

**Enfield
Learns
Together**

**Short Story
Competition**

2020

**Winning
Stories**



www.enfield.gov.uk



Introduction

We have been delighted with the stories contributed by Enfield young authors to this booklet of short stories which has been created as part of the Enfield Learns Together! Short Story Competition. Young people aged 5-13 were asked to write a story that addresses the theme of community and as you can see there has been a varied and creative response. We hope that you enjoy reading these stories - Enfield certainly has a host of talented young people.

Enfield School Improvement Advisors



Contents

	Page
Introduction	
<u>Year 1</u>	1
Winner – Naiya Shah, Rob the Robber	
<u>Year 2</u>	2
Winner - Gulcihan Cakir, Cherry's Big Dream	
Runner Up - Beata Kalthi, Community	3/4
Highly Commended - Holly Hussein,	5/6
<u>Year 3 – 4</u>	
Winner - Ariane Anstee, The Rubbish House	7/8
Runner Up - Elliot Anstee, The Rubbish Story	9/10
Highly Commended - James Melady, Community Story	11/12
<u>Year 5 – 6</u>	
Winner - Jacob Polack, The sounds outside my window	13
Runner Up - Sophia Roper, The story of a girl	14
Highly Commended - Evan Summerfield, A solitary summer	15
<u>Year 7 – 8</u>	
Winner - Alisia Deda, Brave Briar	16/17
Runner Up - Evie Bhairo-Smith, The Power of Community	18
Highly Commended - Sajida Hussein, Put Together Again	19



Rob The Robber

Naiya Shah (Year 1) Winner

ROB THE ROBBER

Once there was a very dirty but strong police officer. He lived in a office. His name is Pongy.

Near by there lived a rich kid called Toby. He was a very friendly person and he was friendly to his family.

Then there was a mean and quick robber and his name was Rob.

Suddenly Rob came to Toby's house and took his mums mobile phone. Toby did not see Rob. While Rob was going home with it, Pongy caught Rob and said "you are going in jail for 3 years."

After 3 years Rob came out of jail. Pongy said "you have 1 more chance and you have to clean up for 2 hours. So Rob cleaned up for 2 hours. When Rob finished went to Toby's house and took some money. AS he put it into his bag he heard the news that Toby was watching on TV. In the news it said that another robber in Peru had 1 last chance and he lost it so he went in jail for the rest of his life. So Rob put the money back quickly and he got out of Toby's house. Rob learnt his lesson and Rob never never robed again.

Cherry's Big Dream

Gulcihan Cakir (Year 2) Winner

CHERRY'S BIG DREAM

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Cherry. She had curly blond, shiny like sun and glamorous hair. She had ruddy-cheeked, beady eyes and pink lips. Her biggest dream was getting into mischief. Because she had never been naughty before. She wondered if what was it like to be naughty. So she decided to go out and explore it. Firstly she looked at the fishes which were swimming in the small, blue stream. They were swimming calmly. They never looked naughty. Then, she looked at the diligent ants on the ground. They were walking stoutly and carrying pieces of bread on their back. They never looked naughty. After that, she saw two grey, fat and long-eared rabbits. The rabbits were eating juicy, fresh and orange-coloured carrots. They never looked naughty. Finally, Cherry gave up to explore and returned home. She felt bored herself. Suddenly, she saw the crayons and some papers on the white coffee table. She started drawing but she was a little careless and accidentally drew the surface of the table. She tried to clean the table but all of a sudden, she realized that had a chance for being naughty! She scribbled the white coffee table's surface with drawings of birds, flowers, rainbow and sun. Cherry's mother, father and baby sister into the room. They gazed at her and said: "What a naughty girl!"

Gulcihan Cakir

Community

Beata Kalthi (Year 2) Runner Up

Community

Community means a group of penguins sticking together to make things work, so I'm going to write a story about it.

Once there was a group of penguins, they were having a lovely holiday. They were having swimming, singing and dancing. They were having a party, too. During the party, there was a thunderstorm. One of the penguins said "Let's get out of here!" "How?" asked another. No one answered. They snuggled together. The storm was done, but there was another problem. There was ice everywhere and they couldn't get fish. Luckily some penguins managed to escape so they can have fish. The penguins found fish and brought them to their homes. One fish had an idea and said "We can make a hill by dancing. Then snow will fall and make a hill." Then the penguins said "That's a great idea."

