



# Creative Writing Competition

2016-17



DOVER COURT INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL  
SINGAPORE  
A NORD ANGLIA EDUCATION SCHOOL



## Harriet

Year 3VS

Age: 7

Word count: 163

### *Diana Shakeshaft*

My granny has eyes like the sea. She has grey hair like a dead coral and her skin is as white as milk. She is so cuddly, I cuddle her all day. My granny is short and kind. Her favourite colour is blue because she likes swimming. She has lots of likes: tea, chocolate, walks, theatre, singing, hugging me, making marmalade and messing around. Granny also has several dislikes: rain, football, sports on the television and laziness. My granny goes to the church every day to sing like a bird tweeting. She has the key to the church, which is shiny and gold. Granny's family include Auntie Jo, my mum, granddad, Hattie, Josie, Auntie Ruth and Uncle Rob. My granny also likes me visiting her. We bake cakes, make things and go to the park to play on the swings. Once, when we went to the park, we saw a dog training place and watched all the different dogs do the obstacle course.

## Kaydon

Year 3JO

Age: 7

Word count: 156

### *My Brother*

Slumped deeply on the sofa, my brother is often found near the TV. He also like hamsters, dogs and dolphins.

When he sees someone switching on the radio, he dashes into a room and slams the door shut. He also dislikes stinky toilets too.

On top of his head, he has dark brown, messy hair. He has brown eyes, which look as though he is hiding a deep secret in his big brain.

Every day, he goes to Dover Court International School, which is the same as me. At home, he helps the family. In addition, he is kind and is never careless, well maybe sometimes.

My brother is a fast runner like a cheetah. He also likes eating eggs, lollies and salted chips. His favourite sport is football. Sometimes he does slide tackles by the always misses. He can also be very lazy. When he sleeps he snores so loudly that he wakes me up.

## Lara

Year 2SM

Age: 6

Word count: 98

### *My Community Family*

Some of my community are from different kinds of places from all around the world. Community is like lots of people from different states to make one community. Community is love and caring for other people from all around the world too. Did you know that everyone has different languages? And I love my community. My community is amazing because my friends are from different places from all around the world. Australia, England, Japan, India, Sri Lanka, Singapore and China too. So that is why I like my community from all around the world and I like it.

## Mia

Year 3SW

Age: 7

Word count: 207

### *My Mum*

My mum is the kindest mum I could ever ask for. She is thirty nine years old.

My mum has short hair that is as black as coffee. Also she has deep brown eyes as brown as chocolate. In addition, her skin colour is a pale brown. She is thin and very tall. Additionally, she wears glasses with sapphires on them.

My mum likes the colour blue, neat work and well behaved children. However, her favourite things to do are going shopping, cooking and chilling out on the sofa with her favourite snack, chocolate. She dislikes messy work, the colour black and naughty children.

My mum works at Standard Charter and she works in a really big laboratory. In that laboratory, she helps people solve problems. Occasionally, she helps to look after my little sister.

My mum loves her family very much. She has a brother called Uing, parents called Sook Kun and Pohleong, cousins called Im, Geock and Chai. She also has many uncles and aunties, nieces, nephews and children that include me, my sister Isabelle and my sister Chole.

To explain how much I love her I give her many hugs and kisses at my bed time. I love my mum very much.

## Olivia

Year 2EN

Age: 7

Word count: 117

### *School Family*

My school family is Dover Court. I like my school family because they care about me. My school family is the perfect fit for me. My school family is nice to me. They are awesome. All the people in my school are great. My school family includes the nurses, teachers, cleaners, classmates and everyone else. If I did not have a school family, I would not have friends or shelter. You need a school family so that you can learn. A school family takes care of you. My school family is special to me and no one can take that away from me. You must be nice to your school family or else you won't have one.

## Celine

Year 5EC

Age: 9

Word count: 499

### *Harry met Dorothy*

Have you ever been under a spell that slowly turns you into a toad? Well Dorothy has. Let me tell you the story.

