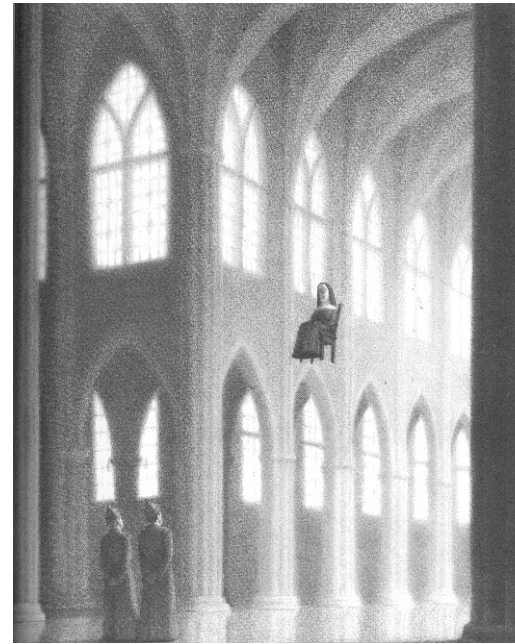




Winter Writing and Art Competition

A collection of poems and artwork from the Dovestone Learning Partnership



This year, our art and writing competition for Year 5 , 6 & 7 pupils was inspired by an intriguing book: **The Mysteries of Harris Burdick by Chris Van Allsburg.**

It consists of a series of images, ostensibly created by Harris Burdick, a man who has mysteriously disappeared. Each image is accompanied by a title and a single line of text, which encourages readers to create their own stories. Our DLP pupils have either produced a piece of artwork or a piece of writing based on their chosen illustration from the book. We received an incredible collection of entries from all schools, from charcoal drawings and applique work to diary entries, letters and short stories. Three finalists were selected from each school and entered into the grand final, and six winners were chosen in the final who will receive a The Works voucher as a prize.

The headteachers who carried out the judging were all impressed by the standard of work that was submitted – a testament to the great work that is happening in writing and art lessons across the partnership.

Participating Schools:

Delph Primary School
Diggle Primary School
Friezland Primary School
St. Thomas' Leesfield C.E. Primary School
St. Agnes C.E. Primary School

Mr Linden's Library

One fine, sunny evening, after school, Sienna decided to go to the library: her favourite place. Sienna is a 12 year old girl who has silky, brown hair with ginger highlights and she is always helpful. Although she is sweet there is also a side that doesn't always show. As Sienna walked along the pavement she kept hesitating: but carried on thinking about what her mum had told her "Don't go to Mr Linden's Library today, it is getting renovated."

Sienna was intrigued and confused to find out why it was changing: it was absolutely fine two days ago. Sienna's other side is that she is a daredevil so she knew that she would have to be sneaky and quick if she wanted to find out why "Ok, I'm going to Anna's after school to study," replied Sienna cunningly.

30 minutes later, she entered a white enormous building- that looked the same as before. 'What was my mum on about?' thought Sienna. She went into the library- she was still in the place she had been before- still greeted by a friendly, little old man, who was practically a mouse compared to the counter, whose croaky voice was the same as she has always remembered. Mr Linden (the owner) hobbled over and welcomed her in with a strong, wrinkly handshake. He soon went dull as he began to tell an interesting subject that had just occurred, "Don't go in the Tales and Treasures section as there was a leak in the ceiling." But of course she went to have a look...

When she got home she immediately ran up to her room- big but cramped on the 3rd floor. She locked her door and got nice and cosy in bed. Sienna started

reading it... After she had read about 5 chapters she started to notice some weird, green vines poking up. She started to panic and jumped out of bed and grabbed her scissors- from her arts and crafts box. She slowly and carefully cut the strange plant and quickly threw it in her bin. A little bit shaken, just before sunset, she gradually got back in bed to read the rest of the book. Later that night, the mysterious vines came back, but this time she accidentally touched them: poof... in a flash she was out like a log...

Three hours later, she woke up and couldn't remember exactly what happened. Suddenly, she heard her mum's footsteps so she quickly closed the book and shoved it under her bed: just before her mum set foot in her room. She stood as stiff as an elephant as she wondered why her daughter was being so sus..

"Hi mum, what are you doing up here?" said Sienna quickly.

"I just called Anna's mum and she said you weren't there," said mum calmly, but inside slightly upset. Sienna knew that she had been caught and just sat in her bed speechless and frozen.

"I'm sorry mum, I should have listened," Sienna said as she burst into tears.

"It's ok, just don't lie to me next time," her mum replied forgivingly, "let's go and return that hideous book."

To be continued...



Aggie

Year 6

Diggle Primary School

The Film

Many thousands of years ago, in a time when the world was beyond disrepair, lived an ancient tribe whose mournful cries speared through the dull, colourless valley. Faces, engraved with hate, peered through gaps in the blackened bushes, looking to find anything, even a tiny scrap of rotting meat, to eat. A thin, starving deer stumbled by in a sort of half-alive state, its whispered moans sounded like the creeping wind whistling through a gap. Jumping out from behind the bush...

The soft click of a button was scarcely heard as Molly turned off the TV.

"W-W-WHY DID YOU TURN IT OFF?" blurted Sophie angrily, "I WANTED TO WATCH IT!" she turned her back on Molly and sat with her arms crossed in a huff.

"Mum said I need to make sure you are in bed by nine or I will be banned off my phone." Scoffed Molly back. She grabbed Sophie's pale, fragile arm and yanked her up the stairs to her bedroom.

"OWWWWW!"

"Come on! Brush your teeth and get into bed, when mom and dad come back, pretend to be asleep," she started to walk away, "and don't disturb me!" Molly headed down the creaking stairway texting on her beloved phone.

Clutching her throbbing arm, Sophie brushed her teeth and got into bed, staring up at the cobweb-coated ceiling. Her thoughts were whirring like cogs, she couldn't get to sleep. After wishing herself to sleep, Sophie drifted off.

A few peaceful hours later, Sophie woke up to a sudden, startled crash echoing outside. She got up and looked out of her window. Nothing!

