



FANTASTIC FICTION





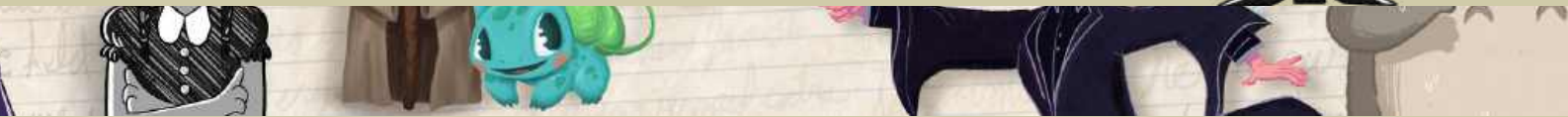
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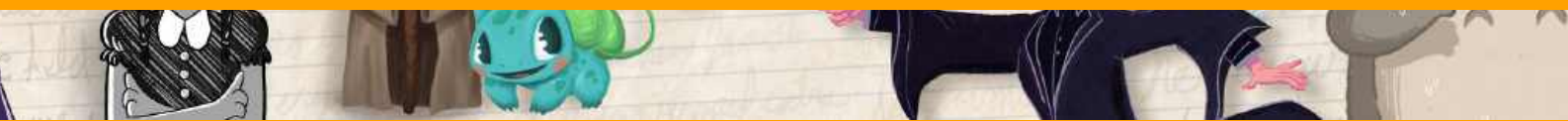




VOLUME 1

FANTASTIC FICTION

**BY THE YOUNG WRITERS
AT STORY STUDIOS
AUSTRALIA**



FOREWORD

From the imaginations of young writers at Story Studios Australia, we bring you the 2024 edition of Fantastic Fiction. This year, our burgeoning authors have crafted stories inspired by the tales they cherish most, reimagining beloved worlds and characters with fresh perspectives and original twists. Fan fiction, often underestimated, serves as a tool for budding writers. It allows them to explore their storytelling abilities within the safety of familiar settings.

These young writers have not only paid homage to their favourite tales but have also added their distinct flair, reminding us of the possibilities of storytelling and the enduring impact of the stories we hold dear.

We hope this magazine inspires you to revisit the stories that you love and perhaps even to write your own.

-Nina & The Story Studios Team



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THREE BONE KNIVES AND A HANDFUL OF COURAGE

Sadie Crane

'Inspired by The Hunger Games.'

Set in the same lands and setting but at a time before Katniss Everdeen volunteered as Tribute.

never actually heard my name called. I was told the words echoed throughout the grimy hall in a dry, husky voice like a shadow, fading ominously behind the wooden rafters when its addressee neglected to answer. Others claimed it was crowed energetically and rang out over the straw baskets of plump mangoes and cherries laid out in conclusion of the harvest the day before. (Not for us to enjoy of course, only for our honoured visitors of The Capitol. We never got the privilege of eating such fine food) So many perspectives and allegations visited me in my dishevelled timber house that night, but all with one similarity: nobody was sad to see me go. Whenever I think of this it makes me kind of glad I missed the reaping...

*

A crystalline void encases my surroundings like a shimmering drape, smothering all memories and knowledge to be hidden just out of sight in an almost teasing sort of manner. I allow myself to drift peacefully for a while, shutting my tired eyes to the shadowy figures flitting in and out of my vision. Though I can't help but feel a little off with my new surroundings, there is something I have to do, something important. When a reminiscence refuses to surface, my mood melts from calm to frantic. Insistent whispering grows in my ears as I vainly grope for some sort of anchor to who I am, where I am!

A searing pain tears at my mind and I cry out with all my might only to be met with a horrible, artificial silence. "I should be dead, I am dead!" the whispering gets louder and the void cracks, allowing the memories to come flooding in.

I'm lying down beside a small oasis set in the heart of a steep group of golden sand dunes, the turquoise water shaded only by a wistful scattering of gangly palms. Groggily reaching for my threadbare sack my hands find nothing but sand, each grain scorching with the full might of the hazy white sun beating down on these desolate plains against a faded indigo backdrop. Forcing my body upwards, frustration grinds in my bones to find the bloodstained bloated hessian bag floating on the other side of the bank. My head is throbbing painfully and my hands sting with sunburn and blisters as I fish out the sack, emptying the few waterlogged contents over a sandstone boulder. A large woven blanket tied up with a thick roll of string, a camel skin gourd filled with a bitter substance I am straight away suspicious of and... my heart shines with pleasure - three beautiful bone knives!

*

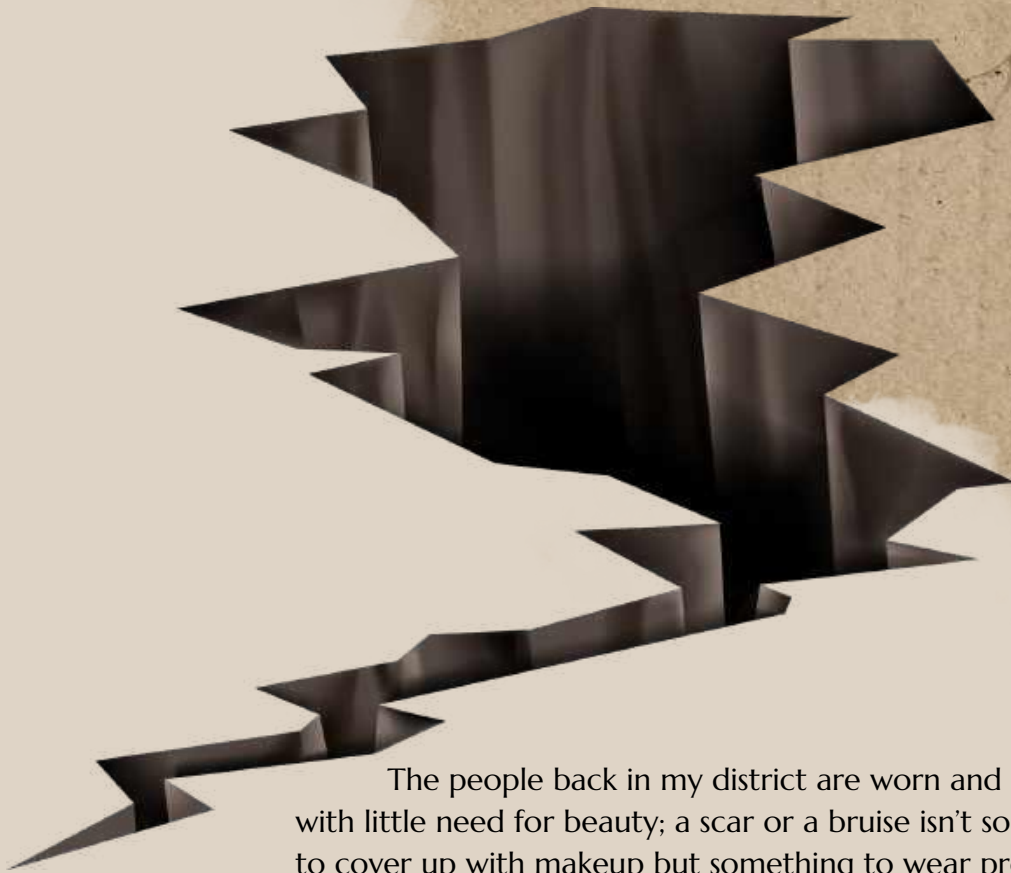
"Of course, she will, you silly girl, Anahyita has already ordered your stylist to start creating plans for your parade wear- "

"I told you to stop calling me that," a powerful feminine voice echoes through the compartment, sending a sharp jolt through my spine as one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen strides in front of the spitting fireplace.

courage

1





The people back in my district are worn and rough with little need for beauty; a scar or a bruise isn't something to cover up with makeup but something to wear proudly as if a medal.

I know it sounds childish, but I guess my life has been left so parched of beautiful things that whenever I see something of beauty that I felt the need to hoard it, snatch it like a crow from the worlds undeserving fingers, that I had to treasure it and feel it and bask in it before it took off once again and left me in the shadows only to dream of its exquisiteness. This is exactly how I feel when I set my greedy, teal eyes on Anahyita. She is the definition of gorgeous yet so above those little trinkets I keep stashed in the gap between the wooden rafters back at home. This was no cutting of rose ribbon or scuffed crimson button, this was a diamond. Her skin is tanned with glossy chocolate brown hair running down her shoulders in immaculate waves, wide amber eyes with long black lashes and glossed scarlet lips set between gently flushed cheeks. She wears an indigo, silk gown adorned with golden filigree that swishes majestically when she waltzes over to me and I can't help but feel naked in front of this otherworldly being. When she opens her mouth, she speaks in a thick, exotic accent that I can't quite place.

"You're my tribute, right?"

I manage to summon up a weak nod, to my appreciation she laughs.

"So, what's your little knack?"





*

My mind hits a blank, I've never actually considered that yet.

I guess I can run but what use is running when I'm being chased down by an armed opponent?

Speed is no use against the unforgiving likes of bows and arrows. As I grapple for an answer, I can't help but notice what my mentor has clasped in her palm, a small silver dagger. Noticing my stare, she opens up her fingers letting the morning apricity shine off the silver blade revealing a deep, rusty stain on the point. Blood. I look into her eyes, she knows what she is doing, standing before me is a woman who's killed and is not afraid to show it. Edgar gives me a look and I realise I still haven't answered the question. Suddenly I know and point. "I'm good with one of those."

*

My joyous rant is interrupted by a chorus of shouting. Stuffing the knives into my pocket, I turn around to see a ragged group of tributes sprinting madly towards me all adorned with scars and a menacing array of weapons. I run towards the nearby cliff face and desperately attempt to scramble up it with no success. Rapidly untying the rope from the patchwork quilt I wind it around the largest knife's hilt, throwing it at the rock above with deadly precision until I find a firm stick.

Just as the pack reaches the foot I have begun hauling myself upwards as they snarl like hyenas below me, a sigh escapes my cracked lips.

*

The day I was reaped I was dangling by my legs from a tree. One of my favourite trees in the entire orchard; a beautiful, sprawling pine that grows up along our back paddocks. Majestically sheltering the neat copse of peach trees and berry bushes standing before it like a personal battalion and decked down in rich cascades of forest green along a proud chestnut trunk. When I was little, I used to pretend that I was a woodland goddess lounging in its sturdy branches, with all the peaches and blackberries I could eat and me and my sisters would make crowns from the wildflowers growing in delicate patches around the trunk's base. Sometimes we would even pick a few to dry out in the sun and stash up in the hollow to snack on during the long hours of the winter yield. Ever since the new peacekeeper agency took over, occasions like that have become almost non-existent with their strict purge of our crop quota.





My gaze doesn't break from the polished portholes lining my quarters as I recall the painful memories from the day before, pristine gloved hands dragging me downwards suddenly from my wood side perch. My desperate screams of the fact I never heard the reaping bell ringing across the plains, and the noise.

SO. MUCH. NOISE.

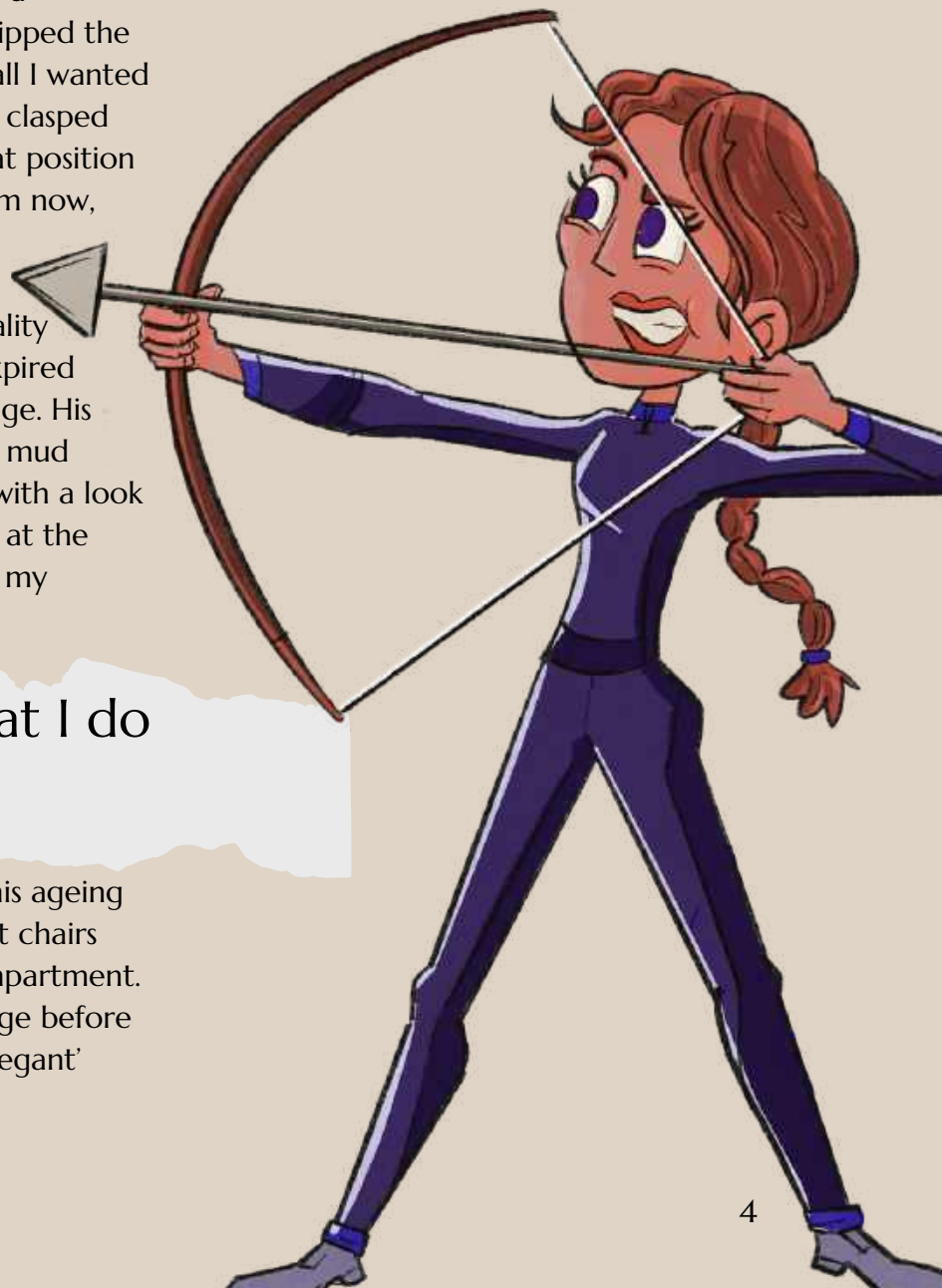
Not just the shouts and stomps, but it was almost as if the entire forest seemed to heighten with my sudden parting. The quiet squawks of birds rose into an evocative chorus, crickets began chirping like a thunderstorm as a violent wind whipped the treetops, crowding my mind until all I wanted to do was keel over with my hands clasped tightly over my ears and stay in that position for the rest of my life. But, here I am now, riding the rushing river cascading towards my death. A sharp rap on the door throws me back to reality as a balding man dressed like an expired boiled sweet enters the boat carriage. His judgemental glare sweeps over my mud caked knees and tattered overalls with a look of disgust ending in a tutting noise at the matted ginger locks running down my shoulders.

I decide instantly that I do not like him.

Without any invitation he plonks his ageing glamour down on one of the velvet chairs lining the cramped, cushioned compartment. "Shame they wouldn't let you change before the event, some more... let's say, 'elegant' wear for the start of filming..."

He pauses waiting for a response but continues when I don't provide. "Leila Tinkerwood, am I correct?" This time he doesn't wait for a reply, instead answering the neglected question that has been hanging in the air for quite some time now, "I'm Edgar Fowler, I'm afraid you missed me yesterday in that tree of yours."

He leans back in his seat and chortles as though he's just said the most hilarious thing ever...





His face falls when I do nothing but wrinkle my nose at his obnoxious jasmine perfume.

“You can talk, right?”

My reply barely classifies as a mumble, my hands occupied picking at the peeling floral wallpaper. “Yes.”

“And, I suppose you already are aware of who your mentor is...”

“No.”

“Well, then I guess you’d wish to meet them! I’ll get the dining hall prepared and-”

“No.”

A slight wrinkle arises on Edgar’s forehead and he lets out a heavy sigh like I’m becoming a great burden, yet another rebellious actor refusing to speak her lines for the grand performance that is the competitive slaughterhouse I’m soon to play a part in. This pleases me and I have to fight hard to stop a glimmer of a smile curling at my lip. It’s an unexpected internal conflict with a discussion based around my inevitable demise.

“In the training room then, you are going to need to work on a survival tactic or two.”

I take a deep breath, “they won’t want to see me.”

*

Taunting cries riddle the valley below as the group grow impatient.

I can’t stay up here forever, I can’t keep running.

A single tear slides down my cheek and I hear my mentor’s words ring in my head, that night before the start of the games.

*

“Promise me one thing.”

“What?” I’m feeling rather self-conscious with her presence in my private room and frankly want this conversation to be over as quickly as possible.

Anayita leans back on my bed and looks me straight in the eye.

“Don’t hide, don’t make the mistake I did, promise me you’ll be brave. Leila, I wanted to see you, I wanted to see you so badly. Leila, you are so strong and please don’t ever tell yourself you aren’t. I see you do it all the time and it breaks my heart like hell.”

I wrap my arms around her now dishevelled body and we cry together for the rest of the night, we cry tears of beautiful sadness and I love every single one.

*

I won’t hide anymore, pulling the knives from my pockets. I stare up at the sky as it slowly fades to dusk. “I promise, Anayita.” With that I launch myself down into the chaos below, for once free of regret.

TRIP TO WILLY

WONKA'S FACTORY

Sanvi Midhun

‘Inspired by Harry Potter & Charlie & the Chocolate Factory.’

Coming back to reality, Hermione’s eyes flushed with wonder. Everywhere she looked, there was chocolate...





In only one room of the factory, she could already see: a chocolate boat, a river made from chocolate and even a chocolate waterfall! To Hermione's surprise, there were even books made from chocolate which Hermione straight away tried to read but sadly put back down realising what it's made of.

Without homework or Harry and Ron to keep her busy, the only option left was to gather her stuff and start exploring the other rooms.

Just as Hermione was about to leave, five children, one strange looking man and lots of these creatures that almost look like house elves came. She was stunned to see that they were walking towards her.

"I'm Willy Wonka, who are you?" asked the man.

Too shocked to even speak, Hermione took a deep breath in to take in what she was witnessing.

"I'm Hermione Granger and I go to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry," Hermione replied.

She looked at the creatures that look like house elves and pondered to herself about making them join S.P.E.W, (an association about freedom for house elves). Wherever Hermione goes, she always remembers to carry her S.P.E.W badges. Quickly, Hermione jumped up and put the badges on all the creature's fancy clothes. The creatures gave a worried glance at Willy Wonka...



"Ahh, they aren't house elves, they are my Oompa Loompas!", Willy Wonka explained. Just then, one of the five children fell into the chocolate river and screamed as loud as an elephant. Hermione saw the boy's petrified face and thought of something to help him. Ten seconds later, she grabbed the chocolate fishing rod praying to herself hoping it would work and luckily it did, so she made sure that the child was holding on tight and lifted him up before he drowned. Other than being entirely coated in chocolate, the boy was perfectly fine. The parents of the boy, (Augustus Gloop) thanked Hermione a lot. It did feel good to help a muggle occasionally. She put her hand in her pockets and started following everyone to the next room but suddenly stopped, realising what was in her pocket, Hermione's wand was there the whole time. She could have used it to help Augustus Gloop even quicker! Whoever there was to save next, Hermione wouldn't forget her wand...



Now this room is what you could call, The Gum Party.

Who doesn't want to see a real gum machine! Everyone except Augustus Gloop and his parents, who were leaving, followed Mr Wonka to the Gum Room. A little girl named Violet Beauregarde was so excited about gum that she ran into the room and started tasting all the flavours. There was chocolate, vanilla, strawberry and a billion more types of gum. Hermione, who wasn't such a big fan of gum like Violet, was revolted by the idea of having to chew a sticky substance that could be chewed on forever. After everyone was done looking around, Mr Wonka made everyone huddle up so he could talk about his invention. This unfinished invention of Willy Wonka's was so incredible that even gum-hater Hermione thought it was cool. His invention was a piece of gum that could satisfy your breakfast, lunch and dinner. There are different flavours for each meal such as: tomato soup, roast beef and blueberry pie, but you can choose absolutely anything you want. Unfortunately, Violet grabbed the gum out of Mr Wonka's hands without knowing it wasn't quite done...

yet and then she started chewing on it immediately. Violet tasted the flavoursome tomato soup, juicy roast beef and the sweet blueberry pie. Violet claimed the gum was so realistic that she could feel the food going down her throat. Soon after Violet finished the gum, her face started turning blue.



Hermione screamed in terror. Not even she had ever seen a blue person. Not only did Violet turn blue but she was puffing up. Now she looked like a beach ball. Her belly was growing at an alarming rate. Everyone was scared except Mr Wonka, who was laughing a lot, but he still called the Oompa Loompas to take Violet and make her go back to normal, but before they took her away, Hermione told them to be careful and then she used a spell to make Violet back to who she was again. Violet and her parents left in quite a hurry without even thanking Hermione.

“Muggles these days!” Hermione thought to herself.

Two kids down, three to go! Mr Wonka led everyone to the walnut room. To everybody's surprise, there were squirrels there.

“Why squirrels?” Hermione asked.

Willy Wonka explained that no one in the factory could take the walnut shell out to see the walnut in one piece. Not even the Oompa Loompas. The only living thing in the world that can do it fast and perfectly are squirrels. They are lovely animals, and they accompany the Oompa Loompas too! “Then how do they know the difference between a good nut and a bad nut?” Hermione asked again. Mr Wonka told everyone to be quiet and to look at the nuts and squirrels. Heads turned towards the squirrels, and everyone saw a squirrel tapping a walnut on the table and chucking it into the bin. After that, another squirrel came and tapped another nut but this time, the squirrel...



passed it to another squirrel and so on. Hermione noticed a tiny girl asking her mum for something. She became louder and louder till everyone was able to hear what she was saying.

“Mummy, I want a squirrel, buy me one NOWWWW!” the girl, (Veruca Salt), shouted at her mother.

Veruca continued to scream at her parents to buy her a squirrel. Veruca was fuming that she couldn't have a squirrel, so she went right next to a squirrel, grabbed it and headed off but all of the squirrels came in. 25 squirrels took one leg, another 25 took her other leg and 49 took both of her legs. The remaining squirrel started bashing Veruca's head on the table.

“Ow, ow, ow, OWWW!”, Veruca shouted. Realising she wasn't a good nut; the squirrel stuffed a bunch of bad nuts from the bin in her mouth and began shoving her down the rubbish chute. Hermione, who could no longer stand the violence anymore, ran through the walnut area and recited another spell.

“Wingardium Leviosa”, Hermione exclaimed.


Veruca floated in mid-air. Then, Hermione dropped her down and both of them ran for their lives before any squirrel caught them. Veruca's parents decided it was best if they took Veruca home, so she won't cause any more trouble. Everyone happily waved goodbye to her. “Bye Veruca!” Now that she was finally gone, it was time for the next room.

Mr Wonka pointed at a sign that said television room. Problem was, to get to the room, they had to use the great glass elevator which didn't look 100% safe to Hermione. The first thing that needed fixing for the elevator should be: not be made of glass because it will break easily. Second issue is that everyone should be able to see what makes the elevator stay up. Mr Wonka claimed that sky lifters hold it up, but Hermione wasn't quite sure...



As everyone hopped inside, Mr Wonka told everyone to hold tight and indeed he was correct because the lift was even quicker than a cheetah! Hermione and Mrs Teavee, (mother of Mike Teavee), already felt sick but there was still one whole minute left of the journey. After that fun but scary ride, everyone reached the television room. As the name suggests, there was a television. The only person who was really excited about this room was Mike Teavee. He loved watching television, he couldn't survive a full minute without one. Hermione was disgusted by this behaviour, doesn't Mike have any friends to have fun with or is the TV his best friend. In Hogwarts, witches and wizards all survive without a television for a whole year until they go home for Christmas break. Mr Wonka explained that the TV sitting right in front of everyone wants an ordinary one. Once you put anything in the television, it will come back smaller than it was when you put it in...





This made Mike Teavee super interested. He sat there the whole time staring at the TV with his mouth wide open.

“If the TV can send objects and make them smaller, does it work the same for humans like us too?”, Mike asked in a rush.

“Well young man, I sent this chocolate bar into the TV yesterday and it has gone around the whole world but, I never tried it with a human, but I assume it’ll be okay,” Mr Wonka replied.

As soon as he said those last few words, Mike sprinted to the TV as happy as can be. “Bye Mum!”, Mike said cheekily but before Mrs Teavee could say anything, Mike had already disappeared into the wonders of TV. “MIKE!” screamed Mrs Teavee.