Long ago, over the rainbow in the Land of Oz, if you had a peek in the bushes, there would be a young wizard named Harry Potter the Wimp. Harry was a small (just below average) wizard who was always scared for no good reason and had zero courage. He was supposed to be in Hogwarts but he ran away because he was scared! He now lived in the Land of Oz where flowers bloomed, it was never winter and food ever-lasting.

One day, young Dorothy was happily going out for a walk when she heard rustling sounds from something hid in the bushes. "Hello?" said Dorothy, trembling with fear. A chill ran down her spine. She took one step forward. Nothing. Suddenly, something flew out from the bushes and with a frightened voice whispered, "Bufo fieri!" Instantly, Dorothy felt her body start to slowly change.

"AHHHHHHH!" screamed Dorothy as she tumbled backwards and fell.

"Oh! Ah... um.... I was very scared, sorry about that," cried Harry, with sad puppy-like eyes. Harry moved forward and touched her arm. It was soggy and wet.

"Yuck!" exclaimed Dorothy with a disgusted face.

"I...I think you are slowly turning into a toad," whispered Harry, anxious of what Dorothy would do to him next.

"I what? A toad?" shrieked Dorothy.

"I know how to undo the spell. We have to find three gems, green for human, blue for wisdom and red for courage," said Harry.

"Come on, let's get them!" grumbled Dorothy.

"Ok, but we have to go to the magical forest where magical animals guard them," replied Harry. Dorothy pulled him by the arm and off they went.

Once they reached the forest, they could already see the first green gem. It was guarded by a huge, fierce hawk, as big as a lion.

"What do hawks dislike?" asked Dorothy.

"I think water," replied Harry.

"Well I saw a stream over there," exclaimed Dorothy.

They quickly jumped into the stream and splashed water at the giant hawk. Immediately, it flew off. As quick as a flash, Dorothy grabbed the gem and off they went to find the next gem.

As they went deeper into the forest, they could see the blue gem guarded by a monster bunny. Harry tried to make a carrot, but ended up making a huge one. He tried to place it on the ground, but threw it far away. Delighted, the monster bunny stomped away to eat the giant carrot. This time, Harry dashed to grab the blue gem.

Harry and Dorothy ran on and found the red gem in a huge red ant's nest. They fought with all their might against the ants and won. Finally, all the gems were found. Panting, Harry stepped forward and uttered, "Riverti!" POOF! In a flash, they were where they had first met and Dorothy became herself again.

## Ines

Year 5LH

Age: 10

Word count: 281

### *The Stolen Treasure*

Long ago, in a land far away, where magic lingered in the air there were three friends who created a secret group to stop criminals. Their names were Harry, Ron and Hermoine. One day, they were in the forest when they saw a gingerbread house; in the house they realised there was a couple. A mysterious looking queen and a beautiful girl were inside. They soon discovered she was Snow White. Hermoine suspected that their giggling and whispering in the house meant that they were up to no good, so the group decided to listen through the door. They didn't hear much, but they heard enough to give them a hint. Listening carefully, they heard "At the stroke of midnight... Cinderella's castle... we'll head to Narnia...rule the world!" Hermoine, Ron and Harry decided to meet at Cinderella's castle at the stroke of midnight to find out more.

Finally, midnight came and the group hid behind a tree just in time to see the queen and Snow White come out of the castle with all the treasure! They followed them and saw them sneak through the wardrobe into Narnia.

"Oh no!" exclaimed Harry.

"If they bring the treasure to the castle of the Ice Queen they could rule the world." whispered Ron.

"Let's go then!" shrieked Hermoine.

The group stormed through the wardrobe and saw Snow White and the queen running to the castle. Immediately, Harry and Hermoine put the queen and Snow White in a force field whilst Ron zapped the treasure back to Cinderella's castle. Harry and Hermoine put the villains in a dungeon and returned to the village triumphantly with Ron.

They all lived happily ever after.

The end.



## Jiah

6CP

Age: 10

Word count: 549

### *Unopenable*

The truth is, Pandora never opened that magic box. One black, velvety night, Pandora held Epimetheus' hand. Her mouth struggled to open fully as her husband turned to her with surprise in his eyes-how dare a woman hold a man's hand?

