



Wimbledon Bookfest
YOUNG WRITERS' COMPETITION 2011
THE GREAT ESCAPE



www.thelittlebooks.co.uk

Introduction

What a fantastic story and poem competition this has been. The title 'The Great Escape' has inspired tales of disgruntled hamsters, frightened spiders, terrifying burglars, orphans, slaves and aliens; we've had stories set in concentration camps, ancient China, jails, caves and Mummy's tummy.

As a result, the judges have had an almost impossible task in choosing the winners...and what exactly were we looking for? For me it was a mixture of imagination, passion and originality...above all it was a story or poem that was personal in some way; that had a distinctive view of the world, a turn of phrase that was both telling and surprising. I love stories and poems where I feel the writer is trying to express something that matters to them. Whether that's a crisp trying to escape it's packet, a letter fleeing the alphabet or an old man escaping into his memory of a better life.

As a writer I have been moved and inspired by the words I have been asked to read this year. So thank-you to all of those who took part and I look forward to reading more of your stories and poems in the future...

Michael Crompton

Chair, Wimbledon BookFest Young Writers' Competition

The Great Escape

BookFest 2011 Young Writers' Competition

Participating Schools

Junior Schools

Bishop Gilpin

Cranmer

Donhead

Dundonald

Hall School Wimbledon

Haslemere

Joseph Hood

Merton Park

Morden Primary

Pelham

Poplar

St Teresa's

St Thomas of Canterbury

Study Preparatory School, Wimbledon

Willington

Wimbledon High School

Wimbledon Park Primary

Wimbledon Ursuline Prep

SENIOR SCHOOLS

King's College

Raynes Park High

Ricards Lodge

Ursuline High School

Willington

Wimbledon High School

Wimbledon College

With thanks to our education & school sponsors

• Harper Collins Education • Taylor Family Foundation •
Merton Priory Homes • Knight Frank Estate Agents •
Peter Beckwith Harrow Trust

Donhead • Hall School Wimbledon • Pelham Primary •
Poplar Primary • Priory Primary • St Mark's Academy •
Study Preparatory School, Wimbledon • Raynes Park
High School • Ursuline High School • Wimbledon High
School • Wimbledon Ursuline Prep

The Great Escape

The Judges

Michael Crompton

Chair of judges

TV Screenwriter

Julian Butler

Writer & Musician

Jim Carrington

Author and Teacher

Jennifer Cox

Writer

Christina Ingram

Teacher

Jonathan Lloyd

Artistic Director, Polka Theatre

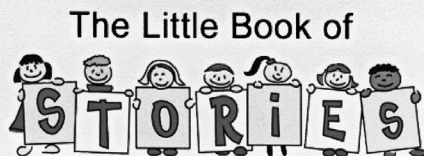
Gemma Malley

Author

Margaret Reeve

Teacher

For more information email: education@wimbledonbookfest.org



Grosvenor House
Publishing Limited

Grosvenor House Publishing
are proud to publish the winning entries
of the
Wimbledon Bookfest
2011 Young Writers' Competition.

If your school would like to publish your pupils' creative writing,
please contact us by phone on 01483 243450, email to
admin@thelittlebooks.co.uk or via our website
www.thelittlebooks.co.uk

See a 3D
example of
The Little
Book

Choose
from over
50 book
covers!

Create a Little Book of Stories or Poems
for just **£5** per book!

Hundreds of schools have already had their Little Book of Stories published!

Grosvenor House Publishing Limited
Crossways, 28-30 High Street, Guildford, Surrey, GU1 3EL

Contents

	Page
WINNERS OF THE 2011 YOUNG WRITERS' COMPETITION	
The Day 'W' Escaped from the A B C	3
<i>By William Clifton, Year 1, aged 6</i>	
<i>Merton Park Primary</i>	
The Great Escape	4
<i>By Thomas Campos-Cornell, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
<i>Bishop Gilpin</i>	
The Straight Path	7
<i>By Aisling Fitzgerald, Year 6, aged 11</i>	
<i>Merton Park</i>	
The Great Escape	7
<i>By Amaaya Basu, Year 5, aged 9</i>	
<i>Wimbledon High</i>	
The Great Escape	10
<i>By Olivia Stephenson, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
<i>Wimbledon Park Primary</i>	
The Great Escape!	13
<i>By Louisa Hayes-Collins, Year 4, aged 9</i>	
<i>Wimbledon Ursuline Prep</i>	

The Great Escape	14
<i>By Lily Hipple Walsh, Year 8, aged 12</i>	
<i>Ursuline High</i>	
The Violinist	17
<i>By Aiswarya Nadesan, Year 9, aged 14</i>	
<i>Ricards Lodge</i>	
The Great Escape	19
<i>By Layla Mannan, Year 1, aged 5</i>	
<i>Wimbledon Chase</i>	
The Great Escape	21
<i>By Serrena Srithavajah, Year 3, aged 8</i>	
<i>Wimbledon High</i>	
The Great Escape	23
<i>By Alexandra Williams, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
<i>The Study Preparatory School</i>	
The Great Escape	25
<i>By Louise Lacour, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
<i>Hall School Wimbledon</i>	
The Great Escape	26
<i>By Kelsea Badrick, Year 6, aged 11</i>	
<i>St Thomas of Canterbury</i>	
The Great Escape	27
<i>By Lottie Plaschkes, Year 9, aged 13</i>	
<i>Wimbledon High</i>	

The Great Escape28

By Brenna Mulholland, Year 7, aged 12

Ursuline High

The Great Escape31

By Makito Niwano, Year 4, aged 9

Wellington

HIGHLY TO COMMENDED – SENIOR SCHOOLS

The Great Escape35

By Talal Islam, Year 9, aged 14

The Great Escape38

By Sara Kavanagh-Eldin, Year 8, aged 13

The Great Escape41

By Roshaye Poleon, Year 8, aged 13

The Great Escape43

By Jan Tokarczyk, Year 7, aged 12

My World46

By Lucy Courtnall, Year 9, aged 14

The Great Escape49

By Aoife Wall, Year 9, aged 13

HIGHLY COMMENDED – JUNIOR SCHOOLS

The Great Escape53

By Ibrahim Aliwi, Year 4, aged 9

The Escape of the Gerbil56
<i>By Felix Simmons, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape59
<i>By Freya Brown, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape61
<i>By Joe Mondadori, Year 2, aged 7</i>	
The Great Escape62
<i>By Sarah Williams, Year 2, aged 7</i>	
Escape From The Minotaur's Cave63
<i>By Tommy Walters, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
Freedom65
<i>By Charlie Mart, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape67
<i>By Olivia Priestland, Year 3, aged 7</i>	
The Great Escape69
<i>By Toby Wright, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape71
<i>By Anna Vedikhina, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape74
<i>By Lucy Stephenson,</i>	
The Great Escape77
<i>By Lucy Ireland, Year 4, aged 9</i>	
The Great Escape79
<i>By Niloan Sugirthajayanathan, Year 4, aged 9</i>	

The Great Escape82
<i>By Jessica Welch, Year 1, aged 5</i>	
The Minibeast Escapy84
<i>By Ann-Melody Akanji, Year 4, aged 9</i>	
The Great Escape85
<i>By Millie Quayle, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape88
<i>By Florrie Ward, Year 3, aged 8</i>	
The Great Escape89
<i>By -Alexandra Brown, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape92
<i>By Alexander Taylor, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape94
<i>By Korosh Peyvandi, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
Escape from Death95
<i>By Tim Hoppe, Year 6, aged 11</i>	
Escape from Earth97
<i>By Euan Donovan-Hill, Year 6, aged 11</i>	
The Great Escape to Nature100
<i>By Eloise Planche, Year 2, aged 7</i>	
The Great Escape101
<i>By Alex Riley, Year 4, aged 9</i>	
Escape104
<i>By Alex Forbes, Year 4, aged 9</i>	

Escape!	105
<i>By Jonny Fitchett, Year 4, aged 9</i>	
The Great Escape	106
<i>By Phoebe Sigeo, Year 4, aged 9</i>	
The Great Escape	108
<i>By Megan Hill, Year 5, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape	111
<i>By Helen Markus, Year 6, aged 11</i>	
The Great Escape	114
<i>By Silvia Walsh Sanchez, Year 6, aged 10</i>	
The Great Escape	117
<i>By Cristina Latuf, Year 2, aged 7</i>	
The Great Escape	121
<i>By Francesca Duggins, Year 3, aged 8</i>	

WINNERS OF THE
2011 YOUNG WRITERS' COMPETITION

The Day 'W' Escaped from the A B C

By William Clifton

A b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

I already know my a b c.

A b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v x y z

aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhh! W has escaped.

The Great Escape

By Thomas Campos-Cornell

Diablo is an African boy who has dark skin, short hair and has rags for clothes. He is running away from prison! Unfortunately his family can't live without him as they are poor! Here is the story of how he escapes....

“Slingshot”

“Check”

“Water”

“Check”

“Paper clip”

“Check”

“Then you're ready” whispered Diablo's friend Bello through the iron barred window

“Good luck!”

“Thanks I'll need it!”

With that Diablo waited until 12.00pm when the guard was in his chair reading the paper. Diablo silently picked up a sharp stone, put it in his slingshot and fired at the back of the man's head. It hit hard but made no sound and Diablo was sure the man was either dead or unconscious. Phase one complete. Next Diablo unfolded the paper clip and twiddled it into the lock. This was the most important part of the escape, the bolt clicked and Diablo hefted the bolt up, so far so good!

Diablo stuck to the shadows and ran but didn't notice the hidden camera. At once the alarms were wailing madly and Diablo could hear a stampede of running footsteps not far behind. He sprinted for his dear life not looking back. Diablo tried to lose the guards but knew he had no chance. He randomly scurried in different directions hoping to find an exit! In the end Diablo was lucky he found himself in the kitchen. The window was open and outside he could see a tall oak tree with bee-hives next to it. Diablo could hear the shouts of guards and knew they would be here any minute now, so Diablo climbed onto the window sill, bent down and sprang out of the window like a cheater leaping onto its prey!

Diablo jumped out just as a bullet whizzed past his head and managed to catch a branch as more and more bullets were destroying the branches around him.

He swung from one branch to another as quickly as he could. He heard about half a dozen guards jump out after him but still didn't surrender. He sprinted towards the beehives almost laughing to himself because Diablo had a very cunning plan

Diablo crouched down behind one of the bee-hives and hoped his plan would work – otherwise it would be fatal! Before he could even think that, the bee-hive was exploding to bits and the bees were stinging the guards. The guards were all on the ground covered in them rolling and wailing like tiny weenie babes, no time to laugh though. Diablo sprang up and darted for a plank that was leaning against a wall, it was in a corner so as soon as he got to the top he bounced off each wall like a gorilla and hauled himself up. When he looked down, there wasn't a plank left as it had been shredded by bullets from the reinforcement of guards. With new energy Diablo jumped off the wall and sped off in search of his parents.....

