The Magic of Writing

A community project celebrating our young authors of 2017
Making Magic

Through the voice of her well-loved character Albus Dumbledore, J.K. Rowling famously described words as “Our most inexhaustible source of magic.”

The young people whose work fills these pages have certainly proved her claim to be true. Meeting everyone from princesses to pioneers, going everywhere from haunted houses to Hogwarts, our young writers have drawn inspiration from all corners of their imagination this year. As a community, we are proud to come together to showcase their creativity.

A project as adventurous as ours, with eight Gateshead schools joining forces to celebrate children’s writing, does not happen by magic. Our thanks should be extended to all of the teaching and support staff who have dedicated their time to bringing this anthology to life, as well as to those at home whose vital encouragement has enabled our young people’s successes.

A final word to the pupils whose work is published here: writing will take you wherever you want to go. We hope that you continue to nurture your remarkable talents in the future, and that you will always recognise yourselves as explorers, creators, innovators, and of course, as authors.

We are delighted to welcome you to this year’s Magic of Writing anthology.

Mrs. Amy Douglas, Director of English and Literacy
Kingsmeadow Community School
After a magical morning of rabbit transformations and concocting potions to make the perfect pupil, our children produced magical writing in a wide range of genres. We were so impressed with the standard produced and to see the children’s writing alongside so many other magical pieces is a real delight! A huge well done to everyone!

Mr. Burns and Miss Brown, English Leads

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**Rabbit**
Poonguzhale Raja
Reception
Brighton Avenue Primary School
How to make a potion

Would you like to buy?

Will it be safe?

We will need:

dark red witch's blood

furry, slimy worms

silver, sparkly snowflakes

Wobbly, googly eyeballs

What we will do:

1. First we will put in the...
Slimy goopy eyeballs indefinitely.

Next still in the silver spark.

Snowflakes quickly.

Sap from that plum in the

climbing spiny worms.

Finally mix in the

red witch's blood slowly.

Now the potion is ready!
Making a Potion for Shimmer Glitter

These instructions are for making a potion to make a super nice number. Be very careful because it is a powerful device. You must read carefully for you will do it wrong and turn someone into a snail. I hope you do it right because I’d be so happy. Oh I just forgot you will need a black empty hut.

Equipment:
- A bucket to carry blueberries
- A large wooden spoon or a small wooden spoon
- A black empty hut
- Some gunky dumbish animal glue

To light the fire you will need a lighter and some wood.

Ingredients
- A pinch of rainbow petal from a garden.
Potion Spell
Nicole Chapman
Year Two
Brighton Avenue Primary School

- Find three blue eyes from two cats.
- A great spoonful of pink petals from a beautiful spider.
- A bucket full of blue bens.
- Find a peach flower petal.
- Find some rainbow hair from a shop.

Instructions:
1. First of all put the hard wood on the fire and it has to be hot water.
2. When your fire is boiling, put a pinch of maroon petals that smell like beautiful peaches into the cauldron.
3. Carefully put the blue eyes from two cats in the cauldron. Then a great spoonful of pink petals.
4. Mix all of the ingredients.
5. Gently put a bucket full of blueberries in the cauldron and mix it.
6. Finally sprinkle rainbow hair with a purple spoon to turn your potion purple.
How to Make a Potion
Bradley Bampton
Year Two
Brighton Avenue Primary School

How To Make A Potion

Do you have a terrible teacher? Do you have an evil teacher? Then this potion is for you!

Once your teacher drinks this poisonous potion, they will become a purple stained and creepy monster.

Carefully follow these hard instructions or the subject may burn with the fire of hell!

What you need

• A slimy brain from a scary zombie
• The wings of a fairy hunk
• The bloody teeth from a great white shark
• A sharp horn from an evil dragon kind
• A big black, slimy cauldron
• A large royal spoon
• A frosted herb blender

Method

1. First squeeze the juice amount of horn slime into the cauldron. 2. Continuously blind the evil devil's horn and keep it up and pour...
Mythical, Magical
Beanstalk

One mysterious morning before the sun rose at the outstanding Brighton Avenue Primary School, something outrageous happened! Early that morning at 8 am on Monday 27th February, a gigantic beanstalk grew out of nowhere and was caught on a CCTV camera. We are unsure why this happened but two young children from our local area have climbed the giant beanstalk which leads to a magical place. Since then they haven’t been seen!

Important information
Since the Breaking News happened, many witnesses have come forward. MM Lily contacted the police to say she has seen notice nailed with large wings! (Likely placing more magical needs under a long nose)

Whilst a taxi driver drove past, he witnessed a huge corruption where a giant beanstalk grew wildly. This led his taxi to cruise out of control violently as he crashed into the school gates.

Clue found
The police believe they have found more vital clues which
They think will lead them to where the children have disappeared to. They’ve found a cracked log, with scratches all over underneath a twisted tree, and a bottle of fairy dust which glinted brightly in the sun. Police believe the fairies have accidentally left their magical dust behind and ask everyone to keep a close eye out for fairies floating in the midnight sky.

Unknown Magical Island

The police believed from the evidence they have found that the two young children have disappeared to a magical island. An eye witness noted the heads of fairies whispering behind the ruined train with their wings rustling, discussing what life was like up in the clouds. "As you can imagine the public have begun thinking about what kind of magical place it could be. One suggested "The beanstalk would have taken the two young children to a fairy land. Here is where they make magic potions to ensure our local community are all happy and healthy." The police wondered whether this could be true.

Police seek additional information

"If you have any additional information that you feel would help us with our
enquiry please contact us immediately!

After this very unfortunate event, we need to ensure no other children disappear so please keep your eyes peeled for any suspicious events that occur.

Magical Beanstalk
Sophie Carter
Year Three
Brighton Avenue Primary School
The Dreamgiver

Amongst the blinding stars was a beamy moonlight watching over the tranquil village whilst being defied by the savage wind. Towering over tiny buildings was an ancient, cobbled church with a stone steeple. Nestled in a tiny town was a building producing so much light it lit up a third of the town. In the crowded village many people were defied by the wild, whistling through out the long, cold night. Drumming back from one window to another was the golden moon like the bright, yellow sun. As chimney's puffed smoke专题ly many sheltered warm went to bed for the night.
5.00am in the midnight black sky was an unusual, mysterious creature with transparent wings like a butterfly. Scanning at the room with caution, the creature quietly opened the huge wooden door with his rapidly, bony fingers. Silently, he flew to an bed and settled on a bed and opened his cloth bag full of misty golden eggs full of magical shiny juice. Unexpectedly, magic was mixing into the creating dreams.

Cackling the egg open and silencing breathing when the golden liquid went in contact with the tatty balancing shoes. Magic pieces created a balancer jumping up and down the room, scraping the bed. Air magic vividly
The Dreamgiver

Joe Carr
Brighton Avenue Primary School
Year Four

In the air a spaceman appeared out of thin air and instantly the young, tired child had a smile so big it made the arrivals' mysterious creature smile.

Whilst the spaceman was politely exploring space a egg tumbled off the bed and hit an evil boot.

Out of the hole, the boy awoke in a gloomy jungle and sought a tiny, terrific tarsier by a cave with yellow peepers; eyes somers from the cave so the boy ran. As he came to a stop became a shadow targeted him so the boy threw him of a huge cliff. And the creature is motionless.

By Joe Carr
The Horror House

I strayed, I followed the little ball of light down the narrow, dimly lit hallway. It was calling to me. What happened next would change my life forever.

At tiring school, I slowly straddled down the thin dark hallway. Suddenly, a bright glowing ball magically appeared. The ball was hovering like a plane. I sprinted around the school like a rapacious, baying beast, seeking its prey. When I eventually touched the ball, it feintly shrieked, "Touch me." I immediately decided to touch it. I did this because I was intrigue to find out what would happen if I touched the ball. The glowing light was actually a real ghost. Somebody who had died. Wherever will this thing take me? When I was teleporting, it was like I was in the center of a hurricane. It was like being on a yo-yo, going up and down repeatedly.