"Pandora, dear, I know you do love figs, wine, and more, but you must show the head of the house what you have in your box," Epimetheus told his wife, trying to be fair. "And your clay jar. I have waited for two years now, and tonight I simply cannot wait." As if food was the only valuable thing in her blessed jar!

"No, I will not allow it!" she yelled, but the male simply brushed her hand aside angrily, storming out into the moonlit night. His expression was stern and cold.

Was she someone to be that easily pushed away? No-she wasn't. She thought of the past horrors, women so inferior to men. And this would change that. This would bring balance to the cruel, unfair world.

She was almost mad with satisfaction, anticipation, yet her heart remained somewhat loyal to her husband. So she had no choice but to quickly shut it, burn it, harden it, and then eventually lock it away. Quickly scrambling to Zeus', the High Lord of the Skies, altar, she prayed for the good-willed gifts, medicines and blessings in the jar and box to swirl into a dark creation worthy of Hades himself. Her quiet voice rang through the tiny room.

Finally, after procrastinating it for so long, looking at her much swollen stomach through her tunic, she prayed that 6 of her creations-all of them- would become frightful warriors and bringers of doom. And with that, she waited...

By next month, her six children were born, to Pandora's delight and Epimetheus' shock but joy. Pandora's face was gleaming, as she sang praise to the gods above, who merely sighed at Pandora's dark plot.

But what was this strangeness?

Why, for gods' sake, were there 7 tiny infants wailing their heads off?

Pandora's breath hitched. The first six babies were perfect. Jelia had green eyes and blonde hair, Vilhema had purple eyes and purple hair...and so on. But Helena was apparently not cursed or dented; her amber eyes peered out under her chocolaty hair.

Ten years flitted by quick enough, and it was time to change her children's names, unknown to Epimetheus. Her dears already knew the reason they were born, after all, and they loved it. The only unexplainable thing was where Helena had sprung from.

You might think Helena was doted on, but alas, she wasn't. She was actually treated more carefully and not allowed to 'interfere'.

And when Helena heard that Jelia was now Jealousy, Vilhema now Vanity, Lavina Lust, Saarbina Sloth, Guventrine Greed and Predinta Pride, she knew something terrible would happen. So she begged her mother to be named Hope so as to be a light to the dark, dangerous world.

Her mother disagreed, not wanting to give her the gift of hope, so she left to a steep cliff. She hesitantly threw herself off after thinking,

'I throw myself

Into stormy seas

For if as mortal I am unable to be of help to this earth  
I shall help as a spirit.'

## Vincent

Year 5MS

Age: 9

Word count: 609

### *Harry Potter & the Underground World*

Harry Potter walked by Ravolton Volcano. The volcano stood there like a shining black chimney of the ground. Ten thousand years ago, the volcano was belching out arrows of orange fire and blobs of red flame. This volcano was very special because it didn't leave a wisp of smoke and a beast named Rallavon controlled when it violently erupts. Ravallon has slept for ten thousand years... but no longer. The eruption was so large that it was thought that there was no more lava.

The sun was lowering, as if it was hanging on an invisible string. Harry watched it sink behind Ravolton Volcano. Shadows came shooting out of it. It was sitting on top of the volcano. Like one soldier fighting an army of cavalry. Then it disappeared. The desert was silent. Sand spread in every direction. At day the sand was yellow but while night it was blue. Harry fell asleep.

He woke up. The sun, sky, and sand was red. The volcano was black. Strangely, fifty meters in front of him, were a group of villagers. Normally, the desert was empty. The villagers were telling Harry Potter that Rallavon burnt their village and they were looking for another. Suddenly, Rallavon leapt out of Ravolton Volcano. Harry attacked but Rallavon leapt back in. Harry followed him and soon they were falling down Ravolton Volcano.

A small light appeared below them. Then it grew and Harry realised that volcano was erupting. Rallavon was growling and he would be protected from the lava - Harry wouldn't. Harry Potter chanted a spell and a blue bubble formed around him. Next, lava pressed on his bubble and a loud crackling sound echoed around the volcano. Harry was pushed into an underground tunnel. He was being blasted into a mine. Harry hit his head on a rock and was knocked-out.

