



# KS3 Shortlist

Please find attached all 13 of the shortlisted year 7 and 8 entries for the 2020 Young Writers' Competition. They comprise of stories, an article and poems.

### Key Stage 3 Entries- Candidates 1-10 stories and an article. Candidate A-C Poems

#### Candidate 1

##### Victoria

Despite the fact that today was undeniably a melancholic day, I had to see what was still pleasurable about today. My hair was blowing through the wind with a powerful passion, the wind singing songs as it dashed past my ear leaving an imprint of freedom and adventure. Emerald-coloured trees dancing along to its melody. The sky is a tranquillity of cadet blue, clouds fluttering under the rays of the colossal dome of happiness. I had to accept that soon Victoria would be gone, taken, **stolen**. She was diagnosed with terminal cancer a year ago, only to know that it would soon lead to this. Her last wish. She had her whole life ahead of her, only for it to be seized from her in a bat of an eye. I had now learnt to compose my tears, insightful that I should stay strong for her, I was all she had left. We were almost there, at her last aspiration in the wicked world she lived in. The Great Barrier Reef. An alluring utopia filled with aquatic life and vibrant specks of fiery red, electric blues and emerald greens.

We had finally arrived. Victoria was grinning ear-to-ear, much like the Cheshire cat. We hastily ran down the vanilla-bricked pavement, with small stones a-tapping our shoes, until we had reached a place which read, 'The Scuba-fun Diving Experience!'. A chubby man was standing outside, although he did look rather welcoming. 'Gday ladies, get changed into your bathers pronto, were going soon!' chortled the man. We promptly got changed into our wetsuits, which clung against our skin and large neon green fins which closely resemble ice lollies. We hurriedly ran down towards the shore with the chubby man we had met before. 'Have fun down there!' he joked, whilst stuffing himself with a packet of Smiths chips. The water here was so clear that you could see the sea bed underneath. We put on our face masks, knowing that whatever was about to happen would be cherished forever. We went under. The sea was a wonderland of marine existence, shoals of watched blue fish darted in every direction. It was like the whole rainbow exotically in one place. I felt my heart flutter as I saw jacinthe-coloured crabs scurrying about. Fishes managing to advance into every possible place, it was as if the sea was my own personal television. We went up to the surface, the sun gleaming on our backs. 'Valerie this has always been my dream.' cried Victoria. I quickly grasped her into a tight embrace not wanting to let go.

I had then realised that this might be the last time I see her happy. My heart dropped. Bitter tears filled with dolefulness and distress secreted from my now bloodshot eyes. I knew I had to keep strong. We went in for a final swim, admiring the natural beauties of the world. I knew that no matter what happened, ***We had relished her last moments.***

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#### Candidate 2

##### ***Final breath***

Suddenly I found myself running. Running from a life that once had taken me hostage. I was free. Free from my old life. But wanted. Forever this what my life would be like. Free but trapped. Nowhere but everywhere. Would I ever find peace?

That's a question I had been asking myself for a long time ever since I had been wanted for murder, a murder I didn't commit, the murder of my own sister. From that day I have been running from town to town until they realized who I was, what I had been accused of, and then I would have to run again. This was my life.

I had nowhere else to run so I had to start making camp in the woods. But as quickly as I would start my life again there they were the Order of tsar, the people who had been after me for four long years, the people who wouldn't let me have a life.

It was March the 24th 1430 I had just settled down in a wood, I knew I couldn't stay for long, then I saw something, smoke floating just above the top of the canopy of trees and all around me were trees starting to catch alight I started to run I didn't think I was going to make it. In front of me, just as I started to feel like I could throw up my own organs, was a ray of hope a small slit through the dancing flames appeared. So I ran, quick, quicker than I thought, and I made it. I started to run again. I found someone on the side of the road who gave me a ride to the closed wood to where they were going. It was the first ride I had had in months. It was a nice feeling; the gentle spring breeze teasing with the loose hairs from my messy plat and the fact that I could finally have a break from running I hadn't had that feeling for months.

A few days later he dropped me, and for the first time in years I walked into the woods with a song in my head and a spring in my step but I knew deep down that this feeling was a feeling that I should cherish. Because this feeling would not last much longer.

In the distance somehow I could see it: the grey winter coats, the black polished boots and the faces with no expressions on them and their tendency to kill whatever gets in their way. The leader saw me. He raised his rifle and pointed at me...