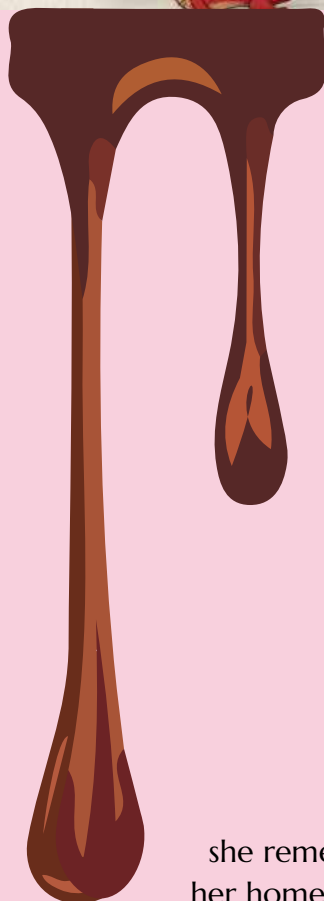
By now, Mike would be spinning around Earth.

Hermione was shocked to see Mike jump through the TV knowing that it was not safe. It was very careless of him. Now Ms Teavee was sobbing in the corner of the room repeating that Mike won’t come back but she was wrong a tiny creature appeared out of the TV.

Stepping back slowly just in case it could attack her, Hermione looked closely. It seemed to be a person as tiny as a bug. Straight away, Ms Teavee knew who it was.

“Mike, my poor boy!” Ms Teavee cried.

“Stand back everyone!”, Hermione said. She performed a tricky little spell but instead of Mike turning back to how he was, he turned into a short stubby boy.



It was known to be Hermione’s first mistake in her whole life. Ms Teavee was furious! She held Mike’s hand and stormed out of the building. Now the only three people in the factory were Charlie Bucket, (an extremely skinny boy), Hermione, Willy Wonka and you can’t forget the hundreds of Oompa Loompas. Hermione was having so much fun learning about the chocolate even though...

she remembered that this was not her home. Hogwarts was. Willy Wonka gathered up all his Oompa Loompa and headed to a room that read the ‘Meeting Room.’





Once everyone sat down and was quiet, Mr Wonka began the conversation. "The reason why I did this program was to choose the responsible child that could continue running my factory and you two children made it all the way through so you get to decide if you want to run the factory together or want one of you to give up", Mr Wonka said.

A thought hit Hermione, she couldn't run the factory, she had school and a magical life to look forward to. She had to just say politely that she had to go back to school. "Umm, Mr Wonka, I go to school in London, not in this town," Hermione explained.

She felt so embarrassed that she didn't appear straight back to Hogwarts when she came here.

What was Professor McGonagall going to say?

Mr Wonka said that it would be lovely if she stayed just until Charlie took the factory. Hermione knew that she would get in trouble anyway if she came back now so she decided to stick around...



First thing that Mr Wonka and Charlie had to do was collect his parents from their cottage. Sadly to Hermione, they had to use the great glass elevator to get down. Hermione held her belly with one hand and held on the pole with the other. She took a big breath, and the glass elevator went soaring down. Luckily it didn't take long so within one second, everyone was off. They had reached Charlie's house. Immediately, two boys appeared and Hermione recognised them clearly. "What are you doing down here Hermione, we were looking for you everywhere!", Ron exclaimed.

"Professor Dumbledore sent us here to look for you", Harry said.

The three of them held hands, repeated some words and they disappeared off to where they belonged.

TOMANON

Atharv Chowdhury

**'Inspired by
Superhero
Stories.'**

This is Banana Land where people live in eaten banana peels!



Where the temperature is measured in banana degrees! Where it rains bananas and where the hero lives... Tomanon! It was a cold, chilling day in Banana Land as the frigid wind swept the banana houses, when a random duck super trooper came and announced that Banana Land had been found and ordered to attack Banana Land. As all the apes started running around in havoc the duck troopers charged and then a muscular hand grabbed Tomanon and said the words: "You're coming with me..."

As Tomanon was dragged in and out of the duck truck he was dumped in front of no-one other than..... King Ducky Duck HIMSELF!!! The king boomed in a deep voice: "Tomanon of the apes, tell me all of your powers and secrets and DO NOT LIE TO ME!"

"Umm p-powers?" stuttered Tomanon.

"STOP LYING I KNOW YOU KNOW THE SECRETS OF THE BANANA SHOOTING TELL ME OR ELSE..." the king threatened.

The duck troopers chuckled at the sound of the word banana shooting.

"SILENCE!" the king shouted. "Speak up, you big furry ape. Hurry up already," the king said sternly.

"I said I do not know,"

Tomanon answered bravely. "Put him in the dungeons until he stops lying," Ducky Duck sneered.

Tomanon shrieked as he was dragged by chains and poked by rifles and then he saw his prison which was cold, uncomfortable, and stuffy. He struggled as he was pushed and shoved into the 'metal box.' There he sat thinking of his warm home and amazing bananas. Later that night he was called into the dining hall with the king.

There he was shocked at the amount of food on the table and his mouth immediately started watering.

The king then spoke: "Sit down, my loyal enemy, and eat."





Tomanon stood there, his mouth gaping open; he had never ever eaten such a feast!

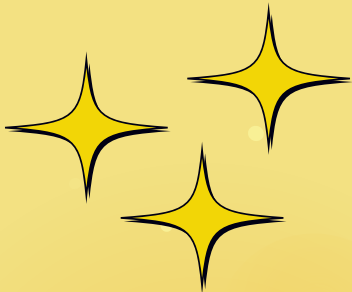
That night he slept like a log and was very much excited for breakfast, but this time instead of being taken to breakfast he was sent straight to the king's quarters.

Then the king spoke: "I give you one more chance, tell me about banana shooting or else..."

"I said I do not know," Tomanon interrupted.

"ENOUGH! Guards, bring him to me, I will see for myself if he is lying," the king ordered.

Tomanon had gotten enough. He fought back punching and kicking whoever dared to face him and then he ran for the door and jumped out!



He landed in a thick dense jungle but he knew that the super troopers would soon be after him, so he ran and ran far away from any sign of a duck super trooper.

Soon he was far away from any sign of help and then he was stuck alone. He had meals of roasted bugs and slept on beds of dry grass. He did not like this lifestyle, but he was still walking miles every day searching for help but never found any.

*

One day, he heard someone shout out his name.

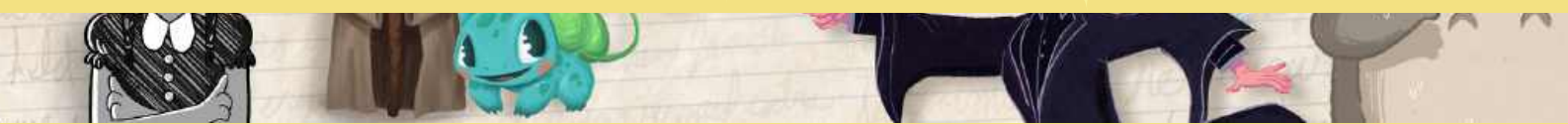
"Tomanon, Tomanon! Oh, it is you, finally you are here!!" a voice called out. Tomanon jumped at the sound of his name and scanned his surroundings and there he saw a calm looking ape...

his eyes wide open and investigating Tomanon's every move.

Tomanon gasped at him, his mouth gaping open. It was the person he read in books as a young ape, it was none other than the person who fought Ducky Duck – Reginald!! Tomanon took small uneasy steps towards Reginald wondering what he should say... 'Should I say how are you feeling? No that will not work, how about why are you living here? No, definitely not!' Tomanon thought to himself.

"Hello Tomanon," Reginald said smiling. Tomanon panicked. 'How does he know my name?' he wondered.

"Ummm hello... Sir Reginald?" he started, and he was still thinking what to say when he heard a noise...





“Quack, Quack, Quack! Tomanon has been located, get him!” a random duck super trooper ordered. But it seemed like Reginald knew what to do so he kicked into action he fought the duck troopers

bravely knocking them all out in one blow each!

Tomanon was amazed by the powers of Reginald and asked Reginald to teach him how to do that kind of martial arts but Reginald said no and that Tomanon was capable of more. That night Tomanon did not have to sleep on a bed of dry grass, he slept on a proper bed and just before...

he was about to doze off...Reginald came into his room and told him why Ducky Duck was after him.

“Tomanon, you are capable of the most amazing things and the reason the King was after you is because of your power of... banana shooting!”

Tomanon was still thinking about what banana shooting could be.

The next day Tomanon was woken up with an icy bucket of water and the sound of Reginald greeting him.

“Rise and shine young ape we’ve got a lot to do today!”

The first job for Tomanon was to fetch some water from the river and have a bath, then he was to eat breakfast and then wait for Reginald. This was the daily routine for Tomanon.



*



*

You would probably be wondering what happened to Banana Land when Tomanon was kidnapped right?

Well, every ape started panicking and searching for Tomanon. One of the search parties had run right into King Ducky Duck's palace! They called up the other search parties and barged into the palace, Ducky Duck, not being very smart, thought that these apes were duplicates of Tomanon! And so, he asked them about banana shooting. But this time these apes knew what banana shooting is, but they answered very bravely, "We know what banana shooting is, but we wouldn't dare to tell you!" Ducky duck was outraged at this kind of behaviour and banned the apes from eating anything until they starved!

Meanwhile, Tomanon was getting used to his timetable, so he decided to play a little trick on Reginald before he woke up. He ran to the river to get a bucket of water and then hid behind his door and Reginald walked in with the bucket of water, which he used to wake Tomanon up. But this time Tomanon emptied the whole bucket of water on him!! Reginald just stood there dripping wet, very shocked and then when he came to his senses, he emptied the bucket of water that he was holding on Tomanon! After these 'prank wars' they got to work.

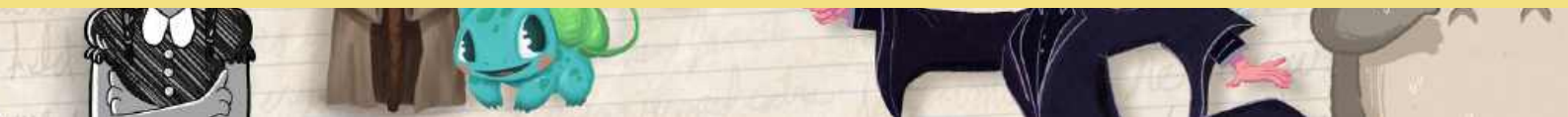
When Tomanon got to work, Reginald approached him and calmly said that he is ready to learn the powers of banana shooting. Reginald got into a deep explanation about how banana shooting works.

"So, you hold the banana like this and focus your mind on it, then it should shoot out a flaming banana and each banana has only 2 shots," Reginald explained.

Meanwhile at Ducky Duck's palace the apes were not quite starving; it turns out that apes can eat... fleas! And since apes are furry animals, they always have plenty of fleas living on them. The apes don't like the taste of fleas, but it is miles better than starving to death. But just then the ground of the prison cell started to shake and then it gave away!

The apes started screaming like madmen, "Sinkhole!", "Hurricane!", "Earthquake!", "Tomanon!"

All the apes stared at the ground and then into the face of the ape who had said 'Tomanon.'





“Tomanon, look it is him, I mean it!” he shouted enthusiastically.

“And he isn’t alone!” someone else shouted.

All the apes looked down and surely enough saw Tomanon and Reginald’s faces grinning back at them!

As the apes helped them up Tomanon grabbed a banana, focused his mind on it and out shot a flaming banana! It made an ape sized hole in the prison cell as they all ran out of the prison cell, Tomanon handed them each a banana, strengthening them up and Reginald winked at Tomanon and they ran straight into battle.

Ducky Duck shocked to see all the apes outside their prison cell grabbed a duck troopers’ rifle and ran for the gates and the duck troopers ran with him but Tomanon’s flaming bananas and Reginald’s martial arts blocked their way so they ran to the opposite direction, but they were trapped! Tomanon shot a flaming banana at the king’s rifle, burning it up in one go. Then he one by one shot all the rifles leaving no weapons left for the super troopers to use! The apes cheered, they had captured king Ducky Duck and won the battle! As they chained ducky duck up and walked back to Banana Land, they all chanted long live Tomanon, Long live Tomanon...

THE BOY WHO WENT INTO SPACE

Ayush Mohan

‘Inspired by Apollo 11’

WOOSH!

“Do you see any life on the planet? Well no! Right now all we see is dust and rocks. Wait, I see something up ahead. Is it aliens? No, it’s another spaceship. But we haven’t sent any space ships except for Apollo 11.”

Jo really liked space and that is why he is watching sci-fi shows about space. But just as it was getting to the good part, his mum called him down for dinner!

A Few Years Later...

“Wow! Is this Apollo 11?” asked Jo.

“Well, yes it is!” said the tour guide. Jo was amazed by the rocket ship and realised he wanted to be an astronaut!

When the tour guide left, someone else announced that they would be taking people inside of the spacecraft! Jo immediately put up his hand!

When Jo went inside, he was so tempted to touch a button but knew he couldn’t. But then someone bumped into him, which caused the ship to launch!

The rocket ship crashed into the ceiling and burst out the top of the roof! Jo was super nervous, he didn’t know what to do and the worst thing was that everyone on the rocket ship were kids just like him!

The rocket soon went into orbit and everyone was terrified. But luckily a person on the ship knew there was food and water in the rocket because he saw...



a staff member put in the food for display. So they went to explore the ship.

"I found the toilets," said a boy.

"I found the bedrooms," said a girl.

Meanwhile at the Space Station, the commander said it will take two weeks to get them back, and that they have to prepare the emergency spaceship right now.

On Apollo II Jo found his friend Steve, and they shared bunk beds.

Everyone started to get hungry. So, they all went and had some food.

Afterwards, they felt tired and went to sleep.

When they woke up they saw another spaceship coming. It was the rescue spaceship!

They were saved!

So, they all went back home and told all their parents about their crazy space adventure!




OPERATION JAVIER

Lucas Maxwell

'Inspired by Resident Evil'

In the shadowy depths of a clandestine laboratory nestled deep within the heart of Mixcóatl, Operation Javier was about to unfold. The air hung heavy with anticipation, punctuated only by the distant hum of machinery and the occasional echo of hurried footsteps. For years, rumours had circulated among the highest echelons of Umbrella Corporation, whispers of a covert operation known only as "Javier." Its purpose remained shrouded in secrecy, known only to a select few entrusted with its execution. In a dimly lit command centre, two expert operatives who work for a subsidiary of the BSAA (the good guys) gather around a bank of monitors, their expressions grim with determination. Those agents are Leon Kennedy and Jack Krauser, both veterans of biohazard threats that plagued the world. Their mission was simple in concept yet infinitely complex in execution: infiltrate a remote village in the heart of South America, apprehend a notorious drug lord named Javier Hidalgo, and uncover the truth behind his rumoured ties to bioterrorism...



As Kennedy stared at the monitor he thought out loud: "Something doesn't feel right about this mission, Krauser. It's like we're walking into the lion's den blindfolded." Krauser nods grimly "Yeah, I know what you mean. I've been on some tough ops before, but this... this feels different. More... foreboding." Kennedy checks his holster for his firearm "And I can't shake this feeling of déjà vu. It's like Raccoon City all over again." Krauser's voice tightens "Raccoon City... That nightmare still lingers, doesn't it? But we can't let our past dictate our future, Rookie. We've got a job to do, and people are counting on us." Kennedy nods and determination glares from his eyes.

"You're right. We can't afford to let our guard down, not here. We've faced bioterrorism before, but this... this feels like something else entirely." Krauser slaps a magazine into his machine gun.


"Whatever it is, we'll handle it. We always do. But this time, we need to be ready for anything, Rookie."

Finally, Kennedy tightens the straps on his tactical vest.

"Agreed. Let's just hope we're prepared for what's waiting for us out there."

For Krauser, it was the scars of war, both physical and emotional, that served as a constant reminder of the sacrifices made in the name of duty. But despite their fears and reservations, they knew that failure was not an option. With the fate of countless lives hanging in the balance, they would stop at nothing to see Operation Javier through to its

conclusion. With a silent nod of understanding, the team embarked on their journey into the unknown, their fate intertwined with the unfolding mystery of Operation Javier. Little did they know the horrors that awaited them in the depths of the jungle, where the line between science and madness blurred and the true nature of the Umbrella Corporation's ambitions would be revealed. As their transport helicopter descended through the dense canopy, Kennedy and Krauser exchanged tense glances, their eyes reflecting the uncertainty that gripped them both....



Around them, the jungle seemed to pulse with a primal energy, ancient and untamed; a testament to the forces that lurked within.

Touching down on the outskirts of the village, the pair moved swiftly, their movements fluid and precise as they fanned out to secure their perimeter. The air was thick with humidity, the heat oppressive even in the shade of the towering trees. As they advanced deeper into the heart of the village, the signs of life became evident: the sound of distant voices, the smell of smoke and sweat, the sight of figures moving furtively among the shadows. But beneath the facade of normalcy, there lingered an undercurrent of unease, a sense that all was not as it seemed. Rumours of strange happenings had circulated among the villagers for months, tales of disappearances and bizarre mutations that defied explanation. With each step, Kennedy and Krauser felt the weight of these whispers pressing down upon them; a reminder of the dangers that lurked in the darkness.

But they pressed on, their resolve unyielding, their determination unwavering.

As they reached the heart of the village, their worst fears were realised.

Javier Hidalgo stood before them, a towering figure wreathed in shadows, his eyes burning with a fierce intensity that sent shivers down their spines. But he was not alone. Surrounding him were creatures unlike anything they had ever seen: twisted abominations born of science run amok, their forms contorted and grotesque, their eyes gleaming with a hunger that chilled the soul. With weapons drawn and hearts pounding, Kennedy and Krauser braced themselves for the battle that lay ahead. For in the heart of this remote village, they would confront not only Javier Hidalgo,

but the true horrors of Operation Javier itself; a nightmare from which there could be no waking. As Kennedy and Krauser ventured deeper into the heart of the village, the air thickened with tension, their senses on high alert for any sign of danger. Suddenly, from the shadows emerged grotesque figures, twisted and contorted into monstrous shapes that defied comprehension. Kennedy draws his handgun.

“Krauser, we've got company!”

Krauser grips his machine gun as he grins grimly, “Looks like our welcoming committee. Let's make it quick.”

The creatures surged forward with unnatural speed, their movements a blur of claws and fangs. Kennedy and Krauser stood back-to-back, their weapons ablaze as they unleashed a barrage of bullets upon their assailants. “Keep them at bay! We must locate Javier!” Kennedy shouts over the gunfire. As the skirmish intensifies, the creatures appear to multiply, emerging from the shadows in ever-increasing numbers. Yet, Kennedy and Krauser remain resolute, their resolve unyielding in the face of daunting odds. Kennedy ducks and weaves in between the enemies, landing headshot after headshot.



"Keep moving towards the village, we need to find a choke point!" Krauser orders.

"They're relentless! We need an alternate route" Kennedy shouts.

"Agreed. Let's flank them instead, search for vulnerabilities." With a shared understanding, Kennedy and Krauser diverge, each navigating a distinct path through the chaos. Amidst the fray, they stumble upon a concealed laboratory, its doors sealed against the abominations within. After Kennedy fights through hundreds of zombies, still maintaining the same unwavering focus that he started with, he says, "Krauser, I've found something! There is an entrance to an underground lab here." Together, they breach the laboratory, weapons poised as they prepare to confront the horrors lurking within.

Unbeknownst to them, Operation Javier held within its confines a terror beyond imagination, a nightmare from which escape seemed impossible. As Leon and Krauser burst into the lab, shock registered on their faces as they took in the alarming sight. Javier Hidalgo stood at the room's centre, a syringe clutched tightly in his hand, injecting himself with a peculiar, luminous substance. A primal roar escaped him as his body contorted and transformed into a towering, wolf-like creature. Leon, raising his weapon, exclaimed, "What the hell...?"

Krauser, his gaze narrowed, responded, "Looks like Javier's ready to put up a fight." The monstrous creature lunged at them, its massive claws slashing through the air with deadly intent. Leon and Krauser moved with synchronized precision, dodging and counterattacking as they tried to outmanoeuvre their opponent. "We have to take him down, Krauser!" Leon shouted amidst the chaos.

"No matter what he's turned into, we can't let it hinder our mission to uncover the truth behind Operation Javier!" Krauser nodded grimly.

"Right. Let's end this!"

With renewed determination, they unleashed a volley of bullets, aiming to bring down the creature.

Yet, Javier's resilience remained unyielding, his ferocity undiminished as he fought tooth and nail to defend himself.

"He's too powerful!" Krauser yelled, narrowly avoiding a swipe.

"We need to find a weakness!" Leon scanned the room frantically.

"There must be something... Wait, over there!" he exclaimed, spotting a series of canisters along the walls, each bearing the Umbrella Corporation logo. Krauser's eyes widened in realisation.


"Those canisters... They likely contain the same substance Javier injected himself with!"

"Then we have to destroy them!" Leon declared urgently, "it's our only shot!"

With silent agreement, Leon and Krauser sprang into action, targeting the canisters while evading the creature's relentless attacks.

One by one, the canisters exploded in fiery bursts, engulfing their contents. As the final canister erupted, Javier's monstrous form faltered, giving way...





to anguished cries as he collapsed to the ground, reverting to his human state. Approaching cautiously, Leon addressed Javier, "What have you done?" Gasping for breath, Javier confessed, "Umbrella... They promised me power... But it was all lies." Krauser helped him to his feet, pressing for answers. "What do you mean? What is Operation Javier?" Javier grimaced in pain. "It's... a bioweapon... They're using villagers as test subjects... to create something monstrous..." Kennedy's expression hardened. "We have to stop them. Whatever Umbrella's planning, we can't let it happen." With Javier's revelation weighing heavily on their minds, Leon and Krauser set out once more, fuelled by determination to thwart Umbrella's nefarious plans...

unaware that the true horrors of Operation Javier were yet to unfold, and their journey was far from over.



"Wait! You can't just leave me here!" Javier screamed desperately. Kennedy felt a rumbling gurgle come from outside. "What the hell?" he said inquisitively. Krauser didn't need to think about it, "Lets go" he said in a cold tone. "What! don't just ignore me, I'm Javier Hidalgo goddamnit! Do you have any idea how powerful I am!" Kennedy's face tightened "You have no power anymore, and you have committed such atrocities against humankind you should be beheaded for your crimes!" Kennedy shouted in anger. As Kennedy and Krauser went to go and investigate the strange noises coming from upstairs, Javier let out one last word before he died of blood loss, "You're all dead! DEAD!" Once they arrived back on the surface their senses were assaulted by the stench of decay and the echoing cries of anguish. Their mission to uncover the truth behind Operation Javier had led them to confront horrors they could scarcely have imagined. Suddenly, from the shadows emerged a grotesque amalgamation of villagers, their bodies fused together into a towering, writhing mass—a nightmarish entity known as the Rat King. With a deafening roar, it advanced upon Leon and Krauser, its multitude of eyes glinting with malice. Leon gritted his teeth, determination flashing in his eyes. "We can't let this abomination stop us, Krauser. We've come too far." Krauser nodded grimly, his grip tightening on his weapon. "Agreed. Let's finish this once and for all."



As the Rat King lunged forward, its twisted limbs reaching out to ensnare them, Leon and Krauser sprang into action. They fought with unwavering resolve, their every move calculated and precise. But despite their valiant efforts, the Rat King proved to be a formidable adversary, its sheer size and ferocity overwhelming them at every turn. With each passing moment, it seemed as though their chances of survival grew slimmer. Just when all hope seemed lost, Leon's gaze fell upon a nearby gas valve, a glimmer of realization dawning in his eyes. "Krauser, the gas valve!" he shouted above the chaos. "If we can ignite it, we might have a chance!" Krauser's expression mirrored Leon's determination as they made a desperate dash towards the valve, narrowly avoiding the Rat King's thrashing appendages. With a swift motion, Leon started to twist the gas valve, "Get it to stand above the gas pipe line, this might take a while". Krauser dodged and weaved around the Rat King, luring it towards the ground above the gas pipe line.

"Plant the explosives!" Kennedy shouted. In a desperate move Krauser threw the C4 at the underground gas pipe markings on the road, as he ducked for cover he detonated the explosive, triggering a massive explosion that engulfed the creature in flames. The Rat King let out a deafening screech as it writhed in agony, its monstrous form consumed by the inferno. As the flames subsided, all that remained was a smouldering heap of twisted flesh and bone. Breathless but victorious, Leon and Krauser surveyed the aftermath of their battle, a sense of relief washing over them. Though their journey had been fraught with peril, they had emerged triumphant, thwarting Umbrella's sinister plans and putting an end to the horrors of Operation Javier once and for all. As they made their way out of the village, the echoes of their victory reverberated in the air, a testament to their unwavering courage and determination in the face of unimaginable evil. And though the shadows of Umbrella's influence still loomed large, Leon and Krauser knew that as long as they stood together....

they would always be ready to confront whatever darkness lay ahead.