He woke up. There was no bubble. Harry Potter lay in a mine. Chunks of wood hung down. A solitary mine-cart lay on a track. A bright light pierced his eye. The mines were filling up with lava. Harry could not run away from the lava and he did not have enough energy to create another bubble so he leapt into the mine-cart. Soon, he was sliding down the mines. The wheels were clattering and the tracks were uneven so the cart was jumping a lot. Harry spotted a hole and fell into it. He was falling. THUD! Harry hit the ground. He was on an island of rock. All around him a sea of lava stretched as far as a human eye could see. On the sea were thousands of other small islands.

Harry Potter saw Rallavon standing on one of the islands. His teeth were closing. His eyes were blazing. His fur was swaying. Rallavon let out a terrifying roar. He leapt at Harry. Harry dodged. Harry shouted a curse at Rallavon. A bolt of lightning leapt out of Harry's fingers. Rallavon was shredded to bits before his eyes.

A swirling, boiling whirlpool appeared and Harry was sucked into it instantly. Brilliant orange fire swirled around him. He fell through a tunnel of lava. Everything went black.

Harry opened his eyes. He was lying on the ground. Next to him, a colossal wolf skull lay. He was next to Ravolton Volcano. Harry spotted something. It was Rallavon's body. His fur shined like a weathered bone. Blood poured out of the body, staining the sand as it seeped from orange crystal to orange crystal. Now Harry could finally arrive at Hogwarts. The lava from the eruption curved a path for Harry. Soon he was at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Ravolton Volcano struck up from the ground. He had entered the underground world and made it out.

The End

## Anirudh

Year 4JC

Age: 8 years

Word count: 497 words

### *Geronimo And His Golf Championship*

I am the publisher of The Rodent's Gazette, my newspaper, which was not having progress. One day, at my house, I was watching news when Sam Ratmousen (My grandfather's old enemy) appeared on the screen.

He announced "Whoever will win the Rodent's Golf Challenge, by defeating my granddaughter, will get FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS as prize money". At that moment, my eyes brightened up and sparkled. Suddenly, my grandfather William Shortpaws dashed to me from his room. "Did you hear the news? It was Sam Ratmousen," he yelled.

"I know that." I replied back "What happened?"

"50 years ago, we both were best friends and good golf players. Once we were playing against each other for 'Championship' and he won it by ditching me. So, that's why we became enemies. Now I want you to win this tournament and take my revenge and you can use the prize money for reviving your newspaper business," said grandfather.

"But I'm not so good at golf." I cried.

"Don't worry about that." He said coolly. He gave a wink and went to his room.

The next day, when I woke, I saw grandfather staring at me angrily. "Pack your things quickly", he shouted in my ears. "The flight is in 1 hour!" How I hate going to flights. After an hour, we boarded the flight. In the flight, it was shivering cold and was a long journey to Mouse Port. I saw 7 golf players in the flight. Oh! It is going to be a tough competition. As we reached airport, I thought of eating something. But as usual Grandpa said no and we headed straight to the tournament venue.

I started to practise, alongside my grandpa. I was playing so bad that everyone was staring at me and giggling. At my first try, it took me 8 shots to put the ball! Everyone was laughing except for my grandfather. He was shouting at me! I tried the next hole but still it took me many attempts. But it was still better. After many attempts, I knew how to hit the ball aiming for the hole.

Finally, the moment arrived for which everyone was waiting. All were well prepared and focused to win the trophy and the whopping prize money of \$50,000. It was a 9-hole tournament.

Hole	Me (Stilton)	Sally (Sam's Daughter)	Others (Best)
1st	2	1	3
2nd	4	1	3
3rd	1	2	2
4th	3	3	2
5th	1	1	2
6th	1	2	2
7th	1	3	1
8th	2	1	1
9th	1	2	3
<b>Total</b>	<b>16 shots</b>	<b>16 shots</b>	<b>19 shots</b>

It was a tie between me and Sally so we had the final tie-breaker shot. Sally was focused for the trophy but my focus was money. However luck was on my side and I managed to win Sally's heart along with the trophy and prize money! Both grandfathers also patched up and became friends again.

