2026

Mayors' short story challenge

District Council of Yankalilla
Winners & Short listed stories

Mayors' Short Story Challenge

The Mayors' Short Story Challenge is a wonderful collaboration between the District Council of Yankalilla, City of Victor Harbor and Alexandrina Council celebrating creative writing. The challenge is held during term two each year for school aged children from reception to year ten. Each year the Mayors' Short Story Challenge gets bigger and better.

We would like to thank the Mayors, all the Principals, Teacher-Librarians, Teachers and Student Services Officers involved who encouraged their students to enter. This year the Yankalilla Library received 196 entries from across the District Council of Yankalilla region.

Most of all we thank the children and applaud their efforts in "having a go". They have delighted us with their creative and imaginative writing skills. Without their support the Mayors' Short Story Challenge would not have been successful.

District Council of Yankalilla Section Winners

Reception - Year 2
Poppy Walker, Yankalilla Area School
"The Wishing Tree"

Years 3- 4
Emmy McArdle, Rapid Bay Primary School
"Cute Puppy"

Years 5 - 7
Jaxon Williams, Myponga Primary School
"The competition I was never supposed to win"

Year 8
Sophia Anderson, Yankalilla Area School
"A quiet earth"

Special Options
Cruz Stevens, Myponga Primary School
"Jeff and his lost parents"

Overall Winner
Jaxon Williams, Myponga Primary School
"The competition I was never supposed to win"

District Council of YANKALILLA

Overall Winner



Jaxon Williams

Year 6

Myponga Primary School

“The competition I was never supposed to win”

District Council of YANKALILLA

Reception to Year 2

Category Winner

Poppy Walker
Year 2
“The Wishing Tree”
Yankalilla Area School

Shortlisted students

Poppy Walker, Year 2
“The Wishing Tree”
Yankalilla Area School

Scout Weigl, Year 2
“The Three Little Cats”
Yankalilla Area School

Aliana McCallum, Year 2
“The Three Hot Hotdogs”
Yankalilla Area School

Livia Royans, Year 1
“The Very Hungry Bird”
Rapid Bay Primary School

District Council of
YANKALILLA

Year 3 to Year 4

Category Winner

Emmy McArdle
Year 3
“Cute Puppy”
Rapid Bay Primary School

Shortlisted students

Paisley Lane, Year 4
“Max goes wild”
Yankalilla Area School

Elsie-Jean Mottillo, Year 4
“The ‘bravest’ of ghostly cats”
Yankalilla Area School

Max Royans, Year 4
“Championship Day”
Rapid Bay Primary School

Emmy McArdle, Year 3
“Cute Puppy”
Rapid Bay Primary School

District Council of YANKALILLA

Year 5 to Year 7

Category Winner

Jaxon Williams
Year 6
“The competition I was never supposed to win”
Myponga Primary School

Shortlisted students

Jonah Geschmay, Year 6
“The Day the Library Went Quiet”
Yankalilla Area School

Edwina Crawley, Year 6
“Where The Pages Whisper”
Myponga Primary School

Ella McGowan, Year 5
“The Toxic Flower”
Myponga Primary School

Jaxon Williams, Year 6
“The competition I was never supposed to win”
Myponga Primary School

District Council of YANKALILLA

Year 8 to Year 10

Category Winner

Sophia Anderson

Year 8

“A quiet earth”

Yankalilla Area School

Shortlisted students

Sophia Anderson, Year 8
“A quiet earth”
Yankalilla Area School

Riley Pope, Year 8
“THE BIG FISH”
Yankalilla Area School

District Council of YANKALILLA

Special Options

Category Winner

Cruz Stevens

Year 6

“Jeff and his lost parents”

Myponga Primary School

Shortlisted students

Ryder Aquilina, Year 2
“Bob the Snow Man”
Myponga Primary School

Cruz Stevens, Year 6
“Jeff and his lost parents”
Myponga Primary School

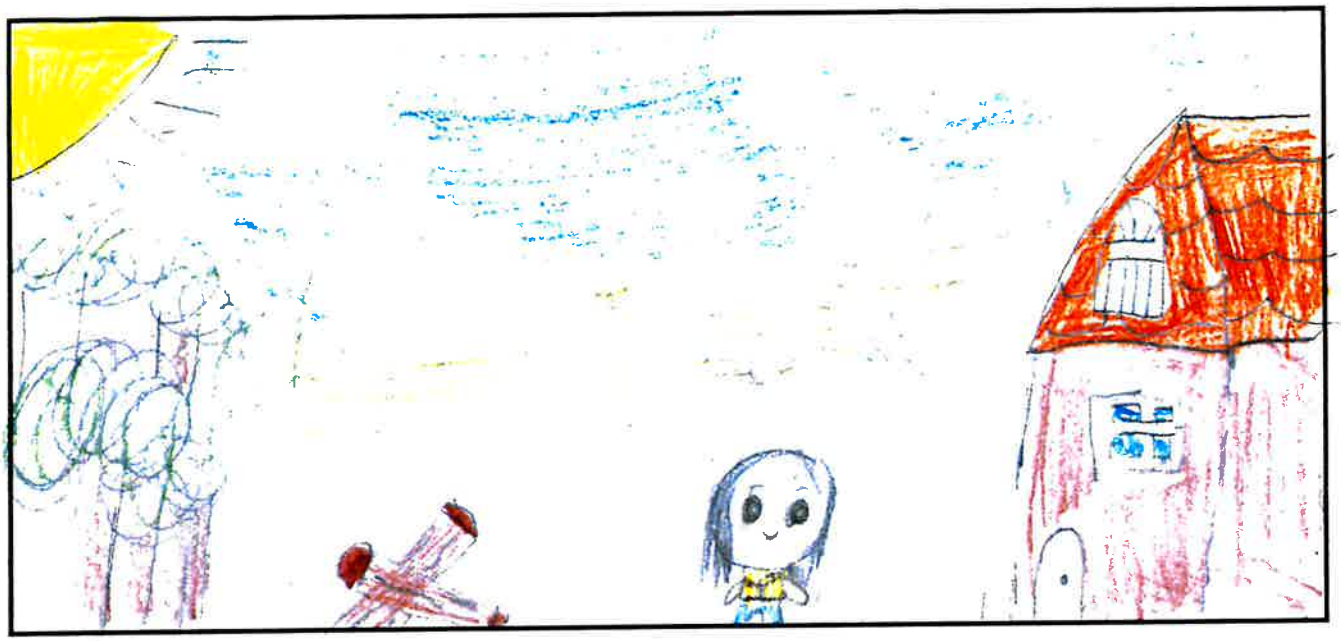
Christopher Nemeth, Year 6
“Room 13 Part 2"
Myponga Primary School

