WIMBLEDON BOOKFEST



THE LIGHT

Junior Young Writers Competition 2026

Collection of Short Stories & Poems

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Young Writers Competition 2026

Collection of Short Stories & Poems
By Junior School Pupils, Age 5-11



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Notes: School names have been abbreviated in some places; a list with schools' full names can be found at the back of this book. Special Educational Needs categories and schools have been abbreviated to 'SEN' in some instances.

All the poems and stories are published as students submitted them. Only minor and essential spelling, grammatical and punctuation edits have been made.

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Illustrations: Phoebe Manley
Production: Anna Thompson, Fran Baxter

Young Writers Competition 2026
Junior Judging Panel

Chair of Judges

Eve Wersocki Morris
Publisher & Children's Author

Judges

Patrick Gallagher
Teacher & Children's Author

Simon Finn
Teacher

Lui Sit
Children's Author & Author of Short Stories and Non-Fiction

Georgie Morley
Event Production Executive at Wimbledon BookFest



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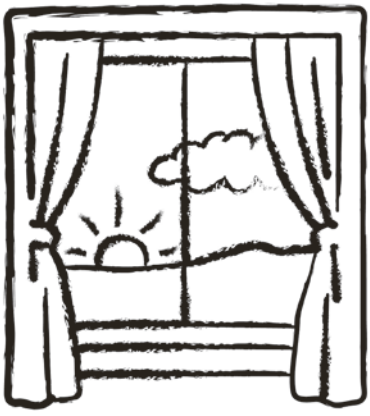
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Letter from the Chair of Judges

Every story begins with a bright idea. This year, our theme was THE LIGHT and we were dazzled with the high standard of entries we received. This was a record year with 454 entries from 54 schools and 2 home schooled children aged 5-11. Before the judging meeting, I was in the dark about how we were going to choose only 174 entries for this anthology – it was a tremendous challenge and it took the judges many hours and many chocolate brownies to make the final selection.

As an author myself, who travels the country running creative writing workshops, the quality I most value in stories and poems is originality. Tell us something in a way which is unique to you. The winning and highly-commended entries you read here are all sparkling with originality. From lighthouses to spaceships, from starry magic to special celebrations, from fireworks to stadium floodlights – these entries fizz with brilliant characters, surprising secrets and unique ideas. Be prepared to laugh, gasp with shock, shiver with fright, and wipe away tears of happiness as our young writers illuminate themes of friendship, family, acceptance and kindness.

This is my fourth year as a judge and it makes me glow with joy to shine a spotlight on these incredibly talented young writers.

Eve Wersocki Morris,
Chair of Judges



WINNERS

KS1
Fireworks Minuet,
Austen Ern Rui Kueh, Liberty Woodland School

SEN Junior
The Light,
Danyal Lilani, Cricket Green School

KS2 Lower
Colours Light,
Elijah Losardo, Shrewsbury House School

KS2 Lower
The Lightbulb,
Ella Semple, Sellincourt Primary School

KS1
The Light of Atropia,
Komila Khakimova, Wimbledon Chase Primary School

KS2 Upper
Midnight Sun,
Mason Marsh, Esher Church School

KS2 Upper
Lights, Camera, Refr(action)!
Om Bindal, Dundonald Primary School

SEN Junior
Bright Lights Scare Me,
Yusuf Mahmood, Blossom House School

Fireworks Minuet

By Austen Ern Rui Kueh

Liberty Woodland School, Year 1, Age 6

Bang! Bang! Look at the Lang!
Buckets of colours whooshing up into the sky
Zooming fast, a comet shooting through
Streaking red, green, and purple, splashing across the dark
Exploding light, like giant spider lily
Sparkly Chrysanthemum bloom
Glittering like stars



I saw fireworks up in the dark sky
Huge ones, much higher than the
planes could fly
One after another
Fizzes like a can of Coca-Cola
And blows up a big loud Bup!
It launches into the sky like an excited squirrel with open arms,
reaching for their haycorns with no big breeze.
It spreads out its branches like a palm tree with a big glee
It wriggles like a shoal of fish in the ocean,
Then quickly disappears

It sounds like trains rumbling,
carriage after carriage,
along the railway track
It feels like sudden bursting anger, blowing up inside of me
It smells like smoke from a barbecue, filling up the air
It feels like popping candy bursting in my mouth

I wish it could light up my loved ones in the sky
Like the soft clouds being lit by the sun
As happy as celebrating the first steps that I took
Feeling warm as fire, like my late grandma's love for me.

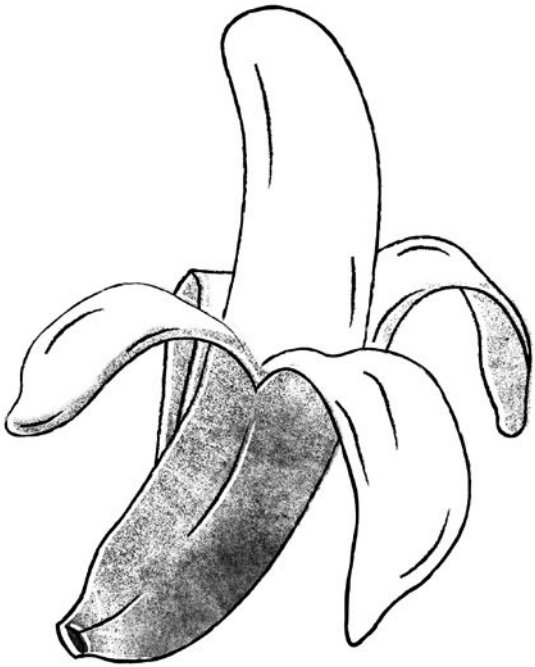
The Light

By Danyal Lilani

Cricket Green School (SEN), Year 5, Age 9

I am a rainbow light,
I wiggle in the night.

I am a sunny light,
I zoom and blink,
and shout 'banana' bright!



Colours Light

By Elijah Losardo

Shrewsbury House School, Year 4, Age 9

Light is a wonder, a shimmering glow,
How it links to our colours, I finally know.
White are the stars, a glistening sight,
That fade away slowly in the soft morning light.
Yellow is the moon, a golden-hued sun,
Watching the lions when the savanna is done.
Emerald is the water in the Caribbean Sea,
Blue is the sky, stretching wide, stretching free.
Brown is the pig, in the mud, in the sun,
Grey are the clouds when a storm has begun.
Black is the bag that I wear on my back,
Purple are cherries, a fresh summer snack.
Red is the heart, beating steady and true,
Brightening the day for me and for you.
Rainbows are the people I hold in my heart,
My friends and my family, who never depart.
Like Diwali lamps burning bright in the night,
The world is a canvas of beautiful light.



The Lightbulb

By Ella Semple

Sellincourt Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

You may think you know the story of how Thomas Edison invented the lightbulb. You may have even had to sit through boring lessons about it at school. But if you have then it would be all for nothing! Because I am the only one who knows the real story of how he invented the lightbulb.

If you were one of the people who got told that he created it in his laboratory by testing materials then I'm sorry to say that you have been told some absolute rubbish!

I'm going to tell you how the lightbulb was actually invented in Edison's laboratory.

One day on a sunny morning he was coming back from the market and he had bought potatoes, some oranges and some glass jars. When he got back to his lab he started experimenting on a candle and some wires that he had bought last Sunday. As it struck 12 O'Clock he got a glass jug out of a fine, wooden cupboard, put it on the counter and then he squeezed some fresh oranges over the jug. He always did his best thinking after some delicious orange juice.

