

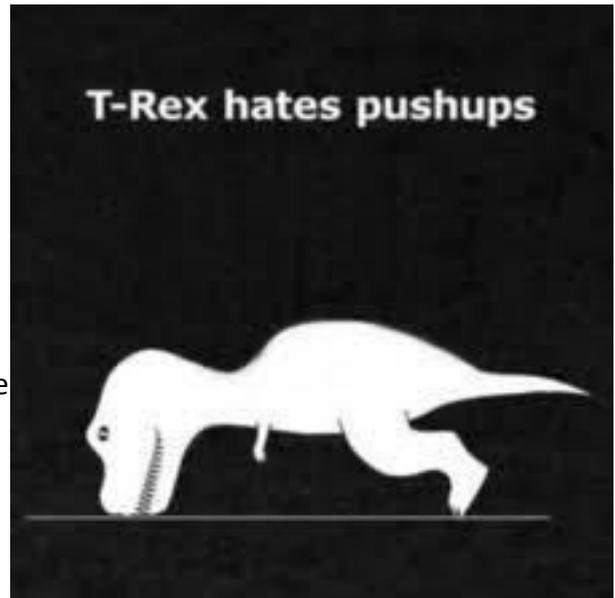
Let Them Loose! National Writing Day 2018

Staff writing (courtesy of Mr Byrne, who was given the stimulus picture by one of his students):

John hated pushups. His personal trainer had told him they would help to build muscles in his arms whilst also helping him strengthen his core. However, whenever he found himself with the rare spark of desire to get back in shape, he met somewhat of a logistical issue.

His arms were just too short.

No matter what he tried, his overly elongated face and nose would stop him in his tracks. His little arms ended up hanging uselessly, limply by his side. He was never going to be able to sincerely offer anyone 'trips to the gun show' any time soon.



Pushups weren't the only things John hated. Anything that required an ounce of dexterity stopped him dead. He'd happily chase after and rip apart a diplodocus for a tasty meal; ask him to open a can of tuna and he'd be struggling. Luckily, his mouth was big enough to allow him to eat cheese puffs by chucking them high into the air and catching them in his huge, gaping maw.

A diet of diplodocus meat and cheese puffs weren't exactly conducive to a healthy lifestyle. At his last check up, John was told to cut back on the calories, do some exercise and maybe lay off the red meat. The negativity of the meeting upset him so much that he devoured a small case of Waitrose chocolate cakes instead. Not exactly good for a T-Rex's blood sugar level.

8 Student work examples (all year 8):

'Marlie' by Nolwenn Douglas

There's a girl next door. I don't know much about her, but she has no eyes. I have never spoken to the girl, but I watch her a lot. With curly blonde hair and pale skin, she reminds me of something, but I don't know what it is because her face is incomplete. She goes around the neighbourhood by herself late at night and she walks weirdly. She walks like she hasn't ever walked before. She doesn't go to the school in the village, or I've

just never seen her. I don't know if she goes to school at all. I've never seen her mother before, but I've seen her father through the curtains. He's a strange man, tall and bony with old fashioned clothing and hats, and wears different coloured bifocals with each questionable outfit. My mother told me to stay away from him, that he was "abnormal" or "odd". The man next door is odd, but the girl next door is intriguing.

I'm sitting in the field, reading 'Monsters', when I see her. She's wearing red shoes. I watch the shoes as she walks up to me. She still walks funny. I force myself to look up despite my nerves in seeing her close for the first time.

"Marlie," she says. Her name is Marlie. I like it.

"Winston," I reply. My name is Winston. She sits next to me and says she's read my book. And then we sit in silence and listen to the wind.

We now send notes through the windows of our houses. I'm seeing her again today in the field.

"Why do you walk around alone at night?"

"Escaping,"

"Why don't you have any eyes?"

"My father took them,"

"I don't know what that means,"

"Maybe that's a good thing."

'The Whiteboard Incident' by Dilyn Arro

Scene opens with Liv and Bote sitting on the beach. Together.

Liv: Reviewing today, I think it's one of the best days I've ever had.

Bote: Same.

Liv: I can't get over the fact of how it just got hairy when Mr Byrne tried to rub it off.

Bote: At least no one told the teacher it was you.

Liv: We were all in it together. *Liv laughs*

Bote: It must have been so funny; I wish I was in your class to see the masterpiece on the board.

Ella arrives and sits next to Crews. I mean, of course she does.

Ella: Hi Liv, hi Bootee, my Bote, my Bote mannn!

Liv: Ella, just sit down already.

Bote: We were just talking about today and the 'white board incident'.

Narrator: Let me take you back to what the white board incident was, as that is how this story started.

The scene takes us back to their English classroom earlier today.

