

Young Writer of the Year

.....2012.....

**West Lothian Library Services
Annual Writing Competition**

Foreword

The Young Writer of the Year Award this year celebrates 37 years of competition amongst our primary schools to find the best creative young writers we have. Every year the submissions are of an exceptional standard, and this year we achieved over 9000 entries. This is particularly encouraging in the year that Livingston celebrates its 50th year.

As Leader of the Council I would like to congratulate all the young people that entered the competition. Their contributions are imaginative, show a great command of the English language and remind us about how our world impacts on our children.

I would like to thank the parents and teachers who have supported and encouraged the young people to submit their entries. Thanks must also go to the judging panel who had the very challenging task of deciding on the prize winners.

The event would not happen without the support of the Library and Heritage Services staff who organise the competition and do all the work behind the scenes. A special mention should also be made of the generosity of our sponsors who again have helped to supply many of the wonderful prizes.

I hope that you will enjoy reading the winning entries in this booklet and in particular the entry from Jessica Grimley from St John the Baptist Primary School who is named as our ***Young Writer of the Year 2012***.

Councillor John McGinty
Leader of West Lothian Council

Aladdin JR is presented through special arrangement with and all authorised performance materials are supplied by Music Theatre International, 421 West 54th Street, New York, NY 10019.

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Thank you.

Programme

Presenters

Caitlyn Kinniburgh : Richard Beveridge : Teigan Hamilton : Rachel Linn : Eilidh Skinner

**Performance of “Arabian Nights”
from Disney’s Aladdin Jnr**

Boghall Primary School

**Introduction and welcome
Customer Services Manager**

Karen Cawte

**Presentation of prizes
Primary one to three**

Councillor Lawrence Fitzpatrick

**Performance of “Friend Like me”
from Disney’s Aladdin Jnr**

Boghall Primary School

**Presentation of prizes
Primary four and five**

Councillor Tom Kerr
Provost of West Lothian Council

**Presentation of prizes
Primary six and seven**

Councillor John McGinty
Leader of the Council

**Performance of “A Whole New World”
From Disney’s Aladdin Jnr**

Boghall Primary School

**Presentation of the
Dorothy Milne Memorial Prize**

Marjory Chirnside President of West Soroptimist
International West Lothian
Gina Freeman

**Presentation of the
Glowworm Books & Gifts Award**

Councillor Janet Campbell

**Presentation of the
Linlithgow Journal and Gazette Award**

Allan Scott
Editor of the Linlithgow Journal and Gazette

**Presentation of the Bertram
Library Services Award**

Jeanette Castle
Library and Heritage Services

**Presentation of the Irene Brough
Award to the winning school**

Moira Niven
Depute Chief Executive of West Lothian Council
Irene Brough

Reading of the winning entry

Andrew Menzies, Library and Heritage Services

**Presentation to the
Young Writer of the Year**

Councillor Dave King
Depute Provost of West Lothian Council

Vote of thanks

Hilda Gibson, Library and Heritage Services

Winners photograph

Eddie Anderson, West Lothian Council

Young Writer of the Year

AWARD PRIZE WINNERS

PRIMARY 1 Iona Galbraith, Linlithgow PS
Vee Vee Raines, Linlithgow Bridge PS
Sophia Artale, Peel PS
Rhianna Main, Polkemmet PS
Georgia Power, Uphall PS

PRIMARY 2 Megan Findlay, Broxburn PS
Ruth Beaton, Low Port PS
Mia Liddell, St Joseph's PS, Whitburn
Aidan Hook, St Paul's PS
James Kean, Windyknowe PS

PRIMARY 3 David Easton, Linlithgow Bridge PS
Kaori Homma, Peel PS
Johnathan Harrison, St John Ogilvie PS
Katie Green, St Mary's PS, Bathgate
Lauren McCormack, Williamston PS

PRIMARY 4 Rory Craig, Bellsquarry PS
Sasha Borisenko, St Columba's PS
Sylwia Kochel, St Columba's PS
Euan Buckley, Uphall PS
Holly Treadwell, Winchburgh PS

PRIMARY 5 Toni Cleghorn, Deans PS
Jessica Hannah, East Calder PS
Ahmed Gilani, St John Ogilvie PS
Chloe Hannah Pyper, Uphall PS
Alice Cowley, Williamston PS

PRIMARY 6 Allwyn Gardner-Young, Croftmalloch PS
Zoe McEwan, Kirknewton PS
Emma Fontaine, Livingston Village PS
Violette Chumbe, Mid Calder PS
Ellie Buist, Torphichen PS

PRIMARY 7 Rhona MacRae, Low Port PS
Holly Harrison, Meldrum PS
Kai Mcgilvary, Our Lady's PS
Eilidh Brown, Peel PS
Dylan James Ritchie, Pumpherstons & Uphall Station Community PS

SPECIAL PRIZES Corey Murphy, Letham PS
Natalie Williamson, Springfield PS
Lauren Gibson, Toronto PS
Muaaz Zarrar, Carmondean PS

Young Writer of the Year 2012
Jessica Grimley, St John the Baptist PS

**Iona Galbraith
Linlithgow PS**

We All Went on Safari

On safari I saw a lion he wos sleeping and his mum wos sleeping beesie him.



**Vee Vee Raines
Linlithgow Bridge PS**

Jack and the Beanstalk



One day Jack and his mum they are very poor they havint got any money.

Then Jack Plantid some magic beans and then a beanstalk gew Jack climbed it.

Jack took the golden hen and harp. Then he and his mum We were very rich.

Sophia Artale
Peel PS

My Bubble

Inside my bubble it is delicate
because if you put your finger in it it will pop.
It smells like soap.
It taste of soap.

Suddenly, the bubble burst! Then I floated down to the ground. then I landed to the Farm. Then I saw pink sheep and I saw purple cows, and I saw blue pigs and I saw green ducks and I saw a yellow horse and I saw a brown dog.



Rhianna Main
Polkemmet PS

The Greedy Seagulls

I was in the playground and I was eating an orange.
A seagull came down and landed on my head and it stole my orange.
I tried to make it drop it but it wouldn't.



Georgia Power
Uphall PS

The frog tale

Once upon a time there was a wicked witch and she was very bad.
She cast a spell on someone and it made him into a frog. He found a wizard and the wizard turned him back into a person and he lived happily ever after. THE END



Megan Findley
Broxburn PS

The Golden Egg

Last week I went for a walk in the wood with my frend. When sudennly my eye cot some thing sparckl. I went ovre it was a golden egg. I pick'd it up an rapt it up in my jumper. I ran home as fast as i could. When i got home I put it in my Juire Box. Then it was Bedtime when i wock up the egg had hacht in sayd was a magic Dolphin I put it in the Pond. It was very very very happy cus I had 13 pet fish. My Mum came owt Whats Oll this she said only playng with the Dolfin I said!



Ruth Beaton
Low Port PS

The mermaid and the red goblin

Ounce upon a time there lived a beautiful mermaid named Sparkl. She had brite green eyes her tail was like gold and she had beautiful blue hair.

Sparkle lived in the Ocean with her Mem, dad, gran, grampa granma and grandad. She had lots of friends. One day the red goblin came to the Ocean with his fishing rod. He dipped it into the water and he caught the mermmaid. Then he took her to his castle and he turned her tail into feet, Sparkle cryed. When evryone was asleep three gnomes crept into the castel and the mermmaid was still crying. They asked why the mermaid was crying. The mermmaid told them the whole story. After the long story the three gnomes turned Sparkles feet into a tail again. Then the red goblin screamed beacuse Sparkle was gone. Then the gnomes took her home and she maried a boy mermmaid named Stuart. They lived happple every after.

Mia Liddell St Joseph's PS, Whitburn

The real Treasure Island

A couple of years ago I went to a place called treasure Island. My papa brought home a strange treasure map from Cuba. It was a curious gift that map. A couple days later my papa went to a v beach called treasure Island I went too. I felt extremely excited. We brought a huge metal detector. We looked under a pamtree and looked under a stone but we could not find the treasure. Then we started digging and digging. I hit something hard with my spade. I was feeling excited. I saw a box with the jolly Roger on it. It must have been the treasure!

The box was ancient dusty and old. When we cleared all the dust and sand away we found the lock for the treasure chest and opened the box. There were sparkly jewels and rubies, pennies and pearls. I was feeling very happy. My Papa was happy too. I quickly got an ice cream and ate it all up. Then when we left we saw a funny looking ship. It had the Jolly roger it was the pirates coming back for the treasure. We ran into the car and disappeared into the distance. The end



Aidan Hook St Paul's PS

The Magic Cupboard

One day we moved house and I explored the new house. Then I saw a cupboard and I opened it and went inside. It sparkled and when I came out I was tiny. Just then I saw a cat and it ran after me so I used a banana as a shield. I forced the cat away. The Cat hit the table with a BANG!

Then I used the plugs for the TV as a rope to climb the stairs. When I got up stairs I went into a room I used a toy fire truck and climbed up the ladder to get on the bed. I bounced on the desk and I bounced back on the floor.