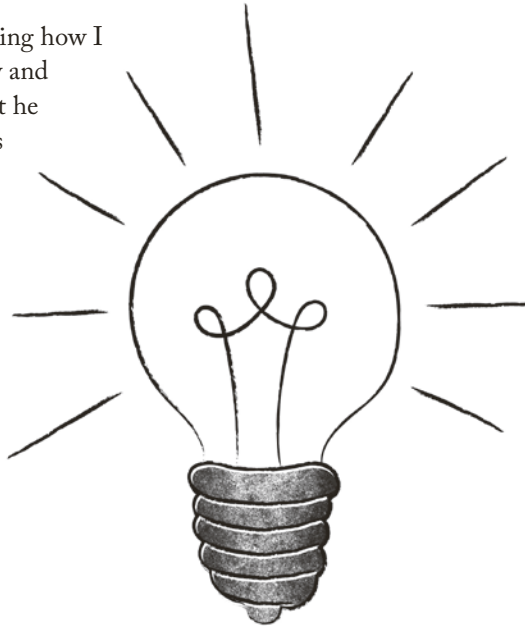
Before he poured a cup he unpacked the rest of his shopping but his counter was so covered in wires that he had to pile the potatoes on top of each other on the wires. The bottom potato got pushed into the wires and connected with them. That potato then rolled out of the pile.

His work bench was so full of materials that when he'd finished his orange juice he didn't have anywhere to put the empty glass so, distractedly he put it on top of the potato with wires.

After a long day of experimenting, Edison finally went to bed, completely exhausted. That night there was a terrible thunderstorm and lightning was going wild in the sky. Somehow a bolt of lightning managed to go through a crack of an open window and struck the potato through the glass. Suddenly the room lit up with a bright light. Edison probably would have slept through it if it hadn't started to hail but the sound of the hailstones woke him up. Strangely he saw a bright glow coming from the other side of his door. He sleepily got out of bed and opened the door. In shock, he was overjoyed to find his workroom lit up but also a bit embarrassed how a great inventor like himself had been beaten by a potato!

That's why he made up the story that we've all learnt at school.

Now you may be wondering how I know all of this. Well, try and guess. If you thought that he told me or that I have his diary then you're wrong! It's because that potato was my great-great-great-grandmother. Us potatoes have had our glory stolen for too long and it's time the world knew the truth and didn't just turn us into chips and crisps. Long live the glorious potato empire!



The Light of Atropia

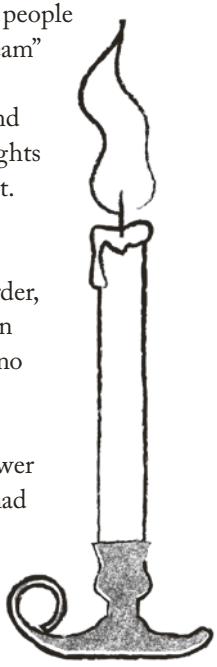
By Komila Khakimova

Wimbledon Chase, Year 2, Age 7

Once on an island named Atropia, there lived a busy girl called Ella. She made amazing things: candles, chandeliers and lamps. She loved lighting up people's homes, streets and hearts. It gave her joy. She became so popular that people from other islands sailed across the sea to buy her inventions.

But on the same island there lived a greedy, power-loving witch. In the daytime, she pretended to be kind, but at night she was as wicked as could be. She poisoned farmers' vegetables, burned children's books and destroyed anything that made people happy.

One day, the witch made a potion that made people sad, lazy and sick. She labelled it "Magic Dream" and secretly sold it to the people of Atropia. Soon, farmers stopped growing vegetables, and children stopped learning and playing. The lights in people's homes went off. So did the delight. The island became dark and haunted.



The nasty witch was pleased. She worked harder, making more and more "Magic Dream". Soon travellers called Atropia a cursed island, and no ships sailed in or out.

Ella became very sad, not because she had fewer customers, but because the island she loved had lost its happiness. She sat on the beach and thought hard. Then she wrote to her friend, the wise wizard, who healed people with magic lights.

The wizard tried to sail to Atropia, but every time his boat crashed on the bumpy rocks in the darkness.

Ella was frightened, but she held her silver torch high on the seashore. She waited and waited. At last, the wizard saw the tiny light flickering like a star and followed it safely to Atropia.

"We need more light," said the wizard. "A very powerful one!"

So, Ella and the wizard built the tallest candle tower anyone had ever seen. It was part candle, part tower and part magic.

The wicked witch crept inside to see what they were doing. She climbed higher and higher up the round stairs. Just as she reached the top, Ella and the wizard lit the candle tower.



Golden light burst across the island. It dazzled the witch so much that all her wicked magic melted away. She shrank into a tiny grey moth and fluttered off into the night.

The light shone over the homes, the farms and the sea. Ships returned to Atropia. Children opened their books again. Farmers planted vegetables. Lamps glowed in every window.

And Ella smiled, because she had not only lit the island's streets - she had lit its heart again.

Midnight Sun

By Mason Marsh

Esher Church School, Year 6, Age 11

Grandpa passed.

After the funeral on the most northerly island, we trudged back to Grandpa's cottage hand-in-hand. It was ten o'clock at night and the sun was still high. Its light was like a crushed orange, saturating the sky. Mum's tears streamed down her cheeks into a sodden hankie. Dad was rubbing her and murmuring. Even Chester, Grandpa's dog, seemed to understand. He whined mournfully, as if all the life had been sucked out of him. His tail hung between his legs and I couldn't squeeze a bark out of him.

Pushing the door open, I kicked off my uncomfortable leather shoes. I was about to walk into the kitchen when Dad caught hold of me.

"Go to bed."

His voice wavered for a moment then he sighed.

"Look, I know this is hard for you, but please: make it easier for Mum."

I was going to protest but he gave me one of his looks that meant NOW. Trying to hold in my frustration, I stomped up the stairs and slammed the door. My heart was heavy while I climbed into bed. I stared up at the wonky ceiling.

1 am.

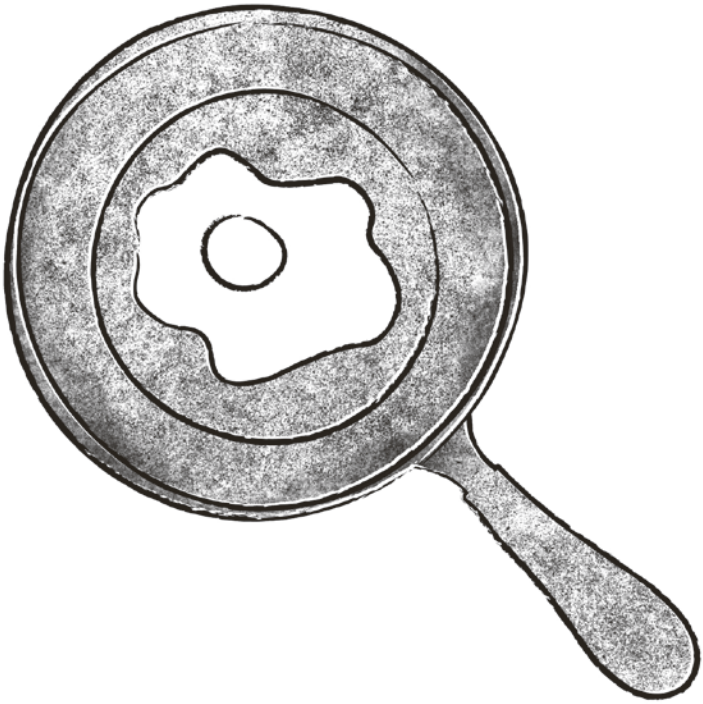
Sweat soaked my vest and the bed felt sticky. Beads of lights

pierced through the blinds, so bright that I couldn't sleep anymore. Tiptoeing down the stairs through the eerie silence, I reached the kitchen, where Grandpa had always sat.

'Where are you?' I wondered. 'What are you doing?'

Memories trickled into my head - Grandpa and I sitting at this very kitchen table, laughing, reading, talking and eating.

Hunger grumbled once more.



Grabbing a large chestnut egg from the oak shelf, I dashed it on the side of a shallow bowl; watched as the translucent liquid oozed out of the crack, followed by the pillow-like yolk. Placing Grandpa's favourite pan over the stove and heating it, I poured a swig of oil and waited for the surface to shimmer.

