madinat Khalifa, Qatar

Based on the *Percy Jackson & the Olympians* series by Rick Riordan

The adventure of a superhero is never over, it keeps going on and on. Annabeth and Percy are demigods. Annabeth is the daughter of Athena, while Percy is the son of Poseidon. Matilda isn't a demigod, but she has unnatural brain powers which will help the adventure team. Bradley from Red Tree School may not seem very strong or very smart, but he's a very creative thinker who can get out of trouble easily.

"Oh no!" yelled Annabeth, "Have you heard that the crystal of the four seasons was stolen?" "We have to go to find it," said Percy. "Well what is that?" asked Bradley "The crystal of the four seasons is a crystal that balances all the four seasons" answered Percy. Matilda looked confused, "Well why would they want steal it?" "The monsters and giants love the winter season and they want it all year round," answered Annabeth. "Let's go to the beach because my father can help us!" Percy suggested.

They went to the white sandy beach of Azurra, "According to my calculations we should be here" Matilda said. "Okay smarty-pants" said Bradley. "I'm going to call my dad" said Percy, heading towards the ocean. "Hey dad can you hear me?" said Percy. "Hello son are you here to talk about the crystal?" Poseidon announced. "Why, yes, father what should we do?" asked Percy. "You guys take cover because I'm going to send a hurricane" said Poseidon. "In which direction is that?" asked curious Matilda. "Well there's no specific direction, but the whispers will guide you to the Whisper Woods" answered Poseidon.

Suddenly, the wind started to blow. The speed of the wind was increasing. The rain was heavy and the weather became unpredictable. The children hadn't seen anything like this before. Leaves, sand and even branches of trees were in the air. The waves became huge, crashing closer and closer to them. All of them started to run. They left the beach and together they followed the whispers till they reached the Whisper Woods: a tiny and mysterious forest with willow trees, oak, tex-ashes and green bushes.

Percy was putting sticks against the rock, when they heard a branch breaking. "Guys! What was that?" whispered Matilda. "Who is breathing on my neck?" asked Bradley." Not me!" everybody yelled. "Roar!"... Slowly and again...loudly. After a few seconds the roar was accompanied by girls screaming and boys in a defensive position like knights. Bradley slowly crept towards the other three and whispered, "We need to make a fire!" "How do we make that?" replied Matilda, shivering in the freezing night. "Easy!" Annabeth said, and within one millisecond she rubbed two sticks quickly and voila! The fire was made. She gave Percy one of the sticks, and she kept the other one and started moving it around. Suddenly, Matilda noticed a shiny object near the navy-blue water. Matilda picked up the shiny object and immediately realized that it must be the four-season crystal. "Hooray!" Matilda screamed. "I found it!"

The Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Mom. By Marcelo Alejandro Hernández, San Roberto International School, Mexico

Based on the fairy tale *The Three Little Pigs*

Once upon a time, in a very calmed neighborhood their lived the three little pigs. But the pigs weren't calm at all. They wanted to leave from the house of their mom because they were very independent and they were too big to still live in the house of there mom. They were 20 years old! And that is a very big age to still live with your mom! Every day they complained:”we want to leave!”

“NO” was always the answer of the mom. But one day they got tired and and decided to do a plan to escape. The plan was that one of the little pigs needed to check if their mom was asleep and if she really was the pigs needed to escape from the back of the house and run to the dark forest and search for a place to live. So the first little pig checked if their mom was asleep and she really was!”let's go”! the first little pig whispered. So they took their chance and went to the 1st floor and carefully turned the handle and quickly took off. They run through the dark forest and smelled the fresh air.”we did it”! the third little pig cried. They ran and ran until they found the perfect place to live. There were lots and lots of leaves, straw and cut down trees.”This is incredible”the first little pig cried.

“We will live here forever”, they all cried. But they didn't know what they would be suffering.

CHAPTER 2

The next day they were so happy that they constructed their houses and got awake at 8:00!They were constructing their houses for their new lives. But in the other way the mom was searching for the three little pigs.” Where are they”? asked very thoughtfully the big bad mom. She ran and ran searching in the hot day. But the pigs didn't even care and were very happy constructing their houses and the mom was so frustrated searching for them. She searched and searched until she found the fancy house of straw of the 1st little pig.”I will get him”, thought the big bad mom. So as soon as she entered she grabbed the poor little pig and went running through the dark forest trying to get to the house until they got there.

Finally, they got there and fastly the big bad mom put the 1st little pig on the bed and a rope so he couldn't stand up and leave.

The next day, the 2 little pigs searched and searched for the 1st little pig. “Where is he”!? asked the second pig. “I don't have an Idea”,responded the third little pig.They searched and searched on the hot sun, in the market every place that was close.