George Boquin, Year 6
“Villager vs Pillager”
Myponga Primary School

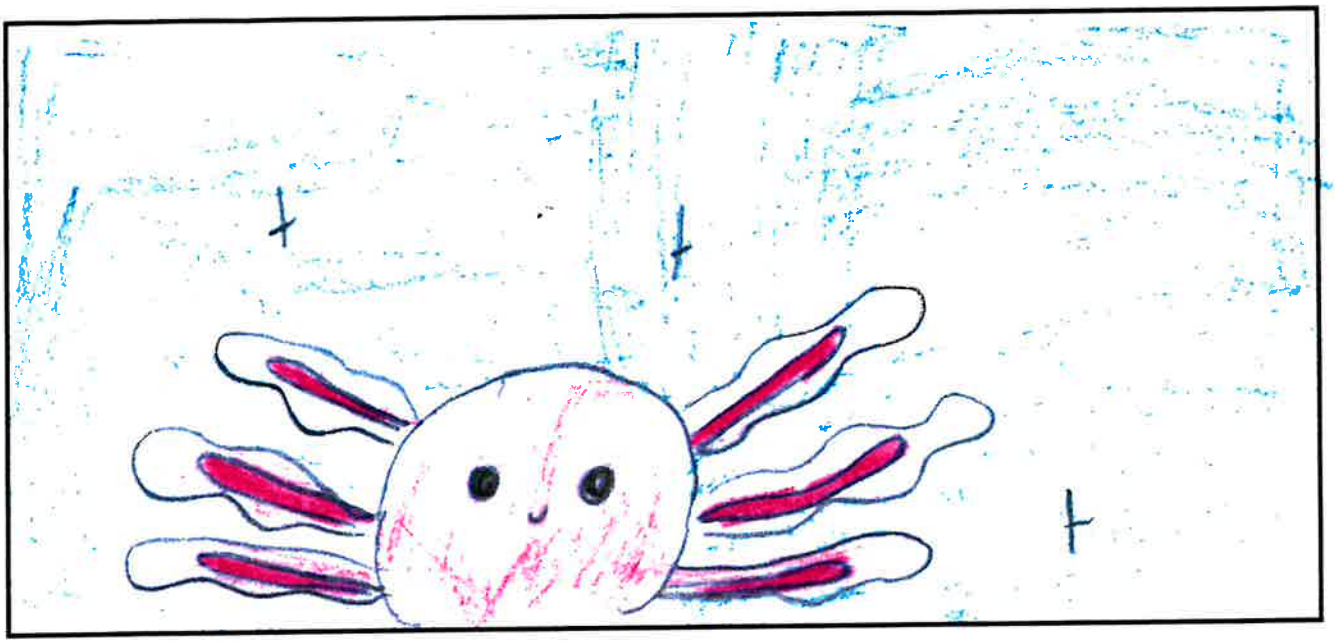
District Council of YANKALILLA

Poppy

The Wishing Tree



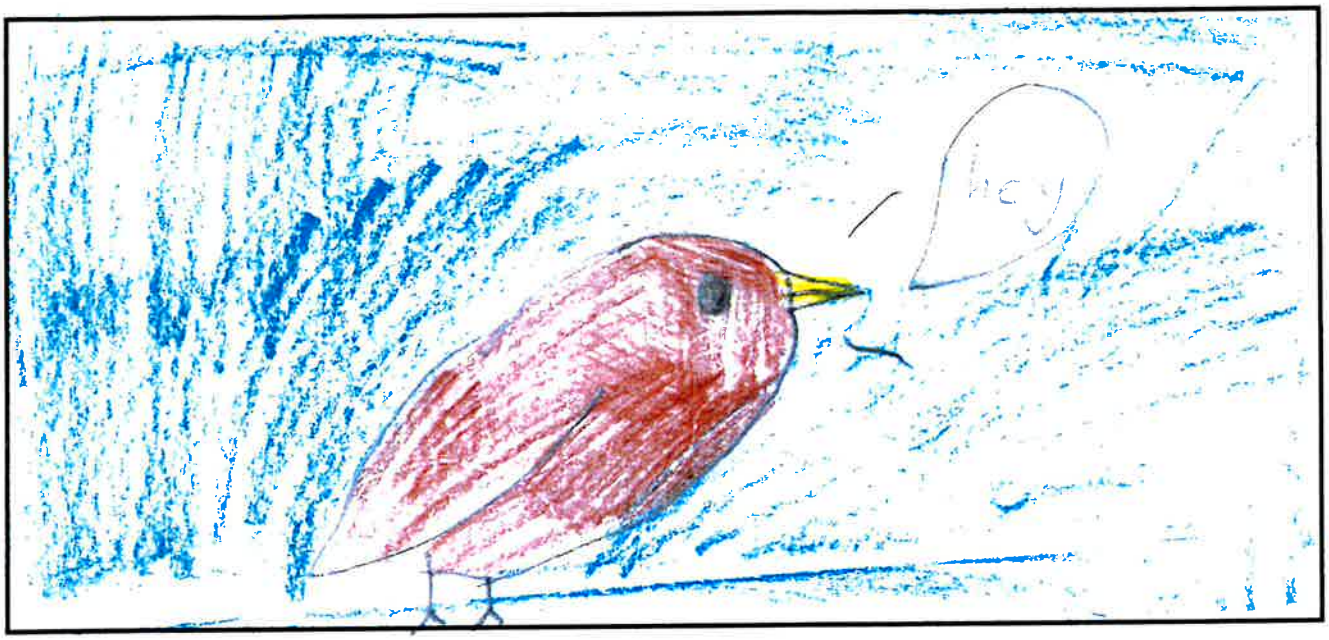
once a pon a time there was a girl who wished that she can be a astrecare. The little girls name was Rosy. She was 8. She lived in a forest. One day she went in the forest to get wood. Big bits of wood She went very far in the wood. And then she finally found some wood big enough for her house. She went and got it but on the wood there a weird creature. It was Sun bathing on the wood. And it was a sparkly creature. She said hello the creature looked at her and it said hello.



And she asked "what creacture are you?" He said "I am a axolottle Rosy said "can I have some wood your laying on." He said "sure whats your name?" Said the axolottle. "my name is Rosy" she said. "whats your name?" "its Ax." Come with me said Ax. Rosy said "shure". they went to a tree. Rosy said "whats this?" Ax said "its the wishing tree you can wish for some thing!". She wished to be a astronote. but! As soon as she wished a big bird said "no! dont you dare wish for some thing!

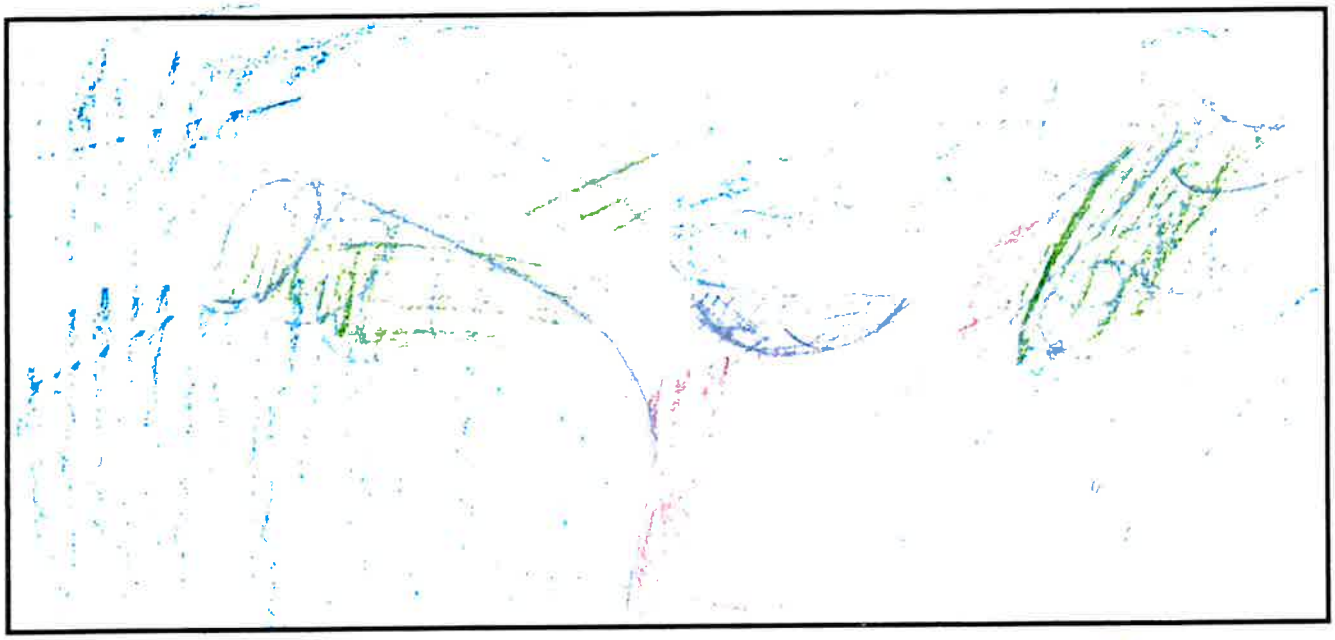
twinkl visit twinkl.com

Poppy



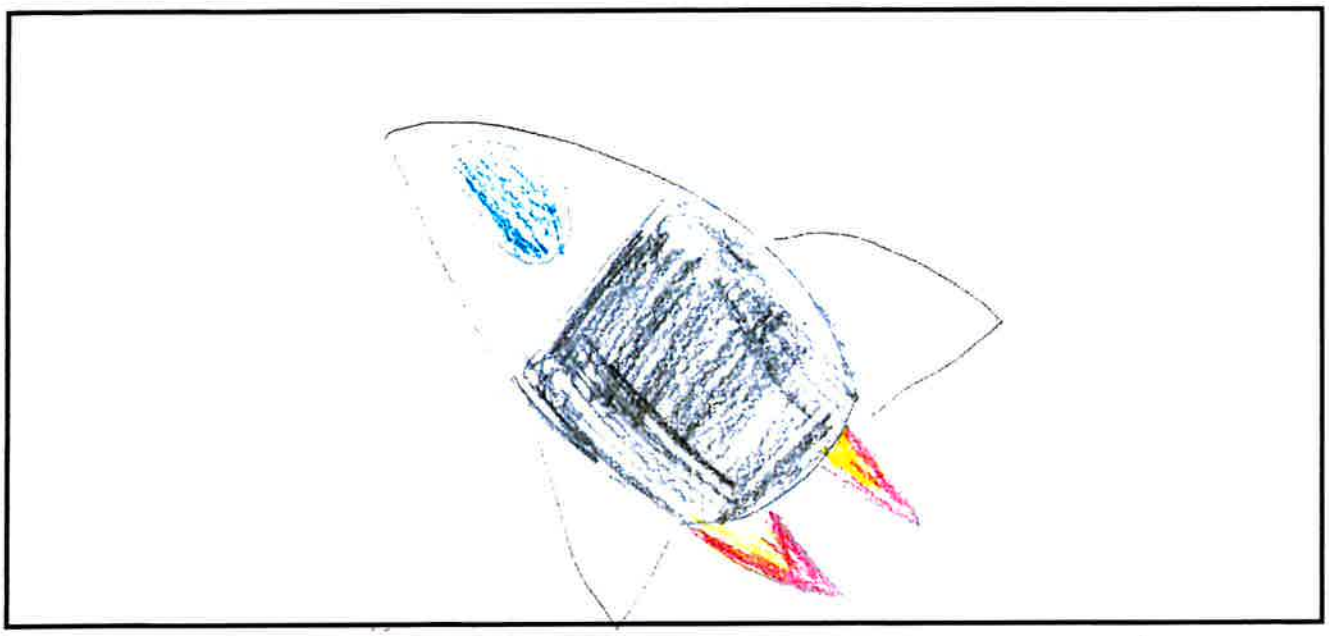
It was a eagle. He picked up Rosy and Ax and the eagle took them to his nest. He said stay there and dont move. Ax and Rosy were very scared. Ax was scared so Rosy said "im have to go back home before my parents get mad." Rosy said "I have a phone only because in case [illegible] yet just in my pocket." when [illegible] it was not there. Rosy said "I probaly fell out of my pocket when the eagle took us." "How do we get out then!" Ax and Rosy thaught and

twinkl
visit twinkl.com
twinkl Quality Standard Approved



thought. Ax had a idea, Its a nest right in a high, tree, lets rip off this bark and we can use it as a slidy thing. Rosy said "no! I am to scared it to high what if we fall forward" "we are not going to fall forward because I will make a seet belt with my magic" "you had magic the hole time?" "of course lets go!" "But I am to scared!" okay I will just go! so they went. Rosy shut her eyes and went wee!! and

twinkl
visit twinkl.com
twinkl Quality Standard Approved



They got in and went to the moon and Mars. 4 years later looking at in the rocket she was rosy she was really happy. The end.

