

By Tom S

Animal Perspective

I mean, how stupid can he be? I cannot believe that he still does not know to not leave fish on the bench that is not protected by anything, only a ziplock plastic bag. He knows that I can jump up onto the bench. He knows that I can open a ziplock plastic bag. So why has he done this?

It is so tempting to just jump up there and eat that delicious looking salmon. There was only one thing that was stopping me from doing the thing that I would love to do. And that little thing was, I did not know whether he was just putting it there as bait. If he was going to trap me and take me to the vet. OH NO! NOT THE VET!!!

The smell of the pink salmon, I could just taste the freshness of it in my mouth. My saliva was building up on my lips, bubbling and foaming from the thought of eating that glistening piece of fish.

I silently jumped up onto the tall bench, ignoring the fact that I glimpsed, Jimmy (my silly owner) just trudge out of the bathroom, scratching his backside. I quickly grabbed the salmon, jumped off the bench and ran skilfully outside. I heard a faint shout of anger from back inside the house as I ran. Still carrying the fish, I sprinted up onto the slanted roof of my six storey house and slowly started chewing on the gorgeous salmon. Then suddenly, a loud noise startles me from behind. I turned my head to see Jimmy standing right there, right there next to the stone chimney, puffing and panting; as if he had just run a marathon. He walked up to me. I felt the slow pulse of adrenaline in my veins. I ran. Not away from him, but towards him. I pounced right on my silly owner. He couldn't react in time...

Forty minutes later, I lay down on my back, and watched the golden sun go down. I looked to my left just in time to see the decapitated body of my former owner, Jimmy, fall off the roof. With a full stomach I set off into the sunset and thought to myself, maybe human did taste better than fish after all.

Animal Soul

The fire cackled happily, filling the den with warmth. The rain outside patted gently on the wooden roof, making it that much more cosy inside. My mother sat on her bamboo rocking chair, with a rainbow blanket, created of colourful, knitted squares, thrown over her legs. "Tell me a story, Mama," I asked her, curled up on the dirt floor, with my own patchwork blanket.

"Which story would you like, my darling?" She smiled at me.

I looked around the tiny hut. The walls were made of aged wood, and stuck together with sticky mud. One part of the wall was cold stone, and that was where the fire was burning. I listened to the soft crunch, as an animal walked over dead leaves outside the den.

"Tell me about the people, Mama, and the animals inside of them,"

"Very well," She sighed, and closed her eyes.

"Every human has an animal inside of them. Maybe it's a wild beast, maybe it's a calm friend, but like it or not, we all have an animal.

"Some people unite with it, and allow it to make them stronger, whilst others are afraid of it, and hide it away.

"Some people have a panther, which makes them powerful, and speedy. They run, not walk, and sprint flat-out in every race. They don't let others beat them, even little kids who can't run. Panthers, are sore losers.

"Others, are crocodiles and are strongest in the water, using their powerful muscles to dive in better than anyone else, and spin and flip on their way down to the water.

"Others still, are otters, who swim, quickly and calmly, strongly and silently. Otters, are people who understand others.

"Then there are the orang-utans, or the brainiacs. They are the problem-solvers, the pattern seers.

"There is a prophecy."

I curled up closer to the fire; this was my favourite part.

"The prophecy talks of a boy, who has the power to see the animal within everybody, to see what they are, who they are! This boy could be anyone, anyone at all, rich or poor, sick or well, anyone.

"It could even be you."

I relaxed into my blanket, the story over.

The fire continued to burn, when a thought occurred to me.

"Mama?"

"Hmm?" She opened one eye sleepily.

"What animal are you, Mama?"

"Don't you know, my boy?"

I looked at her, properly looked at her, and saw the sneaky fox, the creature that can jump, that can trick others, and move quicker than so, so many.

I looked at myself, really looked at myself, and saw the lion, the leader, the king of the jungle.

"Thank-you, Mama," I said softly, but she was asleep again.

-Emily D

Attacked by Pirates

The three of us. We were the only ones left. The only ones to make it to the island.

The past. The tragedy. The loss of friends. Who knew all that would happen in just the matter of a day. But it had happened anyway.

