

One day on a farm a sheepdog called Tab had a baby. Dan called the baby Spot because he had a black spot on his nose. Dan was the farmer's son. Dan also had a kitten too. Its name was Nic. Tab and Nic had never been friends but now Tab had Spot he did not want to do anything with Nic. Spot did not like her either. Then one day when Nic was having a walk she fell into a little river bed. Spot saw her fall and ran for Dan. Dan ran to the river bed and got Nic out and Nic and Spot were friends ever after.

Stephen Whitfield (1AS)

One day my mother told me to go to market. When I got there I saw some lambs. I noticed they were gay while the older sheep looked rather battered. Then, I asked the owner what they were called, and he said, "Well the father is called a ram spelt R-A-M and the mother a ewe spelt E-W-E not Y-O-U. The baby is called a lamb spelt L-A-M-B. On my way home I passed a field and saw men shearing off sheeps wool. Daddy took me to a place where they dye sheep's wool. The man there told me how lamb comes to us for eating. It sounded cruel, it was by shooting it. I asked dad if I could have a lamb for 1966 Christmas.

Jonathan Walters (1AS)

A Storm in the Night

The waves thundered against the jagged rocks. The man in charge of the lighthouse thought the waves would smash the light. The flashing light went on and off. If the light went out the passing ships were in deadly danger. He had water for tea boiling and then he went out onto the barrier. Flying spray hit him in the face and screaming seagulls were heading for land. Gleaming lamps of ships were dying away over the horizon. Suddenly the angry waves died down and the morning sun appeared over the sea. The stormy night was over.

Peter Hart (3B1)

The Lonely Garden

After he had been out there long enough Tom went back into the dark, damp gloomy cold house. He went tramping up the stairs into the gloomy bed that was waiting for him. He lay the rest of the night wondering, hoping that the garden would be there tomorrow night.

Paul Johnson (3B1)

Rouge Flambé

In a city in China there lived an Emperor with a potter whose name was Yangtu. His pots were splendid. Now one day he was making a set of pots. He shaped them and put them in the kiln, but lo and behold when he brought the pots out they were red! Dolefully he went to the Emperor. "Excellent young man", said the Emperor.

"Make me another set". So the potter went back but he could not remember how to fire the pots red. He went back to the Emperor and told him but the Emperor had no pity. "Make me another set of red china by tomorrow. If you do not I will execute you". The Potter went out shocked and pale. How could he make a red pot? He tried all night. At last he thought he would have his last try. So he shaped his pot and put it in the kiln. While it was in the kiln in his desperation he picked up a knife, hesitated, then stabbed himself. Now about an hour later two servants came in. One started nursing Yangtu and the other saw the kiln still on. He took the pot out and it was bright red.

Jill Pelan (3B1)

Lohengrin of the Holy Grail

Once in Germany there was a young Duke of Brabant who was loved by his people. There was a great commotion when he disappeared. Then his arch-enemy, Fredrick, said, "I know who did it. It was his sister, Elsa! She must have done it. Bring her to court". So King Henry and his followers and Elsa came with her accusers. The King condemned her to trial by fighting. The silver note of the Trumpet, summoning a Knight to fight for Elsa, sounded once, twice, thrice; nobody came. A boat drawn by a pure white swan drew up. In it was a Knight dressed in silver armour. He said to the crowd in a loud voice, "I will fight for Elsa". Turning to her he said, "Will you marry me?" "I will", said Elsa. "But you must never ask who I am or whence I came". "I will not", she said. Both men mounted their horses. There was a clash of armour and Frederick fell to the ground. The Knight poised, ready to strike, but lowered his sword. Frederick was banished.

The next day, on the way to the Cathedral, Ortrude whispered to Elsa "Who is this knight?" "I do not know", answered Elsa, but the tide in the sea of doubt had started. That night when they were alone she said, "Darling, who are you?" Before he had time to answer the treacherous Frederick burst into the room. The Knight seized his sword and thrusting Elsa behind him, he parried the blow and lunged his sword into Frederick's heart. He turned to Elsa and said, "Tomorrow I must leave you on the banks of the river and I will tell you who I am and whence I came".

