

## That Little Something

It's nearly my first day of school. My family have helped me to get me ready I just can't wait to get started. I've got everything, my protractor, ruler a new pencil case (like anyone needs another one). I can't wait to see all friends again, meet new people and do what needs to be done.

I woke up at 6:00 (I've never been up so early)! Then I had a real big breakfast containing a little bit of honey, Weetabix and Cornflakes and fruit. I put my new school uniform on (which looks lovely)! Did my hair in a super high ponytail and jumped in the car to travel to my new school. I quickly got out of the car to go and see my friends and ask how their holiday was some went to Florida and swam with dolphins (they are my favourite animal). Another went to California and said how lovely the beaches were and I said I went to New York and went in Central Park. I was a little bit scared because it was a new school and I didn't know where the different rooms were. Also, I'm not used to moving around and having different teachers for different lessons. To add to that I've come from a little village school but I will have my friends to help me. Likewise, the teachers will be nice, I wonder who will be my form tutor and if we get planners. Do we carry our books around?

First, we met in the locker room and got shown our lockers (another thing which is new to me) but they are big compared to other schools I've seen. They said you need to keep them clean and tidy and they will also be checking. We also have Head of Year and Principal, wow that must be a big job head of school. I met my form tutor and found my form room. She asked a question and I wasn't sure if I knew the answer but I had a go and she picked me and I was right (using that little something)! Then because I answered the question I got to go first in the game we were playing which was called Round the World. At the end of that lesson I got a planner and started to understand it's contents. By that time, I was very hungry luckily it was time for lunch but I didn't know what to do or where to go so I had to ask a teacher and I found my way (using that little something). Then asked a girl who is in my class to come with me because she looked lonely and was hungry too.

The lunch was Spaghetti Bolognese and it was lovely, the garlic bread was so good as it was warm and fresh. We had pudding with my friends and my new friend called Lola. For pudding, it was pancakes with syrup that was lovely too. I've never had pancakes at my other school and even this was a treat at home! After lunch, we went out to the field and played tag it was hard remembering people's names but tag was fun. It was hard keeping track of the time as we needed to go to our form room. Then we realised we didn't know what time lunch ended so we went in the main building to ask a teacher. I was the one who had to ask because no one was strong enough to. Even I had to find that little something down there. We now know the time and will never forget it. My next lesson was to meet all my teachers for the different subjects. It was hard remembering all the teacher's names. Also, asking a teacher a question was hard because you needed that something same as asking for the time at lunch. I got through that lesson and became more confident at the end of it. Then it was time to go home I couldn't wait to tell my Mum and Dad about my amazing day and what I did.

The next day I was ready before my Dad (who was taking me to school). I was ready today to go and do the work with that little something in mind. Today I had proper lessons like English, French, Art, Maths and History. In these lessons, we were given homework to cover our books and decorate some of them. I was very happy to use my planner as I couldn't wait to use it properly with homework. The lessons weren't too hard which I think is a good sign. Lunch was amazing as ever today it was lasagne and strawberry ice-cream. It was delightful. When I got home I did all my homework so I don't have to do it later. My art book had pictures of animals and their baby's which I drew. Also with my English book I did pictures of Shakespeare and Jacqueline Wilson my much-loved author. After that my Mum was very pleased with me and I was thrilled too.

Next it was time to go home again I couldn't wait to tell my Mum and Dad about my super day and what I found out and did. But I still had to go swimming (my main sport) which I do three times a week! But today was one of those days. So, I packed my stuff (snorkel, fins, goggles, pull buoy and float) to go swimming at the International Pool which is incredibly cold. I enjoy swimming because it is relaxing and fun to do with my friends. After I was so tired and sleepy that I went straight to bed after swimming and again will be ready to go tomorrow for another great day.

If I didn't have that little something I would have not made it. But I was happy of what I achieved. Did you know that that little something was courage?

*Georgina B Year 7*

## Fighter

What is courage?

Courage is fighting for what you believe in. Courage is believing in yourself. Courage is knowing everything is going to be okay.

