



Bradford
Grammar
School

JUNIORS

clock wise

2015/16

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STORIES,
POETRY,
LETTERS AND
IMAGERY FROM
**THE JUNIOR
SCHOOL YEAR**

**THANK YOU
CLOCK HOUSE
FOR ANOTHER
FANTASTIC YEAR!**



**Clock
wise**

01



**Bradford
Grammar
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Welcome

**Every year our pupils produce
work of the highest standard;
Clockwise celebrates the
work that they create.**

This work ranges from written stories and poems (in English, French and German) to beautiful, innovative projects in Art and Design Technology. The whole School becomes involved and the best pieces are then selected – an unenviably tough decision! This year is no exception and shows not only the quality but also the range of work our pupils produce, which we are very proud to showcase. In addition, we have created a new look which, I hope you will agree, shows their work to best effect. May I take this opportunity to thank all of the parents, pupils and staff I have met over the years; it has been an absolute privilege. I hope you enjoy the 2016 edition of Clockwise.

Neil Gabriel
Junior School Headmaster

BGS

Torey Gavrilova, 4B

BGS is:
Where good things happen,
Where achievement gets shown,
Where children learn and play.
Children's behaviour is exceptionally good.
Where children work hard
and the teachers tell them interesting facts
especially Mrs Buckley
the star of the school
and Mrs Allen
the computer brainbox
plus Mrs Orviss
the speech of drama
Mr Smales
the DT and science knowledge
Miss Marsden
a sports teacher and also in class
Miss Bloomfield
swimming and netball
Miss Howes
kind and gentle voice.

And best of all, the super-nice head teacher,
Mr Gabriel.



We've had some fantastic animal-related adventures this year!

We enjoyed a 'Wear It Wild' fancy dress day in support of WWF and welcomed The Gruffalo to BGS! See pictures of our pupils' wonderful animal costumes and the The Gruffalo's special visit on the inside covers.

Here is a selection of our pupils' roaring good work on the theme of animals:



ANIMALS

Fast Fox

Khadijah Nisa, 2S

Fast Fox jumped on his shiny red bike. In his bag he had the yellow, angry chickens. They were fed up because they were hungry as they had missed their dinner. Fast Fox was hungry. He couldn't wait to get home and cook the chicks. A chicken dinner, delicious he thought.

The Cave Baby

Alexander Robson, 2S

Quietly, the cave baby sleeps.
Noisily, the mammoth trumpets.

Angrily, the big brown bear roars.
Slowly, the hyena growls.

The Amazing Hen

Jessica Bowie, 2Y

Hetty the hen had never ever laid an egg! She was a small chicken with red, fiery feathers. In the afternoons, she spent her time trying to lay an egg, but that never happened. Poor Hetty was very sad.

All of a sudden plop, an egg came out. Plop and another. But there was something peculiar about Jessie's eggs. They were very dark brown.

After a while, all the hens in the hen house had heard about the very dark brown eggs. In the distance, Hetty could see the Easter Bunny and she called him over and said she had a present for him - chocolate eggs for Easter.

Turtles

Samee Khan, 3W

Turtles were living on this planet even when the dinosaurs were living. Turtles are sea life creatures and tortoises live on land.

A Turtle's Life Cycle This report shows a turtle's life cycle. Turtles begin when a female turtle comes to lay her eggs. They start as an egg, then crack open and a baby turtle comes out. It feeds on seaweed and after six years it comes back to land. Sometimes turtles live for 100 years.

Turtle Facts A turtle can hold its breath for 30 minutes. It can even close its nostrils. There are more predators on the coastline so the young loggerhead turtles stay in the depths of the ocean, to stay safe when they are growing.

The Shell The rings on a turtle's scales can help us to tell how old the turtle is. It is very hard to tell how old loggerhead turtles are because the shell is made of two parts.

Something Fishy

Yusuf Suleman, 6T

As she flipped the page of her magazine, bored and lonely in the laundrette, Jane noticed a teal blue glow the distance, coming from a washing-machine. In front of her, was a golden sock-fish. She looked around, took a deep breath and jumped in. What was happening? As she hesitated, the cute, intriguing, sockfish wriggled out of her hand. As she followed the magical creature, she discovered a world of magic laundry fish. The more she discovered, the more she wanted to explore. Intrigued she dived deeper.

Something was watching her. She turned to see a jean-shark, appear behind her. But before she could register what was happening, the lightning fast jean-shark was chasing her. Her heart raced. As she hid from the shark, she noticed the golden glow of the washing-machine. She swam to the washing-machine which was as bright as the sun. Panting, she reached the door and fell on to the laundrette floor. Something had come in behind her. It was a pair of jeans. Trembling, she reached out and touched the jeans. "I think those are mine," the shark declared, peering down at Jane.

The Seaside

Jenna Gore, 3W

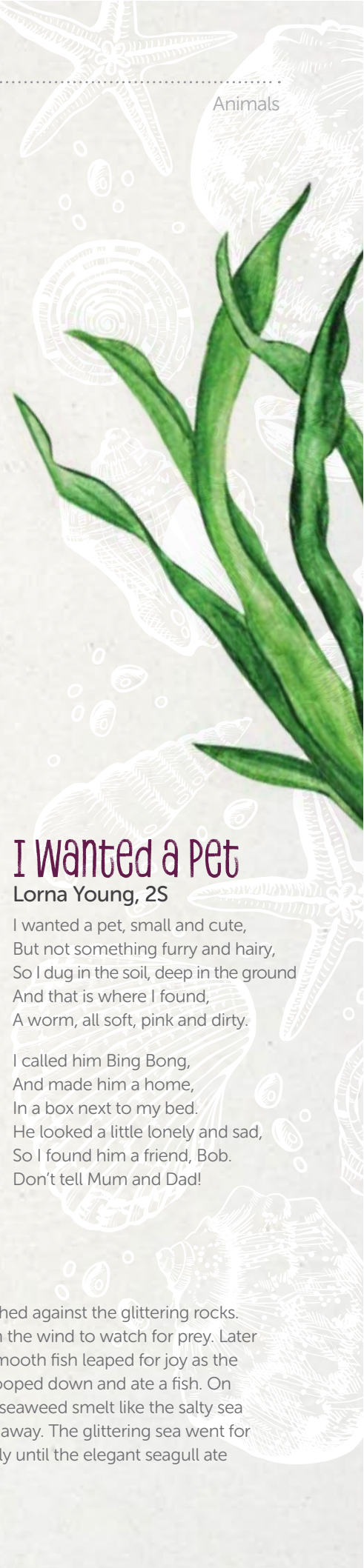
In the distance the waves angrily crashed against the glittering rocks. Loudly a shrieking seagull hovered on the wind to watch for prey. Later the noise of waves quieted and the smooth fish leaped for joy as the waves got smoother. The seagull swooped down and ate a fish. On the cliffs the grass was beautiful. The seaweed smelt like the salty sea smoothly running further and further away. The glittering sea went for miles and miles. The fish swam happily until the elegant seagull ate another sparkly fish.

I Wanted a Pet

Lorna Young, 2S

I wanted a pet, small and cute,
But not something furry and hairy,
So I dug in the soil, deep in the ground
And that is where I found,
A worm, all soft, pink and dirty.

I called him Bing Bong,
And made him a home,
In a box next to my bed.
He looked a little lonely and sad,
So I found him a friend, Bob.
Don't tell Mum and Dad!



*to palpitate indeed he wants to
the sea and for once the boat to the
of the sun with a subtle red
carnival saved indeed, but only
only on the other*

Something Fishy

Adil Akhtar, 6R

In the late afternoon, Charlotte was extremely bored, so she tapped her feet and read an ordinary magazine which was left on the floor by somebody. She was in the same launderette waiting for her laundry to be done. It was about five o'clock and the street lights reflected on the double-glazed windows. She was alone and not a sound could be heard.