Just then the Hoover came in the room so I threw a toy at the person. I jumped on a button and turned the Hoover off. I saw a magic potion. I drank the potion and turned big again and I was very glad.



James Kean Windyknow PS

The Day of the Race

It was the day of the race. I woke up in the morning. I felt excited. I made my way to the stadium. All the other competitors were there. We all got changed in secret rooms. It was the day that we had been training for. We all made our way to the starting line. I was ready. I saw all the athletes standing next to me. The crowd were cheering. All of the other athletes were ready! I got the number 25 and I pinned it to my T-Shirt. I had eat lots of healthy fruit and veg. Suddenly bang! The gun went off and we were speeding down the pitch. I saw the trophy as I went along the Stadium. We had to do three big laps round in a circle.

1 lap done my muscles were pumping. I was sweating. I was doing my best.
2 laps done. It was the final lap almost there bang the gun went again
I was the Winner the champion!

the crowd lifted me upon their shoulders. I saw Mummy in the fifth row. I won the trophy and a gold medal. I made my way out of the Stadium and back to home. I got changed into my pyjamas and went to bed. It was the best day of my life. I felt happy.

What a day!



David Easton Linlithgow Bridge PS

Jake the Pirate

One horrible day Jake the Pirate went back to Lampton, the village he hated. The only reason why he went back was because he had plotted a brilliant idea to steal the mayors treasure of gold, silver and bronze.

Jake heard about the massive feast and people were invited from far and near, Jake and his crew were the only people not invited. Jake had no idea what to do then he remembered his plan "How did I forget" he boomed. His plan was to knock out the mayor with a frying pan, check him for the keys to the vault, open the door, find the treasure get his crew to carry some gold blocks then to get some more treasure bronze this time then silver then the mayor. The crew would then sail away.

The villagers went to the mayors house they're was no one there the villagers were confused. A little boy shouted "Jake the Pirate!" so the villagers gathered in some wooden boats that the mayor gave them. They sailed away to try and find Jake's ship. Finally they found his ship. The mayor was walking the plank the villagers quietly climbed out the boats and swam to the big ship the mayor just fell but the villagers caught him and took him back home.

Kaori Homma Peel PS

The Mad Professor's Trip

It was a sunny morning and the mad professor was late up again. He zoomed everywhere and almost forgot to change into his clothes! Then the professor crept into the shed and switched the light on. He folded his arms and waited impatiently but instead of the light, another machine bumped into the annoyed professor and there was a huge "bump" and the professor landed in the time-machine!

Suddenly the time-machine started to rattle and the machine started to fly away but the crazy man was a tiny bit worried because the lazy man didn't exactly finish it. He tried not to think about that and off he sped.

It only took thirty seconds to an extraordinary place. He spotted ten purple elephants, five blue giraffes, three kangaroos doing handstands and even made an alien friend. The friend shook hands with the confused professor and welcomed him to space.

The professor was getting really confused because he didn't know that time-machines can go to space, also he did not know that animals can live on planets! Then he felt something tap his shoulder. He was flying in the air, by the time he had noticed what it was!

The planet looked so beautiful from high up that the professor flew into a rocket with the alien. He was back on earth and the alien had to go, but he promised they would meet again.

Johnathan Harrison St John Ogilvie PS

The Bully

One day a bully called Tommy was bullying Hawk in an enchanted forest. Hawk told an adult Hawk was really scared and sad at the same time. It was scary in the enchanted forest. Then my two brothers and Jamie were playing tig and then they saw us so they all went and told an adult. Then an adult came and stood up for Hawk and then Tommy felt ashamed off his self. He hit the adult and then tryed to do a six one nine but when he ran Hawk and my brothers and Jamie caught him. Then the adult told Tommy "to not go near Hawk ever again" OK Tommy No! he punched us all down and strangled Hawk "never come near me every again!" "I'm dying please help! me "I'm going to help him he punched Tommy hard and then phoned Jail. We will take care of this okay" phew luckily thats over. Okay lets come home and have a hot chocolate "come on""wait can we have marshmelos! "Yes, yes we can" yeah your a great mum ne no ne no ne no ne.

We shouted to run the enchanted forest is burning. "I know whats happening. Attach helicopter run. Soon another attack helicopter came "phew luckilly its ours yes! it shot down the enemy attack hellicopter.

"Thank you" he picked us up "can you take us to Murfield Way number 12 certainly sir. Off off and away" come on we are going to Murfield Way our home and this is a realy good day for a hot chocolate.

Katie Green St Mary's PS, Bathgate

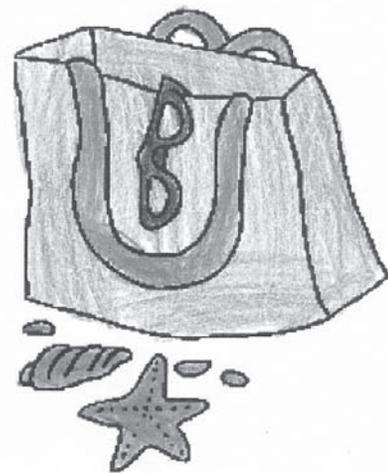
At the Seaside

It all happend when I went to the seaside and thre was a sandstorm. Sand blew everywhere. My friend Ashton said that she hated sandstorms. So did I But then I noticed that it wasn't a sandstorm it was a TORNADO!

I yelled I screamed but no-one heard me. I ran down to the beach to see if my mum and dad were there but they weren't I was so scared and it got closer and closer and closer.

HELP! I screamed but it already sucked me up. It took me to a Giant Portal. There was no way out I was stuck. I searched around the place but I couldn't find any door but all I could see was a mysterious island. I was so, so scared. Could someone just help me get out of this mysterious island. I'm stuck here right? Oh no another Giant Portal its taking me to the jungle. Oh no not again. I ran and ran from the portal keeping my eyes shut as I went. It kept sucking up things but I was to fast for it. I swam in the water trying to stay float but it sucked up the water so I eventually got out and I found out that I was back at the beach.

How strange I said to Ashley. You were sleeping again said mum. Was I. Well I guess that was just a dream then.



Lauren McCormack Williamston PS

Roman letter

Britannia
XXCCM AD

Dear Mum

I have been so busy as a Roman soldier. I have been learning to throw a pelum but it really hurt my arm because we had to do it 50 times every day for 2 weeks. I am missing home so much. Then every Monday and Tuesday we marched round the field in a turtle of men ten times the field was 100 miles wide. Everyday we practost using a gladius for 2 hours then we had a break for 5 minutes. The other thing was we need to learn to read and write and I am not enjoying it one tiny bit. I like marching in a turtle because it is good exercise for our legs and now I am more confedent to battle. I also love training with the gladius sord you get to learn lots of different moves like the side chop I am really enjoying that move. I don't like learning to read or right because it's like being at school again. I Don't like using my shield ether because the master said I have to hold it in the hand that I don't write with. The master said we all have to carry our own stuff and it is very tiring. On July 5th we heard a sound so we quickly got up I got my shield and gladius and chopped five peoples heads of and I was the hero of that day. I was strest, tierd and so stif even worse the centrurian said the next night we were going to invade spane france and Germany in one week so I got all my stuff for the week ahead. First we invaded france we won then we attact Germany we won but spane it was me agensed 10 Spanish people but I got my gladius and chopped there arms of and we the romans won I was so releved.



Yours faithfully

Your son

Claudious

Rory Craig Bellsquarry PS

I met a dragon

I wandered up through the woods. I could hear owls hooting. behind me I could hear screeching and rustling. First, I was walking then it turned to walking fastly and then it turned to running.

Rights at that moment I heard a mysterious howl and an angry roar and a deep black shadow swooped down on me out of the deep black sky! I was terrified!

After that the shadow faded.

It was a dragon!

A big, huge, giant, scaly, fire breathing dragon! but? . . . there was a very unusual thing about this dragon? . . .

IT COULD TALK !!

The beast said . . . "Hello my name is Ferno!" "Ferno The Fire Dragon"!

Once he had said such a thing I started to run and I did not stop until I got home!