THE GATE TO THE MULTIVERSE

Medha Komalan-Kunhambu

Inspired by The Marvels, Three Little Pigs, Goldilocks ‘

Faraway in our galaxy there is a gate that leads to the multiverse that nobody knew about until February 16th 6026. That was the day me and my crew discovered it. I was on a mission in space to find a special asteroid, but my spaceship crashed! Luckily, me and my crew survived. We drifted out into space and saw a giant thingamajiggy which looked like some kind of ancient gate.





There was a magic force field around it that had a tiny inscription on it that said, “Only ones who have a pure heart and can be trusted will be let inside”. Since I was the commander, I tried putting my hand through the forcefield first. The forcefield let me in, I was followed by Pilot Amaya. Soon one by one, my crew tried putting their hand through the forcefield and they were all let in. As soon as we had all got inside the force field, the gates opened up to a world which was like all the universes combined.

I could see the three little pigs, Goldilocks and the Marvels taking a selfie together! It was a wonderful sight to see and the best part was that they were all in peace and harmony. I longed to explore every single part of this amazing place but one of my crew members had called an emergency space rescue and it had arrived. It was time to go. I hoped with all my heart that I would be able to go there again.

This day would go down in history, we had just made a major discovery; we had found the gate to the Multiverse! - Commander Tahlia, 18 February 6026, Commander of the Space Racer.

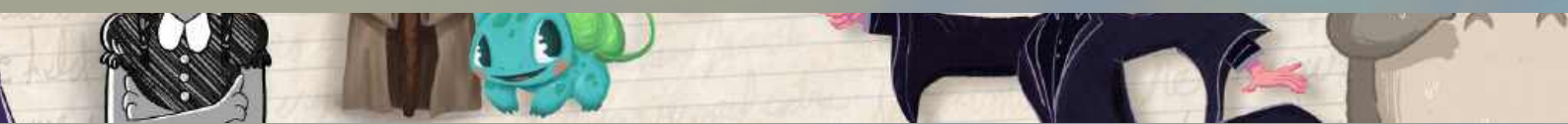
SOMETHING TO DO WITH STAR WARS

Lachlan Tatnall

‘Inspired by Star Wars’

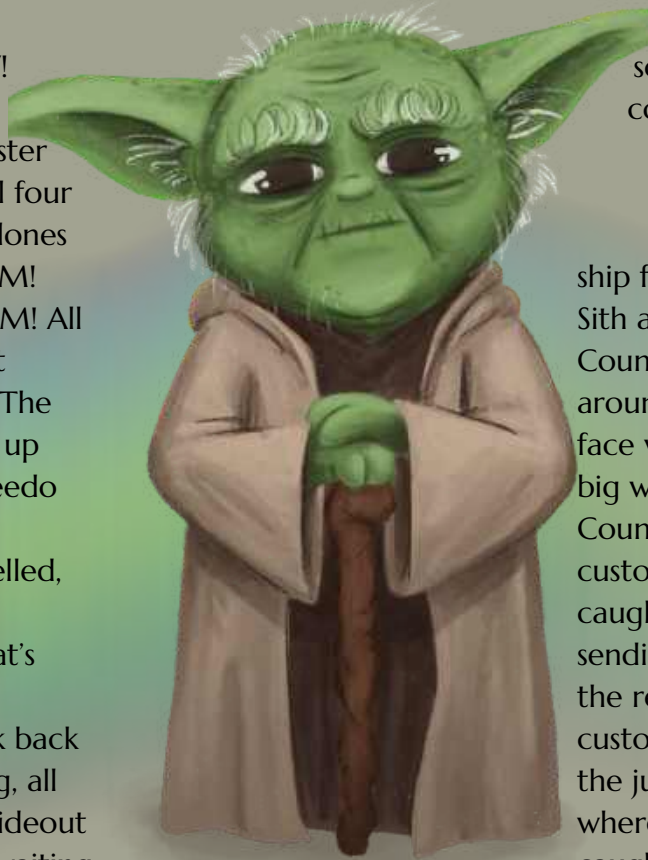
A Sith by the name of Weird Sith was trying to break into the Jedi Temple, except he was getting destroyed by the Jedi Temple guards. Then, he and the army of clones that came out of the Jedi Temple got onto their Speedo Bikes and took off behind each other. BOOM! A red blaster bolt came out of Weird Sith’s Airspeeder and hit one of the clone’s Speedo Bike. The clone instantly lost control and the clone swerved out of the air. BOOOM! The Speedo Bike—and the unfortunate clone—blew up! Obscuring the other clone’s view.

ZAP! A blaster bolt came out of one of the clone’s Speedo Bikes and it hit Weird Sith’s car. Weird Sith pulled out his lightsaber staff and pointed it at the incoming clones. PEW! PEW! PEW! PEW! Four blaster bolts came out of the remaining four clones’ Speedo Bikes.





PEW! PEW! PEW! PEW! Weird Sith managed to deflect all four blaster bolts. Coincidentally, all four blaster bolts hit the clones that fired them. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! All four Speedo Bikes lost control and blew up. The clones survived. Well, up until the wrecked Speedo Bikes set fire. "ARGH!" the clones yelled, right before they got burned alive (man that's gory and dark). Weird Sith didn't look back and just kept on flying, all the way back to his hideout where someone was waiting. "Hello!" yelled Count Dookie. "Hi?" Weird Sith replied. Then, the Jedi Knight, Oma Haha, broke into the building. She ignited her lightsaber gauntlet and attacked the two Sith. First, Count Dookie shot Hand-Lightning at Oma Haha, while Weird Sith ignited both of his lightsaber staffs. Oma Haha just blocked the Hand-Lightning and froze Weird Sith in place with a lazy wave of her hand. Next, Count Dookie got out his lightsaber handle (which looks like it got dented with a hammer) and ignited his lightsaber blade. When Count Dookie attacked Oma, she lost her concentration, releasing...



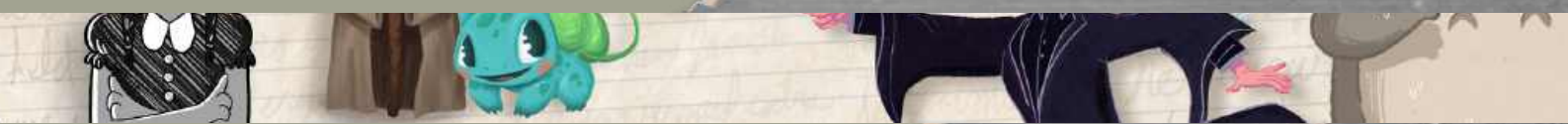
Weird Sith in the process. Weird Sith did a backflip behind Oma Haha and force-pushed her out of the way. While Oma Haha was knocked out, Weird Sith got onto his Airspeeder and Count Dookie got onto his custom and customised Airspeeder. Weird Sith and Count Dookie took off, leaving nothing but Dookie's ship and Oma Haha behind in the hanger. When Oma came to, Dookie's ship had enough fuel to (finally) take off. Oma hopped in and the big sale at the front of the ship retreated and the engine started. BOOM! Fire came out of the rockets...

so in no time at all, Oma could see Weird Sith and Count. Dookie on the horizon.

"Dookie? Why is your ship following us?" Weird Sith asked. Count Dookie turned around and got hit in the face with blaster bolts and a big wave of heat. BOOM! Count Dookie's custom and customised Airspeeder caught fire, blew up, sending Count Dookie and the remains of the custom customised Airspeeder into the jungle below. The part where Count Dookie landed caught fire and was reduced to ashes. PEW! A blaster bolt came out of his (Count Dookie's) starship and hit Weird Sith's Airspeeder, sending it sparking through the trees. Somehow, this is the exact spot where Weird Sith hid his Speedo Bike.

He hopped on, just as the Airspeeder blew up.

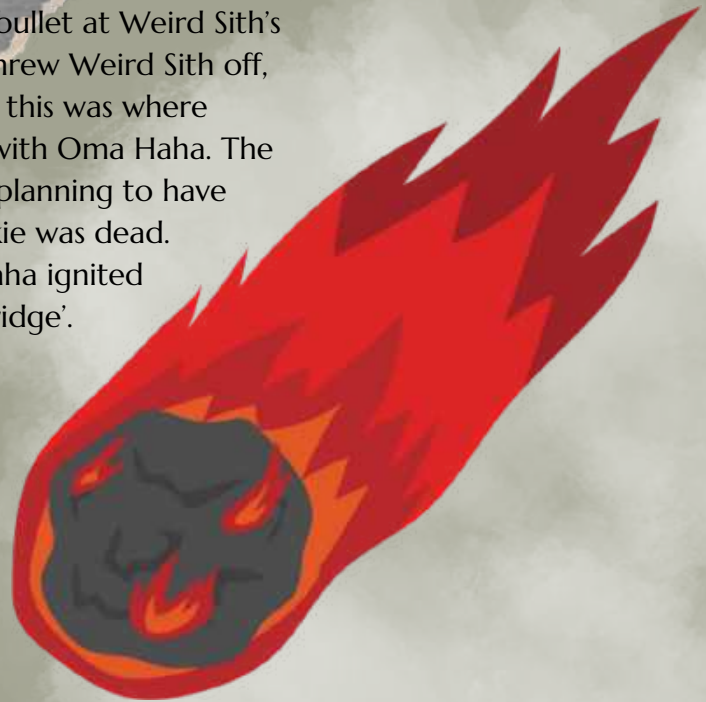
Weird Sith took off through the trees. Oma Haha got out a gun and shot it at the control panel. Dookie's ship blew up, sending Oma through the trees. She landed in front of Weird Sith.





Oma got out her gun and shot another bullet at Weird Sith's Speedo Bike's engine. The Speedo Bike threw Weird Sith off, before self-destructing. Believe it or not, this was where Weird Sith wanted to have his last duel with Oma Haha. The only difference was that Weird Sith was planning to have Count Dookie with him, but Count Dookie was dead. Or was he? Both Weird Sith and Oma Haha ignited their lightsabers and walked onto the 'bridge'. MONG! MONG! It didn't take long for the duel to start. Pause the story for a moment to tell you about the setting of the duel. It was on a 'bridge' that was just a loong plank of wood, because a first duel had already taken place there. Underneath the loong plank of wood, there was a pool of water full of piranhas, crocodiles, and sharks. Sounds familiar? That's due to the setting of the last duel from A ti. Back to the story. Oma Haha had hit a button on one of Weird Sith's lightsaber staff handles, making the handle collapse, then fall off into the shark, piranha and crocodile infested water.

MONG! Oma Haha knocked Weird Sith's other lightsaber staff out of his hand and onto the other end of the loong plank of wood. Right when it looked like Oma was going to kill Weird Sith, Hand-Lightning came out of the forest and almost made Oma Haha fall off the loong piece of wood. Count Dookie was standing on the forest end of the loong piece of wood. Holding his lightsaber in one hand and shooting Hand-Lightning out of the other. Count Dookie ran at Oma Haha, while she was stunned. At that moment, Oma recovered and Force-Pushed Count Dookie off the loong piece of wood. This time most likely killing him for real this time.

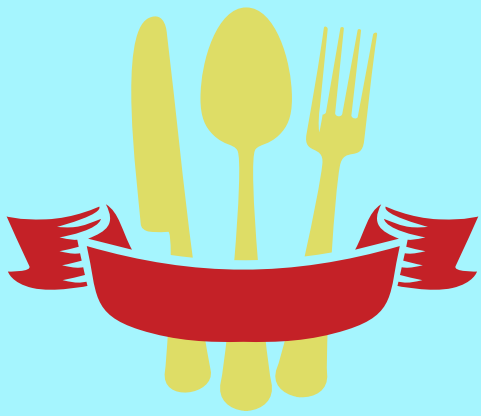


"NOO!" Weird Sith yelled, upon seeing his best friend get murdered right in front of him. Weird Sith flip all the way to the end of the loong plank of wood opposite the forest. Weird Sith raised his collapsible blade and chopped off the end of the loong piece of wood.

Oma Haha was holding onto the other end of the long piece of wood like her life depended on it, which of course it did.

"Please have mercy, Weird Sith!" Oma Haha pleaded. At that moment, Oma's gun fell out of its rack and into the water. PEW! BANG! The gun shot a shot at the not-as-long piece of wood. So now the not-as-long piece of wood, Oma Haha and Oma Haha's lightsaber fell into the man-eating piranhas, sharks and crocodiles.





THE HUNGRY GAMES

Zen Wong

'Inspired by The Hunger Games';

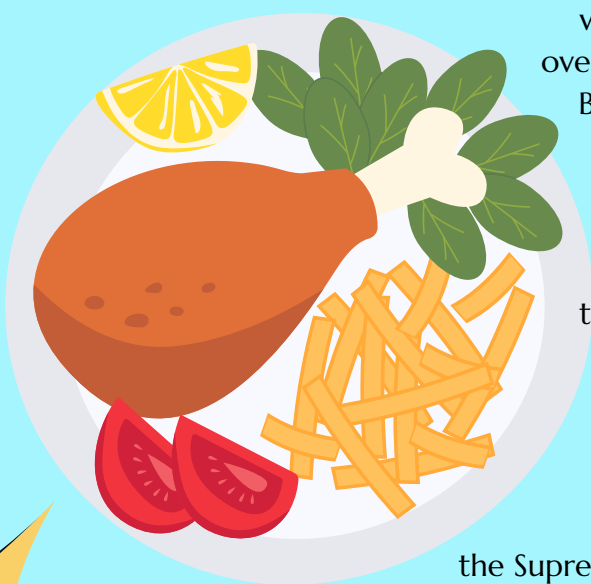
Oh! Hello there! My name is Bronte Mettlestone, and I live in an unnamed town. Strange, isn't it? Instead, my town is divided into twelve parts, or 'districts' as we citizens call it. I live with my only sister, Honey Mettlestone, and no-one else. We survive by stealing and I would not like to lose my sister. Not at all. Anyway, every year, we put our names in a draw on slips of paper to be pulled out of a large, fancy golden box that seems a bit too lavish regarding the consequences to be had if your name gets pulled out. This routine applies for every person under the age of twenty. The regular amount of paper slips with your name on it that go in the box every year is one, but if you want to take a risk you can trade extra paper slips for supplies and money. It's quite a nerve-wracking experience, seeing the Supreme Judge painstakingly pull one tiny paper slip out of a grand gold box, knowing that the name on that very slip of paper could be yours. If you are in the unlucky situation where the name on the slip is yours, then you must walk up to a grand podium, ready to be shipped off to commit to a challenge that is not so grand.

The Hungry Games are an annual event in which 12 participants, one from every district, get shipped off to a land of which only Grand Officials know the name of. Grand officials are people that have shown great promise to the Navy. Great snobs, they are, with polished shoes and dusted trousers. After the children are shipped off to the unknown land, they participate in a fierce competition called the Hungry Games.

The Hungry Games consist of three different parts: eating, making, and most important of all, tasting.

This may seem relaxing and straightforward, but it is actually pushing the limits of the human body. The first part, eating, requires great stomach capacity and increased tenacity. The second part, making, is pressuring and has an unusually short time for making a meal that must please the judges, who are very particular about the flavour of the dishes. Oh, and losing or displeasing the judges leads to instant death. The third part, tasting. You are blindfolded for this part, and you are fed a series of complicated dishes. You must name every ingredient in the dish, or else it's Jesus for you. The way the Supreme Judge kills those that do not meet the competition's expectations is widely known across the town. The judges kill the competitors by dropping a grand piano on each failure. Now that you know the horrors of the games, we shall progress to the story, which I am pretty sure was the entire point of this explanation.

It was the fateful day of the Drawing, which is not the usual calm activity but the action in which the Supreme Judge draws (hint, hint) a slip of paper from the grand gold box. So here we were, scared families hoping with their lives that the paper that was drawn did not have the name of a loved on it. Only fair. Scary business, it is, the Drawing. With a remarkable sense of suspense, the judge's hand reached into the grand box and drew out a piece of paper. Slowly, even more suspensefully, the judge looked at the piece of paper. Her eyes stayed the same, while anyone else's eyes would widen like dinner plates. With ever-heavy contempt, she voiced two words. "Honey Mettlestone."



Now, I would volunteer if I could, but that isn't allowed. So all I could do was watch helplessly as my only living family member was taken away to die. The Supreme Judge never shows any kind of emotion, and this moment was not an exception. She knows that this child will probably die within the next month, yet she has experienced it so many times before that it is as familiar to her as eating bread is to us. Honey had a look of great fear on her little innocent face. I don't cry, of course, I just look very helpless. As I should be, really. But as Honey steps up to the podium, there is a cry from the crowd. Funny voice, low and croaky. "That girl is not going up there! It's against the rules!" Now, if the person had just said 'stop' or something like that, the Supreme Judge would have simply overlooked him/her. But this particular person was not just saying 'stop', he was claiming that Honey going to the Hungry Games was against the rules. Since he had said that, the Supreme Judge did not just simply overlook him. (He is a man, by the way).

"Oh?" enquired of the Supreme Judge. "Yes!" the man yelled, face red and flustered. He looked rather important, with white hair and white coat adorned with medals of some kind. The Supreme Judge asked him to quiet down, and they had a long discussion. Hushed, whispered conversations were rising amongst the crowd as they saw the discussion get more and more heated. In the end, however, the Supreme Judge turned, the Hungry Games rulebook in hand. In her grand voice, she announced that "after a long discussion, this man has proved that this girl is not eligible for the Hungry Games. As a result, a sibling will take her place." My fear definitely showed on my face as I wobbled onto the podium. Honey now looked even more scared than she did when her name was called. I respect that, as it shows she cares for me. But even without this respect, my mind was buzzing. Why was Honey not eligible for the Hungry Games? Who was the man that had made the Judge make a mistake? I would write more of my questions down, but I am about to be shipped off to the...

Land that No-one Knows. See you soon.

The Land that No-one Knows is not what I had expected it to be.

I had expected it to be a ghostly, desolate place, with vomit on the walls and sneering faces.

Instead, it is a white room with a table in the middle.

Me and the other competitors didn't even take a boat or plane to get her. We arrived by van. The competitors around me don't all look scared, which I do not understand at all. This is a matter of life and death, mind you! How can a look of fear not show on one's face even when faced with almost certain death? I found it amazing that I could even think through the mist of fear that was shrouding my terrified brain. But for now, I have to put those thoughts aside, as the Supreme Judge is explaining the rules. I'm sorry if the writing on this page is bad. If it is, it's not my fault! I'm quaking in my quarters here.

All the competitors share a room, thank goodness.

I don't think I could survive the first night on my own.

I don't plan to get to know any of the other competitors as a result of something the Supreme Judge had said yesterday.

In a very dramatic voice, she said, "There are no rules as to not being able to put condiments in the person next to yours' food."

What she means by that is you are allowed to put any sauce or powder in other people's food. That's a problem, and teaming up seems like a bad idea now. The first challenge is happening in five minutes, and I just want it to be over. Gotta go!

When we wake, all the competitors are escorted to a large room. It's identical to the room we arrived in, just a lot bigger. There is a long table in the middle of it, with each of our names labelled on a chair.

Warily, we sit down, and immediately, an absolutely enormous plate of food pops up in front of us. Since the Supreme Judge has already explained the rules to us, we do not delay and start eating. It's tougher than everyone thought, and most of us are already stuffed before they finish half of their meal. A big boy with yellow fingernails keeps tipping red powder into the meal of the kid next to him. It doesn't seem to work, and I suspect the kid has been training for this event.



I definitely haven't though, and I'm stuffed before I can finish my noodles.

I only have time to think 'oh no' before I am dragged away into darkness.

I wake up to the sound of cackling. I don't recognise the voice before I sit up, my head pounding like a drum. I'm in yet another room, but this time the walls are plated in gold. A woman I vaguely remember is looming over me, and I gasp. Why is the Supreme Judge here? She was the woman cackling before. But why? I find all the other competitors around me, and I frown. Didn't at least one kid win?

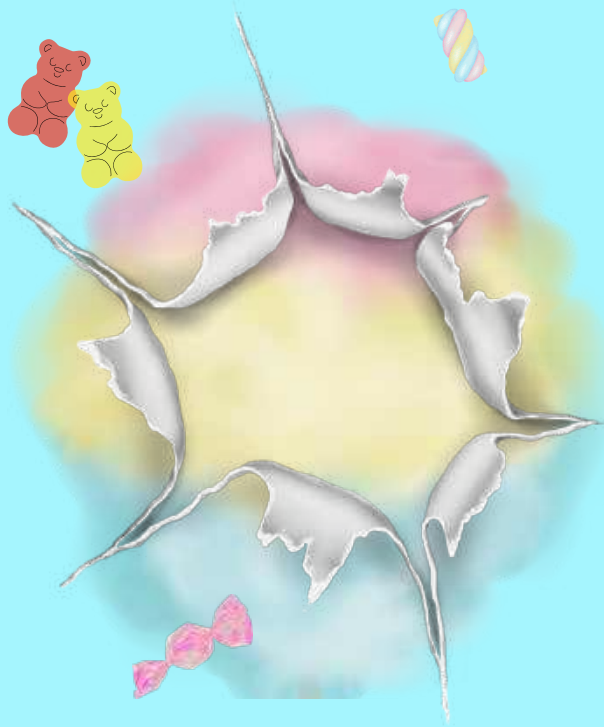
Welcome," laughs the Supreme Judge, "I suppose you're all wondering why you're here."

At this, I cringe. I hate when people state the obvious.

"You see, the Hungry Games was never how it is in the history books. I planned it all, I made all the decisions, and I am going to rule the world. I wanted the youngest child in my district...

...forgetting that any child that had an older sibling is not eligible for the Games until their sibling has participated first."

All of the kids around me look around in wonder. One kid gets up and tries to run through the shiny gold door, but the Supreme Judge...



reaches out and grabs him with her long spindly hands. She grins to reveal her spiny teeth, and tosses the boy against the wall. There is a loud crack and I know the boy is dead.

"Let this be a notice to any one of you who think of escaping later," she smiles, sickly sweet.

And she leaves. Without leaving us any hint about what's going on.

I can't sleep. I can tell that none of the other kids can either. The small sleeping bags we've been provided with provide little warmth, and soon the other kids are getting to know each other.

I feel a little left out, mind you, so I say something.

"What do you think the Supreme Judge is going to do to us?"

The kids all turn to me with a surprised look on their faces. I feel myself blush a little, and I repeat the question.

"Yes, we heard you the first time," a boy says, his gruff voice echoing around the empty room, "To answer your question, I think she's going to use us for something, then kill all of us but one.

She'll then send that one home to keep her reputation." the boy added.

Everyone looked at him.

"What?" he asked. All of us spoke at once, chattering about what we should do about the evil plan.

Meanwhile, the boy who had spoken sat there, bewildered about what his guess had done. Suddenly, light streamed through the room.

“ENOUGH!” the Supreme Judge called, and the room fell silent.

Her face was red, and her eyes glowed with an almost inhuman rage.

“You,” she whispered, pointing to the boy who had given us the solution, “come with me.”

The boy was visibly shaking as he stood up. After he left the room, there were some screams, and the footsteps of the Supreme Judge coming back. One by one, she tossed us into a prison cell and locked it.

“No-one will know what happened to you eleven. All they will know is that you could not withstand the terror of...” she paused for dramatic effect. “The Hungry Games.”

THE DUMP

Norah Davidoff

‘Inspired by: Harry Potter, Murder Most Unladylike & No Ordinary Boy’

I walk into a strange but delightful room. Bookcases tower over me and a monarch butterfly flies in the open window. A warm light floods in, but strangely, a shadow hangs over an empty bird cage. The smell of old books fills my nose and dust tingles my tongue. I quickly spin around, to find an old typewriter has fallen from a high shelf. As it brushes against my skin, I notice it feels smooth and polished. I feel comforted, but something isn't right.

Suddenly a wave of tiredness cascades over me and I curl up on a scarlet divan and drop off.

“Hello, what do we have here? Oh, it's an ickle ‘uman!” I clear my eyes to find an owl standing over me, right about to peck off my nose.

“Aaaaaghghhhhh!” I scream.

“Ooooh, my apologies, I haven't seen an ‘uman for four years now and I was getting peckish,” the owl coos apologetically.

“W-wait, who even are you – where am I?!” I start to panic as I speak.

“Oh, I'm Hedwig, and we are in the Land of Unknown and Forgotten Characters and Settings, ‘The Dump’ for short,” explained the owl, or rather, Hedwig. “And as for the setting, Lord Hasting's library from Murder Most Unladylike.”

“Wait, if so, why am I here?” I exclaimed, getting hysterical again. “Oh, you must be unknown,” Hedwig said casually. “If you want to be known, you must go to that castle on the hill.” She pointed a wing to the window.

“Why did I agree to this!” I mumble under my breath.

Bang, Bang, Bang, go the drums as the portcullis goes up as I, dressed in velvet robes and a mediaeval headdress.

I look up at the ensign, to find Morgan Le Fay's – from No Ordinary Boy – sigil printed upon it.

I start to protest but it is too late.





The procession has already passed the barbican and into the keep and now, all of a sudden I'm kneeling before Morgan Le Fay, evil sorceress and murderer.

I am done for it.