The Straight Path

By Aisling Fitzgerald

Alone at night he sat and stared.
Gone to the world of imagination
Realms, open to him alone,
Elephants large, with tusks bared.
At last he settled, eyes on a nation
Tough-looking guards barred the way to heaven
Eventually, he plucked up the courage.
Stepping forward, he could not go straight,
'Course he tried, but failed. He was going to hell.
Awoken by a loud police siren,
Put down the shop's money in his hand,
went without a fight.
Entered prison sideways, but his path was straight.

The Great Escape

By Amaaya Basu

*It was a cold, misty dawn.
Ruth Adams was fast asleep,
Her husband went out for a stroll,
He liked the stealth and liked to creep
Stealthily he moved into the woods,
Where morning runners pass
Mysteries lie unsolved in there,
Among the tall jungle grass*

*She thought she was the only one,
Running in the woods,
But she was wrong, out came the knife,
Another one was done for good*

*Slowly he found his way back home,
To join his loving wife,
And became the quiet husband again,
Hiding his killing knife*

*The story was all over the news
And police began the rounds
When she found the knife hid in the pantry
Her panic knew no bounds*

*Oh she loved him so, but how could she
Let a killer go unpunished
She even feared for her own life
She felt life was all but finished*

*With pounding heart and shaking hands
She dialled her friend at the Vic
But just as she kept down the phone
She heard the extension go click*

*She knew she had only moments left
In which to make her escape
She was upstairs, he was down
If only she had Harry's invisibility cape*

*She could go through the window
and climb down the side
Should she run out the main door
Or shout for help or hide*

*And then she heard the pantry door
Open with a groan
She knew this was the moment
Within a flash the bolt was thrown*

*Oh what joy she felt at last
The great escape now complete*

*But also a twinge of sorrow
For life could have been a treat*

The Great Escape

By Olivia Stephenson

What **have** I done?

I now yearn for the previous landscape, the balmy sun, the long sweep of sand, which is as fine as snow. Well. If I've ever seen snow, it has only been described to me, but how I long to see it. That is why I've run away. To see what I want, to do what I want, to be free! But in addition, my parents have been fighting. It happens every night. At 11:00pm. And I am completely sick of it! I was running away from the hut. Running, running, until the voices flying around my head had grinded to a relieving halt.

I had run away to a different island, which seems like a different world to me. I know they'll come after me, the police, and my parents. But for now, I'll just have to survive. Alone. I then scanned the setting, where a scrunched ball of yesterday's newspaper flew past. Then, from the corner of my eye, I spotted a desolate flat, with ivy mould on the walls. I climbed through the

broken, yellow window. Suddenly the pungent smell entered my nostrils like an uninvited guest. I thought, 'this is satisfactory for tonight.' Well, until an old, wrinkly man gave me a menacing snarl. I left immediately.

Rain. Just my luck!

I could return to the savage block of repellent flats. After all, he would be asleep by now. The man. Wouldn't he? I clambered through the decaying frame. As I landed on the grotty floor, my feet were sinking into an unpleasant substance. So with my head facing upwards, I slowly slip off my shoes and paced away. I suddenly felt the hard, cold floor exchange heat with my feet, to itself.

I crouched down into a corner, like a hedgehog beginning hibernation, buried my face into my diary and wrote a passage:

Thursday 10th October 1999

*My life is a misery I don't understand
how anyone can survive!*

I have to go now. I can hear footsteps. Oh no.

Tom

Such a bad night. I scarcely slept The hard, cold floor destroyed all that was helping me. I was experiencing

a nightmare at sundown. Cold echoing footsteps descended, as the dreaded sound came closer, and closer. The man was back. This time he only briefly glimpsed at me. But I was sorrowful, and dumbfounded; he was confident, and definitely, stern.

'You You are trespassing, boy!' 'Explain, now.'

And so I did.

'Alright,' he muttered. 'I'll give you all you need if you vow NEVER to disturb me.' After that, time flew like a grey pigeon searching for food.

Friday 11th October 1999

I soon realised before the deal. I was the pigeon

Tom

This morning, I recovered a tattered newspaper from the bin outside.

I was on the front page. My mouth suddenly dropped like a lead balloon. News spread like a wooden house on fire.....

The Great Escape!

By Louisa Hayes-Collins

If I were a little crisp with legs
You never would catch me!
I'd hide inside a crisp packet
Until, I could break free.
I'd wait until you took a break
And when your greedy mouth would gape
I'd jump out of the packet
And make my great escape.

I'd creep under stairs and scare Black Bears
I'd climb in a pot, but not if it's hot
I'd hide in the coal like a sooty mole
I'd creep under chairs and avoid the cat's hairs

Yes!

If I were a little crisp with legs
You never would catch me!

The Great Escape

By Lily Hipple Walsh

I am fourteen years old. Nobody remembered my birthday. Not even a smile... But that's just ordinary. Walking down the buzzing school corridors, with my arms bursting with books from the library, I try to act invisible, swiftly gliding towards the exit. Even when I know they'll be waiting. Just as I pass the last set of lockers, and I almost think I've got lucky; I see them. Jessica, Caitlin, and Beatrice. The three meanest, toughest, rudest snobs in our school. Everyone hates them, but yet they are all desperate to be friends with them. It's something I don't think I will ever understand...

I lean towards the door, pressing my hand out flat against the wood. It is shaking uncontrollably, so I shove it into my pocket and attempt to open the door with my shoulder. I feel the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, and my blood goes cold, as I feel their eyes piercing the back of my head. The seconds that pass feel like minutes. They can feel my fear. And then I hear the sound I have been dreading. The heavy thud of footsteps. I am pulled back abruptly, and my books and papers are flung high into the air,

leaving them open and torn across the steps outside. Here we go again...

The usual occurs as they drag me into the Girls Toilets. They rip open my school bag and empty out my pockets, taking anything of any value to me. By now I am clever enough to never bring anything personal or important to school. My body feels battered and tired, and my eyes are blurred with tears. Just as I think they are finished. I hear an excited giggle from Caitlin. Her eerie blue eyes glisten in delight. I dare to look down at what they have in their hands. Underneath Beatrice's crimson nails, I see a glimmering band of silver. A gasp is released from my mouth and I taste the saltiness of my tears. I hear Jessica cackling in glee. It was my grandmother's ring. She sent it to me for my birthday and I had been keeping it in my bag as I knew that Mum would take it to the pawn shop immediately to cash it. It was the only present I had been given. And now it was being taken from me!

A rush of anger swept through my blood and a ferocious snarl ripped from my lips. I swung my fist to Beatrice's face and grabbed the ring from her bony white fingers, dragging my nails through her skin as I did so. She screeched in agony, and I elbowed Caitlin in the stomach before kicking Jessica down to the floor. A deep scarlet liquid was dripping from Beatrice's nose. I leapt out the

door, with the ring sweaty in my palms, covered in black droplets of blood. My heart was pounding and my knees were knocking together, but I couldn't help spreading a grin out upon my flushed face. I had defeated them. I had destroyed the three meanest girls in our school. I was strong, proud, *powerful*. I had escaped from their torturous clutches! I had ESCAPED! And what a great escape it was...

The Violinist

By Aiswarya Nadesan

Blood cascaded down her translucent cheek like the
Niagara Falls
Each bead of ruby became a slithering snake on her
porcelain skin
Her eyes were as black as the Devil's soul
Yet as deep as the seven seas of sorrows
Scarlet lips formed an untamed wild rose
Each petal bloomed one by one as she uttered a secret
most lethal
Wings illuminated by mother Moon and her countless
offspring were hers
She was the child of the Night
On her shoulder stood a majestic mahogany Lady
Threads of silver diamond adorned her curves
As fragile as silk yet as rich as a mystery
A Prince was Her consort and bowed for His dance
The waltz that was danced left a trail of jewelled crystal
in my soul
An aria as angelic as Heaven's bells

Flowed through the void forest
Echoing on the emerald leaves of the eternal sages
Whispers of spells and curses hung in the serene sky
defeated by the melody
Vicious waterfalls were entombed with fallen stars hoping
to catch glimpses of the miracle
The last note was an ethereal word of wisdom, word of
beauty- the Final Bow
Silence reigned yet music was the Queen of Hearts
The Lady and Her Prince shattered into countless
fragments
At the manifestation of the flamboyant Sun and his
arrogance
The shards of the violin were forever destined to be stars
as the
Beautiful mistress of the Sun pitied her Master's victim
The Violinist, empty handed, transformed into a tree with
her stars as her leaves
Weeping for her lost gift every autumnal equinox

The Great Escape

By Layla Mannan

I was sleeping in my cosy bed. I was dreaming about aliens taking me and in another house the aliens took another boy. I just woke up then I noticed that it was all true I couldn't believe it, I even saw another boy. I blinked 50 times and rubbed my eyes 50 times, but there was no difference. Then I looked at the window, I saw a bottle floating. I grabbed it before anybody else could. I was only three years old. I thought it was speed potion, a couple of minutes later I found another potion. I thought it was steady potion. An hour later I found another bottle and I thought it was an invisible potion. Suddenly I saw petals and metal all around, I got dizzy and whizzy. I got out of the spaceship and I was amazed at what I saw, a toilet roll and gigantic meatballs and defeat balls and a rope! The alien said "the first one to get to the rope will go back to earth, on your marks get set go!" I used the speed potion and it turned out as lotion; I tried the other potion but that one made me slow down. Before I could try the other

portion the other boy got there. He went down the hole and when he got down the alien pressed the wrong button and sealed the door, then he laughed, "Winner, loser, loser, and winner". So I went down the right hole and he sent me back to earth.

The Great Escape

By Serrena Srithavajah

Naira woke up to the sound of birds chirping in the back garden. It was a beautiful spring morning. Naira couldn't contain her happiness, today; she'll be playing tennis at school for 'under 14' category representing her school house 'Hepworth'.

All that backhand and ground stroke practises, were not in vain. Humming to the tune of Cheryl Cole's 'Parachute', she tackled her curly unruly hair into a tight ponytail.

"Naira, you lucky girl!" beamed her mum. "Change into the red shalwar kahmeez", she ordered.

"Why?" asked bewildered Naira.

"Ahamed's family will be here any minute" snapped her mother. "We are going to solemnise your wedding to Ahmed" announced her mum.

Naira's expression was so overwhelmed she nearly fainted! 'I will not be engaged at the age of 13!' she protested.

“That sort of behaviour will not be accepted in my house, you are Muslim by day and Muslim by night and you WILL FOLLOW OUR TRADITIONS!” Naira’s mother boomed.

Slowly tears began to trickle down Naira’s pale face from her hazel nut brown coloured eyes. The crystal wall of happiness she had built just shattered into a million pieces creating an unbearable pain in her body.

Naira’s father had heard the tantrum and stomped upstairs to see what the issue was, Naira’s mother told him what had happened, his eyes turned a ruby red and a truly illegitimate scene happened, too horrendous to describe in words.

That night Naira abseiled down the water pipe and landed safely on her feet. The next thing she did was dart to the nearest police station. When she finally arrived there she narrated the story of what had happened to her. Naira begged to be taken into foster care, where she was adopted by two loving and caring parents, who nourished her dreams of going to Oxford University. Guess what?