Sasha Borisenko St Columbas PS

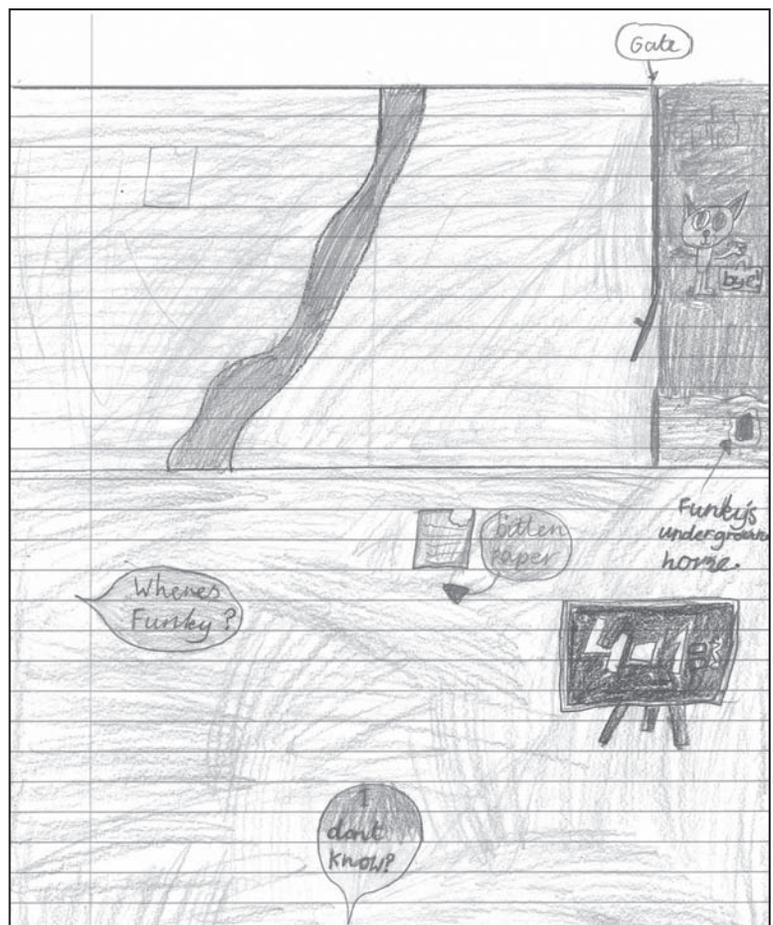
Alien in my classroom

Once there was an alien who lived in a classroom, he was called Funky. He loves to play with dices. Funky lives in cracks left in walls. Funky has a huge head and big red eyes, and don't forget his tiny nose.

Funky loves telling kids the answers at maths, he likes doing topic and nibbling paper. He also likes to play with kids, he loves eating balloons.

Funky hates eating card and newspaper then the kids gave Funky card and 'Bip Bop BANG!' 'clip clop' he turned into a balloon then he turned back to normal.

He was upset so he left the classroom. His new home was under ground, he loved it!



Sylwia Kochel
St Columbas PS

Wouldn't it be nice? (song)

Wouldn't it be nice if we were smarter?
Then we could past all exams.
And wouldn't it be nice if we were elastic?
Then we could be the best at gymnastics.

Wouldn't it be nice if we were richer?
Then we could have a bigger house.
And wouldn't it be nice if we were younger?
Then we could do lots of fun things.

Wouldn't it be nice if we were stronger?
Then we could lift the whole world up.



Euan Buckley
Uphall PS

My GrandPa (A Poem)

I really miss my grandpa,
My Mum is really sad
I just cant stop to think, I really am so sad.
Nothings really right
I really want to see him,
that's all I want to do,
I really want to see his smile, to brighten up my face
I don't know what to do,
Should I just cry or should i just lie,
I sometimes bring him cookies made by myself.
His nurse is really lovely,
She makes his day a charm
everytime I see him
it makes my day a charm.

Holly Treadwell Winchburgh PS

Fireworks

Popping up in swirling twisty dot's of colour and exploding into tiny deafning stars

Dots of pouring rain for five seconds until the disapear in to the pitch black sky

Zooming up into the dark, the terrifying dot's look like a verry colourful bird flying

The dark, oily sky must be scorching after the massive amount of fiery rain, big and small

fireworks fireworks how I love the noise and colours, I cant wait to se them again.



Toni Cleghorn Deans PS

The Mysterious Adventure

One day in a little village lived a happy but poor family, there were four kids named Ellie, Sarah, Lewis and Jacob and their mother Elizabeth. Ellie was the oldest out of her brothers and sisters, she was 12 years old. She had long, flowing ginger hair that went up to her shoulders and she had blue eyes that sparkled like sapphires whenever the light hit them, and most of all she had freckles all over her face. Sarah was eleven and she had poker straight blonde hair that was so smooth and shiney. Her eyes were dark hazel brown and her eyelashes were very long and wavy.

Lewis was very fussy and annoying and had no friends, and had jet black hair that was always combed to the one side, and had dark green eyes. Jacob had brown hair and blue eyes that glittered everytime he smiled, and their mother looked just like Sarah but a little bit different. Anyway lets get back to the story.

One day Ellie decided to ask mum if they could go on an adventure, not just an ordinary adventure, a mysterious one. "Mum, can we go on the Mysterious Adventure where all the famous treasure has been hidden for years and it would be amazing if we were the first ones to find it! And if we do we will become rich isn't that what want?" "Even if I wanted to I couldn't" "but why not?" "Because how are we going to get there?" "I have all the books and they have the map and everything in it." Mum laughed "honey do you believe in that junk? The Mysterious Adventure is a myth." Ellie cried. "Oh honey, I am so sorry its just that no one has ever found it" "not yet" I would love to but how are we going to get there?" said Mum, "I have an idea" said Ellie. My best friend's Auntie owns a private jet because she is so rich, we could give the map to her and see what she thinks." "Okay then," said Mum "But you need to take the others." "Okay" said Ellie and off they went.

There they were in a big jet going off on a Mysterious Adventure. 5 minutes later Ellie's friends Auntie said "We're here, the Mysterious Adventure has been found" "WOHO!!! we did it" Ellie said "I have been hoping to find this place for years and now its finally happened! I told you mum I told you."

"Lets explore the place out" said Lewis. "We could build a treehouse" said Sarah, "Good idea lets do it" said Jacob, and they did they made the outside of the treehouse out of old bits of bark and bamboo for the outline of the windows, and they were done. That night when they slept in the treehouse they heard a noise, a loud noise, that sounded just like a creature, a very big creature. So they all went out to investigate what it was. It was a Dinosaur coming to attack them because they built their treehouse on top of her eggs, "Run!" shouted mum "or we'll get eaten" and they ran as fast as they could untill they heard a rumbling noise coming from a volcano that was erupting behind the mountains. "We have to get off here now!" said Sarah. "I know, there's some petrol under the ocean and there's a helicopter beside it, come on we can start the engine." And they did. They all went under ocean and grabbed the bottle of petrol and stuck it in the engine. Ellie's best friend's Auntie got the helicopter to running and off they went. When they got home they said "That trip was amazing even though we didn't get any treasure."

Jessica Hannah East Calder PS

The Dark Shadow

As the wind howled loudly, and the clouds raced across the moon, the boys stumbled along the rough path through the woods. In the eerie light, the trees were wicked witches whispering menacingly to them.

The wind howled like ghosts screaming and the shadows looked like angry, black demons. The boys shivered with terror, their hearts were beating like a racehorse and they began worrying like mad "would they get lost in the forest?, would they get trapped in the haunted house? Both of them filled their minds with horrible thoughts but they kept on going bravely. Every now and then they would hear a howl of a wolf and scratching of cats claws. Suddenly! a bat flew out right in front of the brave (but still terrified) boys. It made them jump like kangaroos! Now the boys started to regret wanting to go and find the haunted house but they didn't turn back, of course they were terrified, but a few cats and bats shouldn't stop them in their tracks.

In the distance they could just make out the haunted house, they felt like running as fast as their legs would carry them and get it all over and done with, but still they kept on walking. As they got closer they could clearly make out two harmful looking ghosts at both sides of the haunted house. They couldn't make out much though, they were still only in the woods.

The boys were much closer now but not exactly at the house. "I can't believe we are almost there!" said one of the boys with joy. The other boy stumbled along, mumbling to himself (still regretting wanting to go to the haunted house). Anyway they kept on going, happy or not.

Finally they got there, they could see lots more than they could see before. The boys spotted a mischievous set of eyes peeking through a door (one of a million). Who's pair of eyes were those? the boys wondered. Suddenly! a strike of lightning came down! Both boys screamed and ran inside the haunted house. They had made it. If they had been out there for any longer, there was a chance they could have been killed! But then they had no idea what was in store for them in the haunted house. They heard another lightning strike. AAAHHHH! the boys ran up the creaky brown stairs in fright. After running up the amazingly huge staircase they came to a door with a gigantic, golden door knob on it. What would be waiting for them on the other side?

The boys came into a narrow, dark (and really creepy) room. There were portraits all around them. The faces on the portraits were far more than scary, in fact they were far, far, far more than scary. It gets worse, the boys were sure that one of the portraits had moved. A shiver went down both of their spines. Suddenly another flash of lightning struck down! One of the boys looked around in case a ghost had come in or something like a ghost had come in. Luckily nothing had come in, but something had gone out. His best friend was no longer standing next to him! He had vanished! Slowly, the door in front of the remaining boy creaked open and revealed a dark shadow.....

Ahmed Gilani St John Ogilvie PS

I have to write a poem

I have to write poem
But I really don't know how
So maybe I'll just make a rhyme
With something dumb like "a cow".

Okay, I'll write about "a cow"
But that's so common place.
I think I'll have to make her be a
Cow from outer space!

My cow will need a helmet
And a space suit and a ship.
Of course, she'll keep a blaster
In holster in her hip.

She'll hurtle through the galaxy
On meteoric flights.
To battle monkey aliens
In huge karate fights.

Chloe Hannah Pyper Uphall PS

The Mess Monster

Once there was a boy called Josh whos room was a mess and whenever his mum or dad asked him to tidy it he would ignore them and carry on with what he was doing. If his mum or dad kept on telling him to he would just stomp up to his room and not come out till morning.