"Such a lovely day," I had said to myself. "The perfect one to be in a private yacht out in the sea. Just the perfect opportunity to relax and enjoy."

"You're right, Jess," Bob agreed over hearing me. "I have no idea what Kit and Chris are doing downstairs. I mean, the sun is out, the blue sea seems calm and quiet and there aren't any noisy, annoying sea gulls bothering us. It couldn't be better than we planned."

"They're missing a wonderful time," Jacob joined into the conversation. "This is the best example for a perfectly planned perfect day. I mean really, they should be here with us right now!"

"Too bad they're sea sick," I put in. "It's a surprise that both of them didn't know they were seasick. Guess that would be the only downside of this trip. I feel sorry for them actually."

As you get older, you really start feel the stress and pressure of daily life starting to get to you. It was heaven to have this opportunity. All three of us were having the time of our lives. Hours passed effortlessly like a bird gliding down in the wind from high in the sky.

It was starting to touch evening and the sunlight was starting to fade as darkness tagged along.

My exposed skin suddenly had goose bumps dotted all over them. It was like some kind of horror movie and fog started to come in. And before you knew it, the pleasant environment that was there a minute ago was replaced by an unpleasant one.

You could tell Bob and Jacob had noticed due to the confused and frightened expressions on their faces.

And just like that, we saw a huge ship heading towards us. That's weird was what I was thinking. As far as we could tell, it didn't have any lights. By the looks of it was very old, made out of wood and had huge ripped sails on it.

I looked back at Jacob and Bob. Their faces were as pale as ever and were frozen with fear from head to toe. Then I had the same thought.

"Could these be... Pirates?" I managed to mumble.

When the ship was close enough, Pirates jumped onto our yacht.

They had sharp swords in their hands and were dressed like classic pirates.

All of us were too frightened to move an inch.

One of them, a big and strong looking one went down the stairs. A moment of silence passed. Then came a clean, high-pitched scream then another one. They'd killed our friends! This was the worst trip ever!

Before I realised it, I was at the edge of the yacht ready to jump out into the wild sea with crashing waves. I glanced back one last time. My friends were following me to what I was about to do.

Before a pirate could move we were sinking into the depths of the ocean. They probably thought we were dead but somehow, we survived. And now we were swimming towards this island. This unknown island...

Behind The Door by Bryn

“Help me!” “Help me!” Came the cry from behind the steel door. I heard a blood curdling scream and then nothing. Everything stopped, it was quiet, too quiet. I put my hand on the handle and slowly turned it. I saw pitch black and nothing within sight, I walked slowly and quietly, very quietly. I saw a dim light, or at least I thought I did. I walked closer still walking slowly and quietly. I heard a noise, I was not sure if it was in my head or not, that made it scary. I heard it again, this time I knew I was not in my head. I tried to run back to the door but it was too dark to see. I saw something moving.

I walked closer and closer to the dim light, I saw something move again. I was there at the dim light. In front of me I saw a pool of blood, I was even more frightened. I looked at the pool of blood again and saw more blood dripping into it. I tilted my head up and saw a woman hanging on the ceiling with guts leaking out of her stomach and head only just hanging from her neck. I turned around and saw something moving again, this time I could see it clearly, it was a DEMON!

I started to run, run somewhere, I did not care where, just somewhere. I hit a wall and felt around for a handle. I found it and opened it as fast as possible and run out shutting the door behind me. PEWWWWW! I was safe.

The next day I went back with red paint and a piece of wood. I wrote on it, DO NOT COME IN ENTER AT OWN RISK DEMON I pinned it to the wall and went home never to return.

City

It's quite tough around here. Busy people bustling big with elbows, shoulders, practically every limb you could think of having a constant rhythm of either gentle brushing or bulky smacking connecting to your body to your body. Not a nice feeling. Then you have the never ending smell of petrol and cigarette smoke wafting through the air.

The incessant cringes to people's noses to the smell, like a dog snarling in frustration. Buildings being raised to the sky thinking one day they'll eclipse the sun, cacophony's of beeps and toots and beeps by each clanking contraption of a car.