The next thing I remember was the sound of him pulling the trigger and the feeling of a piece of metal coming towards me. I felt scarlet blood come out of my mouth and down my chin. The piercing sensation of the bullet ripping my organs. As I took in my last breath I knew I would see my sister soon.

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**Candidate 3**

### **Forever Together**

There once lived two birds , brother and sister. Their names were Ben and Sissy and their lives were ruined in a wildfire in Australia. They were lucky to survive because all of the forest was burnt and it was all black. If you were to look at the forest now, it looks dead, like no life has ever lived there before.

Ben was mostly green. His feathers however were colourful but the colours were not clear as the fire had darkened them. Sissy however was mostly red. She was colorful and her bottom body was blue, but yet again, it wasn't clear because of the smoke. They were parrots.

Their lives were great at first. They lived with their mother and father, but after the fire their life and home sweet home was destroyed. Sissy had a lucky escape, she was about to fall from a tree into the fire but luckily her brother caught her with his beak just in time and flew to a hill far away. Sadly, they did not know where their parents were, but it was quite obvious that they most likely didn't survive. Ben built a nest with the leftover branches for the night, after a long day of hard work. They fell asleep almost immediately.

After that, every day, the brother had to search other people's gardens for food up until the sister was better. After a while, the sister (Sissy) was finally ready to hunt. They would fly together and have lots of fun times together.

One day Sissy decided to go into a garden with her brother, both of them keeping an eye on each other. It was a dirty garden with bird food split everywhere. This was good for the parrots as they were happy that they could have food. Little did they know this was a garden of a witch.

Ben warned Sissy not to go further than the tree set in the middle of the garden. However, Sissy was so excited she didn't hear him because she saw lots of bird food on a plate hanging from the tree. She went to grab some for her and Ben but when she rested her beak on the plate a cage from below and above trapped her and a loud bell rang.

Ben heard the loud bell and flew above the tree. When he looked down, his heart dropped when he saw his poor sister trapped in a bird cage. He tried to fly down and rescue her but an old witch ran out her house with a loud cackle.

"HA HA HA , I got another bird!" she cackled. She was filled with delight when she saw a beautiful parrot in her cage. She took Sissy and the cage into her brown, wooden shed.

When the witch was gone, Ben flew down and found a big hole in the roof. He flew inside and found his sister with her head down and her body curled up in a ball. He also saw other empty cages and feathers on the floor. Sissy was relieved when she saw her brother and so was he. Out of nowhere, an amazing plan popped into Ben's head to rescue his sister.

He told Sissy that when the witch came back, Sissy was going to act dead in the cage. When the witch opens it she will fly through the hole that Ben flew through. That's exactly what they did.

After a while, the witch came back and saw that Sissy was supposedly 'dead'. She was upset so she slowly opened the cage to get her out, but Sissy immediately flew out and the witch was too slow. The two birds happily flew away but they heard the witch say:

"I'll get you both, just you wait!" The witch grabbed her broomstick and tried chasing after them.

Ben and Sissy both flew away, panicking, but not back to their nest, they flew to a different country as they were terrified of what had happened.

After days of flying, they finally had reached their destination, New Zealand. They both spent the night in a hole in a tree trunk.

When the morning returned, they both woke up and began to search for food. They were starving, they didn't have any food, no water, and they slept in a nest in a tree trunk that was damp and filled with spiderwebs.

Ben flew first to check for safety and Sissy followed after him. VOOM!  
The evil witch dashed in front of them.

"You thought you'd get away didn't you, well bad luck, karma bites back before you know it!" she yelled.

Sissy felt this anger. She had never felt this before, it was a new feeling that made her want to scream. What happened next is amazing!

Sissy was so furious that she flew on the witch's head and used her claws to pull out her hair.

"AAh! What are you doing you dumb bird? Get off of me, get off of me!" she screamed.

Sissy bellowed with a loud roar, that you would often hear from lions or tigers, but no, this roar came from a parrot, an angry parrot. Ben couldn't believe his eyes, his sister was always so quiet and calm, he had never seen this side of her before. Before they knew it the witch had fallen down into a pond full of frogs and crocodiles. That was the last they had ever heard of her.

That following night, they found a tree and decided to stay there, but they weren't alone. There lay two beautiful birds. Sissy and Ben's eyes lit up, they were extremely delighted. It was their Mother and Father! They didn't die, in fact, they survived! The family stayed together and they lived a life Forever Together.

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#### Candidate 4

##### The Dull, Old Pottery Vase

One day all of a sudden we were hit by a pandemic, covid 19 to be precise. Our government put us all on lock down; so now we have to stay inside were its safe and to try and stop the spread. The furthest my parents will let me go is the back garden. Everything has changed we can't even go to school; all school work needs to be done from home.