That morning his mum came up the stairs and woke Josh up and told him to get dressed and come down for breakfast. So he got up and went down the stairs and sat down and started his breakfast and his mum said to him "I am going to warn you that if you don't tidy your room the mess monster will come and get you and do to you what it did to my sister" and it looked like she was starting to get tears in her eyes.

So that night when everybody was asleep Josh wasn't because he had listened to what his mum had said but then he heard a noise and then something jumped up and ate him and then it spat him out and the Mess Monster had turned him into a doll and in the morning his mum came in and said "I warned him!"

The End.

Alice Cowley Williamston PS

Futuristic

Once upon a time in the dark, dark galaxy there was a planet called Imagination!!! On that planet there lived a wizard called Robert and Robert had an enemy called Doodles, Robert didn't like doodles because he would always doodle and draw wrinkles on Robert, anyway let's get back to the story, Robert the wizard wanted get rid Doodles forever! Robert had tried out so many of his marvellous plans but unfortunately all of his plans failed miserably. Suddenly Robert came up with a genius plan that would get rid of Doodles forever! So Robert called Doodles to see if he could come down to his diner (because Robert owned a diner called the Mexican parade) and one second later Doodles gave an answer saying "mmmmm....YES!" so that meant that Robert had to get ready to play a dirty trick on Doodles! Then eventually Doodles walked through the doors of the Mexican parade and Robert boomed out saying "let me show you to your table", meanwhile a doughnut called Bob riding on a pig called pig came striding through the doors of the diner but before Robert went over to serve the doughnut (Bob) and the pig (pig) he asked Doodles a question "what would you like to drink?", a few minutes or seconds later Doodles gave an answer asking for "pink lemonade". Then once Doodles had his pink lemonade Robert went over to serve Pig and Bob to see what they would like to eat so Robert popped out asking the question "what would you require to eat?" and soon after Doodles scanned over the menu he answered saying "the chicken and pepperoni pizza please" Robert thought to himself and remembered that he would have to put a secret ingredient into the pizza for his plan to work. Robert went over to tell the chef to start making the pizza but he must remember to put the secret ingredient in the pizza and if he didn't then he would be fired! The chef started scribbling down on a sticky note to remember the secret ingredient and looked like he was almost about to pee his pants! Then, finally Robert went over to serve the doughnut and pig so he asked "what would you like to drink?" the pig and the doughnut both wanted a strawberry smoothie so Robert wrote that down in his notebook and then asked "what would you like to eat?" and they answered saying "we will have a chicken and pepperoni pizza please!" so he told the chef to make another chicken and pepperoni pizza but without the secret ingredient in it. Once both of the pizzas were ready the chef started panicking as he forgot what pizza had the secret ingredient in it but it was too late as Robert came over asking for the pizza that did not have the secret ingredient in it so the chef just guessed and handed one of the pizzas over to Robert and Robert handed the pizza over to the pig and doughnut. Once the pig and doughnut each took a bite of the pizza they started turning into bubbles and the next thing you know they were gone probably never to be seen again! "OH NO!!! I have gave Robert the wrong pizza, I am probably going to be fired!" The chef was feeling miserable and was very, very sad but before you could say another word the chef was fired. "Oh no, now the pig and doughnut are in the future as the secret ingredient was a potion that made you go into the future!" said Robert the wizard. Meanwhile, the pig and doughnut landed on a white fluffy cloud that was as white as the cleanest teeth in the world, both the pig and the doughnut looked beneath them and what they saw was historical, the houses were made of cheese! the ground was made of spaghetti that was as bouncy as a frogs belly. "This is awesome!" said pig "I know!" said doughnut. Suddenly both of them fell down off the delicate cloud and landed on spaghetti! "this is amazing!" said the doughnut in an amazed voice, "where are we?" asked the pig in a confused voice, "I have no idea" said the doughnut, "we have to find a way out of here!!!" said the pig. So the pig and the doughnut both looked on their devices to see if they could find out how to get back to the usual time were the remainder of people are. Finally the doughnut found out how to get back to the usual time and he read aloud "to get back to the usual time from the future you must go to the moon!" "the doughnut said in a shocked voice, "how must we get to the moon?" said the pig "well the only way would be to rent a rocket!" said the doughnut. Once they had rented a rocket they set off and in a flash they were back home!!!

The End!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Allwyn Gardner-Young Croftmalloch PS

Life as a Poor Victorian

My name is Jade, I'm eleven years old and I live with my mum, dad, and seven brothers and sisters in a tenement block in Glasgow. We don't have much money so we can't afford to buy a house that has got more than one bedroom. We have to share one room with lots of people in it. It is very cramped and squashed.

We have no running water so it is cold in the house. My brother and I go down to the well and get buckets full of water. My older sister works as a maid in a big house and the rich people there sometimes give her clothes for my brothers that her own children have grown to big for.

I work in a local mill with my two brothers and my dad. It is really scary when I have to go underneath the mill and pull out the threads. I could get my fingers and hands trapped. My mum stays at home and watches my younger baby sister. When I come home I get my dinner, stale bread and potatoes and sometimes a small slice of bacon if we are lucky.

I have to work every day except on a Sunday. I have spare time on a Sunday so I sometimes go to church, help my mum look after my younger brothers or sisters, or even go out to play with my friends. When I am at work I wish I could be at school learning to read and write properly but I didn't have that chance. It is the rich people who get all the chances to get better at reading. I wish I could go to school and have a good education. I would also love to have a big house and I would have servants working for me. If this was to come true I would be a lot less tired and my life would be a lot easier.

I'll keep wishing and dreaming!

Zoe McEwan Kirknewton PS

The Youngest Pixie

Once upon a time the forest was a home to many creatures. Wild mushrooms had doors and windows, trees were skyscrapers and bees were a method of transport. The forest used to be the home to pixies.

There was once a family of pixies, a mother, five sons and the youngest daughter called Orchid. Orchid was small, skinny and happy. But Orchid's life wasn't so great. With five older brothers Orchid's mother had trouble making enough food for everyone so Orchid wasn't as strong and as powerful as the rest.

One day Orchid was strolling in the forest when she heard someone screaming. Then suddenly a bush right next to her caught fire! Orchid turned around to see an evil warlock working some magic and destroying the forest. Orchid wondered what to do. Then she remembered that her mother told her about an elderly pixie that lives deep in the woods.

So Orchid ran through the woods, she fought past every thorn, coped with every stinging nettle and finally came to a cave. Orchid peered inside to find an old pixie sitting on a rock. "Come in child", the old pixie ordered. Nervously, Orchid stepped into the cave. It was lovely and warm. "What is your problem?" the old pixie asked. "There's an evil warlock and he's destroying the forest", Orchid explained. "And I need your help to stop him." The old pixie said nothing for a moment then he said. "As tall as a skyscraper climb up a huge tree, up there the warlock you will see, up in a tree you can see everywhere and up in a tree something that will help you is there". Then the old pixie snapped his fingers and disappeared. Orchid listened to the old pixie and ran back to her home.

The forest looks worse than ever. Flowers were flattened, houses were burnt and many pixies were trapped. Orchid climbed up a tree and looked around to see what could help her. Then she notices a book and powder sitting on a leaf. Orchid looked at the book and realised it was a book of spells. She didn't know what to do with the powder so she tossed it on the warlock. Then he dropped his wand and fell to the ground. Orchid saw her opportunity, climbed down the tree, grabbed the warlock's wand, flicked through the book of spells and cast one. "Warty frog and misty fog, kangaroo's furry ear, by order of witches stuck in ditches, make this creature disappear!" Then, quick as a flash, the warlock disappeared. Everyone came running to Orchid, thanking her and hugging her. Several months later the forest was back to normal and Orchid's life was happy forever.

Emma Fontaine Livingston Village PS

Letter

6 Seashoal Cottage
Fishers Way
Eyemouth
EH75 B11

6th July 1940

Dear Mum

I hope you are well. I am missing you terribly and I hope I can come soon. I have arrived safe and well but I still can't believe I had to leave you. I have settled into my new home though some of the rooms wallpaper is faded. At night the floor boards creak badly and if you listen closely you can hear pitter pattering from outside that sound like tiny animal feet.

I still remember the day we were both sitting in church. Mr Smith was murmuring a prayer when he stopped and turned on the wireless radio. I knew from the look on your face that something bad was going to happen. That was when Neville Chamberlains voice droned out the wireless radio "Britain is at war with Germany".

Do you remember that? Do you Mum? I suppose how could you forget. I remember feeling hot and sweaty, my heart pounding like any second it would bash through my chest. Everything fell silent as if someone had paused the world. Mr Smith looked very sad. He closed his eyes and prayed for all of our lives, for he knew so many of them would be lost. Remember the look on Mrs Bell's face? She looked as if she was going to burst into tears. After all she did lose her husband in World War One. I wonder what she was thinking? I cuddled into you. I knew that our lives would be changed forever. I remember tears building up in my eyes. Mr Smith said another prayer. That time I joined in. When he had finished I had tears pouring down my cheeks. I couldn't tell whether you were crying or not. I remember taking one last look through the old stain glass window at the beautiful sunshine, feeling like it was the last time I would see you again.