In the end she ended up becoming a Professor at Oxford!

THE GREAT ESCAPE

By Alexandra Williams

An orange fox, his fur aglow,
Though in his heart he low of low.
Leaping lightly through the trees,
Coming unsure, not at ease.
Which path should the lone fox choose?
The hounds were out, no time to lose.
The colour and ferocity,
Made the fox move more quickly.
Though he felt very confused,
What had he done to be abused?
Bay of hound, call of horn,
Afternoon, now, no longer morn.
Stamp of hooves, the call of men,
All he did was steal a hen.
Now fox tiring, almost spent,
Though on and on and on he went.
Hunters drive fox to a field,
Fox go in and entrance sealed.
By the nastiest of the band,
Whose nickname was *'Kill Fox By Hand'*
Rifles only seconds away,

Will fox live to see the end of the day?
Fox is quick but fox is stuck,
Fox is not about to give up.
Fox senses that death advanced,
A gap in the fence the fox enhanced
Running fast and strong, the fox
Amber eyes wide, kept awake by shocks.
Slipped through the fence, home at last,
Time to forget now; it's all in the past.
Fox grew weary as fear subsided,
Angrily away the hunters rided.
Fox was safe, fox was sound,
Fox slept peacefully underground.

The Great Escape

By Louise Lacour

The leaves rustle as the breeze blows
The animals go silent as the crowd goes
Children bustle and run, shouting and screaming
Then suddenly

Monkeys start the commotion
Parakeets sing and parrots screech,
Everyone jumps in surprise
The animal keepers rush to calm them down
But nobody notices as the tiger rises silently from its
cage
And prowls undisturbed into the crowd.

The Great Escape

By Kelsea Badrick

Here comes the 30 ton boy
Who hates to run
Every day,
Since May
He takes my lunch,
But today it will stop.
He gives me a punch,
Blood dripping down my face,
I hit him with my laptop case,
The fight goes on,
My lunch is not gone,
Yet.
I've come up with a plan,
I am also a man,
I start to sing,
He said "What a weird thing!"
The bully walked away,
My lunch is safe for today!

The Great Escape

By Lottie Plaschkes

Defeated; slumped in his discoloured chair:
Coarse rasps of breath rip through his feeble chest;
Hands gnarled; skull traced with wisps of hair;
Pallid face; wrinkled as his crumpled vest.
Watery eyes stare on, not blinking,
Though ignorant of bleak walls and weeping skies:
His feet tap in beat; his frown shrinking;
Seeing chiffon dresses and bowties.
Jazz rhythm drowned by outbursts of laughter;
Musky cigar smoke swirls as she kisses;
Liquor warms: they dance rosily thereafter;
His cracked lips smile as he reminisces.
Do not pity him when his blank eyes gape;
For this memory is his great escape.

The Great Escape

By Brenna Mulholland

This can't be happening, I haven't done squat all month, if you minus the paint attack on Mr Aylesford, but that was supposed to be aimed at Sally Price the head girl. Also the food fight in the lunch hall, which I may add I did not start, but only joined in and took the battle too far, and ended up waving John Harris goodbye while he was in an ambulance.

I knocked on Mrs Gioni's door. "Come in" she called with her voice that cut through me like butter. To be honest she, out of the whole word of-people, is the only women I am scared of. Her beady eyes that watch you everywhere you turn. Her eyebrows, which can go the oddest shape according to emotion, her wicked smile and laugh, the way she walks down the hallway, her killer instinct. She is pure EVIL.

"Morning Mrs Gioni, how are you" I said, in a sarcastic tone that did not go down well. "Three months in detention didn't seem to help you're.... how shall I, say behavioural issues, did it Miss Kingsly? " Miss I swear,

oh well. Mr Aylesford walked in and was watching me. Then I started to fake gag, “Mr Aylesford I need to go the loo” I said very convincingly, “very well”. I scurried along the hallway, pushed the faulty bathroom door and went in. There it was, the window I creaked it open and BOOYA I was out!!!!

“TINA KINGSLEY get back here now”

UH- OH. Watch out Sally; hope your party has gas masks at the ready!!

The Great Escape

By Makito Niwano

Hush!

Don't make a sound.

Dark shadow walking through the street.

Is it a robber who escaped from the jail?

Quiet!

The police have come.

Waiting for the robber to get out from his hiding place
in the mid summer night.

It is the great escape.

He is invisible. He is soundless and no one can find him.

But don't worry. His escape will end today.

Because he can not hide forever.

The city is always safe for the citizen like us.

Cheater will never win and winners never cheat.

HIGHLY COMMENDED – SENIOR SCHOOLS

The Great Escape

By Talal Islam

This time last year I was celebrating my Bar Mitzvah. Oh how things have changed.

The things I have seen; witnessed. Incomprehensible. I was one of the lucky ones, a select few. We have to be thankful to our lord, El Shaddai!

Generalisation with religion, ethnicity. Oh how things have changed.

My family was an ordinary, middle class family. Pride, honour, respectability within society. All these things my father wanted for my family. To an extent we did have this; although my father was not too pleased to hear what me and my friend had done at our local sweetshop. More often than not I would receive a scolding. Eventually learning my lesson. How I would love to go back and change my imbecilic behaviour. Why I wasted such invaluable, precious time committing foolish acts like that. Why couldn't I tell my dad how much I need and want him- before it was too late...

By the time it happened, we were alienated from society: outcasts; exiled. We were placed in a Jewish ghetto. Why was segregation allowed to happen under such vile conditions?

The ghetto was an inhumane place. Fifty people gathered under a one storey, one narrow household. Starvation was common under these conditions. The distraught look unearthed from my mother's very own expression. Placing our well being (if it is legal to even say such a thing in conjunction with what was happening) as her prime priority.

Poverty was a certainty in the ghetto I resided. A rarity occurred in my 'home'. A gypsy was also living- or dying, rather- in the ghetto. He spoke to me one day about his riches and wealth. He also told me he was the King of Spain. To what extent had the Nazis affected us so much?

My escape from the ghetto now. An enthralling tale. The story of how I did the impossible. Although what's impossible when you had God with you?

The rare slice of bread arrived. As per usual, mother spilt it into quarters. However, strangely I had been given a third of the slice. What was happening? A miscalculation to do with geometry? Mother was a math teacher. I highly doubt it.

Later that day, the weariness kicked in. The lethargy had arisen. Everyone was suffering from fatigue. Excluding me.

“Levi, today is the day the officers embark to the seas. Imports from the beyond. A truck will arrive with the food. We want you to flee from here. Escape to the beyond. The truck will leave in three hours. Please Levi, move on. Achieve higher. DO not worry about us. We will be fine. Shalom,” Father spoke.

The Great Escape

By Sara Kavanagh-Eldin

Is this a tale of my great escape or my fate? I shall let you decide ...

For years I suffered with throat infections and was promised that this simple procedure would put an end to all my suffering.

The day for my tonsillectomy dawned and the time to walk to theatre arrived. Fearful, my legs felt wobbly and heavy and they argued with my hips. I can still recall the taste of the gas - strawberries. It permeated my nose and throat for days.

Waking up in Recovery was eerie. Drifting in and out of consciousness, feeling out of control, the intense pain and the lights, those annoying lights.

I was awoken the following Tuesday morning by the usual chaos in our house of mum getting my siblings ready for school. I lay on the sofa engrossed in a book and suddenly tasted something warm and copper like. Running to the bathroom to investigate, something dark and goey was stuck to my teeth and braces.

I coughed and thick, dark, crimson, clots of blood graffitied the mirror and walls and clots somersaulted together in unison down the mirror and blood began to pump from my mouth and decorated all around me. I tried to scream but the blood was choking me. A scene from a horror film ensued. My knees buckled with fear. Mum rushed to dial 999.

The paramedics administered two injections and suctioned 0.9 litres of blood from my throat. I was blue lighted back to hospital and stayed for two days.

Three days later I suffered another major haemorrhage. The sofa and carpets were adorned with blood. 999 was dialled again and mum waited anxiously in the street for the paramedics. She nervously chewed her cigarette and as she waved at them, they waved back and kept driving. Mum chased them up the street shouting expletives. I was readmitted to hospital.

Twenty four hours later the artery in my throat blew without warning. Blood shot from my throat and nose like a cannon saturating all around me. A team of seven nurses, three doctors and four anaesthetists battled to save me. Needle after needle were inserted, drugs and fluids injected repeatedly. Blood suffocated my lungs and suction tubes were put down my throat.

Struggling to ask if I was going to die I was told me to think of happy things. This is it I thought, I didn't want to leave but felt at peace. Going into shock the nurses kept smacking me to bring me back to consciousness. I remember the medical team running me along the main corridor to theatre and shouting for people to move.

I lost 3.97 litres of blood in that final haemorrhage and almost my life.

Although I experienced an ordeal I never wish to repeat I found it a humbling experience on the ward. Some children there have terminal illnesses and for them there is no great escape, their fate is clearly defined and yet they smile and embrace life.

The Great Escape

By Roshaye Poleon

We race through the night,
Our noses pointing to freedom.
We run alongside the darkness
A glance to my left; revealing
a glimpse of my friends beside me

We burst through the gates,
My companion emits a sharp grunt.
As thunder ripples through the sky,
Bullets rain from the clouds.

I hear the soft shouts of our attackers.
Every step bringing them closer to our key to freedom.

We glide through the dusty plains,
Our breathing descending
in harmonious synchronisation.

The deathening bang of thunder,
The sharp crack of the guns,
The blood red sky marking our death.

I look to the golden ball ahead of us.
I can feel small beads of sweat rolling down my back.
My claws grazing the surface of the sand,
My sleek black fur glistening in the sunlight.
Then I pace myself for one last moment;
And with a low growl,
The whole pack heads east.

The Great Escape

By Jan Tokarczyk

The guard sprinted towards the jeep, cursing his colleague's carelessness. It should have been his day off, but no. The new guard just *had* to leave that door unlocked.

Still, he wasn't too worried. After all, they were on an island. Where could you run to?

Standing behind the prison buildings, out of anyone's sight or earshot, was a man. He had a shock of black hair and wore the uniform of a prison guard. In his hand was a mobile phone. It was into this that he was talking.

"They've all escaped ... Yes. I told him to head north and directed the others south. That should provide a distraction." There was a pause, then whoever was at the other end terminated the call.

The man smiled, which for him was unusual. Tonight was the night his employer's plans began to come into fruition. Of course, more importantly, tonight was also

the night he got paid. And his employer had promised him a bonus if the job went smoothly. The man was still smiling and thinking of what to do with the money as he strode briskly out of the compound and towards the north of the island. This was why he did not notice the guard following him.

Meanwhile, in the north of the island, a small boat was bobbing in the water. Despite the fact that this part of the coast was clearly visible from the prison, the man on the boat was not worried. All the guards would be occupied trying to catch the escapees on the south of the island. Besides, even if there had been guards in the prison, they would've been hard pressed to see the boat, which was painted as black as jet. Even the windscreen was tinted black.