The next day they danced, but it made things worse. They called for help, but no one came. They called again, but still no one came. They looked for things that might help them to escape, but they couldn't find any things. All they could find was snow. They put their heads together and tried to think of a plan. No one could think of a plan. They sat down. Only one stood up and said "Don't just sit there think of a plan!" They all stood up and thought of a plan. Then one jumped up and said "Let's search for someone". They searched for someone and found a huge seal. The penguins asked "Can you help us break the ice?" "Of course," replied the seal.

They went to the ice and made steps with it. The penguins that were trapped went up the ice stairs.

Community
Beata Kalthi (Year 2) Runner Up

and lived happily ever after.

The end.


By Beata Kalthi

Short story

Beg of the corona
 virus came England
 was a lovely place
 It had warm cool
 weather and off
 every thing was
 good. People were
 happy. But very
 soon the corona
 virus came. The
 Corona virus is also
 known as Covid 19
 Covid 19 is a horri-
 ble disease that keeps
 on spreading. So if you stand
 next to some body they could
 have the corona virus and they
 breathe on you then you could
 get catch the corona virus.
 When the corona virus came
 the wether became
 bad and ~~as~~ people
 went sad. Soon
 lockdown came
 and you are not
 allowed to go
 to school unless
 your parent work
 at a hospital and
 treat sick pasents
 or if your parent
 work at a school
 and are some
 key workers.

Corona virus

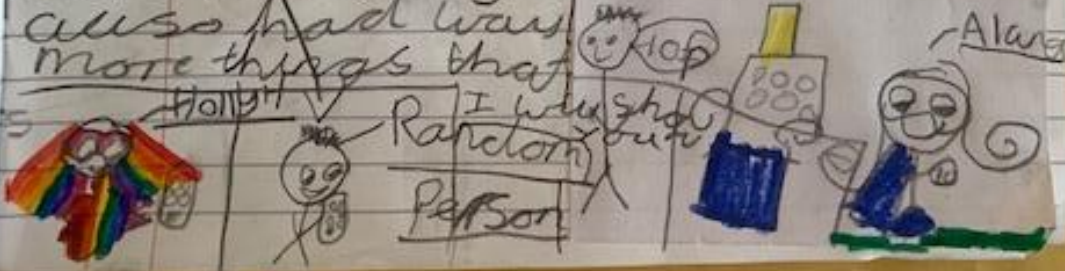
Characters



Betsy Holly H

Meet the Super Hero Club they are a small group of 3. The leader is Holly H. The members are Alana and Betsy. During the Covid virus they help people by gardening or helping them get some shopping or taking to them on the phone. over there is Alana helping get some shopping for elderly people. They help people because they are very kind. Also over there is Betsy helping people to plant some flowers. Last but not least we have Holly H going on a phone call to a person to make them feel better. And they also had ways more things that

Shopping Help



Alana

Holly H

I would help you out

Random Person

The Rubbish House

Ariane Anstee (Year 3-4) Winner

BY ARIANE
ANSTEE

The Rubbish House

"What a lot of litter!" groaned Frances. She and her five siblings were doing a litter pick in Woodlands park.

"We'll never be able to pick up all this rubbish," grumbled Cora. Walter nodded his head in agreement.

"Let's get started," encouraged Flora and Freddie, who were twins. Robert stooped down and grabbed a plastic bottle. Then he stuffed it in one of the bags they had brought with them. Cora followed his lead and soon all six of them had filled one big bag.

"Can I help?" came a deep voice behind them. The children turned round to see a grinning man with a hand held out. In turn, they all shook hands with him.

"I'm Frances."

"I'm Walter."

"I'm called Cora."

"I'm Robert."

"We are Flora and Freddie. We're twins!"

It turned out that the man's name was Mr Smith. Together, they picked up litter. Bottles, newspapers. By the time they had finished, nearly everybody in the park was helping.

"What shall we do now?" asked Mr Smith. Everyone thought for a bit until Frances exclaimed, "We can build a litter house!" For a moment there was silence and then a big cheer went up. Frances blushed with happiness.

"Shall we start now?" demanded a boy in the crowd.

"Why not," said Mr Smith. He rushed to a bag and opened it. Then he gave each person a heap of the contents and set to work.

"If you squashed each piece of litter next to each other then the house will be solid," he explained. Taking turns, each person had soon run out of litter.