twinkl visit twinkl.com twinkl Quality Standard Approved

6

The Three Little Cha...tas



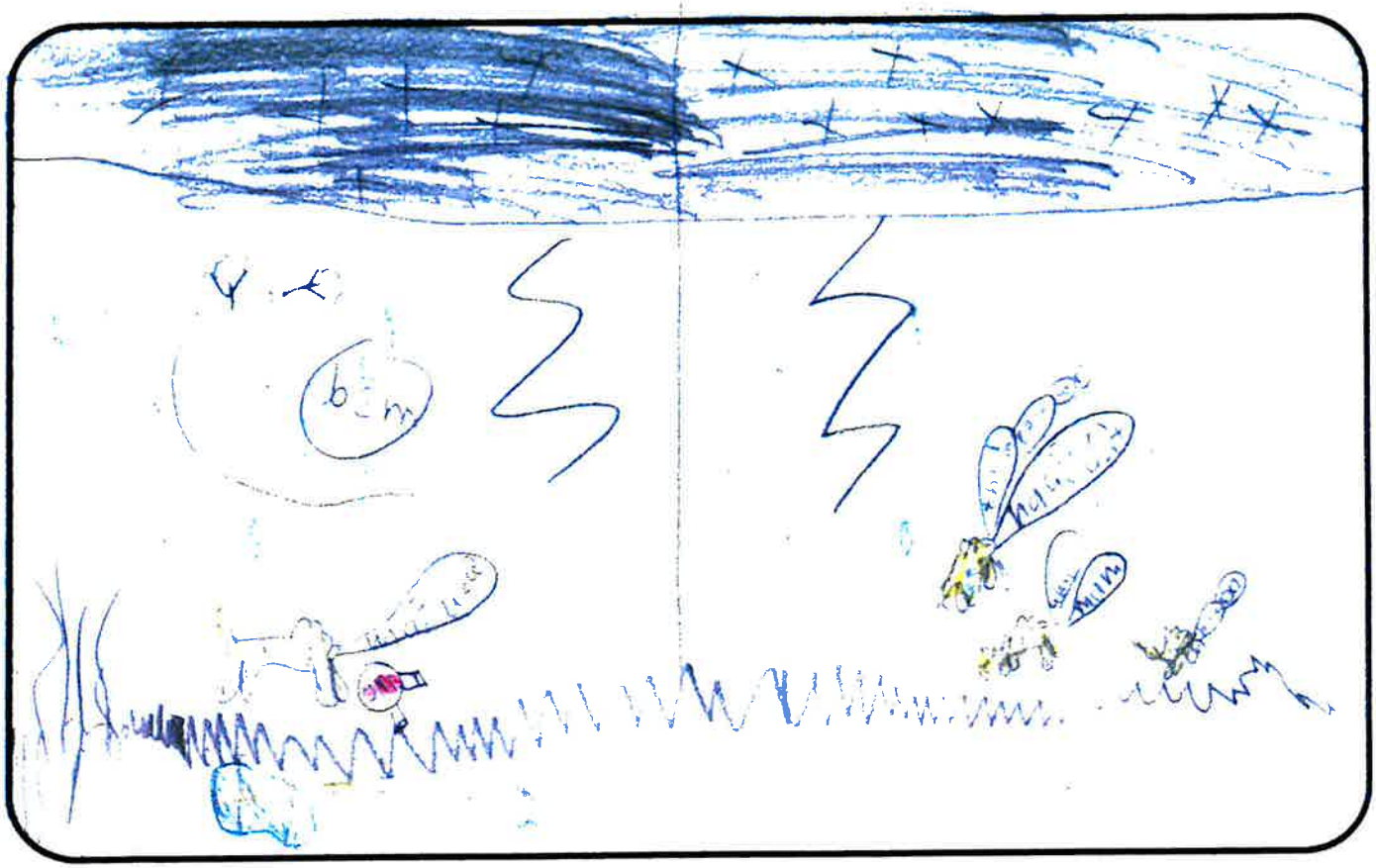
Author and Illustrator: Scout



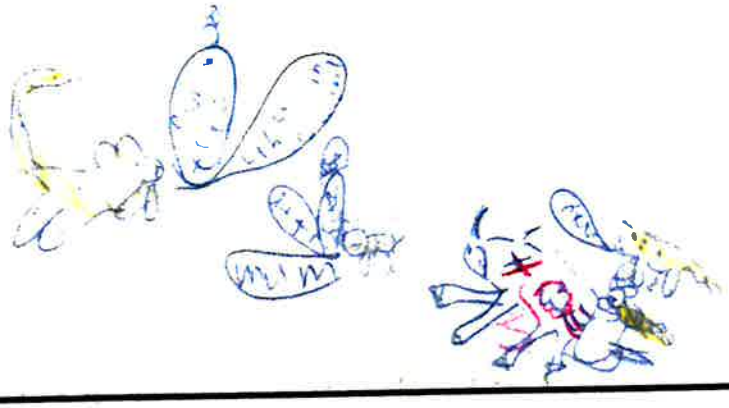
Once upon a time, a family of cheetash lived in an African Savannah. Milo, Dot and Flash were the names of the cubs.



One afternoon the mum went out to hunt. The cubs smelled Something yummy in the air So they ran away to find the Smell.



They Sniffed the air I have to taste that smell: one said I think we should go back home: "NO lets. Keep looking, I am hungry.



They found the smell it was a wilder beast! They found went home with full tummies.

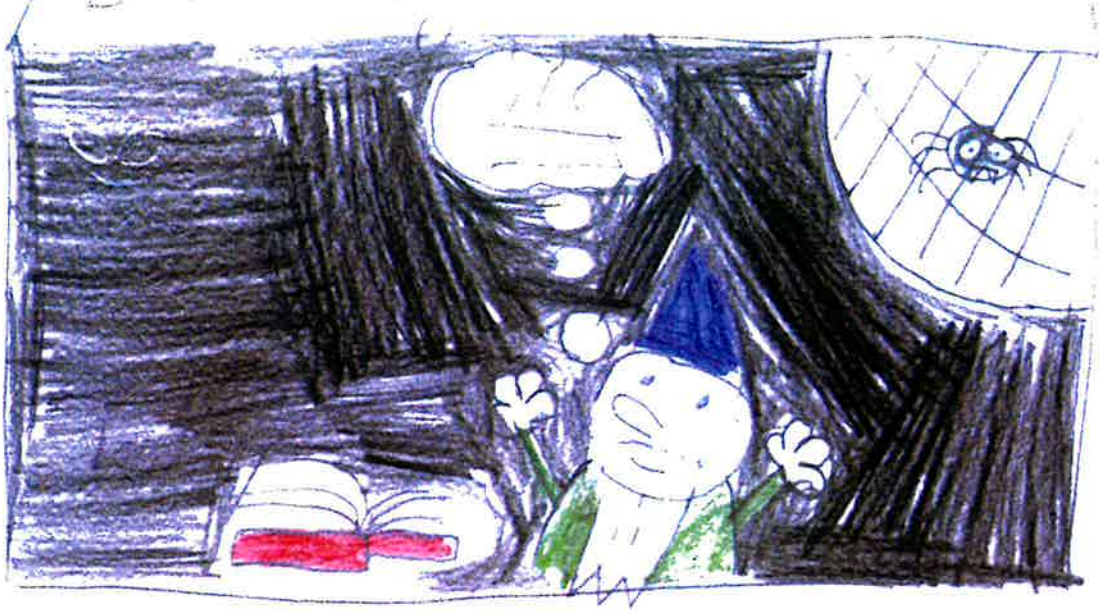
(4)

The Three Hot Hotdogs!

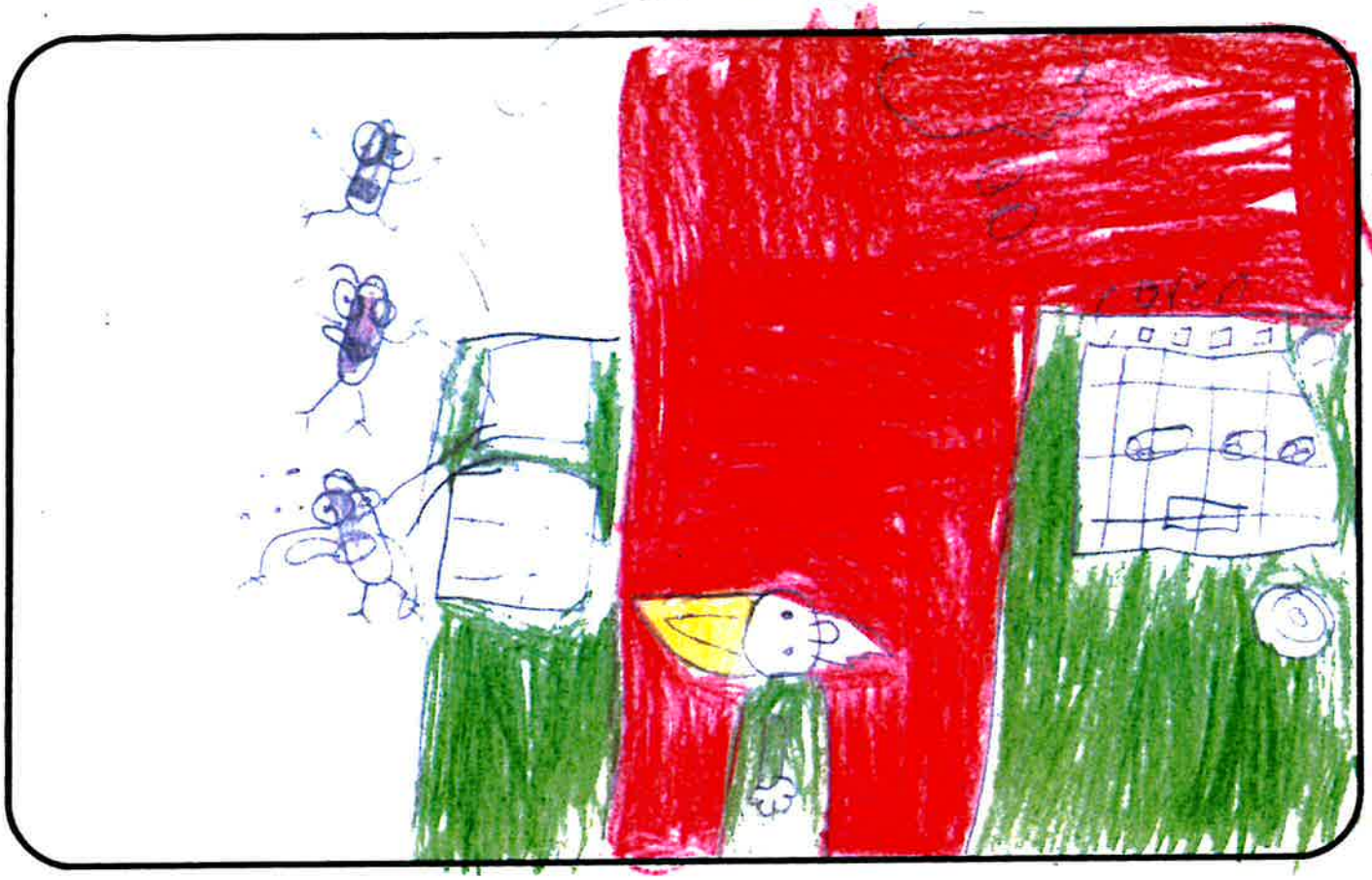


Author and Illustrator:

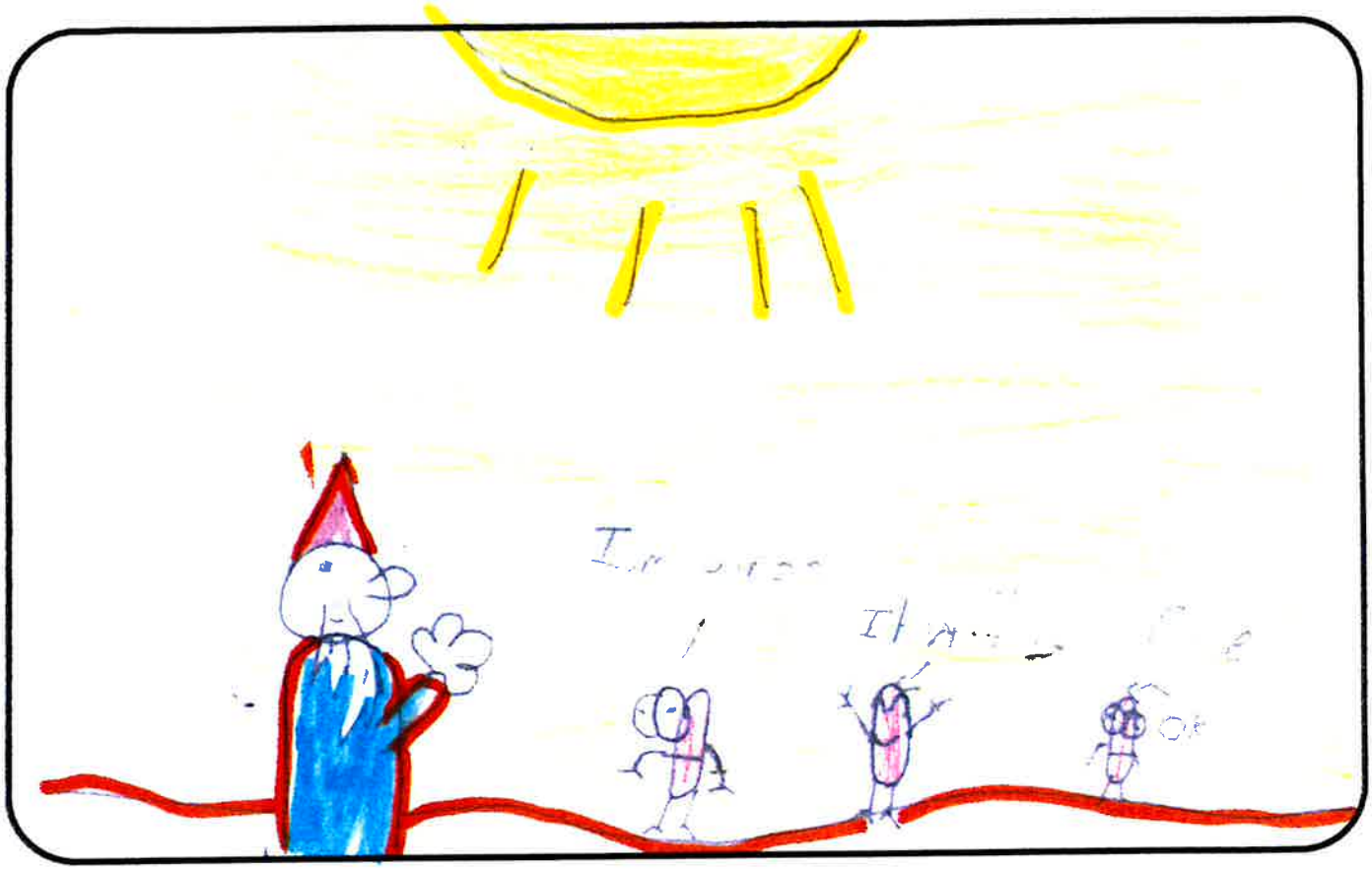
By [illegible]



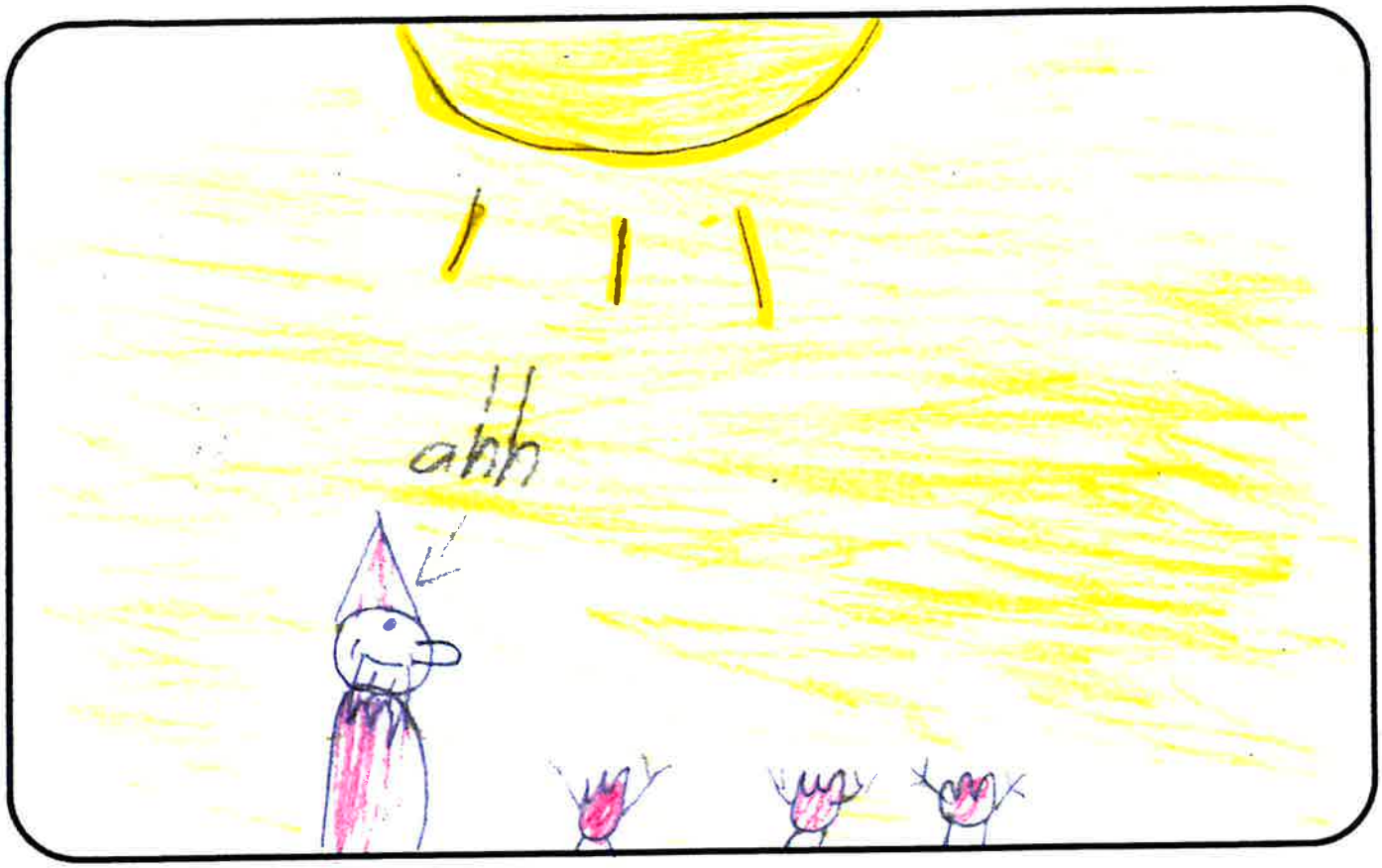
Once upon time in a deep dark Bakery there was an old man who worked in the Bakery for all his life. But then he had an idea. 'I want to make something big. He didn't know what it was. Soon it



"Time to get my cook book time to get cooking"! A couple of hours later the Sausages are cooked. Suddenly the oven opened the Sausages came to life and said ooh too hot.



They realised they were naked and had to find some grass. Baker he demand grass. "If I have any to give you I will. Come and get it."



But then when the [illegible] come closer... CHOMP! The bear gobbled them up! Yum Yum!

The Very Hungry Bird



By Livia Royans

The Very Hungry Bird

by Livia

The Rainbow Lorikeet woke up one bright morning. He felt hungry and went looking for food. He looked for food in a dead forest and found a nut.

"Yay! The first food for today."

The Rainbow Lorikeet was about to eat the yummy nut when he found a squirrel in the dead tree. They were chatting for a while. Then the bird asked the squirrel to be friends. The squirrel said "yes, I want to be friends."

The Rainbow Lorikeet felt happy and when they came down to the forest ground, the bird halved the nut to share with the squirrel.

Feeling full after the nut they went for a walk through the forest and came across a scary dragon. When they saw the dragon they were shocked to see a witch on the dragon. But the witch was scared of the dragon because the dragon had taken her. She was calling out.

"Help! Help!"

The nice bird flew up to the scary dragon and hooked his legs onto the witches' t-shirt and flew the witch down to the ground. The bird's best buddy, squirrel, lured the dragon somewhere else.

The witch was very happy because of the bird flying up to save her.

The End

Cute Puppy by Emmy

SQUEAK SQUEAK! The small puppy chews on her tiny cow chew toy. The young pup is named Remy and she is a energetic black, white and tan Australian Shepherd.

Hi, I'm Emmy and I LOVE dogs—any dogs! Dalmatians, Border Collies, Golden Retrievers and ESPECIALLY Australian Shepherds. Remy is my pup and I love her. We are on a family holiday but Remy had to stay home and our friend Coley was going to look out for her.

RING RING... RING RING! The phone rings loudly, echoing through the sunny holiday house.

"MUM! The phone's ringing!" Emmy shouted. Mum answered the phone, her face turning as pale as a ghost. She spoke quietly to Dad and tried to figure out what to do.

"MUM... MUM! What happened? Why did they call?" Emmy said, her voice shaking like leaves in the wind.

"There's some bad news..." Mum began softly.

"WHAT IS IT?!" Emmy nearly shouted, her hands trembling.

"The neighbours called. Remy has escaped!" Mum said with worry in her eyes.

"But we can't get her—we are on holidays!" said Addi, her little sister.

Mum hurried to call Nan and Grampy to see if they could help. Like a flash of hope, they answered and said they were already on their way to Normanville and would look for Remy.

"Does that mean they can find her?!" Emmy asked, her heart pounding.

"Yes, hopefully they can," Mum replied, still shocked but hopeful.

Hours passed slowly, each minute feeling as long as a rainy day with no end in sight. Suddenly, the phone rang again. This time, Mum's face lit up like a lantern.

"Nan and Grampy found Remy!" Mum said with relief. "She was chasing butterflies near their caravan, having the time of her life."

Emmy grinned from ear to ear. On the phone, she heard Remy barking excitedly, her tail wagging so hard it was like wobbly jelly. Emmy knew she'd hug her puppy soon and give her an extra squeaky toy as a reward.