It can be tough around here, but with historical satisfaction and strong determination of love, Sydney will keep mesmerising us with its initial beauty every day, but more frankly... Being our home.

By Matthew B

Description of City

By Max Wild

The Skyscrapers seemed to tower for eternity, containing the vibrant sounds of cars racing through red lights and the mysterious little boxes that seem to cut people off from the rest of the world. The pungent and toxic smog creeps out of vehicles and factories and crawls up the nostrils of unsuspecting citizens, forcing them to ignore the stench or cure their burning nostrils with the smell – and taste of homemade street food.

As night subtly approaches the lights flick on in the apartments and office, each telling a different tale. Go down the alleyways splitting of the busy, alive streets to find a whole different story. Among the old, rotting rubbish and between the neglected walls like they were dying were people. Some people were drunk, their minds taken to a different place, some passing mysterious items like two kids passing lollies.



Eddy my chicken by Dariya A

I woke up. Finally, a day without a demonic child chasing after me and trying to pick me up. I went outside to eat some seeds with my friends, Charlie and Harriet. Yesterday was so annoying. The Amiri family (our owners) had a massive party and like 100 children came and chased us poor things.

As I went to get my seeds, I saw something great. THE GATE WAS OPEN!!!

‘Come on girls lets escape.’ I said.

Without thinking, we all ran away. The family had just left so we ran with excitement.

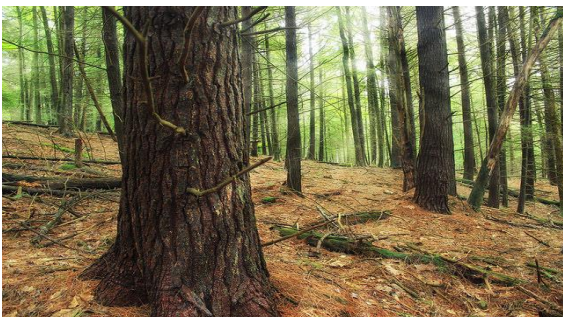
We had a really nice trip going through bushes, crossing roads, entering houses and avoiding dogs. But now it was dark. We need to find our way back home. But the problem is we are lost and starving and the family is going to arrive. Minutes later we saw a familiar car drive by. Oh no, it was our owners!

They were looking for us for hours and we were starving. Suddenly Charlie found a trail of seeds. We ate them and they led to our house. We jumped the fence and we were safe. Dariya finished talking to Javi on his Ipad and came to feed us.

Few months later, it was night and dark. I heard noises coming from outside. We went out to see what was happening. Oh no! It was a fox. It ran after us. It suddenly got dark.

Weird Forest by Abbey

Awaking once again to the tiny wooden shed, stepping out of the rock hard bed I once lay in. Sitting down on the decaying wooden chair, remembering the bitter cold night that had just passed. Surrounded by termite infested walls and dead leaves. A loud bang rings through my ears. Sprinting over to the rusty old key hole, peering through trying to see what is in the outside world. Not to my surprise I see the same old scene once again. Tall trees towering over the moist ground. Snow white bunnies and brown deer's prancing in and out of the trees. Blue birds chirping and yellow bees buzzing from left to right. I can imagine the soft green grass tickling in between my delicate toes. But then, and only then, I decided that today was the day that I would escape and finally be free. Trying to bash down the old broken door with my shoulder and feet, I finally break it down. As it falls to the dirty ground, a puff of thin dirt flies into my squinted eyes.



Fur Ball by Elizabeth

As she walked along the street, the tiny dragon in her pocket stirred restlessly. She looked at her watch that was so tight around her wrist that her hand was going a dark, rich purple, but she couldn't risk losing it, it was the only way she could tell the time. It was only 4 O'clock but at 3 o'clock she had done an amazing thing.

She felt into her pocket, she placed a protective hand over the fuzzy restless little dragon. She had named her Fur Ball, not knowing what her real name was and that she was just like a little Fur Ball. She had one eye and the tiniest little mouth.

She pulled her hand out of her pocket, her hand feeling a lot warmer after placing her freezing cold hand on her warm little dragon's body. Fur Ball needed to stay cool because otherwise she could over heat and die. But she couldn't take Fur Ball out of her pocket otherwise there was a great chance that a spy sent by Darkare would attack, and take Fur Ball away, and then it would be back to square one.