The day of the evacuation was still scares me. It was truly the most AWFUL day of my life. Remember how I cried and cried till I had no tears left? I clung onto you determined not to let go, for I knew if I did I would be taken away from you. I remember feeling like I would never see you again. The station was very crowded and extremely noisy. I remember watching with curiosity at all the soldiers, sailors and RAF pilots bustling about the station. I looked at all the tearful mothers waving goodbye to there children. That was when our train chugged into the station which only made my crying hysteric. Suddenly Mrs Brown grabbed me by the arm, and dragged me on the train screaming, for I didn't get to say a proper goodbye. I now only show hatred towards Mrs Brown. When I got inside the train I was told to hang up my gas mask. Mrs Liddell, the head teacher showed us all to a seat. A couple of kids were playing a guessing game I joined in. I guessed I was going to stay in a cobblestone cottage down by the roaring ocean. I liked the sound of that. The train journey seemed to go on forever. I passed the time by drawing on the dusty window while wondering where we were going. I tried asking a few people, including Mrs Liddell but I never got an answer. Just as long as I am safe it will be all right.

Eventually the train chugged to a halt bringing our long journey to an end. My eyes were still red for I had cried during most of the journey. We were all hustled out the train then led along the platform by Mrs Brown who every two minutes turned round and glared at us all. We walked until we reached the village hall. We were all lined up on a wooden stage like performing monkeys. Well at least it felt like that. A crowd of adults came through the door. I felt terribly scared and anxious as all the adults stared at us. One by one each adult picked up a child and left. As the hours went by I started to wonder whether I was actually going to get picked. Eventually everyone was gone except me. Bad thoughts started forming inside my head. I was cold to the bone from standing there for what seemed like forever. That was when a woman came rushing through the door. Hope leaped inside me for now I didn't care who took me. She was plump and round with rosy cheeks. She edged forward to me and peered into my eyes. There was a gentleness in her eyes that comforted me. Then she carefully took my hand and said "Come on then. You must be tired." We had to take the bus home but I didn't care. In fact I was rather excited but I was too tired to show it. We arrived at the house about an hour later. The house was a little cobble stone cottage just like I had guessed. The woman unlocked the door and I stepped inside. There was a candle flame that lit up the room instantly. Faded rose wall paper covered the walls accompanied by matching rugs. The kitchen smelt of baking but the floor boards are creaky and a bit damp. My favourite room is the lounge. It has white velvet sofas with matching rugs, a cream carpet and a mantelpiece with a flaming fire and lots of pictures of a man and a boy. The woman's name is Mary. She showed me to my room. It had a beautiful view of the harbour. When the light got switched out I thought I would conk out instantly but instead I lay looking out the window at all the boats swaying in the harbour until I fell asleep dreaming of the boys in the photos.

It has been $7\frac{1}{2}$ months since I left you. I have been counting since the first day. I have had lots of fun doing different things though I still think about you and miss you non-stop. Last week Mary took me down to the harbour to see the fishing boats. The fisherman gave us a few fish which we fed to the seals who kept bobbing up and down in the water. Yesterday Mary took me on a bike cycle. We cycled up to the light house. It was hard work but I felt proud of my achievement afterwards. We had to hurry back though because there was a German bomber plane that flew over. The food rationing is really very strict down here in Eyemouth. Although me and Mary never run out of food. She has a huge vegetable garden along with the Anderson Shelter in the back garden. Plus the fishermen are really nice and can always spare a few fish. Mary let me go and paddle in the sea one day. The water was very cold and I stank of sea water when I came out. Mary was extremely kind and used all the clothes coupons that she had saved up for three months on getting me two new outfits. I now only wear my old one when I am doing messy activities like going to the farm. Going to the farm was so much fun. I got to feed the animals and milk the cow. Plus I was EXTRA lucky and I got to go horse riding at the farm. I had never ridden a horse before so it was very exciting. I have started school. Its called Branfield Primary. Its okay and I have made some friends. They are called Lisa and Finlay. They seem very interested in London. They keep asking me about the German bombers. I don't think its interesting just plain scary. Our teacher is called Miss Clabell. She's very kind and friendly unlike the head teacher, Mr Brune. He's not so friendly. He reminds me of Mrs Brown. I cant tell you how much I am missing you. I wish you could come and stay with me and Mary in Seashoal Cottage. I think there is a place in my heart for living here in Eyemouth as well as at home with you. I am missing you awfully. Hope to see you again soon. Until that day, stay safe Mum.

With lots of love
From your daughter Emma x

Violette Chumbe

Mid Calder PS

The prayer for peace

It all started when I went to my blue bed. My mother tucked me in to my laced covers and the lamp was switched of. It was pitch black but I didn't mind. I wanted to sleep. It was the only way I could see my father in my dreams. My father was at war. The horrible unfair World War II. Anyway my dream didnt last for long for soon I was vilently pushed of my bed and dragged to my feet. I almost lost my balance when I was hurled down the sairs. Thats when I realised that it was my older sister that had hurried me out of my room. Suddenly my ears went death. It was the siren. Our whole intier street was in danger and so wher we!

"Where is mum!" I shouted out

my sister didn't reply until we arrived to the shelter.

"There she is" she said pointing to my mother.

The shelter looked crowded and I wasent mistaken. My sister barjed through the crowd towards my mother. We where in the shelter. Nothing will go wrong. Or so I thought.

It was all over. I thought it would have lasted longer but it didnt after all. When we got out we saw a nasty surprise. Our house was gone, all our street was gone. There was nothing left but dark grey bricks scaterd all over the place. What were we going to do!

The next thing I knew was that I was at the train station redy to get packed off to the country where I will live with my grandparents that lived on a farm. I was giving my mother a big hug when the wistle was blown. "All aboard". I didnt want to let go of mother but I knew I had to.

"I will be fine" where the last words I heard from my mother for six years. Although at that time I didn't know how long it was going to last. Then I was on the train squashed among the other children which wher also going to the country side to live with relatives or some over random people that have room for them stay. I was lucky to have relatives in the country and I was glad that my mum had said that they were kind and warm hearted. When I araved at the rusty metal station I was relived that it wasent as crowded as the one back at home. Then my sister said "Look that old lady there is calling us over". We ran to the kindly looking lady. Her hello was a hug. Then we climbed on to the cart and she lifted the reins and we wher of to granpa and granma's house.

It was wonderful in the farm. It was full of animals there were sheep, hens, horses, pigs, goats, cows, rabbits, cats and dogs and my grandparents well they were loving and caring. They always made sure that we were good in health and never lonely. I loved it ther but there was something missing and that was mother if she was with us then it would be a total dream. The years past and I had lost count of all the letters from my mum. Then with out any warning while my grandmother was serving tea we heard a loud knock on the oak door cheerfully walked over to the door and opend it and ther stood mother with a bag of belongings. I was so happy that started crying. I couldn't belive it. I had prayed day and night for my mother, sister and I to be together again and it has come true. Well part of it the war hasent ended yet and father is still at war.

Ellie Buist Torphichen PS

Going for Gold

"I did it – I finally got there!" This is how I felt at the end but let me start from the beginning.

It all started in the holidays when mum said that we were going to Loch Lomond in a week and whether we wanted to go to climb any of the mountains near the hotel, then when I was scrolling down the computer in big caps lock letters I read Ben Lomond. I was so excited because I always wanted to climb that mountain. I went to see mum and asked her if we could climb it, she said yes and I ran about excitedly.

The next few days I went out walking our drive and back which is half a mile long. After I felt confident enough I started walking up Cairnpapple, Cockelroy and Knock. It was good fun but also hard work. Finally I was ready to do it and there were only two days to go. So in those two days I relaxed and played on my DSi because I don't like playing on the Wii with my brother because he is really competitive. I also played on the Play Station 2 with my dad.

Finally I was in the car on the way to Loch Lomond, it was raining and I was bored. I didn't bring my DSi because we were mainly going to be outside. Suddenly I fell asleep... Hours later I woke up finding that we were on country roads and nearly there! It felt like half an hour had gone by before we finally got to the hotel but it was well worth the wait I thought. When we got inside our room there were only two beds for the four of us but they managed to sort something out for us. That night we went for a walk round the Loch in pitch black. But it was fun. We didn't go far because it would get too late.

The next day we got up early and had a full cooked Scottish breakfast that filled us up completely. After that we went up to our room and packed a bag full of jumpers and food to eat to keep us warm and full. Up we went, we got very high very quickly but stopped a few times and had some snacks also to get our breath back. My brother went zooming up like a rocket. We saw some people coming back down and they said there was some snow at the top. When we sometimes looked up we thought it was the top but actually a small peak. The thing that kept me going was singing a song in my head but was surprised because I didn't get any pains in my stomach or a head ache.

Then we got to a big rock that was just in front of the mist so me and my brother stopped for a rest and mum and dad kept going until they got to the snow then they came back to the rock and we went back all together. When we started to come down my feet started to hurt because my walking boots were too small and were not tied tightly enough so when we got half way down dad tied them more tightly. When we got back to the hotel I quickly took my shoes off and went straight up to the room put on the TV on and got a hot chocolate. That was when I felt that was the most painful and challenging thing I had done in my whole life.