(12) Paisley Lane

Max goes wild

I opened my eyes. I could hear birds chirping, I could see the sun shining, and I listened carefully. There was no shouting and no rushing about. I realized it was summer. No school our family had to go camping. I ran down the stairs and told mum and dad that we needed to go camping."

"Please," I begged and begged until they finally said yes. "But how will max come," said mum and dad.

"We can find a camp site on a mountain where dogs are allowed," said Ava.

"I will look on the website to find a place where we can go camping with Max," said Mum. Betty, Ava's sister, and her brother Oliver helped mum look for a place.

"I'll start packing with Ava," said Dad. Mum, Oliver and Betty found a perfect place on a mountain where Max could come and there were rivers for swimming.

"Make sure you bring bathers," said mum. The others started packing. Once mum had checked that everyone was ready, she yelled out to jump in the car.

Halfway through the road trip Oliver was asleep like normal. Ava was reading a book about Germany and Max was watching out the window as they got closer. Mum was watching her phone while

Betty was so excited that they needed to stop like ten times because she needed to go to the toilet. Dad drove for hours.

They finally arrived at the camping site, and it was a beautiful meadow with a little grass spot to set up the tent. Dad tried to set the tent up while Ava was still reading a book about Germany. Max saw a river and jumped into it. Oliver sat on the ground with the sun on his face and fell asleep. Eventually dad gave up on the tent and said that it was broken. Mum and betty took over and made the tent in five minutes because they knew how to. Once they finished the tent, they unpacked everything into their spots. There were three spots, the first one for mum and dad, the second one for Oliver and the third one for Betty, Ava and Max. They finished unpacking and then all went to sleep because it was getting late and they were all getting tired.

When they woke up, they ate breakfast and then went for a swim in the river. They dried off in the sun and then mum, Betty and Max headed off for a walk. As they walked away, Dad warned,

"Don't go, rattle snakes or lions could come out of nowhere!"

"We're only going for a little walk," said mum.

"And I'm sure we won't find a rattle snake or lion," said Betty.

"They are really hard to find," said mum. They went for a walk halfway up the mountain then turned around. When they got back, everyone lay on the floor with the sun on their faces. When they got up Max was gone, they checked the river and the tent, but he wasn't there. The only other place was up the mountain. They

started walking up the mountain. Halfway up they were all feeling so hungry. They were going to turn around until mum took her bag off and pulled out five sandwiches and a water bottle. They were so happy! They sat under a tree in the shade, ate their sandwiches, and shared the water.

When they finished eating, they kept on walking up the mountain and finally found max. He was chasing the mountain goats before he got away. Ava got him and put him on a leash. They turned around and walked back down the hill. When they got back, they went into the river to cool off. Then when they finally got out, they cooled off in the sun again. Afterward they went to sleep in the tent.

The next day they had to leave because it was raining and their tent had blown down. Sadly, they packed up and hopped in the car and drove home. When they got home, mum said we could unpack the car another day. Ava dad, mum and Betty made a midnight Snack. Then sat down while max and Oliver were already asleep. They sat down on the couch and ate the popcorn quietly trying not to wake anyone up. When they finished, they quietly went to sleep and had the best sleep ever in their beds.

The "bravest" Of ghostly cats

Once upon a time, not too long ago, there was a little ghost called Snowy.

Snowy lived in an abandoned house like every other ghost. Snowy also had a cat called floss who he liked to call Flossy.

Snowy also had some friends, Jessie Gemi Archie and Flowwie ... "meow" said Floss as Snowy got up.

Snowy ate his cereal and put on his hat "time to go Floss" said Snowy. They got going to the neighbors house Jessie, "hey Snowy!" said jessie "hey!" they got to the park and then then saw Archie.

They had a chat and then... *cackaw cackaw!* "hiss* "Floss? '' said both of them. Suddenly Floss ran away and before they could catch Floss, he was gone, they yelled and yelled. "Floss, Floss, where are you?"

"Nothing... Snowy was sad but won't give up " I will find Floss I will! I just have to keep looking!'' said Snowy proudly.

Snowy asked all of his friends to help and of course they said yes.

They started by asking some ghosts if they have seen Floss, let me tell you there will be a lot of one word “no” “no” “no” “no” “no” “no” “no” “who?” “no” “no” “nobody has seen my cat!”.

But that's when Snowy had an idea! He would hire some people to help look! 5 dollars per hour!

1 hour later he owed almost 30 people 5 dollars! No one could find his beloved cat! He headed home and did a brainstorm; he was brainstorming for almost 2 hours.

He thought of something “wait a minute I could check the speed cameras!” said Snowy, the only problem is that he doesn't know how! He tried going to the police station but the guy working had no idea if he was lying!

But then he remembered his BGF, that stands for best ghost friend, his BGF’s name is Gemi, he asked Gemi, thankfully Gemi’s brother is a police officer but there's ANOTHER problem!

Gemi's brother only works on Mondays and today is Wednesday! "Well, nothing is stopping us from sneaking in!" said Gemi.

Gemi asked Snowy if he wanted to sneak in, his answer was, "Let's do it!"

So later that night he was waiting for her and as soon as he blinked, she was already in "how did you do that so quickly?".

Said Snowy "skills" and of course she actually borrowed the key from her brother.

Anyway, they got in and as soon as they got in there were security cams everywhere! They walked past very quietly and then all of a sudden... CRASH.

Snowy accidentally bumped into a vase and now the security cams knew where they were so quickly, they ran and ran as fast as they could, and they managed to make it to the security camera room, and in the corner of snowy's eye. "There! Floss!" They quickly ran out not caring about the cameras they went across the street on the left, were a dark alleyway and then he heard a meow "Flossy? Flossssy?"

said both, and there he was walking out of a small crack with a random cat next to him.

"This is where Floss and Mittens hang out!" said Gemi "who?" Says snowy.

Mittens is Gemi's new cat she had found in the same alleyway there in right now , and Mittens is also the same one that's next to Floss.

"I've been wondering where Mittens goes when I'm not home and now I know!".

Now every day Snowy, let's Floss go to his little alleyway with mittens.

They both love their alleyway! And of course, Snowy learnt to not let Floss loose. He should be wearing a leash, so he bought one, one that fits and looks beautiful!

He doesn't like not being free, but at least still has Mittens.

THE END (:

Championship Day

By Max Royans

Along time ago there was a champion dirt bike rider named Max.

Max lived on a massive farm at Cape Jervis on the coast of South Australia. His farm was huge and it had many features, including a huge pool and a dirt bike track to train on.

Max had a special talent for dirtbike riding. He won the championship the year before at his home track at Parawa, riding his

2026 yz 65

But this year, Max had a battle on his hands. There were some very fast new riders competing for his title. Max had battled his way to second on the table, and if he won the last round he would once again be the champion of the track.

The day of the final round arrived. Max had won the first two races of the day and all he needed to do now was win race 3. He started well, getting the hole shot and taking the lead. But then disaster struck. His 65 stalled and Max could not get it started. He was going to lose if he could not start it.

Max was worried because the other bikes started going past him. He did not want to give up so he gave the bike one last kick. It roared back into life and Max jumped on and took off in pursuit off the others.

Max rode the bike harder than ever and by the last lap, he was up to second and closing in on the leader. By the last corner, he was locked in a battle with the leader. Max took the inside line, accelerated and slid around the corner. He was in the lead! Max revved the throttle and sped to the finish line- he was the champion again!!!

11

The Competition I Was Never Supposed to Win

The moment Mrs Jenkins announced the annual writing competition, everyone in the class started whispering excitedly.

"Can we write adventure stories?"

"What about mysteries?"

"How long does it have to be?"

I just folded my arms.

There was no point getting excited.

I already knew who was going to win.

Not me.

Not anyone from my school.

The winner would be Oliver.

It was always Oliver.

Every year, without fail, some kid from Oliver's school would turn up at the awards ceremony holding a giant certificate. Most years it was Oliver himself. The teachers all acted impressed and said things like, "What a talented young writer."

Well, I knew something they didn't.

Last year I met Oliver at a soccer carnival. We got talking while our teams were waiting for a game.

"Do you really write all those stories?" I asked him.

He laughed.

"Not really."

I thought he was joking.

He wasn't.

He told me that his mum and dad helped him. Then he said that sometimes they used AI and changed things around.

I remember staring at him.

"You mean you don't actually write it yourself?"

He shrugged.

"Not much."

That was the moment I stopped caring about the competition.

Why would I spend hours writing a story when some other kid could show up with one written by adults or a computer and walk away with the trophy?

It seemed completely unfair.

So when Mrs Jenkins handed out the entry forms, I shoved mine into my bag and forgot about it.

At least that was the plan.

A few days later she asked if I had started writing.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I already know who's going to win."

Mrs Jenkins sighed.

"You don't know that."

"Yes I do."

She raised an eyebrow.

I explained my theory.

Actually, it wasn't really a theory. It was more of a fact.

Oliver wins.

Every year.

Case closed.

When I finished, Mrs Jenkins was quiet for a moment.

Then she asked, "If you're so sure you won't win, why are you letting someone else decide whether you write?"

That was a very annoying question.

Mostly because I didn't have an answer.

At home, Mum asked how the competition was going.

"It's not."

I explained everything to her too.

Oliver.

The parents.

The AI.

The endless winning.

By the end I had built a pretty strong case.

Mum listened carefully.

"Maybe you're right," she said.

I blinked.

That wasn't the response I expected.

"Really?"

"Maybe. But if you refuse to enter because you think someone else has an advantage, then you're making sure you lose before you've even started."

I didn't like that answer either.

For the next week I tried very hard not to think about writing.

Then my brain betrayed me.

The idea appeared while I was supposed to be doing maths.

It was about a hamster who accidentally became mayor after chewing through the town's voting machine.

The more I thought about it, the funnier it became.

Soon I was imagining the hamster giving speeches.

Then I imagined him holding emergency meetings.

Then I imagined him declaring every Wednesday to be Snack Day.

Without meaning to, I started writing notes.

Then I started writing scenes.

Then entire chapters appeared.

Every afternoon I told myself I wasn't entering the competition.

Then I sat down and wrote another thousand words.

One evening Mum walked past my room and saw me typing furiously.

"I thought you weren't entering."

"I'm not."

She pointed at the screen.

"Then what are you doing?"

I looked at the story.

"I don't know anymore."

The truth was, something strange had happened.

When I was writing, I wasn't thinking about Oliver.

I wasn't thinking about judges or trophies or certificates.

I was too busy trying to make my story funnier.

I kept changing things and improving things.

Sometimes I rewrote entire pages because I knew they could be better.

For the first time, I wasn't writing to win.

I was writing because I wanted to see how good I could make the story.