It took forever for the teleportation to end. Even though it was 15 minutes, it felt like a whole year had gone by.

When I lowered my head to see if the
teleportation had finished but I only saw an
enigma of darkness but when I looked for the light
then were 5 magical potions to help me on my
quest at least. They were under the label said to
me.

"Help!!" somebody yelled.
Someone needed my help. I had to do something.

There was an orange bubbling potion of sight
vision. So I could see in the dark. In the midst
of an eye, an evil witch appeared. I fetched
the witch right in its eye and she performed
out my existence. There were four more witches.
I used them of my potions on them too. It
was easier for me to defeat them. Which meant
I had one more potion left, the night hound
potion.

There was a long wooden staircase leading
me up to the biggest room of the house.
I sprinted up the almost never ending stairs
and eventually made it up to the top of the
house. And I saw him! It was the man. The man
I almost screaming.
was very different to the other witches I saw fighting before, thin with near enormity! Suddenly, a huge health bar magically appeared into existence so I drank my first potion, which made my attack more effective. I launched myself into the air like a skinny kangaroo. Even though I had been upgraded by the potions, I still only did a slither of damage every time I punched the witch. Eventually, I punched my final punch and sat majestically disappeared.

I kept the rough copper gear around the area, and surprisingly, the bright light appeared again, brighter than it ever had been. It told me to touch it again. So I did. Anything it got me out of this place! I told the light.

It did not take long for us to teleport back to my house, which is ruined because last time we teleported it fell like it took forever.

I am now a hero. I am a hero because I saved that man. Because I am a hero, everybody calls for me when they are in trouble or if they are being robbed.
I am now a happy person because I am helping people. This changed my life forever.

By Lewis Colquhoun

Year 5

Brighton Avenue Primary School
Hocus! Pocus!
Welcome to the Immo Fam 8ca!
Have you ever wanted to be famous?
Or how's it like to be rich?
Well now you can with the Immo Fam 8ca. By following these steps, you can get the perfectlixir!
Let's Hocus Pocus!

Ingredients you will need:
- Pinch of Justin Bieber's hair.
- Money ($0 dollars and cents).
- A tear drop of a celebrity (Selena Gomez).
- Soul of a rich famous person (Cristiano Ronaldo).
- Blood of a dead person.

Equipment:
- Ancient wizard cauldron (large).
- Missing stick (from the end of the rainbow).
- Pebble and mortar (black).
- Cauldron (medium).

Warning: This only lasts for 24 hours!
Method:

1) First of all, you will need to get all of your constituents and equipment together and go to an open space (perhaps a local park); it's about to get 'LIT'!

2) Are you in an open space? Great. Now slowly place your equipment and constituents in the space because you wouldn't want everything broken. You want all of them flat in the floor.

3) The first ingredient you will need is a pinch of Justin Bieber's hair [see previous section]. Take the medium cauldron and the pestle and mortar. Slowly throw his hair into the pestle and mortar and begin to grind it. Once you have done that, throw Bieber's hair into the black medium cauldron.

4) Have you thrown his hair? Good. Now lick the 20 dollar coin and quickly throw them into the large ancient wizard cauldron before it will melt. Now take Bieber's hair and throw them in as well. Take your mixing stick and mix it until it looks like a gloopy sludge.

5) Did you mix it well? Wow! Take your Selma Gomez tear drop and pour it in the cauldron, begin to mix; however, pour it before it dries out, if it dries out, it will be ruined. So pour it quickly.

6) Well done, now you have to add Cristiano Ronaldo's soul. Hold onto the container and slowly lean down to the cauldron. But it go, it won't escape away.
7) Now that you have placed Cristiano Ronaldo’s soul, we have one more thing to add. Yes, it’s Paul Walker’s blood. Slowly cut the plastic bag and push all the blood out; if you don’t, you will have left some of his blood. Now mix everything together pleasantly.

Now you have finished! Well done. Drink it and you will turn into a celebrity.

Warning
Only use if you’re 16 or over

By Grisela Vata
Venacious

Do you want to be the most powerful magical human alive? Well, this elixir is the perfect potion for you—however it can be very powerful.

Do you want to annoy your sister/brother? This potion will make your sisters/brothers live a misery very easily with the 'Venacious' elixir.

Ingredients:
- The hair of a unicorn (male unicorn or a horn of a unicorn)
- Cup of rainbow juice (every colour of rainbow)
- A cup of mermaid scales (your choice of colouring)
- The heart of the water
- 5 pieces of Sapphire

Spell Book

Beneath full moon these magical herbs will blend. Mix them all up and this elixir shall mend.

Equipment
- A cauldron
- A wooden spoon (not metal)
- A container or a jar
Brewing Instructions

1. Firstly, you will need to make sure you are at a very, very safe place (not in your mom’s kitchen while eating a chicken) like beneath the moon (outside at midnight).

2. After a while, you will need to add a cup of rainbow juice to your cauldron to start your elixir.

Then you should have a beautiful pot of rainbow (every colour. If not, you’ve gone wrong somewhere).

3. Rainbow juice added? Good. Now you could (but doesn’t matter if you are too lazy to find some) add mermaid scales. Carefully pour them in the pot.

4. After you’ve added a cup of rainbow juice and mermaid scales, you need to add the heart of the water (see previous page to see what it looks like) in the cauldron and mix it for 5 to 10 minutes. After that, it should activate the colour of the potion. Forever lasting!

5. Finally, you need to add the unicorn hair and the five pieces of sapphire in the pot (cauldron), mix for 10 to 20 minutes. After a while, when you’re done, the elixir should make a ting sound by Mina’s voice twice. Are you done? Well then great job you’re done! Yay!
After Christmas we returned to school to find our classroom doors had been transformed. We stepped through our enchanted doors to find magical lands of books and adventures waiting for us. We journeyed through the wardrobe in to Narnia, waited on Platform 9 ¾ and frolicked on the wild rumpus to find inspiration for our writing. We were all extremely proud to be part of such an exciting writing project and enjoyed using our magical powers to produce fantastic writing.

Miss Bartle
Have You Seen?
Kai Richardson
Year One
Lobley Hill Primary School

Have you seen a scary, scary witch?

She has a crooked nose

and a light spot.

She has a short bow she is polite.

She will be on air.

Because you might hear her.

If you see her youESC

Please:

By Kai R
The sun did not shine.
I wasn't fine.
We wanted to play.
It was a sorry, wet day.

In no time at all,
I found my toy ball.
We heard a loud crash!
I heard a big bash.

Then it started to rain.
I wanted to go to Spain.
Out of the trees appeared a cat.
With a very tall hat.

He balanced a plate and a dish on his hand.
He didn't even get rained.
Next we met Thing 1 and Thing 2.
They were like a crew.

Oh what a mess there was all around!
Even on the ground.
The house was now tidy and clean. Oh what a day!
We now could play.
The last happy endings

Hi my name is Tub and welcome to my story, you might think how your happy endings get in your Wonderful and Fantastic books. Well that’s how it comes to me... I have a very special job in the galaxy. I deliver them here... you pretending that I know how I do it. Well every month when everyone is starting to read I travel across the magical forest. I climb the highest tree in the Strange forest and Very carefully I tip my magic sack of happy endings.

I live in a small birch tree. I think it is very different to what normal people would live but everyone is silent. Unfortunately my house is made out of soft wood so I can not have a cozy, toasty fire! Give me your

You might have noticed that.
I have felt so lonely.

When I am not feeling happy,

Philip's ship cooks once the

rainbow and read my weld hints.

Later that day I was shiping foolishly

When surely King started to roll up on

the secret, I could only see a little boy

ahead. There were six stone Uruins

apart. He had a very naughty nose like

godzila and then in seconds. What before she

has two huge sharp teeth! When no way

so then she feel my beloved in the

Hoomah Lapped "Hahah ha!"

As the sun started to fall into mist

the loving and sinister men

started to read the horror.
books. Soon the night
was filled with such a beautiful
children starting to shout and laugh.
It was not good for any one near at all
I could hear it all. I was so upset.
I was here like I was dying from sadness.
The pain. The pain and all of a sudden
I was starting to weep. Help! Help!

