

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17
Under 8 stories to illustrate

The Family of Lions. By Hannah Botosh, Compass International School, Doha, Madinat Khalifa, Qatar

Far far away lived lived six lions. The Dad lion was called Kinger the Mum lion was called Scratcher the kid was called Tougher the other kid was called Roarer and the toddler was called Tumble and the baby was called Player.

So one day Kinger went to the African savanna to hunt for food for his family and him. Then Kinger saw a whole herd of Zebra. So Kinger jumped and only caught four zebra but that was enough.

So when they finished their food Player went out to play with Tougher and Roarer and Tumble.

Suddenly a tiger came and trapped Player in a cage. So when Kinger looked for food he wondered where all the kids were. But then Kinger saw Player and he let her free. Then Kinger roared at the tiger and scared them.

The end

Fancy Nancy and the Thanksgiving Dinner. By Laura Gradzka-Clavijo, British International School Washington, USA

Based on *Fancy Nancy: Our Thanksgiving Banquet* by Jane O'Connor

I wake up with a big stretch. I slowly open my eyes and take a peek at the calendar. "Thanksgiving day!!!" I exclaim. (That's just a fancy word for shout.) No time to waste! So many things to do! After all, the turkey will not make itself!

I jump out of bed and run to my little sister's room. "Jojo! Do you want to be my assistant for the day?" I ask her. "Yes! Yes!" she replies enthusiastically.

I take out my notepad and my fancy pencil and start writing a long list for us to do:

1. Invite all our friends
2. Prepare the table with fancy decorations
3. Put up decorations on all the house
4. Prepare appetizers
5. Help make food
6. Make dessert
7. Prepare games
8. Make goody bags for guests
9. Tidy up my room (and her room)
10. Get dressed
11. Don't forget a fancy hair-do!

I put a letter in the mail basket and send it to Bree. I grab my phone and call friends that live further. "Why not invite Frenchy too?"

It's time for step two. Jojo is excellent in decorations, so I put her in charge of decorating all the house.

I start to get out the turkey from the freezer and leave it to thaw. In the meantime, I will work on the desserts! I better make sure there is enough ice cream for all the guests!

Here is our menu:

- Cookies in the shape of fish
- Cupcakes decorated as a turkey
- Turkey cake

- Pumpkin ice cream
- Candy corn
- Apple pie

Knock knock the guests are coming! "Come in!" I call enthusiastically.

First comes Bree, no wonder she is first, she is my next door neighbor. All the guests are coming now. It is time to sit down at the table and start our feast.

Bree says that she is thankful for her best friend. (That's me!)

I am grateful for my family and my loving friends.

My little sister Jojo says she is thankful for our dog Frenchy.

Frenchy says "Howl! Woof! Woof! Howl!! Woof! Woof!" I think what she means is that she gets an extra bone for Thanksgiving.

After the feast we play pin the feathers on the turkey and we do crafts.

Nobody wants to leave, but it is time to finish the party and give out the party favors. One after one the guests leave and by the time the house is empty it is time for bed.

I go to sleep and dream about riding a turkey in the wild West and lassoing chickens.

What a day! Thanksgiving has never been so much fun!

The Cave Critter. By Roman Fischer, British International School of Chicago, Lincoln Park, USA

On a cold, gloomy night, in a dark, freaky forest, was a family of five. There was a dad called Lenard, who was a strong but not-so-smart guy; a mum called Gertrude, a beautiful and intelligent lady; a daughter that goes by the name of Lily (but was actually given the name of Lillian), a hardworking charm; and a bully of a son called Billy. Last, but not least, was Doggy Dave, their adorable young puppy, only 1 year of age who was always loving, playful and fun.

They had been walking for hours until Doggy Dave started barking. He never barked; he was always quiet. The family stood and stared at him as he continued to bark. Why was he barking? Then suddenly, he began to run. To run! They looked up and started to chase him, and then they found a field of mountains standing in front of them. They all stopped and were so happy to finally find some shelter when they remembered Doggy Dave was still running! They snapped back into action and started to run after him again. He didn't even turn back to see if they were following and Lenard was getting scared that he would never stop.

Doggy Dave finally stopped. They found him sitting proudly, huffing and puffing, in front of a big cave, perfect for the family to stay in. Their hearts leapt, it was perfect! All of them cheered and gave him lots and lots of cuddles and kisses. But Lily wasn't so convinced that it was a coincidence. Why had Doggy Dave come to this cave, since there are so many around? However, she was happy to find a home for next few days after walking for miles.

Lily knew it was all too good to be true. On the very first night, while everyone was sleeping, a noise came from the back of the cave. It woke Lenard who thought it was just Billy playing a joke. But Billy was snoring on the other side of the cave. Too tired to investigate, Lenard drifted back off to sleep.

The screeching noise started again, this time louder than before – but everyone was exhausted, so no one woke up.

The next morning they found boulders surrounding them inside the cave. Now they knew someone or something was there!

After a few days of investigating they still did not find anything, until Lily shouted, “Here is the monster!” Everyone raced towards her like a coalition of cheetahs. Was this the one that was playing tricks on them?

Suddenly, there was a ‘crack’ noise coming from the top of the cave...

Then lots of boulders started to fall. The cave began to crumble until all that was left was the entrance and where they were standing. As quick as a flash they ran to the entrance... But it was too late, the boulders had already blocked the way out.

Then the monster sprung forward and made a path through the boulders. They all ran through the pathway he had created. From then on they decided to call the monster “The Cave Critter”.

My Big Sister. By Dennette Eang, Northbridge International School, Cambodia

My sister was born in Canada, she is now 16 years. She is in grade 11, she got birth at a doctor. She loves to paint pictures and she loves to eat balanced food. After she eats, she would go out on a 40 min walk. She is always scared that she will not have a good mark. Every Saturday and Sunday, she has a yoga class with me at 10:00 am to 11:00 am, she also is a good painter. She can paint fruits, dolls, people and little animals but if she's exhausted sometimes she can't do anything at all! When she's mad she will make a angry face even I'm scared of her! Also my mom is scared!

Selling Cats. By Milica Protic, College Champittet, Pully, Switzerland

One day, Dad had a bid idea to have a cat shop.

“No!” said Mum and everybody.

But we got the cats and we are going to sell them from our car. “Dad, that is impossible. I don’t want to do that”, said Nicholas.

“Oh come on, it won’t be you that has to sell them,” said Dad.

“Then who?” asked Nicholas.

“Granny!” said Dad.

Granny was so mad at Dad, “Oh goodness, what are you saying? But OK I will sell the cats.

Lancelot drove the cats in his motorbike and Granny sold all of them but one. Mr Tugg came and saw the one cat that he really liked but Granny had taught the cats to attack Mr Tugg!

“How could you Granny?!” I said.