That surprised me.

When I finally finished, I read the whole thing from beginning to end.

Some parts were brilliant.

Some parts were terrible.

One chapter involved a trampoline, three chickens and a stolen wheelbarrow. I still have no idea how that happened.

But every single word was mine.

And for some reason, that felt important.

The next day I handed my story to Mrs Jenkins.

"Changed your mind?" she asked.

"Maybe."

A few weeks later the winners were announced.

And guess what?

Oliver won.

Again.

Nobody was shocked.

Not even me.

The strange thing was, I didn't feel angry.

A few months earlier that result would have driven me crazy.

Now it didn't.

Because somewhere along the way I realised something.

Winning isn't the only reason to enter a competition.

The best part wasn't the prize.

It was having an idea, turning it into a real story and discovering I could write something much better than I thought I could.

Maybe Oliver had the trophy.

But I had written an entire story by myself.

And honestly, that felt like a much bigger achievement.

Although if Oliver wins next year too, I might start an investigation.

By Jaxon Williams,

The Day the Library Went Quiet

By Jonah Geschmay

Our school library is usually the loudest place in the school. Not loud like the playground, but loud with whispers and giggles and the crinkle of book pages turning too fast. Wendy, our school librarian, is always saying, "Inside voices, please," but nobody ever really listens.

But last Tuesday, something weird happened.

I walked into the library with my best friend, Mia. We were supposed to be researching ancient Egypt for our history project. Mia wanted to be Cleopatra for dress-up day, so she needed facts.

"Look," I said, pointing to the shelf. "They have a whole section on mummies."

Mia grabbed a book and opened it. And that's when the weirdest thing happened.

The library went completely silent. Not the normal kind of silence where people are reading. I mean dead silence. The kind of silence where you could hear your own eyeballs blinking. The air got thick and heavy, like before a storm. The lights flickered once.

Then a book floated off the shelf.

I swear. It just lifted into the air like an invisible hand picked it up. Mia grabbed my arm so tight I thought I'd bruise. The book opened mid-air, and pages started fluttering like a bird trying to escape.

"Did you see that?" Mia whispered.

Before I could answer, more books started lifting. One. Then three. Then ten. They circled above us like a spiral of flying pages. Mrs. Chen was at her desk with her mouth wide open, holding a cup of tea that had frozen mid-splash.

A voice came from the books. Not a scary voice. It sounded old and dusty, like someone had been reading for a hundred years without drinking water.

"You haven't returned me in three weeks, Jessica Tran."

I froze. My name. The book knew my name. I looked at the floating books and recognized the cover. Diary of a Wimpy Kid. The one I had at home sitting under my bed.

"Uh," I said. "Sorry?"

"You are overdue," said all the books at once. "Return. You. Books."

And just like that, the books slammed back onto the shelves. Everything went back to normal. The lights stopped flickering. Mrs. Chen's tea splashed onto her desk.

Mia and I ran home so fast we didn't even stop for snacks.

I returned the book the next day. And honestly? I've never been late since.

The library is still noisy. But sometimes when I walk past the ancient history section, I feel a little breeze. And I always make sure my books are on time.

Where The Pages Whisper

Emily slammed the heavy wooden door so hard that dust puffed into the air like a gray cloud. "Great," she said, crossing her arms. "Now we're trapped. This is just perfect."

Nathan looked at her and shrugged. He couldn't hear anything, but he could tell when she was annoyed, she always made that distinct face like a slapped bum.

Olivia stood nearby, holding her hands out in front of her like a zombie so she wouldn't bump into anything. "Can someone tell me what just happened?" she asked. "Because that sounded like a very bad decision."

"We're stuck in an abandoned library," Emily said. "A creepy one."

Olivia sighed. "Of course we are."

The three of them had never liked each other. They were only together because of a school project on ancient buildings and why they matter, and all they ever did was argue.

Emily couldn't smell. Nathan couldn't hear. Olivia couldn't see. It made everything ten times harder.

Nathan walked up to the door and pushed it hard. It didn't move. He pushed again, harder like the door would somehow feel sorry for him and open out of pity.

It didn't.

Emily rolled her eyes. "Wow. Amazing. You really showed that door."

Nathan smiled and gave a thumbs-up, not realizing she was being sarcastic.

"Did he open it?" Olivia asked.

"No," Emily said. "But he tried to scare it."

Olivia laughed a little. "Good effort."

The library stretched out beneath them, tall shelves wobbled all around and the air was way too quiet.

Then the floor rumbled.

Nathan froze, feeling the vibration through his feet. He looked around quickly.

"What was that?" Olivia asked, her voice shaking a little.

Emily swallowed. "I don't know… but I don't like it."

A dark shadow slid between the shelves hissing as it quickened its pace. It didn't look like a person. It looked like a blob of darkness that had come alive.

"Oh no," Emily whispered. "That's definitely not normal."

Nathan saw it and started waving his arms wildly.

"What is he doing?" Olivia asked.

"He's panicking," Emily said.

"About what?"

"There's a giant shadow thing!"

Olivia paused. "A… giant what?"

The shadow stretched longer, creeping closer to them across the floor.

"We need a plan," Olivia said quickly.

Emily took a deep breath. "Okay. We all have things we can't do. But maybe we can help each other."

Nathan stopped waving and looked at her.

"I can see where we're going," Emily said. "Nathan, you can feel vibrations through the ground. Olivia, you can hear things better than us."

Olivia nodded slowly. "So… we work together?"

Emily hesitated for a second, then nodded. "Yes. We have to."

Nathan gave two big thumbs-up.

"Alright," Emily said. "Stay close to me."

They began moving through the library together. Emily guided them carefully. "Shelf to the left. Broken table ahead. Something weird on the floor-don't step there."

"I stepped there," Olivia said.

Emily sighed. "Sorry."

Nathan tapped the ground and pointed to the left.

"He feels something over there," Emily said. "Let's go the other way."

"I hear pages turning," Olivia said. "Like a book flipping really fast."

"That's not creepy at all," Emily muttered.

The shadow slid after them, faster now, stretching across the floor like it was trying to grab them.

“Exit!” Emily suddenly shouted. “I see a door at the end!”

“Does it look normal?” Olivia asked.

“No,” Emily said. “It’s glowing.”

“Wonderful,” Olivia said. “That sounds totally safe.”

Nathan grabbed both their hands and pulled them forward.

They ran as fast as they could.

“I am running!” Olivia said. “I just don’t know where!”

“Straight! No-left! Your oth5er left!”

They reached the door just as the shadow stretched toward them, almost touching their feet.

“Please don’t be locked,” Emily said.

Nathan didn’t wait. He kicked the door as hard as he could.

The door burst open, and bright light filled the library. The shadow disappeared instantly, like it had never existed.

The three of them tumbled onto soft grass outside. Behind them, the library slowly faded away until it was gone.

For a moment, they just lay there, breathing hard.

Then Olivia started laughing. “We survived a haunted library.”

Emily smiled. “And we didn’t even fight at the end.”

Nathan grinned and gave them both high-fives, slightly off but still good enough.From that day on, they didn’t hate each other anymore. They still fought because that's what friends do, but they never hated each other again. But you never know where the library went after that day. They say it's still out there haunting the people who dare to enter.

THE END

Written By Edwina Crawley

The Toxic Flower

Erin was thirteen, old enough to be curious and still young enough to follow his mum. Today they were going to the flower museum. All the flowers were glittery or unseen colours, Few even seemed to move when you weren't looking directly at them. "Stay close," Mum said as they entered a long corridor filled with rare tropical plants. Erin nodded, but Leo had already drifted ahead, darting from display to display. Typical. For a while, everything was fine. Erin found himself mildly interested despite himself, reading signs and watching a flower slowly open its petals as if it was breathing. But when he turned to tell Leo something, he froze. Leo was gone. "Leo?" Erin called, scanning the room.

No answer.

Erin's stomach tightened. He glanced back at Mum, who was absorbed in a conversation with a staff member(I swear she always does this and it had to be in the worst moment). He didn't want to worry her, not yet at least. Leo shouldn't have gone far. Moving quickly, Erin retraced their steps. Then he spotted something: a slightly open door with a red sign hanging crookedly on it.

RESTRICTED ACCESS.

Erin's heart sank. "Leo…" he muttered, pushing the door open. Inside, the air felt different… heavier, damp, and strangely warm. The lights were dimmer, casting long shadows across unfamiliar plants that looked nothing like the ones outside. Some had twisted stems; others pulsed faintly, as if alive in a way that didn't seem natural.

"Leo!" Erin whispered urgently.

"I'm here," came a voice. Erin rushed forward and stopped dead. In the center of the room stood a massive flower. Its petals were thick and waxy, colored a deep, unsettling red streaked with sickly green veins with a strange scent of expired milk.

They twitched slightly, like muscles under skin. The center gaped open, dark and glistening, as if it were breathing. Next to it, a bright fluorescent sign buzzed loudly:

DON"T TOUCH, FLOWER HOLDS TOXIC GAS

Erin didn't even have time to question the strange wording. All he could think about was Leo, who was standing far too close, hand half-raised in fascination."It looks cool," Leo said, inching forward.

"DON'T TOUCH IT!" Erin shouted. Leo jumped, startled.

In one quick movement, Erin lunged forward and grabbed his brother's arm, yanking him back out of the flower's reach. The flower reacted instantly, Its petals snapped inward slightly, releasing a low, wet sound that made Erin's skin crawl. For a split second, Erin swore it turned toward them."Okay, nope," Erin said, his voice shaking. "We're leaving. Now." Leo didn't argue.

They bolted out of the room, slamming the door behind them. Erin didn't slow down until they were back in the main exhibit. Their mum was waiting, but something was off. She looked pale. Her eyes were wide, unfocused, like she'd seen something she couldn't explain. "Mum?" Erin said carefully.She blinked at them. "Where were you?"

"Can we go home?" Erin asked quickly. "Please. Right now." She hesitated, confused by the urgency in his voice, then nodded slowly. "Alright… let's go."None of them spoke on the way out.

As they stepped into the sunlight, Erin glanced back at the museum. For a moment, he thought he saw something moving behind the glass, something red and green. He turned away immediately. Never to be seen in that museum again.I hated that!

The End

By Ella McGowan

Sophia . Anderson

A quiet earth. - mayor's short story.

I slip my feet into my boots. They are getting a bit tight, I might have to buy some new ones.
It's been an hour since curfew.
If I was caught out of camp grounds past curfew I'll probably get shot dead no hesitation.