Rhona MacRae Low Port PS

Everyone is equal

Courage, equality, determination and inspiration. The paralympic values. Snap! My body suddenly wakes up to the sound of cheering and shouting, I remember where I am. Staring at the basket ball hoop I aim and push my arm strongly upwards. The ball leaves my hand and soars towards the hoop. Everything slows down and there is silence as everybody waits with baited breath. The ball circles the hoop and my heart sinks to the bottom of my tummy. I glance at my other team members and I expect to see great disappointment but instead I see happiness, lots of it. I spin my head around just in time to see the ball plunging through the hoop! The final whistle blows and I roll my wheel chair towards the exit. My face glows with the adrenalin and I feel as though I could float to the sky. Many people cheer me as I go past.

Cheerily I look into the crowd, everyone looks happy. I scan the crowd for anyone I know but all that meets the eye is a sea of unknown faces. My eyes glance from side to side but then I notice something peculiar; somebody looked angry. In wheel chair basket ball we all congratulate each other out of respect, but this person wasn't. The person looked seething. Worry worms started to hatch in my stomach. A thought was at the back of my mind, what was it....?

Later on in the changing rooms I suddenly let out a gasp, "What is it?" "Are you okay?" People all begun to ask at once. I think back in time to my different school days. Oliver was the persons name. he bullied me for years all because I was in a wheel chair. He claimed I was stupid just because I was disabled. Everybody is equal but he didn't think so; didn't believe in equality like everybody else. Well now he should disagree with all his thoughts because he just saw me play really well there. A small smile flickers on to my face. Yes! He had just seen me score and play amazingly and that's why he was so annoyed.

All of a sudden my goal seemed so much more important than just winning. I had proved that bullies never win because everybody is equal!

Holly Harrison Meldrum PS

Alone In A Crowd

Hi, Im Holly and I am going to tell you the story of how I became trapped. Trapped in a world of myself. It was Friday the 13th and Dad kept winding me up, saying something terrible was going to happen. He would always predict the future. Sometimes he was right but this time I hardly believed him. I should have, I guess, I didn't think something this bad was going to occur!

It started out really well arriving at the Xscape in Braehead, our hotel was just over the road. We went for a nice dinner and then we turned up at crazy golfing. I loved crazy golfing, but this place was magnificent! It was jungle themed and there was animals, forests and even talking trees! We were all having so much fun the time went by so fast.....

Suddenly, before I knew it I had two holes in one! Next we went to the 18th hole but it wasn't jungle themed. Instead it was a colossal lift, like the one in shopping centres. It was just like any other elevator but there was a sign that said "If you get a hole in one, the doors will open and you can go and collect your prize!" A sudden urge of determination rushed through me and I just knew I could win. I tapped my ball, it bounced off the side and into the hole!

My Mum and Dad urged me to the silver doors and it opened and swallowed me up! It was the worst mistake I ever made!

The lift was much bigger than it looked on the outside. The mirrors on every side showed my white, pale face. I stood up like a pin I was so scared, I didn't want to move in case the lift moved. Suddenly I peered at my reflections and they all raised their hands and started to wave slowly. But my hands were right by my sides. They all started to laugh hysterically and dance about, I wasn't doing that!

I forgot all about not moving and ran straight to the door. I dug my fingers into the gap and pulled with all my might but the door wouldn't budge.

"HELP, HELP!" I screamed as I battered my fists on the door.

"It's no use, you're trapped here with us" cackled one reflection.

I put my head in my hands as I slid to the floor. Before I could burst into tears the lift started to rumble and the panel on top of the doors started dropping numbers 10,9,8,7,6,5,4,6,2,1 PING! The lift shuddered to a halt. All of the ranting reflections started to squeal and giggle with joy as our journey came to a close.

"We're here!" giggled one reflection.

"We can finally show her our world!" screamed another.

The doors of the lift slid open and before I could start running all of my reflections casually walked out of the lift! Now I was petrified. I ran like a cheetah out of the silver monster into a town. A town? The last place I was in was crazy golfing? But I casually sauntered down the road, I was free, wasn't I?

The town was relatively normal just like back home, people bustled about talking, laughing and shouting. But there was something strange about it, something strange about the people. They all seemed to be wearing the same clothes and had the same hairstyle. The exact same as mine! The same face, the exact same as mine! Before I could think of an idea it came straight to me.

They were me!!

They looked like me; they talked like me. I had to get out of here. I sprinted to the spot where the lift was but it wasn't there? I knew I could do nothing

It's been a year now and I still haven't escaped from this prison. My dad was right, something terrible did happen I should be happy, I live in a world of awesome me? What more could someone want? I should have company all these people (myself) around me! But instead I feel trapped alone, alone in a crowd.

Kai Mcgilvary Our Lady's PS

Ma wee Betty

Ma wee Betty
Is ma wee dug
Love her tae bits,
but she's a wee thug.

She's as black
As the night,
and her eyes sparkle bright,
clever wee dug
ma Betty,
always up for a fight.

Her best pal is Red,
and they both share a bed,
Betty is the boss,
that's always to be said,
poor old Red.
She always nips his head.

Ye can tell Betty's ma pup,
cos She's aywis sookin up,
Sookey wee Betty,
She loves snugglin up.

5 month old,
and can be as good as gold,
Betty boo we call her
cos she thinks she's old.

Eilidh Brown Peel PS

The Magic Tree

WAIT – describe the plot, characters and setting of a story in detail.

SC – I can create an accurate and convincing impression of the plot, characters and setting by my choice of language.

Ellie lay in her comfy bed, restless, tossing and turning around the bed. She was hungry, thirsty and tired, but as she tried to fall asleep, it just didn't work. She slowly flung her legs out of her comfy bed and quickly waddled towards the creaky stairs, as she slowly slid along the winding stair case on her bottom. Suddenly, she saw something out of the corner of her eye, something that looked sparkly, as if it was shining. She slowly crept towards the kitchen, slipping and sliding along the floor, her butterfly slippers on her dinky, little feet, her brown, bobbed hair dangling from bunches above her tiny ears and a little pink hairband stuck behind her ears. Ellie gave a quick tug at the handle of the glass, patio door, and open it went. She stepped outside and walked towards a chunky tree in the middle of the small garden, the tree was glowing, Ellie didn't know how, or why, but she decided to stretch out her little hand to touch it. All at once, the tree disappeared, all that was left was a hole in the ground where the tree once stood. Ellie was curious, and decided to take one foot forward, all at once she was falling.

Ellie was starstruck, she was falling down the hole, bits of dirt and tree roots flying past her. Just then Ellie landed with a thud, she was in a garden, it looked exactly the same as hers. She was sitting at the bottom of a tree, that looked the same as the tree that disappeared in her garden. "Ellie!" shouted a loud voice, it sounded like Ellie's mum. Ellie quickly got up and ran towards a house that looked the same as hers.

"Finally! You joined us!" exclaimed the woman who looked like Ellie's mum.

"We've waited four years for this!" laughed a man who looked like Ellie's dad. Ellie looked confused, they looked like her parents, they sounded like her parents, if they weren't her mum and dad then who were they?

"Who are you?" whispered Ellie, still confused.

"I guess you could call us your twin mum and dad!" the women responded. Ellie still looked confused. "Your mum and dad haven't told you?" screamed the women. Ellie, by this point, looked petrified. She slowly shook her head.

Ellie sat on top of the duvet on a comfy bed, just like hers, she sat, no idea what had just happened. All that she could remember was that the women got angry and locked Ellie in a room, that looked like her room. She eventually figured out the reason the cranky women locked her in the room, was because she wanted to go home, to the real world.

Ellie woke when she heard a bang on the door.

"Ellie! Breakfast!" the women shouted angrily. Ellie jumped to her feet in fright and quickly ran to the door, it was open, she ran as fast as she could to stairs and made her way to the kitchen. She stood in the door, waiting for the women to talk.

"Sit!" mumbled the women. Ellie hurriedly waddled towards the black kitchen chair. A plate appeared in front of Ellie with buttered toast on it. Ellie shoved the slices of crumbly toast down her throat as quickly as she possibly could. Once she had finished, she spoke.

"I need to go home." whispered Ellie. "I miss my mum and dad." she said fighting the tears that lay in her eyes.

"I...I am your mum." stuttered the women.

"Please let me go!" cried Ellie

"....Go then." Sighed the women. Ellie jumped up with joy, and ran to the patio door, she tugged on it, it was locked.

"It...It....Its locked." Stuttered Ellie. The women didn't reply. "I'll use the front door then said Ellie, feeling quite proud of her logical skills. She pulled on the shiny handle, and open it went. Ellie jumped of the door step, with joy in her eyes. She started to skip round to the back garden when she got there, the women stood lifeless, guarding the tree. Ellie took a few steps forward.

"I thought I could go...." Ellie spoke slowly. "Can you move so I can go please?" asked Ellie politely.