"Hurry up! Make your statement!" Morgan snaps as I knelt on the cold stone floor.

"I - I - I ..." I stutter.

"Spit it out! She's getting angry now!"

"I ... Why am I unknown?!" I shriek, before bursting into tears.

"Oh," says Morgan, suddenly kind, "I can't help with that, you'll have to visit David in his shoe shop in South Africa, he knows all of the tricks of the modern world, his son lives in 2024! He's sure to know."

I sigh before trudging out of the keep. The journey is just beginning!

THE RUN

Kemmy Nguyen

'Inspired by A Stella Montgomery Intrigue Wakestone Hall'

Something felt off. I shuddered. My hands became cold. I felt chills up my spine. I trembled slightly as I took in the silent eerie atmosphere as a feeling overcame me, a dreadful feeling as if a soul was present with me...

as if a ghoulish hand was on my shoulder.

I turned back frightened, looked around again, but saw nothing.

I nudged and encouraged my sister, Luna, to walk a bit faster. Suddenly something flickered in the corner of my eyes.

"RUN!" I yelled.

I grabbed Luna's hand; adrenaline running through my veins as we ran for our lives through the forest. I couldn't recall how long we had been running for. I looked back, the ghostly man was gone. I shivered at the thought of his white pale nightmare-ish face.

All that running made me feel so drained. I was scared to my wits jumping at every crack and looking behind us occasionally.

"Let's stop at Tranquil Lake when we reach it. The boat should still be there," I said in a deep weakened voice.

"Yes, then we can boat out of this place?" replied Luna in a scared high-pitched tone.

I looked up and hugged her tightly, and she started sobbing on my shoulder trying to hide her scared face, failing desperately as I comforted her.

"It's going to be alright Luna. As long as we reach the boat!" Luna sniffled as she replied croakily "Really?"

"Really," I said, trying to hide the shakiness in my voice.

"Luna, remember my special hair clip of the moon that...

you've been begging for? You can have it when we reach home. It will protect you from all the bad spirits when we go explore all the realms above," I said to her, hoping she didn't notice my devastated, crestfallen face.

We moved in the direction of the lake but often looked back to check for that haunted figure from before. I occasionally distracted Luna with stories and poems I had made up when I got bored and even bragged about one of my most wonderful drawings, one was of this exact forest and a lake I had seen here once! Tranquil Lake was what it was called.

In the drawing, the lake was shimmering in the morning sun. It was so clear that you could see the brightly coloured fish under the ripples of the water. Under the surface were their tiny homes made of bits and pieces of coral in every type of pigment you could think of! Red, orange, purple, beige, maroon, aqua, indigo, and even azure! "Here we are! At last! The lake!" Luna grasped with a hint of relief in her voice, interrupting my...





dreamlike extravaganza storytelling of another of my glamorous mythical tales. I smiled reluctantly at Luna as she said that.

“Luna, here,” I said, handing her a small dry-snapped stick. Luna took it slowly from my hand and began to randomly draw shapes on the rock that she was sitting on.

I smiled nervously as I continued in a trembling voice, “stay here alright and don’t go anywhere. I’ll be back. I’m going to go look for the boat just a bit further down there, along the edge. I won’t be long, I promise.”

“Okay, be safe, sister,” replied Luna, playing a sweet smile on her face.

Moments after, I searched for the boat we would make our great escape on.

When I reached the log that I had tied the boat to, my eyes widened in shock to see that the boat was gone. I looked back paranoid and anxious. “Alright, nobody is there,” I reassured myself.

I thought as I closed my eyes for a moment. “JANE!” A scream came from Luna’s direction.

“LUNA!” I yelled in distress as I jumped up and ran towards her.

I winced in pain because of the twigs poking my feet but all I cared for then was that Luna was in danger. When I reached the desperate cries for help, all that was left was Luna’s back through the leaves. Someone was holding and dragging her small figure. A strong sickening feeling filled my chest...



THE LORE OF 'TRANSFORMERS: PRIME'

Alexandra Webster

'Inspired by Transformers: Prime'

Primus and Unicron were alone in the universe. Two brothers surrounded by the vast emptiness of space. Primus was a being of creation, while Unicron was one of destruction. Primus willed his alternative form into one of a habitable planet, as did Unicron, who wished to outshine his brother. One became Cybertron and the other, Earth. Primus worked hard to turn Cybertron into a land of peace and prosperity. The first inhabitants were the Predacons. Ancient mythical beings that roamed the planet before the Great Cataclysm that wiped them out in an apocalyptic event. Only their bones remain, that is how they were found and studied. Cybertronians took to the planet next, the Primes were among them, 13 Cybertronians chosen by Primus himself to govern and protect their world. They protected the planet, and its people, from Unicron, who’s jealousy took his heart and turned it black.





Unicron soon found that fighting back against the one he once called his brother and his little plaything was pointless. Having been 'defeated' he returned after centuries to the galaxy we now call our home. During this era of peace, Primus laid down to rest, while this time of joy was continuing. His final creations were the Insecticons, the Minicons, the Avian type Cybertronian, the Triple Changers. As time marched on, those old Primes selected their replacements, though these replacements would never be true Primes, and this order continued on for billions of years.

Billions of years later...

D-16 was alone. As he was a part of the mining caste, he had never owned a designation. He was at the bottom of the food chain on his planet and the reason was aft – because he was born a miner for the Well of Allsparks. How he longed to be free. He wanted nothing more than to explore beyond this mining hive he lived in, where smog clouded the sky and those flaring yellow lights cast grim shadows across the metal world.

The opportunity to leave was one day presented to him. The Pits of Kaon were in need of a new champion, and that would be him. He cast aside his old designation, adorning a new one.

Megatronus was made the newest Champion of the Pits of Kaon.

With his new given role, Megatronus was forced to fight for others' amusement. Many of those he called friends had died this way, although his old life was never much better. Being in the oppressed lower working castes he had to claw his way to be the champion of these death matches.

The name, the fame, this life, was never one he wanted.

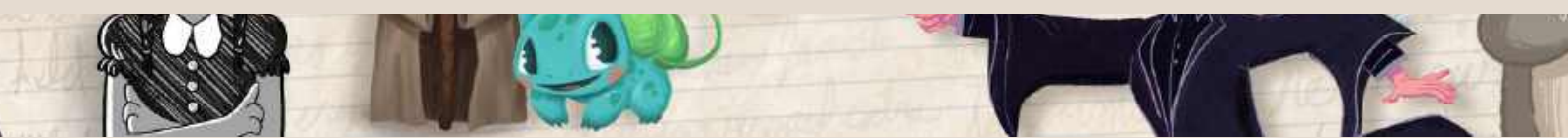
The only light of these dark days would have been in visiting his "brother" in the Halls of Iacon. The data clerk, Orion Pax. The two were inseparable. And described by all as two sides of the same coin. The two often discussed the caste system and how the Council was wrong for following this tradition for this long. Soon Megatronus left Orion and headed back to the arena to practise. The two shared their goodbyes as Megatronus left, back to the Pits of Kaon to fight for another day.


The intricate design of the marble structures was breathtaking. The orange hues off the rocks brought a regal glow to the battle being fought in the centre of this arena.

Megatronus vs Soundwave, a fight unlike all those they have fought before. The two moved in a fluid motion. One could mistake them for a well choreographed dance but the weapons they held gave it away. One would strike the other and then counter the next blow delivered. Dust kicked up in the swirl, hovering in the air.

The orange ground highlighted their spills of blue blood, turning the oval arena into a mosaic, as they traded blows across this stage. As the fight went on, the two traded compliments with every few swings.

Only when Soundwave was knocked to the ground, a blade brought centimetres away from his neck, the winner was declared. Megatronus was victorious once again.






A rare smile flashed across his face, as he looked down at his old friend, offering his hand out. The hand was taken, as the sand will never be the best of seats. Unreadable as ever, Soundwave's visor displayed the classic smiley face emoticon. Never would he be mad that his comrade bested him once again. And as the two left through the arches embedded in the walls, to their quarters, they only hoped that they could look convincing for their audience tomorrow. As their battle neared ever closer.

THE PAPER FOREST

Leo Ruiz-Walsh

Inspired by Harry Potter



Bee, aged ten, sometimes wished that she could read. She had climbed a tree quickly, with ease, but she could not read the sign at the top. She had just been delivering some dumplings to Mrs. Smith when she saw the sign. It had a picture of a bald man with evil, snake eyes. All Bee wanted was peace, so it annoyed her to see something that looked like a police poster. She climbed down while wondering who that man on the poster was. Bee walked to Mr. Lee's pod, lost in thought. She climbed up a ladder carved into the tree and knocked on the oval shaped door. When her kindly neighbour answered, Bee said curiously, "Mr. Lee, do you know who that bald man in the poster is?" "Yes, it is He Who Must Not Be Named," answered Mr Lee, frightened.

"Who is 'He Who Must Not Be Named?'" Bee asked. "I do not like to say his name," Mr Lee replied. "Then spell it," said Bee.

Mr Lee gave a sigh that sounded like an agreeable uncle consenting to play a game with his youngest nephew. "Oh, okay, it is spelled V-O-L-D-E-M-O-R-T," he said with a shiver.


"So it would be said, Voldermort?" asked Bee, inquiringly.

Mr Lee jerked back and shouted, "Don't say the name!"

Bee said, "I don't understand why it's scary?"

As she said that, she felt a warm pulse over her heart. She realised with alarm that that was where her mother's amulet was! The amulet was made of the shiniest silver you could find. In it, reflected, there were the trees of the Paper Forest.

The Paper Forest was a perfectly normal forest except for that the residents all loved to read and they all lived in little pods hanging in between the trees. The forest smelt like pine and redwood. It sounded like birds chattering and the hum of working people.



There were many, many libraries and bookshops.

The libraries looked like rows and rows of pods, filled with books.

The pods were connected by hanging bridges. Bee lived in a small pod suspended by thick ropes in between two trees. The pods' walls were covered in empty bookshelves unlike the other pods which, on the inside, were covered with books.

Without warning, the amulet on Bee's chest glowed with a sudden light and words started appearing on its back!

Mr Lee noticed the glow and asked, "What is that on your chest?"

"What? What on my chest?" Bee answered, sounding confused.

She looked down and almost fell over with surprise as she saw the amulet glowing with the writing on its back. With trembling hands, Bee held out the amulet, asking, "can you please read the writing on the back of this?"

Mr Lee replied, "Yes, I can read it for you. It says 'I can destroy your problems but only without fear.'"

A flash of light from the amulet brought Bee back to the real world and she realised that Mr Lee was talking to her.

"What do you think these words mean?" asked Mr Lee curiously.

"I don't know," answered Bee.

She mused ponderously on what the message could mean and why the words had appeared at that exact moment.

When Bee was walking home, she made up her mind to try and find this Voldemort that everyone seemed so terrified of, but she would have to do it by surprise.

Bee was creeping along in the forest when she heard a crunching of leaves underfoot and a high chilling laugh. She crept into a clearing and saw a man with evil, snake eyes and a deathly white face who she now knew as Voldemort. The amulet on her chest glowed with a sudden bright light and warmed up that it was almost scalding to the touch.


'So much for a sneak attack then,' thought Bee.

Voldemort turned around and said in a leering voice smooth as a slippery fish, "so, a little child has come to try and defeat me, has she? Children have tried that before, many times, but they never succeed."

"Harry Potter defeated you and he was only eleven" Bee answered defensively.

"But books aren't always the truth, are they, child? What do you have, child, that sets you apart from all the others?" asked Voldemort cunningly.

"I have this!" shouted Bee, clutching the amulet her mother gave her. With that, the amulet around her neck glowed brilliant white and she slipped into blackness!



MR. SNOCKKINS WORST DAY EVER!

**Kavyanshi Gupta
'Inspired By E.T'**

Mayor Snockkins had just arrived on the Moon in his compact spaceship that looked like it had been purchased at a toy shop. He was quite relaxed and curious as he slowly stepped out of his spaceship, taking a deep breath of the Moon's air. It was surprisingly pleasing and less polluted than Earth's air.

Mayor Snockkins curiously stepped into his brand-new home at 27 Cheese St, Cheddarmoon, Moon. But he soon found out that he had no bed to sleep, no food to eat, and no toilet!

Lucky for him he remembered to bring his fresh earthworms, lightly salted snails, a portable toilet, and even his very warm and comfortable dog bed. "Phew," he sighed with relief. "At least I have my favourite two snacks and my essential for living!"

But a few moments later...

"GAHHHHHH!" screamed Mayor Snockkins! He was being chased by bright green aliens.

"LEAVE ME ALONEEEEEEE!" he screamed once again. "WE WILL NOT UNLESS YOU GIVE OUR MOON BACK AND GO HOME TO EARTH!" replied one of the bright green aliens. "YOU DON'T BELONG HERE!" called out another. "I'm afraid that is not possible!" cried Mayor Snockkins until...

A FEW SECONDS LATER!
"AAAAAAAHH!" screamed Mayor Snockkins as he quite literally fell off the Moon!

"Somebody help me!" he begged helplessly but obviously none of the bright green aliens came, as they were taking quite a while to warm up to an Earthling like him.

A group of astronauts passed by, but they didn't notice a small canine and quickly abandoned him.

A few moments later, Mayor Snockkins discovered another rocket ship a few metres away from him. He tried to breaststroke as fast as he could to reach the rocket ship safely. He waved as energetically as he could to ensure that the astronauts could see him and take him onboard to help him.

They brought him on their rocket, but

Mayor Snockkins soon realised that they were headed the exact opposite direction.

"Where are we going?"

Mayor Snockkins questioned to clarify his doubts.

They replied saying that they were travelling all the way to Mars!

"I need to go to the Moon, not MARS!" he screamed at the astronauts, who only had vague knowledge of where Mayor Snockkins had actually lived.

The astronauts announced that they needed to change directions and dropped him off at the Moon, but the bright green aliens were patiently gathered in a crowd waiting for him there.

'Oh boy,' thought Mayor Snockkins.

"We were awaiting your arrival Mr Snockkins," said the mighty leader of the bright green aliens calmly (which was very unexpected).

The bright green aliens shockingly told Mayor Snockkins that he could live on their moon peacefully, but Mayor Snockkins still didn't fully believe them.

He thought they were trying to trick him into staying so they could trouble him more than ever, right up until they gave him a basket filled with an immense number of worms and lightly salted snails!

But Mayor Snockkins still didn't believe them until he tasted one worm and licked one snail and he instantly believed them – it was delicious!

But then Mayor Snockkins...

FELL OFF THE MOON AGAIN!!!

HOLIDAY DISASTERS FOR CHARLIE BUCKET!

Alexander Koeatmodjo

**'Inspired by Charlie and the
Chocolate Factory.'**

Charlie Bucket. I am 90 percent sure you have heard of him. But I am 99 percent sure that you did not know that he used to be an extraordinarily rich boy, back before the Oompa Loompas went to Mr. Willy Wonka's factory to work there for him.

So read on to find out how he became poor...

Charlie Bucket was a rich boy. His family was richer than anyone in the world, and the Buckets had extra protection put around their mansion for anti-burglar protection in 1931.

Two days later, Charlie's mum found him gaping at the papers on his rickety, old, wooden chair in his lounge room.

"Ch-Charlie, my boy, what's —"

"This," said Charlie, showing off the paper, "I will read it aloud. So here goes!



'Easter Island: Re-Enterable at Last – News That Will Pay Off This Easter!

For a Holiday at the price of \$1,000, we present to you: the C.E.C.! You might have gone to or live in England or Wales, but JUST winning a cookie eating competition for a holiday to Easter Island; what are the chances?!?'

So, there you are, and now, finally, the big question, CAN WE ENTER?!?'

"Y-yes, Sweetie, we can enter the Cookie Eating Competition." replied Mrs Bucket, and hurried away to find her laptop so she could search for 'How to enter the C.E.C' on Google.

Two weeks later, Charlie found two large packs of chocolate chip cookies in his mailbox. He ate all the cookies, then sent them back as instructed on a sticky note that was stuck on the packets.

A month later, in the papers, it said:

C.E.C. Results: Revealed at Last!


As the world holds its breath for the major second, I may just announce that Mr. Willner Wonkier is announcing the C.E.C. results on the 16/4/2017!

On the big day, at 4:15pm, people all over the world started counting down.

"60, 59, 58, 57, 56, 55..."

Seconds ticked away...


"38, 37, 36, 35, 34, 33..."



Wonkier read all the results
an eleventh time...
He had to choose quickly...
“26, 25, 24, 23, 22, 21...”
He thought, and he thought...
“14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9...”
From outer space, the world
looked like a round lightbulb
being lit up because of all the
television screens lighting up
around the globe...
“Four, three, two, ONE...”
He chose.
“ZERO!”
“B-Bucket... Charlie Bucket...
YOU WON!!! MR. CHARLIE
BUCKET, IT’S YOU! THE ONE
AND ONLY CHARLIE BUCKET!”
screamed the man, waving
the tickets in the air for the
world to see.
“EASTER ISLAND TICKETS
COMING RIGHT YOUR WAY:
TO THREE LITTLE WELLING
STREET!”
The next day, Charlie found
himself eating a prize cookie,
in his car, beside the Buckets’
big bag of money that they
were bringing on holiday, on
his way to the airport.
Three hours later, the Buckets
met a man at the airport.
“Ready, Beckets?” said the
man.
“Err it’s Bucket, and –”
“Oh, so sorry, Bore-kits.”
Everybody turned out their
pockets.
“No, not ‘pockets’, bore-kits!
Anyway, in you go!”
So, everybody stepped into
the red and yellow jet plane
to see a lounge with seven
seats.

A long bar was attached to
the roof, hovering over the
armchairs.
Buckets, if I have not also
mentioned the
grandparents, took their
seats. Then an
announcement turned on.
This is what it announced:
“Hello, passengers,” it said,
“and welcome to Easter
Island Jet II!”
 (“Wait, what? An eye?” said
Grandma Josephine.)
“Now, I assure you that this
jet is 99.9% safe. Safety is
why we built a railing that
should be above you,
oxygen masks were placed
on the side of the armchairs,
the television screen in front
of you might turn red and if
it does turn red, take out
the space suit underneath
your seat because this means
we might crash, you should
help others after you. Have a
lovely day!”
The Buckets put on their
seatbelts, put on their
headphones and clicked
through the different
channels and shows on their
screens.

The jet plane
lifted off; and
soon it was high
above the
clouds.



When Charlie was in the
middle of watching
‘Lego Movie 3’, his
television screen turned
red! Thirty seconds later,
there seemed to be
eight astronauts
standing in a jet plane,
holding onto a metal
bar!
Then suddenly, there
was a tremendous
‘BANG!’, a scream that
sounded like: “THE
MONEY!”, and soon, the
Buckets were transferred
onto a large meteor.
Then, out of nowhere,
three dragon-like beasts
appeared, so everybody
had to hide in a crater.
The next day, a head
popped out of a skinny
crater. The owner of the
head was Charlie Bucket.
“All clear!” said Charlie,
climbing out of the
crater.
“Hello.” said a strange
voice.
“Hello, I know you, and
PLEASE COME OUT!”
called Charlie, thinking it
was one of the Buckets.
“Uh... Weh – well...”
“Come, ON!”
“But me already out, and
me want to help...”
Then all Buckets the
spun on the spot to see
a friendly looking
dragon-like beast.
“H-h-hello...?” said
Charlie, nervously.

“Hello! Me want help you get home. Me may?”

“Oh, okay.”

“YAY! Get on me back, and me fly you home.” The Buckets clambered onto the creature’s back.

“We off go! Yay! Wait. Were you live?”

“Err... planet Earth.” answered Charlie, pointing to indicate the planet Earth.

Then, Charlie kept on instructing until they were back on Earth. “Th – thanks.”

“Anytime! Or do you say: ‘You’re welcome!’?” replied the monster, then he flew off back to his crater.

Three days later, Charlie said: “Mum,”

“Yeah?” replied Mrs Bucket.

“Can I have a new drone? We lost the old one.”

“Uh...”

“Go on! Go on!”

“Www...well, you know how someone screamed: ‘THE MONEY!’?”

“Y – yeah...” Charlie’s stomach turned over.

“Was it you?”

“Yeah, and we DID lose the money, I watched it float away with my very eyes.”

“Oh. I – I see. Okay Mum.” And with that, Charlie left the room.

The End...

...or is it?

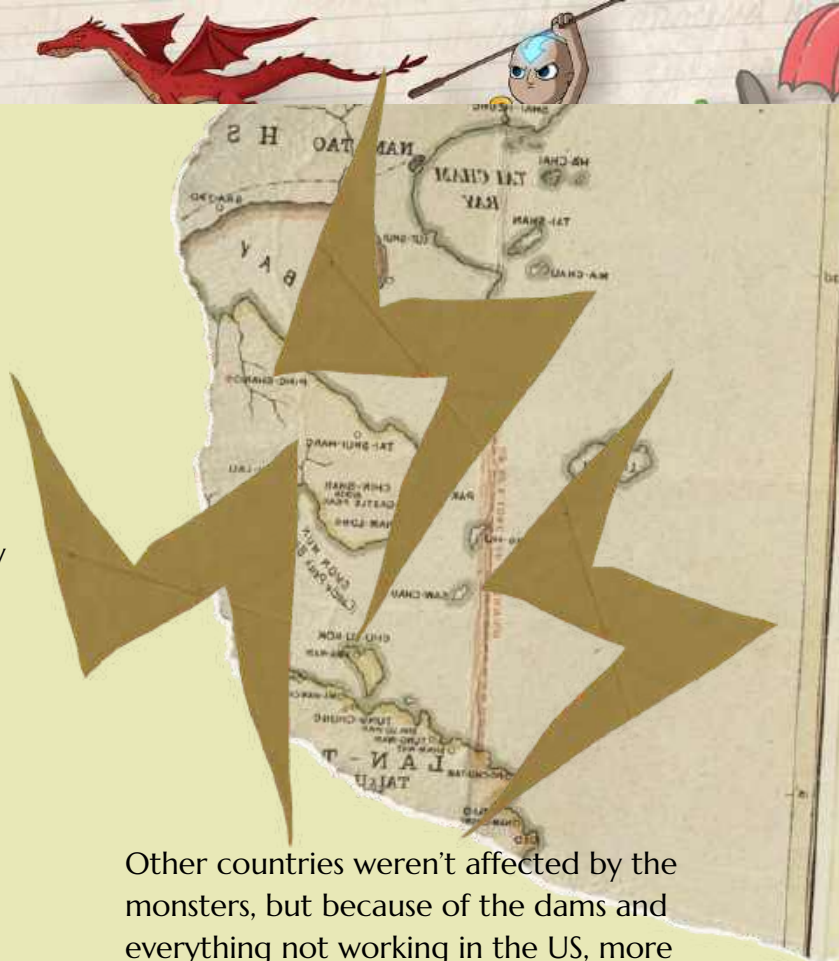
MONSTER TAKEOVER

Darren Kuan Hou

Inspired By Last Kids On Earth

Ever since a scientist had discovered how to make life, humanity was on the verge of becoming extinct. You see, he had created a monster. It was large, one-eyed, strong and hostile. After the monster knocked over some genome, more monsters manifested.


They took over every single city and states of the entire US.



Other countries weren’t affected by the monsters, but because of the dams and everything not working in the US, more natural disasters happened. Tsunamis, hurricanes, earthquakes and more gripped almost all of North and South America, Africa and all countries in Oceania except Australia. Strangely, Asia and Europe weren’t affected. It was as if some people were preventing those disasters from happening on those continents.

Let’s go to our protagonist, a young girl named Cassie.

She lived with her parents in the state of Florida before the monster takeover happened. When it happened, she was at school in her history class. Because history class was really boring, she fell asleep. When she woke up, she was alone, with monsters outside the building. Cassie ran out of the school and drove the fast school bus to her parent’s home, even though she was only 11 at the time. She looked for them, but they had disappeared. Cassie could hear the monsters coming. She shoved as much water and canned food into her bag, with her phone (an old iPhone)...



a battery pack, her laptop and Nintendo 3DS. She managed to recover one photograph of the family before she had to run because a monster's hand crushed the house. She ran into the bus and drove away. While she was driving, she assumed her parents had left without her. She stuck the photograph onto the dashboard and kept driving.

After some time driving, the radio crackled to life. It announced that the only safe zone was California. Unfortunately, she knew California was on the other side of the country (thanks to Mrs Chalk, her geography teacher!). There was a TV in the bus that, even though it was extremely old, still worked. After even more driving, she noticed the bus was nearly out of fuel but luckily found a gas station. There were still some empty jerry cans in the bus, so she took those to the gas station and filled the jerry cans up. She then poured the fuel into the tank and refilled it once more before moving on to other jerry cans. After that, she put the jerry cans back inside the bus before continuing to drive. She suddenly heard an explosion after some driving. She knew there was a monster chasing her. Then, it revealed itself.

10 metres tall, thick blue fur, horns that looked like a bull's, extremely strong muscles and a hostile look on its face.