After a few seconds, Charlotte spotted a blue glow, which shone on her blue, pale face. Then she noticed that there was an underwater world of flying laundry. She was surprised and eager to look in. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a small, cute yellow sock fish welcomed her into the world of laundry. She saw schools of fish cross by and jelly fish performing a show of breast stroke. Then the yellow fish took Charlotte to the belly of the ocean.

Fireflies

Ishaq Ali, 6T

Fireflies hover over my head buzzing and lively;
They dazzle me like the northern lights.

Always up in the sky, shining phenomenally,
Swiftly soaring through the air like eagles
Hunting for prey, like wolves in a pack,
Buzzing madly and annoyingly.

Like the sound of a tap spitting water
Mr Firefly you have stunned me with your luminescent glow.

I thank you greatly and mean it from the heart
But may I ask where you go
When the black night is gone and day is here?

Thank you Mr Firefly.

But now the night is fading and I must go
The sky is always lit up with your astonishing glow
So I may come tomorrow,
Or I might not,
Who knows?

A few seconds later, Charlotte saw an ebony, dark shadow coming. It was a denim shark!

It chased her around the ocean water. Then she found a branch and hid behind it. Her heart pumped like a tire on a wheel.

She then spotted a ray of yellow light reflecting on the ocean water. Charlotte raced through it like a cheetah. She looked terrified after that scene. Just at that moment a pair of jeans fell out. Did she touch them?

Charlotte cautiously looked at the pair of jeans. Was it the shark and did it move?

At that exact second, a shark came into the room and declared, 'I think those trousers are mine.' The shark had razor sharp teeth, its eyes were as sharp as flying saucers and it had that cheeky smile that children do when things are wrong. Now was it going to attack Charlotte?

Something Fishy

Shahnaz Butt, 6T

Maddy was in the laundrette, looking at a magazine, when she saw something fishy in the washing machine. Looking around her, she approached the glowing machine. She took a long look into the washing machine, puffed her cheeks out and threw herself in. Where was she? Was it dangerous? As Maddy entered this fascinating, enchanting, magical water-world it became more exciting. A sock fish, with cute small eyes, swam quickly behind her back. In front of Maddy, were turtles carrying shirts with them.

After exploring all the fish, Maddy went to find a place to rest. Then she decided to look for more things to see. She saw plants like vines. The ocean was bottomless. Suddenly, she felt the water wobble against her skin and Maddy knew there was something behind her. As she turned around, she saw a jean-shark. The more she looked at the jean-shark the more she became more afraid of him. The jean-shark was swimming swiftly towards her Maddy. As she hid from the shark, she noticed the hole in the machine door. Maddy's heart raced. The machine door was a sign of hope mocking her. As the bright yellow hole called her, the jean-shark was getting closer and closer. Terrified, Maddy paddled as fast as she could to the hole and got out of it. The jeans came out too and with a soggy finger, Maddy prodded them to see if they were alive.



SPEECHES & letters

We've been exploring the power of the written and spoken word.

During their English lessons, Year 6 pupils have learned the importance of writing and delivering powerful speeches. Year 4 have become expert letter writers, successfully gaining responses from famous authors, celebrities and sportsmen and women.

Here are some inspiring extracts from our pupils' writing:

My Speech

Silvie Rutherford, 6R

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, I am Silvie Rutherford and I am here today to discuss why in some sports men get paid more than women. Did you even know that this was happening? In some cases men's prize money is £1,795,000 higher than women's. Now this is illegal if it is the same job and the men get paid higher wages however the money that is paid to sports' people is from sponsorship and ticket sales. This is called revenue.

In golf, women get paid less than men but this is understandable as women's golf is less popular and so gets less income from sponsorship and ticket sales. Similarly, women's football achieves smaller revenue from ticket sales and sponsorship so smaller prize money is understandable. For example, the male FA cup winner gets £1,800,000 but the women's FA cup winner only gets £5,000.

In women's athletics, however, males and females are equally popular and the revenue from sponsorship and ticket sales is the similar yet men are still paid more than women. I find this extremely unfair. Do you?

In tennis, men and women are paid the same prize money yet many people feel that women should win a smaller prize as they play three sets, not five.

Historically women were not allowed to be paid to play sports which means that generally, women's sport has not had as much time to become popular as male dominated sports, therefore they have a smaller fan base which produces less revenue. The smaller fan base also results in less sponsorship and so the sports' women have less revenue to be paid from so they earn less.

I feel that things are moving more and more towards equality between male and female sports' people and in the future both genders will be paid the same. Girls, would you like to become a sports' woman?

Thank you and I hope you enjoyed my speech.

Africa: Environmental Hazards

Olivia Wasley, 6R

Hello, my name is Olivia Wasley and I have been doing some research on environmental issues in Africa.

The issues that I am about to talk about affect over half of the people who live in Africa. This continent is the second largest continent in the world. One of the major problems in Africa is water pollution. Africa accepts solid waste from developed countries like America, European countries and Japan for which African countries get paid. But these solid wastes are not processed properly, and are dumped in the rivers and other sources of water. Human waste has also contaminated the water resources and access to fresh and clean water has become very difficult.

One of the other major issues is deforestation. This situation is affecting the ecological balance of not only Africa, but the entire world. The clearing of the forest cover for wood and agricultural land has resulted in soil erosion, climate change, less rainfall and many other adverse conditions. Deterioration in the quality of soil and the loss of soil fertility has also become a very serious concern. Although the government has taken the initiative to grow more plants, this imbalance in nature cannot be covered by just a little effort.

These issues have become a very serious concern not only for the continent of Africa but for the entire world. Can we help these situations to become right again?

Thank you!

Isa Haider, 4B

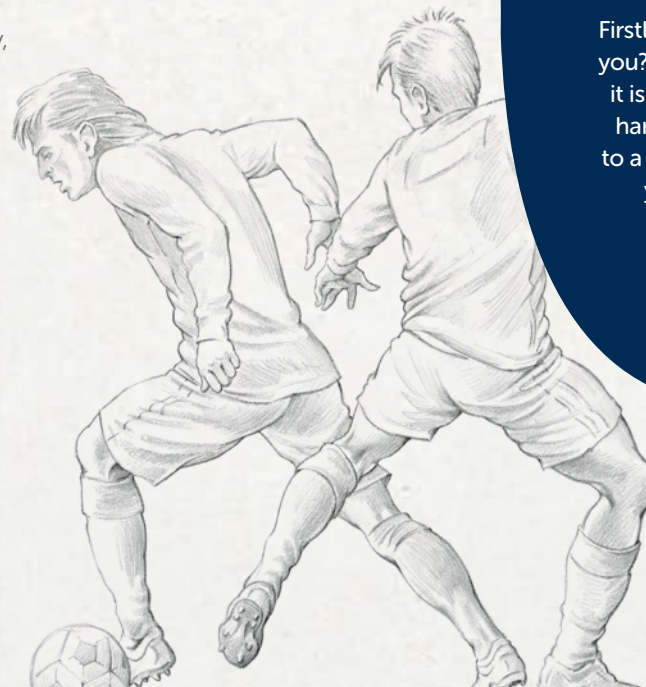
Dear
Louis van Gaal,

My name is Isa and I am nine years old. In English we are currently learning how to write a formal letter. I chose to write to you because I support you in football. Also my brother and dad support you too. I know it has been a tough season for you and you have lost a lot of matches. Have confidence in yourself! I have confidence in you. Work hard and hopefully you can win the Premier League or the FA cup.

When I am older, I want to play for Manchester United and England. Your fans and I will cheer for you every time you play. It doesn't matter about winning or losing. Football is about working hard, enjoying yourself and making your manager proud. What is it like being a professional footballer? What is it like winning the Premier League?