Wafting towards me was the fragrant aroma of nutty oil. I knew it was ready: lowering the egg into the hot oil, I watched it splatter, just like Grandpa had taught me. I scooped the floating oil from the sides onto the centre of the egg, observing how the yolk darkened in colour until golden and shiny. Lifting the crispy-edged egg out of the pan, I laid it onto a sourdough slice - toasted and buttered.

"Cheers, Grandpa."

I sprinkled his secret egg seasoning onto my feast. The midnight sun shone brightly outside, but the one on my plate was warmer: beams of light flooded Grandpa's humble kitchen.

I'll cook the same for Mum in the morning, I thought, smiling to myself.

Lights, Camera, Refr(action)!

By Om Bindal

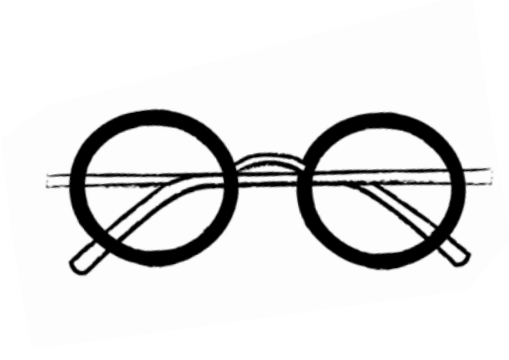
Dundonald Primary School, Year 6, Age 10

I see the world a little near;
faraway things aren't always crystal clear.
The board looks fuzzy and words don't align;
In the cricket field, the ball is a blur - with no outline.

Light penetrates my eye, but lands out of place;
all it needs is a little more pace.
Like an unruly child it breaks all rules.
Is it just my idiosyncrasies - am I the only fool?

Occasionally I squint, sometimes I guess.
Most of the times I pretend, so I don't make a mess.
I don't fuss, nor do I complain,
I just keep going, albeit with some shame.

With external intervention, I can see,
but what about the confidence mounting inside me?
Light can be corrected, shaped or bent -
but courage is something I will need to invent.





I've learnt that light comes in a myriad of ways;
different spectrums, different wavelengths come into
play. Artificial hinders; natural propels -
one sets me to fail, the other excels.

Sometimes I wish that light would behave,
so to my glasses I wouldn't be a slave.
I want to be free from judgement; I want to be free from
perception. I want to feel included - not an exception.

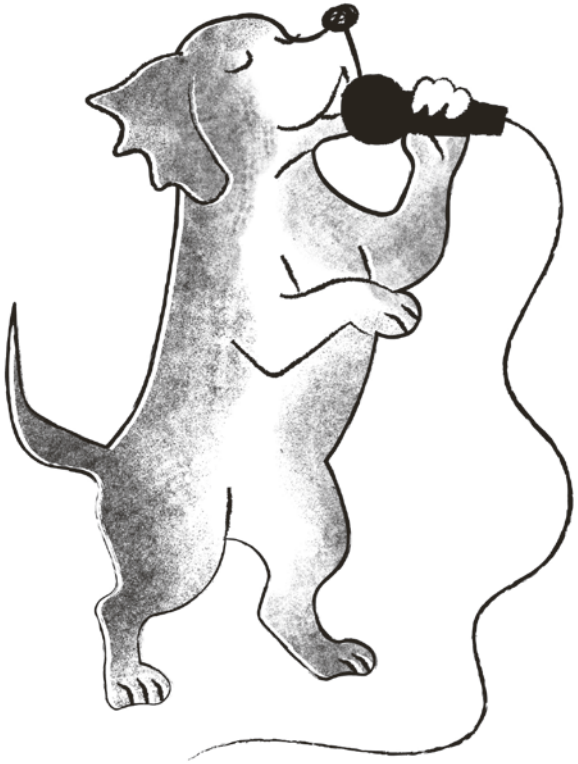
My eyes are the camera; lights call "action."
The world before me appears through refraction.
Not staged or fixed for others' view,
I script my life the way I want to!

Bright Lights Scare Me

By Yusuf Mahmood

Blossom House School (SEN), Year 5, Age 10

There was once a big shy dog who has autism and nobody liked him. The dog did not like bright lights or busy crowds. One day he decided to go and face his fears by going to a concert at Wembley Stadium. He left early in the morning. It was cold, dark and scary. The dog felt anxious but at the same time felt brave because he was trying something new.



The dog lived at Hatch End and decided to travel on the Lionesses train line which went to Wembley stadium. The train was very crowded, his body started to shake, he was scared because he thought the humans would attack or bite him. The dog thought of a strategy of thinking a positive thought "what would it be like to be famous". He felt positive and happy. Suddenly he saw a passenger being attacked by a big angry man. The dog barked so loudly and the angry man was kicked off the train by the British transport police. The passenger called Ryan thanked the dog for saving him and told him he was going to Wembley stadium too.

The dog arrived at Wembley Stadium and sneaked through security to the Green Room where he saw Ryan who was the passenger who he had saved. Ryan was in a band called One Republic and invited the dog to sing on the stage. The dog felt scared when he saw thousands of lights shine brightly on him and even more scared when he saw thousands of people watching him. The dogs heart was pumping. Ryan told the dog to take deep breaths in and out. The dog felt excited and started to sing with Ryan. The crowds were excited to see the first singing dog at Wembley stadium. A hydraulic platform raised the Ryan and the dog towards one large central light, they then sang the song "I lived". The dog felt proud because he tried something new.



RUNNERS UP

KS2 Upper
The Light that Changed My Life
Aaisha Rahman, Wimbledon Park Primary School

SEN Junior
My Light
Ayden Mahmood, Blossom House School

KS2 Upper
The Highland Gloaming
Bibi Turner, Sellincourt Primary School

KS2 Lower
The Night the Floodlights Spoke
Gabriel Gormley, Holy Trinity Primary School

SEN Junior
Jack's Special Light!
Jan Pelczar, Liberty Primary School

KS2 Upper
The Protecter of the Night
Lily Becker, Fircroft Primary School

KS1
Lightless
Maisie Healy, Pelham Primary School

KS1
The Very Tall Sparkly Cake
Rian Higgins, St Mary's Catholic Primary School

The Light that Changed My Life

By Aaisha Rahman

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

24th February 2022, I heard the loud bangs outside. My family rushed outside to see what was happening as we heard the air sirens warning us to leave. Mama told us to start packing our belongings as papa booked the quickest train journey to Przemysl in Poland as it is right next to the border.

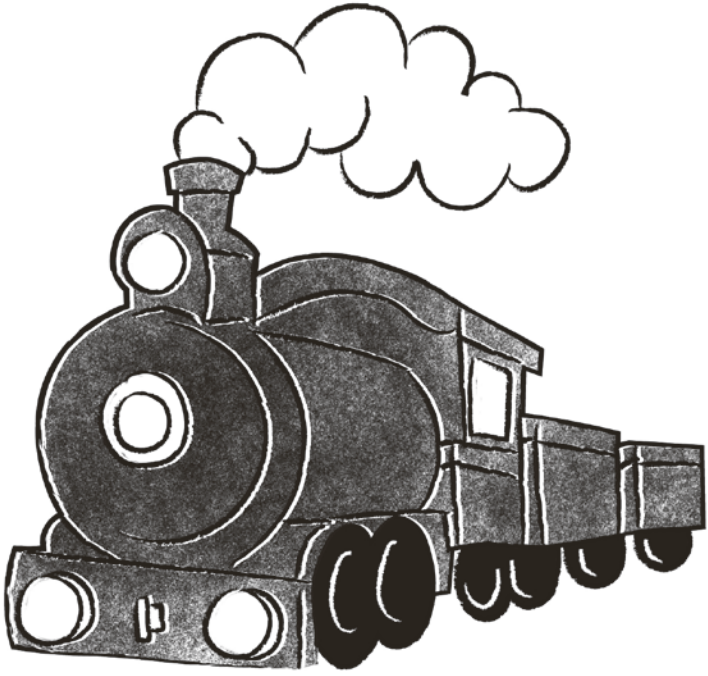
As my family scattered around the house, packing their belongings, I just stared into the light thinking what would happen now. Everything was fast and hectic as we knew there was not much time. Papa and mama rushed me and my older brother Yrii. We drove to the train station and papa put the news on the radio. I tried not to listen but heard the word explosion, which made my stomach ache.