She had nearly reached the safety of the headquarters that she worked for, when icy-cold fingers gripped at her bare arms in silence. She turned around slowly, as slowly as she dared. It was like the world had frozen and time had stopped. When she had turned fully around she felt brave enough to open up her eyes and see what had hold of her bumpy arm. What she saw was amazing, she saw what she had been after all along. The mother and father of Fur Ball. She took Fur Ball out of her pocket giving her a light kiss on the top of her head, and then handed Fur Ball over to her parents.

By *Elizabeth W^o*

Into the woods

I wake up, get dressed, get in the cosy, warm car, and head off to the great Australian bush to go to grandmother's old wooden cottage. But to get there I have to go through the bush which is riddled with many fierce creatures. When I arrive I get out of the car and start my journey through the treacherous jungle. The first hundred meters are perfectly fine as with the second and the third. However, the fourth, that's where creepy noises start to be heard.

Then dark, red, bruited eyes start to appear. Suddenly Bang! What was that? It's just a tree falling I tell myself but deep down I know it is a gunshot. As I go on I keep a steady but fast pace trying to avoid any confrontation with clowns, bears or wolves. A little more down the path the rotting wolf carcasses start to appear, all of them oozing out thick gooey red blood.

Eventually I reach half way but I hear creepy voices saying "I hear Freddy," repeating over and over again, then BANG! A gunshot. It missed me just. I start running as fast as I can. I get out my phone, no signal, no hope. The man chasing me is wearing a white clown mask with a red and green spotted jump suite with an orange wig. He's gaining on me; soon I will be no more. I stop, put my hands on my head, kneel down and prepare for my fate.

Bang! Bang! Bang!...

By James T

Olympics by Javier S

Olympians jumping up and down excitedly as they enter the Olympic stadiums. It's the Rio Olympics of course. My favourite event of all is athletics especially running. Usain Bolt and a few others were warming up for the heats. On your marks, get set... BAM! They were very fast, everyone got off to a good start when suddenly... THUMP! One of the runners had fallen to the ground. Tears were falling down his face, his Olympic dream over. Now he would have to train even harder to get to the next Olympics. A random man jumped over the barriers onto the track and helped the fallen runner up; the man said, "May I please have your autograph."

That gave me a great idea, I got out of my seat and ran down the stairs. Usain Bolt was going around, taking photos with people. I squished through, soon after the man himself Usain Bolt came up to me. He took his singlet off grabbed my pen and signed the singlet. He gave it to me, best day ever I thought to myself. I gave him a high-five and he continued. My phone started beeping. My friend Matt was calling me. The swimming was on. I don't really know any swimmers. It was the men's 100m freestyle, take your marks... the buzzer went off! There were Aussies in lane 1,3 and 7 so we had to win a medal.

One of the Aussies swimmers were 1.2 in front of his own world record. Personal best and world record for the Aussie, he stood proudly as the national anthem was played. There was a 1500m race afterwards, but it was too long so we went out of the pool and we went to the gymnastics. There was a French man about to start. He was going to do a triple somersault. 'SNAP!' I flew out of my seat, I was shocked. Yelling and screaming could be heard. Doctor Jeppo and his crew ran out to the poor man, they got him on a stretcher and carried him off. 'SNAP!' His other leg snapped and was hanging over his shoulder somehow. Very, very poor man. Let's hope he doesn't break his arms. Matt the follower, followed him on his Kmart scooter while I took my Audi R8, hoping it wouldn't get stolen.

As I got to the hospital, Matt was still a few kilometres behind. 8 hours later Matt arrived. The guy who snapped his legs had already gone and my car was stolen, GREAT. I hopped onto Matt's 'AWESOME' scooter, after only being on it for 5 seconds it snapped as well. I slapped Matt so hard that he went flying all the way to the athletics stadium and broke the world record for long jump. He also won the gold medal when he wasn't even an athlete; I was stuck at the hospital with a broken scooter in my hand. Suddenly I got a great idea. The vending machine inside the hospital had all sort of Brazilian lollies. I put my money in and bought, my money was stuck in it.