The monster chased Cassie and she stepped on the gas. The bus immediately lurched forward, the G-forces pushing her into the seat. She had to swerve to avoid debris, power lines, and oil. At one moment, she even had to make a jump to avoid a broken part of the road that was as deep as the deepest ravine.

After some chasing, she saw another monster blocking her path. She also saw a very downhill alleyway. From her experience with racing games, she was ready to drift into the alleyway. She pressed the handbrake and swerved the wheel wildly to the right. The bus lurched to the right and the bus was flipping down the stairs! For some reason, the downhill part had stairs instead of a smooth slope. The bus flipped over and over down the stairs so much that by the time the bus had finally flipped down the stairs, Cassie was feeling extremely dizzy. But despite that, she felt relief, relief that she had escaped from the monsters.


The bus was damaged a lot from the impacts with the stairs. Even though it was damaged, Cassie managed to get the bus going.

She continued driving until she found a supermarket. She got off the bus and raided the supermarket. Suddenly, the alarms blared. That was sure to make the monsters hear it! Cassie managed to get five bags of chips, ten chocolate bars and two cereal boxes before she had to leave. She loaded the bus with the food and drove away. After an hour of driving, she found a park and set up camp. She watched some TV shows, ate some chips and brushed her teeth before going to sleep on the seat.

The Next Day

If you are reading this at 7:00 in the morning, then please go read another book or get ready for the day. If you are reading this in the afternoon, then read on.





Cassie woke up, and had breakfast, then got ready for the day. She got onto the bus and drove out of the park.

While she was driving, she encountered a boy around the same age as her. He asked her to stop for him and Cassie stopped for him. The boy got on the bus and introduced himself as Eric. Eric had dark brown skin, black hair and blue eyes. Cassie introduced herself and they talked for a bit before continuing to drive.

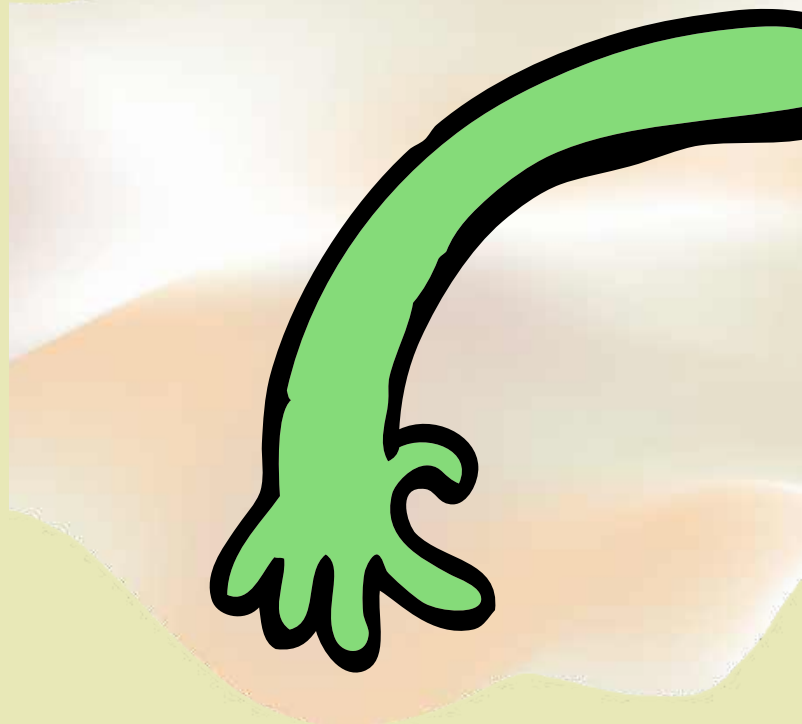
Eric got in the passenger seat and they tuned in to some music on the radio and drove into the sunset. After they found another park, they stopped there to have a break. It was the afternoon and they played some Roblox together on their phones for a few hours before having lunch and then continuing to drive.

“Are they your parents?” Eric asked, pointing at a photo on the dashboard. “Yeah, they left without me. I think they had to because of the monsters.” “That’s sad.”

They talked about their parents as they drove.

Suddenly, another monster popped out in front of the bus. Cassie asked Eric to sit on the seat and she stepped on the gas and swung the wheel to the left. The bus crashed through a music shop and the instruments, from just having been run over, made extremely screechy noises. They both covered their ears and waited for the sound to stop.


After the sound stopped, they realised there was an airport in front of them. They recklessly fought over who was driving the bus and in doing so, Cassie accidentally stepped on the accelerator.



They both didn’t realise it at first, but when they realised the bus was about to hit a tree, it was too late. The bus crashed into the tree, but little did they know this tree was a type of monster! The tree’s strong branches wrapped around the bus and thrashed it around like a ragdoll.

The duo were both flying all over the place.

Then one of the branches hit the ceiling and it sagged. It flung the bus down, landing upside-down near a plane. They were both feeling really dizzy, and had to take a short break. They then checked outside and saw a Boeing 737! They screamed in excitement and grabbed everything from the bus and put it in the plane. Cassie almost forgot the photo, but managed to grab it at the last minute. Eric had bought a portable TV, so they taped that onto the part where there...



was empty space on the dashboard.

They then realised none of them had flying experience. After that realisation, they agreed Eric would pilot the plane, with Cassie being the co-pilot. "So, how do we fly this thingy-mabob?" Eric asked.

"I dunno, I guess just flick one of the switches or something?"

Eric flicked the switch. It turned on the engines, but put the plane into reverse. Eric hurriedly tried to flip the switch back, but not before destroying the security section of the airport.

"Wrong switch, I guess," Cassie said with a hint of disappointment.

"What if we pull up on the steering wheel looking thingy," Eric asked.

"It might work or it might not. It's a hit or miss," Cassie replied.

"Well, I guess it's worth a shot!" Eric pulled up on the steering column and they were off, flying the plane like a master pilot, except they weren't.

After a few hours of flying, they realised they were bored, so they turned on autopilot and watched some shows. After three hours of watching talk shows, they decided to fly the plane themselves.

After some more mind-numbing hours of flying the plane, they were about to call it a night when the tail fell off of the plane!

They didn't realise it at first, but when the plane started to go down, they suddenly realised something must've fallen off.

The autopilot tried to ascend by pointing the nose upwards, but all it did was make the plane strongly shake. They immediately tried to recover anything from the back of the plane and put it into the cockpit. The plane was now approaching terrain at an alarming rate!

"Terrain, terrain, hold up, hold up!" was blaring repeatedly and so loudly it could've been heard as far as New Zealand.

The plane was now entering a nosedive and the duo had to cling onto the seats to prevent themselves from falling onto the cockpit dashboard and they could see the plane about to crash onto a skyscraper!

And then it happened – CRASH!

It was so loud that it could've been heard by ships in the English Channel. Then there was silence.

"Cassie?"

"Eric?"

"You okay Eric?" asked Cassie.

"Yeah, I'm okay."

Somehow, they had survived the crash and were flung out and onto the roof of a car. The car's roof couldn't handle the impact and it gave way.

The seats had cushioned their impact and they were unhurt. They got up from the broken car and looked at the wreckage.


The cockpit had become separated from the plane and the plane was reduced to a black, charred mess. They then saw a small white kitten.

They gently picked her up and named her

'Snowflake'. After that they got in a car and put the stray in Cassie's lap. It had turned night and they drove downtown while trying to forget what had just happened. They found a mall and went in. They ate some dinner and got ready for the night.

15 weeks later

The trio had been driving for 15 weeks now. Let's check on them, shall we? They were now in the state of Washington and they found a lab. Little did they know this was the lab where the monsters were created.



But when they heard growls, they decided to check.

They opened the door and were surprised by what they saw. Knocked over genome, monsters inside, and a note reading “DESTROY IT TO SAVE US” written with pencil.

Once they read that note, they knew what they had to do.

The floor had caved in and lava was in the hole. There were still some pieces of floorboard left, so they knew they had to do parkour. Surprisingly they finished it pretty easily. They both expected the genome to be there, but then the strongest monster out of them all appeared.

100 feet tall, armed with a hammer, blue fur and a hostile look on its face. They knew they had to get past the monster and destroy the genome. It was a long and arduous fight, but the trio were victorious!

They smashed the genome and every single monster disintegrated into thin air. Survivors then started to notice and when the trio broadcasted themselves and said they destroyed the monsters, everyone went wild! A new president was elected and they all received an award. The survivors hoped the government and the world could recover from the takeover. Now the trio have grown up and left a permanent mark on history. Now before this story ends, can I ask you a question? If you were the main character in this story, what would you do?

THE TRAP DOOR

Subaga Sudarsan

‘Inspired By Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone’

This is how it all began. Sahana found a door she’d never seen before.

“WHOA!! What’s this door for?! I never knew this was here at my house!

Let’s see where it leads,” Sahana took two big steps towards the door.

Her mum suddenly stampeded, yelled, and told her that it was indeed a trapdoor.

“Honey! That’s a trapdoor! I am telling you, DO NOT GO PA–” she yelled loudly before stopping herself.

Sahana’s mum stomped away with anger and slammed the door as loud as a lion roar. Sahana didn’t care what her mum said or her mum’s opinion and simply just opened the trapdoor. “This is a piece of cake! I wonder what lies beneath this trapdoor,” Sahana pondered.

As she was walking through the door, she saw a message: Wow.

Sahana wondered what it could mean. She ran and opened another door that said: DO NOT PASS THIS DOOR or else you will have a horrible death! Shana felt butterflies in her tummy.

What was she going to do? Listen to the sign, or go past it?

Shana had no other choice, she had to find the stone! She took tiny steps until...





“Hello, umm, little girl...” A random echo came beneath the darkness. She tiptoed towards the voice to see who they were. “Who are you? Do you know anything about the stone?” Sahana asked. The voice said his name was Snape and yes, he said that he stole the stone and hid it somewhere so that no one could find it! Sahana gasped. She looked around for hours and still couldn’t find the stone. Then, she came up with an idea. She looked around for the stone every day, until she could find it. A few days later, Sahana found the stone!!! “YAY!! I KNEW I COULD FIND THE STONE!!!!” “See Snape, even if you’re ‘smart’ it doesn’t mean someone else can’t find the stone! HA!!” she screamed her head off at him and passed back through the trapdoor with the stone! This is the power of PERSISTENCE!!

QUACKWARTS!

Hina Trangadisaiikul

‘Inspired By Harry Potter’

“Guys! Today’s gonna be our first day at Quackwarts! Aren’t you guys excited?!” Flappy shouted loudly at the old, busy train station.

Flappy is a yellow duck with 3, soft feathers on his head. He can be quite annoying and ignorant, but also funny and kind. “Flappy, shush! Everyone can hear us, you know!” whispered Feathers with an exhausted sigh. Feathers is Flappy’s twin. The only way you can tell them apart is the number of feathers on their head, Feathers has 4 feathers on his head. Sam checks the time on his vintage watch. Sam is Flappy and Feathers’ cousin. He’s a seagull who can be quite bossy, yet generous. “Oh, great. 2 more minutes until the train to Quackwarts comes! Come on guys, let’s go!” says Sam frantically. Quackwarts is a magical school for all animals. “HAAAAAAAAAAAAA-” Flappy screams as he attempts to run through the grey, brick wall with a metal shopping trolley (And fails miserably). “Hurry up, Flappy,” says Simon with an annoyed groan. Simon is a brown owl with one yellow eye, and one blue eye. He’s well known for being the genius that he is. “Be patient, will you?!” Flappy argues back. Everyone sprints in a rush to the platform. “Phew! I’m glad that we managed to get onto the train in time! 2 hours later... *groan* “My back hurts...” “Stop complaining, Feathers! You’ve been repeating the same line for the whole trip!”

shouts Tom. Tom is a turtle, who was found as a baby and taken back to his family by Sam. He’s often quite shy in front of others. He’s also a professional D.J.” Finally, the train arrived at the station.



“Guys! Where are your cloaks?! We’ve arrived already! Now, hurry up!” yelled Sam, being the only one who was wearing a cloak. “Come on, guys. We’re gonna be late for the housing ceremony.” says Curly. Curly is a dark grey cat with stripes, completed with a patch of soft, white fur on her chest. She likes to spend her free time practising her fighting skills.





Everyone walks over to the dining hall, where they all take a seat at a long table filled with animals from all over the world.

Suddenly a booming voice shoots across the room. The voice is traced back to an elderly looking duck with five fluffy feathers on top of his head with a long, grey beard that almost touches the floor.

"Welcome, students, to Quackwarts, the school of magic! My name is Flapadore, and I am the principal of Quackwarts! I hope you all feel comfortable. Now, we must begin the housing ceremony! First up, Flappy. Please come." Flappy quietly walks up to the chair as Flapadore puts the brown, old, patched leather hat on him.

"Hmmm...." says the hat. "GRYFFINDOR!"

"YESSS!" shouts Flappy with excitement.

"Feathers!" Feathers walks up feeling proud and excited.

"Hmmm...." says the hat. "GRYFFINDOR!"

"LET'S GOOOOO!"

"Okay. Maybe you don't have to scream at the top of your lungs," whispers Flapadore.

"Sam!" Sam walks up standing tall with pride.

"Hmm..." says the hat. "HUFFLEPUFF!"

Sam whispers to himself. "Great. I wanted to be a Ravenclaw or a Gryffindor! I'm so gonna get made fun of now..."

"Tom!" Tom was carried by Sam to the sorting hat since he's too scared to come out of his shell.

"Hmm...HUFFLEPUFF!" Sam begins to think to himself once again.

"At least there's SOMEONE in Hufflepuff with me..."

"Next up, Lucas!" Lucas struts up to the chair with great confidence, as he is the Prince of Geese, as well as Simon's adopted brother. Lucas likes to practice fighting with Curly. Lucas has a round body with a long neck wearing a shining, golden crown.

"Hmm... SLYTHERIN!" shouts the hat.

"I knew it!" Simon thought to himself.

"Simon!" Simon walked up with absolutely no reaction.

"Hmm... RAVENCLAW!"

"I knew he would get Ravenclaw. He's the one that blabbers about facts all day after all," Lucas mumbled.

"Ping Pong!"

Ping Pong enters with an ear-piercing screech as the wheels of her portable bathtub scrape the wooden floorboards. Everyone hastily covers their ears.



Ping Pong first met Flappy and his friends after falling through a hole all the way in Antarctica and eventually popped out next to Flappy and Feathers.

She is an often-optimistic penguin who changes colour based on her mood.

She's usually seen rolling around in a bathtub with wheels, either filled with cold water or ice.

"A-a-alrighty then, let's find out your house!" Flapadore says, squinting uncomfortably.

"Hmm... HUFFLEPUFF!"

"Yeah, Ping Pong is pretty optimistic after all..." Curly tells Lucas.

"Curly!" Curly sprints to the chair.

"Hmm... SLYTHERIN!"

"Pretty obvious..."

Everyone says to themselves.

"Gryffindor, please head to Charms with Professor Flapwick. Hufflepuff, please head to Herbology with Beakona Sprout. Slytherin, please head to Potions with Furace Flaphorn, and Ravenclaw, please head over to Astronomy with Professor Flapora Beakistra."



POTIONS

"Welcome, Slytherins, to your first potions class! My name is Furace Flaphorn, but you can call me Mr. Flaphorn," said Mr. Flaphorn with a wide grin. Mr.

Flaphorn looks like a fat, elderly toad with no hair.

"Today we will be making a fire-protection potion! Please open to page 26 of your books."

"Are you sure he's our teacher? He doesn't look like one," Curly whispers to Lucas.

"Alright, class. First, plop in some bursting mushrooms and mix until the liquid turns blue."

"Lucas, what are you doing? We're making fire-protection potions!" asks Curly.

"Oh. I just wanted to make some poison potions instead. You never know when someone is gonna attack Quackwarts!"

"Ooooh! That sounds cool! Can you teach me, too?"

"Sure, Curly!"

Soon after, Lucas and Curly had up to 100 poison potions in their bags.

ASTRONOMY

There was a duck with black hair, turning gray; a lime green top with a dark green, long skirt, a beige wizard hat and a beige cloak, holding a bunch of books and scrolls. It was Flapora Beakistra, a very strict duck.

"Greetings, Ravenclaws! I am Ms. Flapora Beakistra. Please, call me Ms. Beakistra. I am your astronomy teacher in Quackwarts."

Everyone sits down, slightly terrified due to her very strict tone. Even Simon, the braver one in the friend group, is also scared of her. "Now, let's learn some star signs."

Does everyone know what zodiac signs are?"

Everyone raises their hand. "Okay, good. Someone tell me, what are those signs?" Simon (the big nerd) raises his hand and starts to list every single one.

"Good. Now, let's work on memorising all of them." Ms. Beakistra hands everyone a chart. The corners were ripped, and the edges were stained. The paper was turning yellow over time. "



“Now, keep reading that until you’ve finally memorized all of them.”

Her way of teaching was so boring, that minutes felt like hours. Hours felt like days. “Hey, how long has it been since class has started?”

Simon asked a classmate.

“20 minutes. Why?”

“Ugh... I feel like I’ve been sitting here for 20 hours, honestly.”

“Yeah... same...”

HERBOLOGY

The person who taught Herbology was Professor Beakona Sprout. She was an old pheasant who would wear brown from head to toe! Her witches' hat, her wand, her cloak, even her hair was lightly tinted brown! But she was a very loyal and cheerful lady, who would always volunteer to help others.

“Welcome, Hufflepuffs! You may call me Professor Sprout. I am your herbology teacher in Quackwarts.”

Everyone sits down calmly, listening to the cheery tune of her voice.

“Alrighty, let’s learn how to grow a plant! First can someone tell me, what are the main things that plants need to stay alive and healthy?”

Tom raises his hand. “Sunlight, water, and rich soil!”

“Correct! Now, let’s get started.”

Professor Sprout explained how to grow a plant then walked around carefully to make sure everyone was doing the process correctly and safely.

“Whoops!” Sam’s chest now had dirty soil on it. “Sorry!”

“That’s alright, darling! Just be a bit more careful next time,” Professor Sprout comforted him with great patience.

Sam is given a thick, stain proof apron.

After a good 20 minutes, the plants were finished. Professor Sprout then hears a plastic bag being dragged onto the floor.

“What was that? Eh, must just be outside,” Professor Sprout shrugs.

After that class ended, Sam and Tom decided to find out what was making that strange noise. They look behind pots and bags, then...

“Ping pong?! What are you doing here? You missed the whole lesson!”

“Oh, I was just grabbing some screaming tree seeds.”

“Ping pong! What do you need that for?!”

“Oh. You never know when screaming tree seeds may come in handy!”

“Okay...” Sam and Tom said nervously.

CHARMS (GONE WRONG)

Professor Flapwick is an extremely short owl, wears a fancy suit and tie, with clear, circular glasses and a...

curled moustache with his hair flattened with hair gel.

“Hello, Gryffindor! I am Professor Flapwick, your teacher of charms.”

Everyone sits down joyfully, glad that he’s so positive.

“Today, we will be learning ‘Wingardium Leviosa’. To do it, wave your wand in a sideways s-like shape. Then-”
BANG! A fat duck wearing a bright pink gown with brown, curly hair busts the door open!

“Quackbridge! Why are you here?” Professor Flapwick jolts.

“FLAPPY AND FEATHERS ARE IN GREAT TROUBLE!!!!”

“WHY?! WHAT DID WE DO, HUH?!” Flappy and Feathers argue.

“I DON’T HAVE A REASON!!! I’M JUST BORED!! NOW COME HERE!!!”

“QUACKBRIDGE! THAT IS VERY INFORMAL OF YOU!!!” said Professor Flapwick angrily.

“ROARRRRRR!”

“QUACKBRIDGE?! WHAT’S HAPPENING?!” Professor Flapwick shouts.

Quackbridge was turning into an even uglier troll with green and rough skin, covered in warts.

Her clothes ripped apart as she grew, only leaving her unicorn singlet and red heart undies on her. Also, she only had one strand of hair left, due to the sudden changes to her body growth. “Ahhhhhh! Troooooo!!!!” everyone shouted.

Suddenly, all Flappy and Feather’s friends come rushing in. Everyone comes up with a special attack to defeat Quackbridge. Flappy uses the ‘Wingardium Leviosa’ charm that he just learned and casts it on himself. He then flies up and blinds her with a cupcake launcher, filled with moldy and stinky cupcake mush that takes up to 10 washes to get rid of the disgusting odour.

Feathers wheels in a giant wheelbarrow and makes her slip by covering the floor in slippery chips. Sam uses his big and strong wings to continuously slap her. Lucas removes his crown and throws it at her like a metal boomerang in the head. Curly uses her sharp claws to scratch her, so she’ll be distracted. Ping pong grabs the bag of screaming tree seeds from earlier and finds a nearby pot to put them in. She then uses the water from her portable bathtub to grow them.

The plants begin to scream really really loudly!

“AAAAAAAAAAAA”

Quackbridge begins to cover her ears in pain. Tom goes into his shell and starts to roll all over Quackbridge.

Lucas then remembers that he made 100 poison potions and snuck them into his bag. He gives 10 to everyone then they all proceed to throw them into Quackbridge’s mouth, making her faint.

And for the final blow, they all grab Quackbridge by the feet and with the help of Professor Flapwick, they all throw her so far that she lands on Jupiter!



“Phew! I’m glad that she’s gone! She was a huge pain!” said Feathers with a sigh. “Yeah... But we couldn’t have done it without our friends! I’m exhausted!” yawns Flappy. “Students, I know that today was such a tiring first day, especially after that fight. I think that you all deserve a student free day tomorrow. Please, head back to your dorms and rest for as long as you please! No homework, also!” says Flapadore. “YAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!” The whole room cheers with excitement. Quackwarts was now at peace.

JURASSIC RUN

Nathan Wong

‘Inspired by Jurassic Park and Harry Potter’

Rustle, rustle-POOF! Rustling through the very thick rusty jungle was Steve, he was pretty much your happy textbook teenager.

He wore the same clothes every week (he says that he thinks it’s more “casual”), he HATED school (Reason: U.N.K.N.O.W.N.), and he always carried a knapsack filled with hacking materials (no idea why).

He, the adventurous traveller, was carrying a bag of fresh cocoa beans while looking for more.

“My friend is going to LOVE this!” he exclaimed, “It’s his favourite! I wonder if he would like my recipe though.”

Helen was nervously whimpering when she sniffed and suddenly smelt the dreaded smell of danger lurking somewhere.

Unlike Steve, Helen was unique. Her favourite game was actually Chase Squirrels, she was uncommonly smart and could do tricks, but just wouldn’t for some reason.



Steve’s eyes zoomed around the place, catching a rabbit hopping in the distance, so he gestured to Helen to follow quietly.

Disappointingly, where the rabbit led Steve was just an old iron structure. “Dang it!” cried Steve weirdly loud, and he slowly started to pace towards it. Inside they saw a GIANT hole, but suddenly – something pushed them in! “AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!” Inside the structure was a machine with a ton of buttons, levers and screens.

This changed Steve’s emotion immediately.

He just couldn’t resist touching one! He started to press the ON button to see the manual, but Helen yanked Steve hard and he accidentally smashed a button saying BLAST OFF!



“Uh oh,” gulped Steve, “HERE WE GO!”

“Awwwoooooo!” Howled Helen.

What they didn’t know was that this was a ride which you get ONCE in a lifetime because it was a time machine! They were swirling and swirling until... THUD! They landed roughly on the ground.

“OOF!” cried Steve, he couldn’t resist but looked out and saw a ‘house’ with scales. “There’s civilization!” he cried. They ran to the door and knocked and knocked and knocked! But no one would come out, so Steve tried various ways to make them notice him.

He blasted fireworks, started a drill, used a hair dryer, but nothing seemed to work.

But then – “ROAR!” Unfortunately for Steve and Helen, the ‘house’ was actually a T-Rex! It was absolutely furious that Steve and Helen woke him up! The T-Rex stomped its way to Steve and Helen. And the pair took off!

“AAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGG
GHHHHHHHHHH!” shouted Steve!

This was a very disastrous moment, because some of the other dinosaurs began chasing them too! Funnily, they looked exactly the same. They were a bit suspicious and weird though, they made whirring noises and CLUNKED in every step they took as they chased the pair without missing a beat.

“RRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUNNN
NNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!” shouted Steve – this was not going well!

Just as soon as he ran into a corner, he saw a Firebolt! Not caring if he knew this book was fiction or nonfiction, he leaped on and took to the skies! “Woo-hoo!” shouted Steve, when he realised that there was a sidecar too, he just shouted again,



“Woo-hoo even more!” I know, he’s a bit awkward, isn’t he? But that didn’t last long. Because...

Dementors! Deadly Dementors!

“Oh, no!” cried Steve. The dementors were heading straight for him! He was narrowly dodging the creepy, ghastly dementors.

WHOOSH!