My boots crunch against the snow as I walk down the streets of a once filled city, I admire the cafes with overgrown vines crawling on them, I pull my hood over my head, my hands shaking in the cold.
The snowy winter nights remind me of sitting in front of a fireplace with my family as we played board games.
My family is dead. I remember the night I was dragged out of bed by soldiers and thrown into the back of a military truck.
"Your family just got really... *sick*." A soldier said, attempting to comfort me, that soldier is Dingo, he has looked after me for the past five years. We never were really close. We have small talk at dinner. He asks about school and I ask about work. But he's all I could ask for, really.
The other kids at school have to share small homes with fifteen other kids and a few soldiers, I just got lucky to have what I have.

I've been walking for around two hours, I should head back now.
As I turned a flashlight flashed directly into my eyes and then I saw multiple soldiers,
"HEY!" yells one of the soldiers and now I'm running in the other direction as fast as I can.

My ribs ache, and I can't run for much longer, I bend over thinking I lost the soldiers clutching my stomach, my breathing coming out

ragged and uneven, when I finish catching my breath my eyes scan around the street.
My eyes catch on a small building a light coming out of it, no one should be out here except for soldiers.

This building is much creepier inside, On either side of this room there's narrow hallways and a lot of big metal doors that reminds me of camp. there seems to be some kind of waiting room, maybe this place was a doctor's office.
I run my hands over the dusty counters, while I admire the old signs hanging of the walls,
NEVER GIVE UP
Says one. Then my eyes land on a half open register filled with coins, "jackpot." I mumbled jumping over the counter shoving coins into my pockets.
My jean pockets, and jacket pockets are filled with coins, enough to last me at least a month of food if I spend it wisely.
I closed the register heading to leave, but next to the register was polaroids, around ten. It's probably just pictures of someone's pets or a couple, something sweet.
I pick up the polaroids looking at the pictures.
And I freeze, the pictures are people in cells with their faces covered in huge cysts and bruises, blood coming out their eyes, and I feel like I'm going to vomit, they don't look human, but more like monsters, something I would see in my nightmares when I was six.

I bend over a trash can hurling in it, the faces stuck in my head.
I wipe my mouth with my sleeve looking down at the tiles, anything but at those polaroids.
Cough, scratch
I stop breathing, my hands shaking, but not from the cold this time. They kill the sick, right? They said they were gone
Then I hear it again.
Wet, choking cries. It's not human.

I scramble backward before running out of the store in shock, I just stood there unable to move.
Then I feel a jolt of electricity down my spine turning my legs into useless jelly, I'm on the ground paralysed staring at my boots, getting something hard– maybe the back of a gun slammed into my temple, over and over again. Something wet drips down my face, blood.
"Take her back to camp."

Chapter two.

When I wake up the first thing I felt was the cold metal against my raw skin.
I look around. a small window covered by steel bars, a small light dangling from the ceiling, the smell of rust. It seems I'm in a cell.
I yank my wrists against the cuffs, yet they don't budge instead they rip my raw skin leaving them throbbing.

The heavy metal door screeches then slides open.
"You're finally awake." I look up at the soldier, his hair tied up in a bun, and a scar that cut across his cheek.
"Why am I here?" I ask.
He ignores me, pressing his back against the concrete wall crossing his arms against his chest. "What's your name kid?"
"Rowan." I mumble "Rowan rains."
He nods, "So Rowan." he sighs, pushing a strand of hair out of his eyes, before continuing. "So Rowan, Do you want to tell me what you were doing out of camp, past curfew?"
"Why should I? You guys are just going to kill me anyway."
He raises an eyebrow. "What makes you think we're going to kill you?"
I don't answer.
We sit in silence for thirty seconds before he turns around and goes to open the metal door.
"The virus."

"Hm?" his back still turned to me.
"You keep the infected don't you?"
He rubs a hand over his mouth turning back to me, hesitating before saying "no."
He's lying.
"Yes you do! I saw it, I saw photos of them."
His expression changes. "Did any of them touch you?" He looks at my bleeding wrists.
I don't answer.
"Answer me Rowan."
The door slides open again, this time a much bigger soldier walks in. his hair buzzed.
"Her caregiver is here."

"What were you thinking?" Dingo whisper yells at me as we walk out of the prison.
"I was just trying to find some coins." I hiss, keeping my voice low.
Dingo shakes his head, dragging me toward his car, the soldiers from before watching us from afar.
"If I hadn't pulled strings with captain thorn you'd be dead kid." he sighs "they don't just take people for interrogation, they take them for processing."
I shudder looking down at my bleeding wrists, *processing*. The word leaves a metallic taste in my mouth.

Chapter three.

We sit at the dinner table. I can't get the pictures of the infected that I found a week ago out of my head. *"Did they touch you?"* asked the soldier, what if they did? What would they do to me?
I feel like I'm going to vomit every time I force food into my mouth.
"Im not really hungry Dingo." I mumble staring at the bowl of food.

Dingo looks up at me raising an eyebrow. “Are you sure?” he asks, “You haven't really been eating much.”
I nod, taking my bowl to the sink.
I sit on my bed slipping off my boots. My heels red from the leather rubbing on them, a constant reminder that I'm outgrowing these boots.
As I pull my left boot off my finger grazes something, not something sharp so not a stone. I reach inside and pull out the crumpled piece of paper.
I look up at the door, Dingo is in the kitchen cleaning dishes, I know that since I can hear the rhythmic clinks of plates.
My hands shake as I unfold the piece of paper. ***“If you want to know the truth about your family, come to the cafe on tanner street, at midnight alone.”***
The truth. The word feels like a physical weight in my stomach. I stare at the wall, the space where a family photo hangs, the last thing I have of my family. I think of the “sick” lie Dingo told me. The Polaroids.

I stand up my hand hovering over the door handle. I should tell Dingo, show him the note and let him protect me. Like he always has.
Then I shove the note into my pocket, I don't go to the kitchen. Instead I lay in my bed staring at the clock waiting for it to hit twelve.

When it hit twelve, the only sounds in the camp were sounds of electricity humming, and distant barks from guard dogs.
I slipped my boots back on the leather rubbing against my raw heels.
I ease the window open, slowly climbing out, careful not to fall since we're on the third floor of this apartment.
Tanner street felt different tonight, the overgrown vines on the cafes felt less like decoration and more like reaching fingers, reaching out for me.

I push the door open to the address on the note, the bell giving a quiet jingle.
It smelled like old coffee beans and wet dust. I sat in a booth in the far corner, my back against the cold wall. Every few minutes I'd check my watch.
12:05, 12:25, 12:28
Thirty minutes passed, it felt like forever. Every time a vine brushed against a window or the wind whistled through the door, my heart jumped out of my chest. I kept touching the note in my pocket, No one came.
"Stupid" I whispered as I got out of the booth, "it was just a prank."
I stood up, my legs stiff and aching from sitting for so long. I needed to get back to camp before Dingo woke up.
I turn towards the door, my hand reaching out for the handle.

CRACK.
A searing heat bloomed in my left calf, for a split second I didn't feel pain. Just a strange heavy jolting force that knocked my legs out from under me. I hit the floor hard, my cheek pressed against the cold tiles.
The scream came out, tearing from my throat before I could stop it. I clutch my leg. My fingers immediately slick with something wet and warm, blood.
"Rowan rains." a voice called from the darkness.
I recognize that voice, he's the man bun soldier from the prison.
The soldier stepped into the light of the cafe, his boots clicking on the tiles. He didn't look like the bored man from the prison, he looks like a predator.
"You're a hard girl to track down Rowan." he says looking at the bleeding leg with no pity. "But you're going to have to come with us."
Two more people came from the shadows dragging me by the legs towards the door, dragging a red line against the tiles. And they shove me into the back of a car.

Chapter four.

He wasn't a soldier at all, I realize it now as we sit across from each other, my wrists tied up once again.
He explained to me casually how he ambushed a real soldier who shared his build and had close enough facial features stripping him. Just to get inside of the prison.
“You know Rowan.” he says calmly, cleaning his shotgun "I've been looking for you for months, years even.” he looks up at me “You look just like your sister, Miffie.”
My sister? No. She's dead, she has to be dead.
“How do you know her!?” I yell sweat beading down my temple.
He sets the shotgun down, his full attention on me now, “We took her in all these years ago, *she was never sick.*”
He lets out a dry laugh, "In fact she told us where you were. She led us to you Rowan.” he runs a hand through his hair. “But don't worry you'll see her very soon."

THE END



NARRATIVE



THE BIG FISH!

One sunny morning, will and Riley woke up with a smile on their faces. "Today is the day", will said with a confident voice. They got up, wandered to the service station where they bought bait and some egg and bacon rolls.

will and Riley hoped back on their bikes and started the long Treck to Marion Bay. They are going to Marion Bay for one reason and that is because they want to catch some big tuna. So, when they get to Marion Bay, they hire a fishing charter so they can get some good fish. they get the boat out and start heading out to sea they were going as fast as the speed of light it felt like the boat was like a skipping stone gliding across the water . They get their rods and start setting the rods up. will wanted to catch some squid and mackerel so they can get big fish. They casted out and in the first 5 minutes Riley yelled out, "IVE GOT A FISH", it was a good mackerel. Riley put it in the bucket where they store the live bait. Will and Riley caught quite a few mackerel and squid.



THE BIG FISH!



Will and Riley hooked one whole squid and some live mackerel for bait. Five minutes later, Riley got huge bites then BANG he hooked a massive tuna then BANG Will hooked one too! They were both so happy, this is the first time Will and Riley have hooked some tuna, they are thinking they might land the big fish. After 1 hour of fighting these big tunas, they finally got the tuna on the boat. Will and Riley were stoked to catch these beautiful fish. They are so excited and happy they want to catch more, so they both have a rest because they are very tired from the battle against the tuna they caught. After a while Riley gets ready to catch another tuna so Riley dropped a hole squid and less than five minutes Riley hooked another tuna it was smaller than the other one he caught. Then it got heavier Riley fought this fish for about one in a half hours then bang his line snapped.

Riley and Will were shocked and confused about the fish that Riley had hooked but then Will saw a massive 18-foot great white shark under the boat. "I think That was the thing you hooked Will said in a whisper". They went back to shore and parked the boat, and that night Riley and Will had the tuna and talked about the great fishing charter.



THE BIG FISH!