Bang, crash, boom, the house rattled, delicate glass ornaments shattered, and over the ululating racket a voice rasped, "Come here darling," it beckoned her forwards, the voice was half alive like a half-empty cup. The air turned a pale -nearly invisible glistening white. Sophie walked towards it, hypnotized and enchanted, her bright blue eyes turned stormy gray. The world started to twist and turn, collapsing silently on her. She started to fall, fall further and further down a never-ending pit.

Sophie's eyes fluttered open, taking in her surroundings: blackened trees stood on thin spindly legs, dead grass shed messily and the howling wind whispered eerily in a foreign language. She stood up, a dreaded tingling of realisation washed over her, "Shayland," she said to no one in particular. "The movie is real! Molly was lying!" Sophie fell to the ground, her heart pounding in her chest, tears trickled down her blotched face but her eyes stayed calm as if they didn't belong to her at all. Whispered voices echoed around her, like a half empty glass.

A tree emerged from the ground, rocks -like faces- followed its lead and a group of sinister looking people appeared like magic. Faces, engraved with hate, sat on battered bodies and a broken chant filled the air, "FOOD, FOOD, FOOD, GIVE US F-O-O-D, FOOD, FOOD, FOOD, GI..."

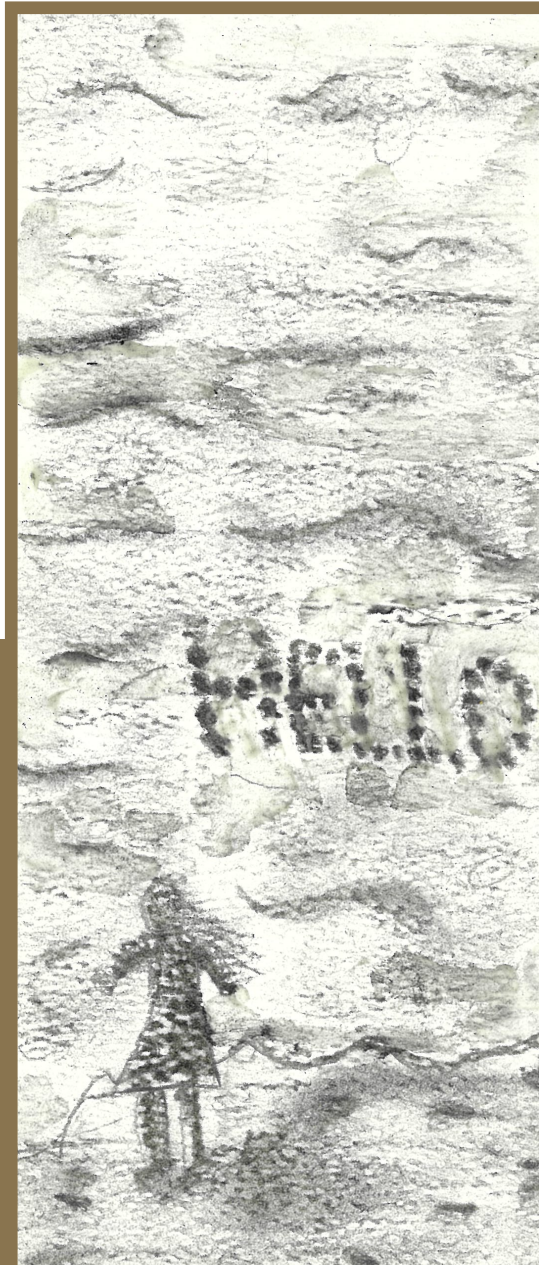
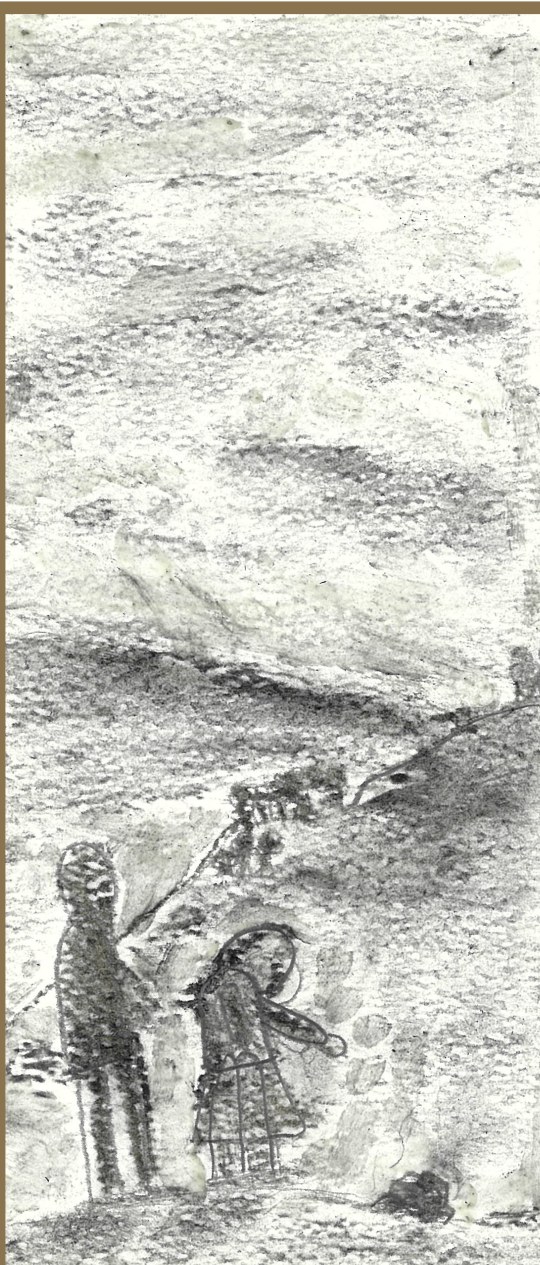
"SILENCE!" boomed a rough voice that seemed to come from nowhere. "LOOK BEHIND YOU, YOU FILTHY MORONS!" This statement was followed by a mess of crude language. Heads turned. Sophie ran. **This was the end...**



