



## WORLD BOOK DAY STANBOROUGH HOUSE COMPETITION

### 500 WORDS THE WINNING STORIES



Congratulations to the winners and thank you again to all of the students who entered the competition. Mrs Armitage, Ms Wilson and Mrs Fox were very proud and privileged to see the talent we have at Stanborough.

Here are all the winning stories.....



## KS3 GOLD AWARD WINNER

### Moving On

By Taylor Ward

The bus pulls up and I get on, nothing strange my usual seat waiting! Joe is his usual cheerful self, he is friends with my dad and he knows me well. My dad always invites him round when it's his birthday, he loves to tell me jokes and they make me laugh! I look around there is the nurse coming home from her nightshift, She is always sitting near the window resting her head on the glass half a sleep. She always looks like she's not with us on our journey and could be somewhere else; I wonder where it is she works in the hospital. There are school children crammed in on the back seat texting and chatting. Some seem ready for school others not quite awake or ready for the day ahead. There is a lady with her knitting, you can hear the sound of clickety clack as her needles touch. Always wondered what she is making could be a scarf or a jumper, maybe I will ask and see who she is making it for. There is a man in a smart blue suit, he looks like he could work in an office he never smiles He is wearing his grey tie today so I know it is Wednesday, as he has a different coloured tie for each day, it is great when he has purple one on as that means it is Friday

The nurse gets up, ready to get off at the next stop as she does every morning, she always wishes Joe a good day. We go on a few more stops before the school children ring the bell to let them off, gone is the giggling and happy smiles. The man in the blue suit gets off when we get into town. He is walking quite fast, I think he may be late. The old lady gets off just outside the coffee shop; I can see other old ladies inside by the window with their balls of wool and needles.

The bus pulls up I get on, hello Joe. Nothing strange about today my seat is sitting there waiting. The nurse is on the bus, the school children on the back seat. The man in the blue suit is reading a paper today for change. But where is the lady with her knitting? In her seat sits a young lady and a baby, Joe shouts out to us all this is a Jane and baby Molly. He said the old lady with knitting never got on the return bus last night, no one knew her name!

Everyone is on bus journey, we all get on at different stops! Some of the passengers will stay with us for some time, others will get off never to get back on and continue the ride. Some of the passengers we will know well and others not so. Then you will get new passengers to help us start a new journey and move on.



## KS3 SILVER AWARD WINNER

### Supertato

By Enzo Varhelyi

Once upon a time, in a land far away, lived a super vegetable called..... SUPERTATO!!, and he was the greatest superhero that ever lived.

But, there was a problem, Evil Carrot (the greatest villain that ever lived), had escaped out of jail and was on the way to destroy veggieville! "But not if I can help it!", Supertato said gloriously "But where may he be hiding?", questioned Supertato with a grin on his face. He deeply thought, as he hopped on to the Superbus (property of Supertato), and he rode to the Palace of Peas, where a whole army of peas were. "Halt", said a bigger pea (he looked like the leader of the army), and immediately ordered the peas to attack. "So, this is how it ends?", exclaimed Supertato, as he flung a punch at the peas and they all fell down like dominoes (which was quite satisfying). He entered the Palace of Peas, and gasped like never before...

"Aaaaaah?" exclaimed Evil Carrot, "You managed to pass my Evil Pea guards". "Indeed, I did", Supertato said posh like and happily. "Now, time to finish you". "Never, Supertato, I have one tiny, little surprise left for you", boasted Evil Carrot". "You foolish, little, vegetable", Supertato said in a posh accent, "And what is this surprise may I ask?". "oh, you'll see, mwahahaha, mwahahaha, MWAHAHAHA!!". "Okay?", Supertato said, surprised. "Erm, you're meant to be scared", shouted Evil Carrot. "No, I'm not scared because I'm the greatest hero that ever lived!" "Really?, Well let's see if you can battle the Great Terror!" .....and with that, Evil Carrot pressed a button and a gigantic door opened. A massive beast roared and waved it's massive tentacles in the air. "Aaaaaah!!", cried out Supertato, "You ARE evil!"