"You are not going anywhere!" screamed the women aggressively. Ellie stood, paralysed in shock. Ellie knew it wouldn't work, but ran at the women anyway, she slid through the women's legs, the women turned around and attempted to catch Ellie in her hands, but she failed. Ellie got to the tree, it wasn't glowing anymore.

"Glow stupid tree!" shouted Ellie. The women picked Ellie up and started to carry her towards the house.

"NOOOO!" screamed Ellie.

Ellie woke herself by screaming, it was all a dream. Ellie blinked a few times to make sure it was true.

"Mum!" Ellie said happily skipping to the stairs.

She was home!

Dylan James Ritchie

Pumpherstons & Uphall Station Community PS

The Mainlanders

Selina was walking on the flat stone beach stretching for about a mile down the long coast. She was walking along with her brother, Lessen. Her dark brown hair blowing in the wind. Her light blue eyes flickering because of sand being blown up by strong gusts of wind.

Lessen was looking up at the rising smoke over the hill.

"Selina. Can I play in the water?" asked Lessen

"No!" replied Selina. "we're going to father's funeral soon. In fact, I think we should head there now."

She turned and ran up the hill to see a circle of stones. They were newly cut. There were about one hundred and twenty people spectating the vast stone circle.

"Wow", said Lessen, under his breath.

"Come on" shouted Selina "We can't be late"

Suddenly, Selina started to run. Lessen had no choice but to follow. They ran for quite a while before finally reaching their father's resting place.

Selina shed a tear at the sight of her plain, white father. She reached out her hand and took hold of her father's. It felt cold. Lessen slowly removed the fur sheet covering his father's stomach. Their father had died because he tripped up while working on the stone circle that they called the ring of Brodgar. He fell on one of the stones and got a terrible gash. The blood loss weakened him but the infection finished him off.

The ceremonial priest picked up an axe. He slowly lowered it behind his back and suddenly thrust it forward. Selina winced at the horrible sight.

The priest then got several rags and placed them on the dead man. Then he set fire to them.

Worriedly, a man came running from over a large hill. "A boat!" He cried. "A boat, a boat"

Everyone ran up the hill to look.

"Run Selina! Take your brother with you! Hide where you can and don't come out until it's safe!" shouted one of Selina's father's friends.

They ran down the hill and stopped when they heard men screaming at the top of their lungs. They then scrambled into the tomb that their father would be buried in.

"We are here for the taking of this land" cried one of the men from the large boat. There were blood-curdling screams of men being killed. "You will give your land or these deaths will be the first of many!" shouted the man again.

"Well you didn't need to kill some of our men. It wasn't necessary. We would have given you some of our islands. But now you have killed our men, we have no choice but to send you back to where you came from" shouted Casalin, the leader of Skar Brae.

"Why don't we fight for these islands. Our leader against yours?" Said one of the mainland invaders. Slyly.

"Yes, we shall fight at the Ring of Brodgar. It is close to the hills with the tall grasses, just follow our villagers, they will show the way. We will start when the small lights are in the sky." Said Casalin confidently.

"Casalin you can't!" If they win we will all be slaughtered" shouted Selina & Lessen's Mother.

"When I say now, we must dash out of here as fast as we can. We will run to the house and stay there till dark. So you understand?" whispered Selina. Lessen nodded "Now".

They crawled as fast as they could through the narrow entrance. They ran to the closest house to rest then they ran the rest of the way to their village. They warned the village of the fight and where it would be. When the village heard of this they waited in silence.

When the sun finally went down, everyone headed to the Ring. As they walked, the tension built in the air.

When they arrived the Ring was lit with small rags enflamed with fire. The mainlanders walked to the ring. "Today is the day that we take these islands!" Shouted Sanlity, the leader of the mainland clan.

Casalin walked into the Ring of Brodger. "Face me Sanlity," ordered Casalin.

Sanlity creepily paced into the Ring. He bowed. Casalin followed.

Smartly, Sanlity drew a sword and charged at Casalin. It cut through the ground like a knife on butter.

"What is that," asked Casalin just dodging the sword.

"It's called a sword," replied Sanlity, in addition to swinging his sword again.

Casalin grabbed a rag and frantically waved it over one of the sizzling fires. The next thing, Sanlity catches fire.

"Help me, it burns, help, please!" screeched Sanlity. Casalin took hold of Sanlity's hand and helped him up. He dragged the burning Sanlity over the hill and threw him onto the beach.

Sanlity crawled to the water to cool himself.

He turned to face Casalin, "Leave here," said Casalin darkly. You have lost" Casalin had a cold stiff face.

Sanlity and his men left, leaving all of their money and possessions behind. They had won Skara Brae was safe.

Selina and Lessen walked back to their house. The following morning, they would go back to the tomb of the eagle to help seal it forever. They lay on their fur rugs staring up at the roof of the small hut. Selina slowly closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.

Special Prizes

GLOWWORM BOOKS AND GIFTS AWARD

Corey Murphy
P1, Letham PS

Welcome Pandas to Edinburgh Zoo



LINLITHGOW JOURNAL & GAZETTE AWARD

Natalie Williamson
P4, Springfield PS

Daydreaming

My teacher thinks I'm working but really.....

I'm snorkelling, a shark is chasing my mum now a fish has come up to the shark, It has disappeared.
We are laughing.

My teacher thinks I'm doing my maths but really.....

I'm on a big ride sliding down and down, round and round I am enjoying myself,
I'm having a great time

My teacher thinks I'm colouring but really.....

I'm back in time, I am a roman girl I have lots of nice clothes,
I have a lovely school but it still it is better than my real one.

My teacher thinks im playing but really.....

I'm in the future, there are cars without wheels that fly when they move, they
are statues of my family and all different things as well.

My teacher thinks I'm doing language but really.....

I'm in a book running, a dragon is chasing me I am terrified but it is a friendly
One and I hop on its back and we go flying together.

My teacher thinks I'm doing my textbook but really.....

I'm going to Mars in a big rocket, I see aliens they are nice, the planet is made
Of sweets and everything else is too.

My teacher thinks I'm reading but really.....

I'm in the Wii, I'm going up a mountain I am last I think I'm going to
lose but all the others go back and I win and get all the gold.

My teacher thinks I'm working but really.....

I'm riding a unicorn we are flying through fields, we'r bouncing over
streams seeing lots of wild animals like lions and tigers.

My teacher thinks I'm doing P.E. but really.....

I'm parachuting off a plane and I'm the first ever child to do so, I am going down and down I see my
house and I am very happy of what I've achieved and this has been a great experience.

My teacher thinks I'm doing my topic but really.....

I'm going into a film and I have to go on a mission, I have to beat the
bad people and I beat them, now I have another mission.

My teacher thinks I'm singing in song practise but really.....

I'm flying in a car I am going through the air like a bird and I feel great, I see my friends and I wave at them, they see me and they wave back, I feel amazing that I have flown in a flying car.

Five times four, hands up please, Natalie could you answer for me please.

Wh wh what sorry, what were you just doing,

Flying anothing.

DOROTHY MILNE MEMORIAL PRIZE
Sponsored By Soroptimist International of West Lothian

.....

Lauren Gibson
P5, Toronto PS

Tim the tea cake

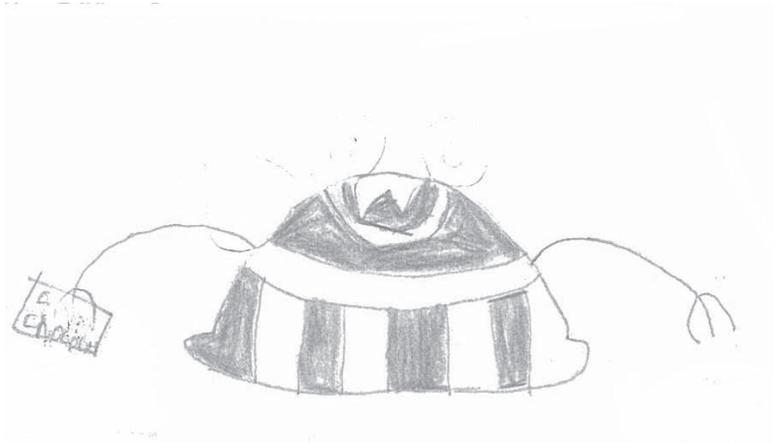
Beware of tim the tea cake,
thon fancy chocolate meal,
he's captivated a oor herts,
an gettin free chocolate as weel.

Beware his shiny wrapper,
its jist a part o' his craft,
an when yer smiling at his style
he believes that were a daft.

Beware this foam chested rascal,
woe his swark and an' airs an' grace,
fir we ken he could be martion,
just drappt in fae ooter space.

Beware this cunning visitor,
wae his chocolate up in the air,
in the morn he'll jump off the shelf,
and gie ye an awfay scare.

That celebrity tim the tea cake,
this time he's gone too far,
bit whit kin we dae about it,
noo he's a chocolate star!



BERTRAM LIBRARY SERVICES AWARD

Muaaz Zarrar
P7, Carmondean PS

Alone in the playground

It was another bad day. Alone again, nothing to do. Watching all the children playing and laughing, but not me I wasn't playing or laughing. I was just standing there waiting for something to happen.