Story Starter by Savya R

Three of us. We were the only ones left, the only ones to make it to the island. "This is what has just happened.

So it starts in Sydney. Alex, Vince and I were walking home from 711 with are Slurpee and on the way home this paper flew into my face, so I said "what's this guys",

"Read it" Alex said,

"Ok I'll read it, it says that there's an adventure",

Tell us more" Vince said with excitement

"So it's a competition and said a deadly trip to get there, there's nothing else written on it" I said,

"Look at the back' Alex said,

"Ok I said, so I look at the back and it said "Reward is \$5,000,000"

Vince said "OH MY GOSH!!! We have to get that"

"Ok, it starts tomorrow, so tomorrow we shall go. We all went back to our houses and tomorrow there's going to be a huge adventure ahead of us.

It's the next day and we all packed our bag and meet each other at the lolly shop. After we reached the lolly we all walked off to the competition. We reached and we signed us on, I say "there's about 50 team's entering". They gave us a map before we started the competition, we look at the map and there's this thing that look like a square and it says deadly place I think that's the bad and scary and terrifying part of the adventure. 3,2,1 Go! "Wait I want to say what happened next" Alex said

"Ok" I say so Alex is saying the story now. We head off and everyone is paddling extremely fast with greediness for the reward. We're reaching near the island and suddenly a big sea monster comes out of nowhere and eats everyone but us because we just reached the square island.

To be continued...

The animal by Alex W

3! 2! 1! Go" I heard the black cougar screeched" I ran through the dark green shrubs, around the dark brown trees and over the fallen trees" STOP! Josh well-done you're improving soon you will be in the animal impics". Thanks lime. I ran off into the dark green shrubs to my cheetah sport club then suddenly I heard a sharp noise coming from the bush and suddenly I blacked out.

I woke up in a cage saying Olympic mascot. I looked out of the dark carriage to see that we were moving towards a giant forest but the driver called it a city. I decided to rest some more because the animal impics were soon.

I woke up to the sound of trumpets and pianos and saw lots of people walking into what looked like a colosseum and realised that today was the opening ceremony for the Olympics. The cage suddenly opened; I was free to move around. I looked and saw josh one of my friends that's a bird I yelled " hi josh can you tell the other cheetahs that I've been captures by hunters and that I need their help to breakout of the arena." Josh replied"ok'. And flew towards the animal impics about half an hour lander a landslide of animal's cam to rescue me than I got taken back to the animal impics and won the race.

The Burnings End by Arna

It happened so quickly I had no time to think only react. Holly just stood there in shock, I grabbed Holly's arm, "come on we need to help Abbey." "Where is she!?" Holly asked "I don't know but we need to find her or she will burn." The forest fire was raging. "ABBEY!!! Where are you?" I yelled. "Arna over here" Holly yelled. Oh no. help me pull, "we both grabbed an arm and pulled. But Abbey was stuck under some wooden planks, unconscious.

Holly and I finally pulled Abbey free. We put our tired arms around each other and ran. I turned around and whistled "Milo come on boy," I yelled at the top of my lungs. Milo was a golden retriever and he had crystal blue eyes. He came running from one of the burning cabins.

Holly and I were running as fast as we could whilst carrying Abbey around our shoulders, with the raging forest fire right behind us. As we were running I heard some cracking sounds, "did you hear that?" I said out of breath. "Yeah but we need to keep going," said Holly.

SMASH, CRASH, BOOM!! A massive tree fell down right in front of us. "Oh no what are we going to do!?" yelled Holly. "we've got a few minutes. Milo try find us a way round the big, old tree. "woof," good boy. Holly let's put Abbey down and take a breath, "Ok." After about five minutes" Milo came back and had found a way around "good boy Milo" I said happily, "woof, woof" he replied.

We followed Milo around the tree and luckily he had found another path that was surprisingly clear. After getting through the bushy path around the tree, we got onto the clear path and started running for our lives again. After sprinting for about seven minutes we found a river. We ran down to it and swam across the flowing river. Finally, we were safe, we quickly put Abbey down and then fell to the ground with exhaustion.