My mother died giving birth and my sister was killed in a car accident. I'll say this, I've definitely had more than my fair share of bad luck – you have to have a damn lot of courage if that happens. I used to tell myself that everything was going to be okay. Now I'm not so sure.

I stroll into the kitchen where Dad sits sipping a mug of coffee that went cold a long time ago. Dad isn't as strong as me – he never really recovered. I have a lot of secrets that he won't be able to take right now – I need someone to talk to. How are you supposed to go on if you mother and sister are dead, your father just sits there, you feel weak all the time and to top it off, you're a lesbian. That's right – I have to deal with all the name calling as well. Sometimes I don't think I can't go on any longer.

My phone pings with a new message from Dr. Fabray – she's got an appointment for me to meet her. I hop on my bike and speedily cycle like an arrow struck from its bow. I dash into her gloomy office and she hustles me in tiredly. "Hi Quinn, it's great to see you," she drones in a monotone. "There's no easy way to say this, Quinn. You have leukemia."

That's when everything goes black...

I wake in a hospital bed, tubes poking into me. My girlfriend Megan sits beside me, talking in a soothing tone. She beams all over when she sees me open my eyes. Her infectious smile makes me feel warm inside and stops me thinking about everything. She's the only good thing in my life right now.

"Ah, Miss Bowen, you're awake. I'm afraid your case is a very drastic one. We need the money for treatment straight away," sings a cheerful nurse as if she's telling me that I get to perform in a circus, not spend money I don't have. The moment I ask how much the treatment is, her face becomes sad and miserable. It's a 6-figure sum – more than triple what's in Dad's card right now. I know we can't afford it. The nurse has basically just given me my death sentence. I better start writing my will. This is just too much for me! There's only so much sadness and pain a girl can take. I almost feel glad I have an excuse to die, as otherwise I'd seriously be considering keeping my life. What are you meant to do when nothing goes right in your life?

I try telling myself that everything is going to be okay but it's not true. Nothing's ever going to be okay again.

Days go by, weeks, months and then one day it happens. I feel breathless, weaker than usual. Megan is by my side, holding my hand, calming me. She tells me I can let go, I can stop trying whenever I like. I don't have to keep fighting, she tells me.

But I can't stop fighting. I can't give up. I need to have courage and keep fighting as long as possible. I want to be known as the girl who fought relentlessly, not the girl who was beaten. I can't let go. Not now, not ever.

If I have to die, I'll do it fighting every step of the way. Slowly, gradually, I start to feel better, and in that moment I do believe it's going to be okay. I really do. That's because whatever happens now, I'll know I fought as hard as I could and I never, ever gave up. Megan lies on my chest, my tears mixing with hers. This is the girl who has always been there for me, who has always loved me, who has been fighting alongside me. If I surrender, she surrenders. She is my reason for living. I need to keep going for her.

I know I'm dying, but I never really acknowledge that fact.

One day Megan falls asleep in her chair, so I write her a letter.

Dear Megan,

My name is Quinn and I'm 13 years old. When my sister died, I thought I had one person left in my life – my dad. I was wrong, so wrong. I had you. You have always been there for me and I know that you know that. What you don't

know is that I am dying. I need to tell you that. I hope you get to read this before it's too late. What you don't know is that the only reason I have been fighting so long is you. You are the only reason I want to keep going on. But I don't think I can anymore. I will be fighting until the end, with you by my side. I want you to know that I will always love you Megan. I also want you to tell you something. You'll need to have a lot of courage. If I have a few more days, I will try and teach you how to have that. I'm a kind of expert at it, if I do say so myself. My life has been spent being courageous. It's trickier than you may think! After you read this letter, you might feel like you can't go on. You can. Please never give up Megan. That's all I ask. Remember, everything will be okay. I promise you.

I love you.

Goodbye Megan.

What is courage?

Courage is knowing everything is going to be okay. No matter what.

