

World Book Day Short Story Competition

Christina

By Aruna, Year 7

I didn't want to go with these people. I wanted to stay with mother at home not go off and live in the country with strangers. I couldn't leave her at home when the bombs fell, all alone in the Anderson shelter. But I knew I had to; father would have wanted this.

Reluctantly, I let go of mother's hand and gave her one last hug before I boarded the train. It was full of cowering children clutching hands. I turned around tears now streaming down my face as I waved goodbye.

The soft rocking train and my exhaustion swiftly sent me to sleep, my arms wrapped firmly around my teddy.

I awoke to someone shaking my shoulder telling me it was time to get off. We disembarked in a little town nothing like London and began trying to find a new home in case our old ones were shattered by the war.

'Excuse me ma'am, do you have any space for an extra child?' the officer asked.

'Of course,' the lady said. I was roughly pushed inside. It smelt of baking bread and lavender. Safe.

'What's your name my sweet?'

'Christina,' I replied shyly.

'Well, it's nice to meet you, Christina. My name is Mary, and my daughter is Margaret. I hope you like it here.'

I lived with Mary and Margaret for six years. I was happy there but always in the back of mind was my mother back in London and my father fighting in the war. I missed them badly.

Seven months after the war was over Mary took me to London to try and find my parents. First, we went to my old house.

It was nothing but rubble. Completely destroyed by a falling bomb. My heart ached and tears began to flow freely. How could the place where I lived for the first eight years of my life been broken.

Next, we decided to look for my father. If he was dead, we would find his name on the war memorials that people had started putting up. After half an hour of wondering we found nothing.

Margaret and I were given a sixpence to spend at a sweetshop.

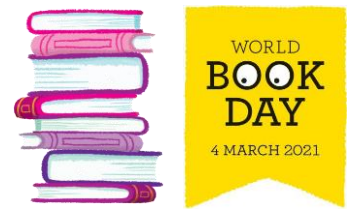
We came back with a little bag of liquorice and went back outside to find Mary looking flustered.

'Um Christina, your father's dead.'

No...no, no, no.

So, we went back to the country and I lived with Mary and Margaret. They are my family now and I love them dearly.

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Hide

By Ben, Year 7

They were cheetahs. They ran with their faces leaking with sweat through the safari desert. The ball of fire in the sky didn't help him at all.

"STOP!" shouted Mark, tumbling behind.

"We have to keep on going."

"There is a lion den right ... there..." Mark replied screaming at Jay, panting for air.

"AAGGhhhh!" screamed Jay...

He opened one eye slowly. Then the other. "Mark what happened?"

Mark didn't speak a word. He just sat there staring into thin air, then Jay looked around.

They were surrounded by enormous, sleeping lions. "What should we do?" asked Jay.

"I dunno," he replied.

Together they both stood up and started to carefully walk away. 'Bang pphhfd!'

A rock fell down the steep, bumpy cliff and had hit a lion. For a moment it stretched and then woke up. 'ROOAAR!' screamed the huge, hairy predator and the two boys ran which then woke the rest of the pride. Again, Mark and Jay ran with all their life.

The desert never ended. They didn't have much of a choice: either keep running until they have been eaten or climb up a huge, steep cliff. Mark Thought this was going to be the end but Jay shouted "WE HAVE NO...OPTION BUT... TO...CLIMB UP THE CLIFF!"

"ARE YOU CRAZY!"

"IT IS A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!"

Swiftly they clambered up the featureless cliff and climbed until they got to the cliff's edge.

Mark peered down the everlasting cliff to see if the violent lions were still roaring and groaning at them. They still were. There was none stop of huffing and puffing from these two boys which sounds like they just ran a marathon.

"My heart is pounding," Jay moaned.

"No kidding!" Mark said sarcastically.

They both decided to find somewhere to camp somewhere for the night.

After a few hours of non-stop running, they found this circle of trees. There was a tunnel through the trees to get inside. At first it seemed cosy and warm, but when they had set up in there, hundreds of bugs crawled out.

"AAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!" they both screamed - like girls.

A couple of hours of screaming, it was dark. Fireflies lit up the sky. Forming pictures like shooting stars and bright waves flying around the sky. Bats flew in the dark slate, covering the desert and skimming the top of their heads. Mark sat outside staring at the horizon, thinking. Jay woke up and saw him sitting there so he decided to go and talk to him.

"Hey. What's up?" Jay asked.

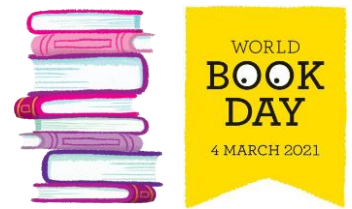
"Well," Mark said with sorrow. "What if we don't make it out of here? I won't see my parents or my little sister who is only 2 years old," he wept.