"The gigantic beast", surprisingly, Supertato said, "is a gigantic broccoli!?" "Yes, it is", grinned Evil Carrot with a cheeky voice. The monster kept into action, swaying it's tentacles in the air. It gave out a massive roar and ran towards Supertato.

Supertato thought "what if this beast is better than me after all?, I guess we will just have to see." and with that, he zoomed past Evil Carrot, and jumped into the air with a kick, BOOM!! He bounced back like he had punched a jelly. "ROAR!!", went giant broccoli, as he charged forward, and got ready to end Supertato.

Suddenly, "Supertato!" Supertato turned around and he saw it was.....MINIBEAN!, and who was the second greatest superhero that ever lived. "Minibean?" questioned Supertato, "what are you doing here?" "No time to explain, just catch!" It was a ninja sword made from a Varian steel blade and a leather handle. Supertato leapt into the air, reaching for the sword. He caught it. He hold the sword in front of him and it had giant broccoli....."Aaaaaa!!", Supertato sliced in half and he dropped to the floor. Minibean rushed to Supertato sobbing with sadness "Supertato!", said Minibean "Noooooo!!"



## KS3 BRONZE AWARD WINNER

### The Escape

By Ihsan Uddin

I woke up. Everything was still distorted but I could picture a figure. Not a memorable figure to say the least but definitely a frightening one.

*5 weeks earlier*

Another sleepless night from the bruises that scarred my mental and physical self-image but not the first by a long margin. There must be a way to escape the endless cycle of abuse which is called 'family'. The only way to become a free bird is to become another Philly runaway. Never thought my life would get so dysfunctional. My mind throbbed and bashed as I thought of the many possibilities I could choose – but one stood radiant. Running away. I planned an elaborate scheme to get a wad of cash but conversely with a chance of becoming a fugitive. It may involve stealing. Immediately after my utterly stressful day at Masterman [best school in Philadelphia], I decided to execute the plan. I stole my guardian's bankcard which felt extremely satisfying. I withdrew all the money and fled to the countryside and. Well. Things couldn't have gotten worse.

Subsequently, a ruthless gang confronted me with suspiciously weird actions. Probably on drugs. I frantically tried to run but they surrounded me while every second my fear grew immensely larger. The moment I had the opportunity I ran like lightning. Unfortunately, a much bulkier and stronger gangster ran into me. He stuffed me inside a box without hesitation, probably human trafficking. My life was over.

It had been roughly a week on the road, with me in a confined box. I smelt the faint scent of cigars and the sound of murmuring suggesting that they are far. A perfect escape. A glimmer of hope in a world of darkness - literally and figuratively. I, after many attempts, broke a hole and enlarged the hole for a suitable size to break out of. This process took a day or so. As soon as I broke out, I did not even flinch at the sight of everyone else. I needed to look out for myself. I am *so* selfless. I had broken out at this point. I used a spare gun to break the lock as intelligence was one of my many traits. I had escaped but there is *always* a catch and in this situation, it was a bat to my head.

I woke up. It had been a few weeks. I heard a new, very ominous voice with a tone of frustration. I barely heard it but I made out a quote. 'The big man might get angry'. The figure gloomed over the other. This definitely put a growing infection of trauma in my soul. I was not tied up so I decided to sneak out. Very quietly indeed. Unlike my first attempt, I did not rush out without caution. I scouted the area and surprisingly found only two guards from a major human trafficking company. Only one window of freedom was available that was very slim and risky. I escaped but it was too late.

I was in foreign land.



## KS4 GOLD AWARD WINNER

### The Graveyard

By Keziah Long

The sun was setting upon the horizon, sucking all traces of light away from the space around me. Grass whipping and lashing at my bare ankles as I made my way towards the graveyard. The gates looming ahead slowly, slowly getting closer. My sleeping mother just over the other side of these towering fences. The moon had now fully emerged out of the earth bringing with it the darkness of the night.