One Monday morning after doing my school work I decided to play hide and seek in the back garden with my brother's, Suddenly I stumbled upon a stone slab with very strange markings on it, I decided to keep the slab my little secret and not tell anyone about it. As the week went by I found myself visiting the stone slab time and time again, I became pretty obsessed with it. The markings had me very fascinated each day I found myself playing around, following the markings with my fingers slowly dragging them across the lines then something very strange happened the marking started glowing green.

The next minute I wasn't in my garden anymore I found myself in what seemed a very dark cave and in the far distanced I could see light, I walk forward noticing the very strange marking on my stone slab were also engraved into the walls of the cave. About this time I started Feeling a little scared but also intrigued to find out where this cave would lead me to. So in anticipation I continued to walk forward, the light grew bigger and bigger and as I reached the end of the cave in front of me was a chest of gold and an old dull pottery vase with a note beside them saying:

*"Choose the option on your left a chest of gold for all you needs and greed's... choose the option to your right for all you need to win the fight, an old dull pot and all will be forgot"*

I was very torn, the golden chest seemed a lot more appealing than the old pottery vase which didn't look like it was worth anything. Was it a trick and what fight?

In the echo of where I stand I heard my mother's voice shouting my name, without even a thought I grabbed the pottery vase, a whirl of lights surrounded me and In a flash I was back in my garden and in that instance I had forgotten everything and what I was doing, then my brother jumped behind me and screamed "BOO, I FOUND YOU!" then questioned what was in my hand I looked down and saw an old pot I didn't even know what this was or how I got it.

Mum was calling us all, as our dinner was ready. As we sat down to eat our spaghetti bolognaises a news bulletin came on the TV stating we are now winning the fight against Covid 19 and a vaccine has now been found.

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## **Candidate 5**

### **The Mystery of Yesterday**

The year is 2033. The first humans have set foot on the red planet of the Milky Way Galaxy, with only one duty left to fulfil.

"Make sure you retrieve as many samples of the environment as you can, we will need them to study Mars back at the lab. Do not mess this up." spoke a muffled voice coming from the flight deck back at the space ship.

Soon, the team began to venture farther out to scope out any possible swatches of Mars' nature, one of these being an astronaut under the company SpaceX, Rey Hill. She was the supposed leader of the team, being the one to initiate the program.

Despite their new, advanced spacesuits being capable of withstanding the power of the planet's atmosphere, its complex conditions began taking a toll on the team's health, leaving them to recover at the ship with their findings before taking off for their return to Earth.

"Roger, we have successfully collected the samples. It should be sufficient enough to begin the extensive research project," Rey responded to the voice at the flight deck. "However, we will need to stay put for now to recover from the impact of Mars' conditions, expect our return in a few months."

These were the last words spoken before the devastating mishap during take-off months later.

It is now the year 2357, and humanity is on the brink of extinction. Astrophysicists all over the globe are desperately looking for ways to get humanity to thrive on Mars, the planet left abandoned for centuries, as a last resort. Dexter Hill, one of the many astrophysicists helping with the project, discovered a file under the name, "The Mystery of Mars."

"...Rey Hill, the leader of the exploration team, was unfortunately caught in the fatal explosion, leaving nothing behind." He read, before closing the file on the screen.

For a moment, he felt he recognised the name. A familiar presence. Then it clicked.

Rey Hill had been his ancestor, who was once mentioned at a family gathering one Thanksgiving evening. Dexter remembered how odd the situation had felt that evening, and thought that there was

something beyond the mysterious casualty.

For months on end he conducted an investigation, reading through all sorts of confidential reports and folders before deciding to send his own team to the site of the reported deaths.

“So, this is where it happened,” Dexter proclaimed, stepping out of the spaceship which had finally reached Mars, along with his crew. “We must get to work immediately.”

Hours went by, and as they further investigated, everyone began to lose hope. That was until Dexter spotted a note pinned to an abandoned base. Quickly, he called over his crew to read over its content.

*“To anyone who finds this note, the explosion of the Mars Ship on October 7th, 2033, was deliberate. It was a suicide attack. It was the only way I could finally achieve freedom. Goodbye.”*

Then there was silence. A dead, eerie silence.