Jay replied feeling anxious and nervous, "Don't worry. We will make a bomb fire with all the dried out twigs and branches we find so people in helicopters and plane will find and rescue us."

"Yup. Hopefully."

"We will be fine."

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Haunted School

By Isabelle, Year 7

It all started one winter afternoon in the International Community College in Scotland where five kids were doing their GCSE lessons in science; chemistry. They were doing an experiment in the dusty laboratory in the basement of the school when suddenly a huge fire erupted and the smoke made the organisms unconscious. The fire expanded through the school killing everyone in its path. Only one person survived and his name was Jeremy.

Two years after the fire, Jeremy got sent to a nutter's home for describing the ghostly creatures that flew in the fire as if the fire was alive and hunting him like lion for his prey.

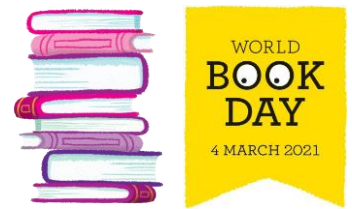
A local reporter was interested in this fantasy tale which was told by the young 16 year old boy with wild burnt, mousy brown hair. The reporter was a young 20 year old woman named Samantha who had also seen the fire raging in the grim ashy sky. She was in the car park at the time but had quickly ran down the hill towards the grey fire station.

Samantha had entered the burnt building, scorch marks dominated the schools hallways, human ashes and corpses flooded the floor like a stagnant puddle. The terrifying images of her imagination flowed into her mind as if this place was a ghost town in the outback.

A transparent figure in school uniform floated past a hallway and into a wall, a wailing noise echoed through the desolate halls silence reined and then there was a scream, red eyes emerged from the dark hollow hallways of the school building and then it went black.

She woke up surrounded by snowy skinned humans with sharp fangs that had blood pouring onto her like juice to a cup. The leader of them sank their teeth into her tanned neck as she screamed with agony and strangely pleased her. She felt vampire venom flow through her veins, her skin turned an icy white her eyes a golden glow, she was suddenly thirsty for blood, that's when she knew she wasn't human anymore she was a vampire...!

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Paris

By Kela, Year 7

One day me and my best friend Isla went to Paris and I was so happy and excited because it's always been my dream to go to Paris and we wanted to recreate the Eiffel Tower. So that's what we did. Well, tried to do. But obviously we did not want to do the exact same design as the Eiffel Tower so we recreated the colour and height to be taller but only two inches taller.

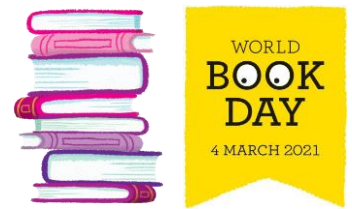
But then we got stuck in Paris because of all the flights got cancelled because of Covid-19. So we had an idea to live on the top of our Eiffel Tower that we nearly finished because we had nowhere else to stay. So we planned on living in our tower but the only problem was our Eiffel Tower has a pointed top so we knocked the top bit off and made a big flat surface for the top so we could live on it. Bearing in mind the tower took us about on month because we would not stop building until it was finished and we had to build a roof so if it rains we won't get wet.

The best bit of all was the shopping for our home on top of the Eiffel Tower and we really needed somewhere to sit so we went sofa shopping. First we found one we really liked and it was not too expensive so we had it delivered so we did not have to carry it all the way up the steps ourselves.

Then we went clothes shopping and got a bunch of clothes because they were on sale. Then we went tech shopping to get a TV but then we thought we don't need a TV because we can read a book and look at the view so instead of getting a TV we bought a bunch of books and went to the woods to get wood to build a bookshelf. Our favourite book is the World's Worst Children, it was good and funny.

We also got jobs to get money and buy more books. Anyway we went to the woods again to get more wood to build more beds and another bookshelf and we also have completed our house and we were so excited. Eeeekkk. We need to go to the florist this time to get a bunch of clean leaves. Well obviously they are not going to be clean so when we got home we washed them and dried them then we built two blankets for our beds and out house was completed. We wanted a pet so we got a rabbit and a dog and that's how our life went visiting Paris.

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Tree-Topia

By Isabella, Year 8

I looked up from the floor for the first time in while and what I saw was unimaginable. As I looked up to the trees, I spotted a fenced off area on a wooden platform. I ran to where I saw this strange platform to check I wasn't mistaken. When I got closer, I saw a field with many farm animals, separated from the other species.