Narrator: As school goes, sometimes the teacher will nip out the classroom and make the mistake of leaving year 11s alone. By themselves. I mean, Mr Byrne didn't have the best common sense, but leaving them...that was a big mistake.

Mr Byrne: I'm running out to grab some plain paper - I expect not to hear a peep from any of you lovely students!

Mr Byrne Exits.

Liv: Why is this lesson so boring, where's the whiteboard pen? Oh, I need some inspiration!

Ella: Why? Maybe Bote knows...Bote! Bote baby! Oh yes, he is sadly not in our class. But you know, he will always be in my mind anyway, and my heart, his beautiful chestnut eyes and his spot on the left side of his cheek is even gorgeous, how is it possible to pull something like that off?

Liv: It isn't...

Ella: OMG! How could you say that about him, sometimes you just make no utter sense! *She looks off into the distance dreamily as if she was being photographed.*

Liv turns towards Jake in the seat behind her.

Liv: All I wanted to know was where a pen is, and I got this...

Jake: I don't have a board pen, but I have a sharpie or glue?

Liv: Oh, glue will do!

Liv stands up and walks towards the whiteboard, as she gets to the whiteboard she draws one circle then another next to it and then continues to draw the rest of what seems to be genitalia. She finishes her masterpiece and sees Mr Byrne coming, so she runs back down to her seat.

Mr Byrne: What on earth is this?! I leave for two minutes and I am left with this appalling, traumatising sight!

Mr Byrne grabs the cloth and tries to wipe it off.

Narrator: If only he knew what was coming next...

Mr Byrne: Oh no...I...I didn't mean to do that!

All the class is in hysterics as someone points out the obvious.

Classmate: No, it's all hairy from the cloth, ha! Hahahahahahahahaha!

Narrator: To Mr Byrne's concern, he just makes the situation worse and all the material from the cloth has rubbed off on to the glue, although it kept its shape.

Liv: *whispers to Ella* I didn't realise it would go that well!

Ella: If only Bote was here to see it, did I tell you about how beautiful his big...um...big beautiful brown tree-coloured eyes are? Or his beautifully structured ears and nose! Oh how dreamy he is...

Liv: Honestly, if you like him so much why don't you ask him out?

Ella: I've told you! My mother would cast him away if our hands ever touched together, even though they are so soft...

'My Academy Trial' by Miles Ewins

It was a cold day, it was time for me to take my trials for Manchester City. I was so nervous, I thought that I was going to fail. I had a 9 hour journey to Manchester and I was not looking forward to it, but I was so ready for it. I was set up for the journey because I had my pillows

and cover in the back seats.

We were about 4 hours into the journey, and we saw there was a Subway, so we stopped off there to get some lunch. I got a chicken and cheese sandwich; it was so nice as it just melted in my mouth. When me and my family finished our lunch, we went back to the car and carried on the journey.

My trial was from 7:00pm-8:30pm. We had about another 2 hours of the journey to go and at this point this is where I was so excited for the trial. My mum and dad were telling me not to be nervous, but I couldn't not be nervous. We finally arrived at the Manchester City training ground.

I could see the training ground and I was starting to get my boots and kit on: I was ready to show them that I should get picked for the academy. It was time to go and do the trial.

1 hours 30 minutes later...

I had finished the trial and I got told I was through, I was so so so happy.

I was now on my way back and my whole family kept ringing to ask if I was successful and then we had a massive celebration party for me. I did not expect the party because when I walked through my house door, my family jumped out on me and said "congratulations!" We had a really good night.

'POLICE VS GRIME' by Jules Leighton

In recent years there has been a string of arrests involving rappers, grime artists and musical influences not only in the UK, but all over the world and some people believe that they all linked to one thing.

Of course these are only thoughts and ideas, but they are heavily backed by the community as one of the main reasons as to why the artists that they love and follow are being made to stop creating content. The main worry for these people is that the police are targeting artists that create content not suitable for kids and/or have a violent way of singing or violence involved in the song in question. Obviously there is no way to prove this is true at this point in time, because the police and governments are very cautious around the subject because of the fanbase that rap and grime has built up over the years: it makes it very hard to do something without everybody questioning everything that happens.

THE MAIN THOUGHT

The main idea is that the police are arresting stars because they are creating content that is not user friendly and are possibly threatening them with imprisonment if they do not stop. The more extreme but still relevant theory is that the police are not preventing crimes and are blaming the crimes that they cannot prevent on grime musicians and are slowly draining

out all of the big influences.

Now like I said, these are just thoughts, but without proof from the police that rap and grime are creating content that spurs people to commit crimes, these points are becoming more believable every time something like this happens.

CONCLUSION

Until a time where the police do speak out, it is up to you to decide whether or not these points are true or not. But something is going to need to change soon, because the more artists that are being locked up or arrested, the more hostile the situation becomes.