But unfortunately, they didn't find him. Until the 3rd pig knew what happened. He remembered why they escaped. “I know what happened”.said the third little pig.”Our big bad mom kidnapped him”.”that's why I hears big footsteps in our brother's house”.

He said very sad. “OH NO”!, responded the second little pig. “we have to save him”,replied the second the little pig”. “Yes”agreed the third little pig. So there they went running and running in the fresh air of the 9:00 am. They ran super fast because they knew that their crazy mom will wake up at 9:30 am to check the poor little pig. In the other side the poor little pig was trying to escape from the big bad mom. But the rope was too tight for him to escape. But the other pigs were running and running to their big bad mom’s house.

Finally, when they got to their mom’s house they knocked very hard in the front door.” Let’s hide” whispered the 2nd little pig. The third little pig just nodded yes. So they went behind a bush that was near. Finally the big bad mom opened the front door and very quickly they ran to the their mom’s house and quickly tried to open the door of the room but it was closed with lock.

“Got you” cried the mom. So fastly the mom ran at the 2 little pigs and put them in different rooms. “HELP” they said but they never got help. They stayed there for days and days and never ate or played. Until one day each of them tried to break the walls a lot of different things until hours and hours they could do it and they got together every night to discuss a plan.

One day the first little pig got an incredible idea. The idea of the plan was that they all pretended to be sick that the mom would need to take them to the hospital. Then with they opportunity when they get there they will run and run through the forest and try to find their houses.

So the next morning, They all cried for their mom to help and complained that they feel tired,weak and SICK. The mom didn’t know what to do so she took them to the hospital. The plan was really working! “It’s working” whispered the 3rd little pig to the 1st. So when they got there the 3 little pigs did’t just stayed there and took running! “IT WORKED”! they cried.

“Wait”, said the mom. “I didn’t want to kidnap you”,said the mom.”Uh”? thought the little pig. “There’s a bad person inside my body”, replied the mom. The pigs just listened very carefully. “ I was always ok that you escaped but suddenly a soul entered my body and made me evil with you and that’s why I kidnap you” responded the big not bad mom. “The soul was from your dad, do you remember him”?”No”, They said all together. “He was a bad pig so the pig police killed him”,responded sadly the poor not bad any more mom pig.

”So when ever he wants his soul enters my body and get me to start kidnap you so you can’t leave” replied the big mom pig.”WHY!?” the three little pigs asked.”I never knew”,responded the mom.

“Right now the bad,bad dad is not in my body”,just help me get rid of him”,said the mom. The pigs very confused just nodded yes. So they searched and searched for the dark soul until hours and hours they saw the soul flying.”there he is” the 1st little pig said. So very silently they tip toed close to the soul.

Until finally they were so close to catch him with the hands! So the mom stretch their hands and.....GRABBED HIM! So very fast they ran to the house of their mom

Finally they got there and destroyed with a knife the soul

6 MONTHS LATER



The mom went to live with them and constructed a house of her own. And the bad soul never disturbed the mom again. Well it disturbed the three little pigs.....

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.

The Cleanernator. By Nguyen Van Khue, British Vietnamese International School Hanoi, Vietnam

Based on the *Wallace and Gromit* stop-motion animation series by Nick Park

On a lovely evening, Gromit was sweeping the floor in the living room then Wallace came with a mysterious and weird machine and said, “We don’t need to worry about cleaning anymore, Gromit. Because with the Cleanernator 2000, it will clean everything in the house with a press of a button.”

After saying that, Wallace proudly pressed a button on the machine. It started to move and some cleaning tools came out of its body. There was a small broom on its left hand, a water bottle spray and a towel on its right hand, vacuum legs for its feet. It had four arms and wore four yellow rubber gloves. Wallace was holding a remote control and pressed the sweep button carefully.

The Cleanernator started to sweep the floor but then it chased Gromit. Gromit ran everywhere but the machine did not stop. Wallace did not know what to do. Then he quickly threw the remote down on the floor. It broke into hundreds of pieces, but it would not stop. When it reached Gromit and caught him, he saw a cup of water on the table nearby, he held it and poured the water on the machine. It stopped with an electric zap, it was next to the electricity socket and it zapped right in it. Then there was a blackout for the whole street.

“Well, that didn’t go well” Wallace said.

Then there was a big explosion. Finally, the electricity came back on after five minutes. Wallace and Gromit looked around them. The living room was a mess. The furniture in the living room was all black. Gromit ears stood up straight. Wallace’s face was black and covered in dust. Gromit’s fur and Wallace’s clothes were dusty. All the parts of the machine were everywhere, and the body of the machine was smoking.

Wallace said: “Well, Gromit, we’d better clean up, because I almost forgot about my inventor's club meeting at my house, at 7 o’clock.”