Hannah Shaw

Year 6

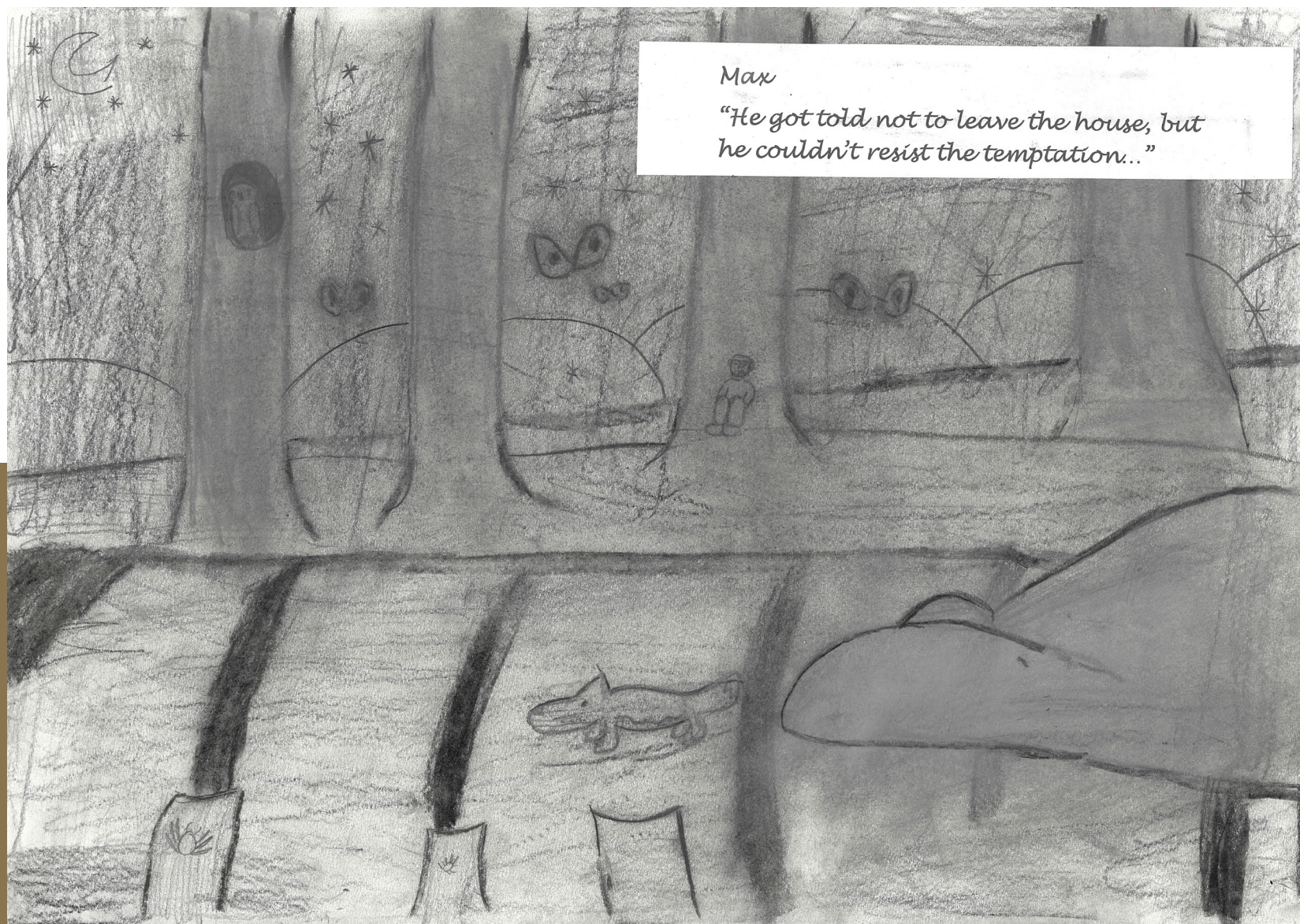
Delph Primary School



Alice
Year 6
St. Thomas'
Leesfield
Primary School



Max
Year 5
St. Agnes
Primary School



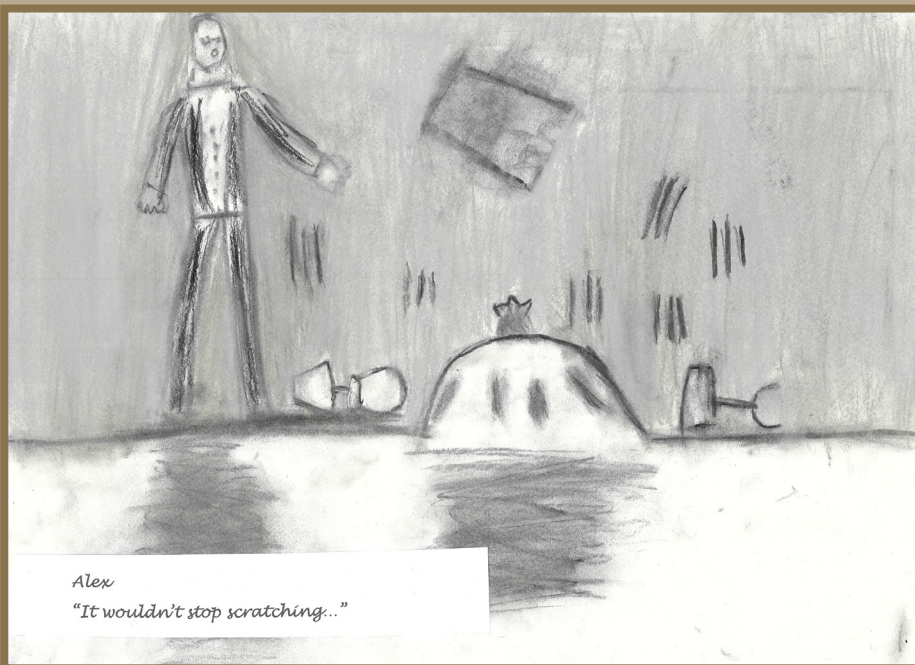
Max

*"He got told not to leave the house, but
he couldn't resist the temptation..."*



Aysha
Year 6

.....
St. Thomas' Leesfield
Primary School



Alex
Year 5, St. Agnes Primary School



Daiseigh
Year 6, St. Thomas' Leesfield Primary School

The Dream Jungle

One blustery winter night, on the highest peak in England, on a farm at the very top was a boy called Marcus. He was getting ready for bed but when he stepped into his wardrobe he was sucked into a whirl wind of surprises. He felt sweat dripping from his body and tasted the hot air. He popped out in the most majestic place he had ever seen. It was a jungle! He smelt the most beautiful of smells and heard the most amazing noises. Upon looking back, he realised that he had been inside a portal, which had subsequently closed. He ran back to see if he could find it but there was nothing there! He noticed a harp playing a strange, moody tune off to the side of him. Marcus realised he needed find shelter as he could see a storm was coming.