Suddenly, the man, who was dressed in a long, black overcoat with a hood, turned and squinted towards the island. He was sure he had seen, out of the corner of his eye, a figure sprinting down it's gradual incline. He noticed it again now. The high visibility prison clothes made sure of that.

Without consciously meaning to do so, the man placed his hand upon the switch which would start the boat. They would be leaving soon.

The black haired man realised he was being followed before he had gone twenty paces, although it would've been hard not to notice. The guard behind him was about as stealthy as a drunken buffalo.

As he walked, he silently slid his hand into his pocket. Then, suddenly, with one fluid motion, he spun around, pulling something from his pocket. There was a sharp, resounding crack and the guard's lifeless body fell to the ground. The man resumed walking as if nothing had happened.

The escapee was already on the boat, panting from his run, and the hooded man could see his accomplice walking down the hill towards them. Their assignment had been successful.

He could almost feel the money in his wallet.

My World

By Lucy Courtnall

My world is different from yours. Sly reflections drift to and fro - whiling away the long, grey days. They don't tend to talk – there is no reason. There's nothing that needs saying. Sometimes they get lost in desire and treacherous thought, occasionally, wild emotion will flow from their forms. But mostly, we just watch, Watch and wait and wonder.

I've waited a long time, watching *her*. I've learned many things from the way she lives. They tell us to love them, the *real* people. I hold nothing but resentment and pure black hatred for the girl on the other side. She left me with the short straw the dark emotions- the echoing stone heart.

On the misty evening of her seventh birthday, her mother bought her a mirror. I felt myself in its substance. But *she* didn't want a mirror. When she hurled it towards me, my piercing shriek and the blood boiling in my veins caused a crack in the bottom left-hand corner of my vision. Amongst the debris before me, the shards of the mirror glinted and I caught the

last fading glimpse of my reflection, felt the wrenching pain as a part of me died.

They say that breaking a mirror causes bad luck. For her, I wanted to make sure of it. I waited seven long, drawn-out, haunting years. I waited for a day, a dusk-when she returned from school before her parents came home. I lay in wait in her bedroom.

She came towards me. I imitated her actions as she combed through her golden locks-me through my snarled grey tangles. I mirrored her every action, as I had done all my life - but this time, pushing. Pushing hard at the walls of my prison, straining the glass around the crack.

The comb caught in a snarl of her hair and in the second it took for her to untangle, I flung myself, with the entire force of my insufferable captivity, and The beast that I was hit the pane in front of me with the force of a thousand infuriating years. The crack spread and with the single impact of my pure, volatile hatred-the mirror imprisoning me smashed.

Razor-sharp daggers flew in all directions. I saw claws in place of my fingernails, felt my incisors dimple my lower lip as long-suppressed fangs slid from my mouth. My scream pierce every beating heart and blood was erupting in torrents throughout my body. Small pinpricks of pain threatened to engulf me, but it didn't

matter – I was no longer a mere reflection, I was sure of that. There was no doubt about it, because the girl that I had mirrored all my life was sprawled at my feet, thick red blood oozing from a sword-like dagger of my cell lodged in her chest.

My own black blood was merging with hers and my empty stone heart lay in pieces in the cavernous shell of my body.

The Great Escape

By Aoife Wall

The man clung to the edge of the building, his sweaty palms making handprints on the steel building feature that was keeping him from plunging to his death. His breath came out in short, sharp pants and his pulse was racing. This is not the way he had imagined it to be he thought in despair. He was supposed to be relieved, almost grateful for the opportunity to escape the guilt, but instead he found himself being suppressed by the dominant survival instinct that was threatening to seize up his muscles, making it impossible to jump. He hadn't foreseen this sheer, blinding terror every time he merely thought of looking at the ground 20 storeys below. The man stayed there, huddled and shivering, a personification of his dilemma, for what seemed like forever, until the screaming started. The man knew without looking down that one of the workers on the street below would have caught sight of him halfway poised to jump, and that soon police and medics would fill the scene underneath him if he waited any longer. Part of him was shrieking for him to stop and cling on as he forced his limbs to unwrap from around the column and face the street. He swayed and seemed paralysed with fear as he surveyed the crowd

gathered below and knew he was in danger of passing out. He took a breath and stepped off the platform.

The man seemed to take a long time to hit the ground and he watched the London he had known all his life go by in slow motion. He didn't claw the air or let off bloodcurdling screams as Johnno had just days before, but simply faced his death with grim anticipation. He heard sirens in the distance and thought bitterly that they would be too late to save him, just like they were too late to save Johnno. As the muffled screams below drew closer and closer he wondered morbidly if he would land on one of the onlookers. He cackled sardonically at the thought and as he fell he screamed "I met the same fate you did Johnno, I didn't mean to push you, I didn't mean for you to die" and some of the workers could have sworn he was smiling as he escaped from life and his body hit the ground with a sickeningly solid smack.

HIGHLY TO COMMENDED – JUNIOR SCHOOLS

The Great escape By Ibrahim Aliwi

'Click' - the cold metal of the handcuffs snapped closed on the hands of Matt, a prisoner just caught. The police shoved him in their car and they set off to the police station. Raged, bored, scared he waited in the fast police car, soon they arrived at the entrance. Matt frowned, the police opened the door, it led into a long dull aisle. There was a door on the right, it said 'OFFICE'. He didn't like the sound of it, he didn't want to go in there. A police officer pushed him into an empty boring jail quite far away from the exit, Matt knew he had to do something.

He got pushed again as a short punishment before they closed the door, they took his hand cuffs off so his hands were free. The room was small and smelly. "Let me out!! You, you!!!" yelled Matt. He had to do something, after a while he heard footsteps, he thought it was a police man coming to give him dinner. This was his chance! The door slowly swung open - POW! Matt punched the police man so hard he fell on the floor unconscious. He quickly ran out and headed for the exit. Suddenly the alarms started to ring

Matt knew what had happened, he had stepped on a security laser. He heard shouting in the distance, he ran and ran, harder and harder, other prisoners were punching their doors (with their fists), anxious for him to save them. He had to choose to save some of them and be a life saver or keep running to the exit.

The alarm was still on “you’re never going to catch me, I’m too fast for you!” exclaimed Matt, “we will get you Matt, you just wait and see” shouted an officer. They began to shoot him but they missed because he was a master dodger. I could do this, I could! thought Matt. “If you won’t stop and surrender we’ll get the RBG and missile you!” shouted the officer. The exit was near, he couldn’t just give up. Matt burst through the doors of the exit, he saw a fast looking car, he ran to it and jumped through the window. He was in luck! The owner had left the keys in there. Matt quickly started to engine, took off the handbrake, pressed the clutch pedal and changed the gear, straight away he whizzed off down the street.

Soon the police were chasing him, he bared left and found himself on the highway. Matt pushed the accelerator pedal to the max and in 10 seconds he was at top speed, the engine was roaring loudly and inside the car it could deafen him. After a few minutes he exited the highway and reached a roundabout and

drove round it at 156mph. He turned the opposite way that he had come from and suddenly the car stopped, the fuel tank had run dry! He was surrounded. What could he do? "Brrr!" said Matt. " How am I going to get out of this?" He forced the car and 'SCREEECH!!!!' he zipped through the surrounding circle! Matt smiled in the mirror CRASH!! Matt flew out of the car. 'Click' the cold metal of the handcuffs snapped closed on the hands of Matt, a prisoner just caught.

The Escape of the Gerbil

By Felix Simmons

The house was shaking violently. Harry the gerbil watched in horror from his cage.

Whoosh! A huge wave crashed into the house completely destroying it. As the water rose, the cage started to float out of the skeleton house Harry had known as home.

After hours of trying Harry opened his cage and climbed on top. Ages later, riding like a passenger on a cruise liner, Harry's cage suddenly hit a rock and capsized. Poor Harry abandoned 'ship' and swam for his life. But he was sucked under, the water, murky and full of junk.

Plop! He landed in a sewer. Although a gerbil, Harry was pretty clever. He knew escape meant finding high ground.

Harry scrambled quickly on to the moss-covered path at the side of the sewer canal and scampered until he came to a junction.

A choice: left, right. To the right, Harry saw a piece of paper to chew on (a gerbil habit). Unable to resist, he scampered over and started chewing.

“Stop that immediately!” came a harsh voice. “This paper is the property of Aristocrat Nezumi, for his origami competition. You give me no choice but to issue you with a ticket!” A tall rat stepped forward, and with a whiff of self-importance, gave Harry a ticket.

Harry shredded it almost immediately.

The rat was not impressed. He said, indignantly, “I arrest you in the name of rodent law!”. “But... but...”, stuttered Harry. The rat frog-marched the poor gerbil to the rodent prison.

Poor Harry. He was dismayed. The gate of the prison door was slammed shut and locked tight.

Out of the blue a voice said, “Have I passed Tower Bridge, old boy?”

“What!?” said Harry’s captor, looking amazed at the sight of an urban fox in his swimming trunks. “You’re in Japan sir”, said the rat.

“Japan, have you gone quite mad old boy?” said the fox.

“I can assure you, we’re not mad, and go away, I’m in the middle of locking up this gerbil.”

“I say, how unfortunate”, said the fox. “Was just out for a swim, and saw a pile of food, down there, by that pillar. Thought you chaps might be interested.”

“Food? Where?”, said the rat, looking around and sniffing furiously. The fox gave some complicated directions, which as far as he knew led to a house in Chiswick, back in England.

The rat ran off, dropping the prison keys in his haste to find the food and impress his boss. The fox said, “I say, you might want to get out of that uncomfortable cell?”, unlocking the door. Harry thanked him. “So, if we really are in Japan, then,”, said the fox, “I suppose you might want to hop on my tummy, for the ride home. Don’t worry, I can do back stroke!”

Meanwhile, a few thousand miles away in Chiswick, a man said to his wife, “We’ve got a rat behind the kitchen! It might be my imagination, but it looks Japanese!”

The Great Escape

By Freya Brown

I leap out of my cage,
Free of the cold metal bars,

I have escaped!

Running out of the squeaky door, to freedom!
Jumping for joy, exploring every
corner of the outside world,
Enjoying being free!

“Quick, quick that rat has escaped! Catch him!”

They’re after me!

“He’s running faster!”

I see bushes

I dive into the green leaves
where no one can catch me,

I hear, “Where has that pest gone now?”

I come out on the other side
of the bush into long grass,

I’m peaceful,

I am relaxed.

Suddenly children come into this free place,
They spot me, "Mama, mouse!"
Uh, oh.

"In the house?"
"No, in the garden!" they reply,
"Leave it be, but make sure
it doesn't come in my house."

Thank goodness for that woman!
I climb over their garden wall,
And guess what's ;waiting for me
on the other side!

*An allotment,
Full of vegetables
Bliss!*

THE GREAT ESCAPE

By Joe Mondadori

In the war
I was in a shed
And I **hate** sheds.

I was *sad* and ***scared***
And for dinner I had chicken.

I finally escaped from the shed
and got away
and I was in a big bed lying down.