As much as I tried to get to sleep
I couldn’t get to sleep. It was just to
unhappy. After five or a half hours I got to
sleep. I dreamed of a magic golden pen that
could write on the night itself as
soon as I woke up. It was there
the golden pen without thinking I
rushed to the same place where the
human stone my wife and I wrote
with the golden pen all
the happy endings: one by one in perfect
and hairy handwriting.
Hello my name is Judy. I have an extremely important son. I love it, it's grateful to do. I have an extra finger to catch all of the happy endings.

I live in a high, silver tree. I read my new book every single night before I go to collect the happy endings. I have to do washing up and my blanket is as red as a rose.

One evening I was through the deep, dark woods. I heard a dangling sound. Scare were calling my way one of them came to my neck then I
walked into an old lady
she had a hat as black as
a white behind pen and
her eyes looked as orange tears.

As I looked to the wayling,
I was devastated that the
happy endings were tears. Finally
I fell asleep and dreamt about
a golden pen a woke up and
a golden pen was on the bed side
table and I went into the great

by Megan
Scene 1

(they going into the tardis)

(when they started to walk into the tardis suddenly it started to randomo
gy out of control)

Amy: What's going on? (amy in surprised)

Doctor: It should be fine.

Amy: Are we dead now?

Doctor: Probably?

(they landed onto a planet called forestier a dark scary place)

Amy: Then where are we?

Doctor: How am I supposed to know?

Scene 2

(they stepped out of the tardis)
Amy: This looks very scary
Doctor: The lets explore
Amy: Are you kidding me? This place is too scary! (Amy is surprised)
Doctor: Come on Amy it will be fun
Amy: Fine but if we die its your fault
(Door explored what)
scene 3
Amy: Why is there a bomb here?
Doctor: Forget about the bomb and there is a weeping weld! (Doctor is scared)
(Amy starts to look scared)
Doctor: I think I know how to defuse it
Amy: How?
Doctor: Get the bomb! (Shooting)
Scene 4

Amy: Why?

Doctor: Just shut up and get the bomb!

Amy: Oh, ok (looking cross) (Amy gets the bomb)

Amy: What do I do with it?

Doctor: Throw it at the weeping angel

Amy: Ok

(The weeping angel blew up)

Scene 5

Amy: Now lets go back to the tardis and have a good day

Doctor: Come on Amy lets explore more

Amy: NO WAY! (Amy is serious)
Doctor: Fine

Amy: Why

(As they walked into the TARDIS)

(Matt started to spin)

Amy: Not again, Matt started to spin

Doctor: When we get back, I really need to fix the TARDIS

Amy: I don’t think we will ever get back home... (sadly)

(Bang) Scene 1

(Amy and the doctor fell over)

Amy: Did we land?

Doctor: I think so... (confused)

(They opened the door from the TARDIS and they were back home)
Last night, Mr Tumnus, a fawn resident of Narnia, spotted what appeared to be a daughter of Eve.

The fawn saw the girl by the old Lamppost on the border “I spotted a strange creature standing by the lamppost. It told me it came from the land of Spare Oom.” says Mr Tumnus, citizen of Narnia. No-one knows its name or why it came. Apparently, it told him it came through a wardrobe.

Whatever that is! “I spotted Tumnus talking to the weird creature I think it might be human which means more might come!” said squirrel witness. This strange being is about the same size as a dwarf but it doesn’t have a beard. The creature has shoulder length brown hair and is wearing what looks like a dead animal. It came at about 4 o’clock this afternoon so if anyone else in the community has seen it — tell us. Experts predict that soon more humans will come and the ancient prophecy will be fulfilled. “There has never been any humans in Narnia since it was created by Aslan, which gives us cause to predict that the prophecy will be fulfilled!” said expert.

By Anna Baylis
Sprinting towards Platform 9 3/4, my baked hands filled with sweat as I was gripping onto my trolley. I waited and waited for my trolley to crash but it didn’t come. My eyes were glued shut, my heart pounded with fear. I was numb with worry. All of a sudden I came to a stop. I wasn’t on Platform 9 3/4 anymore, I was in another land...

I dropped my trolley and walked through the strange puddles. This world must’ve been Candyland! When I walked in, I could see a huge lake made of chocolate, trees with a flake for the trunk and candyfloss for the leaves. I could see a reindeer (made out of chocolate) coming towards me. It offered me a ride to the lake. When I was on my way to the lake the smells filled my nose with happiness. I could smell the sour scent of toxic wastes that surrounded the chocolate lake.
The writing project has been an engaging, exciting and rewarding experience for our young writers. Pupils across the school have produced writing of a high standard across a range of subjects and genres. We are extremely proud of every writer that took part and we look forward to working with other schools again in the future.

Mrs. Crawley, Year Six Teacher and English Leader
This is my fairy. She has wings and a wand and is magical.
Fire! Fire!
Strike a light
Flash bang wallop
Get a fright

Fire! Fire!
Kneel at night.
Flash bang wallop.
Look at the right.
Dear Hermione
Kasie Adigwe
Year Two
St. Aidan’s Church of England Primary School

Dear Hermione

Yesterday night I found an unusual, activity house. It journeyed like a kangaroo. He was called Dobby and he was unusual tidy and miserable. His clothes were old and he was wearing a ridiculous silhouette. Dobby's ears are pointy and long. He is bold and so a house-elf. That is unusual, he has been: Dobby has been hitting himself and he has been staring my little bane, starting me. Then he was running down stairs and he snapped his fingers. Dobby made the delicious cake which I donated the night cake on a lady. I was very embarrassed. This has all happened because Dobby told my not to go back to Hogwarts this week because he said there is no mischief there, but it said back for him the Hogwarts in my home. Why did Dobby not tell me, little in nothing against one? those grown.
Dear Hermione,

Last night a weird thing happened.

When I went upstairs a horrible house elf was bouncing on my bed. Dobby was hungry, noisy and clumsy. His clothes were filthy, dirty and gross.

He was very naughty! He bit me and was still in my room.

How naughty he has been! He was hitting himself very hard with my lamp. Then he quickly ran downstairs and used his magical powers to make the beautiful cake levitate and the he dropped it on my dad’s head! Dobby had done a lot because there was a dangerous plot against me and I must not go back to Hogwarts if my home! Why can’t Dobby tell me who is plotting against me?

Love from,

Harry
Friday 31st March 2017

Writing a description - A day of magic

Wednesday 29th March 2017

Dear diary,

Today was legendary! Something magical happened to me!

At mid-day a cat or black as night started to follow me around, suddenly a tingling sensation war in my finger and then I could do sorcery! Eventually the school bell rang. I hate the way it rings so I sent a bolt of electrifying lightning at it and it saw it smash on the floor!

Next we had to go out to play, when we got outside Lori said it was witchcraft so I simply transformed her into a silly, wriggly, shiny pig. I felt so proud of myself. That’s when Adam and Thomas came over and told me how miraculous that was. After that they told me how quick the news was spreading, the school are super hoops, rumors were forming, one says I drank a magical formula but we know it was that silly black cat. Another part of their crazy nervousness was Thomas has a particularly wondrous power of turning boys into girls, and vice versa, Thomas told me a magical toad met him and turned him into a wizard, but suddenly he shot a bolt of bright pink energy followed by another. I got hit by the first one but used my sparkly, shiny dress to reflect the other. I may have been turned into a poppet, but he was him right! Next time
Wasнее and me and Thomas were humiliated by
our classmates, yet so was Tori. We were sent to
the girls toilets to clean ourselves up. With huge
destroyed a mirror Despite glue and it was replaced
with a shimmering, glowing, glittering, gleaming disco
ball. Suddenly my powers began to wear off.
Tori became more and more human, the bell began
to ring itself and best of all me and Thomas became
boys again. I was so happy for that!

I wonder what wacky wonders and weird things
I’ll get up to tomorrow.