He crossed rivers, climbed trees and scaled mountains until he found an enormous cave. It was filled with millions of vampire bats but at least it was shelter. He found some old fabric that a person had previously left from some type of expedition he thought because of the writing printed on it, he then put that down as some bedding. During the night he heard the harp again; he felt it was trying to send him a message! The storm caused him to stay awake all night, and in the morning, the ground was muddy and boggy. He went to search for some food; he was looking for about an hour until he found some parrot eggs. He made a fire with some dry wood he found last night and cooked them in the embers of the fire.

Marcus knew he had to find a way to get home. The jungle was vast, and he did not know where to begin. First, he searched by the river but did not find anything. Next, he examined the mountain but still found nothing. Finally, at the volcano crater, he discovered a piece of wood. Upon closer inspection, he realised it was part of his bedroom door. He then found more pieces on the opposite side, protruding from the ground. After a while, he made a pickaxe with some wood and stone and started to dig the door out of the ground.

After a while, he saw a yellow light - it was the portal home. He dug for hours until he could slide through the gap in the ground. He returned to his room, feeling as though time had stood still in reality but moved swiftly in his dream. He realised the music from the harp was the thing that had directed him back to the safety of his room. He wondered if it was a dream as he could still hear the beautiful instrument playing. The end, or is it?

Theo Nortcliffe

Year 6

Friezland Primary School

Captain Tory and the Ghost Ship by Evan Lewis

1907

Captain Tory and his crew set off on the ship The Explorer on a mysterious quest to find the treasure that was hidden by the pirate Captain Bravebeard on Skull Island hundreds of years ago.

At the start of the journey Captain Tory is swept off of the ship without the rest of his crew realising. They carry on the journey and sail into the storm that surrounds Skull Island. Captain Tory was rescued by some fishermen but The Explorer and the rest of the crew never came out of the storm and were never seen again... or were they? People say the crew turned into ghosts and they sail around the storm round Skull Island on their ghost ship protecting the treasure.

1957

Captain Tory tells his grandson Jeff the story of his crew and the ship that were lost. He tells him that he can summon The Explorer by swinging his lantern three times. Jeff watches in amazement as his grandfather summons the ship.

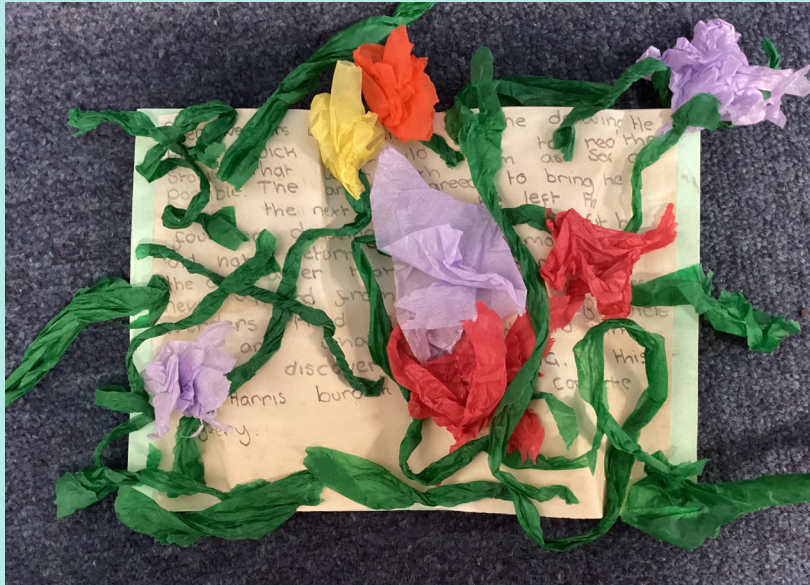
"He swung his lantern three times and slowly the schooner appeared."

When he summoned the boat the ghost crew were angry and wanted revenge on Captain Tory as they thought he abandoned them by jumping off the ship when he actually fell off. The ghost crew got closer and closer. Jeff and Tory were never seen again.