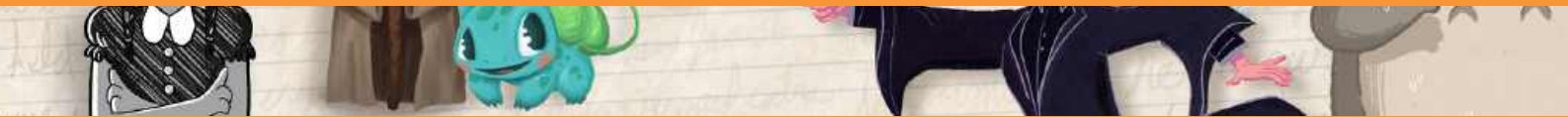
Steve headed for the time machine but instead crashed into it.

WALLOP!

But the dementors were so focused on their target, they also crashed into the time machine!

BOOM!

The machine split into what was like a hundred trillion pieces. “Noo!” shouted Steve. That was his one and only chance of getting back! Swooping low, Steve now spied what looked like a malfunctioned machine, he landed, only seeing an evil looking face on the machine and a manual:



Cloning machine, clones anything and it will be the EXACT SAME.

"I knew it! Helen, stay on guard, I'll hack the machine." Right on cue, Steve started working on it, buzz crackle whoop! Steve was working away when a BRILLIANT idea came to his mind. 'Why not exchange the batteries into the opposite? Won't that reverse the dinosaurs? They are evil right now, so if I exchange the batteries, they will turn good!' Steve tried his brilliant idea right away.

Chunk beep zap!

'Let's hope this works!' prayed Steve.

After a while, some dinosaurs came and offered them a ride kindly.

"It worked!" cried Steve. Helen just simply whined softly. "Good idea!" said Steve, "Let's have a drink to celebrate!"

And so, all of the dinosaurs and the time travellers got along, they even built a brand-new time machine! "Well," said Steve, "it was VERY nice to meet you. But sadly, we must go home." The pair of time travellers said their last goodbyes before heading into the time machine and when they left, the last thing the dinosaurs saw was Steve's grin.

IRON MAN: THE IRON MENACE

Anhad Kaul

'Inspired by Iron Man and The Avengers'

In the tropical, coastal city of Malibu, there are millions of houses, but only one stands out: Tony Stark's mansion. It's big, white and high tech. Everything from the identity authorisation to JARVIS is robotic. Normally, Stark would be relaxing on a Sunday evening after a long week of hard work. However, after Aldrich Killian's strike, Stark was busy at work creating a new suit, Mark XLIII, since he didn't know when the next attack would happen. His robotics lab was awfully different from the one in his old house which was destroyed in the attack. The walls, floor and ceiling were all a dark grey which morphs into a black.

Stark kept a collection of all his iron man suits that he had ever created, stored in bulletproof glass in the right corner of the room.

There was also a hologram machine showing a basic blueprint of the suit in the middle of the room.


Eventually, he did it!

He was looking at his latest creation!

'Now we just have to try it,' Stark said to himself.

'Would you like a safety brief?' wondered JARVIS.

"Considering how things went last time, that would be a good idea," admitted Stark.



Suddenly, all the lights turned off! None of the electronics were working! Stark called out to JARVIS. No response. Stark ran to the living room. 'What happened?' he asked Pepper. 'Don't worry, it was just a power outage.' Pepper replied.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Stark sat on the couch and looked at his phone. Then, a huge smile appeared on his face. 'Inter Miami has an 80% chance of winning tomorrow's match!' Stark exclaimed. 'If we had Messi it would've been 100%.'

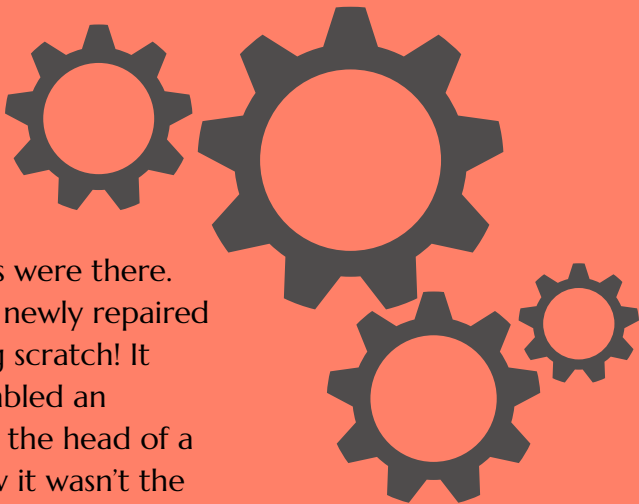
His mind drifted into a world of endless thoughts.

Stark looked at the time. 'Oh, it's time to sleep.'

The next morning, Stark woke up and went downstairs. Pepper was already at work, so he put the news on.

'Breaking News! Iron Man destroys a town filled with civilians!'

Upon seeing this, Stark rubbed his eyes multiple times. They even had video footage! 'H-h-how?' Stark was in a state of complete unbelievability. Someone must have hacked his suit. He sprinted across the house.



All of his suits were there. However, his newly repaired suit had a big scratch! It closely resembled an octopus with the head of a skull, but now it wasn't the time to think about scratch shapes! Out of nowhere, helicopters start surrounding Tony Stark's house! Cops barged into his property on black bikes, in blue and white cars, even huge trucks! It all seemed like an action movie! Stark dashed upstairs and jumped out of the window knowing his suit would come to him, as usual. As he was in the air, his suit came to arrest his fall. At the last second, Tony Stark became Iron Man and was able to lift into the air. While flying, Iron Man was trying to reconcile the fact that he was now on the run.

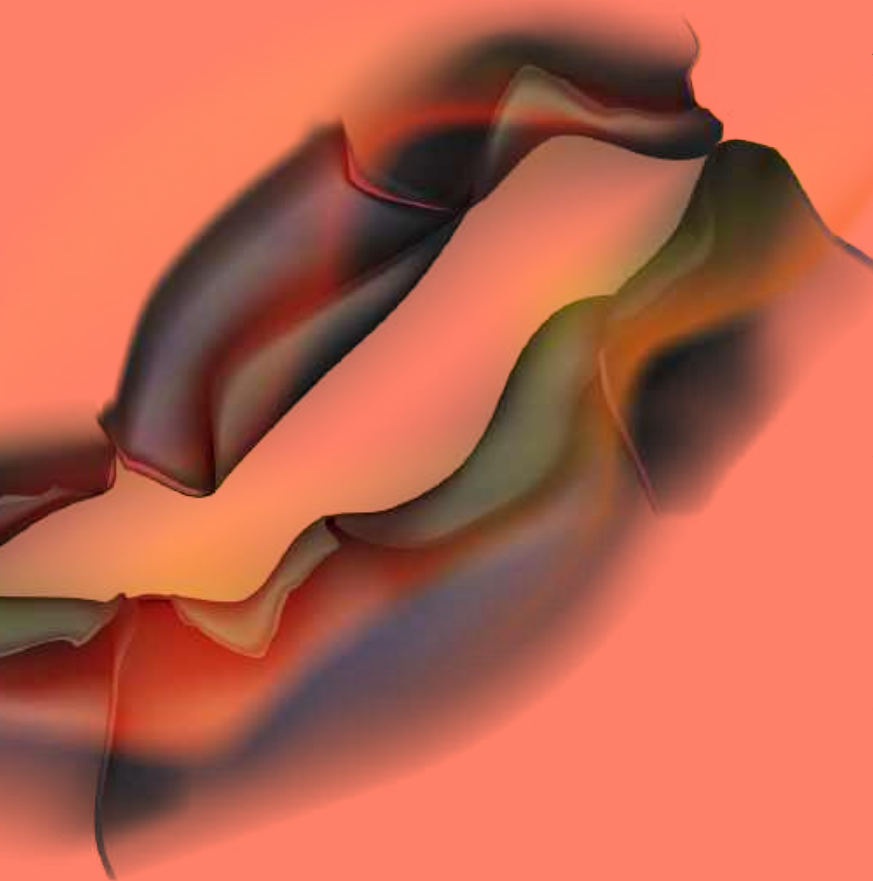
Without any warning, a big, green military jet appeared and shot at him! Almost on impulse, a classic characteristic of Stark's behaviour, he ejected himself from the suit!

Fortunately, the helmet stayed with Stark. As he was flung in the air, everything seemed like it was in slow motion, the pigeons slowly flying into the clouds.

After some time of being suspended in the air, Stark landed in the middle of nowhere! Fortunately, he landed in a lake. It was icy cold there, it didn't seem the most arable, but it could have been worse. Stark stepped out of the freezing lake. 'JARVIS, where are we?'

'I believe that we are currently in Toronto, Canada.' replied JARVIS. 'Oh great,' he muttered. In the distance, Stark spotted a clubhouse. He was satisfied to be coming into contact with human activity.

Once Stark reached the clubhouse, he went inside and sat down. For some reason, all the men inside were staring at him. They probably had seen the news, because in the next second, Tony Stark was being chased by a group of angry men with mohawks!



While he was running, Stark figured that he should see if his suit was still working and would come to him on command or not. Stark pushed his hand out at the utterly enraged men. In a split second, Mark 43's hand came flying and knocked out all 20 men at once in the process!

Now it was time to find the person who had framed Tony Stark!
'JARVIS, who was the last person in this suit?' inquired Stark.

JARVIS' response was a photograph taken of the person.

It was a caucasian male with green eyes in his early 20s who has hair so short that it's nearly a clean shave. He looked kind of like Mark Zuckerberg.

Stark only noticed one feature, the culprit's neck tattoo. It looked exactly like the scratch on his suit! He recognised the symbol, but he couldn't figure out where he saw it.

JARVIS added, 'Don't worry, I have found the Identity of this person. His name is John Codrallious and he's a member of HYDRA.'

'That's it!' shouted Stark. 'HYDRA! That symbol is the logo of HYDRA!'

Step one was complete, now the second step was to find him.

Stark needed to find more information about this person and his whereabouts, so he commanded: 'JARVIS, give me a flight path to the SHIELD centre.'

Stark lifted off and flew to the SHIELD centre in Washington. As soon as Stark landed, he saw Nick Fury standing there, as if he was waiting for him. Behind Fury were a bunch of men holding guns all pointed at Stark!

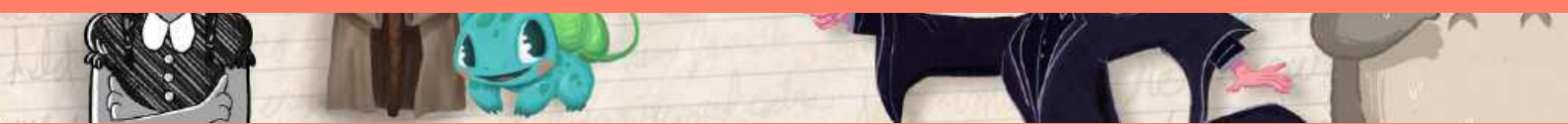
'Wait, I can explain!' exclaimed Stark. 'I don't want to hear anything from you.' Stated Fury.

'Wait-'

'You have left me with no choice. FIRE!'

Stark was completely flabbergasted at the fact that Fury thought those bullets would actually do anything to his suit. He blasted his way through the men to Fury. Fury pulled out a gun and pointed it at Stark. Stark took the gun from Fury's hands and threw it away. Fury sent Stark flying with one whopping punch. 'I have no other choice,' said Stark as he blasted Fury! He entered the SHIELD centre. It was very dull.

There was only one colour, white, but it wasn't pure white. It was more whitish-yellowish.

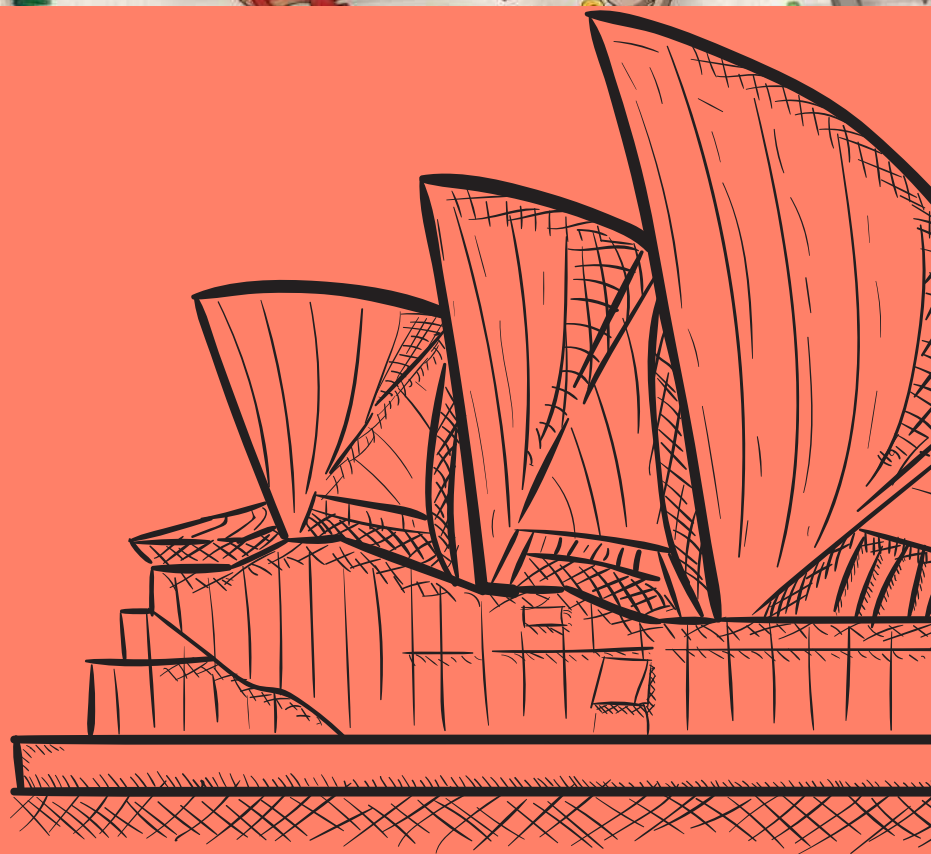


Stark searched all the files for any sign of a man named John Codrallious. Finally, he found it. Apparently, John Codrallious was the mastermind behind some of HYDRA's most infamous crimes. John Codrallious is said to reside in Sydney, Australia!

'Okay,' said Stark. 'Let's go to Australia.' Next thing, Stark had busted through the ceiling and into the sky. As Stark was flying, changing species of birds instilled in him a desire to design suits inspired by the variety of birds. 'Maybe I should design a suit that looks like a bird,' thought Stark. He noticed a marked change to the beauty and colour of the birds. He knew he was in Australia, it was Sydney. He had to find a SHIELD centre in Sydney. After a lot of navigation and asking JARVIS, Stark reached SHIELD Australia. Now, instead of killing 50 people, Stark chose to sneak in without attracting attention. He slowly crawled down lower and lower...

Stark typed in 'John Codrallious' and he got information that Codrallious was going to bomb The Opera House!

Stark had to quickly speed to The Opera House before it was too late!



He reached it just in time. However, the next thing Stark saw blew his mind. It wasn't John Codrallious, it was Nick Fury! Suddenly, Nick Fury turned into John Codrallious!

Stark said 'What the -'

'Watch your language.' Said Codrallious.

'Fine, but how?'

'Are you asking how I became Nick Fury or how I got the bombs?'

'What do you think?'

'Okay,' said John Codrallious. 'I got the bombs off the black market.'

'No!' exclaimed Stark. 'I meant, how did you become Nick Fury?'

'That's easy,' started Codrallious. 'I have Loki's Sceptre which I will give to HYDRA after I kill you. I have also captured the real Fury.'

'But I killed him!' said a remorseful Stark.

'No you didn't.'

'How would you know?' interrogated Stark.

'He is right next to me, strapped on a chair! Besides, I know because that was me.' Then, John Codrallious turned the bomb on! After that, a great fight ensued! There were many blasts and dodges!



Without notice, Codrallious evolved. It was huge, with spikes and a long tail. At this point, he was just a more human-looking Godzilla! Codrallious swung his tail around. Stark had to fly up to shoot now. Unfortunately, John swung at Stark's suit and damaged the jet! He had to start climbing the spikes on Codrallious' back. Once he got to the top, Stark started stomping and blasting Codrallious' crown. After some time, Stark fell down and Codrallious pinned him down! 'You were weaker than I expected,' started John in a grim voice. 'Or am I?' Suddenly, Stark shot big Codrallious straight in the eye! While Codrallious was distracted by the pain, Stark ran to Fury to unstrap him from the chair. Once he was done, John Codrallious ordered his henchmen to kill Stark and Fury before fleeing. More mini versions of the evolved Codrallious started running at the two. It was total mayhem!

After 2 long hours, they had finally warded off all of them. But the thing was, the bomb was counting down! Stark had seen these bombs before, they were strong enough to create Tsunamis! Stark lifted the bomb and threw it way off the coast into the Pacific Ocean. The calculations say it probably landed around Northern Chile Stark's innocence has been proved. Once Stark and Fury got back to America, Fury announced what had happened on the news and that Stark did nothing wrong. Stark was finally just resting at home, when he got a call. It was from Steve Rogers! Stark picked it up. 'What's up, Cap?' asked Stark. 'We need the Avengers back. We have to raid a HYDRA research facility to get Loki's sceptre.' 'Okay, see you in Sokovia!'





DARKNESS WITH A PINCH OF LIGHT

Teodora Caffaro Rossi

'Inspired by the poems of Emily Dickinson'

Click clack made the sound of my footsteps, as my shoes were hitting the ground going up and down, my feet and legs started to feel heavy so heavy it felt like my legs were holding a dumbbell until soon I arrived at a gallery. It was so big and tall that it made a HUGE shadow, "ugh" I said as I shivered, "how weird it was so hot before and now its freezing!?!?" I said in a curious voice, and I didn't want to enter but there was this feeling that just kept pushing me to go in and that was it. I was sick of that feeling but I just had to make the dumbest decision of my life so sadly I entered. "WOW" I whispered but my surprise didn't last long, because every step that I took I felt something crawling behind me just waiting to grab me. I turned over with a gun in my hand, but no one was there. I turned over again suspiciously but soon I felt something; it was like that feeling I had before this feeling was telling me to RUN. It was so scary that it gave me goosebumps.

I ran and ran, passing thousands of doors that were not there before, each door slamming behind me. I tried to do everything I could to escape but there was no use in trying anymore. So I stopped, and at the exact time that I stopped I gave myself a death wish.

Why? or how? you ask? Well, you see as I stopped the walls next to me were closing together. I was going to get squashed, until I saw a girl in front of me. 'hello.

"Do you happen to have any way to get out of here?" I ask. But she doesn't answer me.

"Who are you anyways?!"

"I am nobody. Who are you? Are you nobody too?"

"Yes?!"

"Then there's a pair of us. Don't tell, they'd banish us, you know," she said (like the famous poet Emily Dickinson would say) I didn't understand what she was saying or what she meant but time was running out I didn't want to run anymore.

"Oh no, NOT run through those endless doors."

But if wanted to live I had to.

"I might as well die by running then die now!!" I said to myself, so I ran to the door.

But somehow I went through the girl. I stopped for a moment to think ... "If you're nobody... and you're a ghost...AND there's a pair of us...then that must meanI'm a ghost too!!!" I didn't believe it until the walls stopped.

"You're correct," said the girl. "I'm Nobody and your Nothing. We are a pair but remember DON'T TELL!" She scared me a little bit and I didn't know what to say, so of course I didn't say anything but the stillness of the room was like heaves of storm, like an alive painting that is now dead; like a broken piano tune, like the sun to the moon, like a total eclipse, like a angel to a demon. "That is it!!!" I say to myself, "Nothing to something and Nobody to somebody!!" I'm so excited and happy to be something and no longer nothing and nobody can finally be somebody" I yell out loud but I have forgotten something... I cannot tell or else they'd banish me. Until I hear a fly buzz. I heard a fly buzz when I died and that is when I arrived at HELL! There was fire and demons. I was in a whole different place! That's when I saw nobody!!



“Nobody! nobody! Look, it's me, nothing!” But she didn't hear me. “Oh” I said in a sad voice, but then I saw a chariot in front of me... it was DEATH'S chariot. I got on and a poem came to my head that I wanted to write down...

“Because I could not stop for DEATH he kindly stopped for me; the chariot held but just ourselves and immortality.”

That was the poem I didn't know where DEATH was taking me, but it would be rude to just leave so I got on. I woke up not knowing where I was but there was this certain slant of light ... and there it came to me, a poem: “There is a certain slant of light on winter afternoons, that oppresses, like the weight of cathedral tunes. Heavenly hurt it give us; we can find no scar, but internal differences where the meanings are. None may teach it anything, 'T is the seal, despair an imperial affliction sent us of the air. When it comes, the landscape listens, shadows hold their breath; when it goes, 't is like the distance on the look of DEATH.”



While I was in that weird room I saw Nobody! I tried to tell her that if we made it to heaven we would be real, but she didn't listen it's because she wanted something I think she wanted hope... but from time to time she started to talk to me again and that's because we both knew that HOPE is the thing with feathers and now we are both no longer caged birds we are no longer lost socks we are no longer the apple you bite and throw it away we have now been greeted into the light of life and the love we are now free birds that can flap their wings.

The end! No not the end! It can't possibly end there!! How about we just say, “look how far we've come.”

THE TRUTH ABOUT

ZELIE

Mia Cavenagh

'Inspired by Tangled and Rapunzel'

It was a chilly winter morning and Zelig Williams lay silent and motionless as a log in her bed. Zelig knew today was a school morning and she did not like being late, so Zelig enjoyed the last precious seconds in her cosy bed and heaved herself onto the wooden floor.

At Zelig's school you were allowed to wear whatever you liked, which isn't as easy as it seems because imagine having to choose a new outfit every day! Zelig examined her bomb site of a closet, desperately rummaging through crumpled Smiths packets and undies, until finally she found some shabby jeans and a huge puffer jacket to wear.

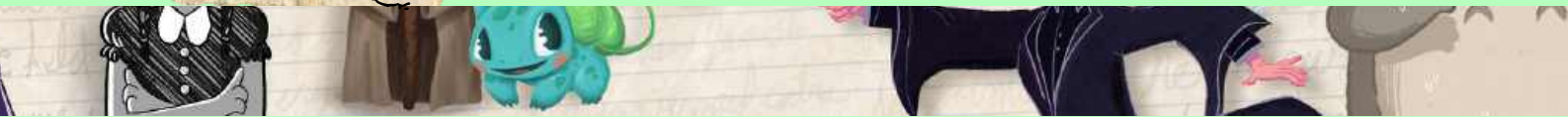
“Mama, where is my crushed vermilion lip gloss?!!!!” screeched Zelig's sister Rebecca.

Zelig trudged down the stairs trying to block out Rebecca's yells.

“Urgh, Rapunzel, did you steal it?!!!!!!!!!!!!” Rebecca ranted. Zelig rolled her eyes; she hated being called by her real name. Zelig's mother, Gothel, was sitting on the countertop puffing at her pipe, but that was normal for Zelig. She just wanted to get to school. With her bag hanging precariously on her back, Zelig set off to school.

“Hi Zel” greeted Melanie, her best friend. Zelig greeted Melanie back, and together they headed off to the library to study. The librarian, Rose was a very gentle woman with violet half moon spectacles and wispy grey hair. Zelig thought of Rose as her mother sometimes.

“Hello there, girls can I help you today?” asked Rose as the girls wandered in.





“No thanks Rose, we’re just studying here in the library because it’s too crowded in the study hall.” The girls chorused.

“Okay then I shouldn’t interrupt you girls!” cooed Rose as Zelig and Melanie headed off to the fluffy reading corner.

Zelig brushed her fingers along the pristine spines of the dusty books looking at every title for a book about space until she found something; a book but it wasn’t about space, it was titled Rapunzel! With trembling hands Zelig opened the book. Zelig’s mind turned over as she flipped through each page and then stopped at something that made her blood run cold, for on the page before her was a script that read in paisley letters:

Gothel was so evil she trapped Rapunzel’s parents in a castle with a curse that could only be broken if Gothel died. She hid the castle in the dreaded forbidden forest and took Rapunzel so she could use Rapunzel’s magical hair to keep herself looking young.

Zelig’s heart skipped a beat and without thinking went to show Melanie.

“Mel, look, I’m in a book. Read this page!” panted Zelig.

Melanie looked at Zelig with horrified eyes and together they dashed out of the library. All that Zelig knew was that Gothel, her step-mum, could not be trusted and if Zelig didn’t find her actual parents soon, she would be left wondering whether her life would be terrible forever.

“Zel, what are we going to do? I mean it’s not like we can travel to the forbidden forest with a click of our finger!” exclaimed Melanie.

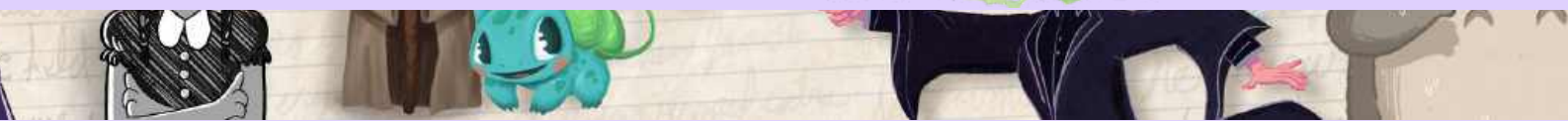
“Not with that attitude, no.” perked Zelig determinedly.