Leo

A Day of Magic
Leo Reece-Pinchin
Year Four
St. Aidan’s Church of England Primary School
Monday 6th March 2017

Developing a creative narrative text

Gobber was a ten-foot tall monster with a wrinkled sweeping head. He had a short tatty deer skin vest that revealed his bulging muscles. As quiet as a hush you would get blown away by his bushy beard that exploded every five minutes. You would be hurtled by his throbbing and swollen, purple eye.

Gobber was nearly as blind as a jellyfish. However, his other eye was a sparkling as glitter and stone in the sun.

Gobber suddenly turned around to see the humming glittering now getting burned by the wailing magma. He could hear a rumble as a volcano went "BANG" to a flash of an eye, a terrific wind rushed passed him whilst a deadly warm mist killed Gobber's mates. A warm smoke filled his nostrils. Gobber could imagine dragons flying above him then dropping to their death. Then Gobber shouted "DRAGON"...
The letter from Hogwarts

Cast list: Harry Potter
Dudley Dursley
Petruea Dursley
Uncun Dursley
Professor Snape
Hermione Granger
Ron Weasly

(In the living room, Harry, Petunia, Vernon and Dudley all stand in the living room above the letter, which was from Hogwarts, unread.)

Dudley: What is it Dad?

(Vernon and Petunia stare at each other)

Harry: Give it BACK!!

Vernon: NEVER!!

(Vernon rips up the letter and throws it into the fire!)

Petunia: You'll obviously never get it back now!!

(2 Days later Professor Snape comes knocking in disguise)

(Vernon, who doesn't look very happy, opens the front door)
Snape: I am here to talk to your child.

Dudley: Well I’m right here! (Dudley pauses) Oh what’s this?

(Dudley pulls at Snape’s long, black cloak)

(Snape pulls an angry face and grabs Dudley’s ear and twists it round.) [Great stage direction]

Snape: Not you (Snape pauses and Dudley blushes) the Potter Boy!

(Harry starts into the room.)

Harry: Perhaps you want me???

(Without a word Snape rushes Harry onto his broom.)

Snape: Goodbye.

(Harry and Snape fly away together)

(After a while the arrive at the beautiful, gigantic, radiant kings Cross Station)

Harry: Why did you... (someone bumps into Harry and he flips over!) Why (now picking himself up) did you bring me here?

(Snape pulls another Hogwarts letter from his cloak. He reads it.)

Snape: Dear Mr Potter,
You have certainly got a place in Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. You will need the following:
* Load
* Cab
* Sometimes mice
* Wand
* Cauldron
* Cloak

Books
Please have these by the 21st September 2017 - this is when we will have the pleasure of seeing you.

Yours sincerely
Albus, Mildred, Percival, Brian, Dumbledore.

(Harry stands still gobsmacked)

Snape: (Pensive) Maybe that will answer your questions?

(Harry quickly nods)
(Snape walks away)
(A small boy with carrot orange hair walks towards Harry.)

Ron: Hallo, the names Ron.

(Harry, who is confused, hits his head)

Ron: The Hogwarts train is ALWAYS late!!!

(A girl with long, brownish hair walks this way)

Hermione: Oh please Ron your ALWAYS morning!!!

Hermione: Who - who - who are you?

Hermione: I'm Hermione pleasure... Gee your Harry Potter!!!
Ron: Do you have the...
(Harry lifts his hair up to reveal his scar).
Ron: Wished!
Harry: Is Snape not coming with...
Ron: Dit moody isn’t he, no every year he just teleports back to school.
(Harry who is trailing behind, Hermione and Harry all walk down the station which is where the train is waiting.)
Hermione: I think we’d probably make good friends!
Ron: Yeah
Harry: Yeah
Hermione: I could help you with your homework, since Ron has no brains at all, though Ron could still help you with the popular sport of quidditch.
Mystery for Sale!

Shop glitters like priceless gold!

On a crisp Wednesday morning in November, magic spread through the streets of London. A mysterious shop appeared in the midst of the city. The building was so humble, it seemed to be a mere shop amongst the high-street stores. It had been there all along, the high-street trend it's been lurking in.

and string bodies twirled, the people of London were filled with curiosity. What has happened? Is the house of power, the Emperor, safe enough on their mission?

Since this incredible appearance, people from this city had no idea on what happened. They spoke of sixty-eight-year-old Edward (Hawkes), the thought of his eyes were swimming back, I once just seeing on the ground when they my own being, always. Suddenly, I heard a loud clunk, it were my eyes. I turned around. I thought they were creeping me. Then it was the shop. I've been here for fifty years, to the house for fifty years, and I know that it isn't true anymore!
Mystery For Sale

Jasmine Brown

Year Six

St. Aidan’s Church of England Primary School

(Handwritten text)

After having Edward's opinion, I spoke to another witness of the missing mystery who was a twenty-three-year-old, Elizabeth. I knew it didn't belong, but when the sun went down, I was walking down the dusty road, the homeless man across the street told me there was a mysterious shop next to mine, but I didn't believe him. When I got there, it was taken away, I was positive my eyes were misleading me, my shop seemed under a shadow. My first thought there may be no exception, it would have happened yesterday, it's obvious.

Thanks to all of these answers, we found out in ten minutes. Mrs. Taylor, the local housewife (50), was spoken to afterwards. She thinks that nothing good will come out of this. 'Nothing good can come out of this! All these people we just learned better.' But shop isn't mean anything! Duh!
New Shoppin' Town

On a Tuesday of November, the town of Kendal (England) was baffled when a mysterious object appeared in the space of a few hours. No one knew when it appeared but we don't think this can be human-made. The nearly-black ship has devastated all throughout the town, it's black.

The mysterious extraterrestrial ship.

"Just at the scene was Edward, 68, who said to talk to an agent and claimed that, at first, thought it would be "almost a large, weird, machine." He turned and ran over the building.

Looking itself 1.3 was heard flying and officers and police to investigate."

Near the scene, an 8-year-old Mr. Pandakski (photographer) told us that he knew something about the ship, but his head remained.

A 4-year-old deceased coworker

Mr. Chriska told me that his head heard that the ship flew around.
New Shoppin’ Town
Joshua Rowell
Year Six
St. Aidan’s Church of England Primary School

built themselves! She also mixed people near by in 'Darknet window
hid and said, 'I don't know what, but
may be it is too late.' I don't know
what is in the shop, but darknet window,
but we have a list of
ideas: toys, recorders, clothes
or food for the ill and broken;
strong new restart or viewers.

One of the boys was picked up
last, unfortunately, we weren't able to
interview the farmer who has it. We’re
certain that there remains are not
man-made but they have to have come
from somewhere we have not yet found.
What do you think it could be?
Please put to N x 6 4 u r or care
in person to the large building that has
'NEWS' written on it.
Our youngest writers at Riverside Primary Academy enjoyed a visit from our friendly spider, our Key Stage One pupils invited parents into school to help create a magical fairy garden, and our Year Six class re-enacted a World War II evacuation. Congratulations to everyone on their hard work!

Miss Smith, Deputy Head Teacher

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Spider Poison

Skylar Vo
Nursery
Riverside Primary Academy
May creature has five legs.

My creature has long tail.

My creature has long teeth.

My creature has a wiggly tail.
One evening there was a fairy called Harry. He was a tooth fairy. He wore a bright red coat and he lived in a magical oak tree. One day he went to collect someone's tooth. He lost his tooth at bedtime. Harry picked the tooth up and swallowed the tooth for money. The boy's mum came into his bedroom and Harry had gold wings. He dropped the tooth and slipped the boy so he could not get into his house. He found the boy and the tooth at his door and there he was happy again. From that day Harry never came back. He was happy ever after.

Written by Scott Fremantle
Year 1
Riverside Primary Academy
The Magic Box

I will put in the box a
dustbin from a fierce shark
with teeth like sharp knives.

The suit from a dangerous poacher
bear with shining white teeth.