"Guys where are we?" "Abbey you are alive!" I yelled giving her a big hug. "well technically we are all alive" Holly said and we all burst out laughing. "ok now we actually find out where we are" Holly said. "hey Holly look the fire is going down maybe we can go back to camp or at least what's left of it" I suggested. "guys you still haven't told me what's happening" Abbey said. "we will tell you when we get back" I whistled to Milo "come on boy lets go" I said. He replied with a big cheerful woof, woof. We climbed up the hill and looked over our camp, the flames slowly went down and then they were finally gone.

"What are we going to do now?"

THE CITY DESCRIPTION BY LUCY S

The sounds of the subway and the chatter from the people, the crashes from construction and the smell of cigarette smoke. the crowded streets to the abandoned alleyways where even the squeaks of mice will scare you away. The children running freely while their mothers running frantically. All the teenagers bumping into each other while sticking their nose into their phones. The vivid traffic lights blind my eyes. The warm creamy coffee slips down my dry throat like moisturiser rough skin. as the sun disappears behind the pink and orange clouds the party begins. lights from all the apartment blocks instantly create colour. the peACEFUL WATER FROM THE HARBOUR REFLECTS THE MOONS BEAUTY ACCOMPANIED BY THE CALMING MUSIC FROM RESTAURANTS AND THE CLINKING OF CHAMPAGNE GLASSES. IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THIS IS THE SAME PLACE AS BEFORE; THE HUSTLE OF THE CITY SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR ALONG WITH THE SUN.



The City

Lights blinding you. At night it comes alive. Animals awaken from the dead! Roads go silent with no movement at all. Without a doubt music and beat start from pubs. Harbour bridge lights up and opera house starts its show. The tall, towering buildings light up too. Now it all starts... smell smoke from the smokers on streets. I can just taste the smoke running down my nose and mouth I can't help but cough. I feel like my lungs are deflating



The Ghostly End by Liv M

Footsteps slowly creaked on every step of the old wooden stairs. My bedroom door handle turned slowly and as the door started to swing open I saw...

It had been a rainy afternoon as I had been driven to Aunt May's house. All I had thought about on the journey was Mum and Dad. I didn't want them to go to that horrible place where the floor is covered with blood and bullets but they had to.

Just then, the taxi pulled into a long gravel driveway that led to a magnificent mansion. It had brick walls that were starting to crumble in places and there were 5 different levels. The garden looked as if it hadn't been maintained for a long time. The car stopped and the taxi driver cut the engine. I hopped out of the car, took my suitcase and walked up the cold, stone steps. It was starting to get dark.

The door opened and Aunt May gestured me inside. She led me up the old wooden stairs and into the bedroom that I would be staying in. "How are you darling?", she said, putting my suitcase beside the bed. "Alright I guess, but I'm very hungry", I replied as my stomach rumbled. "Why don't we go and have some dinner? I've made your favourite." Aunt May said as she walked down the stairs and into the kitchen. I followed.

The aroma of roast beef filled my nostrils as I sat down at the dining table. Aunt May had prepared mashed potato and roast beef which was (as she said) my favourite. The sound of silverware scraping on plates echoed throughout the dining room as we ate our dinner not saying a word.

Once we had finished I went straight upstairs and into bed. I didn't even bother changing into my nightclothes or brushing my teeth as I was very tired.

I lay in bed staring up at the ceiling when I heard... Footsteps slowly creaking up the old wooden stairs. My bedroom door handle turned slowly. As the door started to swing open I saw... Red eyes peering at me in the darkness. I fumbled to turn my lamp on and when I did I saw a young girl with a white dress on stained with blood. She had a knife in her hand and was slowly walking toward me with an evil grin. I was about to die. I just knew it. I braced myself for what was going to happen. I was going to die...

The key hole

'creek....' A warm light slid through the gap between the wooden door.

Somebody stepped in, held their breath and carefully closed it. Walking on the tip of it's toe, it seems like it's sneaking into the room. Through the window, up from the moon, the moonlight flashed them up. It was a Girl. Her hair was dark brown, shining as the moonlight hit her. Her eyes are tightly closed, but looks like she still can see it. She looked up to the moon, paused for a second and kept going. Something moved, It crawled down, onto her back and made her gasp.