The End

## Suhani

Year 7C

Age: 12

Word count: 498 words

### *Cinderella Finch and The Grand Ball*

Once upon a time, in New York, there lived a beautiful girl named Cinderella Finch. She had a father called Blake, who was a molecular biologist and had 2 very kind stepsisters called Anna and Belle. Unfortunately, Cinderella's mother Samara disappeared while the family were on a trip. Since then, Cinderella blames herself and feels terribly unloved as her stepsisters help her father at the lab and are always busy.

One afternoon, Cinderella received a letter from the palace for an invitation to the ball held by Prince Jackson, more like command, as all eligible ladies had to come to the ball or at least 1 lady from each house has to come. Cinderella was least interested in the ball and her sisters were always busy, so she threw it in the bin. "Hey, what's this Cinderella?" Her sister Anna questioned as she took it out and held it. Although, before she could read it, her twin sister Belle snatched it and when she read it, she started frolicking around the room. "It's an invitation to the princes' ball, I wish we could go-wait, Cinderella, you can go!" Belle exclaimed, still jumping around.

"Well, I don't want to go! It's boring!" Cinderella said, tired of arguing.

"You're going and that's final-not a word about it!" Blake declared, startling everyone in the room.

"Oh Cinderella, you look absolutely gorgeous!" her stepsisters said at the same time and then burst out laughing, which Cinderella thought was pretty creepy. Cinderella gasped as she saw herself in the mirror. Her stepsisters were right-she looked gorgeous.

"Cinderella, your limousine has arrived, it will take you to the palace and will bring you back"

Blake informed Cinderella.

After she reached the palace, Cinderella was greeted with many heart-warming smiles, but also quite a few envious looks, which she replied to, with a slight smirk. Because she was too busy smirking at the envious people around, she didn't watch where she was going and bumped into Jackson. They both apologised and then started a conversation.

Cinderella was terribly wrong about Jackson, she expected him to be over-confident, mean and selfish, but he was a very kind, caring person and didn't hesitate to show his concern about his country. After a while, they started dancing and the hours swept by and she could see that every woman in the ballroom was glaring at her, but she ignored them. After sometime, Cinderella thought that it was time to leave. Cinderella and Jackson bid goodbye and then she left.

A few days later, Jackson came over to the Finch residence to propose Cinderella, to which she happily agreed. Their wedding was held a few days later.

The wedding went excellent, but Cinderella missed her mother more than ever, wanting her to be by her side. Now, Jackson and Cinderella were walking down the aisle and towards the limousine. Just as they were about to sit in the car, Cinderella saw someone she never imagined to see. Samara Finch...

## Maylis

Year 9D

Age: 13

Word count: 80

### *Humans*

We are to blame  
we used our weapons  
our chainsaws, our trucks  
to kill all the beauty  
that once surrounded us.  
Birds, insects,  
amphibians, reptiles  
humans murdered it all.

Now today we look back  
at the damage we've done.  
How did we do this,  
scar the earth?

I'll tell you how;  
we didn't think,  
we didn't care,  
we only thought of money.  
And that drove us to destruct,  
destruct the beauty.

So how can we mend the murders we've done?

## Emma

Year 10D

Age: 14

Word count: 449

### *The Death of a Butterfly*

The pitter patter of the rain on the concrete was incessant. It created puddles which reflected the grey smog that filled skies. The sun's rays could not pierce the immense layer of smog and ash which covered its face, leaving the world below to hang in the dead empty greyness that was growing darker each passing day. Down on the streets the peoples black umbrellas bobbed up and down as they walked along the street. Bellow that their faces looked as if they were cut in stone, emotionless and insipid. Their cloths were drab and monotonous like an empty slate. The only noises were the rain and the footsteps of the people walking in the rain. There was the occasional sound of a car passing through this broken town.no one ever stopped here. Not anymore. All the houses were silent and not a single light was on. The houses seemed to be nothing more than empty shells, devoid of life and color, like the people who walked the streets. The rain began to poured hard, pelting the streets below.it was as if the sky its self was mourning the loss of life and color. But the smallest speck of color appeared on the horizon.