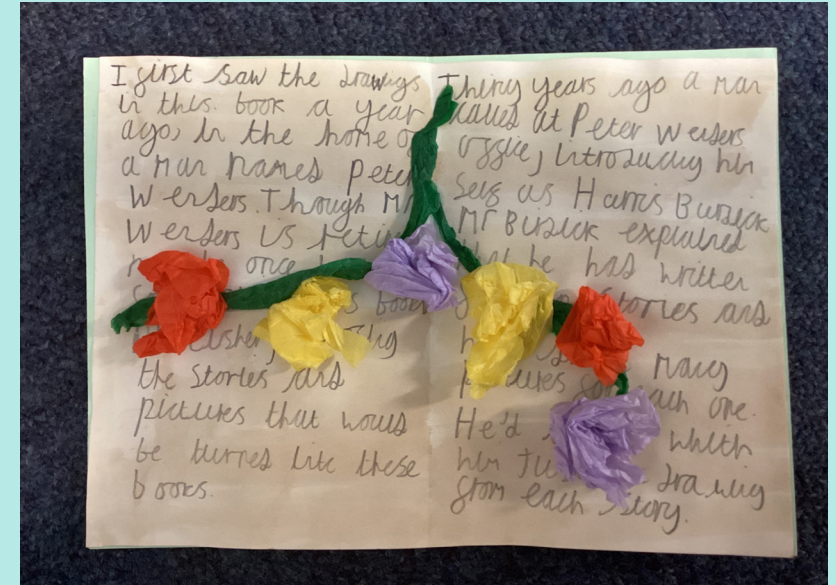
Evan Lewis

Year 6

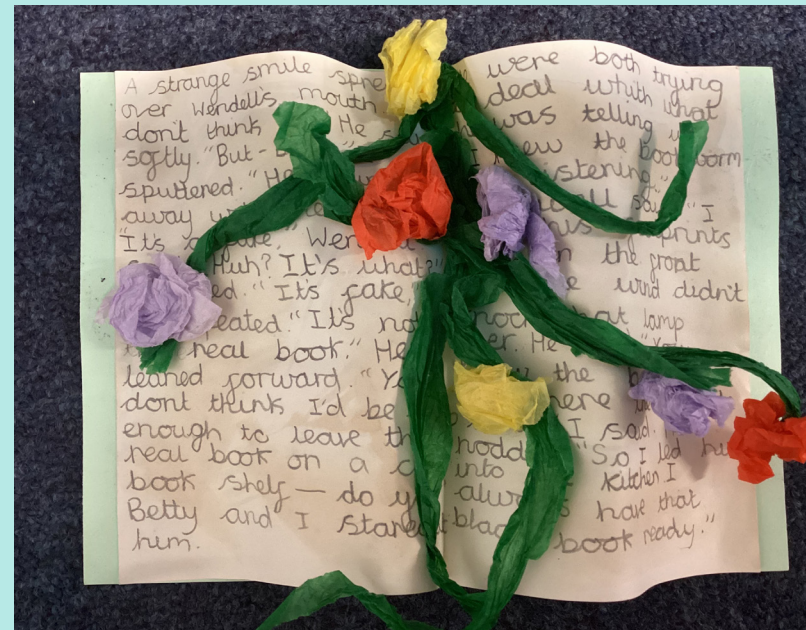
Friezland Primary School



Kai Yousaf
Year 5
Knowsley
Primary School



Fatima Fiaz
Year 5
Knowsley
Primary School



Isla Cooper
Year 5
Knowsley
Primary School

The Mystery of the Book and the Room (an extract)

The sun peeped through the window landing softly on the bed. The room brightened, awakening Katie. Her eyes drooped and she yawned. She sat up and that's when she realised that it was Saturday, the one day of the week where Katie could go to Mr Linden's library. Hastily, she got out of bed and hopped downstairs for breakfast.

As she stepped into Mr Linden's library, the bell attached to the door gave a little ring. Immediately, Katie was frozen in awe. Every week there were more and more books stacked one upon the other, but today there were hundreds of different books. There were big ones, small ones, thin ones and thick ones. Katie had never seen anything like it.

As she stepped through the wonderland of beautifully layered books one caught her eye. She stuttered to a halt. To her right, a dark green and gleaming silver book stood alone. She reached for it, "Not that one," she turned around – it was Mr Linden. He was behind the counter muttering to himself whilst giving Katie a stern look. Mr Linden had a thin grey beard and perfectly round glasses. His lips were thin and pale but his eyes were a beautiful sky blue colour, "Not that one!" he repeated, but Katie didn't listen and grabbed it. It was thickly layered with dust so she gently blew it off. The book had silver vines that seemed to move when she looked away. The beauty of the book made her question Mr Linden's words, then as if Mr Linden could read Katie's mind he cautiously said, "It may hold such beauty on the outside, but when you open it, terror reveals itself!" Yet again, Katie didn't listen and instead just rolled her eyes! "Not that one!" warned Mr Linden more urgently, but Katie brought it to the ancient wooden counter, grinning cheekily at him as he received the money, scowling all the while. As she trudged back to the door carrying what seemed to be a treasure, but in reality was her biggest nightmare, the vines started twitching. Mr Linden froze. Katie was in danger...

Later, Katie merrily hopped into bed, turned on her lamp, grabbed the book and started reading aloud, "Katie walked into Mr Linden's library," she stopped reading. She was Katie. She went to Mr Linden's library. Katie gulped, it could only be a coincidence Katie told herself and then started reading once more, And as she did a book caught her eye, "Not that one!" Mr Linden warned, but Katie ignored him and bought it anyway. Katie's mouth flew wide open, the book described her day and ended where she was now. Katie swiped through the remaining pages, each one of them was blank.

As she tucked herself in, wonder filled her mind, but she gently drifted away to a world of her own ... Bang! Katie awoke with a fright, curiously she turned her lamp on and that's when she saw it. She screamed, then jumped out of bed. The book's pages were rapidly turning, she could hear the paper rustling, or was it? Vines were crawling out of the pages of the book, heading towards Katie. Her muscles were tight knots as she raced out of bed in the gloom, but the ivy clawed up her feet and tightened further as she tried to scream, but it was too strong and wrapped around her mouth making it impossible to scream or even be heard.

As she struggled with the thick vines she heard a tiny, faint voice, "You'll do good on the third floor bedroom!" Her vision faded, She couldn't see anything, just blackness, she couldn't hear, breathe or even smell. The vine tightened and the blackness enveloped her.

Katie awoke in what appeared to be a pure, green forest. Flowers bloomed and the trees gently swayed. Whoosh! She turned around. Nothing. Whoosh! Whoosh! Katie jumped back. Whoosh! She turned around again and jumped back. A mysterious creature was staring at her as if she was one of those foods that you've always hated even as a baby. Katie wore a confused frown on her face. "Hello?" As sly as a fox, the strange creature pulled out a sharp, deadly sword and held it up at Katie's face. "I just said hello!" Katie explained.

"Who are you?" said a squeaky but cold voice. Katie turned around and there was another creature. They were a bushy green colour with leaves and flowers sticking out of them and a lot smaller than Katie (but a lot more deadly and scarier too!) The one behind her tied a tight vine rope around her waist. "Hey, I've had enough vines for one day!" exclaimed Katie. The bush-like creatures ignored her and pulled her along on a carriage with Katie crying and wailing the whole way in terror.

They soon arrived at a beautiful, towering castle, revealed by the creatures pulling a lever to show the castle behind a curtain of ivy. Awe filled Katie as they bobbed along the rocky path to the castle. Once inside, Katie saw a royal rug leading up to a golden throne, covered head to toe with wildlife. The creatures turned to look at Katie and shouted, "Put her in the third-floor bedroom!" All the guards froze at these words, making Katie even more nervous.