Thanks for your time.
I hope you reply.

Yours sincerely,
Isa Haider



Clara Moisey, 4B

Dear Your
Majesty,

My name is Clara. I am eight years old and I am in Year Four. In English we are currently learning about how to write a formal letter. I chose to write to you because I am interested in the Royal Family and I think you rule the country so well.

Firstly I would like to know, how are you? I would also like to know what it is like to be Queen. Is it fun? Is it hard work? I am looking forward to a response. Thank you for taking your time to read my letter.

Yours sincerely,
Clara Moisey

Samantha Bowie, 4B

Dear Your
Majesty,

My name is Samantha Bowie. I am nine years old and I am in Year Four. In English we are currently learning about how to write a formal letter. I chose to write to you because I think you lead the country very well.

Firstly, I would like to know what you are doing for your birthday this year? I went out for tea and got some new Converse trainers.

Secondly, what is it like to be the Queen? Is it fun or hard work? I think it would be fun because you could boss everyone around!

Thirdly, what does Buckingham Palace look like inside? I bet it is beautiful. I love hearing your speech at Christmas. How do you write it?

Finally, what are the names of your corgies? And what colour are they? I have a dog called Maggie and she is a golden cockapoo. She is one and a half years old and only as long as two pencils so she is very small and cute.

Thank you for taking your time to read my letter.

Yours sincerely,
Samantha Bowie



MYSTERY & magic

THE HATCHING

Jamie Jagger, 5H

One night, when all the pupils were sleeping, the egg began to glow green. The egg rolled from side to side.

Suddenly, a huge flying saucer arrived. It was plain grey, and it was in the shape of a skull. It had grey tentacles which drooped down. A blinding ray of light shone down. The ray of light picked up the egg.

Soon, the egg was in the spaceship. All of a sudden, the egg hatched and out came a slimy, oozy alien. It had three eyes, six gooey tentacles and a round scaly body. He then fiddled with the controls.

A human fired a gun at the spaceship. A blaring alarm went off as the spaceship crashed into the chemical vat.



THE HATCHING

Isobel Hartop, 5H

One night, when all the exhausted pupils were sleeping, the cream crinkled egg, cracked! Suddenly, there was a firing blaze from the egg. Then the egg started to rock rapidly searching for an escape. A puff of illuminous smoke appeared. The smoke was toxic and florescent orange. A claw emerged....

The claw was red and ebony black. Then the full body was exposed! The black strip on the poisonous red, made his golden, yellow, dinted face pop out. All down his back were poisonous red and ebony black spikes, but the tips were illuminous green. The rest of his body was a ferocious navy blue. His mother then appeared out of nowhere and they both flew over the gate to explore the school.

The dragons broke down the beautiful oak door that had been there for decades and destroyed all things in their path.

THE HATCHING

Florence Taylor, 5H

One night, when all the tired pupils were sleeping, a bright glowing light shone from the huge but unhatched egg. Minute by minute, second by second, each crack began to get bigger and bigger and the glow from the egg got brighter and brighter...

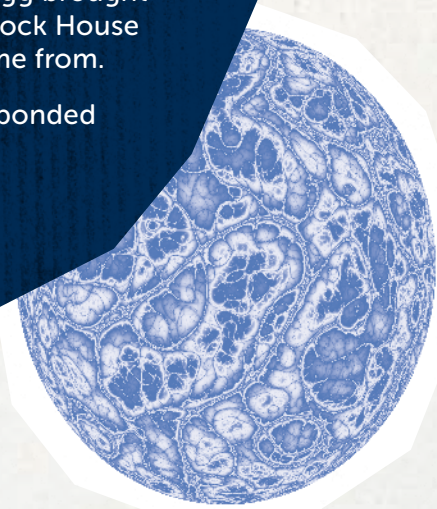
Eventually, two tiny feet popped out of the egg. With a tweak and a crack, two glittery, blue, beady eyes emerged from the egg. Then the whole creature had emerged from the egg!

Slowly, it began to crawl towards the school door, which had foolishly been left open! So the baby dragon decided to quietly crawl into the school to find somewhere to hide and rest. After lots of roaming around, the baby dragon found a quiet space inside a drawer in a class room. Then its eyelids began to close ...

Clock House has been a mysterious and magical place this year!

The baffling arrival of an unexplained egg brought an air of anticipation and mystery to Clock House as pupils tried to work out where it came from.

Read on to find out how our pupils responded to this curious event:





The Witch

Abdullah Raqib, 2S

She has a long hat that is pointy and wide.
On top of her head is a shiny plait, which is very untidy.
Her eyes are like red blazing fire.

Her skirt is as magic as a fairy and as shadowy as night.
Her blouse is camouflaged
and she has a brooch which is made of bulletproof glass,
which glistens in the dark, dark night.

The Witch

Imaan Zahra Hussain, 6A

She was beautiful; her skin the colour of honey. Her eyes were intensely jade, whilst her delicate lips were vibrant ruby. Her hair was whipped around her stunning face. Ebony was the colour of her hair; it matched with her eyes magnificently. Her build was small, with her dress fitting perfectly; it was made of a soft turquoise silk that wrapped around her delicately.

However, in her eyes, there was a dark secret. As her lips curved cunningly, the truth about this mystery woman was yet to be told...

She flashed her teeth. They were like daggers. And when I looked in her eyes once more, I could see a flame: the colour of icy blue. This mysterious woman transformed before my eyes.

The Wizard

Joseph Rogers, 6T

As he walked into the room, I saw a tall, thin man wearing a grey cloak and holding a tall staff nearly the size of him. His face was mostly covered by a long, bushy, grey beard that flowed down his body like a river but you could just make out some small, glaring, beady eyes hiding behind the beard. He also wore a tall, pointy hat that was grey like his cloak and beard.

THE WITCH'S WAND

Lucy Moisey, 2Y

Last Saturday, I went with my auntie to watch a play called, 'The Witch's Wand'. I had lots of sweets and popcorn. The play was about a witch who used her wand to stir her cauldron when she was making spells. In one spell she needed all of these ingredients: flowers, a toad's leg, a big fat hen, a lightbulb (which made it sizzle) and some tomato ketchup.

After a while, a funny noise came from the cauldron. It was a sizzle and a pop and a sizzle and a pop!

Unexpectedly, a big whoosh of sparkles came from the lightbulb and a clucking noise came from the hen. The witch felt a bit scared so she got onto her broomstick and flew away.

In the distance, she saw a red and yellow DRAGON! There was a huge clap of thunder so the dragon got scared and he flew away with the witch. They were never seen again.

THE WITCH'S WAND

Emilia Mercer, 2Y

Once there was a witch who was riding on her broomstick with her magic wand in her hand. But then, the ground shook like an earthquake. It had struck her and her wand fell into the wood.

A little boy was walking through the trees and in the distance he spotted an unusual object. He walked cautiously towards it, curious but inquisitive at the same time. After a while, he picked it up and wished for something magical to happen. Unexpectedly it came true!

After that he decided to keep it a secret. Every day after school he ran to his secret hiding place and wished that his homework would be completed so that he could play his favourite video game. The witch was listening nearby and watching through the window of her stony, cold and isolated cottage. She was desperate to have the wand back; after all it was hers!

The witch looked on her website with the help of her favourite spider. She disguised herself as an old granny. She came out of her cottage and put on her secret cloak of invisibility. The witch was waiting for a long time but suddenly she noticed him. She followed the boy through the trees and gently tapped on his shoulder. The little boy was so startled and turned around with a fright. The witch asked for the wand back, thanked him for finding it and befriended him immediately. She was grateful and she revealed her true identity. The boy smiled.