*Grace M, Year 7*

## Brave New World

Courage: the willingness to confront agony, pain or anger. That's what everyone says. I don't believe that. I think courage is when you enter a new world and you don't know anything. Courage is like facing being born again, but somewhere where you just feel you're not destined there, where you feel you don't have a purpose there. It's like you don't belong. Oh, and I'm Luna, by the way. That's what I had to face a whole week ago. Let's rewind back to then where everything was new and explain the full story.

As I got off the plane, I felt as weary as ever. 'Just need to get our bags and we'll be on our way.'

Getting our bags took longer than it needed to. And to make matters worse, everyone was staring at me because I was wearing a headscarf, especially this girl who had brown-black coloured curls and these brown eyes. This is exactly what I feared. People staring at me, I hate it.

"Luna, go get our bags. They should have a red tag on it." Mum said.

I went to the carousel and picked out two any old red-tagged suitcase and returned to my mother. My father and my brother were in the UK because my brother was offered a scholarship in swimming. I, on the other hand, got offered a scholarship in dance, which is why I came to Paris, so I could attend the School of Dance.

Anyway, I returned to my mother with the red tagged suitcases and hurried on outside to the car. I was walking double the speed that my mum was walking because I just wanted to get into our new apartment.

"Luna, wait, hold on!" Mum called.

I paused and turned around reluctantly.

"What?" I replied

"Slow down a bit, sweetie. We're not in a rush to get anywhere. What's wrong?"

There was a bit of an awkward silence.

"Nothing." I replied, trying to sound as cheerful as I could.

"I know my daughter pretty well and it doesn't look like nothing. What's really the matter?"

"Did we have to come here? I mean, it's great and everything that I got a scholarship, but everything was going so well back in Dubai and I didn't have to take the scholarship and, well... I miss home."

"Listen Luna, if you want to succeed in life, you've got to make a few sacrifices along the way. You've got to think about your future."

"That's all you care about; having a good future, getting good grades. I bet you only agreed to come here is because as well as the 'excellent dancing' they have 'excellent education'."

"That's not true. If you're nervous, you need courage. Trust me, when you have courage, you will feel 100 times better than before you had courage. That's the most important thing. I want you to remember that. Understood?"

"Yes Mum, understood."

When we were driving through the streets of Paris, I was in awe. All the cars were in much neater lanes than in Dubai, but something caught my eye. I saw this strange and very tall building with lots of people standing around it, taking pictures. 'I wonder what it is. Is it like, Burj Al Arab or Princess Tower? It looks a lot like that.'

When we finally arrived at our apartment, it was about sundown, and even though it was quite early for me to go to sleep, I felt very tired.

"Luna, I think they've sent your new uniform through the mail now, so how about you pop it on, just to check how it looks."

“OK.”

I went to the mail box and grabbed the package that had my brand new uniform. New. Hate that word. Starting all over again. But like Mum said, as long as I had courage, I would be fine.

I slid into my uniform carefully, anxious, even though it was just material. If I needed a lot of courage just to get into a new uniform, imagine how much courage I need to make new friends. But what if courage doesn't go the way I want? What if people make fun of me and I make...new enemies?

“Luna, are you all right in there?”

I realised I took way longer than I needed to wear my uniform. I decided that I was being silly and should just wear it.

I opened the door slowly, just a crack, then opened it properly.

“Luna, you look absolutely beautiful. Like a dancer.”

“Thanks Mum. I'm feeling a bit tired so I'm going to bed.”

“Look, you're worrying about nothing, it'll all be fine, I promise you.”

“Alright. Thanks Mum. Night, Mum.”

“Night, sweetie.”

I woke up this morning, feeling as moody as ever, as it was my first day at the School of Dance. As I got ready, I just kept on saying in my head, ‘As long as you have courage, you will be fine.’

I ate breakfast as slowly as I could, so I could be really late and then not show up.

“Luna, come on, it'll be the end of the world by the time you finish your breakfast.”

“It is the end of the world, now that I have to go to this dance school and leave my whole life behind.”

“Luna, we've talked about this before. Now you either leave your breakfast or you finish it because we're going to be late. We don't want to give a bad impression, especially on your first day now, do we?”