"Come and get more litter!" ordered Cora, happily.

Soon one wall was built. People sat on the ground and drank lemonade that Robert had just bought.

"Hurry up. There's more work to do, you know!" scolded Walter and Robert. Groaning and moaning, everybody got back to work sticking a newspaper or a paper bag here and there. Frances, Robert, Walter, Flora and Freddie watched in satisfaction as the house started to look like a house.

"Come and help!" shouted a man beckoning them over.

"Yes do," agreed Cora, who was actually helping.

"But it smells..." protested Flora in disgust. Eventually

The Rubbish House

Ariane Anstee (Year 3-4) Winner

BY ARIANE ANSTEE

they had to go because it was teamwork after all. The six siblings and Mr Smith built one wall and the other people built the remaining two walls. When the walls were finished, a lady pointed out that they didn't have a roof. The lady was, in fact, Mrs Smith.

"We'll balance a piece of cardboard on top of the house and then we will put the rest of the litter on it." explained Walter, walking over to the last bag. He took out the cardboard and handed it to Mr and Mrs Smith. Then the tall adults piled the rubbish as instructed.

Everybody stood back to admire their handiwork. The house was psychedelic because of all the different litter. It was shocking that one could build a small house out of litter. The house had a door made of a cardboard box and there was one window. The walls were as sturdy as real walls and when there was a massive gust of wind they did not fall down. The brothers and sisters hoped that there would be an impact on how much litter people left around.

Why don't you look for the house? You never know... it might still be there!

The Rubbish Story

Elliot Anstee (Year 3-4) Runner Up

The Rubbish Story

By Elliot Anstee

"Come on!" Nick shouted. His lungs felt like they would burst. He and his two friends, Charlie and John, were running up the hill of luscious green grass in Grovelands Park.

"Look at all this litter! It gets worse every day!" John said in his bored voice that he used every day.

"Yeah, it does get worse," Charlie said pensively.

"We are going to build a house. Out of the rubbish, I think that we can do it," Nick stated firmly. "And we're going to start now."

And that is what they did: they gathered up all of the rubbish in sight until there was a pile as big as a big bonfire.

There were plastic bags and empty boxes, plastic cups and bottles of beer, popped balloons and an old collar that said 'Rex'. And there were plastic caps of bottles, a can of something smelling sweet, empty crisp packets and many more things that were unwanted.

Nick was stacking plastic boxes up while Charlie was sorting through their pile and John drawing a plan on some newspaper.

One hour later, all four walls were built. They had found a big wooden board to use as a roof and were in the process of putting it on the roof.

"Done!" cried all three of them in unison. Just then, the park ranger came along and said, "Wow! Can I take a picture with you in it?"

"Yes, of course you can," replied Nick.

The Rubbish Story

Elliot Anstee (Year 3-4) Runner Up

The park ranger took the photo and walked away with a smile on his face. It was time to go home.

The next morning, Nick came down and saw his mum reading 'The Enfield Gazette', their local newspaper.

"Look Nick, you're in the paper!" said his mum. Nick looked and he saw his grinning face staring back at him. In the afternoon, Charlie, John, and Nick met up.

"I didn't see any photographers yesterday!" said Charlie and John.

"Neither did I, but I do know who took the photograph," Nick said. He winked...

THE END

By Elliot Anstee

Community Story

James Melady (Year 3-4) Highly Commended

Community Story 15.05.20

It was a special day in Enfield because it is the 50th anniversary for the cash machine first invented. On this day a golden cash machine will be placed in next to the old one and tonight there will be a party in the middle of Enfield.

Peter patrol is a blue haired man with a hi-vis-jacket on and he loves saving the day. Right now he is helping a little old lady cross the road, what a heroic deed! And after that he heard a noise coming from a blue van. "I better go and check that out!" Peter patrol told himself. But waiting to strike was greater danger!

Peter patrol ran to the blue van.
"What is going on here?" here
"We're travelling," said the family, okay
"okay." Meanwhile the lady and her walking stick went over to steal the gold cash machine! She got in a car and drove away!

"Well ^{where} here did it go?" asked the multimillionaire man.

"I really don't know," said Peter patrol.
Then ^{and} it he screamed.

"Okay, I'll try," said Peter

"I might have wasted some valuable money paying for that."