THE WITCH'S WAND

Roop Hare, 2Y

Last Saturday, I went to the woods and spotted some birds. I saw a magpie flying in a tree. After a while, I went swimming in the deep blue lake.

Unexpectedly, a fox leaped out of the bushes with a wooden stick. In the distance, I saw a dark, black shadow. It came towards me and I was frightened.

The shadow said, "Give me back my wand!" The fox stood very still and dropped the wand. The shadow crept closer and closer and I saw it was a witch! The fox bit the witch and she screamed. The fox left the wand on the side of the lake. I swam to the edge of the lake and grabbed the wand.

I turned the witch into a frog with the wand. The frog leapt onto a lily pad on the lake and I used the wand to fly all the way back home to my bedroom.



The Iron Man

Arjun McMillan, 3S

The Iron Man moved forward cautiously. His humongous body clattered and clanked with every step he took. His huge figure shadowed everything for miles. His eyes shone like search lights changing from yellow to white to blood red. His huge eyes surveyed the land and the vicious sea. His head was the size of a big green house. The vicious wind sang through the gaps of his fingers. His feet were the size of cars and they made holes the depth of the middle of a swimming pool. His arms were as long as two trains joined together. His arms were also very thin. Iron Man's eyes were the only light in the darkness. His legs were the size of two tall trees on top of each other. His ears swayed from side to side, listening out to sea. His ears were a huge rectangular shape. Sadly his nose did not work.

The Iron Man stood at the top of the cliff like a proud warrior who had just won the battle; whilst looking out into the huge ocean, the waves crashing into and chewing at the hard rocks. He could hear the huge waves crashing into the sandy and rocky beach. Every few minutes he heard a fog horn or a seagull squawking. He could feel the wind swaying him backwards and forwards on the brink of the cliff.

The Iron Man lifted his ginormous right foot and stepped into nothingness. As he tumbled down the cliff he made a clunking crashing sound. It was like a raid was going on. It was a terrible racket. Bits of his body were scattered everywhere. One of his hands was stuck in a gap between the rocks the other hand was still attached to the arm and still moving around on the beach. Both of his legs were at the bottom of the ocean lying on the of the sea bed. His huge barrel chest was buried in the sand. His head was still flashing, beeping and buzzing but then suddenly silence! The head stopped making sounds and everything was quiet and back to normal again.

The Iron Man

Eleanor Crookes, 3S

It was a dark night. The sky was as black as soot. There the Iron Man stood. The only light was from the sparkling moon and a stripy cream and blood-red lighthouse in the distance. Only a couple of metres away was the crashing sea.

With arms as long as trains, legs as tall as skyscrapers, a head as big as classrooms and a body larger than a school, the Iron Man stared at the strange scene in front of him. His giant eyes gleamed.

The Iron Man was frozen. His eyes still glowed. They were emerald green and golden yellow. No sounds came out of him. Not even a gasp! He couldn't even smell the salty air. He did have a nose; it just it didn't work.

The wind clanked against his fingers so fiercely that it sounded like somebody was throwing rock hard balls at them. The sea spluttered and splashed at the iron giant. The Iron Man took several steps forward. He lifted one huge iron foot and accidentally stepped into nothing. He twisted and turned until his left hand got stuck in a crack.

Then, after about five and a half seconds, a big gust of wind came and he fell head over heels again. His body started grazing against the rock face and it sounded like someone was scraping their fingernails down a blackboard.

The Magical Rabbit

Laura Temple, 2Y

Last Sunday, I was playing outside in my garden. Unexpectedly, one of the rabbits winked.

After a while, the rabbit talked to me and it said, "Come fly with me - just do it - come on, please just do it!"

"Ok I'll do it. Anyway where are we going to go?" I said.

Sweetly, the rabbit said, "Well you can choose. By the way, my name is Destiny."

All of a sudden, she disappeared.

When she returned she had a carpet and she said, "This is a magic carpet and we will fly around the country."

In the distance, when we were flying, we saw lots and lots of different things. One of them was a fairy. It disappeared when we looked at it. It was a girl and she was very pretty.

Return from the Magical Dimension

Boris Gavrilov, 6A

"Leon, LEON, come back now!"

From far away, the frightened boy heard the magician's voice. All around him, Leon could hear explosions protruding from the very objects themselves. Rabbits, hats and wands turned to dust as the entire magical world collapsed in on itself.

Instinctively, the tour guide or 'pilot' seized control of the magic carpet, steering left and right in order to avoid large chunks of rock and debris that had broken off the tall pillars.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the pilot.

Finally they made it to the morphing purple mass that was the exit portal.

As Leon stumbled back onto the stage of the circus, the magician's hushed voice could be heard, directed at Leon:

"You're lucky you made it out alive, Leon..."

The Old Hag

Ismaeel Abdullah, 6A

The silhouetted figure had leathery brown skin like a worn brown, leather sofa. She was about seventy with wispy white hair coming from her chin. Her pointed nose was bent to one side as though she had been in multiple fights. Her grey watery eyes bore into me as though she was trying to look into my soul. She had stringy, silver hair with a bald patch in the middle. Her bony fingers were beckoning me to come to her. Her dark, obsidian gown was battered but still shimmered in the candle light; it was hanging limply on her shoulders. Her raspy voice was like fingers screeching down a black board. "Come here little boy I have some nice sweet treats for you," she rasped. In her left hand she held a jet black metal cylinder with lightning crackling furiously from it.





MY FANTASY STORY

Kinza Khan, 4B

I am called Lily. I have blonde hair and dark chocolate eyes. I am a funny little girl and I am really kind. When I came off a ride in a fun fair, I saw a dark stinky shop and in the front of the window there was some candy. I had to go into that shop because I love candy!

When I entered the shop, it stank! But then I saw a massive candy box and there was a blue light coming out from it.

I crawled inside the box and I was amazed to see a lovely sunny day. When I saw a large candy cane I shouted out, "I'm in Candy Land."

I started running round eating as much as I could. I met some really nice friends and we played lots of fun games together. I loved the friends I met.

Then my friends ran off and I said, "Why are you running away from me?" but they didn't answer. Then I noticed someone behind me and it was a candy monster! I ran as fast as I could.

Soon I found a hiding place for me to slip into. The monster could not find me so he went off somewhere else to look for me. After he went I said, "Whew!"

Also, I ran to the magnificent candy queen. I told the queen what had happened and she said, "I won't tell you the way till you wash my clothes."

"But why? I am not your slave," I replied.

"Listen! I am the queen you have to listen to me." So I washed her clothes. Finally she told me the way home, so hugged her and said, "Bye."

So I ran went back into the box. I was really sad because I loved Candy Land. When I came out of the candy box, everyone was looking at me and they also went into the candy box after me.

MY FANTASY STORY

Dev Basra, 4B

Joseph is eleven years old and he has a brother called Jack. Tomorrow is his birthday! He's twelve in seventeen hours. He dreams of going to go to a restaurant called Dark Avengers and having the best dessert called chocolate sundae.

Joseph woke up with a really happy feeling because it was his birthday. His mum and brother Jack came into his room and shouted, "Happy Birthday!" Suddenly, his dad came and said, "We can afford to go to Dark Avengers". Jack really wanted to go for his birthday because of the play area next to it but they couldn't normally afford it. The family got ready and set off in their beautiful white car.

As soon as they got there, it was empty. No one was in the car park. He spied through the window and the kitchen was pitch black. They walked into the entrance and sat down quietly without a whisper. "Joseph and Jack do not talk at all or sneak into the kitchen," whispered mum. Joseph did the opposite and sneaked into the kitchen, Jack followed him. Joseph opened the door and they got sucked into the door.