The shiny armchair from a brave knight.

by Qasim Shah

The Magic Box
Qasim Shah
Year Two
Riverside Primary Academy
The Magic Box

I will put in my box,

the scale from a white shiny dragon,

a huge foot from a horrible monster,

the sorrel tail from a sleeping bug.

I will put in the box,

the sharpest claw from a ferocious dino,

the sweet explosion from a red tree.

The Magic Box
Alfie Bell
Year Two
Riverside Primary Academy
The Magic Potion
Fanta Magassouba
Year Three
Riverside Primary Academy

Once upon a time in a magical cottage, the sky was dark and cloudy. There was a sparkling blue river leading to a forest. Living inside the forest were elves, and fairies. They didn’t like the sky all dark, black and gloomy. They wanted to live in a happy place. They mostly lived when the forest turned from day to night. Because when the sky turned dark, everything would go pitch black.

One dark night a girl had wandered into the forest. She was looking for the elvish fairies as they were her only friends. She arrived at an oak tree but it wasn’t any old oak tree, it was the tree where the elves and fairies lived. There was a tall door so you knew which one it was.

Kneeling on the door she whispered, "Hello, hello, hello, are you in there?" Opening the door were sixty elves and sixty fairies which meant the rest eighty were in the underwater.

"Hello Lucy," said an elf. (Wait... I did forget to say that her girl’s name was Lucy... anyway let's get on with the story)

"Hello elves and fairies, can you take me to the under world?"

"Why not? Said another elf. He produced a small red butterfly and set it on the tree and it started flying to the elves. When they got there they asked if they could make golden notes for her. She said she would give them a better place to live in. They agreed. They went and they stayed. They started off with the elvish elf and all the fairies who they were sent to put one. Ten hours when they went to put six. They left it for 2 hour when meant to be an hour. What had they people. The next day Lucy came for her notes, they hadn’t given her over. She drank it and a weird thing turned into a whistling. OH NO!
Now would they get the happiness they needed. 
The Golden Monster
Noah Maddison
Year Four
Riverside Primary Academy

I pushed my dark mop and jet black hair out of my green eyes and picked up a glass vial. My dark robes fluffed down from my shoulders to the soles of my feet. Gripping my pure white wand, I began the incantation, closing my eyes, my pale face surrounded. Slowly, I finished the spell.

"BONG, BONG, BONG!" It was lunchtime. I went over to the cupboard in the corner of the room. I took out a small bag of tiger bread, a jar of jam, and a good-sized chunk of cheese. I sat down on a comfy armchair situated by the fire and started eating. I started rummaging through my cupboard and finally drew a golden, double-edged bronze and gold blade gleaming in the firelight.

I mixed the blue liquid I had made with lion’s gin, dragon’s milk in a glass jar, an entire crocodile head, the tusks of an elephant, a snake tail, and a hungarian, and the wings of a phoenix. I mixed the ingredients up along with the azure blue potion, which was now glowing purple. I added a single drop of water and the mixture turned gold. I lurched forward and accidentally knocked over the pot. It exploded, and from the smoke rose a horrific monster, a cross between all the animals I had used.

It boomed in anger and spat fearsome black smoke. I dodged and turned at the sound, running in anger through my wand at it. The sound shattered and released a massive explosion. The monster crumpled and fell, the heat from the explosion shattering everything across the room and into the wall. My last breath melted in my ears, and I slowly fell into unconsciousness.
The Mythical Beast
Alexia Mares
Year Five
Riverside Primary Academy

Creeping cautiously into the Forbidden Forest, Harry saw the gnarled branches of the trees. The dark and damp ground was covered in crunchy leaves. As he walked further into the forest, he could feel the ice-cold wind brushing against his arm. The moon was shining in the midnight sky and Harry could feel himself getting goosebumps. Harry—who could smell a stretch of damp moss—could see something in the distance.

It was hard to make out what it was; the creature was amongst the trees. Slowly, he took a step back, but it caught him. Its eyes turned vast and matched Harry's but to his surprise, it had four eyes. The creature (which had two heads) also had six talons. Harry looked closer and realised that it was a Unicat! One of the heads was friendly, meanwhile, the other head was evil. There was a gigantic unicorn horn which would smash people up. A Unicat, which is so rare, crossed with a unicorn has a slimy velour on its front paws. The eerie forest was suddenly filled with a ground rumbling meow! Harry fell to the floor with a CRASH!
WW2 Magic

Placing the placard around my neck, I was transported back in time to World War Two.

Dear Diary,

The day has begun - the day when I will be evacuated to another position, another family, another life.

Downhearted, troubled and in distress, with every step I took to the train station my heart was breaking down. I grabbed my Mum tightly around the waist and unceasing tears started to drop down my face. I wanted to turn back but my body was forcing me to keep going. Tumbling words fell out of my mouth: 'I couldn't find the right thing to say. Would these be the final words I ever spoke to my Mum?'

Feeling woeful, I saw an explosion of people spread all over the platform like butter on toast. Stumbling down the stairs, as people brushed past us, we came to a point where Mr Scott (my teacher) shouted all of our names to come and sing a cheerful song.

As my face went pale, misery filled my body; the train was almost here. The smoke blew up into my flames and the smell of dread came - I could sense the train was right behind me. Mum grabbed my arm and hugged me tightly and said, "We'll meet again, don't know when, don't know where..." Then whispered, "I love you to the moon and back..."

Once my hand left hers, there was no need to feel just dread. Everything was blank...
At Eslington, we asked the question: “If you had a magic finger for one day, what would you use it to do?”

Mrs. Lancashire, Assistant Head Teacher

The magic finger looks thin and pointy. It makes a bang, bang, bang sound!

By W. Hodgson

The Magic Finger
W. Hodgson
Eslington Primary School
If I had a magic finger, I would use it to summon 1000 kittens, because I really like kittens. Kittens my absolute favourite pet, and I’ve always desired one. Moreover, I would use my magic finger to get every single Nintendo Switch game when it comes out, or if it is out, because I thoroughly revel in Nintendo Switch™ games. They are incredibly entertaining to play!

I would then use my magic finger to make me soar across the sky; then I’d be a free bird! And also, I would use my magic finger to make my family rich beyond our wildest dreams so we don’t ever have to worry about how much money we spend!

With the money I would buy a mansion in Japan, then book a flight there because I’d really love to go to Japan! After that, I would use my magic finger to know every single word I know today in Japanese!

The next thing I would use my magic finger for is stop all the greenhouse gasses damaging the climate! When I’ve done that, I would use my magic finger to actually make Trump a GOOD president, because he’s planning to NUKE MEXICO!!!!!!! After I’ve done that, I would use my magic finger to ensure world peace because there are a lot of wars, and people are getting hurt, dying, and having to abandon everything they know and love... What is wrong with this world? I would then use my magic finger to stop poverty, because people are having to eat dirty food, drink dirty water, wear dirty clothes, which could easily give them diseases! I would then use my magic finger to make myself incredibly intelligent, because I want to be able to complete my “S.A.T.S’’ in year 6 easily! Not that I am not already intelligent!

After doing that, I would use my magic finger to get every game on every other console/computer I have, and all the DLCs with them! And next, I would use it to make me, my family, my friends, and my friends’ family live forever. (Not become old though) because I want to always be with them, who wouldn’t want to be with their friends? And finally, I would use my magic finger to make sure the sun doesn’t stop blow up, because it will happen eventually if I don’t!
The Magic Finger

By J Jackson

20,000 years in the future lived a boy called Max. He was polite and kind. He had a friend named Caryo.

One day he decided to make a magic finger!! So he made it with magic ingredients which were a ruby diamond and a fake finger. Boom! A magic finger!

Max used it to turn himself into a rare brown fox. He was clever and could run faster than a flash or any other fast animal. But then he got trapped in a cage by the Fox Hunters. Max dug away very fast. The Fox Hunters said, “What? Where did he go?” Then Max scratched them and they said, “Oooooooow!”

The Fox Hunters never came back again and Max lived happily ever after.