The graveyard was locked, as always, but a few months ago I found a section of the fence that was slightly shorter than the rest of it making it easy to climb. At night, the graveyard was quiet apart from the occasional wolf howl or rustling of bushes. But I don't have to worry about other people hearing me.

I follow the fence round always keeping it on my right. I can see the entrance just a couple of metres away. I can feel the cold metal upon my shivering hand as I begin my climb. One at a time my fingers twirl around the rusty iron bars, supporting my grip. One foot leaves the floor. Then the other. The whole weight of my body straining my arms. I start to pull up, one hand letting go of the bar and latching on to the one above. The higher I go the greater the risk of death if I fall. My fingers are getting numb with every frantic reach I make. The thin bar cutting at my sore palms. Blood slowly seeping out. I finally reach the top. Desperation the only thing keeping me going. I swing each leg over the peak securing my feet in the fitted holes. As I place my other foot it slips from underneath me. Throwing me...

Down...

Down...

Down...

Thick thorns engulfing me into its sharp embrace. All hope is gone as I hear the crack of my bones shattering against the floor and the scream that followed, ripping through the trees. I'm stuck. I can't move. I can't escape. I'm locked in the graveyard and no one can hear my cries. I will die here alone just like everyone surrounding me.

There's something next to me. Even in the darkness of the night I can still make out its vicious yellow teeth and eyes the colour of blood. It is edging towards me sniffing out the traces of blood coating my body. Its tail is now curling around my neck as it clings onto my shirt with its little claws scrabbling feverishly at the material. But this heavy and bloated rat is not alone. There are about 7 or 8 other rats swarming around me, all wanting a fair share of my blood. One of them is climbing up the side of my face, scratching at the skin as it is pulling itself on top of my head. I can feel something nudge my hip. One of the creatures is burrowing its way under my shirt. I can feel its nose and claws nestling against the soft flesh of my stomach. I can't push them away. I have no bones to do so. Bite by bite I disappear. The rats are ripping my skin apart. Tearing it into shreds to feed their family. My eyes have iced over, my cracked lips blue from lack of oxygen. I lie waiting for the ground to make me a grave.



## KS4 SILVER AWARD WINNER

### The Cough

By Ruby Wilkinson

The darkness was like a abyss, a never ending pool of pure blackness. No light even dared to enter. It was sealed for a reason.

A cough..

“Who was that?” Alex demanded.

Again, silence, shuffling of uncomfortable bodies. Everyone could feel the eyes flickering. No one had the guts to speak up.

He said, “I need to know.”

“Me, it was me.” Eliza said, though it... somehow wasn't honest. She was always selfless.

“No. Who was it?”

Finally, Freddie spoke up, “look, whoever it was you better admit it or—“

“Or what, Freddie?” Snapped Lucy, “gonna choke everyone with your muscles? It's your fault we're even here in the first place.”

“I thought it was you who introduced us to Frank?”

Silence.

The situation seeped into everyone's cracked dreams.

“Who coughed?” Lucy asked, not angry, just exhausted.

“It was you, wasn't it?” Alex murmured. The room was then brightened by a phone. Lucy sat forward, now shown in the darkness, alarmed, “me?”

“No, it was me.” Eliza tried again.

Freddie shook his head, “no, you're covering for her aren't you?”

Lucy glanced to Eliza and shook her head. Their eyes locked for a moment, and Eliza began to sniffle as tears fell.

“It was me.” Lucy's face was guarded.

Freddie nodded, “Yeah, bet it was.” He spoke over Eliza's sobs of desperation. “No ... I did. Swear.”

“Lucy's admitted it. And... if we don't get rid off her we're all gonna die.”

“No!” Eliza sobbed, holding Lucy, “get away from her.” Freddie demanded, “you'll get it and we'll all be as good as dead.”

Once Eliza with them, Lucy inhaled slowly.

“Kill me.” Whispered Lucy, smiling to Eliza.