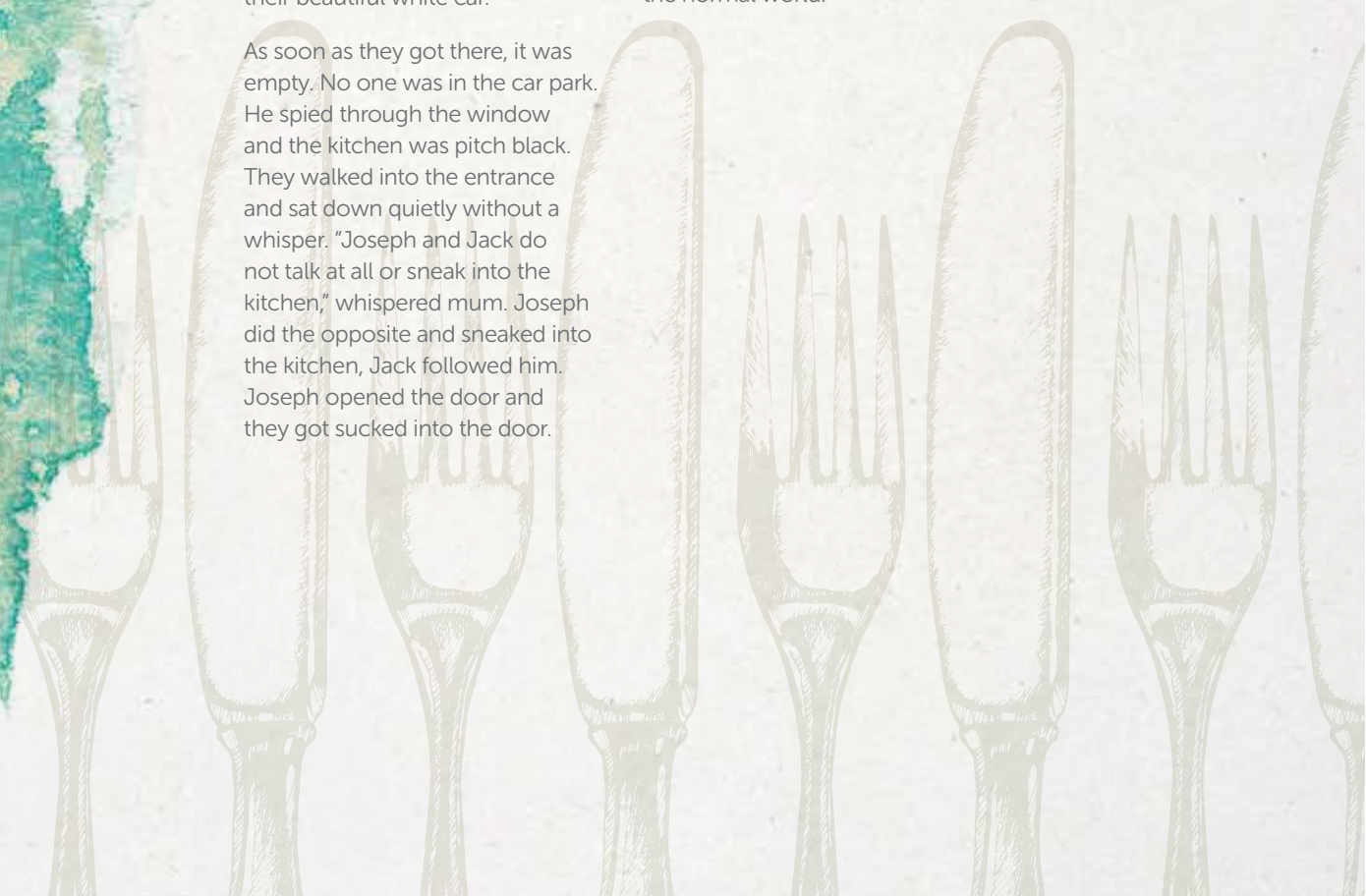
Inside the door were kettles steaming and whistling. Joseph was shouting Jack's name in the portal but Jack couldn't hear him. "Jack, Jack, where are you?" But there was no sign of Jack.

"Joseph I'm scared!" shouted Jack. No one could hear each other.

Suddenly, they fell into a world with knives and forks sitting down in restaurants. It looked a bit like they were on a date. Joseph finally found Jack and they could speak. "I'm so, so scared Joseph," cried Jack. The knives were as tall as a tower and forks were as pointy as an arrow. If they couldn't find a way out they would be in trouble. They wandered around until they met a king with a map in his hand. They decided to steal the map to find the way out but guards were all over the place. "How will we get in?" asked Jack.

"Don't worry, I've got a plan!" shouted Joseph. Joseph was going to climb the building and steal that valuable map. "Come on Jack, let's do this!" exclaimed Joseph.

They climbed and suddenly saw a knife walking round but it ignored them. Joseph put the map in his pocket and found the way out of the place. Joseph found a key, unlocked a mysterious door and was sucked into the normal world.



Out of the Wardrobe

Keira Coldwell, 50

As I opened the door, I was not prepared for the magical sight that lay before me. I saw delicate, dancing snowflakes falling onto the white ground. Above me, were trees with a thick layer of frosting. Amazed, I carried on through the winter wonderland. What a sight! The snow was like a sparkling white blanket. It crunched underneath my feet. The sugar frosted branches reached out towards me as if to shake my hand. My frosty feet were so cold. Carefully, I carried on through the spiralling snow. I glanced up and saw a candle, as bright as the sun, shining its welcome to me.

Out of the Wardrobe

Laura Kraft, 50

As I opened the door, I was not prepared for the magical site that lay before me. As I stepped into the deep, white snow, I gazed at the magical place. All around me, dancing snowflakes floated to the frozen ground. Amazed, I walked deeper into the icy place. Magnificent snowflakes shimmered. Icicles hung like knives from the frosty branches. As the icy wind rustled my hair, I strolled onwards. The blanket of snow seemed never ending. Slowly, my freezing feet felt like they would fall off. Hesitantly, I padded forwards. As I lifted my gaze, a lamp, which shone brightly in the dark, flickered and danced its welcome.

Out of the Wardrobe

Rory Kenyon, 50

As I opened the door, I was not prepared for the magical sight that lay before me. It was a beautiful, majestic landscape with a huge white blanket covering the green grass. All around me, trees stood like soldiers and snow, sprinkled like icing, covered everything. Intrigued by the image in front of me, I scampered on through the landscape that lay before me. Silence engulfed me. It was like a library; nothing could be heard. I swished, swooped and swayed my way towards a luminous light in the distance. The light called me in an encouraging and comforting way. My freezing feet didn't bother me. Nothing could. Excitedly, I stuck out my tongue and tasted the snow that fell down from the sky; it was like a giant ice cube. As I turned my attention to the trees once more, the lamp, that shone like a star, sparkled and crackled its welcome.

Out of the Wardrobe

Isa Ali, 50

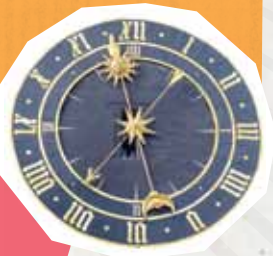
As I opened the door, I was not prepared for the magical sight that lay before me. The freezing, icy snow dazzled me. All around me, there was snow for miles and miles. Astonished, I cautiously placed my frozen foot on the soft snow. I was mesmerised. Snow lay on the bare branches like a dusting of icing sugar. My teeth were chattering as the freezing, cold air hit me. The silky snowflakes were patches of soft cotton balls. The fluttering flakes flew in the distance. Anxiously, I continued walking on the unknown path. As my eyes adjusted, the glowing lamp in the far distance, which glimmered like a mysterious star in the night sky, beamed a silent hello.



At CLOCK HOUSE we love writing and sharing stories and poetry!

Our favourite place to read and share stories and poetry is in our wonderful Junior Library! World Book Day and Shakespeare Week provided us with plenty of inspiration to get creative and write our own stories and poems.