The End
Meeting Harry Potter for the day

Hi, my name is Shay. I’m about 5’2, I’ve got dark brown hair and bright blue eyes. I know Harry Potter and he gave me magical powers to; fly, use a wand and know every spell to keep me safe. I wear a shirt, a tie and a wand in my pocket. I’m a student at Hogwarts School and I am part of Gryffindor. I play quidditch and my position is the seeker. I would be playing with my friends normally, if I didn’t have powers.

Hogwarts is a magical school, which has stair cases that move to different floors. When they re-attach they sound like thunder. I saw Harry going into the common room so I shouted, “Hi Harry!” He shouted back, “Hi!” I went into the dining room, there were 4 sets of tables, and these weren’t like any ordinary tables. They were very long with all the foods you could imagine and had candles floating in the centre of the table. The ceiling of the dining room is bewitched, so that it looked like the night sky or the weather. This day couldn’t get any better, but I was wrong, it got worse!

Meeting Harry Potter for the Day
S. Heron
Eslington Primary School
Being a part of the writing project for Bensham Grove Community Nursery School was not only about the writing, but about young children being a part of their wider community. It also provided the opportunity to show how writing develops through those early years and continuing throughout each young person’s life. The children loved the theme and especially creating their own real life and imaginary spells. The purpose of writing for an audience excited the children – a chance for them to become real poets! Writing brought to life!

Mrs. Henry, Head Teacher

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_Abracadabra_

Ava and Freddy (with grown-up help)

Bensham Grove Nursery
Horse Skipping
Chloe
Bensham Grove Nursery

Horse skipping,
Chloe
Cat Purring
Jennifer
Bensham Grove Nursery
Flash and Batman Jumping

Joseph

Bensham Grove Nursery
The project was a huge hit with our children: knowing that their writing could be published in a real book and that their work would be read by many readers really excited them. They were so motivated and enthusiastic. From witches’ hats to missing magicians, the magic really did come from within! We are so proud of how hard they worked to ensure they produced writing of a high quality. Well done everyone!

Miss Donnelly, Year Five Teacher

Five Things in a Witch’s Hat

Ebony Bland

Year One

Caedmon Community Primary School
Deep in a dreamy forest a wishgiver boy collected his magical, twinkling wish that shone like a diamond. He skipped with excitement to his wondergall shelfy that was called colourful and enchanted potions. The burning wishing pot was bubbling like an exploding volcano. The wishgiver boy stirred his dreamy mixture carefully and slowly so he wouldn't spill it on his clothes. The red, orange, green and blue stuff sizzled, coughed, and in the crackle blue air, his stabbergasting wish was shared by the wishgiver boy!
Once Upon a Wish
Gracie Dunwiddie
Year Two
Caedmon Community Primary School

In a dark, dreamy forest a little boy collected a blander wish from an old, crooked brown branch. After that he went to get his rainbow, enchanted mixtures carefully and slowly so he didn't drop them. The wishing pot was quickly shooting out a bit of bristle then a poosh! The wish glistered boy was mixing his potion with a giant, magical spoon. The orange fire roared like a fierce dragon. Hold perfect that is! said the boy cheerfully.
As the heavy rain poured down, a huge figure stood like a building.
It had a expression just an angry face. It wore a dark cape with
unique black eyes and his suit blankly. Over his shoulders, he wore a dark
billowing cape. He wore black, puffy gloves so he could cover his
strong, muscular hands. He wore a long golden belt so the tuff
could shoot fire out.
Superhero Story
Jay Sherburn
Year Three
Caedmon Community Primary School
Deadly man on the loose!

Watch out! The despicable evil Sirius Black has escaped Azkaban prison. Sirius Black has threatened the Potter family, murdered 13 people and escaped prison! Sirius—who is a cold-hearted murderer—could be in your street.

His matted black hair clings together, his bloodshot eyes glow in the moonlight like in both eyes. His weary, oily skin wets his clothes. Importantly, his biggest facial feature is his crooked, yellow and revolting teeth that looks like dirt.
Cornelius Fudge at the Ministry of Magic warned his subjects and said "Don't approach this vile, rotten man!" One witness warned people: run away if you see him. Cornelius Fudge warned people to not encourage people to attack this infamous repugnant man.

If you see this man call 0019256!

Buy, Ilian Khader
Mad Murderer On the Loose

Mad, dangerous, sinister, black in thirst for murder. After killing thirteen people, twelve niggers and a wizard, he laughed until he sat in a dungeon, but has escape twelve years since then. Cornelius Fudge explained. "I was the first ever person in history to escape from Aghan. Somehow, this once-murderer must have used some unknown Dark Magic to escape. Now, he is on the loose, hiding somewhere.

If you spot a wizard with these features, he is sure to be willful and hideous, with dark skin, a thin body and sinister eyes. This crazy executor has long..."
brown hair: grey streaks run through them from old age. When you possibly spot him, call 0241 at the Ministry of Magic after riding.

Have you seen this wizard?

KY 390

Article by Mark Greely
Houdini Dazzles One Again

Death-Defying Drama in the Hudson River

A report by Lily-mae Wood

Yesterday, young and old alike, were treated to a dazzling spectacle: life, no other. Harry Houdini, world-renowned escapologist, completed one of his most daring feats yet.

The stunt would go down in history.

Crowds were alive with excitement as they crowded around the bustling streets of New York. Hungarian-born Houdini climbed the Golden Gate Bridge and raised his handwoven rope (like a happy)

Once surveying a small void in the ice, Mary Houdini took a leap of faith into the depths of the Hudson River; the crowd waited, grasped in anticipation. This was theatrical magic!

One and all held their breath as the minutes ticked by; one . . . five . . . seven. All around the atmosphere was electric.
Houdini Dazzles Once Again

Lily Mae

Year Five

Caedmon Community Primary School

When eight long minutes had passed, Houdini disappeared. The audience, charged by the antics of the magician, burst into loud applause. He was greeted with wild cheers and loud applause.

When interviewed, he was asked how he performed the act. He simply replied, “A true magician never reveals his secrets. But remember, I was once an apprentice to a master.” And with nothing more than a wink and a smile, he was hustled away.

I really have no idea how long Houdini can hold onto his secrets is unknown. However, this reporter hopes that they remain securely locked away so that he continues to amaze his audience with more and more for many years to come!
Missing Magician

On 19th March (2009) young and old were
drawn by a spectacular stunt performed
by the infamous Ebune.

The world-famous alchemist, summiting
Everest last week where he attempted the death-
defying stunt. Onlookers watched in horror as
his act tumbled into turmoil. Despite years
of planning, a slip of a hand ruined the
spectacle. Instead of mounting the zipline,
Ebune slipped and was sucked into a
vacuum between two rocks.

Ebune assistant Dandling Demi, is currently
being conscripted by his family. Speaking to
NBC News, his described what happened.

"I... I can't explain it," she gasped as
she fought back the tears. "We had practiced
so many times and this never happened."

Currently, specialist officers are trying to
locate Ebune. Because of the unusual
circumstances, the team are having to
work around the clock. As of yet, there
has been no trace of Ebune, so he is
magical after all! His family are not
giving up hope of him being found alive.
He survived a similar accident on Kilimanjaro
in 2007.

NBC, who have exclusive rights to the
story, will bring you regular updates.
Stay tuned for developments!
Her eyes sparkled in the moonlight as the girl glowed with beauty; her tail wrapped around a brown crumbling branch as she talked to her friends. She didn't mean to kill them, but she did. She could feel the fury burn through her body. It burned through her soul like a wildfire slowly suffocating the goodness. She tightened her ballet slippers; her ears were vertical; her heart racing. Her long hair waved in the wind as she climbed to the tallest point in the tree. She was isolated. She was a freak. Although she didn't look like one when her tail and ears were hid, she still had the power and she still was stronger and faster and more powerful than anyone else in the village - and they didn't like that.

She had long colourful hair that danced in the wind as her tanned skin turned green because of the green light reflecting through from the fresh green leaves. Her name was Sapphire and she was an outcast. She required a dragon, but not any dragon, a dragon that's last of its kind...THE LAST EAST LIGHT DRAGON.