"heek!." Gaspd her. Covering her mouth when she realised that she made a sound.

Carefully turned her head around, looked at her back. It was a eight legged Insect that was crawling on her back. Her legs shook. She Grabbed it, sat down and have let it free.

She once again held her breath and kept on going forward. Those old wooden floor has freaked her out, but couldn't stopped her from her aim. She's There. In front of it. But she's not tall enough to reach it. Looked around, finding something to help her. A chair have showed up on her sight. She dragged it and Put it under the Door. Stepped up with one foot, and another, and finally grabbed the steel. Pulled it, balanced her body and could see the outside with the Kehole.

Wow she said with a total happiness. Through the keyhole she could see the Shining sunlight flashing up the whole outside world.

-By. Elah S

The Killer by Daniel S

“Help me!” “Help me!” Came the cry from behind the steel door. “Okay I’m coming in!” I replied quickly trying not to panic. I pushed and shoved but the large steel door wouldn’t open. My only way to the victim was to smash the thick steel door hoping the door would finally open up. I took a few steps back, then took a deep breath thinking, this is just RIDICULOUS! But there was no turning back now it was too late.

I ran as fast as I could then BAM! I was extremely dizzy and couldn’t see if the door had opened. But on top of that my shoulder was in excruciating pain, it was flowing all over my arm. I was like that for a while, trying to get back on my feet. After a while my vision was focused and I could finally see that the door had opened. I nervously walked in the dark room. I was just about to call out for the victim when I saw it. It was filthy disgusting blood and organs splattered on the cold concrete ground of the room. “Too late.” I whispered to myself. I was disappointed and frustrated. How could I! I couldn’t believe it, that I just let a human being just die in front of my eyes. I was so angry and turned the door knob to get out when I realised that the door wouldn’t open. I was locked in.

I was locked in complete darkness except for a little lamp on the ground. I knelt on the ground a burst into tears. I knelt there crying for a while, until I heard a voice. I immediately turned and saw a man with a hockey mask and a chainsaw. I quickly dodged the swing of the chainsaw by the man in the hockey mask. I quickly started to run away, but there was no way out. Soon I lost stamina and was trapped in the corner of the room. I was so nervous and scared, I tried to find a way out as fast as I could. Until I realised the killer was right in front of me. He then held his chainsaw up to my neck then “SLICE!!!!!!!!!!” I died.

The room description

By Charlotte M

The room is so small it's like a shoebox in here. There's a small candle giving the only light in this dim room. The room smells like dust and it becomes glacial in the winter. There are no windows in here, the only view to the outside world is through a rusted keyhole. I take a peek through the mysterious keyhole, and staring right back at me is a bunny white as snow. Green trees with emerald leaves surrounding it. A beautiful rushing stream framed by pebbles and golden yellow flowers, that fill the air with a sweet perfume. I turn back around to the dank room, the outside world is nothing like in here, especially compared to the decaying wooden floor sprinkled with dead leaves, or the roof decorated with filthy cobwebs, but the absolute worst part about living here is having to wake up every day to the concerning message carved on the peeling floral wallpaper. The message reads, 'BEWARE DO NOT GO OUTSIDE!'



THE TIME BOX by Thomas E

We thought we were the only ones left, the only ones to make it to the island.

“Max, where are you?” I said, waiting for a response which was useless in this waste land.

At that time Max was also looking for me. I used my tracking skill power that I got from the portal. I finally found Max and Ryan, but Ryan was still a fish.

Getting to the island required a helicopter, fortunately one was available and near-by. We all climbed aboard for the planned, short flight but the pilot, under the influence of some unknown power, flew towards the wrong island.

I turned Ryan back and turned Max into a fish.

“Let’s see how he likes it!” Ryan exclaimed to Max.

The pilot seemed to be getting worse. His head started to wobble and I could see the island rising quickly towards us. A crash landing looked inevitable, so I turned the helicopter into a rubber ball big enough for four people to be in. Max flopped around stupidly.