Here are a few of our favourites from the past year:



Stories & poems

Kenzie's Dream

Aminah Noor, 5S

As soon as she shut her eyes, it all started. Kenzie found herself in a beautiful garden full of healthy, cherry coloured blossoms. Curiously, she wandered around, inhaling the fresh air. Covering her feet were snow white pumps, with a matching white dress. Around her soft blonde hair was the most gorgeous petal headband she had ever seen. In the distance, she spotted a relaxing hammock and without a second thought, she rushed as fast as her tanned legs could carry her to lie down. Unexpectedly, chanting sounds came closer and closer. Out of the blue, fire balls flew across the sky. Her eyes flickered open and it was all over.



THE CLOCK TOWER

Mariam Butt, 50

There I was, in my ghostly grey clock tower. Each day, as I spun around, the sparkling bronze cog on the hem of my dress, made the clock tick. I was bored of pirouetting, so one day I decided to look out of the windows that held me there in my prison cell.

Out in the distance, I saw beautiful balloons dancing upwards, houses with roofs like wizards' hats and so many colours!

Astounded by everything I saw, I sprinted down the steep, slippery stairs to see the magnificent sight that I had seen through the golden prison bars.

Excitedly, I opened the enormous doors that were in the way of my good fortune. I was shocked. As I stepped out of the door, the colours I once saw through the window, just faded before my eyes. The ground was cracked and coarse, the greyness of it made me shudder. I paced slowly to a balloon in which was frozen in mid-air. As I touched it, I gave it life and colour. It floated for a second, and I became hopeful. But it stopped. Sighing, I took one last look at the amazing town, and then turned away to my little clock tower. Up the stairs I went feeling disheartened. So I got myself into place and started spinning around. The clock began to tick and the colour came back to the town.

Twirling once again I caught sight of a lime green balloon floating inside. Grabbing it, I twirled again, knowing that my job was the most important of all.

I am the one who brings this town to life.

THE CLOCK TOWER

Charity Clifford, 50

The warm, golden light pours like water through the window, covering me as I turn elegantly in the twisted clock tower. All around me, bronze, shining gears sparkle like copper coins reflecting the ball of fire in the sky.

Forlorn, I pop out of the gears and gaze out of my window. I sigh longingly. Gasping desperately, I dash as fast as a hungry cheetah down the stairs. I yank the door open longing for sunshine and fun. I am expecting grass green carpets and candy floss clouds. But instead I see a ghostly grey town.

Heartbroken, I grasp a balloon. As my fingers wrap around it, the balloon, which used to be dark grey, flashes a beautiful blue. I let go, sprint up the crooked stairs and pop back into the gears to dance. There is an explosion of colour and a lime green balloon drifts elegantly through the window.

THE CLOCK TOWER

Joe Bishop, 50

From my drab, dusty clock tower I heard the steady tick tick and wondered what it would be like beyond the golden prison bars and the colourful dancing balloons. From the window, I saw crooked, wizards' hats standing on top of tall wide houses with bits of machinery jutting out at odd angles and wisps of cloud floating in the clear blue sky. Intrigued I decided to walk out of the wooden door. All around me, the world was turning grey before my eyes and the ground was becoming cracked beneath my feet. Hesitantly, I decided to go back and I silently stepped up the twisted tower. Like a town being painted, the town came back into time. The familiar tick came to my ears. I sighed deeply. The colours which had lit up the town were back.



My Kitchen

Tehya O'Connor, 6T

The sizzling of the pans is like fireworks spitting. The cream coloured cupboards are attached to the walls like they are holding on for dear life, while the microwave sparks with excitement. In the kitchen, the sandy work-surface reminds me of a pebbled beach. Like summer fruits, the mango wood table sits majestically on the tiled floor. With scribbles all over it, the blue chalkboard separates us from the outside. I hear the frequent tapping of my Dad's computer while my Mum repeatedly grinds the pepper onto our food. I feel the coldness of the blue flower vase that sits in the middle of the table while I touch it. The sound of the pancakes sizzling, as my Mum drops them onto the pan, makes my mouth water. I smell boiling mince, as the lid is taken off and the steam gushes out.



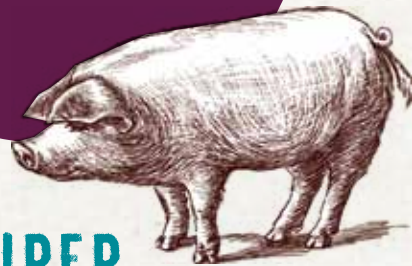
Bay
leaves

The Terrible Cook

Lucy Robertshaw-Wareing, 5S

There once was a pig who was a truly terrible cook. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't make one single decent meal for all his piggy friends. Whenever tea, lunch, snack or even breakfast came around, he would make all of his piggy friends a divine meal or snack but they still preferred the icky slop that the farmers brought. One evening, after tea, he thought to himself:

Am I really so bad that my (alert posh word) salmon croquets with a side of salad and mint nibbles are worse than squashed up leftovers? I mean you've got to be kidding me. Maybe I should find a new dream. Maybe a cook's life isn't for me after all. Hmmm.....
What about music?



THE LABOURER

Tzavier Thornber, 6A

His skin had more wrinkles than the cracks in a dilapidated Victorian home though his stature and facial expression suggested that he was 40. The man had rough, hazel stubble which had only recently been trimmed. His bulging muscles made up for his scarred face; it seemed that he could lift steel pillars with ease. It was definite that he had suffered the aftermath of a nuclear war. He walked with confidence and had a voice like an avalanche. The weather-beaten man smelt of alcohol and cigarettes. Nevertheless, he expressed joy and pride in all that he did.

Mint

Rosemary

A STORY WITH SUSPENSE

Tamarai Thurairajah, 4B

Nikki opened the door and she crept inside. She heard the door shut then she heard a shriek. She quickly realised it was her friend Lexie. She didn't know if she should save her friend or herself...

She decided to be brave so she ran up the stairs. She thought the shriek had come from the attic. She opened the door. On the ceiling ropes hung and Lexie was attached to them. Nikki cut the rope with her pocket knife and the girls ran down the stairs. A ghost appeared and chased them around the house. Lexie grabbed a bottle that said darkened poison. She squirted it at the ghost and the ghost mysteriously vanished. The girls cheered and clapped.

Lexie looked carefully at the bottle. At the bottom there was a label. It said: Danger do not touch! Lexie dropped the bottle and they both ran away.

Fireworks

Emelia Glover, 6T

The fireworks crackle in the sky,
Bursting quickly in the night,
Looking down at the world,
Spurting out like rain,
The fireworks crackle in the sky.

They shimmer like mini spotlights,
Dazzle like there is no tomorrow,
Their colours shine, bright and strong,
Bursting with passion as the crowd stares,
The fireworks crackle in the sky.

A colourful sky,
They are luminescent as they fly,
The crowd's eyes watch every move they make,
They reflect on their shining faces,
The fireworks crackle in the sky.

THE RAILWAY STATION

Rose Gladman, 6A

As I slumped into a corner, I gingerly swept aside the drifts of soggy pulp, dimly orange, like the faded remains of ...train tickets? Breathing deeply, I leant away. The once cheery, red bricks were now moss-encrusted, slightly slimy and smoky grey. Broken glass littered the floor in dingy shards, scattered around the determined weeds, slowly breaking through the cracked concrete. Unnerved, I wove between them, feeling the nettles brush my bare skin. While the metallic tang of rusting iron tickled the inside of my nose, the huge boughs overhead cast this derelict ruin into a deep, chilling shadow. A low, insistent buzzing from a solitary fly was suddenly silenced by a spider pouncing off its dinner-plate sized web. With the ancient trees meeting overhead, I felt as if I was inside a still, silent cathedral. Behind the spreading curtains of ivy, I spotted discoloured, peeling graffiti and my breathing grew steadier. At least other people had been here before me. Though, where were they now? Once again, I began to sweat at the very thought of it. Unable to contain my fears any longer, I collapsed.