Creeping through the blood curdling forest, her blood vanished as wet dripped from her forehead; she was left with a blood drained lifeless body. The trees were howling and dancing as she scurried out of the petrifying, hair-raising forest. And then, in the mountain, she saw after the gradient climb, the multi-coloured monumentally sized wings and a sharp substantial tail… From that day she was never alone again.
Wolfgang

When a wolf feels threatened, or scared, their fur stands on end - like soldiers in conflict. Her hair didn’t stand on end when she felt threatened, or scared. At least it didn’t now; it certainly wasn’t scared; it was alive. A friend. Her hair was the eyes on the back of her head she desperately needed - an ally she desperately needed.

Hygiene was pointless, in her opinion - and that reflected greatly in her self image. Her hair was magnificent, magical and immaculate, but this was unpleasantly juxtaposed with her icy face. Coal dust crawled slowly across her unkept features in the flowing breeze. Her face was small and pointy, with the bridge of her nose shyly trying to hide behind the thick muck, only visible from a sharp angle in a late evening light.

Her body was slim but athletic; her build gifted her great agility, she could dive behind and weave through the trees of the maze like forests - and she would always conquer a tough game of hide and seek.

Her clothes were peculiar - to say the least. Her mother was quite wealthy, and insisted she wear a beautiful white jumpsuit (even though she hated it). The glowing white made her a constant elephant in the room, a dove among pigeons. She later threw it in the washer - conspiring her plans - with a pile of mud and black ink.

It was a jumpsuit, to say the least.

Wolfgang
Alexander Dickson
Year Seven
Kingsmeadow Community School
Thomas pushed his black, shoulder-length hair behind his ear. He carelessly bit his fingernail and twisted his head around to look at the pile of rubble that he had once called his home. If it weren’t for the grey clouds and the grey mist that hid away the sun, his amber eyes would have sparkled. He took in a long deep breath of the filthy air around him and slowly shut his eyes. After letting out an exaggerated sigh, he used a clenched fist to wipe away the last bit of blood away from under his broken nose. Looking in the shattered glass, he realised how white his skin was. But that was no surprise.

They had destroyed his street. They had destroyed his village. They had destroyed his home. Nothing was left amongst the ruins other than him. Not one person. He looked forward to see a school in shambles. His school. Those who had survived were still fighting, trying and failing. Thomas knew. He had seen them fail before. He started to wonder why it didn’t make him cry. Maybe it was because he had seen it happen several times before, so many times he had lost count.

He was going to go back to before any of this had ever happened. He promised himself he would do it right this time.

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*Magical Explorer*
Kirsten Swinney
Year Seven
Kingsmeadow Community School
Nobody knew the secret of Bethany Benky; the young lady would often creep around, unnoticed by the public. She didn’t even bat an eye at the fact that she strolled through bustling crowds like a ghost, or that she would doze off in class and didn’t receive so much as a quick glance from any of her classmates. When she had stood at the school gates a mere second ago, and was back home lounging on the sofa faster than a flash of lightning illuminates the sky, not one person inquired about her sudden absence. (After all, things rarely change in Britain.) Bethany couldn’t expect anyone to find it bemusing when her belongings began to float through the air like bubbles blown by a small child…


Even without all of these unique qualities, it’s unlikely that anyone would take an interest in the young lady, because at first glance, there was nothing thrilling that met the eye; her honey-coloured hair was neatly trimmed and sat comfortably around her shoulders, and if you happened to keep eye contact with her, chances are you’d see her chocolate brown orbs drooping with lack of sleep. Then again, someone as busy as her had no time for something as unnecessary as sleep. Currently, Bethany was searching. Busier than ever before yet still as insignificant to everyone else, she was living a life of maps, globes and transportation. Such should be expected when an only child from Britain is moving to America, anyway.

Clearly, Bethany was cut out for the job, even taking pride of her powers when they activated against her own will. Whenever necessary, they were a great help. In addition, her compassionate nature would get anyone out of harm’s way, and even if nobody knew who had helped them, their happiness was enough of a reward for Bethany. Despite all of this, there was one issue: her respect for weaklings was nonexistent. It didn’t matter how smart or brave someone was; if they were evidently weak, Bethany would treat them like the whole world treated her… Like they didn’t exist. However, all of this was about to change when Bethany discovered how weak she really was herself…

“Hmm… Not here either,” Bethany sighed. Ridiculous. This was one of the last places on her map! Beginning to fade from sight once again, the young lady took one quick glance at her surroundings. And that’s when she saw it. Barely visible in the window of a large, sophisticated house, her parents hunched over, looking after her baby sister. They met eyes on either side, and smiled.

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*Magical Explorer*
Rhiannon Borley
Year Seven
Kingsmeadow Community School
Hanging from the ancient, picturesque waterfall, the vermillion red strawberry laces dance in the light breeze, wishing not to fall into the creamy chocolate ocean below. The crashing sound of the nut brown liquid colliding with the vast chocolate rocks lashed through the air, adding to the cacophony of noises created by the mysterious creatures that roamed in the long emerald grass.

Such creatures call out to their friends, who prance through the musical forest nearby. Their calls battle with the blissful tumult created by the angelically singing trees, as fragile twigs crunch beneath their feet. The twigs are submerged in thick mud, battered and bruised from the creatures that stomp through the forest, kicking the ground, sending shock waves towards the poor twigs, who are flung into the air and pushed down again by the force of gravity.

Crevices in the pristine white trees are congested with colourful birds of every shape and size, with soft feathers that often tumble from the creatures onto the floor below, where they lounge with the innocent twigs, gazing up at the majestic sky. As they lie, they wait for the blinding sun to disappear behind the horizon, leaving the island to fall into a peaceful slumber.

*Magical Island*
Eleanor Robson
Year Eight
Kingsmeadow Community School
Glistening harmoniously in the striking rays of blazing sun, the water flowed peacefully, ever so crystal clear that you could see your own reflection gleaming visibly in it. The ever so light splashing of the water was the only sound as it collided with the solid crumbling rocks.

Blooming by the side of the river sat the blossoming flowers, their rich odour filling the air, scent as rich as perfume. Vivid petals in all the colours imaginable fell into the stream of water drifting off in the distance into the horizon.

The breeze of the air flowing, filling your soul with coldness, was taken away suddenly by the warmth of the burning sun. The breathtaking view was all that was needed in this very moment to keep your mouth hung open in awe.

As the sun - the only source of light - slowly disappeared, only the peak showing through the branches, all that was left was the darkness of the land sweeping over.

*Magical Island*
Maryam Al Nakeeb
Year Eight
Kingsmeadow Community School
The Magical Island of Nitsuj

Small creatures spaced across the sunset coloured leaf filled floor, disturbing the aged gravel of the path with a faint crunch here and there. From the corner of an eye, an animal-claimed house is seen in the distance, asking to have a human owner. A place truly forgotten by humanity, now being taken care of by Mother Nature. A melancholic sight, indeed.

The ancient-looking fountain stood lonely by itself in the middle of the abandoned village. The surroundings were dead silent. Whenever an secluded drop of water free-fell in the green build up of water at the bottom of the fountain. Once, the fountain was a crystal clear - a white marvellous porcelain new fountain. Now, all that's left is a green, moss-filled cracked fountain. The only noises heard in the village are the wild-life and splashes of water, coming from the fountain. Until someone else comes to renew the village, the fountain weeps, but still fights to stand tall. The fountain is the tree of the village. The gravel paths are the branches that lead to the leaves-the houses.

The sun prepares for sleep; the whole island given an orange contrast. The palm trees on the beach dance as a pacific sunset wind blows. The shoreline waters are like orange juice, and crabs hurry back into their homes. And as the cold night sets on the island, the wildlife sleep. The island remains silent.

The Magical Island of Nitsuj
Justin Palahniuc
Year Eight
Kingsmeadow Community School
Explore the presentation of the witches in Shakespeare’s *Macbeth*.