So, that day the twosome had an outing to the horrid forbidden forest!

“Zelig wiped a bead of sweat off her brow. This trip had not at all been what Zelig thought it would be. In every superhero movie, or any adventure anywhere, there’s fighting dragons in jungles and just barely escaping. This trip was not anything like a superhero movie as far as Zelig knew. Her and Melanie were slap-bang in the middle of the Sahara Desert! The sleeves of both the girls’ sweaty shirts had been torn off and their canteens were almost empty. Still, Zelig and Melanie pushed on. Finally, after hours of nonstop walking and aching joints, Melanie and Zelig arrived at the forbidden forest. They could see the castle ahead of them, but of course someone had beat them to it. Melanie squinted at the army before them and groaned; she didn’t think they would be fighting today.

“Hey, what do you think you’re doing with my parents?” yelled Zelig. She wasn’t afraid of the huge army, but she knew Melanie was. Without letting the army answer, Zelig charged toward them with nothing but her bare hands.

Swords clashed and banged like a thunderstorm. Many soldiers in the army were hurt and now Zelig was aching even more. But she wasn’t prepared to stop. She bolted towards the leader of the army when...





“Stop! We were trying to rescue your parents, not kidnap them! I’m sorry if I made you guys think otherwise,” reasoned the leader of the army.

“Okay then, let’s get my parents. But first, I’m Zelig and that’s Melanie, my BFF,” chirped Zelig.

“I’m Zac,” chuckled the lead soldier as he stared intently into Zelig’s honey-blue eyes.

But just as everything was going perfectly, Gothel swooped in on a mangrove purple lined broomstick, grabbed Zelig’s parents and gave an almighty cackle as she dived down to grab Zelig too! Zac lunged, dragging Zelig out of the way, gently laying her onto a dark horse and stroking her hair.

“We’ll get your parents back Zelig, I promise”. Zac whispered to Zelig as he rode the horse out of the forest.

“You can’t run forever Rapunzel I will find you!” screamed Gothel as Zelig narrowly escaped the forbidden forest.

“I cannot believe what Gothel did, I thought she was my mum?” remarked Zelig as she picked up another seaweed cracker.

“Hey Zac thanks for saving me, it was pretty cool of you,” added Zelig.

“Oh no problem,” blushed Zac, running a hand through his soft hair.

Now it was Melanie’s turn to speak.

“Hey, if Gothel needs Zelig’s hair to survive and Zelig’s hair was cut, then Gothel will die and we can find Zelig’s parents!” wondered Melanie.

“Yeah, let’s do it,” cried Zelig.

And with that, it was dinnertime.

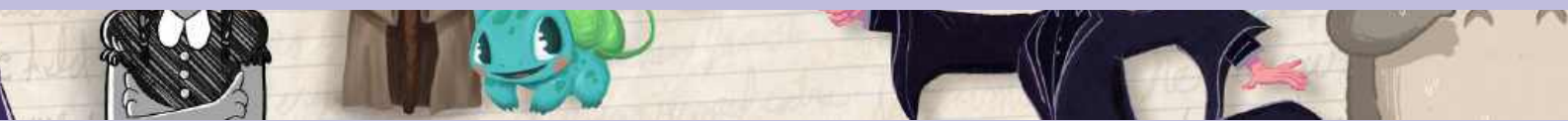
“Um, Zelig, come with me. I want to show you something,” said Zac mysteriously as he led Zelig over to a moonlit river.

Zac helped Zelig into a beige, oak canoe. Balls of colourful orange light hovered above them. The twosome chatted for hours on end until Zelig’s eyes met Zac’s, and he leaned closer. Before Zelig knew what was happening she was falling into the fresh leafy water laughing and sputtering. Zac pulled her back onto the canoe.

Today was it. Today, Zelig would find out about her actual parents. Zelig grabbed a pink sweater and some white jeans and headed off on her journey. Halfway through the trip to Gothel’s lair and Zelig’s palms became sweaty. She felt a tingle and a strong hand wrapped around hers. It was Zac’s. Zelig was glad they’d found Zac.

At last, the crew had arrived at Gothel’s smokey, dark lair. Zelig, Zac, and Melanie tiptoed into the lair, being careful about their foot placement. Melanie grabbed a stick and swirled it above her head to collect any stray spiderwebs, which was strange because, from Zelig’s prior knowledge, Gothel was a neat freak and loved having modern flashy things in her house. A shiver ran down Zelig’s spine. There they were, her parents; vulnerable as ever, clutching each other.

“Zel, it’s now or never,” Zac urged, oblivious to the fact that Gothel was creeping up behind them. Zelig took a large breath and curled her fingers around a sharp sword and sliced off her hair in one clean blow. Gothel dropped to her knees first, her hands shrivelled up, then her arms, face, legs, until all that was left of her were some Chanel boots and a designer dress. Suddenly an eruption of cheers overwhelmed Zelig as her parents bundled her up in a huge hug. This was all Zelig ever wanted.





DIARY OF A HOGWARTS KID

Perry Nunn

'Inspired by Harry Potter and The School for Good and Evil 3'

Ginny Weasley's Diary Entry 1

Hello my name is Ginny Weasley, and I'm a second year at Hogwarts. My brothers gave me a diary for Christmas. It is enchanted to write down my thoughts when I use a spell.

I've been working up the courage to use a diary again after what happened last year. Writing in Tom Riddle's diary did not go well! Oh, now I have the shivers! I'm determined to try again and, well, no time like the present! I don't expect this to be very good or good at all but I have promised myself (and Fred and George), I WILL BE TRYING! They also made me promise to let them read some of this. Tonight, I'm going to explore the Forbidden Forest to collect some Night Phlox, Moon Flower, Puffapod and Devil's Snare – plants that only flower at night. It's for a Herbology assignment. It's due in two days but I thought I'd do it today as a time saver. Professor Sprout said, "We could find the plants all over the school," but I'm going into the forest. Oh yeah, I was meant to be going with Luna Lovegood but she got sick yesterday, apparently with...uh...Noxribo? So that was the end of that. I couldn't find a replacement in time, so I'm by myself. I'm a people person so I'm s-s- s-s-c-c-a-a-a-r-r-r-e-e-e-d-d-d, ahh, think positive Ginny you might see a Puffskein!



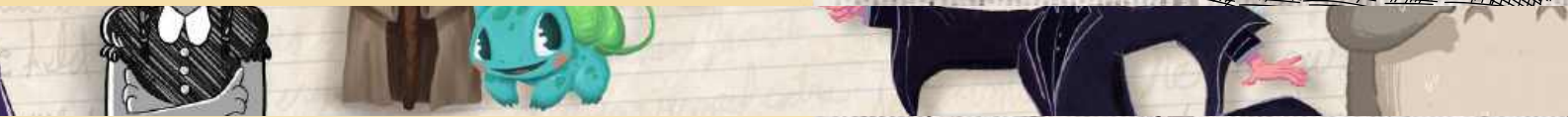
I've been waiting for three hours - only one left before I sneak out. Fred and George will be so proud of me! Okay, now I just need to fill in one more hour...

I've packed my wand, my sweets, a spell book, School for Good and Evil 3 (my favourite non spell book), some small jars and some Wiggeweld potions, just in case. I plan on leaving my common room and heading to the main hall. This castle, well, school, is so big! Especially when the stairs move, that's so annoying.



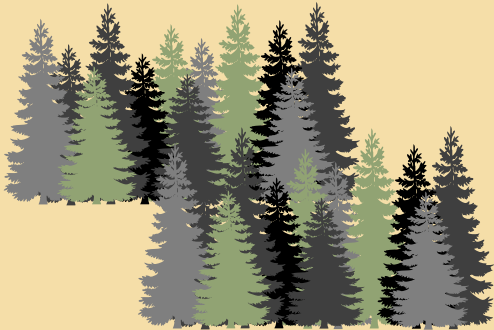
Wait, I think I'm lost. I'm in a room with a picture of a house elf. Oh, that's a real... hang on, that's Dobby, Harry's friend! Relieved to see a friendly face, I ask him what he is doing. "Oh nothing, miss, under control, miss," he squeaks. A loud crack and I can't see his figure anymore. Sighing, I move on. It is now pitch black. I am wondering if I should change my spell from the disillusionment charm to Lumos. But I'll be seen if I do that. There's nothing for it, I'll have to use Harry's invisibility cloak that I... borrowed (without asking) was that wrong? Fred has been saying take it while Ron has been saying trust your gut, sooo... no idea???

Hogwarts has tall, stone walls. This room even has a giant crystal chandelier. Whew okay, I'm in the dining hall so that means the exit is over, hmmm, uh... there! I'm heading out now. I can see the night sky. Hmm, not as many stars as I'd been hoping for.





I'm running to the forest.
 Okay. Here. Now. It's. So. Dark. And.
 Creepy. Need. To. Catch. My.
 Breath.
 I need to calm down and steady
 myself before I go any further. I've
 found a really comfy log and I'm
 going to sit here and read my
 favourite book for a bit. I'll
 definitely need Lumos for that.
 Now, where was I? According to
 my bookmark, Hort is asking
 Agatha to follow him...

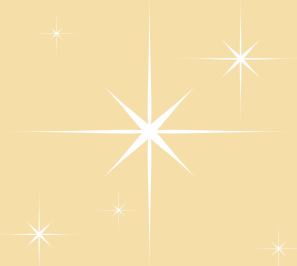


Oh, oops! I must've dozed off.
 Anyway I'm awake now, and feeling
 less anxious. Time to get moving.
 I'm walking into the forest
 now, don't stop me! Oh wait, you
 can't! Ha! Ah, sorry not sorry,
 George says I need to tease more,
 so George if you are reading this,
 ta da!
 I've been walking for ten whole
 minutes and so far, no plants or
 anything exciting. Wait, scratch
 that... I'm in a clearing now. Is it
 creepy that there is a fluffy jumper
 just lying on the ground? This is the
 Forbidden Forest so... probably. I
 think I'm gonna walk away from it
 — back away slowly — and go
 down the left path instead.

Still walking, still not winning any
 herbology awards. That breeze is so
 cold. I should've packed my warmer
 coat. Maybe I'll go back and find
 that jumper, no matter how creepy
 it is!

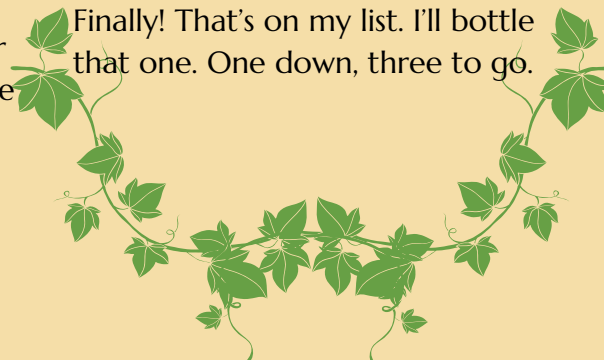


Creepy or not, this jumper is warm.
 I really hope I don't get eaten by a
 werewolf if I camp here for a little
 bit to restore my energy. I am also
 going to eat some sweets. I'm glad I
 brought those; they help a little bit.



Ginny Weasley's Diary Entry 2
 Whew, I am alive! I didn't get
 eaten! That has to count for
 something. I'll just have one of my
 sweets and continue walking down
 this trail.

What is that spiral pattern carved
 into that tree? I wonder if that's
 what Mum was telling me about? It
 means a dark or evil witch is
 nearby! Oh look! Devil's Snare!
 Finally! That's on my list. I'll bottle
 that one. One down, three to go.



Ok, gotta keep going down
 this path. Is this an
 abandoned campsite, huh?
 And here's a surprise, more
 spirals carved on trees. That
 can't be a good thing. That
 stone building has bars on
 the windows. I think it might
 be a broken prison. And
 over there, a ripped tent
 and a smashed mirror. And...
 is that a storage unit?
 I am definitely going to
 start with the most
 dangerous one to get it
 over with. I could stand
 here self-debating or I
 could go and explore that
 prison!
 This prison feels eerie. I can
 see lots of bent bars and
**THOSE SKELETONS ARE
 CREEPING ME OUT.** I am so
 curious, I would like to have
 a closer look, but I've had
 enough experiences with
 Fred and George to know
 that this place was probably
 rigged with traps. So, I
 might just leave and explore
 the storage unit.
 The metal walls are rusty
 and patches have fallen off.
 It smells musty in here. Or is
 it smoky? That fish tank has
 a crack in the side. Oh gross,
 I think it is filled with fish
 eggs! Wow, an emerald
 chest, is that real emerald?
 I've never seen a real
 emerald, so I wouldn't know,
 but it's green. And shiny. A
 spell book! Mum would flip
 if I touched that.





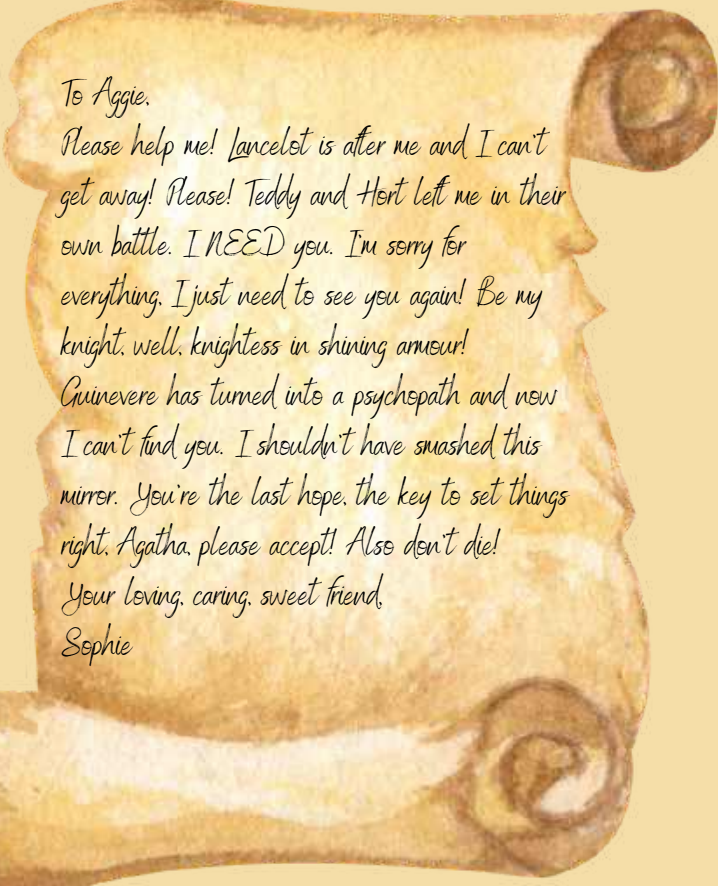
She's always telling me not to touch other people's spell books unless the owner has given you permission. Wait, wait, wait, wait. Too cliché. A jar of pickled cucumbers! And here I was thinking this was an evil witch's lair. Ha!

The moonlight is making something shine. A fish wire. That wire runs up to the ceiling, to that black CAGE!? Okay, now this is definitely cliché, that has to be an obsidian cage. And it could trap me if I stay here. Plan B – run!

That place was also rigged! The next options are to explore the glass or leave. I'm choosing glass! I really hope I have better luck with the mirror.

This mirror is so broken. This person's going to get seven years of bad luck, for sure! OW!

The glass just cut my foot – I'm dying! Oh, I know what Ron would say! He'd say "Ginny, don't be so dramatic". Ah, see, good advice, imaginary Ron. I see a note tucked into a shard of glass there, I better pull it out slowly so I don't cut myself again...



To Aggie.

Please help me! Lancelot is after me and I can't get away! Please! Teddy and Hort left me in their own battle. I NEED you. I'm sorry for everything. I just need to see you again! Be my knight, well, knightess in shining armour! Guinevere has turned into a psychopath and now I can't find you. I shouldn't have smashed this mirror. You're the last hope, the key to set things right. Agatha, please accept! Also don't die!

Your loving, caring, sweet friend,

Sophie

Someone's coming. I hear voices coming up the track behind me. I could hide behind that big tree, but I'll have to hop there.

This is not going to plan. There's another skeleton lying at the bottom of a tree. He's holding something. Why did I call it a he? I guess it just feels like a 'he'. So, he's holding a green bottle with a golden hair strand wrapped around it.

POISON! Definitely poison!

Those voices are coming closer, I better climb the tree.

"My dear I'm so very glad we rigged this place so we would know when there would be an intruder," says a woman's voice.

Oh, I knew it. Again, Fred and George are right.

"Oh yes, I am, dear Guinevere," says a man's voice.

"Come on, somebody is following us, the one who murdered three!" says Guinevere.



"Who?" asks the man.

"Sophie, you idiot! Green eyes? Blond hair? Never mind, just follow me," says Guinevere. I can see that they have gone into the storage unit, but there's no way down yet because of a scrawny girl who has just run up that track. Oh no, she just looked up. Has she spotted me? She's walking this way. Yep, she's standing there at the bottom of the tree where I am hiding!

"You can come down, I know you're up there," says the girl. Her emerald eyes shine up at me, gold hair shimmering.



SOPHIE!

I could jump down but my foot still hurts. I say, "I know," and slowly make my way down.

"Wasn't that much of a good hiding spot, you're lucky Lance and Gwen didn't catch ya," the girl draws.

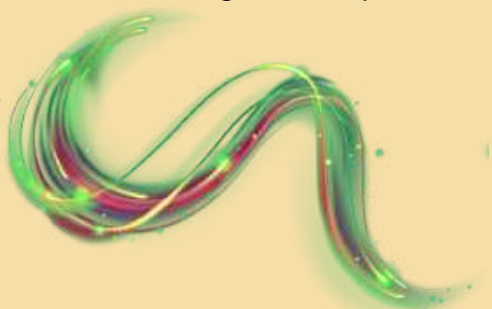
"You must be Sophie," I say.

"What's it to you? Plus, I'm no Sophie—"

"Who did you kill?" I ask, interrupting, as I remember Guinevere's words.

"Oh, my dear girl, I did not kill anyone. Lancelot and Gwen are exaggerating. Also, you didn't let me finish my first sentence!

Anyhow, I'm no Sophie," the girl pulls off her wig revealing short black hair, and swipes out contact lenses revealing brown eyes.



"You aren't Sophie! And wait, you are Aggie, or Agatha? From the letter? Are you coming to save Sophie or what?!" I am panicking; I am so confused! "Wait, who's that?" I ask, pointing to the skeleton on the ground.

"Slow down, and that's Mr Made-Of-Plastic-And-Paint-By-A-Crafty-Person," says Agatha. My head is spinning. The glass in my foot hurts, I can't take this anymore!

Ginny Weasley's Diary Entry 3

I am lying on a comfy log at the edge of the Forbidden Forest. The School for Good and Evil 3 is lying open on my face. I just remembered something. Mum always says great books give you powerful dreams. So maybe tonight wasn't the night to explore the forest. Maybe what I needed tonight was my own bed. Since this diary is enchanted to write down my thoughts, maybe I should make it a dream diary! With a dream diary, I can actually remember all my good ideas. Like how to convince Mum and Dad that I'm old enough to get my own pet. For some reason I think better when I'm sleeping. I know that probably sounds weird, but still, it's true. After all, the spell to get the diary to record my thoughts is Nox Scribo or Night Write! Maybe Luna was sick from the spell, Night Write!

FROZEN NEMO

Mahati Dandamudi
'Inspired by Finding Nemo'

Splash! One day Nemo was swimming very quickly. He was invited to Dory's birthday party. Nemo was in a rush as the party was far away at the Arctic.

While he was swimming, he stopped by a few fish on the way. They said it would take him a very long time to get to Dory's birthday party.

After six hours of swimming Nemo had almost reached the Arctic and started to get very cold. He was about to freeze up and suddenly he remembered his long-lost friend that lived close by. His childhood amigo had a white beard and wore a red coat. He also gave presents on Christmas. It was Santa Claus!



At the North Pole one of Santa's elves came to Santa and said, "Santa, there's been a notification on the magic snow globe that Nemo's heading to the Arctic and he's in danger and he's thinking about you!"

Santa immediately stepped into action. He got onto his sled and reindeer then rushed to the location where Nemo was located. But by the time Santa got to the location, Nemo was frozen!



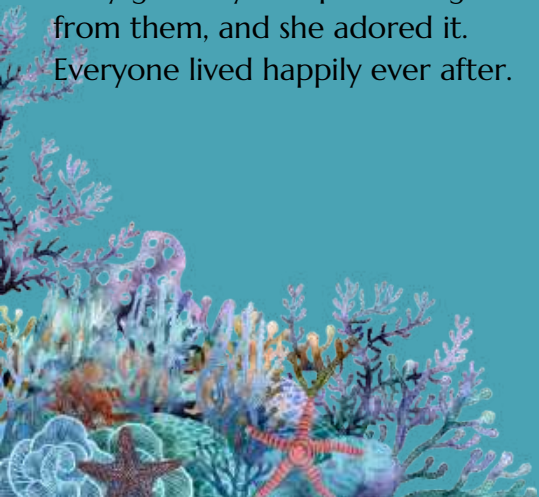
Santa and his reindeer tried as hard as they could to help Nemo. Santa had a one wish gem, which could make anything come true but only once. One of the greatest elves in the world had given it to him. Santa was very apprehensive if the gem's powers would work on Nemo, but he gave it a try anyway. Santa wished for Nemo to be unfrozen and it worked!

Nemo requested Santa to take him to Dory's birthday party. Santa clicked his fingers and magically within seconds they were at the party!



At the party there were also other fish and sea animals, such as glowing jellyfish, gigantic octopus and chubby starfish. The birthday cake was enjoyed by Dory and her friends. During the party Nemo asked Santa to make a gem that they could gift to Dory. And Santa said, "Of course, Nemo."

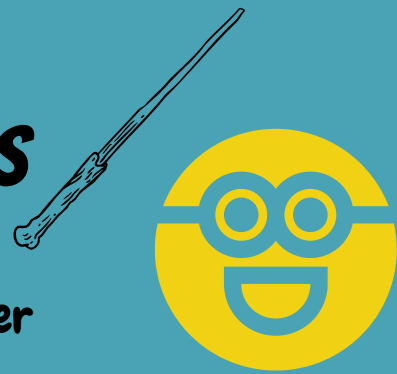
Dory gleefully accepted the gift from them, and she adored it. Everyone lived happily ever after.



HARRY POTTER AND THE MINIONS

Avyaan Gadiraju

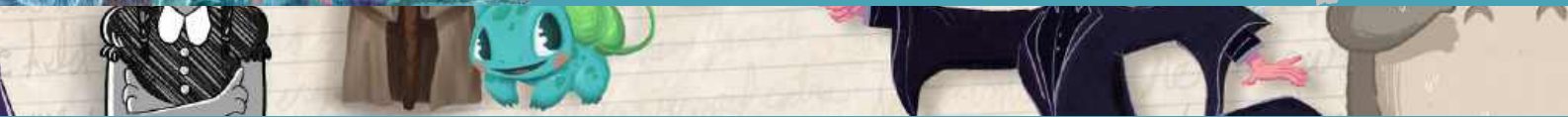
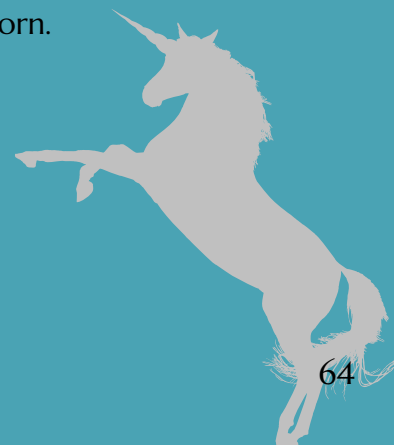
'Inspired by Harry Potter
and Despicable Me'



Once upon a time there was a boy named Harry Potter who lived with his parents and younger brother in Rainbow City. He was 12 years old and his family lived in a tall wonky house with no staircase. Harry had blue eyes and wore glasses. Harry Potter and his brother would move around the house on broom sticks because they were wizards! They had an owl to send mail to other witches and wizards. Harry went to a school in Rainbow City called The School of Powers. During his holidays he would ask his dad to teach him magic spells so he could use them at school on his friends for fun.



Draco Malfoy went to the same school as Harry. He was 16 years old, and he lived in a wicked house deep in the woods. Draco's house was very far away from school. He had to catch a super train which travelled at 999 km per hour to school everyday. Draco did lots of black magic because he wanted to live 1 million years old, like his great grandfather. He found out that to live forever you have to drink unicorn blood. So every night, he went deep into the woods searching for a unicorn.





He also had 10,000 minions to follow his instructions, help him go around in the dark, pack his bag to school, cook yummy food, and do all the jobs he asked them to do.

One day, Harry and Draco were in soccer class, and Harry overheard Draco talking to minions in the changing rooms about his plan of attacking the unicorn that very night!

Harry thought about what he should do to stop Draco from killing the unicorn. First, he went up to Draco and told him he had heard his plan, and asked him to stop what he was planning to do. But Draco ignored Harry and kept talking to the minions.