She was taken to the third-floor bedroom by a bush-like creature who held out the key to the bedroom as if it was a dead wasp. Katie took it but her spine prickled and sweat dripped down her back. Clink! She unlocked the door, turned to speak to the bushes, but they were gone. She gulped, Katie glanced around the room, it looked like her room, back in her world. "How?" Crash! The rest of Katie's sentence was washed away by a big bang, the ground below her started to shake. She looked up at her neat bird printed wallpaper ... but it was moving? She shut her eyes, rubbed them and opened them again. Still moving! Suddenly loads of the printed birds sprung to life. The birds burst from the wallpaper and somersaulted through the window – except one. One remained stuck, glued in the wallpaper. Katie rushed to help it, she pulled and pulled until crash! It came bursting out, but then it started to grow, bigger and bigger until it was past human size and then it urged Katie to get on its back! She jumped on and they were off, flying gracefully to join the rest of the doves. She looked back at the castle and down towards the beautiful kingdom below. Katie wondered where they were going, was she going to have to live in a bird's nest forever? Or camp on the top of a volcano? Katie began to feel excited at the thought!

After hours of flying, Katie saw another magnificent castle. This one wasn't coated in ivy or looked like it had been standing for a thousand years. It was tidy and as dark as the midnight sky. Gently the birds swooped into the entrance, landing inside the dark-lit castle. In front of them was a woman wearing a spiky thorn crown. Her hair was as black as black could be! Her clothes too, but her eyes were different. They had a gentle but fiery look in them, they were a blood red making her appear almost vampire like as she also had deadly looking fangs. Surprisingly, she wore a wide, welcoming smile. "Hello," she said gently. Katie froze and her skin prickled. Nervously she replied hello. Still the woman smiled. "I am Spark, the queen of this kingdom, I sent my bird to rescue you, so who are you?"

"I am Katie! I bought a book with ivy-like designs on it and in the dead of night, the ivy consumed her and ..." Katie was interrupted,

"You bought a cursed book" Spark said worriedly. Katie tilted her head.

"A cursed book?" Katie asked. Suddenly, screams and shouts were heard from outside. The queen and birds rushed outside leaving Katie alone. She peeped outside to see people being dragged away by ivy. Not more ivy? Katie thought to herself as she too ran outside to help defend the kingdom. Freeze! The people dropped. Time seemed to slow down. The ivy moved like a snake on the ground, searching for Katie. "Run!" screamed Spark. Katie did just that, she jumped over the ivy and headed inside the castle, she looked back, the ivy was getting closer and closer. She ran up the stairs and to her horror the ivy scaled the wall blocking the top of the stairs, before she could think, the ivy consumed her whole again. Motionless, she was dragged away ...

Paige Morley

Year 5

Delph Primary School

The Seven Chairs

In the quiet town of Mossley, a young boy named Bob possessed a remarkable talent for crafting. He could create almost anything from simple materials. He spent hours messing about in his workshop, transforming wood, metal, and even the occasional discarded object into something extraordinary. One day, he decided to take on an ambitious project: the construction of seven unique chairs.

First, he built Chair One, an exceptionally tall chair that seemed to reach for the sky. Then came Chair Two, a wooden chair that offered surprising comfort, almost as if it were made of clouds. Chair Three was designed to bounce, its springs adding a playful energy to any room. And for his faithful canine companion, suki, he carefully crafted the forth one, which was a miniature throne fit for a king.

The fifth chair, however, was unlike any he had ever created. It emitted a soft, eerie, glow, as if tiny stars were trapped within its wooden frame. When Bob attempted to place his marbles in its hidden compartment, they floated weightlessly, defying gravity. Intrigued, Bob watched as the chair began to levitate, spinning gently and emitting a brighter light. Before he could fully comprehend what was happening, the chair soared through an open window, rising up into the clouds.

A few days later, Bob received a letter from France. A nun wrote about a glowing chair that had appeared in her church, bringing joy to all who saw it.

Bob recognized his chair. He wrote back, describing the seven chairs and their individual features, and included detailed drawings.

The nun replied, explaining they had named the chair Celeste, and sent a photograph of it glowing within the church.

Bob and the nun continued to correspond. He shared stories of Mossley and his various projects, while she described the church and its surroundings.

Back in Mossley, Chair One helped Bob reach high places, Chair Two was perfect for reading, Chair Three provided amusement, and Chair Four (suki's chair) was enjoyed by suki. And Celeste, far away, brought a touch of wonder to a French cathedral.

Seth Mitchell

Year 6

Friezland Primary School

Yojho

Within a humble dump, lay a standard traffic cone, yet I shan't bore the reader listing all of the other things in this dump. BOG (which the cone is referred to as) is less of a wall of traffic and more of a civilization. Thousands of creatures, no bigger than a strand of your hair live in it: Hubrans. They're rather pessimistic souls. They have beetle-like bodies shielded with colourful knitted jumpers. An average Hubris roams around their city, boasting a nose, as plump as an orange. Yojho - the Hubris I'll describe in the most detail - wore an orange jumper and lived toward the lower layers of BOG in an exuberant burrow where our story begins.

"Hello, Merry Morning from BOG," the radio declared in an unusually high-spirited hello, "There...has...been an...unusual turn of events...as a platoon of Ogres are attacking BOG! Here is Sgt. Coloric with more infoma-"

Yojho turned off the ancient radio with dark enthusiasm. Ogres? BOG had just escaped the tyranny of Sichole Pocks. Where should he run? Not under his kitchen's marble table, he knew that from experience. The Hubris was neurotically hoping that he didn't get listed to fight. He may have been a cheery fellow but his limp muscles were not for war. Yet his time of worrying was over. Suddenly, a mega phone released a deafening roar, "LISTED SOLDIERS ARE BISON GABBINS, JOJOCK MCKENZIE, AFCAL JAGGER," the list went on until an eon had passed and Yojho heard, "YOHJO PLACKAIN, NOW TURN BOG OVER!" Sgt. Coloric had pronounced Yojho's name wrong but that was the least of his problems.

Before he could comprehend it, he was at the top of BOG. Holding a rifle in one hand and a pack of cigars relaxed in his other. "Where are they?" Yojho asked in utter disbelief.

"Adunno," replied a fellow soldier rudely. The rude Hubris proudly wore a camouflage green jumper and what looked like a bowl on his half bald head. Yojho was now in a state of realisation that he should have listened to the cursed radio. The poor Hubris was wearing the wrong attire (only he, in station F17 wasn't wearing a rock of a hat and bush of coat. Yojho was simply wearing his bright orange jumper.)