‘The Tragedy of Macbeth’ published 1606, develops the theme of the supernatural throughout the play, as well as showing the rise and decline in power the Macbeths’ experience. This essay will look at how Shakespeare presents the witches, and therefore the supernatural, during the play.

The reader is first introduced to the witches in Act 1, Scene 1 where they speak in trochaic tetrameter whilst referring to miasma, ‘fair is foul and foul is fair’ the effect of this tetrameter is to indicate that the supernatural is the cause of illness and death, therefore indicating that the witches will cause suffering. In line 1 of Act 1, Scene 3 Macbeth echoes the witches when he refers to the day as ‘foul and fair’, the characters speak in paradoxes and the witches' power and knowing nature is indicated even before they enter the scene. Furthermore, in the scene the witches' power is explicitly stated when dramatic irony is used when the witches’ refer to Macbeth as ‘thane of Cawdor’ and anagnorisis is used when they tell Macbeth he will be ‘king hereafter’. This shows their power because Macbeth becomes ‘rapt’ by the witches; prophecies, meaning he has become seized by the supernatural, which shows the witches’ power over Macbeth.

The Witches’ power over Macbeth is again stated in Macbeth's soliloquy in Act 3, Scene 1, Macbeth’s soliloquy includes a semantic field of nature and fertility: ‘barren’, ‘fruit’, ‘nature, ‘vessel’ (the woman is the vessel) which links to what Banquo says in Act 1, Scene 3 the metaphor ‘seeds of time’. A possible connotation for why Shakespeare has included this is that he wants to show that the witches still have power over Macbeth and that when they told Banquo he ‘shall have kings’ this affected Macbeth so seriously that he is willing to commit murder. In addition to this, the witches told Macbeth, in Act 1, Scene 3, that he would be king and due to their prophecies and his wife’s’ hamartia he committed regicide, which made him and his ‘fiend like queen’ pollution in the view of a Renaissance audience. This is evident as in Act 2, Scene 2 the natural order is anthropomorphised as the ‘owls scream’ and ‘cricket’s cry’, showing that Macbeth has gone against the natural order.

Moreover, by including the witches’ power in ‘Macbeth’ it could be interpreted that Shakespeare was trying to appease King James the first of England, by including witches as the force which causes Macbeth’s downfall. It is evident that James I disliked the idea of witches as Macbeth says, ‘speak I charge you’ and a possible connotation for this could be their power which rivalled the King’s. It could also be interpreted that going against the natural order will cause peripety, like Lady Macbeth’s madness in Act 5 Scene 1, therefore warning people not to commit regicide.

To conclude, by presenting the sisters as powerful, Shakespeare makes Macbeth’s regicide and murders as understandable to a Renaissance audience as he is acting under the influence of the witches (the supernatural).

*Explore the presentation of the witches in Shakespeare’s Macbeth*

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Macbeth, which was first performed in 1606, was written by William Shakespeare. It explores many themes of witchcraft and supernatural ideas throughout the play. Shakespeare channels these ideas of supernatural through many characters, the main ones being the three witches.

For example, in the extract, Banquo asks the witches ‘are ye fantastical, or that which outwardly ye show?’ Shakespeare uses this interrogative to emphasise Banquo’s uncertainty about the witches. He can't decipher whether the witches are real or not and therefore, asks them. The use of the adjective ‘fantastical’ may emphasise how society viewed witches as instruments of fate and as unusual and almost imaginary creatures. In the renaissance period, when Shakespeare wrote Macbeth, many witch hunts were taking place to destroy all the ‘witches’, who were typically widowed women who owned a pet cat. King James, who ruled Scotland at the time, believed that witches were real and therefore, did all in his power to destroy them. Banquo’s reaction of an interrogative could suggest that he was unsure whether to believe society's views on witchcraft and therefore, questioned them. Frequently, Shakespeare makes Macbeth and Banquo ask many interrogatives when feeling worried or uncertain. He does this by making the character of Macbeth ask questions such as ‘whence is that knocking?’ (Act 2) when feeling anxious and almost powerless.

Shakespeare also shows the witches’ power by demonstrating them as confusing or mysterious creatures. He does this by making the witches speak in paradoxes, which would be untrustworthy to a renaissance audience; a paradox makes a point have two views and therefore, wouldn't be clear and straightforward to the audience. ‘Not so happy, yet much happier’ could express how although Banquo won't be king, he will undoubtedly be happier than Macbeth. This suggests that Macbeth will become a man whose title takes away his happiness, which could foreshadow to Act 5, when his hamartia of ambition leads to his tragic death. The adjective ‘happy’ could also mock both Lady Macbeth and Macbeth’s guilt, which then leads to mental illness. In Act 5, the doctor claims that Lady Macbeth ‘needs the divine than the physician (...) God, God, forgive us all!’ This could reflect how many people believed that mental illness should be viewed as a possession from the devil and witches, furthermore, only God would be able to erase such a sin. This could emphasise how the witches’ power was to blame for Lady Macbeth’s downfall.

The witches’ power was also viewed as a confusing thing in Elizabethan England because many people couldn't decipher if the witches were instruments of fate or free will. In Act 1, Scene 1, the witches describe themselves as ‘weird’. It is believed the word ‘weird’ comes from the old English word ‘wyrd’, which means “fate”. Moreover, this suggests that the witches were powerful characters because they were ‘instruments’ of fate, meaning they can change and control things only God can decide, shocking the audience.

In conclusion, Shakespeare presents the witches as powerful and dominant characters within the play. He does this by channelling it through the language used and allowing their speech to be different and unique from other characters. The witches mainly spoke in 7 or 8 syllables, with five big beats per line. They speak this way to emphasise the difference between them and other characters because they are unnatural and live outside the natural order.

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In this extract of Macbeth, written in the year of 1606, Shakespeare presents the three witches with immense power that continues throughout the play.

Within the beginning of this extract, the witches use repetition in anaphoric references to Macbeth’s future. This is presented in groups of three as each witch repeats them. The witches are shown as powerful characters as they can ‘look in to the seeds of time’ and tell us Macbeth’s fate as a ruler: “thane of Glamis...thane of Condor... thou shalt be king therafter!” As they can do this, they are seen as unnatural women who are not pure and innocent. They are somewhat feared, giving them an element of masculinity, which goes against God’s plan and the gender roles.

This element of masculinity and unnatural impurity could also link to Lady Macbeth. In Act 1, Scene 5, Lady Macbeth is immediately introduced as a powerful character who can swiftly gain control, especially over her husband Macbeth. This is shown through the quote “pour my spirits in thine ears” also showing Macbeth’s weakness he is easily led.

Lady Macbeth is shown to be an evil character throughout the play by sharing similar traits to the witches and echoing their habits. For example, Lady Macbeth begins to speak in iambic rhyming couplets within her soliloquy in Act 1, Scene 5, something the witches do throughout. But she also shares the same reputation as the witches to the audience through contextual factors of when the play was written.

During the time period that ‘Macbeth’ was written, King James I was on the throne and he had a very specific interest regarding witches and the female gender. He lead society to believe that in witchcraft, a large sin; in particular, women who were poor, widowed or barren were targetted for the blame of this crime. Lady Macbeth had no children, therefore increasing Shakespeare’s audience’s suspicion of her, her despite her so called ‘powers’.

She also shows weakness throughout the play despite her power and hierarchy. For example, when Macbeth was a coward and ‘infirm of purpose’, Lady Macbeth had to be the solution to the issue and place the daggers back in the bedroom. However, as she exited, she said “my hands are of your colour, but I shame to wear a heart so white”. This shows her external bravery, but it also gives us an insight to her internal weaknesses. Her hands are red with blood but her heart is still pure, as the colour white was linked to innocence and womanhood. It resembled the creation of new life.

This could mean that although the witches are seen as three of the most powerful characters within the play, they will still have their secret weaknesses hidden by their false front, externally. All of the characters share this trait: Lady Macbeth, through the murder of Duncan; Macbeth, through his betrayal, and the witches, whose flaws are yet to be fully uncovered.

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‘A little magic can take you a long way.’

Roald Dahl