So, Harry threatened to complain to Professor Dumbledore, which would mean Draco's house would lose their points AND he might get detention! Draco got very angry at Harry and ordered his minions to attack him right away!



Harry was all by himself and there were 25 minions! They all jumped on Harry and started attacking him. They broke his glasses so he couldn't see, and pulled out their swords, running towards him. Harry took his wand and cast a spell!

"Cosmic Powder Space Fly!" he cried!

All the swords flew away into space and landed on Uranus. The minions could not attack Harry anymore, so they asked all 10,000 minions to come to Rainbow City straight away with more weapons to help them.

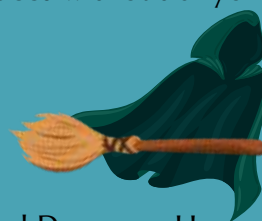
Meanwhile, Draco quietly escaped on the super train into the woods to look for a unicorn and kill it by himself.

All the minions came to Rainbow City and all attacked Harry at once! Harry decided to cast a freezing spell to make all the minions freeze for 1 million years.

"Freezo Minionus Millionus Yeros!"

All the minions froze where they were and couldn't move!

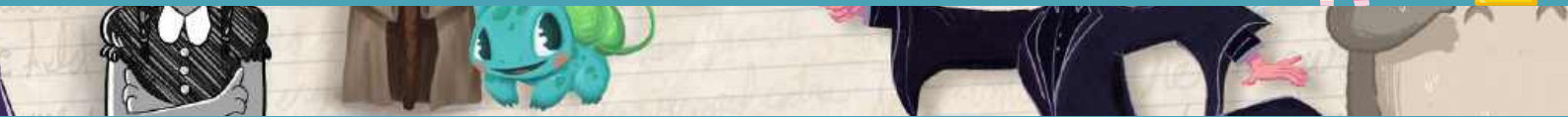
Harry looked around, and when he couldn't see Draco, he realised he must've escaped by super train to go to the woods to find a unicorn by himself. Harry decided to get on his broom to fly into the woods to find Draco. Harry has an invisible cloak that he got as a Christmas present from his grandmother; he can go around places without anyone noticing him!



Harry found Draco, so Harry disguised himself in his special cloak, which meant Draco wouldn't be able to see who was attacking him. Draco was walking slowly to the sleeping unicorn, it had blue and pink hair and pink toes. Harry ran in front of Draco and his wand so he couldn't kill the unicorn. Harry, still invisible, swiped and hit Draco's wand! It broke!

Draco was very confused and didn't know how his wand got broken. He was very scared that someone was using back magic on him and ran away to save his life. Harry went up to the unicorn, told him he was safe, and took the unicorn with him on his broom to a safe place in an underground bunker in the Rainbow City so Draco would never be able to find him.

Professor Dumbledore found out about Harry's adventure, and Draco and the unicorn. He unfroze all the minions, congratulated Harry for successfully saving the unicorn, thanked him with a golden trophy, and encouraged him to keep doing good work. Professor Dumbledore got very angry at Draco and he suspended him from the School of Powers and moved the unicorn to a safe place in the school so no one could hurt him anymore.



RYAN'S FUN PARK

Ryan Sendi

Inspired by Five Nights at Freddy's

"We made it out alive".

"Hey, Will, we need to shut this place down"

"WILL, ARE YOU LISTENING?!" Will's face was as pale as he saw a ghost.

"Why are you running?" Will's friend turned around, stuttering; "You're alive!".

While driving down the street, "Do you see that, Alex?" "Yeah, Dad," says Alex sarcastically.

"It's that place you loved to visit.

What was the name? Umm, uhh? Ryan's Park of Fun," Dad says in a sad tone. "Every weekend!"

"You begged me to go there, and it was splendid when I said yes!"

Sighing, "That was a full decade ago, plus it shut down!"

Interrupting, "I got you a job there as an engineer no one else wanted, so you got a job, yeah, making you special," said Dad!!

"WHAT? I must work at a place that shut down more than a decade ago because of safety issues?!"

"And I'm dropping you off now."

"What?? I thought we were going to have dinner," raising his voice!

"We're here," said Dad.

"I hate you," said Alex, slamming the door. While walking to the door, he said, "Dad forces me to work at this crummy place as a boring engineer!"

Meanwhile, Dad texted his wife: Greg@com.au: (9.12 pm) I sent him there. I'm going to do it, I'm sorry. Sarah@com.au:(9.35 pm) You promised you wouldn't send him there; you promised me. This is over, Greg — your silly reasons, your own selfishness, risking our son's life! Maybe this marriage is a lie; maybe everything that I loved about a guy was all for his secret little project!




Meanwhile, Alex stepped into Ryan's fun world to see the place slowly falling apart! The paint all faded away, the place filled with trash. But in front of him, he saw instructions with a blueprint of the place and a flashlight that barely works. Alex picked up the instructions; it said for him to do it: fix electricity in the lower parts of the theme park, fix the rails, clean the place up, and clean the gift shop AND LOOK OUT FOR THEM. Alex thought, "Who's them?!" But then he decided what he wanted to do was the rails. He got his toolbox and climbed up, hearing a scuttle. He took out the screwdriver and turned around to see a capybara down below! He knew the theme did have animals.

But that was a full ten years ago, he climbed to feed its sandwich; the poor thing had ripped up hair and he was so starving that you could see and feel its bones but it ran away. Alex saw that when he got closer to the capybara it started to look less like a capybara or a thing so he continued working, then heard another scuttle but he didn't care he continued working until 12 a.m. It was ready. He heard a bunch of teenagers but didn't bother him until they came and broke the lock. He went to the camera room and checked where they were going so he could throw a prank on them but after entering the park the face went pale and then cameras ran out of power. It was now 3 am meaning he could barely see anything. He remembered there was a flash light at the front door. Suddenly the huge rush wind hit him, something suddenly hit his face. It was enormous and ripped! He couldn't see, just feel it. It turns out to be just a mascot costume. He ran to see the flashlight on the floor cracked but still working.



He decided to go clean the gift shop. It was now 6 am. The sun begin to rise and a glimmer of hope shined into existence. He started cleaning the bottom layer to see the same thing he thought was a capybara in his sight but didn't care. When he cleaned the counter he found a log book. He read a few pages





Day one: You would expect a theme park to be normal but now this was the most packed theme park in the state. It was crowded with people, but something was off. It wasn't the food or the guests. It was the lower facility of the place. The place where the people who ran the company and some of the bosses were, but no one else. Jessie was allowed in there. Only there everything was normal.

Day two: The place had an awful stench in the air. It was coming from the lower facility. There were only a maximum of 57 people today. I was getting a bit curious and one of the capybaras ran away!

Day three: I got promoted to one of the bosses who work in the lower facility but when I entered, it was horrendous. I ran but they caught me.

Day: ???

Survival is all that matters. The park closed down, but they locked me in. Don't trust anything you see; the only place they can't get you is the lower facility. No matter what you do, do not go into the gift shop.

It was now 1 pm. Alex was terrified to hear this! He ran out to the door to escape this madness! He saw the capybara again. He now looked like a monkey! All that was left was restoring electricity to the lower facility, then he could leave! He ran with all his might because that was the only place that, whatever "them" is, can't get him. Then Alex entered to see hundreds of toys in the box but the main thing that caught his eye was a huge chair which was strapped with a plush! It looked like the capybara thing! Its eyes were closed. It was at least 3 metres tall. Behind was a big box with plushies about the same size as the one in the chair that said "failed subjects". Then things started to click into place. The only reason the boss was missing, and the lady got promoted was because they turned the boss into one of the living plushies!



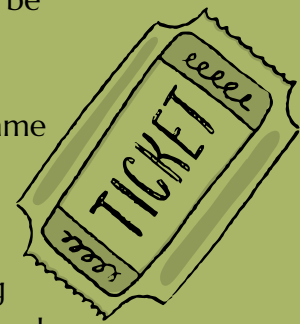
This means the mascots are the plushies! So, the place closed down because of the issue of the mascots and the failed subjects trying to be free.

"You're just like us, a fool who stepped into the eagle's nest" came a whisper.

Alex screamed.

"Who is it? what is it?"

It was the capybara now looking like one of those monkeys that had a drum on its hand and was 8 metres tall. Alex thought it was over because it was blocking the exit. The thing came closer. Then he saw a staircase going down. He leaped to block it with a wooden plank so something else didn't come in. Then he discovered a whole room based on how to get rid of the plushies! There was a map of the whole lower layer which probably only the company knew, and it was hidden away from the public.



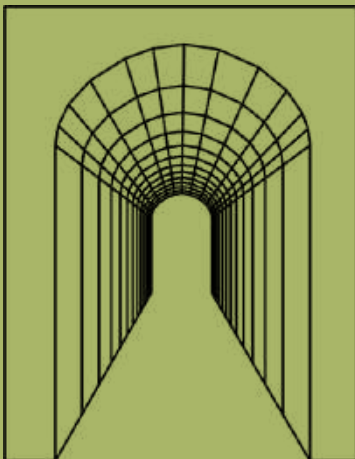


The map said it had carnival games and a movie theatre, but the words “the end” were crossed out! It had a photo of the electrical so the person who made this must have known about the place shutting down and chaos happening! So, he knew all along that this was a plan for a person’s selfishness risking life for money. He started to go deeper into the facility. The first thing was a carnival, just pure games – rigged games, like they always were – but he found something; a blueprint like the one at the door! He remembered clearly there was a pattern not just any pattern – a pattern of letters. It read etafofethldorwsinoouy. Just random letters. Then he heard a bash! The wooden plank that blocked the door was now broken. It was coming! He had nowhere to go.

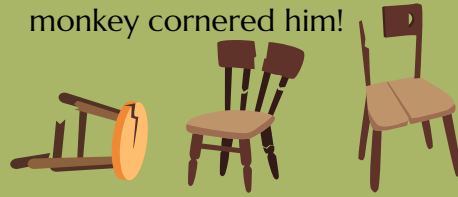


Meanwhile Alex’s dad was near the theme park. Realising it was locked. His plan was failing! He was breaking the lock knowing what fate

awaits him on the other side. Meanwhile Alex had nowhere to run, except deeper down, to the cinemas, where he quickly sprinted to.



The cinema was in ruins, half the seats were infested with mice and the other half was destroyed or graffitied on. He hid under one of the chairs hoping he wouldn’t get noticed! It came, but it was not the monkey, it was a big cuddly polar bear. It was sniffing its surroundings, knocking every chair down and getting closer and closer every time! Then he knocked Alex’s chair over, he had to run but then the monkey cornered him!



Meanwhile Greg put one hand inside to be sucked into the park, becoming one of the plushies, as a giant fox! He knew he had to be a hero but heard voices in his head, making him destroy half the theme park in one swing. Making everything in ruins! Then he destroyed the lower facility, showing the polar bear and the monkey. As he tried to grab Alex to save him, he tripped, and Alex climbed out of the rubble running to the door! Suddenly, the fox fell burying the plushie’s into the ground! Alex finally escaped by a breath.

Days later, while checking the newspaper, he found



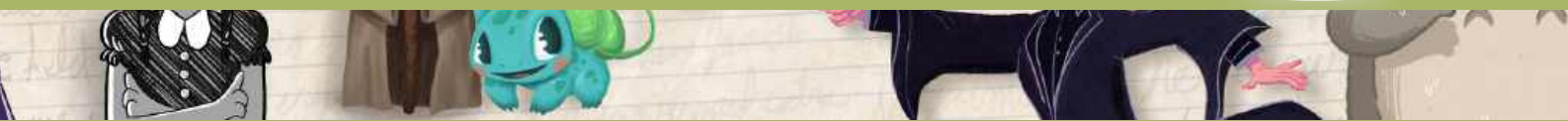
He knew what had to be done. He had suspicions that the park had something to do with his dad missing!

SPIDER FLASH AND THE DANGERS OF DIMENSIONS

Kavin Franklin
‘Inspired by Spider-Man and the MCU’

One dark terrifying night, there lay a bright glowing radioactive spider. It crept up a brick wall into the bedroom of 15-year-old Preston Parker. The spider crept its way onto the bed and bit Preston. Suddenly Preston started shaking and trembling. The next morning, he woke up with a yawn spreading his hands wide in the air. He looked up at his arm seeing that it was covered with a golden glove. He walked up to the mirror and saw his clothes were all different. He tried calming down.

As soon as he settled down a web shot out of his wrists! Then he started to panic and shake, but his movement caused a petite red box to slip out of his web shooter. He looked straight down and opened the box carefully. As soon as he lifted the lid up, a hologram popped up.





Preston slowly crept up towards the hologram and gently tapped it with the tip of his finger. With that the hologram started to say: "Hi, you are a superhero named Spider Flash and you have the blue diamond which creates your powers and costume, but I will also give you the purple, pink, red, orange, green and yellow diamonds. You must choose six other people to give the diamonds to and for a superhero team. Together, you must work together to defeat Cape Fire and his evil minions!"

CLICK!!!

Preston turned off the projector.



The next day at school when the bell rang, he went straight to the oak tree where he met up with his best friend, Peter Western. Preston revealed everything that had happened to him. Then Preston told him how he's going to hand the green diamond to him.

"Thank you, what are you waiting for? Let's go save the world!!" Peter yelled.

"NOT NOW SILLY IT'S SCHOOL!!!" Preston replied.

"Oh yeah, Sorry I forgot." Peter said.

After school they met up at Preston's house to hang out. They both sprinted upstairs to Preston's bedroom. They talked all about what happened and the superhero stuff.

"How are we going to get out of here and fight bad guys without our parents knowing?" questioned Peter.

"Don't worry I got this." Preston proudly said.

Preston walked to his mum and walked straight back.

"Turns out I don't got it." Preston said sadly.

"Don't worry, I got this," Peter said, and after ten seconds he came up with a good reason to tell Preston's mum to get them out of there.

Preston sat down on a log for a while thinking about who he should give the other diamonds to expand his team.

He realised that he should give it to the people who would suit his team best. The first was Droory and they gave him the power of controlling the weather.

"Cool! Awesome, thank you!! Droory said.

The next was Bobby, they gave him the power of Strength.

"WOOOOAH!" Bobby replied.

And the last was Cap. They gave him the power of VENOM!

Cap ran towards Peter and Preston and squeezed them tight. "THANK YOU, THANKYOU, THANK YOU!" Cap yelled.

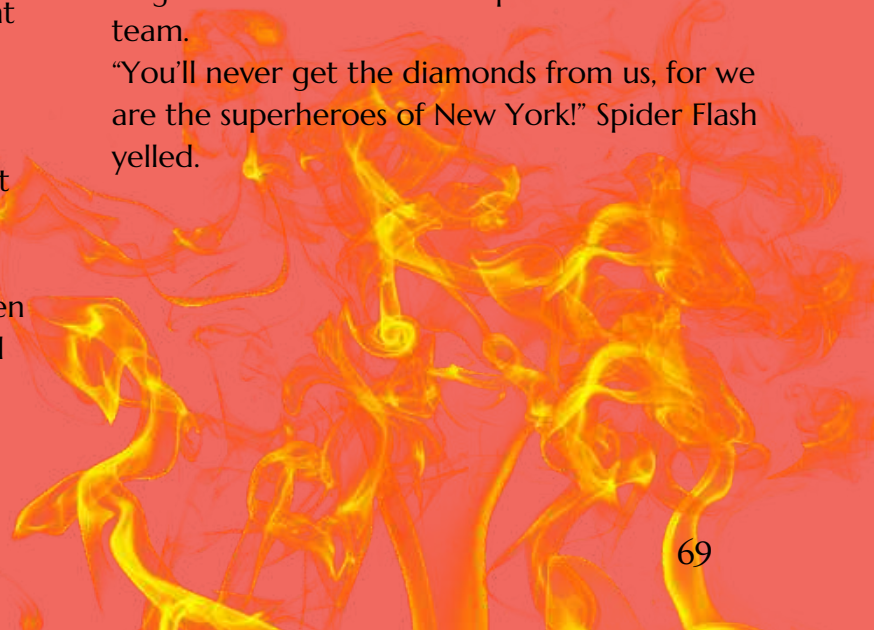
Back in school during 'Show and Tell' Danny was showing pictures and telling the class about how he has experienced many disasters, that's when Preston decided finally to give the red diamond to him.

So 'Big Team' had formed for the next big action adventure!!!

Weeks and months passed until one day the sky was filled only with dark clouds and the ground filled with endless raging infernos, but that wasn't all – there came up a glowing orange object, which was the ONE AND ONLY CAPE FIRE!!!

His evil minions were beside him walking down the grand entrance. He and the minions wanted to get the diamonds from Spider Flash and his team.

"You'll never get the diamonds from us, for we are the superheroes of New York!" Spider Flash yelled.





Spider Flash and his team were outnumbered. Preston and Peter scoured around the city only to find nothing. The team of superheroes sat down feeling helpless. When all hope seemed lost, a small ring fell out of Preston's costume and formed an endless opening. The superhero team turned their heads towards the magical sight that had just appeared.



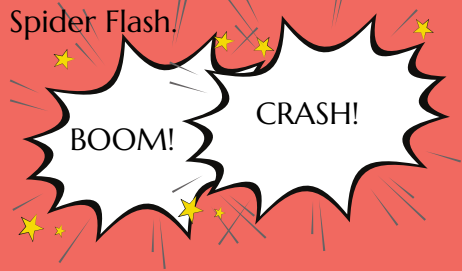
Preston dashed towards it. He did not expect to see anybody come out of it but to his surprise he saw the AVENGERS!

Cape Fire came to fight the superheroes, but they were no longer outnumbered. They also had the AVENGERS!

Spider Flash went fast but as he was running and fighting, Cape Fire formed a fiery red ball and threw it at Preston. Minimal turned big but he wasn't fast enough. Disaster and weather controller made the weather bad. But it still wasn't enough, then Captain Spider tried to bite Cape Fire, but it still wasn't enough.

Bobby who always had a smile on his face – unlike Cape Fire – tried punching him, but it still wasn't enough.

Spider Flash was brave and fast, but not fast enough. The ball of fire zoomed towards Spider Flash and hit him. Spider Flash dropped down to the ground. Nature and Disaster controller saw what happened and went over to help Spider Flash. But while they did that, Cape Fire started to gather the energy from the ground and zoomed towards Spider Flash. All the diamonds from the other superheroes went to cover Spider Flash.



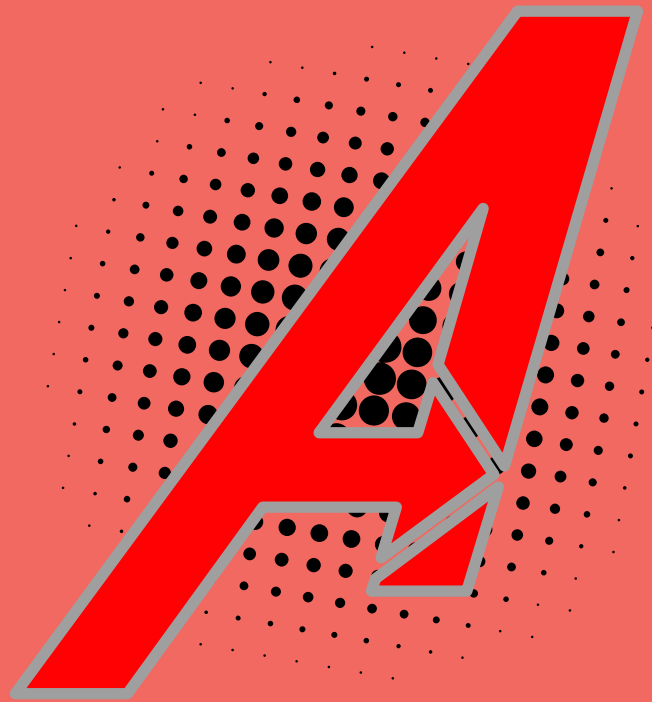
Cape Fire hit Spider Flash! But Spider Flash was alive, he was protected by the diamonds. All the diamonds went into him, and he punched Cape Fire and his evil minions out of sight!

Captain Spider and Minimal helped Spider Flash to his house.

Spider Flash climbed his house's wall and crawled in through his bedroom window. He got in just in time for dinner!

"What were you doing in your bedroom for so long?" Preston's mum questioned.

"Definitely nothing magical!" Preston answered. Preston's mum chuckled.



FUNERAL

Isabel Rio

Inspired by 'The Secret History'



The family had insisted on an open casket, they were all about appearances and Liam's makeup was thick enough to cover up any blemishes on his outer skin. The priest, adorned in his white and gold, spoke fondly of Liam. He was a good student, a friend, a brother, a son. At this point, the entire church seemed to look at his mother, seated in the front row amongst what was leftover from her family. She faced forward, emotionless, holding her breath until the end of the service.

He pulled out a packet of cigarettes and passed me one silently. "You're Emma, right?" I nodded to him, sucking in on the cigarette like it was my life support. He turned and left before I could even think of anything to say, his still lit cigarette butt rolling on the dark brick and yet to touch his lips. I smoked my cigarette to completion and then, after choking on the cold air, I picked his one off the ground, and smoked it too.



I had been told that she hadn't even cried yet. The rest of her family had, her husband especially. So much so, that they rented a whole new four bedroom home for him to fill with his hysterics, so Liam's mother could rest in peace.

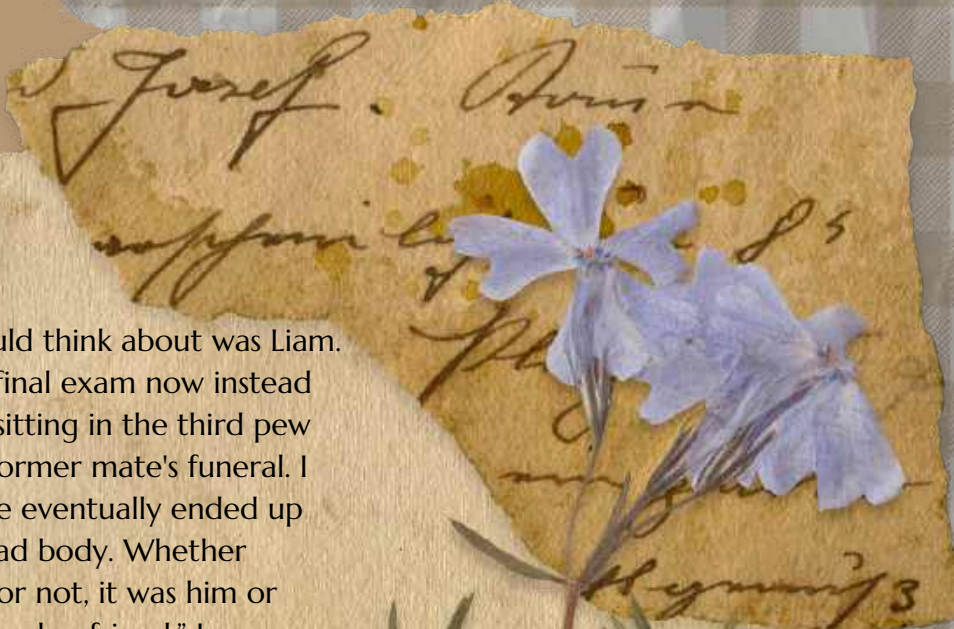
Liam's girlfriend, Mary, choked on tears in the pew behind me. Her head buried in Bertie's lap, her body convulsing in sobs. The church did nothing but echo her.

The outside air made me feel queasy, but the walls in the church were beginning to close in on me and I could feel the blades of shattered stained glass windows piercing through my skin. Mary stared at me as I walked down the aisle. Her gaze grabbed me and wouldn't let go. She can't have known for sure, but she must have been suspicious. After all, I was the one keeping her busy on the night Liam was murdered. I was the one pouring the wine and listening to her weep about how "that piece of crap had been with half the student body."

The doors opened behind me and a young boy walked out. His nose and eyes were Liam's, but his skin was dark and worn.

There was a tingling in my fingertips as I gripped the steering wheel. My thighs were sweating through my skirt. Beside me Mary was shivering and I turned up the car's heater. Horrible gasps for air broke through the silence as Mary choked on her sobs. Eventually, as we crossed the state border and rain pelted harder against the windscreen, she fell asleep. Rain filled my ears and brain, finally giving me a chance alone to hear my own thoughts.





But somehow, all I could think about was Liam. I should be taking my final exam now instead of driving home from sitting in the third pew from the front at my former mate's funeral. I know that I would have eventually ended up looking over Liam's dead body. Whether dictated by my hands or not, it was him or me. "I'm sorry about your boyfriend," I whispered to Mary. My voice tiptoed around her, scared to wake her up. "I'm sorry I got you drunk and you passed out on my bed." The rain only seemed to become louder and suddenly, I ached to be heard. I raised my voice and challenged the rain. "I'm sorry that a mother lost her son." Mary stirred in her chair, shifting to face me. The weather outside was angry enough to cover my view of the road. A sheen of sweat built on Mary's forehead. "But I'm not sorry that Liam Collins was stabbed to death and buried in the river!" My throat was raw. Mary blinked at me with wild eyes as the rain began to stop.