The streets were eerily dark with flashing headlights and sirens. It felt wrong, like the night was torn apart. When we approached the train station, we saw soldiers everywhere talking to people in cars and guarding the place. One of the soldiers came and told us firmly that papa and Yrii had to stay. I didn't understand at first, but I heard mama talking to papa with a sombre tone, her voice cracking as papa nodded and tried to reassure her. Papa explained to me softly, that only me and mama could stay. I asked why but everyone stayed silent and papa gave me a warm sense that everything would be fine.

Once we arrived at the station, the bright white lights made everything feel too real. People were everywhere, crying and hugging their loved ones. The sense of emotions was everywhere. When it was time to board, I gave papa one last final hug not wanting it to ever end. Yrii said his last goodbyes to me and smiled trying to look brave, but I could tell he

looked scared. On the train, the lights flickered as it began to move and all I could do was stare into a distance as I watched papa and Yrii get smaller and smaller util I could see them no more. Mama used her phones torchlight to check for our passports in her bag. That small beam of light felt weak but made me feel calm.

I must have fallen asleep, because when I woke the darkness was fading away and the light of a new day was entering. When we arrived at Przemysl, I saw people with blankets huddled up on the floor. Warm lights shone on them which made me feel comforted. We stepped outside. I could feel the sun touch my face softly and calmly unlike the harsh lights of the night before. My life changed overnight, but the light of hope was still there.



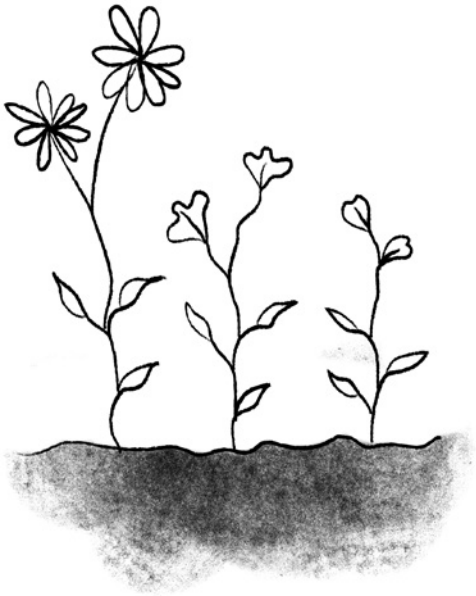
My Light

By Ayden Mahmood

Blossom House School, Year 1, Age 6

Light is very important.
Without light, my daddy can't drive his car.
Without light, I don't know if it is daytime.
Without light, flowers can't grow.
Without light, I would be in the blue zone.
Without light, I would feel scared.

With light, I can play football.
With light, it's easier to eat my lunch.
With light, I can feel happy.
With light, I can see the world!



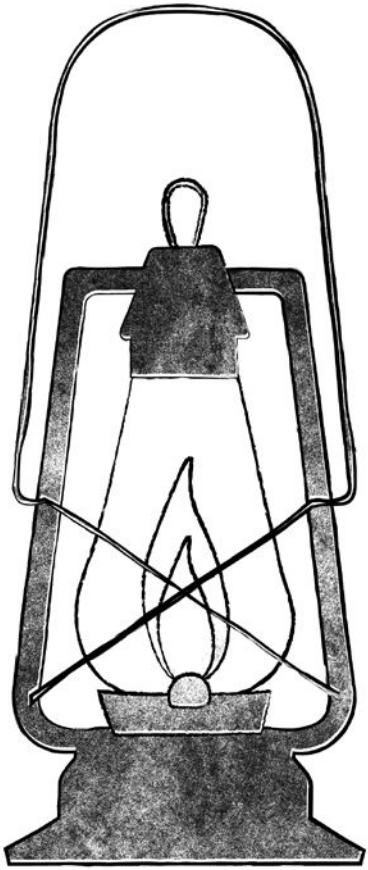
The Highland Gloaming

By Bibi Turner

Sellincourt Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

The highland gloaming is a sight
Which many do not see
I, Capercaillie Knute
Am one of the few who see the grand gloaming every night.
Each sundown, I wriggle on to my perching stone
All alone
And watch
And watch.
Watch the sky go from bright blue to pink
Pink to orange
Orange to a dark, hazy blue
Like someone's turned out the lights.
It's beautiful, but for me it spells danger.
Here it comes
The time when all Capercaillies must hide
Avoiding the piercing eyes of those who see in the dark.
Scottish wildcat Jade is hungry.
She scours the woods for prey.
In fear, my breath comes faster - louder,
The fear vibrating through me onto the dry forest floor.
She hears, senses a creature for the taking.
She prepares to pounce
I hide beneath my rock - by day my perch
By night my shield.
She pounces, but my disguise holds.
She finds nothing
She moves on and
I am safe.
The light is coming.
The dark, hazy blue fades into orange
Then pink once more

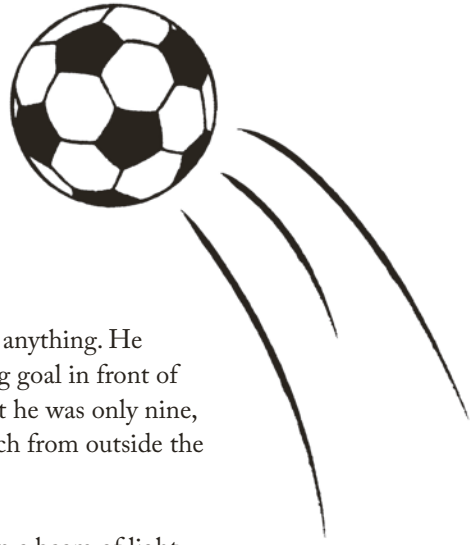
Big, beautiful, bright blue is back.
I am no longer alone.
The gloaming holds my sanity
Shows me that I am safe
I've survived another day, another night unscathed
I squawk in triumph
HURRAH!
I'M ALIVE!



The Night the Floodlights Spoke

By Gabriel Gormley

Trinity Primary School, Year 4, Age 9



Gabs lived next door lived to the biggest football stadium in town. Every evening he watched the tall floodlights rise above the roofs like giant metal trees. When they switched on the whole sky turned bright white.

Gabs loved football more than anything. He dreamed of scoring the winning goal in front of thousands of cheering fans. But he was only nine, and for now he could only watch from outside the gates.

One night, Gabs woke up when a beam of light shined through his curtains. He sat up in bed and saw the stadium lights flashing on and off like they were sending a message.

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

Gabs quickly got dressed and hurried outside. The stadium gates were open, even though no-one was there. Inside, the pitch looked perfect. The grass sparkled like gemstones under the lights. Suddenly a deep voice echoed around the empty stands.

“Gabs… we need a player.”

Gabs spun around. “Who said that?”

"We did," roared the floodlights. "The moonlit match begins in one minute but our team only has ten players."

Before Gabs could answer, glowing figures ran onto the pitch. They were made of pure light, wearing shining kits and boots that sparkled with every step.

"Take this," said one floodlight, lowering a bright golden football to his feet.

The whistle blew.