When I looked closer, I noticed a ladder leading up to the platform. Curiosity lead me up the ladder. I couldn't believe my eyes!

Before me was an unbelievable city right above London. How hadn't anyone noticed? How hadn't anyone realized? How come no one knew? So many questions and no answers... yet.

While I was gawping at the sight of this new and original scene, an 8 year old boy ran up to me as fast as a blink. He grabbed my hand and said, "Who are you? Where do you live?"

"Nice to meet you too!" I huffed. I've never liked people being impolite like that, even if it is a child! "I live in London. Where do you live?"

"Here!" And at my confused expression, he added, "Tree-Topia."

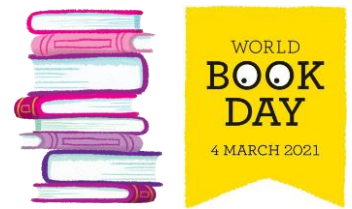
Wow! A whole new civilisation! I should find more out about this before I go spreading rumours.

And then, as if I had said my thoughts out loud, he replied with, "You won't spread any rumours if Mayor Teresa has anything to say about it!" And with that, he dragged me the huge town hall. How has no one seen this before? Who is this boy? And, reading my thoughts yet again, he told me that his name was Harry and hardly any of the people from "The Under City" had ever ventured to Tree-Topia and they had become a part of the city. To my surprise, I didn't hate the idea of living on top of the trees!

Mayor Teresa explained that only the opened minded people of London noticed what's above them. She informed me that I will always be worthy of living in the truly fantastic land of Tree-Topia and will always be welcome to visit if I don't except her offer. There was one catch: if I didn't except the offer, I couldn't tell anyone and Teresa would know if I did and she would confirm that I couldn't say another word.

I replied with, "Yes! I'm living in the trees!" And ever since that day, I have happily lived above The Under City and will never regret looking up to the trees that day!

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Lily

By Azad, Year 8

James was always a creative person. In the summer he used to go and see his family in Spain. Earlier that year, he met Lilly, his best friend. She was everyone's dream (except from James's). She had beautiful red hair which went down to her waist and a smile that lit up your day. Every day they would go to the park and just be in each other's company. They would watch the stars for hours. Then they would fall asleep in each other's company. Each time they woke up, they looked at each other and smiled. No words were ever needed.

The strange thing was they weren't dating. They were strictly friends. This went on for many months until Lilly asked James out properly. It just seemed right. But right wasn't good enough to delete history. Through the winters and summers that followed she kept asking him. It wasn't until he received the call that she realised what she meant to him.

"Hi James. My uncle is in hospital."

As the days followed James stayed with her uncle through rain and wind. Company or no company, night or day. Finally, he woke up. After all he had been through after all the hours spent with Lily's family, he wanted to help as much as he could.

"James," the old man sighed and bowed his head. "Thank you, for everything."

James was relieved. "Shall I take you home?"

"No. I am lying on the verge of death. I have one wish. You have been seeing Lilly for so long now that it seems pointless to say that you are dating. You are part of each other like an engine and a car. Always remember this. You are the best thing that happened to earth, let alone Lilly. I ask you to marry her and never look back. I will ALWAYS be by your side, love is the strongest power and use it so well. And please, never give up. Whenever you want to give up or cry, then you have achieved the goal every boy wants to achieve and that is becoming a man. I have seen centuries of men and none like you before. Take Lilly's hand and show her the world. Nothing will ever go wrong in your view. And when you look up to the stars you will see yourself. The sun of which's fire is so forever lasting that you will know you have Lilly and me by your side. I am your spirit. No matter how you are, remember this, there is no such thing as crazy."

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One month later as James set his eyes on the sun as the fire still burned, he remembered. As he rushed to take Lilly in his arms the sun winked.

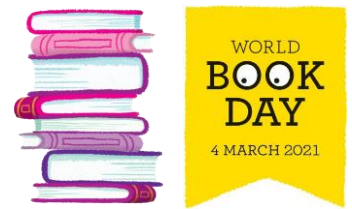
"Lilly, will you marry me?"

At the end of all time when the sun still burned James saw the three setting down slowly as far as the eye could see was red and as he spoke, he smiled slowly and spoke.

"Thank you, Lilly, for everything you have done." He touched her hand.

As he looked beyond her clouds were soaring past. He saw the eyes of the man who had seen, and he loved them both forevermore.

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My Marigold

By Millie, Year 8

"I am a flower. A tiny, dainty Marigold. My petite yellow petals, and minty leaves ruffle in the wind. The wind that has carried my seeds so that my children could be born. The wisps of air carried me through meadows, around trees and branches once as well, so really, I don't particularly mind the wind, in fact I am grateful for this light breeze. Although, soon it shan't be so sprightly, it shall be autumn, then again, stem from the soil. What it has given me is so much more precious than life itself, it gave me you," says Flora.