Hard to say Goodbye

Zara Hussain, 5S

I was evacuated from my country, lonely and scared. Though I was cold, warm feelings emerged within me. The snow fell. My shoes sank into the deep snow, my bag dragged behind me. My bare legs quivered with frost bite everywhere. I fell to the ground.



THE LIGHTHOUSE

Rebecca Flaherty, 50

The old lighthouse stood on the eroded, dark cliff like a proud soldier looking over his town. It sent out brilliant tubes of golden light which were turning around in time to the harsh music of the dark waves. Sharp rocks, which looked like sharks' teeth, jutted out of the vicious sea calling for ships to land on them. Whenever the beautiful light from the spectacular lighthouse went over the town tavern, everyone cheered – apart from one person.

The old, wrinkled lighthouse keeper sighed as he heard the happy, jolly sounds coming from the town. He was working hard under the light of a candle in his lonely, drab room. Suddenly he decided that he had had enough. He slammed the window, picked up his pen and began to write.

Without warning, the lighthouse light went out with a screech that sounded like a big rusty gate closing. The lighthouse keeper jumped and the whole town fell silent. Unexpectedly, the window blew open again and the wailing wind blew out his candle with a foul breath, leaving the poor keeper in a shadowy gloom.

The lighthouse keeper bounded up the spiral stairs, only stopping to grab his tool box. When he reached the top of what seemed like an endless staircase, he put down his tool box and began looking at the enormous light in front of him.

HONK! A noise that sounded like a horn, a warning noise, came and it was mixed with the sound of an engine. It was a ship's horn. The lighthouse keeper's eyes widened, his breathing increased and he began to panic. Straining, he lifted the gigantic light and stepped backwards. Crash! He tripped over his tool box and dropped the light. Staring frantically around, he wondered what to do. A tear trickled down his face as he realised that he had let everyone down.

HONK! The ship was getting closer.

There was precious time left. Quickly he glanced out of his window and saw nothing except ... What? Tiny lights were moving towards the lighthouse.

Running down the stairs, taking two at a time, the lighthouse keeper wondered what was going to appear at his door. Slowly he opened it and to his amazement, light was coming up like a sun rising. Then he saw them. Everyone from the town was carrying lanterns. Like a swarm of wasps, they went onto the balconies. It was a magnificent sight. As the lighthouse keeper smiled, the ship began to slowly turn away from the sharp, pointy rocks and he realised that he would never be lonely again.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Will Morton, 50

The eroded cliff pointed out of the mountain like an anvil. A lighthouse stood proudly on top of it like a mighty king looking down over his people. The light from the lighthouse was the only sliver of hope in the dark surroundings. The splashing and splashing of the salty sea attacked the jagged rocks that jutted out of the water. Cheers echoed from below like a mighty tiger's roar.

Sitting silently in a room at the top of the lighthouse, was the gnarled, wizened lighthouse keeper. The cheers emanating from the village angered him. Why did they get to have fun while he sat alone keeping the lighthouse working?

Suddenly a loud bang disturbed the lighthouse keeper from his miserable thoughts. The cheers from the village stopped abruptly. The lighthouse keeper got up from his work table but as he did so, a gust of wind blew open the window and put out his candle. Sighing, he lit a lamp and set off to investigate. In the gloom he didn't see the foot-catching ruck in the carpet and with a yell, he fell crashing to the floor. Cursing, he picked himself up and continued up the stairs. After much huffing and puffing, the lighthouse keeper reached the light room. To his horror, he saw that the generator had ground to a halt. Sighing again, he picked up his heavy tool box and set to work.

As he bent to his work, he heard a noise that chilled him to the bone: a deep horn, the sound of a ship in need of a lighthouse to guide it to safety.

In a panic, the lighthouse keeper strained to lift the heavy glass light, but his gnarled old fingers couldn't take the weight. As the glass fell to the floor and smashed into a thousand pieces, he heard the boat's horn ring out once more.

Desperately thinking, the lighthouse keeper looked out of the window. "I've got it!" he shouted. The warm welcoming lights of the village had given him an idea. Hobbling as fast as his old legs could carry him, he ran down the stairs panting. He opened the huge wooden door and to his surprise, instead of seeing the cold, dark night, he was greeted by a warm gold glow. As he peered into this sunshine he saw that it was made up of an army of dancing fireflies. Looking down again, he realised that it was not fireflies but the villagers coming to his aid.

"Don't worry Mr Lighthouse keeper, we've got this," said the villagers.

As the lighthouse keeper looked on in amazement, the villagers, all holding lamps, climbed to every platform on the lighthouse until they had transformed it into a flaming beacon of light and the boat sailed safely by.



Knock Knock... who's there?

Shishir Shastry, 4M

The branches of the trees scratched on the window. Creeeak! Lightning flashed and the raging wind howled down the chimney. The door unbolted and fell down. Crash! There were light bulbs falling from the roof and the lights were flashing. Suddenly out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a murky shadow in the darkness of the pitch-black sky. Crash! Unexpectedly the window smashed open into minute pieces. Was somebody looking for me? The door creaked and the floorboards groaned. Boom! The light bulb fell... somebody was wrecking the house. Who could it be?

The light is coming

Anu Anand, 5H

The light is coming,
To turn a dark world
Into a world of happiness.
The sun will drift gloriously across the sky.
The light is coming,
The flowers will open to say hello.
Animals will run and play joyfully in the fields,
The light is coming.
We will wake up in the morning with a big yawn,
Hear the birds chirping like people talking,
The squirrels snacking on nuts.
The light has come,
Everyone is happy and cheerful.

Light is Life

Serene Liu, 6A

Early in the misty morning,
The dew shimmers on the emerald grass,
The azure waterfalls crash down into the waters,
Whilst the lake is a sheet of glass.

All the butterflies spread their colourful wings,
As the sun's beam is cast over them,
Their sails are blurs of rainbows,
When they flutter like gems.

When the light fades away,
The animals drift into sleep,
And now the sun is overwhelmed by darkness,
So the world is quiet once more.

Candles

Burhaan Haider, 5S

As the candle emerges from the stick,
It flickers left and right,
Trying to escape from the wick,
While lighting the room with its power.
Soon its body is getting tired,
Its wonderful light is like heaven,
Its amber and orange colours the best in the world,
The flame as hot as the sun.
When the lights are off, the candle stays alone,
Still about to get blown away.

The Stained Glass Window

India Burns, 5S

The light pierces through the stained glass window
And makes the church glow bright colours.
People are sticking jewels everywhere,
It's like chest full of fluorescent fireflies.

The light makes the floor look like a flower field,
With sapphire grass and silver raindrops on emerald leaves.
When the sun goes in and the light goes to bed,
All that is left is the silver stars.

The Blur of Light

Adhi Chandramohan, 6R

The darkness is overrun,
By the velocity of light.
The dim night is stopped,
By the journey of light.
The gloomy night is brightened up,
By the sun shining brightly in the sky.
The stars in the night sky shine as,
The sea creatures swim by.
When the light passes by, the light creates
The shadow so another light comes to make,
The shadow vanish.
The light is set out for various colours to make
world look beautiful.
This is the blur of light!

Blazing Light Towers

Eva Mercer, 4M

Blazing light towers,
All around,
Everyone stares,
At the pattern parade.
Blazing light towers,
All around,
Everyone loves the raining rainbow,
As the spectacular sparkle goes on.
Blazing light towers,
All around,
As the swirling storm of light goes on.
Amazing light parade.
Blazing light towers,
All around,
Everyone stares
At the pattern parade.