It was a butterfly. One tiny butterfly. Its fragile wings fought to stay in the air as the wind and rain whipped around it. Its beautiful wings were every shade of blue like the sky and ocean had once been before they too were drained of life and color. Each vein that branched through its wings were like miniature rivers flowing with the purest of water. But one single rain drop fell down from the smoggy clouds and hit the butterfly head on. The butterfly struggled to stay in the air for a moment, tried to break free of its fate, and then started to plummet towards the hard ground. As it fell it tried so hard to stop the inevitable, to do the impossible, to live, to be free, to fly. But no matter how hard it tried it still fell toward its demise.

Its body broke as it hit the ground.

The life and color that had been there only moments before faded away into the void of gray stillness. The beautiful shades of blue that had splayed its delicate wings faded away till it was the same empty greyness as the clouds above. The rain washed its broken shattered body down the drain as if was trying to hide the evidence of a crime.

Yet no one noticed. No one would remember when the butterfly died. No one would remember when another spark of hope and life was ripped from the world.

## Mehr

Year 9D

Age: 14

Word count: 540

### *My Father Is My Angel*

Through my whole life my father has been my strongest pillar. He has always been there through my good and bad, thick and thin. I'm very happy today that I get to call myself his daughter. There might be situations where we fight, but doesn't that happen in any healthy relationship? When I was young he pushed me to do things I never wanted to do. But now that I look back I see that those are the things I am excelling in the most. I don't care what the world says but to me my dad always thinks best for me.

He works very hard so he can get me the best of things and enroll me into the best of schools, so I get an excellent education and become much more successful than he is today. I guess that is the dream every parent has. To make him proud, my dream is to be exactly like him, a very confident and focused person who doesn't get distracted and is very money-minded when comes to work but humble in general life.

He has always been there for me through my everyday life. He has always pretended that he can protect me for the entirety of my life but deep down regrets that the true fact is that he can't and knows that one day I will fly away from the nest and soar like a bird. He is the one who has been by my side when I am scared on a stormy night or when I am over-joyed due to my achievements.

When I see an 'A' on my report and get upset he is the one to say "We can work together and improve, there is always a next time." He is also the one to gets mad if I perform badly in any subject because he knows my standard but he does this because he is my well-wisher. He is the one who cheers for me when I am competing and he is also the one who is running around behind the scenes to push me to train more and in the end he is the one who covers my wounds from training even though he has exhausted himself.

With all this effort he is putting in for me, at the least I can try to get the standards he expects from me, and I know I can get those if I put in the effort, and make him happy, make him feel that his efforts are not wasted and that he has invested all his precious time in someone who is capable of doing wonders in the world with his given wisdom. In my opinion, I think I have enough courage to accept this challenge, take in all the knowledge I can and surpass my own father if that is what his wish is. But I truly hope I can fulfill his dreams and become someone big, be it rich or poor, but leave a good lesson behind for my future generations to take on and learn from. My kids should look back and say that Naveen Thukral's knowledge has brought us to this position and I am proud to call myself his grandchild.

## Oscar

Year 10D

Age: 15

Word count: 274

### *Uluru*

The sun climbed above the peak of Uluru, as its streaks of orange ribbon lighted the brown sandy dust of the outback. A snake embraced the sun on the warming sand; its scales glistened from the shine of the sun. Without a notice the snake pounced into the cover of a rock; the rock it longed itself to be in the blanket of the night. The bushes branches covered in prickly horns rustled in tune of the wind as, a quartet of kookaburras singed along by the river echoing tune through the outback. By the late afternoon Uluru had become a stunning pink; its presence alienated itself from the illuminating brown sands of the outback.

The sky twirled away behind the sun leaving behind the abyss of the night sky, from a clear big blue sky. One by one small glows of bright light in the sky began to become, bigger and brighter with each passing cloud. Stars ignited with pure light they competed to be the brightest, but in the distance a fainter however noticeable beacon of light shone from the ground up. Its trail of smoke was smelt by the animals of the outback, as a chief of an aborigine tribe sang and chanted stories of their ancestors and their traditions which protected all living things. The faces of the tribe's people were blacked by the darkening sky but, their white paste shone their identity. They pleaded to their chief to enter the mystic Uluru. The chief said to them that their place will soon be marked on the great rock of Uluru once life has seen all of you as one.







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