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## **Candidate 6**

### **Adventure at Sea**

John's knees were weak, the boat moved faster than he thought it would move. The sound of the waves crashing against each other soothed him though. His friend laid a gentle and soft hand on his shoulder he turned his weak neck towards him. John was expecting a pleasant smile and piercing blue eyes however he only saw sheer panic. His friend's eyes were locked to the sky, instinctively he stared at the sky as well. He was met with a looming, immense dark cloud towering over them. He screamed, “Turn the ship around.”

The ship suddenly whipped around making John fly off the meek and slim speed boat. He attempted to turn it into a dive but failed. His arm hit the water and whipped around him. John was in immense pain and could no longer swim.

John stared in disbelief as the boat sped on not knowing he had fallen off. He looked back and saw a colossal wave approaching him. At this point, he held his arms out and accepted it. The wave hit him with such power and such force this he flew back.

Eventually, his friend looked back and screamed as he saw John's body face down in the water bobbing lifelessly. He dived into the water in panic. He fought against the thrashing waves to reach his friend. He raised him out of the water and checked his pulse. He felt nothing. At that point he gave up and knew he had lost his friend. He swam away slowly, crying. It was raining heavily so it helped. He got to the boat started up the engine and in tears he rode away from the lifeless body in the water.

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## Candidate 7- An article

### *What makes a good adventure story?*

According to the oxford dictionary “adventure” is “an unusual, exciting, or dangerous experience, journey, or series of events.” Over time there have been many epic adventure stories but what made them all memorable? This is the question I hope to answer in this text. I will be analyzing character traits, looking at the different genres in this wide category and seeing if there is a true formula for making a successful adventure story. For this I will look at books going right back to 1847.

Although the adventure is a genre of its own, there are many types of adventure stories. One is adventures at sea. An example of this is Robinson Crusoe that portrays the excitement of finding a new island where the protagonist meets people and makes enemies. The adventures seen through school often show the adventures every day at school brings. An example of this is the hilarious Jennings series. Adventures that are set in moments in history are some of the most engaging and moving. Examples include: “The Children of the New Forest” and “The Princess and the Suffragette.”

Many characters’ parents are dead or not in the same place as their children. Darrel Rivers in the ‘Mallory Towers’ series is at boarding-school, so she must struggle along without her parents. Another good but tragic example is ‘The Children of the New Forest’ when their parents die in a fire and the person who then cares for them dies so they must look after themselves. A weird and wonderful example is ‘Peter Pan’ when they fly off to Neverland in the middle of the night without telling anyone.

Many adventure stories follow the same format starting with the scene being set and us meeting our protagonist. One example of this is the “Mallory Towers” series that starts with us meeting Darrel on her way to school. Next comes the point where they find a problem that may mean they need to go on a journey or rescue something. This can be seen in “Charlie and the Chocolate Factory” when Charlie finds the golden ticket. In “Hero’s Journey” (by Joseph Campbell) this is called the “Call to Adventure.” Once the protagonist has set out on their journey, everything starts to go wrong and it seems like they won’t be able to achieve their goal. This is seen in “The Wind in the Willows” when Toad is thrown into jail. This is called “the abyss”. They pick themselves up and go on with their quest or journey (“The Resurrection”). This can be seen in the last “Harry Potter” when Harry chooses to go back to life to finish off Voldemort. The protagonist then has a show down with their rival or they reach their goal. The story ends with “The Return” when the protagonist goes back to normal life.

The formula and these other characteristics all help you write a successful story, but it is the authors own imagination and touch that helps them all come to life.

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## Candidate 8

### A Dragons Egg

Do you think you’re too old for bedtime stories? Have you ever heard the one about my best friend Maisy, who happens to be a dragon? NO!? Well where do I begin?

It began during the summer holidays when my brother, Kiyan, and I were going to the shop to get ice-creams for our family. The walk back was quite lengthy and it was burning hot so we decided to go through the cooling forest as a short cut to avoid the sun. As usual Kiyan was messing about, trying to trip me over so I would face plant into the ground. Eventually his wish was granted and I was lying on the floor in pain.

“Thanks a lot Kiyan that was so delightful of you!” I said with a vast hint of sarcasm in my voice. As I stood up to brush myself down, I could see something in the distance. It appeared to be a circular, tiny, green egg with purple spots all over it. Without hesitation, we both sprinted over to the egg and picked it up.

“We should take it home and care for it!” I said proudly.

“NO WAY!! If mum and dad see it we will be grounded for life!” Kiyan said with a bossy tone  
TAP.....TAP.....TAP. It was coming from the egg. TAP....TAP. There it was again, the egg was hatching!!!