RAPPER J HUS ARRESTED IN LONDON - 23 JUNE 2018

RAP GROUP 1011 IMPRISONED FOR 3-5 YEARS FOR CONSPIRING TO COMMIT VIOLENT DISORDER. - 8 JUNE 2018

'Marla Grey' by Molly Sutton

It all started with a man, a masked man, in his hand he held a camera, a camera that could steal people's souls. On his wall were photos, photos of hundreds of different people, innocent people that had been taken from their families, people who once had lives of their own, loving families and a place to call home.

Marla Grey lived alone with her brother, Arthur, the rest of her family had disappeared, no one knew where they had gone. Ever since last month, the people of Middletown had been disappearing: perhaps they were being stolen, murdered or just running away and never coming back. This is the story of Marla Grey.

As Marla walked back from school one day she was distracted by a noise, a noise that sounded a lot like her name. Marla was confused; she stopped in her path and turned around. It was Lolita: Lolita was Marla's neighbour, she had been since her and her family had moved to Middletown. She was running cautiously down the uneven cobblestone lane, shouting 'Marla! Marla! Your parents...they're gone! They're gone!'

Marla didn't even think about what she was going to do or say, she just left her bags and ran as fast as her legs could carry her. She ran straight past Lolita, almost knocking her off her short stubby legs. The door to her little cottage-like house was open; at this point the tears had kicked in, they were streaming down her now rosy cheeks. Her brother Arthur was lying on the floor crying, screaming for his beloved parents who had just vanished in front of his very eyes. He looked scared, worried, panicked. Marla stood there staring at the mess, her crying brother and the shards of glass from the smashed windows. So many questions were whirling through her head, but of course she couldn't ask them. After all, her brother was only 5.

'Unnamed' by Faith Edgerton

Blackness clouded my vision as I ran down the streets and into a dimly lit alley. My black Adidas shoes thumped harshly on the cold pavement; I stopped to catch my breath as now I couldn't hear the person who chased me. Suddenly, the blackness got worse. I shook my head roughly as I tried to clear it away. I didn't know if it was just my eyes playing tricks on me, or if there was an actual grey outline of a figure. I stared at it for a minute, until a single round stone was kicked along the ground from behind. Paralyzed with fear, I couldn't move to look at who had kicked it. I tried to turn my head, but it wouldn't work. A great force hit the back of my knee as I fell to the floor with the impact. My instinct kicked in and as quickly as my legs would move, I sprinted forward deeper into the alley.

A cold blast of air signalled that I had reached the end of the alley and was now facing the only non-abandoned building in the whole town. I walked forward onto the grass: a coat of dew lay on the dark green. I had to pick up my feet as the grass got longer. As I approached the old church, I shouted out my best friend's name to it "JAY!" No one answered, so I walked on towards the church. In front of me stood a stone headstone; I bent down onto the grass and studied the name on the stone while the cold dew soaked into my black jeans. I ran my fingers across indented letters of my mother's name. Sadness grasped my throat as I remembered the last time I saw her; a tear dripped down my face and I caught it with my tongue. I stood up, keeping my eyes fixed on her name. I strode past it with my hand gently touching the top.

A loud bell chimed from the next field. No! This can't be: panic suffocated me. The last time the bells rang, people went missing and never returned. I looked around, realising the danger...that I was standing where they had disappeared. I was ready to run, but what stopped me was a single root growing over the top of my shoe. I then realized it was my time to 'disappear' ...this was how people had apparently gone, but I didn't want to go yet. So with all my strength, I yanked my foot up, aiming to snap the root...but unfortunately, that didn't happen.

My foot stuck solid to the ground.

No. No, no, no! Abruptly the floor caved in, and I got sucked into the ground. More roots wound their way around me. I let out a scream, but I knew that no one would be able to hear me, it was too late. There was nothing else I could do.

'Elloc: Makru, the Champion of Men' By Leon Lavictoire

I wake up; my bed is hard and uncomfortable. I look around my small room; suddenly it all comes back to me: why I am here, what I am doing, where I am. I look out of the window

“Yes, I am correct” I mutter under my breath. I am in Jovar, the capital city of the Kingdom of Dinon, the Second Kingdom of Men. My home is a small village to the north of the Kingdom’s territory called Ibon; it is much quieter at home; far different to the hustle and bustle of Jovar. But today I must train: the beasts north of the Vikaren Mountains, led by the corrupted elven succourer, Den Vis, are growing in strength; those beasts include the most horrible of things including the likes of Orcs, Goblins, Dragons and Trolls. We in Dinon along with the First Kingdom of Men, Agikari and the Dwarfs of the Vikaren Mountains fight these beasts. I am special in one way, I may have started life as a meagre peasant boy but when I was twelve years old I was found to be the Champion of Men, the one who would forever vanquish the orcs, I would become the only Man to be able to use magic. That was eighteen long years ago, now at just thirty years of age I am humanity’s greatest warrior, but I have still not mastered magic. The fact of the matter is I would have, if it weren’t for the selfishness of the magical races: The Elves; separated into Wood, Mountain and River Elves and the great Ensthriale Empire of the Ensthriale race, who are great seafarers with magic great enough to change the weather itself.