"Oh n-" he started, but not to continue as his miniature ears were being assaulted.

"OGRE! OGRE!" ululated a soldier.

"AAAAHHHH!" screamed Yojho foolishly running in circles like a hooligan.

"HOLY BOG, YOU MORON!" attacked a repelled Hubris at Yojho. "Get it together!" Yojho walked back to his station, his head drooping as if somebody had cut the hinges.

"OOBA FAWT," commanded an Ogre. His name was Gob -an average Ogre name. He had sulfur green skin and dagger-like horns. Gob's horrendous battle cry was followed by a colossal amount of Ogres firing boulders toward the Hubrans. Yojho ducked as not to be hit by a projectile, yet as a result he dropped his cigars. They fell to the Ogres, calling out as they collided with the ground. A horrific sound filled the musty air, one

Yojho had only heard in cowboy movies. He looked about, yet to his terror Ogres and Hubrans were dropping like flies in every direction.

Ammunition was running low and Yojho hadn't shot a measly bullet. He hurriedly wrapped his hands around the rifle and pulled the unwilling trigger, that made more vibration than he would have anticipated. Hopefully, he stared at the bullet's path. It had hit a horn! The horn-holder angrily squinted at him. "Oh no" he thought, and before you could say roasted squirrel foot a razor-sharp horn was flying at him at a speed he could not comprehend. Luckily, the horn started to spin and swerve, yet the blunter side still hit his uniform shoes.

He was hanging on BOG with all the strength he could muster (which was not very much at all). It was done.

Patrick Kilmartin

Year 6

Delph Primary School

Friday night

Two weeks ago, something strange happened to an old man called Trevor. It all started on a Friday night when he got back from work. Trevor sat down on his old rocking chair and started reading the Oldham Times and then he started to nod off. 71 few hours later, a small nudge struck his chair,

Instantly Trevor woke up, he looked around and nothing was there.

On this very day, it happened again. There it was, a lump like a motehill. Trevor got up and he thought the rug was uneven 40 he went to go and flatten it. He went back to his chair and the lump-like hill was in between his legs. 71s it grew bigger and bigger Trevor froze in fear as the blob towered over him.

Suddenly, the blob scooped him up and gobbled him up as Trevor thought it was the end. 71a the flat stood in silence Trevor piled his eyes open unusually he was in a different dimension not a human dimension a monater dimension as Trevor screamed "flaflaflaffafla" he was never seen again people searched his flat the only thing they could find was his reading glasses!

George Holroyd-Fitton

Year 5

Christ Church CE Primary School

Mr Linden's Library

One warm, summer morning Melody woke up to the irritating noise of her alarm clock. Slowly, she got out of bed, excited for the day ahead. Melody was a twelve year old girl. She had long, blonde, silky hair; deep, blue eyes, round black glasses; creamy white skin and she always wore her favourite purple bow. Melody was very sunny and kind, however she was very thoughtful and intelligent. Last night her mum had arranged for her and her 5 friends - Sam, Kate, Chloe, Max and Sophie - to go to Mr Linden's library together. Melody quickly got dressed into her bright pink top and baby blue shorts, then started walking to the library - as it was only 5 minutes away.

On the way there, Melody passed through the park. She heard the birds singing and children laughing. She felt the rocky ground beneath her purple sandals, she saw the blossom-filled trees swaying in the breeze, the small stream cascading through the park and then finally she saw Mr Linden's library. Unlike all the other buildings, Mr Linden's library was slowly falling apart, the large old doors creaky and barely on their hinges and the old sign rusty and useless. Cautiously, Melody pushed open the heavy doors.

She saw her five friends all waiting at the beanbags. "Finally!" Kate announced, her voice echoing around the library. People started staring at them. Kate gave an apologetic smile. "We've been waiting for ages." Sophie whispered. "Meet back here once you've got a book." Sam's firm voice exclaimed. The others all nodded and scurried off into the world of books.

As Melody looked around she realised the library was huge! There were chandeliers illuminating the library and the bookshelves were filled with ancient books and cobwebs. At first nothing caught Melody's eye. But then she saw a leafy green book, swallowed by dust. Melody reached for the book, intrigued. Her smooth hands brushed the sage, leather cover. Intricate, gold letters spelt out "The Crime of the Whispering Canopies"

A couple hours later, in bed, Melody sat up to read her new book. 'Once upon a time.....' All of a sudden, Melody fell asleep, unaware of the dangers ahead. Vines and plants started sprouting out of the book! Encasing her in a blanket of hazard.....

Melody woke up in a gloomy, sinister forest. The old, crooked trees stretched into the shadowy sky, there were red poppies drooping and bushes trapped her in their thorny grasp. Carefully, Melody got up, her head hurting and legs aching. Then she started to wander into the unknown.....

Suddenly, Melody woke up from her nightmare, heart pounding and sweaty. Her irritating alarm clock began to play. Slowly, she got out of bed, legs still shaking. Then her mum called from downstairs. "Hurry up Melody! You're going to be late to see your friends at Mr Linden's library!"

Lena

Year 6

Diggle Primary School

The Haunted house full of birds!!!

11 years before Bethany was born there was a house on Primrose Street. The rest of the skreet was completely normal but this house, this house was different. It was strange. It was unusual. But the weirdest thing of all was nobody knew who lived there.

Every dark, gloomy night mysterious noises and flickering amber lights erupted out of the house making the other residents spread rumours about the house. One day, as the sun began to rise, the house was empty and for some reason the window was open.

Now, in the present day, a girl called Bethany and her parents and their dog had decided to move into the house. "It's a new start for all of us!" announced her mother as she noticed Bethany staring gloomily at the house. "Yeah, yeah whatever," she replied.

That night, Bethany, her mother, father and their dog sat and watched TV on the sofa. Suddenly, Bethany heard tweeting and scurrying from the top bedroom. Her dog barked aggressively.

"Calm down Brownie!" instructed her father. "But didn't you hear that?" asked Bethany. Though nobody heard her they just carried on watching the TV.