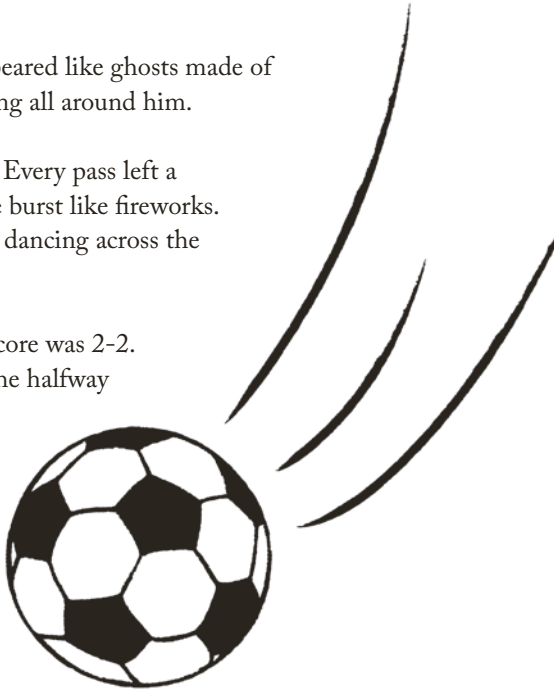
Gabs ran faster than ever before. He passed the ball to a player made of silver light, who crossed it straight back. Gabs kicked as hard as he could.

GOAL!

The crowd suddenly appeared like ghosts made of mist, roaring and cheering all around him.

The match was magical. Every pass left a glowing trail. Every save burst like fireworks. Every tackle sent sparks dancing across the grass.

With seconds left, the score was 2-2. Gabs got the ball near the halfway line. He took a deep breath, dribbled past one defender, then another and shot. The ball flew through the air like a shooting star and hit the top corner.



The stadium exploded with light.

Gabs' team lifted him onto their shoulders while the floodlights flashed proudly above.

Then the morning sun began to rise. The glowing players faded away. The crowd vanished. The golden ball turned into an ordinary football.

"Thank you Gabs," said the lights softly. "You will always be our captain."

When Gabs woke up in his own bed, he thought it had been a dream. But by his door sat a muddy football with one tiny glowing star on it.

Jack's Special Light!

By Jan Pelczar

Liberty Primary, Year 6, Age 11

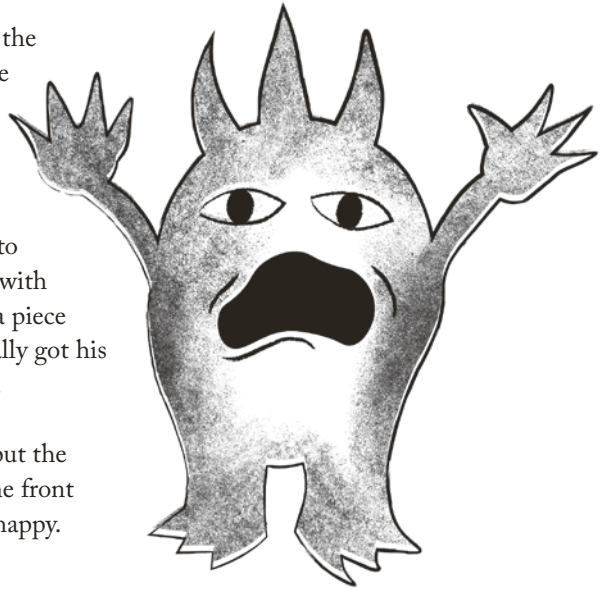
One beautiful morning, there was a boy named Jack. He had a special light that made him stronger and faster. He always took the light to the beautiful park and lived in the misty mountains.

One day, he decided to go to the calm park. While in the park, Jack saw the biggest dangerous monster. The monster with red eyes, took the light from Jack and ran away.

Jack's tears were rolling down.

Jack was about to give up, but he was brave and had an idea to go to the misty mountains to build a weapon. He tried to find the monster until he was in a bunker.

Once Jack was in the bunker, he saw the monster with sharp claws holding Jacks special light. Jack used the weapon to turn the monster with green scales into a piece of bread. Jack finally got his special light back.

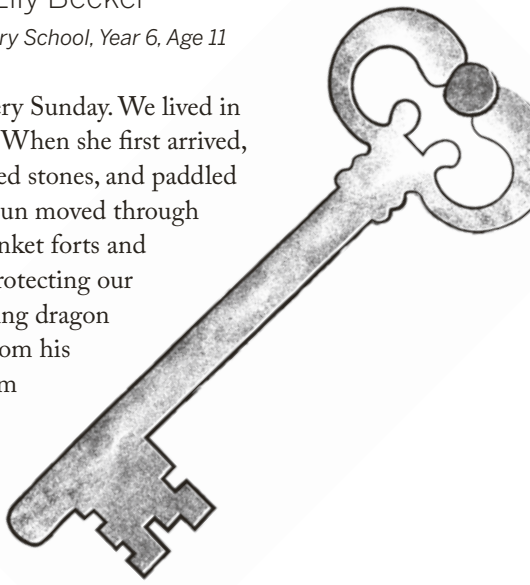


At the end, Jack put the special light on the front door and he was happy.

The Protecter of the Night

By Lily Becker

Fircroft Primary School, Year 6, Age 11



Grandma came to visit every Sunday. We lived in a little shack by the beach. When she first arrived, we collected shells, skimmed stones, and paddled in the ocean. Then, as the sun moved through the bright sky, we built blanket forts and pretended to be knights, protecting our castle from the fire-breathing dragon (Dad) when came home from his painting class. Finally, Mum would buy fish and chips from the Salty Shack - just around the corner – and we would eat at the table altogether.

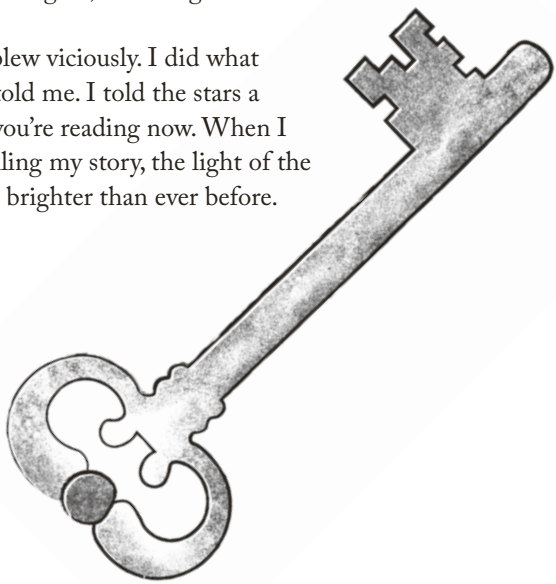
Afterwards, I would scrub my teeth, pull on my striped pyjamas, and snuggle up in bed. Grandma would gently kiss my cheek, then Mum, and then Dad. "Bye Grandma!" I whispered, as the light from the hall shrunk, until gone.

Normally, I waited to fall asleep until I heard the engine of Grandma's old-fashioned car start, so one day I waited, and waited, but I couldn't hear a thing! Suddenly, there was a knock at my window that made me bolt up in bed! At first, I was scared, but then I recognised the outline of short, curly hair and half-moon glasses. Could it really be? GRANDMA! I crept toward the window and opened it. "Do you want to come in?" I asked, not daring to raise my voice. She shook her head and gestured for me to slide down the drainpipe after her. I bit my lip, but took a deep breath, and ventured into the mystical night…

Cautiously, Grandma tip-toed across the shore, I at her heels. The moon was full and the stars twinkled. At last, we reached the abandoned lighthouse. We had to be at least a mile away from home by now! Grandma revealed a golden key attached to her necklace. She placed it in the lock and twisted. CLICK! The door creaked open…

Carefully, we ascended the stairs all the way to the top. Quietly, she pointed out constellations as though she were at peace. "Tilly," she turned to face me, "I am a star keeper, protecter of the night. However, I am getting old and cannot be in my position forever. Every night, tell the stars a story, for me." She pushed the necklace into my hand. Tears welled in my eyes, my heart pounded. I looked at her, then the necklace. She tucked my thin, brown hair behind my ear, kissed my forehead and whispered, "I love you." When I went to look at her again, she was gone.

The wind blew viciously. I did what Grandma told me. I told the stars a story that you're reading now. When I finished telling my story, the light of the stars shone brighter than ever before.