Now I am dressed, with my gleaming suit of armour as impressive as ever; I walk down the stairs of the small inn I have lived in for the past twelve days and open the door, walking out into the bustling streets. Noises and smells good and bad overload my senses as I approach the vibrant city market. Then my nose senses a smell so nice I could not even explain it, I follow the smell to a small but busy stall selling soup. Despite my knowledge of my duty I queue nonetheless, waiting twenty minutes in the boiling sun until finally my soup comes. The man who is selling it says in a raspy and clearly tired out voice “four copper coins please,” I search around in my bag before pulling out the money I need for the delicious purchase and drop the coins into his hands. I sit down on the bench eating the soup and it most certainly tastes as good as the smell; it is vibrant and spicy with the meat having a lovely rich flavour and the vegetables being delightfully warm and soft. After finishing my delicious breakfast, I walk on to my destination, a training centre to the north west of the market.

After reaching the training building I stroll in, ready for another day as usual. Then quite suddenly I am approached by my trainer and comrade, Demni Coyo. Using the worst voice I have ever heard him speak in the ten years I have known him, he sadly says “it’s worse than raids now, the beasts have started a full on invasion. You must go now, to Wood Elves, for they are the most sympathetic to our cause. From there they can call a council of all three elven races and perhaps even the Ensthriale Empire itself”. I interject “How will I get that far so quickly? Even with a horse it might take weeks to get to the Great Southern Woods.” “Well...” he replies “you won’t be using a horse.” Then, before I can reply, a huge dragon walks in. “What!” I exclaim “You’ve tamed a dragon!” “Of course we have; how else you would get there quickly enough?” he says, smiling at his correction of my misconceptions. So it was, later that day with all my supplies packed into a small hut mounted on the dragon’s back and me equipped with a glide suit just in case anything went wrong, we set

off high into the sky over hundreds miles of wilderness.

Two days later after an amazing journey with the greatest views I have ever seen, I arrive near the edge of Wood Elf territory. Then as I descend over the huge expanses of woodland thousands of arrows unexpectedly fly into the sky. My dragon groans in pain as I try to manoeuvre out the way of the arrows. A poisonous arrow made of Horinium ore appears and the strongest and most powerful metal in all of Elloc hits my dragon's eye. As the poor beast tumbles, I leap out of the small mounted hut, deploying my wingsuit. But with no training on how to use it I tumble uncontrollably, hitting the ground at a slower pace but still too fast a velocity.

Everything goes black as I hit the ground hard and fall into unconsciousness.

I wake up dazed, I look around, I am in the middle of nowhere. Then I remember, I am not in any old wood, I am in the largest wood in Elloc, the Great Southern Woods. Suddenly, I hear footsteps coming from the trees. I draw my sword: if it is an elf, which it probably is, they may have ten times the physical ability of average human...but I no average human, I am our greatest warrior. Then the elf lunges out of the trees with sword drawn; I charge at him, matching his unnatural agility, but just as I am about to land a blow I am knocked back by some form of telekinetic magic. Unable to move, I look up at the elf. He says "who are you?" I say back "I am Makru, Champion of Men and I implore you to help us, as the beasts, led by Den Vis, who used to be one of your kin, are invading." The elf quickly exclaims "This is worse than we ever thought, I, Deni, am the prince of the wood elves and I shall tell my father of this immediately, he will almost certainly call a council of the three races. As for you, much more training is required."

'A short guide to intergalactic travel - a one part series' by Andrew Malarkey

Part one - your ship

As everyone knows, the fastest ships in the galaxy are streamlined, can hold up to ten people, and are most importantly, silver. The best shipbuilders are the peaceful Borons, so with the right manners anyone could have a truly magnificent ship, available in up to 1 trillion colours.

Part two - your crew

For me personally, to have the best crew is to have lots of people who think, act and work exactly like you do, but to make this guide longer, I will give you a detailed but completely dishonest paragraph of information:

Veevops often have a lack of navigational skills and aren't really accustomed to space travel, Halmals have an extensive amount of knowledge of galactic maps but are not great for smaller ships as an average adult can weigh up to three and a half tonnes.

Humans are completely useless at exploration.

That last bit was 100% factually correct.

Part three - your destinations

The core worlds offer diversity and a large number of rich businesses and many outer rim worlds have rare and exotic cultures.

Part four - you're ready

You are now completely ready to face the galaxy!

P.S. Beware of space creatures and unfriendly natives of less developed worlds.