The next night, Bethany decided to investigate the top bedroom. She opened the door, it creaked, then opened slowly, "BBRRR!" exclaimed Bethany, "It's as cold as an icecube in here!", "let's close the window." As she tried to close the window, she heard a faint "TWIT TWOO!". Unexpectedly the doves, which were once stuck on

the wallpaper, came alive and began to swirl around her viciously nipping at her skin. She shrieked. Everything stopped. "What's just happened?" panted Bethany, "it's just a dream wake up Bethany!" she told herself.

She went to open the door it wouldn't open, she tried again it still wouldn't open. All of a sudden her torch died. She tapped it violently. It flickered. Then, without a sound the doves swirled around her once again, they were bullets hitting her skin.

SHE SCREAMED!

1 year later, two siblings came into the empty house to play hide and seek: When they reached the top bedroom, they noticed the wallpaper was blank, the window was open and painted on the wall was...

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THE BIRDS!!!!

Poppy Danks

Year 6

Christ Church CE Primary School



Mr Linden's Library

Dusk had passed; night was nigh. A girl (Lilly) lay there cold, lifeless, motionless on her bed. She looked like she had been painted white. The cursed book lay there too, with vines spreading out from its spine. As the lamp cast a flickering shadow across Lilly's body, the vines slowly strangled her all over.

While Mr D. Linden (David Linden) was tiptoeing up the stairs, he was hoping that Lilly was dead. Opening the door, he remained quiet, like a mouse. After a moment, he whispered, "If only you hadn't broken up with me, if only you had married me, then it wouldn't have ended up like this, Lilly." Taking one final look at her, he chuckled. The air smelt like poison...it made Mr Linden's throat tighten. Instantly, he forgot about Lilly and tried to open the door but the vines kept it firmly shut. Would he ever get out of there?

Emily Sekula

Year 6

Mr Linden's Library

As the light of the morning left the dark, gloomy sky, Linda lay peacefully on the bed, unable to sleep. Her curiosity pushed her to read the leather-bound book that Mr Linden forbade her to read; she had made a disastrous mistake, unaware of the dangers that were to lurk around her once she opened it. She could hear trees swishing. The wind was howling. Owls were hooting. But where were these noises coming from? Certainly not from outside. She could smell the sweet smell of flowers and cupcakes. But where were these smells coming from? Certainly not from downstairs. Soon, she could hear crackling. Slowly, insidious tendrils emerged out of the leather-bound book, as thick-as-rope vines started to entwine her. The - now boa constrictor - vine tightened and tightened and tightened around her.

She tried her best to scream. Shuddering, she screamed as high as she possibly could. As Mr Linden walked past, his blood ran cold - he was sick with fear - when, so suddenly, the door was opened by the wind. He walked in and, in relief, he stated, "Oh thank god, it was probably just something outside." He left the room elated.

But where did Linda go? The snake-like vines had sucked her into the book! Recognising that she was in the wrong, her last words were, "I should have listened to Mr Linden's warning." BANG!

Umaima Aslam

Year 6

Diggle Primary School

Mr Linden's Library

Why won't he let a soul near that book? It can't be as harmful as he makes out and Freya Whalley will not be told what to do!

I sneaked through an open window - naughty I know - into the grand library in the grand house, turning on the lights as every nerve in my body shook in excitement. Carefully, I made my way to where the book was last seen. There it was! On the top shelf in the corner of the room. Gently, I took it from the dusty shelf. I was astonished: it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, resplendent with a bright green leather cover and golden metallic corners - simply delightful! At last, I had it in my hands. Grasping it against my chest, I hurtled upstairs into what I thought was a spare bedroom so that I could look at this enchanted beauty. My hands shaking in excitement, I grabbed the edge of the book cover and, ready to explore the chapters, I opened it. Ahhh!

Mr Linden arrived home; he soon realised that something wasn't right. The lights were on inside the house but he was sure that he'd turned them off before heading to work this morning. As he opened the door, a cool chill filled the air. A waterfall of vines was flowing down the stairs, so he crept up the staircase and into the spare room where the vines were coming from. A horrifying sight was lying on the bed. A girl. In fact, it was the same girl who he had banned from coming into the library. Blood was pouring out of her mouth as the vines strangled her. A tear rolled down his cheek in realisation. She was dead.

Freya Whalley

Year 6

The House on Siner Avenue

Chapter 1

It was a breezy and freezing day in Siner Avenue and the Smiths were moving in, but little did they know this so called abandoned house was already occupied. In the highest room is a light in the window and in that room is a dying old lady called Angela. She had onyx, silky black hair that dropped on her shoulders and black bags under her eyes. As the car pulled up, Angela finally did it! She loved space and now she had found a way for her house to get there! Then, the door slammed open and in came the Smiths, a beautiful family. Angela wanted to meet the new family but paused as she ran to the door. How would she ever get out? She has slid the key under the door.

Chapter 2

After a few weeks, the Smiths finally investigated the attic and in the dark dusty attic was Angela. Angela thought they would kill her but instead she was greeted with a warm welcome.

"Hello, I'm Carl." said the brown haired man with black rimmed glasses and hazel brown eyes. "Who are you?" he asked gently.

"I'm Angela, you know after my husband died in the war I locked myself in here" explained Angela.

"Oh my that must have been horrible. By the way, I'm Lucy, Carl's wife, and this is our little girl Mary" commented the blonde woman with her hair in a bun. She nuzzled the brown haired girl, who must have only been three or four.

Chapter 3

As months passed, Angela started to die. Was she scared? No, of course she wasn't, she was happy that she could see her husband. After a week or two Angela was on her deathbed and she said "beware, it's like a ticking time bomb ready to boom." and with that, she died.

Months had passed and now Mary was 5. It was a dark September night and Mary had a feeling that she was floating. She opened her eyes and everything was defying gravity as well. She ran to the window and she was blinded by the sun! She ran to her parents and shouted. "Mummy, Daddy wake up! We're in space!"

"What!!!" screamed Lucy

"That is impossible!" exclaimed Carl as he opened the window. "Wait, Angela said her invention was a ticking time bomb!"

They ran up the stairs, holding on to the banister for dear life and switched it off. Soon, they were falling through the sky... After a few terrifying moments, they landed. They had all survived.

Neve

Year 5

Diggie Primary School