The Great Escape

By Sarah Williams

Once upon a time in a jungle there lived a monkey and his name was Tom. A panther called Robby looked after him. Robby was very mean to Tom and one day Tom got fed up with Robby and escaped from the jungle. He sneaked out at night and ran and ran until he was far away from home. He looked around him and everything was strange. Tom started to get lonely and began to cry. A little girl called Sally came along and felt sorry for Tom so she took Tom to her house. Tom lived with her and had fun with Sally and she was never mean to him. One day Tom was in the garden when he saw Robby walking passed the gate. Tom felt very frightened and hid under a bush. He came out from under the bush and felt glad that Robby had not seen him. Suddenly Robby was at the gate. Tom got such a fright! Robby came up to Tom and said he was sorry that he had been so mean. I have been sad without you said Robby. Sally came out into the garden and saw that Robby was really sorry. She was a kind girl and she asked Robby if he wanted to live with them. Robby jumped up and down in joy and the two animals lived with there friend Sally in her little house and garden.

Escape From The Minotaur's Cave

By Tommy Walters

Once there lived a ferocious man-eating minotaur called Stompy. He had teeth like a dinosaur; had bloodshot red eyes; was as slow as a snail and carried a hammer thrice the size of the blacksmith's biggest one. He lived in a cave that was ever-filled with darkness. His sole purpose in life was to guard a lone goblet made from pure gold and precious stones. It held the secret remedy to cure all ills.

Meanwhile, in a nearby village, Otoronamous, a lethal battle had taken place between the villagers and the people from a neighbouring village. The battle was won by the victorious Otoronamous warriors but unfortunately their chief was badly injured. He was rushed to the head medical tee pee where the prognosis was not good... he needed help badly or he would die.

His second in command, Marcus and his best friend Chubbius decided to try and help. They set off for the Minotaur's cave in order to retrieve the goblet of life. After several days and nights of travelling they arrived in the vicinity armed with only a short sword and spear each. They made a plan and decided to try talking to Stompy "man to man". They intended to ask for his help to save their chief.

As they approached the cave, they could sense perilous danger oozing out from the darkness. Suddenly, they heard a loud crash. Then they saw the source of the crash... Stompy! He was a beast of an animal — half man, half bull and was particularly unattractive as Minotaur's go. For a split second they couldn't decide whether to stand their ground and speak to him or run for it. Without saying a word they both made a dash towards the cave, one dodging Stompy to his left and the other running around him to the right. This confused Stompy who started waving his large hammer dangerously close to them both. Luckily for them he was too slow. They both made it safely into the cave at the same time.

Once inside, they realised that it was not just a cave, it was a labyrinth of inter-connecting passageways. It was very dark and cold. They decided to stay together because they were both a bit scared. Their mission was to find the goblet and take it back with them to Otoronomous to save their Chief as quickly as possible.

It didn't take them long to find the goblet. They stuffed it into a bag and set off for home. Then they realised they didn't know the way out of the labyrinth and couldn't remember their route from the entrance. They sat down and discussed what to do next. After a while, the two friends decided to call out to Stompy and ask him the way out. They were hoping that Stompy wouldn't realise they had the goblet hidden in their bag. They shouted once. They heard a grunt coming from nearby and made their escape to save their Chief...

FREEDOM

By Charlie Mart

Long long ago
An adventure occurred here and fro
An amazing story that I will tell
Using features of poetry very well
The story is called Freedom
Based in a kingdom called Edam,
A boy called Dan
Created an evil plan
To capture an innocent boy
Named Troy
Luckily he escaped with no fear
I'm going to tell the story right now right here
One day Dan went to Troy's home
He launched his plan using a chrome gnome
He left on the doorstep of the house
When Troy stepped out with his picture of Mickey
Mouse

Dan captured Troy
With an element of joy
He took him to his secret hideout
He put a cage over him next to his roundabout
Let me go Troy demanded

Just be quiet Dan commanded
Troy punched the metal bars in aggravation
All Dan did was pet his Dalmatian
But then Troy thought up a plan
Of how to escape from Dan
He held the top bars of the cage
Then swung like a monkey in rage
There were still a few steps left to escaping
Against the floor his feet were scraping
But that was all he had to do
For the cage collapsed and let him through
He ran with agility but mostly pace
Beating Dan in a foot race
To the door to escape the horrible place
Dan had lost the chase
So that's the end of this story
I can tell you something it wasn't gory
I hope you enjoyed it
I enjoyed writing it I have to admit

The Great Escape

By Olivia Priestland

One day a terribly bad thing happened. I had the most disgusting disease ever. From that day on I had been feeling very ill. When I was in the hospital, I had a room to myself. I had red cheeks and red lips and I looked like a devil. No one had ever seen these symptoms before. I felt so unwell, my fingers were tingling and my head was starting to spin, getting faster every minute. I was awake but felt like going to sleep. But when I did, I had nightmares every so often of what might happen next.

I woke up. I was lying on my hospital bed. One of the doctors said that I might need a lot of blood tests as they still did not know what was wrong with me. But these did not help. They sent me for an x-ray but that did not tell them anything. I saw blurred figures, lots of doctors and nurses crowded around my bed. A nurse said, "I don't think she's going to make it". They all looked very worried.

A doctor shouted out so everyone could hear. "Maybe she has Kawasaki Disease." "Yes", said

another, maybe she does." So they attached some probes to my chest and listened to my heart.

They put me on a drip with a magic drug in it. The nurse said it was called gamma globulin. At that second I immediately felt better. My hands were not tingling any more, my head stopped spinning and I felt better.

Everyone sighed with relief and whispered, "That was a great escape."

THE GREAT ESCAPE

By Toby Wright

The boy went to Troyes the best pet shop in town.
Black with white spots or White with black spots.
Two different dogs who look the same.
One would be bought and one claimed a different day.

The boy loved the dog
and the dog loved the boy.
He was black with white spots
And loved to chase his tail
For most of the day.

The dog then remembered his brother.
When the boy was having his tea it was time for the
GREAT ESCAPE.

The next day the boy was sad.
His dog was not there panting at his door
After a run around the house
He remembered how
He chased his tail
Round and round.

Then he heard
Two wagging tails outside the wooden door.

He peeked out
The window.

His dog was there
But with another
Who looked just like his
Brother!

The Great Escape

By Anna Vedikhina

Sleep, work, eat, it's all the same. Just thinking about the horrible workhouse makes me shiver and shake... Ah yes! I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Lucy. I suppose you don't know how lucky you are. Maybe you'll realise after hearing my story.

I started off as a happy eight-year-old living in a small cottage with my parents. On my ninth birthday, my father went to the market to buy me a toy. I had saved up all my money for this doll! Mother and I waited impatiently for dad to return. KNOCK! KNOCK! Excited we rushed to the door, but instead of my father we spotted a grim policeman on the doorstep..

"Are you the brown family?" He muttered. Mother nodded. The policeman whispered something into her ear and although I only heard "Mr Brown... run over ... dead" I knew my dad had left me, run over by a train.

"No! No!" I cried storming into my room. After that incident, my mum stayed in her room for three days shut in loneliness and sadness. On the fourth day, I decided to go to her room. She was lying on her bed. At first I thought

she was sleeping, but then I realised that she was... dead. I never felt so wretched. I ran into the street, threw myself to the floor and lay there overwhelmed.

I must have fallen asleep because when I woke up I was lying in a dusty place. Stunned, I saw children of all ages doing hard work all around me.

“Ah, finally! The new girl woke up. She’s a small one, send her to the chimneys.” A voice boomed.

“Follow me!” a serious thin man demanded. I did what I was told.

Soon I realised she was at the workhouse. My job was to sweep the chimneys. Boy that was a hard job! We had to crawl up the damp, dusty, dark chimneys and sweep them with a broom. The boss expected children like me to do this without getting stuck!

I worked for three days! Living only on small slices of cheap, brown bread and the tiniest bits of goat’s milk and cheese three times a day! SIGH! How I wished I was home!

On the sixth day I must have got a cold in the freezing chimneys because I woke up with a violent cough. I told the boss I couldn’t work, but instead of care and nursing

I got a beating! When my cough fit had stopped, I was so angry that I had the slightest thought of running away, but soon I decided it was stupid idea.

When I started to climb yet another chimney, probably my hundredth one in those few days, I saw a sparkle above me. At first I thought it was just a hole in the chimney, but as I approached it, it turned out to be... gold! Yes, a bag of gold!

My hopes were high, maybe I could escape! I climbed up and up... launching myself onto the roof and... The icy-cold wind brushed against my cheek. I could taste the sweet taste of freedom...

Now I own a house and have children, what a happy life I have now! Even now, at the age of fifty six, I remember the good and the bad, the happy and the sad of my life as a little girl.

The Great Escape

By Lucy Stephenson

BANG! I shot the pheasant dead and it fell from the Oak tree like a bullet. Suddenly I heard footsteps. I darted behind a bush and I listened to the voices that approached. They sounded like men.

“Get that black haired kid! He looks like a natural.” One of them shouted to some other men. Just then I felt a chilly hand grip my shoulder...

I looked up and saw a grubby man with grey granite eyes staring down at me. He had tufts of grey hair dotted here and there, and his face was particularly brown compared to my pale complexion. Before I knew what was happening, he pulled a sack over my head. Then he picked me up in the sack and began to run with me. I screamed, but it was no good.

When we stopped, the man tripped me onto the floor. I stared around me. The place I had been taken to was incredible. It was a large stone building with different vaults. Boys my age (twelve) were jumping through glassless windows, pockets full of gold coins. The sky

outside was dark and gloomy. "Right then you," the man turned to me "name?"

"Dick, Dick Tupan," I replied.

"Right well Dick, welcome to the addas, our, er, group. Here is your satchel, so get to work!" The man shouted at me.

"What work sir?" I asked

It turned out that the group were a gang of robbers. I would have to jump out the window with my satchel, sneak into the main city, and steal wallets, locket, purses and rings. It was as bad as war. To me. I would have to flee for my life as soon as I had stolen because the police would be after me in the blink of an eye! However, I'd always escape!

I decided I had to escape. I knew how to be sneaky of course for I was the best in the gang. I just couldn't stand being chased by the police three times a day. And I slept on a straw bed on the floor. That night, when I had checked everyone was asleep, I slipped my leather boots on (I wear clothes at night) and tip-toed out of the door. I picked up the lamp on the door and lit it. Then I set off. I trekked through the wind and rain for two weeks until...

I was sitting by the roadside, on a damp Thursday when a man in a rusty old cart pulled by a dark brown horse

trotted up to me. "Why are you sitting here lad? Are you begging?" He asked me. "You come with me to the police station" "No, I was just-"I tried to explain, but it was too late.

I sat in front of the jury nervously. The judge loomed over me.

"Name" He bellowed.

"Dick Tupan" I replied. The policeman gasped.

"Mr Jones, this boy is a thief. We have been trying to track him down for ages. You must arrest him!"

I was dragged out of the room screaming and kicking. I was thrown into a prison room still screaming for help. But I was too late. Why did I put up with stealing? Why? I am never going to steal anything again.