Though she is my aunt and a person, as wonderful as she is, somehow I hear truth in her words.

"But I'm not a Marigold, not in this life, I am a daughter, a mother, an aunty, but I am a flower," says my aunt, chuckling.

Flora Xanthia, that's her name, meaning flower-yellow, she could have picked any other yellow flower, except she chose the Marigold. I smile at her, looking at her plump homely face and her pearl white grin, that beams back at me, she has gorgeous green eyes and auburn brown hair, just like me and glasses too.

"You have a way with your words Flora," I say, my salty tears drip down my ruddy cheeks as I sob, I don't want to cry really!

"But the wind can't take away the happiness I bring the person as they walk by me in the garden," she continues. "A source of colour in this bleak world and that brings them joy that won't be forgotten, and so I'm always there, perchance not in form but in spirit. I'll be in their hearts, which means they can let me go, darling.

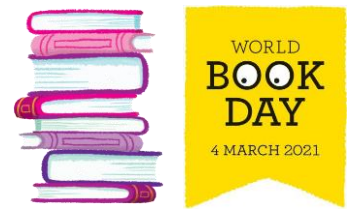
Statistics say that around 8 million people die of cancer each year, my aunt will be one of them! I hold her hand in the hospital room as the doctors run around with medical equipment and those drip things, but Flora's telling them to stop, she says they should stop fussing around and let her go peacefully. They say that it won't hurt and that I can hold her hand, if I want to. It's so surreal and yet it still doesn't feel true, like a dream, a very bad dream. She caresses my russet brown hair, comforting me, as if she can hear a cry for help, always there for me, my ride or die.

Now she's handing me a little, cream envelope and whispers, "you're that person in the garden."

Most of the time it's quite hard to comprehend what she's saying, but at this moment I understand perfectly. As I take the envelope, I hear the faint rattling of tiny seeds, marigold seeds. I'm not sniffing anymore; I'm laughing and smiling and squeezing her hand.

"I love you, baby," she says.

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Starry Night

By Chantal, Year 10

It was a beautiful night. A sweet, cold gust of wind brushed my pink rosy cheeks. The trees swayed in the mild wind, birds chirped and sang and the atmosphere was filled with adventure and curiosity. The moon glistened and shimmered in the navy blue sky, stars as bright as diamonds gathered forming a mysterious map looking figure. My mind was filled with ideas. Where would the map lead to? Where will it take me?

With me was the boy I fancied although he doesn't know (obviously) but the feelings I have about him are like...imagine a wonderful day, baby blue clear skies, warm breezes and vibrant colours of flowers everywhere you turn. All species of insects, such as beetles, bees and butterflies flying gracefully through the air, whilst the sun's shards glisten the vast varieties of vibrant neon and pastel colours. The feeling of freedom and joy filled my body.

We laid on the golden brown sand whilst the sea waves ever so gently crashed onto the carefully placed rocks. Above us was a blood red and snow white lighthouse with a halo looking light, which reflected against the crystal clear warm water. In the distance I spotted a huge cyan blue, bronze and mustard yellow boat, which left perfectly made waves behind itself.

As I got up the sand felt as if I had cotton beneath my feet. After walking further the sand met small pebble. The pebbles crunched beneath my feet. This reminded me of the grinding of salt rocks in the kitchen. In this particular spot it seemed as if the map formed by the stars above me had joined the other figure. As I looked up again I imagined being in the amazon rainforest. I looked up to this enormous tree which had all different colours of green, such as; navy green, lime green, neon green, pastel green and yellowy green leaves that caught my eye. Although this big petaled flower amazed me, all shades of pink mixed with orange and pastel orange, the flower's petals were rucked and curved.

The atmosphere here was humid. The leaves closer to the ground had small little cloudy raindrops on them. As I imagined walking leaves crunched and fell into millions of little pieces beneath my mid-brown tanned feet. All species, sizes and colours of birds flew above me, flying in and out of gaps and crevices in old and new sprouting trees. I heard the echoes of the chirps and songs they sang which filled my head.

After all my imagining I focused my mind and body back to reality. Laying down on the pebbles only a few steps away from the boy I fancied, who was still laying on the golden brown sands lifelessly. His chocolate brown curly hair was filled with small sand particles, which he later shook onto me. He took my hand and started to walk to the lighthouse door which was a dark brown nearly black colour with rusty hinges. The door creaked. The stairs crackled beneath us. He took me to the top where we saw the reflection one last time.