A tiny green creature popped out. It looked weak and frail, I went to pick it up and put it against my shoulder. As I stroked it I could feel the warmth of my hand comforting it. I thought it would be frightened, would you be?

She had green bumpy skin, bright yellow and purple stripes all over her belly, it had blue wings and small but strong legs.

As I handed the dragon to my brother he started to back away and wailed “I am not holding that ...that monster!”

The baby dragon started to squeal , it sounded like she was trying to roar but she couldn’t, however as always I won the argument so we ended up taking her home ; on the way we both agreed to name her Maisy.

“So where shall we hide Maisy?” I questioned

“We?!. As soon as we get home I want nothing to do with this!” Replied Kiyan.

When I got home I started to research about her kind of breed and found out that they find their parents by roaring so that meant if she can’t roar, she can’t find her parents!

A few hours later, she got hungry so before I went to get her food, just to make sure nobody found her, I hid her under my bed as she was the size of a squirrel.

Once Maisy had eaten, we went back to the forest to see if we could find her roar. I looked everywhere: behind the blackberry bushes, in the long logs and even in the creepy caves.

Soon we got tired, went back to my house and tried a few other things like tickling her belly, patting her back and just waiting but all this hard work was making Maisy thirsty so I went to get her a glass of fizzy Fanta. She drank it so quickly, she needed to burp so I patted her back and instead of a burp she let out the loudest roar I had ever heard!

To celebrate we went outside to play but a few minutes later I heard another two roars and it wasn't Maisy, it was coming from the forest. She flew up into the sky but at the same time two other dragons did. It was Maisy's parents as they all cuddled together and flew away, tears filled my eyes but deep down I knew I would've had to let her go home one day.

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## Candidate 9

### The Forbidden Forest

"Raven! Gosh dammit! Class has finished!". Raven opened an eye to realise he just got away with sleeping through the entirety of the math's class. "How are you even in the top set if you sleep through it?" Asked Ella, Raven's childhood friend. Raven shrugged, grabbed his bag and got up from his chair, and walked off, leaving Ella really irritated. "Where's Ayato?" Ayato is Raven's best friend and they had shared every memory together since they were toddlers. "Don't know, maybe he's been waiting for us for an hour, maybe!". Ella looked very annoyed, and they both met the class ready for their secret camping trip.

As they were hiking along the mushy grass, they realised they were very lost. "How did we get lost if we are literally five minutes away from the school?" Stated Eto. Eto is Ella's girlfriend and she loves nature. "Well according to Google Maps, the church should be here?" Said Jason. "I see it!" Shouted Ayato up from a mountain of mud. Once they had managed to climb up the mud-mountain, they saw an entire abandoned village, with the church at its centre. "It's so beautiful!" exclaimed Eto, very enthusiastic about staying with nature for a weekend. The trees creaked in an eerie way, as if they were not alone. The wind howled as they got closer to the church, every step more careful than the last. They had finally reached the church door; all were as scared as each other. "I need the toilet!" Two kids said as they rushed into one of the houses. "Let's wait for them" said Raven, who sat down on the mossy, cracked road. "This place is actually creeping me out" said Ella, and she knows when something isn't right, and it wasn't.

The kids took hours to come back from the toilet, and they never did. The other members of the class instead set up camp inside the church with all their snacks and coloured sleeping bags. "Let's go outside and look for those kids" Raven said

quite eagerly to the class as he loves anything to do with ghosts or ghouls. It was dark before they finally got the courage to go outside, and it felt like someone was watching them search for their missing classmates. They all went in groups of three or four and as the four had made their way to the edge of the village, they saw two horrific things. One was their classmates, looking like death itself had started to chase them. It was like the group had done something wrong. Two, the walls were... Bleeding. It seems like this village was one where whoever went in, never came out... The kids were running for their life, each step faster than the other. Until they had reached what looked familiar to them, the mud-mountain. By this time, it was heavily raining, and when they climbed, they only slid down. The mud was chasing them, to which they couldn't escape. They were covered, drowning...

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**Candidate 10**

### **The Great Adventure and the Broken-Down Car**

After a long night of not being able to sleep, with excitement churning around in my stomach, my Monday morning school alarm went off. It was 6:15am, I jumped out of bed, then I realized it was the start of the summer holidays. I went downstairs as usual to see my Dad standing in the green and white Kitching, I jumped for joy when I saw he was making pancakes for me, my older sister and my younger brother. My Dad said to us "eat up because we won't be back in time for lunch." Thoughts of what we were going to be doing raced through my mind. I thought maybe we would be going on a picnic or a theme park or even a holiday. My face lit up as if it was sunshine on a cloudy day. Then he told us where we were going.