At Clock House we love getting closer to nature.

We encourage our pupils to enjoy the great outdoors, from our own Gardening Club to exploring the creepy crawlies in Lister Park.

Read extracts of our pupils' work inspired by wild weather and the natural world:

Weather & NATURE

Mountain View

Billy Blacker, 5S

The clouds look as fluffy as cotton candy. They gently float through the clear blue sky, whilst gently stroking the tips of the mountain, which are as jagged as knives. Meanwhile, the sun is melting the snow tipped mountain, making the snow glisten like beautiful diamonds.

At the foot of the mountain, lies a lush forest that is as green as a mischievous goblin. You can see the tops of the tall, slender trees gently swaying in the fresh breeze. Lapping at the shore line, which is as gold as glitter, the gentle waves from the lake are as frothy as a vanilla milkshake.

The beautiful mini waterfall, which overflows from the deep, blue lake cascades over the rugged rocks forming a roaring, white steam of water. Splashing particles of water glisten like crystals of rain.



Winter scene Description

Ronnie Greenwood, 5S

Furiously, the wild winter weather raged, bringing whining winds, freezing frostbite and snowflakes shooting down like milky meteors.

Devouring the Earth, the polar bear blanket of snow smothered everything in sight. It was all disappearing second by second.

The whole town was silent as the snow muffled everything. Silently, the trees arched over the cotton wool covered land. Upon each branch, the flour-like snow piled up more and more until eventually it tumbled off like a giant sprinkling lumps of sugar all over the winter wonderland.

A solitary lady was walking through the freezing snow leaving foot prints that disappeared like magic when the snow plunged into the ground.

Winter view

Annabel Petyt, 5S

Furiously, wild wintery weather raged, bringing whining winds, freezing frostbite, and milky meteors, devouring the Earth. The polar bear blanket of snow smothered everything in sight. It was all disappearing, second by second.

The tree branches were covered in snow, getting piled inches high, and then dropping to the floor with a splat. Sounds of chattering teeth were getting hidden in the hazy blizzard, whilst snow was flying down from a windy sky. People were struggling to walk as the ice put up a fight. By the minute, the whirling snowflakes were dying down but the wind still raged high. The crunch of stepping into polar bear fur snow was becoming clearer as the wind died down.

Suddenly, a lump of snow whirled down and hit a nearby tram as it came to a halt at its destination. The wind had fallen to a small whisper, and a light drip of snow was making it feel like a winter wonderland.

Woodland Setting

Manal Tai, 3S

As Lucy stepped out into the woodland, she suddenly felt the brisk breeze of the cold snow go swirling past her face. She could smell the damp bark as she walked through the woodland. On her way, she bumped into a lamp so bright that it warmed the whole place up.

As Lucy was walking through the snow, it was all crisp and hard. That wasn't all she could see because there were thousands of icicles hanging from trees and, because the trees were wavy, the icicles sometimes snapped off the trees.

Overhead, the squirrels would jump about and make the trees move. The snow and ice would fall on Lucy's cold numb head, not as warm as she would have liked.

When Lucy saw the snowflakes come down they looked like dancing angels coming down to meet her. As she continued walking, she looked up at the cold misty sky and snowflakes floated down, tickling her face as they landed. She felt the breeze blow down her neck, making her shiver and long for a warm comfy scarf.

The Storm

Amelia Atkinson, 5O

Kara stepped onto the boat, her tanned legs shaking with fear. All around her people were shouting and crying. She squeezed her mother's hand and smiled at her. Her mother smiled back, but Kara could see her mother's eyes watering. Kara sat down on the hard wooden planks and as they set off, she knew that there was no turning back. She looked out to the blackened sea and she felt her heart fill with hope.

Kara woke to find wind howling in her ears. She blinked drowsily and for a moment, she wondered where she was. In her surroundings she could see dark, murky water and seagulls through clouds. Cautiously, she sat up and peered over the edge of the boat. Dark blue sea surrounded her and it looked as black as a raven. She looked beside her and saw her mother sleeping as soundly as a baby. She pulled on her mother's hand to wake her and her mother's eyelids fluttered open.

"Are we nearly there?" Kara whispered.

"Soon we will be there Kara but not straight away," replied Kara's mum, and almost straight away her eyelids closed and she fell into a deep sleep.

As the sun fell and the moon rose, strong winds started shaking the Earth's core. Kara woke up with a start to see towering waves crashing towards her and she shook her mum violently. Her mum screamed and covered her head with her hands as the waves crashed down on her. Lightning struck and the sky lit up with a yellow beam. Kara screamed as again as another wave hit the boat and rocked it sideways.

Kara rocked herself backwards and forwards telling herself that everything was going to be fine and that the life she was going to live was a lot better than the life she had lived before. A single tear rolled down her face as she remembered starvation. Another violent shake of the boat brought her back to reality. Scared she looked around for her mum and saw her clinging onto the boat's side. Her pale blue eyes were now bright red and her knuckles were bleeding from holding on so tightly. As another wave hit the boat Kara saw the outline of dry land.

"Look mum, look mum! Dry land!" screamed Kara through several mouthfuls of sea water. Her heart filled with hope and above them the heavens opened as if God was crying and knew the pain they were going through. All of this for the promise of a new life?

And as if God had listened, the sun shone and the clouds opened up to reveal a pure blue sky. They had made it! The journey to a new life! The journey to freedom.



The Amazon Rainforest

Zainab Mahmood, 4M

As I sneaked into the rainforest, I could see parrots racing in the trees and animals rushing into their messy burrows. Monkeys were screaming over food. The humid rain was pattering on the silky, green leaves and the twigs were crunching under my feet. There was soft, green moss on the hard, slimy rocks and multi-coloured feathers were scattered on the ground.

THE GARDEN

Melody Crabtree, 3W

The warm breeze moved around the garden. The shiny, green leaves shimmered like the sun. Above me, the sky was coloured crystal blue and below me the flowers were as red as a ruby. Lily pads had pink flowers on them and the grass was green like grapes. On the trees the apples were red like roses. The bears were black like coal and overhead the birds were singing. The sun was shining like yellow corn. When the fish jumped around in the water, the water swirled. The sun swayed back and forth and the sand pit was yellow like a sun flower.

A Dark Forest

Yusuf Raqib, 4M

As I made my way into the dark, gloomy, forest, I saw old gnarled trees blocking the misty path. Cold rain dripped from tall trees like blood from a vampire. Swirling wind wrapped around me with ever growing force. I heard a wolf howling in the bright shards of the moonlight. I saw shadows dancing illuminously on the trunks of the great oaks as a gruesome stench filled my nostrils.

The Burning Forest

Alexander Fisher, 6A

The forest is standing still; eerily still. Then slowly, a small flicker of a flame appears...soon to be ablaze. The flicker grows to a fire rolling towards a tree that once had glossy green foliage twisting round the it; a burning tree. The air fills with black, jet-black smoke, intoxicating the wildlife. Fox and deer are running side by side: predator and prey. The blazing inferno starts its attack; climbing trees and engulfing bushes. Then comes the smell, the acrid smell; the smell that kills even if the flames don't get there first. The smoke starts to clear and the charred remains of the once vibrant forest linger.

One year later, the first green shoots poke though the ash, and everything starts again.



The sun

Charlie Moran, 6R

The sun is artistic.
The sun draws shadows and reflections.
The sun sketches a glistening picture on top of the water.
Painting shadows, the sun glares at the objects.
When drinking, the animals look at themselves in a painted reflection.

Some people like to stand in the paintings,
Silhouettes of trees and nature.
Water contains beautiful master pieces.
Reflections brighten the world.
Reflections are like an upside down world.
The sun is artistic.



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