The two men looked to Eliza, who had stopped crying, though it was most likely because she had no more tears left.

They looked at one and other. Alex and Freddie had a fight, though not verbal, not physical, their eyes demanding the other to do the horrendous crime. Freddie grimaced in realisation.

He stood, Eliza did too, though her gait was full of haste. “No!”

“I know you love her. But she coughed, and I’m not going to die because you don’t want your girlfri—”

Slap.

“We can leave, and Lucy can— you don’t know if that cough was the disease—”

“Leave her to die? You know the only symptom of the disease is coughing! They turn, they kill...”

“It’s fine. Swear.” Lucy.

They embraced.

Alex patted Freddie’s back. “You’ve got this.”

Lucy nodded. “Please.”

Freddie looked around for something.

“There isn’t anything...”

“Slam my head against the wall. Knock me out and then... kill me.”

Eliza sobbed, “I love you.”.

“Turn off the light, Alex. I don’t wanna see it.” Freddie whispered. A smile.

The room became obscured.

Crack.

Lucy’s breaths were quick, and she screamed like a pained animal cornered, eaten, crying for mercy.

Freddie whimpered and for a moment, all that could be heard were Lucy’s weak weeps.

Another crack.

No sound came from Lucy.

So, with the silence, Eliza screamed in agony, like it was her dying, because her love, her only, her Lucy, was gone.

She was gone.

Nothing.

Then, a cough



## KS4 BRONZE AWARD WINNER

### Someday

By Reece Ogeer-Ali

Higher than the treeline, he flew. Higher than the spires of the local church. Higher than the radio antenna atop the spire of Alexander palace. Connor gazed down at the estate below him, with its towering office blocks and terrace houses packed like sardines. His machine worked flawlessly! Except for the third engine. And the rear fin. But it worked! After 4 years of sneaking up to his workshop, saving up every penny to buy fuel and raiding his father's old inventions for parts...

His father's old inventions. His *real* father's inventions. Not his con-man uncle who claimed them to be his. That's why Connor had to sneak up to his workshop, he wasn't supposed to leave the house without his uncle being with him. "It's for your own safety, Connor", he would say. But he knew the truth. He knew that one mention of his father, even by a 16 year old, would ruin his uncle for life. Maybe he should say something. But no money for his uncle meant no food for him, no house, no clothes and most importantly, no workshop. "Someday dad", he said to himself, "I'll set everything straight".

His thoughts were interrupted by a loud beeping, the fuel gage! He had been so deep in thought he hadn't heard the first warning. He only had 2 minutes flight time left! Desperately, he searched for his workshop platform, remembering his dad's words - "Left of the church spire son, then straight on to camden!" 1 minute left. There it was! The church spire! Now left and straight on, back to the platform. 30 seconds. Landing pad in sight, he opened up the throttle and darted straight toward the workshop. 20 seconds. 500 metres to go. 15 seconds. 300 meters. 10 seconds. Heart racing, Connor yanked with all his strength at the throttle lever. Only 200 meters to go. 5. 4. 3. 2. Brake!

Finally at a halt, he slipped off his harness and sank back into his chair. It worked. It actually worked. "ROGERS!!!" A booming voice came echoing up the passage and filled the room, a voice he knew too well, as the door behind him flung open. A rotten stench of rum and cigars stung his nose. A 6-foot shadow loomed over him. Uncle Lawrence.

"What do you call *this*, boy?" he asked, an eerie calm in his voice. Connor stayed silent. "I asked you a question boy!" Connor said nothing. Gingerly, he eased himself out of his chair, paced over to his machine and stood strong in front of it, arms folded, staring his uncle in the eye.

Taken aback, Lawrence scowled at Connor, throwing him aside. He reached for a nearby wrench and gripped it like a bat. Connor knew what he was going to do. He did nothing. Just stared in horror as his uncle smashed his creation to pieces.

Higher than the trendline Connor flew. Higher than the local church's spire. "Someday", he said, setting down his tools. "Someday"