Community Story

James Melady (Year 3-4) Highly Commended

Page 2

The lady had a companion in crime that was helping her to hide the machine. They walked into an alleyway, banged on a wall and a door opened and they both ~~had~~ walked through. Peter patrol was starting to walk down the alleyway and saw the open door. He went through. And just as he did, the door locked behind him.

"Okay, did not expect that," he muttered.

The old lady and ^{her} companion in crime were running out of a door to escape the locked room and when they did ~~they~~ jumped into a canal and stayed there. Mean while Peter patrol banged on the door to escape but it wouldn't ~~down~~ budge more. But then he did something he did not know he could do, he threw a ~~glance~~ at the door, so it melted.

"Nice." Peter patrol muttered. "Let's go!" ^{the} cash machine

In the canal the ladies could not hold much longer and let go.

"I've found the ~~the~~ thief!" He said.

He jumped into the canal and saw, the lady he crossed the road with!

"You will be going to jail." He said

That night the party was on, Peter wanted to show some dance moves and he did.

The two ladies in the police van ~~was~~ unmasked.

It's Joker and Harley Quinn!

"Now that is a surprise!" Peter said!

The Sounds Outside My Window

Jacob Polak (Year 5-6) Winner

Hurrying downstairs, I could hear my street chattering away, preparing to clap for the fabulous, hard working NHS. Shouting enthusiastically to mum to get the pots and pans, I unlocked the door. An elongated smile on my face. I waved across the road to Gary and his kids. They moved in way before we did, but we had got to know them so well since we had been there. We even saw grouchy Mr Green tonight! I was overwhelmed by happiness. We made a right racket! Friends and family came from nearby streets and clapped with us.. It was delightful!

When I went to bed that night, after all the excitement, I could hear my neighbours laughing and chatting. That was very comforting and I slept like a log. I dreamed about how pleased I was when we were clapping for the life saving NHS. I dreamed about working for them one day. What an honour that would be. Every day they were working to save lives, putting their own lives at risk simultaneously. In my dream I frantically hurried down the corridors of the hospital to my patient. They had the coronavirus and I wasn't sure what to do. I paused. I couldn't do it! But he needed assistance with his breathing. My stomach churned, fingers trembling. And then, because I was determined, I did it. I didn't have time to reflect on my heroic actions as there were many more patients who were relying on me. I had saved someone's life! But that was just one person amongst so many. The NHS are heroes, legends and champions with those life and death scenarios.

My eyes opened up, it was the morning. After all of my adventures in my sleep, I appreciated the NHS even more. My mum and I sat in the garden. It was very warm as I sat on the weather-worn bench. Our neighbours were also awake and their garden door was open. I could faintly hear the sounds of a kettle being boiled. I told Mum that I could see the neighbour adjusting the blinds and we had a nice chat with her from her window. I begged mum to let me play in their garden, but she laughed and said, "We will go another day maybe, because grandma is visiting today!". Grandma was finally coming, I was over the moon!

Ding Dong! Someone was at the door. Calling for mum to answer, I jumped up and down with joy.

It was grandma! She danced through the house, spreading happiness throughout, reminding me that it is not only the virus that can spread! We had a lovely time sitting around the steaming hot barbecue. My mouth watered as I took a big chunk out of the burger. It was delicious. After the meal, we even gave some to the neighbours!

Life is full of light and dark I reflected.. look for the light to guide you through the bad times.

The Story of a Girl

Sophia Roper (Year 5-6) Runner Up

One day a horrible disease struck a small girl. She was almost nine years old and fighting for her life. She would lie in bed everyday staring at the ceiling. At six, she stopped walking. Everybody took their turn talking to Yasmin, soothing her, but it became clear that she was not getting better. Her mother was distraught; Yasmin was an only child, living in a poor village, south of Algeria.

It was so filthy in the house, with only one room. The girl got the cleanest water she could get; unfortunately it was contaminated with germs and bugs. It only made her sicker. On her 9th birthday her mum had a premonition that Yasmin would die in one year if she did not get the treatment she needs. The people of the village searched for plants and herbs to help but nothing was helping. Then someone had an idea.

Ten miles down the road was a private hospital, but they could never afford it, so for the next six months the whole village just farmed and farmed. Rationing their food and selling the rest, they finally had enough money for the treatment. But, they had the problem of transport, so Achnee (her mother) carried her ten miles down the road.