The Great Escape

By Lucy Ireland

My name is Annabel, I was abandoned at the age of five, I now live in a horrid orphanage with no friend's just bullies. As soon as I close my eyes all I see is my mum just lying there right next to me. I can't sleep without knowing she's there for me but she's not and that's that. Even though she abandoned me I still miss her immensely. The orphanage is dark, dull and boring but I am especially lonely. Quite often I see husbands and wife's popping in and out looking for a new son or daughter I'm just not lucky enough to get picked. I was in my creaky bed when I heard someone enter the orphanage I creped down to the banisters to see who it was. It was a lady who looked just like my mum I must have been dreaming but I wasn't! Well I didn't know for sure it was her but it might have been. She asked me my name I replied in a very shy voice its Annabel...Annabel Jones. She looked at me strangely she came a little closer and looked deep into my eyes and gasped

“it’s you..... your my daughter”. “It can’t be you but you abandoned me how could you put me through that and now you come back and expect me to come home with you like you’ve done nothing wrong”. “I didn’t know what I was thinking at the time I was so stressed and I thought that I didn’t need you but I was so very wrong I do I love you”. “NO YOU DONT!” I pushed every one out the way and I ran, faster and faster till I looked back and could no longer see that eerie, wicked old orphanage. I was running towards my new future, leaving my miserable past behind and the woman I once called mum..... This was a new beginning.....The rest of my life to enjoy.

The Great Escape

By Niloan Sugirthajayanathan

In a city, known for its terrible weather, there was a flat, and in it was a lonely but happy boy. Brewing outside this flat, was a storm. The rumbling grew and, before he knew it, the storm had begun. Thunder struck rapidly and caused a hazardous bushfire. But the boy, called Luke, was safe from all the perilous hazards outside

Luke's parents had abandoned him when he was a young and feeble baby and so he lived with his grandparents. But before they left, they had given him a Time Beast Egg to look after him. When his grandparents had found him, they had left the egg on the road so when it hatched, it had to teach itself to survive, and learn to master its powers.

It had been many years since that had happened and he thought his parents had died in a tragic car accident. He sat on the windowsill every day thinking about his parents. One night something very unusual happened, and it was all on Luke.

He was sleeping on his miniature bed, when a noise like knocking on the window clouded his ear. Curiously, he

walked over to the window and opened it. The first thing that entered his vision was a dragon's face, with teeth as sharp as kitchen knives and eyes staring at him as if the huge scaly beast wanted to tell him something.

He gasped, and a wave of fright flooded his thoughts, but then a voice calmed him down, "I come in peace, open the window and I will take you to your parents." That did it, without hesitating Luke jumped out of the window and clambered onto the dragon's back. It roared victoriously its wings shimmering with a blue light and it opened a portal. It was truly a splendid and magnificent sight. Cautiously, the two heroes flew into the portal. But out of the blue three guardians of time, who were minotaurs, stopped them in their tracks.

"You...!" said the head minotaur to the time dragon. "You were the pathetic little creature that tried to get past me to reach the one and only son of the two time warriors!"

"You knew my parents!!!" cried Luke. "But they were ki –"

"Luke, keep silent!" whispered the time dragon. "But I got past you didn't I! Well if I did it before, I can do it again!" He roared, and with that a ball of lightning emerged from the dragon's mouth, and headed straight for the minotaur's chest. The minotaur dodged the attack with some major technique, then a hammer, bulging with immense power, was settled in his hand.

“I see you have grown in power, but I have grown too!” he cried. And with one swipe of the minotaur’s hammer and fist, the dragon was knocked out cold. Luke glanced at the minotaur and then at the dragon. “I don’t have any weapons,” he thought, “But I could sneak past them!” he thought.

But sadly, his strategy didn’t work. The minotaur hauled him to the side and picked him. But mysteriously a blue coloured sword appeared in Luke’s hands. Without hesitating, Luke struck the sword in the minotaur’s chest. With one growl of agony and pain, life faded away from the minotaur and entered the motionless body of Draco, the mystical creature that had sacrificed itself for Luke.

Draco picked him up and headed for the exit. They went out of the portal, and a man and a woman charged at a speed reaching critical levels towards them. Luke unsheathed his sword, but Draco stopped him. “Luke,” he said, “Here are your parents.” Luke’s eyes widened and his eyes swelled as tears rushed from his eyes.

“Luke!” cried his mother as she set an immense hug on him. His father led Draco to heal his bruises, and with that Luke’s adventures ended, but who knows, he might be having an adventure soon and it’s just waiting in the corner, but let’s hope he’s ready for it...

The Great Escape

By Jessica Welch

One sunny day. There were four kittens. And a man called ben. He captured the kittens. Meanwhile they went to his castle. Soon he went to his loker and he loked them in. "Oh no!" said Mittens.

"What are we going to do?" said tiddles,

"I know!" said fluffy. "I know a plan!"

"Tiddles. Grab a tree." "OK"

"And fluffy grab a match!" "Yes sir!"

"Oh and twinkle can you reach the taps?" "Yes I can!"

"And i will try and reach his tape and an axE!"

After a while they bought the stuff back.

Fluffy took the tree and axe and cut off the twigs and taped them together. And fluffy made a boat. And they went across the moat and back to their mother!

Fluffy knew that the wood floated.

"how can we have a flag?" "I know!"

"Mittens can you take your shirt off?" "Sure!"

So he took off his shirt and used it as a flag.

Meanwhile mittens fell over and broke his leg."
"Oh no!" "What are we going to do. " "i know ! said
twinkle "please let me have some, paper "ok!"

And she wrapped his leg up and they had to slowly
walk to their home.

The Minibeast Escapy

By Ann-Melody Akanji

My name is Milly and I'm a spider. I wonder why humans hate spiders so much. We are very nice when you get to know us. It's really hard for me because I have no where to have my babies. It started to rain, I had no where to stay so I found the closes house to me and lounged there. It was a very cosy cottage with the lovely flaming heat of the fire. I got to one corner and rested. The next morning I felt refreshed just then my 6 eyes caught one human eye It spotted me I was scared. The little girl called Taylor eyed me and got a big Iron cube and trapped me in the hole. I was absolutely devastated. I was squashed between the wall and the Iron grip cube. I shived and shovel all around wondering if my babies were squashed. I had to escape, for I did not want to put my life and my babies life in danger. My beady eyes spotted a shallowly deep hole in the wall I squashed myself in it and spun a web to cover it. Then the little girl and her mum moved the cube. With my heart pounding I made a run for it they followed behind me in a flash I was gone running for my life and my dear childrns life. Then I found a pet shop I jumped on the mans desk to get his sudden attention. He put me in a cage full of leaves I then had my babies in a nice comfy nest.

The Great Escape

By Millie Quayle

It was during the Second World War, 1942. Another house was bombed last night, thankfully not ours. My best friend Josh and I went to explore. It was all rubble; there was nothing of the house itself left. All the windows were smashed out, the pretty patterns destroyed. It should be shocking, but I'm used to it now. All around me there are gaping holes, soldiers running around and chickens fluttering from place to place. People keep chickens so that they don't have to use their rations to get eggs. But when the houses get bombed, the chickens run wild. London has definitely changed.

"Come on! We gotta get back before tea or Mum'll kill us!" My friend Josh grabbed my arm and started tugging me away from the house. Sighing, I trudged after him. Suddenly, a piercing sound filled the air. An air raid siren! It shrieked through the buildings, sending a shiver up my spine. I could see

people running to their shelters. I threw Josh a terrified look. We were five miles from our houses; we would never get home in time! We rushed into a nearby house just as we heard the noise that scared us the most. The noise was low and harsh. It was droning on; that was good. It was a doodlebug. A doodlebug is a bomb that flies itself. When it turns its engines off, it drops to the ground and explodes. As luck would have it, the noise stopped. I just had time to hear someone shout, "Run for cover!" before the bomb plummeted to the earth and all went black...

I gazed blearily around myself. I was under a table, lying next to Josh. It was probably that table that saved my life. As I looked over at Josh, my heart fell. His face was paler than a ghost's, his lips blue. "Josh?" I managed to choke out, "Josh?" His eyes fluttered open. I breathed out deeply, relieved. "Listen Josh, I'm going to get us out of here. Okay?" Josh nodded numbly. I felt around me. My probing fingers found a weak spot and pushed. Apparently that weak spot wasn't very weak. I started to push desperately all around me. That's when I realised the dreadful truth. The

table hadn't saved us; it had doomed us to an even slower death. We were trapped and there was no way out...

We needed to escape now. Josh was becoming very pale and still; he wouldn't survive much longer. I racked my brains for an idea to help us. Nothing. The air was heavy and full of smoke. I glanced anxiously at Josh. The air would not help him. I placed my head against the table. Could I hear something? Yes, I could! "Hello! Anybody there?" a faint voice shouted.

"Yes! Yes! I'm in here!" I cried, my voice full of relief. I could hear the sound of rubble being moved. As soon as there was a gap, I squirmed out, pulling Josh with me. We had escaped!

The Great Escape

By Florrie Ward

One night the baker was baking some bread. He forgot to shut the oven door and turn off the oven. He went to bed and tugged on his PJs. The clock struck twelve. The fire began to blaze. The flames grew bigger and bigger till they reached the clouds. I, in my wooden house, woke up. I smelt smoke. I looked out of my window and there right before me was the flaming, enormous fire. The flames were redder than a ruby, redder than the sun or Mars.

My other friend sent me a balloon just then and it said in black words: "Your best friend has died." I was shocked in horror but there was nothing I could do about it. I ran to my mother's room and woke her up. She asked me what was wrong. I took her to my bedroom window and she saw fire too. She wondered what we could do. I had an idea.

We went out of our wooden front door and told as many people as we could to leave London. Everyone agreed. King Charles II told his soldiers to do everything. Everyone ran and ran until we reached the countryside. We all had homes and King Charles II said now all homes should be made out of brick. And nothing went wrong again.

The Great Escape

By Alexandra Brown

I woke to the cruel cry of the Nazis, harshly yelling at us to wake up. The flea-ridden bed was making me itch like crazy, even through my thin striped pyjamas. We had no warm, welcoming blankets. The Nazis gave us bug-infested beds, telling us to get on with it and be grateful we had anything at all to sleep on. I clambered stiffly out of bed onto the freezing cold floor of the low, wooden shack.

I had been in the camp for roughly two weeks, although I had lost track of the awful days I had survived there. My parents had tragically been taken from me and I was left all alone stranded. Since I'd arrived here, it seemed as if part of my joyful soul had been stolen away to be replaced with a dull, mournful me.

The sky was a canopy of concrete weighing over us with a strange atmosphere of amusement at our suffering, as we dug holes sullenly. I leant on my heavy spade for support as I was weak with hunger. The soldiers had not given us any proper food for days and showed no sign of giving us any soon. The chilling wind whipped around me, sending shivers down my spine.

