

A Special Memory, by Grace B-E

Once, when I was around five-and-half or six years old, my sister, me and her friend decided to bath our dolls. My sister and her friend must have been about three. We all came to the conclusion that running our babies a bubble bath would be too obvious to our mums downstairs, so we end up using the sink. "Here we go!", we thought. Poppy (my sister) and her friend scooped up the dolls and ran into the bathroom.

We had now arrived safely in the bathroom and the bathing of the babies could begin! The sink was now filled with lukewarm water (we didn't want to burn our babies!) so we threw a baby in. Once the baby was in, we realised that she still had her clothes on. We didn't really mind as for breakfast that morning we got chocolate brioche all over her, so her clothes needed a wash. We were all very excited. I squirted snow fairy soap everywhere! Soon after, we were all struggling to breathe as the bubblegum aroma had filled the room and the glitter from the soap was clogging up our lungs! However, we persevered and bathed the remaining six babies.

We had brought the dolls back into my sister's room. They were soaking (and so were we). We lay them down by the radiator hoping they'd dry. The batteries inside them were breaking. The babies went from sounding like little girls to groggy, hungry old men. We were all very impressed with our work until we noticed that water from my sister's room had dripped through to the dining room below. Oops. Sorry, Mum!

Returning, by Sarah I

Looking out of a crystal pane
I see the world alight and glowing.
Putting on my cloak and shoes,
My fears and worries all start growing.

I'm so sick of home
I'm so sick of rules
I'm so sick of living
With all these fools.

I think of freedom.
I'll fly like a dart
To the next chapter
Though I don't know where to start

I tell myself I know where I'm going,
But do I actually?
A free person, the more I think of it
I tell myself that's what I'm going to be.

I'm running away,

I'm actually doing this.
Running away from home,
Now there's nothing I'm going to miss.

I'm having second thoughts,
It's all going downhill.
Deep dreaded thoughts,
In my head, they start to fill.

I'm finally returning
This is not what I wanted to do
I'm going back home
Even though I don't want to.

Now I realise
My home is where I belong
I love these fools! I need these rules!
I'm staying here all my life long.

Looking out of a crystal pane
I see the world alight and glowing.
Taking off my cloak and shoes
My fears and worries all stop growing.

A Special Memory, by Connie C

I have cherished this memory and always will. I clearly remember that breezy January night, the sort of evening when all seems obscure. The wind blew outside like a wolf howling to its pack. I could not sleep.

I rose from my bed and slipped on my glasses. The wind seemed like a song, an unknown allure from a distant land. I gazed out through the window, the trees swayed like ballet dancers, awaiting the cue to arrive on stage.

Then, my broad imagination struck me. I pictured a green-eyed, curly haired girl wearing a cloche hat to top her curly mop. She looked back at me, a welcoming gaze upon her pale face. I hastily found a notebook to draw her in. She was an adventurer, an explorer. But she needed a name.

"Fox. Fox Winters," I whispered, and started to write a story about her.

Now, two years later, Fox is my fictional heroine. Perhaps, if I had fallen asleep, I would never have written this memory.

I always delve into Fox's world when I write about her. I meet her friends, enemies and most importantly, talk to Fox.

I hope you have enjoyed reading my memory and respect Fox as much as I do.

A Special Memory, by Amelia S

Breathing nervously, I looked around me. I saw: friends, peers, teachers. But no matter who they were we had one thing in common. We were all going to meet the Queen. I still remember, to this day, the events that happened that morning. Being ushered into the pavilion, the excited hubbub of chatter. All the fun I had. But then my pure happiness was turned into a melancholy, morbid misery. I got locked in the bathroom the day I was next to meet the Queen.

It was awful. Plain awful. I felt like I was drowning in despair! No longer was I gingerly knocking on the door. I was fully yelling. "Help!" I cried, listening to the fading pitter-patter of footsteps. But then, magic happened, I somehow got let out. They had not forgotten me.

Now in the hall I stood. Listening to the clock ticking. It was slow and peaceful, like a placid person's heart beat. But I was not calm. My heart was pounding. Slowly and carefully the beige doors opened, the Windsors were coming in. Time for my training to become real life.

Breathe. Stop. Curtsey. Her Majesty had reached me. Was she looking at me? Or was it simply a masked, majestic smile.

Some things in life I will never know...