After a week of life-saving surgery, Yasmin was a happy, healthy girl, and her mother was overjoyed. Before they left, a woman came to them; she said that when Yasmin had her tests, they found out that she had I.Q of around 160!

One month later, she received a full scholarship to one of the best schools in the country!

She would later stay in the village and help sick people as well as working at the hospital where she was healed of her sickness. She had a happy life and passed away at the age of 92 with two children, and seven grandchildren, and even 3 great-grandchildren! It was a wonderful life, for a wonderful woman

A Solitary Summer

Evan Summerfield (Year 5 - 6) Highly Commended

Rowan had never wanted to leave London. He had left all his friends, and his past life, behind when he and his mum drove out of the city and entered the countryside. Rowan's mum had always loved the countryside, ever since he could remember. She had decided to move because of worries about pollution in the air. Rowan remembered his mum shouting upstairs at 8-year-old him on the morning of the trip.

"Come on, Rowan!" came her cheerful voice from downstairs "Today's the day!" He had hidden underneath his bed so that his mum wouldn't find him, and take him away from his life, his friends, everything he knew.

That was all three years ago. At first, life in the countryside wasn't as bad as Rowan had imagined. He and his mum lived in a small bungalow with a school nearby. He especially enjoyed walking around the countryside on his own. He made new friends to replace his old ones. Life was good. That was, until school was cancelled and his mum was told to start working at the "nearby" hospital, which was a 35 minute drive from their house. Rowan barely ever saw his mother anymore. She got up at six in the morning and came back at midnight.

As he had nothing else to do, after waking up, he would eat some cereal and then go out for a long walk to the closed school and back. Then, he would come back for lunch, and in the afternoon, he would explore the forest around the back of his house. On one of these days, he was walking through the woods when he heard faint shouts from off to the left. He slowly walked that way, wincing whenever he stepped on a twig and it went SNAP!

As the shouting became clearer, a small building came into view up ahead. As he got closer, he realised the shouting had stopped. Before he had any time to wonder why, a hand clapped him on his back. Instinctively turning around, he stared into the face of a harsh-looking man. Rowan jumped back.

"Why did you touch me?" He asked "Don't you know the rules?" The man stared at him.

"What rules be those, then?" asked the gruff man, "And why be you in our village?"

"Don't you know what is going on in the world?" asked Rowan, angrily.

"This IS our world, lad." said the man, equally angry.

Their conversation had attracted attention. From all around the clearing, people were looking out of their houses and staring at him like they had never seen a human before. Rowan looked around the small village equally in wonder and in fright. Seeing this, the man put an arm round his shoulder. "Let me show you around."

The villagers, who at first had been hiding in their houses, came out and welcomed Rowan. Soon, they were all showing him their simple but rich way of life.

Brave Briar

Alisia Deda (Year 7-8) Winner

Many centuries ago, when unicorns roamed is the earth, there once lived a beautiful, loyal and courageous princess who went by the name of princess Briar Beauty. She was a passionate and determined soul who did everything in her power to protect her kingdom. She was a tall, powerful figure with eyes as focused as an attentive fox. Almost everyday, she wore the most stunning outfits which shimmered like a silver moon. Her walk was a graceful, elegant strut which warned anything, or anyone, in her way that she did not take disobedience lightly!! Whenever this respected princess entered a room, people would feel mesmerised by her superiority and power.

Briar lived in a welcoming, powerful kingdom on top of mount Ahtohallan. For many centuries, the kingdom had been a safe, joyful place to live, but that all changed during one dreaded winter. Without warning, many people started to tragically disappear and all that could be heard were piercing, deafening shrieks in the far distance near the enchanted forest. Families, desperate to be reunited with their loved ones, wept and cried for days on end. Being such an honourable and unwavering leader, princess Briar soon gathered her trusty knights to find whatever, or whoever, it was causing the chaos in Ahtohallan. Heroically, they mounted their beastly horses and set off to the enchanted forest...

After a short while, Briar and her might knights approached the opening of the enchanted, endearing yet unsettling woods. Being such a committed group, they had travelled far and wide to fight many fearsome battles, but not one of them had ever attempted to enter this dark, dingy place.

As they cautiously entered the wooded area, the sound of the horses hooves turned to a muffled clatter. Far in the distance, there was a mysterious mist which lingered behind an empty cabin. There was a faint smell of mischief in the cool, damp air. A smell of mischief which made Briar and her men shudder. High in the sky, the menacing moon peered down on the wooded land below. Not far from the knights, a frothing and bubbling swamp whimpered as the light glistened on its surface.