The thin, grey gruel was slopped into my empty bowl and the impatient cook yelled, "Next!" once I'd gone. I slurped up the tasteless slop gratefully. It was watery and bland but far better than nothing. As I sat alone, eating my disgusting food, I imagined life before the war started: playing with my friends, going to school, riding my bike and many more activities. But the one thing I really missed at that moment was the food. Instead of gruel, luscious meats, juicy fruits, sweet cakes and the taste of chocolate melting in my mouth: that was when I decided to escape.

All through the long tiring day my brain worked on a plan, my mind swarming with ideas like bees around a hive. The noise of the guards barking orders was just white noise in my ears. I had no idea how I was going to creep away unseen and unheard, as Nazis prowled the camp every second of the night and day.

I couldn't sleep from apprehension and terror. My mind buzzed with unanswerable questions. What was I going to do once I'd escaped? Where was I going to go? And would I even manage to get out?

It was midnight I guessed, as my watch had been taken. Stealthily I tiptoed out of the shack, taking care not to make a noise. It was a fresh, clear night. The inky black sky was scorched with taunting stars. Cautiously I crept through the menacing shadows. I could see two soldiers ahead of me already! I sucked in a long, deep breath and exhaled slowly.

Like a cheetah, I swiftly sped towards the barbed wire fence and hauled myself skilfully over. I could hear shouts from the confused and panicked guards behind me and then a single gun shot! I dropped down the other side and ran as if my life depended on it — which it did.

I was free. Running away from torture. Running away from hell. Running towards the unknown.

The Great Escape

By Alexander Taylor

Hello, my name is X. I am writing from China. This is my story. I did not always live in such luxury. I used to be in jail once. When I was in jail I had a plan to escape. I called it “The Great Escape”. Let me tell you some more about it

I was in prison because I robbed banks and stole diamonds. The prison I was held at was on a small island of the coast of South Africa. The island was called Dragon Island. I was imprisoned for 30 years. I had to think of a plan to escape.

This was my brilliant plan to escape from Dragon Island — an island that had steep ragged vertical 200 high metre cliffs except for a small harbour. First of all, over a period of time, I made a parachute from old sheets from the prison laundry. I made the makeshift parachute so that I could parachute down to the bottom of the cliff without dying or injuring myself. Previously, in any spare time I had, I chipped away at the concrete that held the iron bars in place.

On the night I decided to escape, I removed all the bars and I made my bed look like I was still sleeping in

it (so that the guards would think I was still there). I climbed through the window and I parachuted down to the rocks below. Creeping silently to the harbour, I took the smallest sailboat to avoid any suspicion in the morning. I sailed the boat out of the harbour without the engine (there was some wind) and then eventually started the engine when I was out of earshot of the island. I landed close to Cape Town in South Africa.

I was about to do my final and greatest crime. My plan was to rob the South African diamond mine — well to be exact — a van taking diamonds to a secure warehouse where the diamonds were stored. This is how I carried out my plan. I waited by one of the roads the van would travel down. When the van passed I jumped onto the back of the van, opened the back door, clambered over to the front seats and knocked out the driver and his companion and threw both of them out of the van and into a ditch.

I drove to a small airport where I had a plane waiting. I had already arranged to ‘pay’ for a plane with some of the diamonds. I flew to the Chinese/Mongolian border where I believed I would be safe for years. I lived in luxury for 10 years. Until one day I heard “The game is all over, sunshine!” a policeman said.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

By Korosh Peyvandi

Enemies surrounded.
Thousands, fierce and ferocious.
Me, the middle man.
Standing and staring, scared to death.
With wire in my hand.
Woosh went the wire when it flew into the air.
And on a barrier, it hung on tightly.
I grabbed it and swung to the exit.
The exit in front of me, what could go wrong?
I slyly slipped the door open.
Behind me it slammed.
And that was an escape I'll always remember.

Escape from Death

By Tim Hoppe

One day Robert was sleeping and then there was a loud bang and lights downstairs went on. He saw his parents covered in blood. He screamed and an armed man came out of the kitchen and chased Robert up the stairs. Robert climbed down the drainpipe from his bedroom he leapt onto his bike and peddled as fast as he could. The armed man fired at him but missed. The man knew that if he was caught he wouldn't stand much of a chance in court if the son of Mark and Lisa Jones was a witness.

Robert arrived at the police station and told the police all about it. They had had many reports like these over the last few weeks but they didn't have any files on the man who murdered all these people. Relatives who witnessed the murders that had been committed had to move away from their home. Poor Robert had to be put into a care home in Scotland. On Robert's birthday a man in a cloak knocked on the door of the care home and when it

was open stormed in looking for Robert. Luckily Robert was at a friend's house. The police caught the man on the way out and the man gnashed his teeth like a wild dog and cursed his rotten luck.

The man was put on trial and his name was revealed and his name was Scott Thomas and he was known as the most wanted murderer in the UK. He was sentenced for life.

Robert was eventually adopted and now lives with his kind new parents on the coast of Blackpool.

Escape from Earth

By Euan Donovan-Hill

Global warming has failed to have been prevented by the year 2211 and Earth has tried everything - nothing has worked, fossil fuels are extinct, the Amazon is no more and the poles have melted. Supplies of food have failed to meet demand. We have no choice but to make the hard decision to leave our home...

The seven seas have turned from the turquoise and blue we all know now to a murky navy blue, the luscious green hills have turned baron, grey and bleak, even the blue skies have turned Martian red; houses built for four or five act as accommodation for 10 or 20! Many rest their heads in garden sheds that used to be store toys. Where did everything go so horribly wrong?

The United Nations and UN-exe [United nation extra-terrestrial exploration unit) have formed a plan to evacuate the entire human race on a truly unimaginable scale! Hurriedly, UN-exe set about constructing the Beethoven of Space Rockets: The Atlantic Venturer. Even this amazing craft, armed with the latest of technology would have to

make several runs back and forth. The Atlantic (as it soon came to be called) could hold nine hundred thousand litres of water in its tank, 2 million square meals in its hold and 500 kilo-watts in its rechargeable battery. No fuel would be required because there wasn't any, and the fact that it ran completely on electricity provided from its solar panels. Surprised you may be when I tell you that the journey would only take a week or so because the craft goes as fast as a cheetah compared to a snail.

Building was finally completed and the people of earth picked up the one suitcase they were permitted and boarded the Atlantic. With one big SWOOSH they would never see Earth ever again. This spectacular space shuttling scheme would continue until everybody was evacuated. Standards on-board were high, each county, state, or similar had their own sector with separate toilets, dining areas and entertainment. Although the food wasn't quite five star it wasn't bad either. No-one knew where they were going, but they were still excited and pulling together knowing that they weren't making this step alone.

Arriving was a crossover between happy and upset, they'd arrived but at the cost of putting their birthplace behind them. The big question was had they made the right decision? They were lost in the land of the new, finding their way would have to be done even though

it wouldn't be easy. Drake only managed to complete his circumnavigation because of the risks and difficult decisions he made. The Human race, as a whole had done the same thing, just on a much larger scale. To prevent this happening again the population of the world must think eco-friendly and for the future. Can They?

The Great Escape to Nature

By Eloise Planche

In the darkest place near the river I stood,
watching the water shimmering and splashing,
for the wind had caught my eye.

But, I touched a silky flower petal and
I felt extremely strange.
Everything felt magical. Everything seemed odd.

A waterfall I see! I go and have a swim.
I can smell the juicy berries as delicious as could be!

I see a pile of sticks, I rub them together.
I lie down beside the fire and slowly I fall asleep.

Now it is morning and I hear
a small bird singing a song.
I start to sing along.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

By Alex Riley

This is the day it all happened.

After years in my rotting cage, I finally escaped. It was not just any escape, it was a piece of art.

It all started when my owner gave me my breakfast

"Here's your lovely rabbit food Flopsy Wopsy."

She used the word 'lovely' badly as it was cat food.

"I'm just going to get you some fresh water my little Flopsy Wopsy."

She came back two minutes later, my water bowl (which had pink cats all over it) in her hand.

Suddenly, she tripped, scattering my pink water bowl everywhere. The sound was deafening.

Pleased with the triumph over the pink cat bowl, my owner was not, letting out a scream of rage.

I lay on my hay, thinking of the day's events. It had been a good day. A new red rabbit bowl lay at the end of my hutch, and apart from that, it had been very normal.

I turned over and felt a sharp prod in the back. I got up, only to see a small piece of pink china

embroidered in my hay. Suddenly, a brilliant thought came into my head!

I could escape!

Maybe I could cut the wire of my hutch, until I made a big enough hole to get through, I'd be free!

I could use the china to cut the glass.

I had made a big enough hole to get through now. I hopped through, silently into the night I hadn't thought about getting out of the garden, but it didn't need to do a lot of thinking, as there was a huge hole in the fence, big enough for a rabbit to squeeze through. Suddenly a surge of joy went through my body. I had escaped!

My first sight of the 'outside world' was amazing. Cars zoomed past, buses beeped their horns, people hurried back home from work and cyclists whizzed by. I was the only rabbit there, and rabbits get very embarrassed when there are no other rabbits around them. I hopped into a car boot, away out of sight

The nine seater limo stretched out into Downing street. The Prime Minister sat in the middle of two of his bodyguards. One of the bodyguards got out of the car, followed by the Prime Minister.

Journalists' cameras flashed, as hundreds of politics-based questions came out of their mouths.

The second bodyguard opened the boot of the limo and took out a black briefcase. No-one noticed the mysterious rabbit hop out of the boot and sneak through the famous door.

I got only as far as ten paces (rabbit sized), until a policeman grabbed hold of me.

"No you don't Black Jack." He said very sternly.

He took me through a corridor, until we were outside. There was a hutch at the end of the garden. The policeman gently placed me inside the hutch, and then went back the way we came.

A dark black rabbit emerged out of the back of the hutch.

"Hello, I'm Black lack." He said.

"Hi I'm Flopsy." I replied." Lets play."

ESCAPE

By Alex Forbes

As I run from the bustling city, away from the snapping jaws of the cruel world sinking behind me, the landscape changes into ever-growing forest.

Tigers growl.

Monkeys shriek.

I run.

As the shadows advance towards me, clawing at the trees with mighty swipes, I dive into a lake and cross it within minutes.

Parrots squawk.

Snakes hiss.

I run.

As I leap over fallen trees, vines smacking me like angry hands, leopards pounce at me, but miss rain attacks my face, making my eyes blurry and freezes my hands.

Insects buzz.

Toucans chatter.

I ... ESCAPE!

With a friend, some food and drink,

I STAY!

ESCAPE!

By Jonathon Fitchett

Trapped in the swampy goo

Trying to pull myself out

But failing

Getting harder to breathe

Cold wet and sticky

Sinking deep

Smells like rotten eggs

Grips around my legs

Like a snake

Losing hope

OF ESCAPE!

The great escape

By Phoebe Sigeo

We were sailing in our boat just my father and me,
When we hit a storm out at sea,
Father spotted a terrifying shark,
Circling around us in the dark.

A streak of lightning, a boom of thunder,
I thought for a minute I was going under,
The shark's black fin was barely visible,
I wished I was at home with my sister Isabel.