When he told us, I felt like it was Christmas all over again. I was like a chocoholic at Easter. I went upstairs to get changed straight away, unknowing I was going to get as muddy as I did, I put a white dress on with white shorts on underneath. I was so happy! It took us a while to get there I didn't recognize any of the surroundings, so it was somewhere we had never been before I was so excited my belly was doing flips.

What felt like ages we had finally made it! I had never been to a place like this before and it confused me due to use not having to get out of the car. Then I saw it the big sign saying West Midlands Safari park. Then I remember seeing it

advertised on the television that it is different to a zoo and that you do not get out of your car and when you go around the trail the animals are walking round not in cages.

We started to go around the trail and we saw a giraffe put its head into the sunroof of the car in front it was brilliant, then all of a sudden I heard a bang on the top of our car it was a monkey slid down the windscreen pulling on the wipers my dad started to hit the window to shoo the monkey away ,it did not listen then on came another and another. My poor dad had to buy new wipers for the car and a new petrol cap they took that too everywhere you looked on the floor there were parts of cars everywhere.

We got through quite a bit of the trail and my mum said that she could smell burning the car suddenly stopped and smoke came from the engine area, omg we couldn't get out of the car as there where rhinos walking around and you couldn't show them attention my dad pressed his horn to get the staffs attention when the rhinos turned to look at us. Watching this I shook like a leaf, the rhinos had started to make their way to car "Dad! Dad!" we were all screaming at this point, to our surprise, fortunately, the staff came to help. The kind and helpful staff saved us from a great peril, by making noises so the rhinos would turn around long enough for someone to put some water in the engine to cool it down then the car started again, I never felt so happy, my heart skipped a beat.

The tour ended and we went for a picnic on the park area. There was a pirate ship a log flume and some smaller rides like teacups for smaller kids me and my siblings went on the pirate ship repeatedly. There was lots of us and we were chanting the Liverpool FC chant it sounded amazing. All the kids on that ship was doing it, it was the best atmosphere and a fantastic memory, but it was time to go. Life really is a roller coaster.

On the way home we could smell that smell again that came from the car's engine area we knew that something was going to go wrong. Then as we neared a roundabout worst came to worst when my dad's car broke down again. My poor dad, I felt so sad for him as all my parents wanted to do was to give us a nice day out, my dad had to find a phone box to call for the AA to come. They took ages! we were sat in the car patiently waiting, busting to go toilet and so far away from home, finally the truck arrived, and we eventually got to go home. I remember

lying in bed that night so I tired thinking how it didn't matter that the car broke down twice it was the greatest adventure ever!

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**Candidate A- Poetry**

**Adventure**

Do you know what it feels like to be left behind?

Losing everyone around you in such little time.

I try not to worry since they're left in the past,

But it's hard going through life knowing nothing ever lasts.

It's hard to hide behind this frown,

When on the inside you're on the verge of a breakdown.

I've lost everyone that meant the world to me.

All I have left of them are these memories.

You have no idea how badly I want them back.

But they've left me in the past which was their plan of attack.

The pain of losing them will never go away.

I'm tired of feeling like this every day.

I feel like I no longer belong.

I fake my happiness to show nothing's wrong.

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ONE STUPID MORNING

WHEN WE ALL WOKE UP IN THE ADVENTURE OF CORONAVIRUS!

One stupid morning  
A foolish man is yawning  
He scratched his head  
And sat on his bed

He ate a bat,  
Gets ill and coughs  
Germs go splat!  
And spreads as fast as light.

Self-isolation as boring as can be  
It can even travel across sea.  
Wash your hands, don't spread germs.

Babies and elderly are more vulnerable,  
Don't be silly  
And do not be greedy  
Don't eat bats!  
That's all from me  
Stay safe and stay at home.

## Candidate C- Poetry

### She

I want her to go, she continues to stay.  
What is her name? She'll never say.  
Why won't she speak? I'll never know.  
"Please can you leave now?" Silence. No.

Her twig-like fingers tapped the wood,  
That stare she gave me meant no good.  
Continuous tapping echoed around,  
And that was the only sound.

Her bony figure sat stiff like a plank,  
The expression on her face still so blank.  
Her taps stop, pitter-patter goes the rain.  
After tonight I won't be the same.

Tick-Tock Tick-Tock  
Goes the clock. Goes the clock.  
Heart monitor loud.  
Not a soul in the room.