“No, Mum.”

I decided to leave my breakfast and get into the car. Mum started the engine and we were off.

This School of Dance was probably worth it as it was massive. Our first step was finding the entrance and God knows where that might be. It was like being in a maze let alone a school!

When we finally found the entrance, we went to the reception, which was pretty easy to find. We registered myself in and we got inside.

There were a lot of other new kids like myself, but there was one particular girl I recognised. She had brown-black curls and these brown eyes. I suddenly remembered she was the girl I saw at the airport. But she was upset now, crying in fact. So I did something that I never thought I would. I straight on went up to her and started talking to her.

“Um...hello?” I said nervously.

The girl sniffled a bit.

“Um...hi.”

“Are you OK? What's wrong?”

“Why do you want to know?”

I was taken aback a bit when she said that.

“Don't worry, I'm new here too. You can talk to me.”

"I'm not sure why I should tell you, but last night, I was at the airport as I came here from Germany."

"I thought I saw you there! Oh, sorry I interrupted you. Carry on."

"No, it's fine. Sorry for staring at you."

"It's fine."

"Anyway, when I went up to the carousel, I got my bag that had a red tag on it and when I went to my apartment, I was going to unpack when I realised I didn't have any of the right clothes. And the only thing I can wear is joggers, 1 top and this uniform. I've lost all my clothes!"

"Wait, did you say you had a 'red tagged suitcase'?"

"Yes...?"

"I think I might have taken yours by mistake. I'm so sorry. I'll give it to you tomorrow. Please forgive me."

"Don't be sorry. I'm just I have more than two outfits to wear."

We both started laughing. After, that we talked on for ages. I found out her name was Lajita and that both our names begin with the same letter! Plus, I also found out 'Lajita' means modest. The rest of the day went pretty well too. Lots of people were eager to meet us and, by the end of the week I made a whole group of friends! (Baring in mind it's also a boarding school and you go home at the end of every week).

On Friday night, after I arrived from School of Dance, I looked up to the sky and I noticed the stars and the big bright full moon. Mum was telling me earlier on that 'Luna' is Latin for moon. So, I focused on the moon and I thought, 'If I didn't have any courage to go talk to Lajita, I wouldn't have had a whole group of friends, let alone one. And I wouldn't have had talked to Lajita if I didn't have the courage in me. And I would never have had courage in me if my mum didn't tell me this: 'When you have courage, you will feel 100 times better in the end than before you had courage.'"

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Ellora M (Year 8)