The next day they went to the river and the boat again drew up. The unknown Knight said, "I am Lohengrin, son of Parsifal, and I am a Knight of the Holy Grail". Ortrude shouted, "The swan is Godfrey of Brabant. I turned him into a swan so that Frederick and I can rule". Lohengrin dropped to his knees and spent a few minutes in silent prayer. The swan got out of the water and there stood Godfrey. They were all too busy to notice Lohengrin stepping into the boat. When they looked he was no longer there.

Frances Boyle (3B2)

"My Story", by a China Ornament

My adventure started when I was standing in a shop window looking rather sad because most of my friends had already been bought. Then my face brightened when a rich looking gentleman walked into the shop. (I must mention that I am quite expensive).

I was packed in a box and carried off. It was very hot inside but I couldn't complain.

When we arrived at his house I was taken out of the box and displayed on the mantelpiece.

That night I was standing in solemn state in my place on the mantelpiece. I knew it wasn't a dream because I hadn't yet fallen asleep.

The door of the sitting-room suddenly creaked open and in came a man with a mask on. Before I could think he dropped me into a sack which he was carrying on his back. He then took me to his house. I was shown to his friend and then put on the sideboard.

Meanwhile my proper owner had rung the police. They asked him whether he had seen anyone hanging around his house. He said that he had seen a man standing outside his gate and he lived at 26 Chalton Street. "We'll see what we can do", said the policeman.

The next day a few policemen went round to 26 Chalton Street, (it happened to be where the burglar was keeping me.)

After questioning the burglar was proved to be guilty. He and his friend were well punished.

Glenys Evans (4A)

A Submarine Shipwreck

My job is an easy one - steering the nuclear passenger submarine Argonaut across the English channel. It was just another trip across the twenty-three mile route. We cast off and dived to thirty fathoms going at a fine speed of thirty knots. Slowly we neared the French coast.

At one o'clock I could just make out the French coast. Then at two o'clock it happened. There was a rending crash at the bows which must have damaged the hydro-plane controls, for the next thing I knew we were diving at full power for the sea bed. I just managed to pull her out of the dive but now the complete stern assembly was smashed by a large boulder. Quickly I sealed the bow and stern compartments and then went to supervise the escape capsule launching. Each capsule had ten minutes air supply. I was pleased to see that each capsule was being launched successfully. Then, when all the passengers had escaped, the crew did likewise. I was last off the ship. Just as I shot out of the ejector tube I saw that the submarine was being crushed by water pressure. As I surfaced, I saw a motor launch picking up the survivors. So ended an adventure I shall remember all my life.

Stephen George (4A)

The Lost Dog

We have a dog called MacNab. He is a black spaniel. One day he decided to explore the town he was living in. So on Christmas Eve he disappeared. We searched all over the house, calling and calling. He was not in the garden or on the roof. So we set out in the car to search for him.

He was not in Cospicua, nor at Ricasoli, so we gave up the search for the day and went home. On Boxing Day we rang up the R.S.P.C.A. and the police but neither had seen him but they said they would look out for him.

The next day, as I woke up, I heard barking at the front door and there he was waiting to be let in.

Bridget Kirkpatrick (4A)

The Runaway Kangaroo

One rainy day, there were few visitors at the zoo. The only person at the kangaroos' cage was an elderly lady. Suddenly a kangaroo jumped over the fence and ran off. A keeper came running up to her and said, "Madam Madam, whatever did you do to the kangaroo?" The old lady replied, "I only tickled its ears with my umbrella". "Well", said the keeper, "You'd better tickle mine because I have to catch the wretched thing".

Tina Harkess (4A)

The Flower

In a garden in England was a little pink flower. The hollyhocks and sunflowers teased him and laughed at him. One day a big man came and took down the hollyhocks and the huge seven foot sunflower and put the blooms in water. The little flower was happy now because his enemies had gone and he had been put under an oak tree. The oak tree was kind and told the flower he brightened up his roots by snuggling close to the bark. As time went by, the big man (big only to the pink flower, she was tiny compared to the oak of course) came and put another plant, a forget-me-not, beside the pink flower and all became great friends. Three years later the man had made a bed of forget-me-nots all round the oak. The pink flower was now seven inches high and king of the flower bed.

Sarah Bartlett (2AS)

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