Ryan slapped Max in the face to shut him up. We got out of the giant ball and explored the island.

“The pilot is dead!” Max, who was still a fish, said. We explored the island for hours then we got rescued from the island.

I am writing this from home and Max is still a fish.

THREE PEOPLE LEFT

Three of us. We were the only ones left, the only ones to make it the island. I tried to swim further but the rip was drawing me away from the shore. "Craig! Derek! ANYONE!!!" I screamed. They couldn't hear me. "HELP!!! PLEASE!!!" I screamed once again. The others drowned. Tony was a bad swimmer, Paul sacrificed his life for us, Ben drowned because a brick fell from the sky and David just drowned for no particular reason.

The rip had stopped. I was a really good swimmer, not to brag, so I swam towards Craig and Derek. It was a horrific sight. Tears rolling slowly down their pink cheeks, snot hanging under their slimy nostrils and saliva drooling out of their watering mouths. "GET AHOLD OF YOURSELVES OR I WILL TELL YOUR PARENTS TO GIVE YOU DIAPERS INSTEAD OF UNDERWEAR!!!" I commanded. After that they started to swim like underwater soldiers. "That's it I complimented.

In no time we met the shore. "How are we going to get out of this place after we get the trophy?" Derek whined. "Easy! We just wait for the trophy to respond to us winning and then it will teleport us back home." I smiled. "What if our team doesn't win. We were stranded.

TOUCHED!!!

By Ryan B

Icy fingers gripped my arm in silence.

“NO, STOP, DON’T TOUCH,” I yelled.

The cold fingers gripped harder as I spoke. I couldn’t tell who it was but I knew one thing, that I had to escape from this cold, calculating creature. I tried to move but it wouldn’t budge. I grabbed the mysterious crowbar sitting next to me and wacked it on this UNKNOWN CREATURE. He let go with vigorous pain. I ran and ran until.....I got to the snack bar, I was so hungry I hadn’t eaten in ages. I grabbed the double popcorn snackaroo without paying. Now there were two people chasing me! I looked over my shoulder to see the raging snack bar lady holding a wooden spoon and the UNKNOWN CREATURE still having a tantrum from the serious crowbar wound.

I now knew that it was life or death. Killed by snack lady and UNKNOWN WUSS.

As I dropped the double popcorn snackaroo, I began to move more and more slowly as my life was just turning into a disappointment.

As snack lady and unknown wuss caught up they both lifted their heads to me and said “It’s just a prank bro, the camera’s over there.....”

Animal Perspective

I mean, how stupid can he be? I cannot believe that he still does not know to not leave fish on the bench that is not protected by anything, only a ziplock plastic bag. He knows that I can jump up onto the bench. He knows that I can open a ziplock plastic bag. So why has he done this?

It is so tempting to just jump up there and eat that delicious looking salmon. There was only one thing that was stopping me from doing the thing that I would love to do. And that little thing was, I did not know whether he was just putting it there as bait. If he was going to trap me and take me to the vet. OH NO! NOT THE VET!!!

The smell of the pink salmon, I could just taste the freshness of it in my mouth. My saliva was building up on my lips, bubbling and foaming from the thought of eating that glistening piece of fish.

I silently jumped up onto the tall bench, ignoring the fact that I glimpsed, Jimmy (my silly owner) just trudge out of the bathroom, scratching his backside. I quickly grabbed the salmon, jumped off the bench and ran skilfully outside. I heard a faint shout of anger from back inside the house as I ran. Still carrying the fish, I sprinted up onto the slanted roof of my six storey house and slowly started chewing on the gorgeous salmon. Then suddenly, a loud noise startles me from behind. I turned my head to see Jimmy standing right there, right there next to the stone chimney, puffing and panting; as if he had just run a marathon. He walked up to me. I felt the slow pulse of adrenaline in my veins. I ran. Not away from him, but towards him. I pounced right on my silly owner. He couldn't react in time...

Forty minutes later, I lay down on my back, and watched the golden sun go down. I looked to my left just in time to see the decapitated body of my former owner, Jimmy, fall off the roof. With a full stomach I set off into the sunset and thought to myself, maybe human did taste better than fish after all.