The music to Jaws played in my head,
My heart beat faster as my thoughts turned to dread,
If there was a genie that could grant me a wish,
Mine would be to get rid of that fish.

And now the shark was coming nearer,
My father and I were full of fear,
We cranked the boat to life,
And I knew father would be missing his wife.

But the shark was following us still,
And there was nothing we could do 'til,
We saw our island up ahead,
“We’re nearly home” I said.

Then finally our boat came ashore,
And the terrifying shark was in sight no more.

The Great Escape

By Megan Hill

“I can’t believe it!” I whispered to Jade as we crept along the hallway “We’ve just broken into Fortefelli Bank-*Fortefelli Bank!*”

Everyone knew about the Fortefelli Bank. It was the biggest, best most well guarded bank on the whole of Karky Island. All the rich people kept their prize possessions in its vaults-it was niyon impossible to break into. But we’d done it. Jade and I had done it. Even without Clemmy. Clemmis Glow was the best female thief in the whole of Karky. She had promised to help Jade and I break into Fortefelli-but guess what? She disappeared the night before our break-in. Typical.

Suddenly heavy footsteps came our way. Jade and I froze. But they turned and faded. I breathed out slowly. Jade and I continued to creep along passageway after passageway, searching for a certain vault. It was hopeless. There were thousands of vaults in the place and they all looked identical. Suddenly Jade let out a yelp. I turned to see her pointing at vault number 8967. She’d cracked it. I raced over and started dismantling the alarm-a tricky business. When I felt a

prod in my back. I whipped round and to my horror saw ten security guards snarling gleefully.

“Caught ya” One of them spat,

“Red handed” another roared

Then suddenly they doubled up and fell to the floor. A woman with long, tangled blonde hair and knee high boots stood behind them grinning. She had cuts on her face and in her hand she held a gun. Her breast was heaving slightly and she looked tired and worn out. “Ugghh!” She exclaimed prodding a guard with her toe “I can’t believe I wasted my bullets on *them!*”

“Clem!” I breathed

“Oh you decided to turn up did you?” Jade said with a glare

“Yeah, yeah I did” she said “so.....”

“Stay there!” a voice rang out in the echoey hallway “I’ve got a gun!”

“RUN!” Clemmy yelled and we sprinted down the hallway. A guard grabbed Jade but she kicked him. Hard. Someone pulled my ankle but I smashed him against the wall. Bullets whistled past my head. We hurtled down past more vaults, kicking any guards that got too close. Jade stumbled and almost fell at one point but Clemmy caught her. We eventually skidded to a halt as we reached a dead end-nothing more than a wall with a glass window.

“We’re gonn’a have to jump” Clemmy whispered

“What?” Jade and I yelled in unison

“Out of the window. On my mark, 3, 2, 1 JUMP!”

We smashed through the window, Jade and I screaming like maniacs. We could hear the guards roaring their disapproval and alarms ringing fit to burst. Shards of glass rained down on us like tiny mirrors. Time slowed. Then suddenly we were on the ground and running. We had made an escape. A great escape....

The Great Escape

By Helen Markus

Black darkness hid the three figures from view as they crept through the dense and gloomy forests, the wild, grassy plains, the steep mountains, the darkness seemed never ending. There was no moon to guide them as they trudged along the path, weary and tired but each feeling immensely proud of what they had just done. And, each of them, as they walked down the slopes and up the hills recalled what had happened earlier that day.

They were all slaves in a large household in Italy and, all born into slavery, they had had no idea of what the outside world was really like. Every day in the sumptuous grounds of their master's villa, they had worked and toiled until, by the end of the day, they were so worn out they could hardly move. One dark, moonless night they had all decided that the only way they would be able to be free was if they ran away.

As good as their words the three of them had met, in the very early hours of the next morning outside in the

villa's large courtyard. Even though it was at the crack of dawn, there had still been guards about, dressed in their best liveries with hard poles in their hands, waiting, like lions ready to pounce, outside every door. They had crept, as quiet as mice, round to the front entrance of the villa where a large, slightly plump and burly guard had stood. "Oh no, it's Aurelius," the girl slave had whispered.

Aurelius was one of the most feared guards; he was merciless, relentless and didn't care how much he hurt slaves, even though he was still one himself! "Wait there," the youngest boy had said and had begun climbing up the ivy scattered wall. A few minutes later he had come down again and spoken in excited but hushed tones, "look at Aurelius now, scaredy cats!"

"What you have done to him, "the girl had asked? " Have you killed him! Let me see!" The three had gathered round the now unconscious body of the once terrifying guard and each breathed a sigh of blessed relief as they had seen one of their dangers passed. They had set off again, now they would have to get through the massive gardens of the villa. Luckily there had been no guards there, but as they came further along they had reached a small clearing and had come across the mistress of the house, taking an early

morning walk, the Aurelius escapade had taken slightly longer than expected.

One by one they threw their small packs over to the other side of the clearing; the mistress didn't even seem to notice. "Remember, we're slaves, we're unnoticeable." They had walked behind the mistress's back and as soon as they were out of sight of the gardens they had ran around and whooped for joy at the thought that they had succeeded.

They were runaways, and they had made the great escape.

The Great Escape

By Silvia Walsh Sanchez

It's the 1920s and we are off to the shop
To buy some dashing fireworks for a party tonight
Rockets and Catherine wheels and bangers
All wrapped up in my bag
Setting off home whilst picking up an apple
From the grocer's of course
And I put it in my pocket

WHIZZ! BANG! POP!
Fireworks gone off!
Policemen gathering
"You Sir! Stop!"
Uh oh, toodle-oo.

Bob of my hat,
Straighten my tie
Head down... RUN!!
WHIZZ! BANG! POP!
Not more fireworks!
Not my fault
What does that Policeman want with me?

Through the streets he follows me
Over the roads and benches
Dodging round the people, trying to escape
There really is no end to this running.

No time to rest
Or take a breath
Just keep running....

Oh no! DEAD END!
I've been caught!

A Policeman is coming with his truncheon!

I put my hands in the air for mercy!
"Wait, Officer! It's not what you think!

I didn't light those fireworks!

But if you think
I am guilty,
Just throw me in jail!
I won't wail,"

"Oh no, I'm not here to throw you in jail,
Or box your ears until you wail!
It's just that you dropped this red juicy apple!"

"My apple!" I cried, "I dropped my apple!
But how did the fireworks go off?"

"The old butchers boy Timothy Pip,
Was lighting a fag,

Whilst playing a game of tag!

Simple as that.”

“Phew!” say, taking a bite

But forgetting my fireworks

Next to a traffic light

THE GREAT ESCAPE

By: Cristina Latuff

Chapter	Page
1. The animal rescue centre.....	118
2. The new arrivals.....	118
3. Twelve lost appearances.....	119
4. Is there anybody else?.....	119
5. A happy ending.....	120

1. The Animal Rescue Centre

Linda was working that January day in the Rescue Centre. There was a yellow box in her desk, labelled “Fragile”, handle with care. She opened the box curiously to see what was in the box. Inside was a baby hamster hiding in the corner, covered in wood chippings. He was a newborn hamster, probably a couple of weeks old.

She put her hand near him to stroke him, and the little Hamster dug himself into the chipping.

“Come here girl, I will show you some friends”, Linda whispered. She put her in a cage with other hamsters, and she played with them until he was so tired, she fell asleep.

2. The new arrivals

After a few weeks living in the shop, she knew all the animals around her. One week passed and one of the employees noticed the female hamster was feeling ill. They called in a doctor to check the poor hamster and soon he found the case that she was having a baby. So they examined her, and the doctor said “these baby hamsters will come soon”. Linda and the other workers closed the centre for the night.

3. Twelve lost appearances

In the middle of the night, when hamsters are more active, the baby hamsters started coming... one, two, three eight twelve baby hamsters altogether!

The poor mum was exhausted, so she fell asleep, so did the dad hamster heavily. In the meantime, the little rascals started exploring the cage, until they found a small hole in a corner of the cage, big enough for them to escape.

They started running as fast as they could, and wandered around the Centre.

The mum woke up a while later, to discover that all her tiny newborn babies, had disappeared. She was sad and worried for the little hamsters. How many dangers were around! How were her babies going to survive by themselves?

4. Is there anybody else?

Next morning Linda woke up early and opened the Centre "Something was not right. There were hamster droppings everywhere until she got to the hamster cage. The two hamsters were there they seemed impatient, looking like they were trying to tell her something desperately. Suddenly she saw something moving

swiftly on the other side of the room. Running quickly to see what it was Linda had found eleven. Putting them in a box she heard faint scratching noises, and at the corner of her eye she spotted the smallest (and also the fattest) inside a big pocket in her bag trying to stuff half a carrot in its cheek!

5. A happy ending

Then they fixed the hole in the hamster cage and they all were safe and sound but the best part was that they ended up living with Linda.

The Great Escape

By Francesca Duggins

My Dad has married my Stepmum, Cathy (I sometimes call her “Old Cathy”) and she knits me these horrible eco-friendly cotton clothes — I look like a ragdoll from the Victorian times!

Sometimes I wish I could escape from home but Cathy just laughs and says “Oh you are a little joker aren’t you Darling”. I hate it when she calls me Darling in her screechy voice.

My Dad says “Oh Rebecca — stop fussing and don’t be rude to your Mum but she’s NOT my Mum — my real Mum passed away when I was three. I can remember her soft jumper that I used to fall asleep on when we went on trips.

And that is why I did IT! I regret it now but I think that I should tell you why...

It was a fresh breezy Sunday morning. I could smell my breakfast cooking — It was plain old smelly broccoli UUURRRGGGHHH! I packed a bag and I remembered

Mum's locket which was very special to me — it was the only thing I had left of her.

I ran out of the door before Old Cathy could see me. I ran through the hills up the paths and after an hour I stopped to catch my breath. I saw a little girl running and she said breathlessly "What's your name?" I could hardly understand her and then I said "It's Rebecca."

"Oh" She said "Pleased to meet you Rebecca, I'm Lucy!"

"Hello Lucy" I replied. At that point I just knew we going to be friends and we played in the street for ages. Lucy's Mum called her in and said "Lunch Time!" and she noticed me and said "it seems you've made a friend — would she like to come in for some lunch?"

Over lunch they asked "Where's your family?" I explained that they were nothing special and that is why I had run away. Lucy said "Why?" I said they were mean but secretly I was starting to miss my Dad and I had to confess that I was lost and did not know how to go home even if I wanted to. Lucy and her Mum said they would help.

We walked until it started to get dark. I felt like I would never find my house but then I spotted the lights of the familiar little cottage and I ran over to see if I was, imagining it. I could see Old Cathy through the window

pacing up and down talking on the phone, looking worried and then I spotted the Police car! My goodness she cares so much about me that she called the Police. Hurrah! She did care about me after all!

I knocked on the door and Old Cathy came running and gave me a giant hug. “Oh Darling! Thank God you are safe!” I didn’t even complain that she called me darling. I was just glad to be home and that was the end of my Great Escape!