The shades of the leaves hid me away in the darkness. Not to be seen or heard, as the loud animal skin drums started the tune I know so well. Tears welled in my eyes as I watched the flames of the fire lick the golden sky as a lioness would do to her cubs. Laughter danced itself into my ears, carving into my brain. Suddenly anger flashed through my mind, how could they be cheerful with no fear in the world on this saddest day of my life? Fear overruled the anger as I heard slow crunching footsteps coming towards me. I took my bow and arrow from my shoulder, and got ready to shoot. "Aleah...Aleah...Where are you?" I waited, I didn't want to be found, and I didn't want to be comforted. I just wanted to be left alone. "Please Aleah, where are you? I understand how you are upset and confused, and also frightened. But please, nobody is out here" shouted Aliana. I reluctantly climbed out of my dark hole, and fell into Aliana's arms. Fear shook my whole body. I knew they were out there, the exact one that killed my mother, on this exact day. "How can the people of my island be happy" I wept into her shoulder "Why are they enjoying themselves, when this day should be depressing, they should all be ashamed, especially father" I shouted. Suddenly I felt myself being pushed back, gently but firmly. I looked into Aliana's eyes, they were a mixture of anger, depression and fear. Her grip on my shoulder hardened as she spoke "No Aleah. They shouldn't be ashamed nor should be sad. You should be the one ashamed. Your father has tried everything for you, he has grieved for her without you. He has looked after you all these years without showing his emotions, but most of all he misses you. He misses his daughter that was once filled with laughter and joy. We can all see it in his eyes, the sadness and the fear that you won't return to that girl everybody love and cared for. We are worried about you as well, there is no reason to be afraid or angry of the one that killed your mother." We didn't talk on the way home, as I was re-reading over her words, Aliana was right. I had been ungrateful and spiteful. I had left father to grieve on his own, without me. I shuddered as I thought about how hard it must have been for him, without somebody to hold him when he needed it the most, I wasn't there for him, when I should have been. The camp suddenly grew silence, there was a low growl in the distance, getting louder and louder. The silence didn't last for very long, a strong ordering shout grew upwards, and I knew exactly who it was. I rushed forward, not even waiting to think. All that raced in my mind was father's safety. I grabbed my bow and arrow from my shoulder and put it in shoot. Then suddenly another thing started coming into mind, making me slow down. Fear. Sweat broke into little droplets of water upon my forehead as determination urged me forward. I was scared of Lions. Ever-since mother got killed by one, they were my nightmares, the dreams that had haunted me for so many years. But it was enough. I was going to kill this beast, this beast that had killed my mother. I stopped rigid, as I came to the clearing. The lion was circling my father, his teeth bared with blood. Their eyes were locked, not one of them dared to blink. Father's spear had broken, but he was still standing strong. The lion had still not seen me, so with my heart bumping so fiercely against my chest, I carefully made my way behind the lion, trying to camouflage with the ferns. I carefully manoeuvred myself around the arching back of lion, staying away from his flicking tail. I positioned my bow and arrow. I leaned back, my hand ready to release. As my hand let go of the burning arrow memory's flooded my mind. It was like a t-v show that had switched on. The first slide, was me and my mother, she holding me tight. Telling me it will be okay, that I mustn't worry. Her beautiful, long, brown, glossy hair flew around me in wisps. Her dusky-brown skin made my hands tremble. My eyes opened as the sound of cheering brought me back to life. There, on the ground was the lion, the lion that had scared for so many years. The lion that had taken my mother away from me when I wasn't ready, when she wasn't ready. And when father wasn't ready. Father! There he was, with a beam that reached his wise eyes. Courage filled the hole in my heart. I had done it, I had met my phobia, saved my father's life, and surfaced from the darkness that I had been in, and I knew, and father knew, that we had got each other back.

Venetia S (Year 7)

## WHERE ARE YOU?

It all happened on the 27th February, the worst best day ever.

The sun was low, my spirit was high and up with the clouds. We had been travelling for almost 5 hours to get there. All of us pretended that we were raring to go but within we were all secretly wishing that we didn't have to wake up before dawn. It was my sister who had got me obsessed with the Red Snakes, a weirdly wonderful boy band. I never knew how much pleasure you can seek by standing with your elbow throbbing someone in the belly and your feet constantly being trampled on by various people, big and small. And then it happened. My world started to collapse right in front of my eyes.

"Come on, Al! Hold my hand and I will drag you through!" Yelled Mum, attempting to talk over the shrill laughter and shrieks being emitted by various members of the audience and, unsurprisingly, failing. I reluctantly grabbed her arm, with fear of being abandoned at the back.

Suddenly, she tugged and I tripped over something and went flying into handbags, arms, dogs and who knows what else. Finally, when I got to the front, I realised what all the fuss was about. The band was giving out autographs! Then my sister, Lil, decided that it was her go to try and make me fly and (hopefully for her) break my nose. We bolted through the crowd and less than a minute later, we were at the front. We immediately joined the Que.

"I can't believe this is happening right now. I just can't wait to see the look on Lisa's face!" She yelled. I rolled my eyes. She was supposed to be 2 years older than me, age-wise and behaviour-wise. The first was definitely achieved but the latter was something to think about.

Eventually, after what seemed like a billion years, we got to the front stage. My sister was surprisingly quiet. Max, the guy who played the drums for the combo was staring at us as if to say, "COME ON...I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!". Lil elbowed me in the ribs so hard that I literally 'yelped' in pain.

"Ow...Uh...Hi?" I said, constantly glaring at the devil which stood beside me.