With there family Riley said "we better get out the tomorrow and catch that beast need my revenge". they all laughed at what Riley said. Riley was laying in is bed that night thinking that shark is a bum it needs go. It cant go and steal my tuna its unnecessary

Jeff and his lost parents

Once upon a time there was a young man named Jeff,and Jeff lived on his own in the forest. And one night he had a dream that he went on a journey away from the forest and he travelled to a giant city to find his long lost parents. he thought it might not be worth going to find them.But what he didn't realise is that it would take a long time to find them.so off he went to find his long lost parents it took Jeff a long time to get out of the forest it took him two days to find his way out of the forest.and on his way out,he found a familiar ring his mum had so he picked it up and put it in his pocket.And kept walking to the giant city and when he was walking to the city he found a house near the end of the exit so instead he went to explore it when he was exploring it he found an old bike it didn't look to old so he waited for someone to come back to the house

and soon enough, someone came back Jeff asked the man "excuse me sir" The man replied, "Yes, how can I help you?" Jeff asked "is that your old bike?" the man responded "yes why are you asking" Jeff replied "oh i was wondering if i could borrow it for a few weeks" and the man questioned it "why do you need to borrow the bike"? he asked Jeff and he responded "because i need to find my parents and i have nothing" and the man responded"oh im sorry to hear that" so the man said to Jeff "sure you may borrow my bike" and Jeff replied "thank you so much the man replied "your welcome" and off Jeff went riding to the big city and on his way he saw loads of cars up ahead so he kept riding after he reached the road he waited for the perfect time to cross so he waited for less traffic and not long after he managed to cross.And after loads of travelling he finally managed to get to the giant city

and at first he saw so many people that he got a little overwhelmed and he froze. This city was nothing like his dream! Jeff was about to give up then he remembered his mother's ring. He took it out of his pocket and held it in his hand "Please mum, help me find you!" He didn't believe his eyes, the ring began to glow. Jeff thought this was a signal that his parents were nearby so he kept looking until the ring stopped glowing right outside a small bakery on a crowded street filled with people and noisy cars rushing past. Jeff stared at the bakery window, feeling like the ring was trying to tell him something important. As he slowly walked closer, he noticed the warm smell of fresh bread drifting through the air, and for some reason it made him feel safe and calm. And also made him feel confident that he will find his parents. He kept walking until the ring slowly started glowing again he kept walking then

turned a corner and the ring glowed even brighter Jeff definitely thought this was a signal so he ran until he saw a familiar face so he went up to them and said "hello" and they replied "hello" Jeff asked them "do you know someone called Jeff?" they replied "yes why are you asking?" Jeff replied to them "because my name is Jeff" then he showed the ring they said to him "hey i recognise that ring that's my ring i recognise the pattern that i carved into it" Jeff replied "so you are my parents?" and they replied "yes we are" and they hugged tightly and they said to Jeff "so where do you live now?" "Jeff replied in the forest" they replied "oh interesting" Jeff offered to take them to his home and they said "sure" and off they went back to the forest and Jeff rode the bike back whilst his parents walked together and soon enough Jeff returned the bike to the man and he said "thanks" Jeff whilst running "your

welcome" and they managed to get to his home and his parents explained to him why he got left at the forest and had to live on his own his mum started explaining "i abandoned you because i didn't have the money to raise you and i couldn't afford rent and a car so thats why i abandoned you im so sorry i did it for a reason" Jeff replied "its ok mum as long as you are safe and okay and after all you did it for your safety so i accept you apology" and they lived happily ever after

THE END.

BY CRUZ STEVENS

AGE 12 YEARS OLD

Room 13 part 2

Chris was in hell for what felt like a squillion years but he was only 11 years old. Chris was in a hotel, a hotel in HELL. He was sent there when bitten by a demon, while he was sleeping in Room 13 of a hotel.

Trembling, Chris walks up to the demon at the check in desk. "Hi Chris, my name is Kai. I will take you to your room". "What is my room number?" asks Chris. "Your room is ROOM 13". "ROOM 13!! Noooooooo" said Chris. "This is the only room we have in hell fit for you" said Kai. "ok" said Chris. "Here's your room" said Kai. Chris starts unpacking but he hears a strange noise coming from the room. He rushed to Kai. "There is a strange noise coming from my room! Kai said "I will sleep in ROOM 13 tonight".

Later Chris ordered dinner but the dinner didn't come so Chris went to bed but he couldn't go to sleep because he was hungry. Instead he went to ROOM 13 to get some food but he saw something scary. Kai was with a ghost that was eating him. Chris ran to the ghostbusters. They killed the ghost and Kai was ok but he was pale and blue and had a small bite on his neck. He had to lie down and sleep. Chris went to bed.

The next day Chris went to get breakfast. He got some cereal but there were eyes in the cereal so he didn't eat it. He was not hungry. He went to his room as he got closer to his room. He went to check on Kai in room 13 but he was not there. There was a big black hole in ROOM 13. Chris ran to the manager of hell and said to him "help, there is a black hole in room 13. Please shut the room down now" Chris said, but the manager declined him so Chris went back to his room. But his room was shut down but the manager said he can stay and he has to sleep on the floor. But the room was open and Chris ran to Room 14 and he got in the Room and he was happy and had two days left. The next day Chris only had one day left. Chris didn't eat breakfast because he was so happy that in 10 minutes he would be leaving hell. Chris was packing with 5 minutes to go then finished with 1 minute left. He was walking to the front of the hotel in hell and he was walking in slow mo, he was sooooo happy to be out of there.

THE END

By Christopher

villager vs pillager

One sunny morning the villagers were doing their job in the village. The photographer was making maps.The farmer was selling crops for all of the other villagers.This was a snowy village so the farmer hated snow on his farm,because if the snow.got on his vegetables they would taste like snow.

The villagers had a peaceful life in the snow,but one morning, the pillagers were building an outpost nearby. So the villagers were very afraid of the pillagers.The iron golem was ready to attack,when the pillager whith the banner blew his raid horn the pillagers started to attack.The pillagers had crossbows but the villagers had the iron golem.The iron golem started to whack the pillagers to the ground but the pillagers shot with axes and evoker used his annoying vexes to kill the villagers.But the iron golem was tired and gave up.

Then came another raid,And attacked the villagers again,until a player came with full diamond armor.The player was named Steve and he was ready for an attack.He had a diamond sword,diamond axe,pick axe,loyalty trident and a bow flame.Steve started to attack the pillagers.The pillager with the banna got angry.Then he decided to let out the Ravager.He

rode the Ravager and shot arrows with his crossbow.The player reacted quickly and shot the Ravager with his trident but it did not damage to the Ravinger.But then the player held out his shield then the ravinger was charging at the shield then bang the Ravinger got damage.

Then the player got a chance and went to skrape.The ravager was harmed but the ravager got back up and tried to attack a villager.The villager was a farmer but the farmer had a bow and shot the ravager then the farmer shot a vindicator.Then the farmer started to help the player kill the pillagers.

When the villagers got out of their homes they celebrated their victory.But Some of the villagers were injured with cuts and injuries.The villagers wanted to fight back.So the villagers got the black smith to make swords and armour.The black smith worked for hours.The black smith still needed to work on the iron golems iron work.In the meantime the villagers were training to fight and the pillagers.And the photographer was making a woodland explore map to go to a woodland mansion.The villagers also learned to fight zombies.When the villagers were ready they equiped their armour and set off to fight.The photographer directed them in the right diamond to the mansion.

The villagers travelled and travelled until they made it to the mansion the villagers had to be quiet.Because the mansion was full of vindicators,zombies and evokers.But the villagers had swords the mansion was located in a dark oak forest filled with zombies,skeletons and spiders.All the villagers heard the sound of vindicators from above.

It was made out of dark oak wood and it had three floors. The first floor was filled with pillagers holding crossbows. The second floor was filled with vindicators with deadly axes and the third floor was filled Evokers with dark powers. The villagers knew they weren't safe in the mansion. As soon as they went in the mansion the pillagers started to attack.The villagers attacked as well the pillagers were constantly shooting.When the villagers made it to the second floor the vindicators immediately started to attack, when the villagers made it to the third floor.They immediately saw ingerd pillagers, the villagers went to the king pillager the king was a evoker.The king suddnly let out a army of vexes until ting it was Alex with a loyalty trident and Steve with his dimond sword begin to help the villagers fight.

The vexes began to attack the villagers,the villagers began to attack the vexes and left over pillagers.The villegers whacked

the vexes, when all of the vexes were defeated the villagers let out the allies and went home with the villagers.

The villagers lit the mansion on fire. The mansion began to burn down quickly.When the mansion burnt down the dark oak forest began to burn too. At night time, the fire got bigger and bigger. The fire also travelled to the pale gardens. The Creaking, which is a grey creature that needs a heart in a tree to survive, had to run away.

The villagers had to dodge trees until the villagers finally made it to their snowy village. They slept through the night. When they got up they went and did their job in the snowy village again.

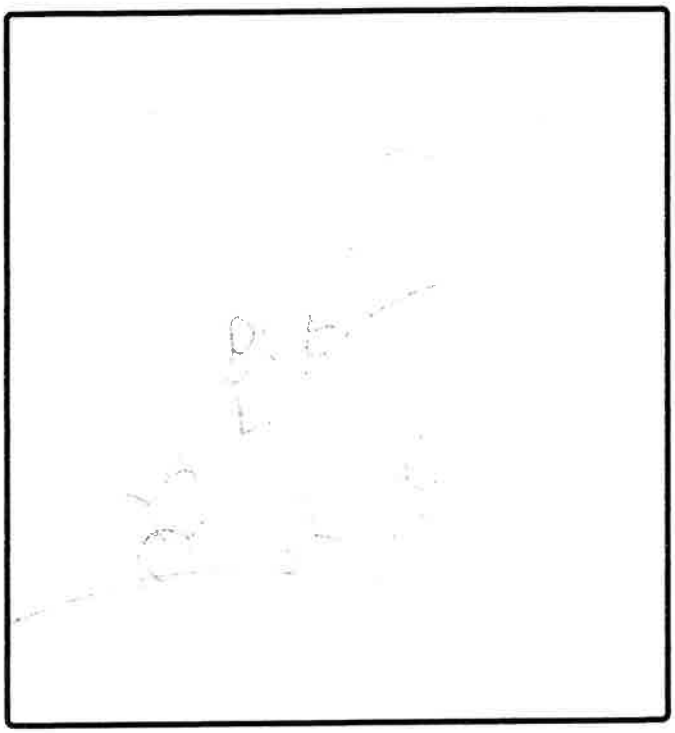
The end.

By George Boquin

1

Name _____ Date _____

Bob is a snow man outside in the snow thomas shout bob At night time when



[illegible] sleeping Bob is feeling sad because he is alone.

The next day thomass sister and friend Ella-May and Rose made Bob a family. Time and time.

Bob is happy now because he has a family.