Next to the murky waters, some towering trees carefully guarded the path to the abandoned wooden hut. They stood as tall as the mighty warriors who entered this forbidden place. The emerald-green grass, which surrounded the tree trunks, was a blanket scattered across the muddy floor. Below the dark, dingy waters a sound erupted. A long, echoing, muffled sound – a sound which sounded like the shrieks from before yet much deeper and much more painful. “ My trusty men,” announced Briar, “ this is a place where secrets lie. I command you to guard the entrance to the forest while I search this forbidden place.”

“As you wish your highness,” replied Daring, her most trustworthy soldier. Within seconds, Daring marched the other men to the outskirts of the forest leaving Briar Beauty all alone in the deserted, desolate woods...

When the knights left, Briar felt a cool, icy breeze blow across her face. Cautiously, Briar let her eyes gaze around the nearby surroundings. The shrieking in the nearby water had turned into a fizzing hum; almost like there was something, or someone, coming to the surface. Feeling as determined as ever to figure out what had been going on in the woodland, Briar lifted her foot to begin her walking to the southern side..

Before the princess could even place her first small, winter boots on the path ahead of her, a deafening scream entered her eardrums. Drenched with water, Briar immediately spun on her heel. There, inches away, stood the most fearsome, vile and repulsive beast Briar had ever laid her eyes on. It was thrashing around in the murky water with hatred in its eyes which looked like nothing but pure evil.

For the first time ever, Briar was taken aback. The monster, which was as tall as the lonely castle of Heritage, was thick with grease and grime. Its skin was a pale shade of sewer and its scent lingered unwelcomely in the atmosphere. The most disturbing thing about the creature was the roar it had trapped deep inside its soul. "Ogre," Briar began to whisper to herself, "Ogre of Osgrath. My father had warned me of this deadly beast..."

Within a second, the menacing ogre lurched forwards and sent Briar flying through the heavens. The moss beside the swamp was too slippery, especially when laced lovingly upon the rocks. As Briar fell, her head ricocheted off a nearby rough, rigid rock and she encountered immediate pain. "My swamp!!" bellowed the ogre. "This is my swamp! I will devour you like I did your brothers and sisters!" Just as the ogre spoke his final words, Briar could see the ogre shuffling towards her. Unfortunately, she could also feel her eyelids unwillingly closing...

After what seemed like forever, Briar heard her name far in the distance. "Briar! Briar!" chanted a familiar voice. "You have got to assemble to your feet!" By a power beyond her control, Briar's eyes flickered open to see that the ogre was now no more than two steps away from her. Her head pounded and her heart raced but Briar was not the type of princess to let a concussion destroy her victory.

Without thinking, Briar quickly rolled to the left and luckily avoided the first blow from the ogre's wooden malice. Catching her breath, Briar began to speak. "You will destroy no more lives!" she declared proudly, "for I am Princess Briar Beauty, the daughter of King Richard!" with that, Briar heroically got back on her feet and pulled out her most sacred weapon from the hilt on her belt. She also pulled out all the courage her father had taught her when she was a young child.

As the ogre shuffled closer, Briar held the shimmering sword high in the moonlight sky and brought it crashing down on the creature's formidable face. A squelching, gurgling, bubbling sound was heard followed by the sound of a boulder hitting a grave. Then, there was nothing but silence. Complete silence. The ogre in all of his large glory, lay motionless on the murky, gloomy mud. Briar felt a warm sense of pride enter her heart. The beast was dead.

When the sun set and the moon rose, Briar finally returned to Ahtohallan. Crowds cheered with delight as owls hooted with happiness. Feeling satisfied and relieved, Briar proudly announced to her people that the beast causing chaos from the enchanted forest was no longer a threat. To celebrate their honourable leader's victory, the people ate an extravagant feast, drank the finest wine and shared stories of the beast Princess Briar Beauty had just slayed.

For many months later, the kingdom remained a cheerful and tranquil place to live. Everyone felt safe and went on about the days without a care in the world until one shadowy, airless October night a deafening, ear-splitting roar erupted for the west...

THE END

The Power of Community

Evie Bhairo-Smith (Year 7-8) Runner Up

Community. Whether its people sharing common beliefs and interests, or people living side by side as neighbours, or just engaging in the same activities or work, it's good to feel part of a community, and to have a sense of belonging.