"Names, please" He said, trying to sound as patient as possible although we could plainly tell that he wasn't.

"Lily and Alice" I mumbled. He scribbled something onto a scrap of paper and shoved it into my hand. Lil suddenly grabbed the slip of paper from my hand and ran through the crowd disappearing from my view.

"Lil! Lily!" I yelled, but she didn't hear me. I suddenly felt lost. I crept down the steps, tensely clutching the bannister. I didn't know what to do, where to go. My phone! I quickly felt my drenched rain coat's pocket. Nothing there. I must have given it to Mum, afraid that I would misplace it for the 5th time.

Not able to think of anything else, I barged my way through the crowd. Everywhere I looked, I could only see faces filled with glee, very much unlike mine. I didn't know where I was going. I cannot recall a single moment in my life when I had been so petrified. I felt so lonely and cowardly, so very small. I hated this moment. My brain started whirring, haunted with thoughts worse than the worst nightmare. Trying to find me would be like trying to find a needle in a haystack.

Abruptly, a particularly malicious thought pierced its way into me. A notion worse than any other. What if my family wandered out of the arena to look for me? What would I do then? My head started feeling light and I was positive that I was on the verge of fainting. But, I can't. I pinched myself, to try and bring myself back to reality.

Struggling, I kept on burrowing my way through the maze-like crowd, searching for any hints of my family.

"Al! Alice!" Said a familiar voice. My heart skipped a beat as I caught a glimpse of Lil, my angel. She swiftly ran towards me and tugged me into her bony hands.

"I am so sorry, Al. I left you and ran off. I am such a silly sister!" She said, with her head hanging with guilt.

"You're such a good sister. Don't say that!" I said.

We kept hugging for a long time, both totally zoned out of the noisy atmosphere surrounding us. My eyes started welling up as I was on the verge of crying. Lil, acknowledging this, pulled me in even closer so that my face was tucked in to her. Shoulders shaking, eyes watering, nose leaking, I looked a right mess. But, unlike normally, this didn't bother me the tiniest bit. My sister was there for me. I was there for her.

By Aparna C (Year 8)

## The Bike, The Diary and The Girl

July 3rd

Dear Diary

Nan's gone. She went last night in her sleep. I've never felt so empty, so alone, so sad. We slept at the hospital to be with her, I couldn't sleep, I held her hand. We're home now and it's late afternoon. I came back from another usual day at school – tests, lesson and bullying. The normal. Dad's at work and Mum should be back soon. Nan's normally here to comfort me, she's the only one I told about the bullying. She'd tell me stories about girls becoming superheroes! That doesn't happen anymore. Here's mum I might not write daily now, recovering, I need to go.

Diary it's really late but I can't sleep, Mum and Dad are arguing again. I'm scared for a reason I don't yet know. They do this every night. It breaks my heart.

July 12th

Dear Diary

I can't handle it. School's got worse and worse, mum and dad have got worse and worse and life has got worse and worse. 13 is a terrible age, it truly is an unlucky number. I'm packing my bag.

July 13th

Dear Diary

I ran away. I cycled away. I told Mum and Dad I was going to school on my bike, I wasn't. I bought a bag containing my things: £40 which I stole from Mum's purse, crackers, apples, some sweets, bottles of water and Lucozade, a picture of nan, my watch an old blanket, torch and you! It's a long journey ahead.

I've stopped for a rest, my bike is propped up against a blunt, old rock under a proud oak tree which is protecting me from the blazing sun. I don't know where I am going, I'm just not going back. If I can't live my life, then I will live another. I better get going because school will be finishing and Mum and Dad will expect to see me at home. I won't be there.

July 15th

Dear Diary

I've been sleeping on a bench in an old, deserted park. I went shopping and bought some crisps and more water as I have drunk most of my packed ones. I am feeling restless and anxious, I must move on as I can't stay here forever. Tomorrow I'll go as it's too late tonight.