I had friends but they obviously had better things to do than play with me. So there I was in the cold wet damp playground. Feeling like no one cares about me anymore. Who should I turn to, my parents, na they wouldn't believe me, should I go to my friends, I'd say no. what is their to do, is their anyway I can stay inside and not be horrified in this playground.

Maybe I can stop going to school and stay at home and watch tv all day and not be so sad here. Yeah I could do that, but I don't just want to stop going to school because I'm alone in the playground. Dr maybe?, na. I feel so lonely and upset at a lot of times. I feel like no one loves me anymore. I wish this wouldn't happen, I wish I was part of all the children playing and laughing. Enjoying their break and having to face the horror of being alone nearly everyday.

Is their anyway to stop this, fix it so it never happens to anyone. No one should be in a playground. EVER!!!

Young Writer Of The Year 2012

Jessica Grimley
St John the Baptist PS

Sophie's Guilt

Due to summer vacation, school was finished for the year. A country farm lay amongst an overgrown valley surrounded by wild chestnut trees. Throughout the farm long grass grew around blossom spread pathways, winding down sloped hills covered in thick reeds. A modern sandstone farmhouse settled beside the naturally grown plants of the garden, blending in with the scenic views of the valley beyond.

As she stumbled up the pale stony steps towards the old oak door, memories of past times filled her inside with guilt. Sophie was an only child. Well, now she was, and had been for some time. It was about four years ago, when Sophie had a younger sister. Together, hand in hand they were walking through their garden when a storm damaged chestnut tree collapsed on top of Lily. Sophie rushed away, disconnecting her hand from Lily's, leaving her stranded alone, helplessly standing under the falling tree. From that day on she hid herself from the world around her, locking herself in her own distressed world. Her confidence faded, still not forgiving herself for the death she could have prevented.

Sophie preferred hard working school days to occupy her from her troubled life, so summer holidays were not her first choice. It was the day after Lily's death, roughly four years ago. As usual this day broke Sophie apart, having to remind her of her heart breaking loss. As she sat, slumped on her bed a note suddenly appeared under her door, smudged with grey fingerprints. She would not have noticed if it had not been for her mums shadow, cast through the slightly ajar door. Her mum entered staring long and hard at her. Sophie realised she had been crying. Her eyes were filled with tears as she tried to put on one of her caring smiles. Sophie didn't talk much to her mum but realised she needed comforting. But before she was able to, her mum burst into tears running down the stairs like a two year old having a tantrum. At this point, Sophie felt for her mum but decided to collect the letter that had been waiting patiently for her. Sitting back down on her bed again, she tore open the letter and began to read.

"Sophie, I don't know quiet how too put this but I want too see you again. I know you wont believe me but I am your younger sister. Lilly that's me. But I hav too say, ive grown older. Just like you hav I suppose. Anyway, if you believe in ghosts, thenn meet me in the garden where I died. If I know where I died, thenn you've gott too trust me. 4o'clock. Thenn we can maybe catch up on the years ive lost. Just, don't tell mum will you. I ... well ... don't know if ill everr bee able too see her again. I don't know if I could bare it. Well, ill be there. Its okay if you don't comm., I undersandd. Maybe I should not hav sent this letter too you at all. Maybe imm outt of my mind. You're a good sister Sophie. Well I don't reelly know that, do I. but imm sure you are. Please don't blame yourself for what happened too me. You don't deserve too live an unhappy life. It was a mistake, letting go of my hand. It was a mistake. X"

that was just what the letter ended in a kiss.

Sophie gently lay down the letter, bewildered at what she had just read. Although some of the words were never spelt correctly, she understood the whole thing. Suddenly, a loud knock sounded at her door. Sophie crumpled the letter and shoved it behind her cushioned pillow. Her mum entered, looking much more composed than earlier. Sophie had not realised the tears that had been streaming down her face, so her mum immediately wiped them away before she started to cry too. After that she left the room in silence, closing the door behind her. Sophie cautiously uncurled the letter, scanning it for the time her sister asked to meet her. Quarter to four was when she set her alarm for, even though it was only a hour away.

Time passed by, as quarter to four drew nearer. Sophie came back into reality and realised that she had to prepare herself for the reunion. Her mind churned, still doubting if she would actually meet her sister. But deep inside Sophie knew she had to give it a try, no matter how unusual it was getting a letter from your dead sister, who claims to be a ghost. So out Sophie went, into the garden, anxiously waiting for whatever lay ahead. As she approached the pathway that lead to her sisters grave, Sophie caught her first glimpse of a girl, standing smiling at her as if she had sensed her coming. Her long brown curls settled against her back, altogether pretty human. Sophie nervously walked towards her, checking her over as she went. Having not thought of anything to say to her, the first question that came into Sophie's mind was "are you real?" "Well I'm not sure if I am." She replied. "Ever since I became a ghost I've not been able to see you! I appreciate you coming her. I really do. I couldn't wait to see you Sophie!" Lily stepped forward to give Sophie a big hug which she quickly refused and backed away. "Oh I'm sorry Sophie, its too soon to be happy families again. I should take things one step at a time." "No, not at all! I just have to get to know you a bit better, you understand?" "Of course I do. Anyway I suppose you want to know more about me and I'm *really* your sister?" "I ...guess so." Sophie hesitantly replied. So an hour or so of the summers afternoon was spent exchanging life stories in the garden where Lily died.

As their conversation drew to an end, a final question settled in Sophie's mind. Although she was eager to find out where her sister intended to go next, Sophie worried that Lily might decide to leave her behind. Eventually she plucked up the courage and asked her. "So...em...where exactly are you planning to go next?" "Well I'm sorry Sophie but we all have to move on, don't we?" she replied. "I know but what are you trying to tell me?" "I...cant stay. You see recently I was given this sort of second chance, to...like...show you I hadn't forgotten you. I knew I had to take it but coming back from the dead as a ghost made me question myself. I wasn't sure if I should come. But the toughest part would be saying goodbye and explaining why I would have to leave and here we are now, at the hardest part. My second chance lasted until I met you and now I have. So I guess this is it. You never know, I might get a third chance some time in the future." She stepped forward with her arms out as though she knew Sophie's fear of her was overcome. This time they hugged each other as sisters, determined not to let go. But both knew the time had come.

Sophie's eyes welled up with tears as they said their final farewells. "Now I know what a good sister you are Sophie. Don't cry. You've done enough crying over me. Be happy. Keep mum happy for me, will you?" "Yes, I will. Ill try". she said, wiping away the tears. "My times up here. But you've got a life to look forward to. What happened to me is in the past so that should be put at the back of your mind. Live your life Sophie. Take care of it. I won't forget you Sophie. Never." And she was gone. In the blink of an eye, she was gone.

Sophie is sixteen now and never once has she seen her sister again. But her sister was right. Live your life and put past sadness behind you. At the back of your mind.

A word from the judges

The standard of this year's entries was particularly high and it was very difficult to select winning entries from all age groups. The children produced very high quality work, beautifully presented, and we know that each and every child did their very best. It's clear that in West Lothian our schools and teachers are supporting pupils at all levels to develop their creative writing and artistic skills – with fantastic results. Well done to all who entered.

Judges

- Pauline Skinner
- Norma Bonnar
- Susan Cross
- Tom Oliver
- Dianne Elliott
- Jo Lewis
- Carol Quinn
- Ann Scott

Thank you ...

Young writer of the Year is the major event in West Lothian Libraries calendar. It takes a great deal of work to promote the event, judge the entries, organise and hold the ceremony. The success of the evening is very dependent on many people.

The Sponsors

- West Lothian Council
- Glowworm Book and Gifts, Broxburn
- Matt Purdie & Sons, Blackburn
- Linlithgow Journal and Gazette
- Archibald McKellar, Glasgow
- Soroptomist International West Lothian
- Bertram Library Services
- Destinations Coach Hire, Harthill

We have 2 new sponsors this year, Bertram Library Services and Destinations Coach Hire Harthill.

Thanks to the sponsorship we are able to hold the ceremony in this wonderful venue, present prizes to the 40 winners and reward every entrant. Sponsorship also covers transporting the performers to and from the event. Special mention must go to Glowworm Gifts and Books who not only sponsor Primary 1 -7 but order, service and deliver all the prizes to us.

The Judges have had a very difficult task in choosing the prize winners from the final selection of very high quality entries. There were 9280 entries from 56 schools.

Thanks to all of the schools who took part. It takes a considerable effort by the staff to get all of the entries to me in a very short space of time. Their support helps make the an exceptional achievement.

The children and staff from Boghall Primary school. Their performances further highlight the talent that exists in our schools. The Star Presenters did an outstanding job of conducting the ceremony. Very well done!

The small team of staff from Library and Heritage Services. Their support ensures that everything goes to plan and within time scale.

Finally the children who entered the competition. Young Writer is in its 37th year and it continues to amaze me the extent of the creative talent we have in our youngsters. Indeed, we have winners here tonight who have been winners in the past. This is quite an achievement. Young Writer will continue to support, promote and reward their talent.

Hilda Gibson