Lightless

By Maisie Healy

Pelham Primary School, Year 2, Age 6

Ida was doing her homework when all of a sudden it went dark.

She let out a shriek. She felt scared.

Ida went upstairs to find her Daddy and she used her hands to feel where she was going.

As she went a few steps forwards she felt something furry, maybe like a bear.

She screamed.



She jumped back and felt like a crocodile was holding her.

Then she said: "I'll keep looking for my Daddy".

She kept using her hands to feel where she was going.

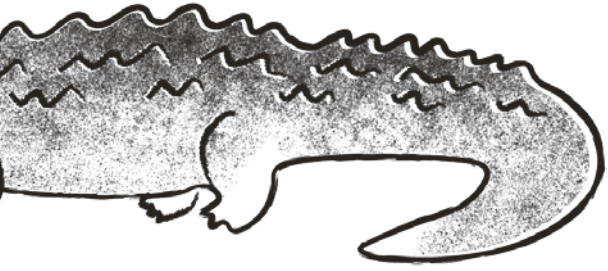
Then she stepped on something soft. It made a roaring noise like a tiger.

She shouted and ran to the top of the stairs. When she got to the top she felt a bit better and kept using her hands to feel where she was going.

Then she came to the loft staircase and stepped on something hard. There was a laughing noise and Ida thought it was a hyena.

She jumped out of her skin then ran up the stairs even faster than before.

Ida found her Daddy sitting up in the loft in the dark.



He said: "Ida! Where have you been?"

"I've been past a bear, past a crocodile, past a tiger and past a hyena," Ida said.

"Really?" said her Dad.

"Yes!" said Ida.

"It's only a power cut. We better go and check on all these animals but first we better find a torch and wait for the lights to come back on," Dad said.

But then suddenly the lights did come back on.

As they trailed back down the loft staircase they found her brother's Nintendo Switch and Ida pressed the button. It made the same noise as the hyena.

Ida laughed.

"It was only Frankie's Nintendo Switch," she giggled.

Then they kept retracing Ida's steps and came to Frankie's cuddly tiger. She pressed its belly.

"Oh," she said with laughter. "It was only his cuddly toy. It makes a noise when you squeeze its belly!"

Then they made their way properly downstairs and saw what Ida thought was the crocodile was just the sofa. It was leathery like a crocodile's smooth skin.

Then she saw the fluffy thing she had touched was just a furry, brown cushion on the armchair.

Then her mum and brother arrived home from the shop.

Ida told mum and Frankie all about what had happened and the power cut.

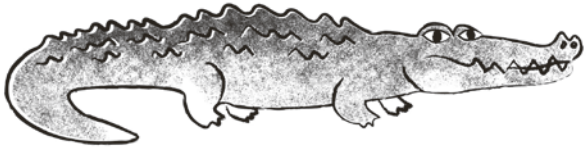
They gasped, then Ida said she was hungry.

"Me too," said Dad. "Me three," said Frankie. "Me four," said Mum.

Then Mum cooked dinner for all of them.

They sat down to eat then suddenly the lights went off again.

"Oh dear," said Ida. "It's probably another power cut. We are going to have to go on another animal hunt!"



The Very Tall Sparkly Cake

By Rian Higgins

St Mary's Catholic Primary School, Year 2, Age 7

I stood very tall as a mountain of cake,
Waiting for someone to give me a shake,
A match gave a flicker, a spark and a flare,
And suddenly light filled the afternoon air.

Everyone gathered and started to sing,
I felt like a golden and glowing small king,
I wiggled and wobbled as children clapped loud,
The brightest small thing in the whole of the crowd.

A deep breath was taken, a wish made tight,
Then whoosh went the wind and out went my light,
I left a small puff of grey smoke in the air,
But the smiled I started were still sitting there.



AWARDED DISTINCTION POEMS & STORIES

Key Stage 1

Years 1-2

Age 5-7



POEMS

Poem From a 6-Year-Old American
Ariyo Easley, Alderbrook Nursery & Primary School

Sparkles
Astrid An, The Study Prep

That Night
Bruce He, Wimbledon Common Prep School

The Festival of Light
Estelle Barrett, Fircroft Primary School

The Bright Light Ascension
Evaan Nirale, Donhead Prep School

Mighty Light
Henry Kyi, Hatfeild Primary School

Light From Being Kind
Margarita Ryabchenko, Wimbledon High Junior School

Monsters Fighting for a Kite
Rory Bacon, Fircroft Primary School

The Lighthouse
Sami Khan, Fircroft Primary School

My Night Lamp
Samuel Tsvetanov, Sacred Heart Catholic Primary School

Bright Light
Tahir Labib Mirza, Hatfeild Primary School

Shooting Star
Thea Attwood, Poplar Primary School

Fireworks
Vikram Karna, Wimbledon Common Prep School

The Lighthouse Keeper
Zachary Liu, Wimbledon Common Prep School

STORIES

Sparkle the Light
Aksel Ozgelen, Wimbledon Common Prep School

The Torch with LIGHT
Anabella Gaier, Home Educated

Jack and the Lost Star
Arella Hancock, All Saints CofE Primary School

Hope
Danil Hamid, Wimbledon Chase Primary School

Charlie's Lighthouse
Elliott Swift, Poplar Primary School

Freddie and the Star
Freddie Stephens, Esher Church School

Axel's Great Escape
Harry Ford, Esher Church School

The Bug Night-Light
Iris Cromwell, Pelham Primary School

The Sun & The Moon
Isabel Suarez, Wimbledon High Junior School

Is There Light?
Konstantinos Mantzorogeorgos, Benedict Academy

When the Sun Slept In
Leila Belgroune, Wimbledon High Junior School

Starlight
Millie Gulliver, Poplar Primary School

Lost at Sea
Oscar Bhokanandh, Willington Prep School

The Light
Rhys Patel, Wimbledon Common Prep School

The Invention of the Travel Light
Sofia Kharin, Wimbledon Park Primary School

Little Light
Usman Ahmed, Links Primary School

The Dangerous Light
Vandita Jaju, Wimbledon High Junior School

The Magic Candle
William Rice, Willington Prep School

Sophie and the Lightning Dragon
Willow White, Aragon Primary School

The Knight Light
Yichen Zhang, Wimbledon Common Prep School

Poem From a 6-Year-Old American

By Ariyo Easley

Alderbrook Nursery & Primary School, Year 1, Age 6

There is just one candle
In the darkness
Then
A fire starts to burn

The sun comes up
After that
A disco ball
Appears

The light switch for the disco ball
Gets turned off
After that
The sun starts to set

Then
It rains
The fire dies out

That one candle gets moved
Into a house with the lights on

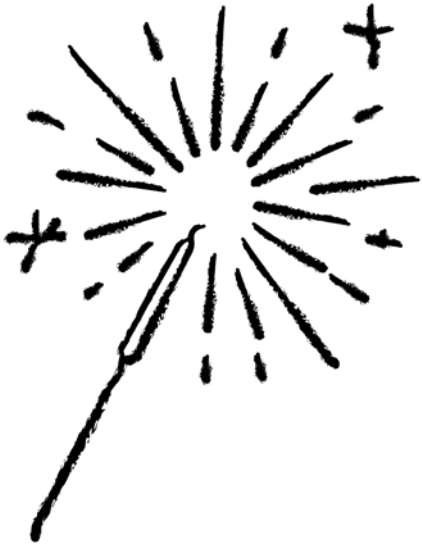
The lights get turned off
The wind blows and the candle
Stops

Sparkles

By Astrid An

The Study Prep School, Year 1, Age 6

Sparkle,
sparkle
little sparkle,
how beautiful
you are! With
shiny glows as
it drifts around
the world. As it
beautifully swirled,
As it curls in
its shiny nest.



That Night

By Bruce He

Wimbledon Common Prep School, Year 2, Age 6

That night, the plane that I was on was forced to turn back.



Urgent announcement –
Heads lifted, lilting, searching.
Eyes scanned the uneasy air.