I had a terrible dream, more like a nightmare. I had gone home but there was only one car. I had run in to see Dad alone in the living room, Mum's smashed photograph in his hands. I turned to leave and outside I saw Mum turn the corner and look back at me. I wanted to run after her but something blocked me, making her seem further away from me. My heart broke and I woke up shivering from the early morning chill.

July 17th

Dear Diary

I am shattered, aching like nothing has before. I thought I saw someone I recognised, it made me realise that if someone noticed me how vulnerable I would be. I bought a sharp pair of scissors and went into the public toilets and cut my hair short. Now no one will know who I am.

I've cycled miles and I don't know where I am at all, all I know is that I'm far away. So far! I feel homesick and lost and scared and so lonely. I am terrified to go home, I can't go back, it will all be the same and nothing will have changed. Can't go back, must go on. I might not go back ever. I think I am going mad, what am I thinking? I'm in

control and out of control, I must go back, I mustn't go back. I'll be brave to go on and a coward to go back. I'll be a coward to go on and brave to go back. Have courage!

July 20th

Dear Diary

I'm at the old oak tree – a full circle. My bike is once again propped up on the other side of the blunt rock. Memories are flooding in. I'm going home. I have been so scared, terrified, frightened. Of what? Of my imagination. Of my amazing imagination.

I'm so tired. My legs are so wobbly and my arms are splattered with dark, drying mud. My bike is no longer a gleaming white but a faded dry brown. The tyres are slowly flattening, it doesn't have long left and neither do I. It carried me so far through scorching weather and cold nights. Through dark days and light, through tears and smiles, through realisations and questions. I am going to call it a night I am as tired as a sloth!

July 22nd

Dear Diary

I cycled past the school. Luckily no-one was there because of summer break. The sun was a flaming golf ball resting between the calm, floating clouds scorching my back. I am just resting between an old abandoned warehouse and a canal, I'm sweating and so bone tired. Right come on I need to go home. I am scared I am going to be rejected and thrown out. Come on you can't pull out now.

Right I am home and there's no one here...

July 24th

Dear Diary

I'm home. Mum came back just after the last entry, Dad was still searching the village. I cried even more than she did. I cried a river and so did she. I felt happy, melancholy, excited and scared. We hugged so tight and so full of hope and love and care.

Diary I haven't told anyone about this and I don't plan to. When Mum came to me and after we hugged she made me hot chocolate. I had sat on the door step and heard Nan. Her old, beautiful voice whispered in my ear, "you were brave to run but braver to come back".

*Lauren W (Year 6)*

## MABEL THE SECRET SUPERCAT

Mabel is a Supercat and her human mummy, Emily aged 6, doesn't know this and thinks she is lazy and sleeps all day.

Mabel waited for Emily to go to school and there was no-one in the house before she went out for a stroll to save the world.

Mabel walked along the cliffs and saw a shark attacking a man, so she goes into camouflage and changes into Supercat, shouting "Supercat Go".

Her collar turns her into anything she wants. She wears a red sparkly cape. Her ears grow and start to spin like a helicopter. They lift her off the ground and into the air. She shouted to the man "hang on, stay strong, ride on the shark's back, I'm on my way".

The shark was distracted by the Supercat and the man jumped off the shark's back. He grabbed Supercat's tail and they flew to safety.

Mabel went back to the shark, more sharks had arrived, but she didn't panic or give up.

"Supertail Go", she turned her back and her tail became the strongest fan in the world, and the sharks were blown a long way back in the sea where they found a mysterious island where they wanted to stay.

"Super ears, Supertail let's go", and she flew back to the man. He was soaking wet. Mabel said "Supertail Go", and she dried the man with her tail as a fan.

The man was shocked and thanked Mabel the Secret Supercat. A passer-by took a photo and sent it to the newspaper.

Mabel, Secret Supercat, went home. Next day everybody was talking and looking at the photo. Emily showed Mabel the photo and said "Look at this amazing cat. Not a lazy bones like you". Mabel rolled her eyes and sighed. Emily looked at her furry pet and said "You're still my favourite cat and I love you, giving Mabel a great, big hug.

The End

*Emily K (Year 1)*