A global pandemic broke out in 2020 killing thousands of innocent civilians. Extreme measures were introduced and many countries went into lockdown.

It was Thursday afternoon, walking back from my 'essential' shop (according to lockdown regulations we are permitted to go to the shops for essential items) I saw Mrs. Evelyn outside her porch watering her beautiful potted flowers. She was an elderly lady, who I'd often thought was a little wacky because her bright pink lipstick clashed with her dark grey curly hair and white diamanté spectacles. She wore a white cotton gown with purple flowers, and bright red velvet slippers.

I walked across the road and took the opportunity to introduce myself, after all I had plenty of time on my hands, what with there being no school. "Hello, I'm Evie, I live at number 33 and I was wondering how your day is going?" we started, what turned out to be a long and intriguing conversation, what an amazing life she's had. It turns out she has lived here for forty-eight years. During that time neighbours have come and gone, while she brought up a family of five. She now lives by herself as her husband sadly passed away ten years ago and her children who live some distance away visit when possible, so she doesn't see her grandchildren as much as she would like.

She seemed really happy for the chat and I too felt happy for my effort. She told me that since her husband had died, she hadn't really made an attempt to get to know any new neighbours and sometimes felt isolated and a little lonely. When I got home I told my mum all about the lovely lady down the road and what a marvellous life she has lived, having been born in 1929 and surviving World War II.

Later that evening my family and I joined the rest of the street for the weekly Thursday night clap, to show our nations gratitude to the NHS and front line workers. I waved to Mrs. Evelyn as she hobbled to the edge of her drive.

As the weeks went by, I looked forward to Thursday night, meeting my community and waving to my new friend, and when I could I stopped at her garden gate to have a little chat. After ten weeks of clapping, the county decided it was time to stop and I felt a little forlorn. Without realising it I enjoyed feeling the community spirit.

Mrs. Evelyn says that making friends with her neighbours due to lockdown has made her feel part of the community again, and that becoming friends with me, has left her with a warm glow inside- the feeling is mutual.

Put Together Again

Sajida Hussein (Year 7-8) Highly Commended

This story is about a young boy named Dannie, Dannie is a boy who has spent most of his childhood in a wheelchair. A few years ago he had a horrible accident. It permanently damaged his spinal cord. Who would have thought a simple ski trip would be the reason he would never be able to walk again. Ever since then, his school life has never been the same. Before the injury Dannie was one of those quiet kids, an introvert, although he is still like that, he would often get a few questions here and there but other than pity he wouldn't get much attention, until he met Lia and her bright friend group. The day they met there was an instant connection they spoke and laughed, Dannie hasn't laughed in a long time, yet it happened. Thanks to her group.

It was a new term, which meant a new timetable, Dannie hated new terms because once he finally got used to a class they end up moving him out. Dannie got out the elevator waving the teacher goodbye. "Oops hold on," The teacher said while putting her hand out to stop the elevator doors from closing, "Your head of year told me to pass you a message, she wants you to go to her office before heading to your first lesson."

"Am I in any trouble...?" Dannie replied with curiosity,

"Can't say I know. Do you want me to want me to take you over to her?"

"No it's alright I can manage, thanks for asking Mr Marris."

"No problem, see you later Dannie."

Once again they waved each other goodbye, Dannie was getting really anxious and was thinking of anything that he may have done wrong. Then it snapped. At the lunch hall yesterday. He left his lunch tray at the table! What if Ms Smith, his head of year, saw him and was going to scowled him. All these thoughts distracted Dannie that he didn't even notice he was already there. He looked up in realisation. His palms sweating. He moved his hand forward hesitantly. Then the door opened. Which left him frozen with his hand in the air looking like an idiot.

"Good morning Dannie," she said with a genuine smile

"Morning Miss Smith...?" He said slightly confused

"Come on in," At this point Dannie was baffled as to why she wasn't frowning, "So you are probably confused as to why you're here, well let me explain, right as we are talking someone is heading over to this room. Her name is Lia, and she will be your buddy."

'Buddy? What the heck is a buddy? So im not getting in trouble...? That's great!' Dan thought to himself

"She is a very bright girl and will introduce you to her friends and help you around." As soon as she finished that sentence there was a knock at the door. A new friend had arrived, with a cheerful grin across her face.