But I was not afraid.

That night, outside the window
Light filled the dark and stayed with me.

One light was my mum
Steady and warm in my heart.

One light was my little brother Ethan,
A flicker of laughter in the dark.

One light was my little sister Hannah,
Shining like a glowing star beside me.

And two more gentle lights –
Aunt Stela, kind and caring,
Aunt Stephana, jokey and playful.

Even then the plane turned back,
They stayed like the stars in the dark,
Guiding me home.

The Festival of Light

By Estelle Barrett

Fircroft Primary School, Year 2, Age 7

The light in the sky is bright like a sparkling jewel,
The light in the home is shimmering like a glowing ember,
dappled over sofas, chairs and beds,
I feel it light up inside me warm and welcoming,
Don't forget it's always inside you growing brighter and
brighter every day.

The light on the stage is dazzling like a streetlamp, smiling
down at the actors,
The city lights are shining like thousands of glistening
diamonds.
The light of a lighthouse
dizzyingly spinning,
Guiding the boats,
it's beam never
dimming.



I see it every time,
the day bleeds into
night,
And when they're
all united, I join the
festival of light!

The Bright Light Ascension

By Evaan Nirale

Donhead Prep School, Year 2, Age 6

I push the button boom
the light comes out very soon

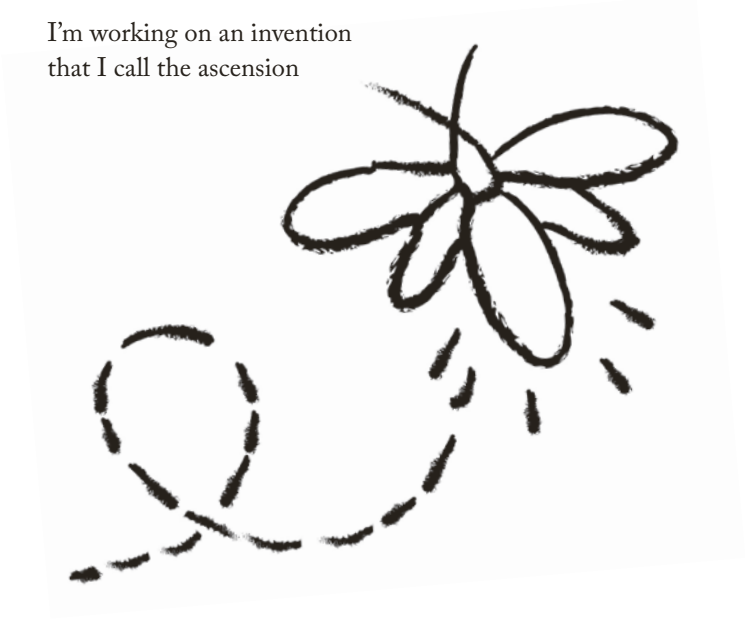
Three colours of light come out. Blue, red and green
mixing with tiny balls, brussels sprouts come out of the scene

When I press the button, it spins around
and then the light sounds

The battery being fuzzy
makes the sound a bit buzzy

This is my rocket
that I keep in my pocket

I'm working on an invention
that I call the ascension



When I come out of the scene
I shoot out an electronic beam

I see a lot of light
in my sight

I pulled the rope tight
when the light was shining super bright

When I feel the light
it makes me shine bright

That makes me rise up into the sky
then I can fly!

Mighty Light

By Henry Kyi

Hatfeild Primary School, Year 2, Age 6

Light is bright and
adds a little bit of
might against the
darkness of the
night



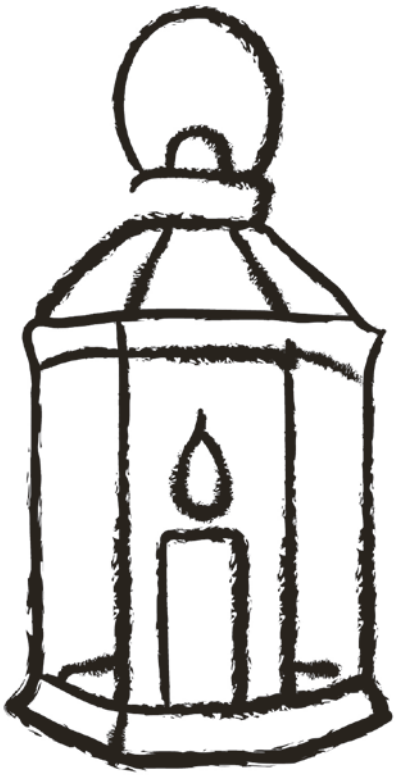
Light From Being Kind

By Margarita Ryabchenko

Wimbledon High Junior School, Year 2, Age 7

Once upon a time…
I'll tell you this in a rhyme:
A man called Boris
Loved going hunting in a forest.
One day in May,
He took his car and drove far away,
He went through the trees
With green leaves,
Then opened his bag with his green gun
And a brown blueberry bun.
He ate his bun
Then took out his gun.
He noticed a deer,
Took out his spear -
Missed the hare
And decided it was fair.
As he saw a mouse
He remembered he had to go back to his house.
He started going home,
All alone,
In his head he thought: Hey!
I forgot the way!
Where should I go?
To the right? Wait, no…
He thought it was the end…
But then he saw his friend.
Friend said: "My heart told me you were in trouble,
We should look out for one another.
In my hand I have a map,
On my head I have a cap."
So off they went, and they were led

By the heart of his friend.
As you see, light travels fast,
Like from a blast,
Light from being kind
Can show the ways no one could find.



Monsters Fighting for a Kite

By Rory Bacon

Fircroft Primary School, Year 2, Age 7

In the light I saw a fight,
but I didn't realise it was the night,
which was weird and gave me a fright.
There were two monsters arguing about a kite,
and I still didn't know what was the light.
Then I saw a torch shining nice and bright.
It was hanging from a tree which had great height.
I tried to fight the monsters with all my might,
because I really did want the kite.
They were shouting, I thought they might bite.
I tried to reason with them and be contrite,
but their faces gave me such a fright.
That I didn't even realise that it was now so bright.



The Lighthouse

By Sami Khan

Fircroft Primary School, Year 1, Age 6

Dark, stormy night.
BOOM! BANG! CRASH!
Bright, glimmering flashes.
I can see lightening.
There are waves crashing against my boat.
BANG!
The waves are so angry.
My heart is racing as fast as a cheetah.
Lighthouse, where are you? I need your help.
I row faster and faster.
I need to get home…where is my island?
BANG!
The waves are still angry.
I can see a bright light.
It blinds me and I cannot see.
Finally.
Lighthouse, there you are.
Illuminating.
The waves glisten like gems.
The sand on the island is sparkling.
The storm is over.
The bright moon says hello.
My heart beats slowly. I can see my home.



My Night Lamp

By Samuel Tsvetanov

Sacred Heart Catholic Primary School, Year 1, Age 6

My night lamp is with me every night.
Sometimes I feel scared of the dark.

When it is very dark, I think I see scary things.
Sometimes I think they are real and coming out of the TV.

So, I turn on my night lamp.
It lights my room just enough.



The light is soft and warm.
It makes my room look safe.

I like my lamp because it helps me feel calm.
It is my favourite light.

It looks like a small sun in my room.
It shines and makes everything nice.

When the lamp is on, I am not scared anymore.
I feel brave and I can sleep.

My night lamp helps me feel safe every night.

Bright Light

By Tahir Labib Mirza

Hatfeild Primary School, Year 2, Age 7

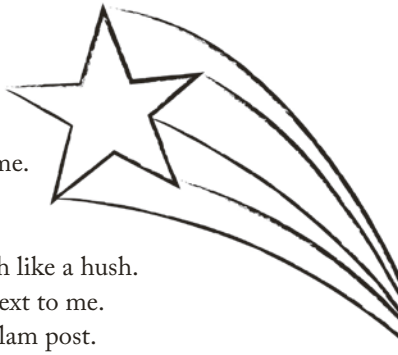
Bright light o so bright
Brings down a ray of sun light
This light that is so bright
Why does it shine on me?
Why would it shine on someone unworthy of it
I can't take this light this very bright light
It shines on someone unworthy
It looks like it's my turn
To take what's mine to prove to this light
I am worthy
I can take it
It ain't so bright
But yet I still sit here
alone
In this light
And all I want to do is shut the door



Shooting Star

By Thea Attwood

Poplar Primary School, Year 2, Age 6



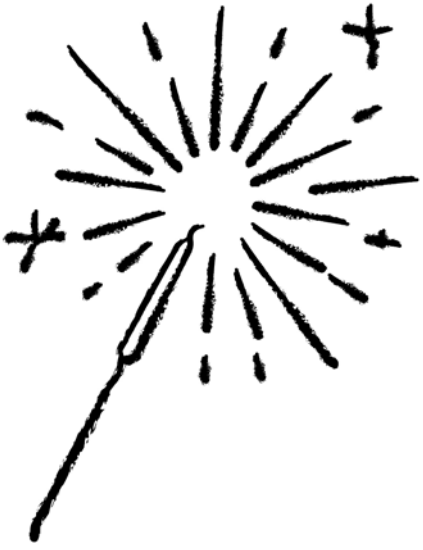
Beautiful like a gem
Glimmering, sparkling, shooting
As fast as a rocket
I pointed up at the sky.
It feels like outer space is right next to me.
I feel a spark in my eye
I shouted "wow!"
I hear the shooting star go shwooooooosh like a hush.
I imagined the shooting star fly down next to me.
It glows up the street like an enormous lam post.
The shooting star slowly floated back up
I close my eyes and made a wish
I wished everybody could make one wish on the shooting star.
I still feel the spark in my eyes which feels like it will stary there forever in my greeny blue eyes.
The shooting star disappeared back into the dark, blue night sky.
Twinkling with stars like torches flicking on and off.

Fireworks

By Vikram Karna

Wimbledon Common Prep School, Year 2, Age 7

F - Fireballs exploding in the night sky,
I - I'm encased with happiness and joy.
R - Rollercoasters of sparkle in front of my eye,
E - Echoes of thunder zooming by!
W - Whosh! Goes another one, flying through the night,
O - Out of the dark, little stars shining bright.
R - Rainbows appearing in the light of the moon,
K - Kaleidoscopes of colour dancing to a happy tune.
S - Such a magical sight makes my smile grow miles wide!



The Lighthouse Keeper

By Zachary Liu

Wimbledon Common Prep School, Year 1, Age 5

Eric the lighthouse keeper was cooking his dinner. His favourite salmon and chips, what a winner!

He looked out of the window, out of the corner of his eyes "Oh dear the light house light is off". Eric cried.

He marched to the light house with his tummy rumbling. Carrying his old metal toolbox he went up the stairs grumbling.

He changed the lightbulb, it shone as bright as can be. "That will save the boats from the dangerous sea!"

Eric the lighthouse keeper strode back, he really wants a tasty snack.

He sat down at his dining table and ate his dinner with a munch and crunch. It was so delicious; he wanted the same for tomorrow's lunch.



Sparkle the Light

By Aksel Ozgelen

Wimbledon Common Prep School, Year 1, Age 5



Once upon a time, there was a brave little light named Sparkle. He wasn't as powerful as the sun or he was not as shiny as the moon. He felt a bit lonely and decided to talk to the magical Sun for some advice. The sun told Sparkle to find his own strengths.

Sparkle lived in a tree house near the cold little pond. That night when everyone was asleep, the brave little light left his house quietly and went on a journey to help others. Firstly, Sparkle saw a cat that has lost his way to his house, while chasing a mouse. Sparkle turned on his sparkle to help the cat find his path. Then Sparkle travelled to the village to see the houses. At that moment, he heard a little girl cry. She had a terrible dream. Sparkle shone a light through the window. The girl could then see her teddy bear and fell asleep hugging it.

It was nearly the end of dawn. On his way back to the pond, Sparkle saw a fragile daffodil. It leaned towards it and gave a little bit of his warmth. The daffodil lifted its head to the sky. Sparkle smiled as he had found his strength. It was to make a difference to others' lives.

The end.

The Torch with LIGHT

By Anabella Gaier

Home Educated, Year 2, Age 7

An amazing story about LIGHT.

There once was a torch called Holly who had a rainbow, sparkly light. Everybody liked the bright light because it helped light the way. Holly had so much attention.

One afternoon Holly was practicing her dance for the show called "The Amazing Light Show", which she was performing that evening. To her surprise she could not perform the sparkly light finale because her batteries had run out! How was she going to perform in the show?

Luckily because this had happened before and she knew just how to fix it.



She had to look for battery land which was in the deep dark wood. The enchanted wood was scary to most people, but Holly was brave enough to go inside the woods. She ran into the sweet-scented, mysterious woods hoping to find batteries.

She looked high, low, left and right but couldn't find the batteries, so she had to keep looking. Holly was walking around when she saw an electric shock coming from behind the bushes. She looked behind the bushes and then she found Battery

Land. She pushed through the bushes and saw there where batteries were everywhere!



After looking around Holly found two packets of batteries with twelve batteries inside that were big enough for her to use. She ran as fast as she could out of the deep dark woods so that she wasn't late for the show. She made it back to the stage just in time for her performance.

Her lightshow was amazing and everyone loved it. They cheered and clapped. It was the best dance that Holly had ever performed, and her light was the brightest out of all the other lights that Holly had made.

Torches are real things that are a source of light [which means that they can make their own light]. You can light up the dark with it. Torches are amazing

Jack and the Lost Star

By Arella Hancock

All Saints CofE Primary School, Year 2, Age 7



Once upon a time (because that is how all good stories start) there lived a little boy called Jack. One of his most favourite things in the world are stars. Before falling asleep he always stares at them, wishing to have one of his own.

When Jack woke up, he gazed at the bright, blue sky but as usual all the stars had disappeared. After breakfast, he went outside to play with his friends when he saw something glowing in a holly bush. He took a closer look and found that one star had fallen from the sky!

It must have got lost. Jack's mission was to keep it safe all day until he could return the star back to the sky. He decided to put it into his bag and bring the star to school. Everyone wanted to see what was in his small bag so he showed everyone the star. Except his teacher because Mrs Badger might take it away. At break time he quickly checked on the star. It was still there, shining so brightly. But then it began to wiggle. "Keep still!" whispered Jack. But it just kept wiggling and shining brighter, it didn't like being in a squashed, cramped bag. "Jack what's in your bag?" said Mrs Badger. "Errrrrrr nothing," said Jack. So Jack quickly hid his bag under his coat.





As soon as school finished, he ran home as fast as he could. Just then the sky turned black. He wondered how to put the star back into the sky. He carefully took the star out of his bag. It was shining even more. He wanted to get it as high as possible. So he found the highest tree he could find. The tree was at the end of the road, it was beautiful.

He climbed to the top of the tree with the star in his pocket, still shining. He carefully took it out of his pocket and held it up to the sky. The star started to float up, and up, and up until he could hardly see it. Then it completely disappeared! Jack walked back to his house and felt very sad. That evening when he was supposed to be asleep, he was staring out of his bedroom window when he saw a star that was brighter than all the others. Although he missed it Jack smiled because he knew it was his star.

Hope

By Danil Hamid

Wimbledon Chase Primary School, Year 1, Age 6

On a Monday morning the sky was clear and the weather was sunny. The water was bright blue, shining like a diamond with the reflection of the sun. The school of fish was singing songs 'blob blob blob' with a smiley face. Tiny fish called Vixy was having a lot of fun with its friends. He was a dark blue fish with golden stripes on him. He was playing hide and seek with his friends in the coral reefs while hiding behind the corals and the sea weeds.

Suddenly, a huge ship came to the middle of the ocean and threw rubbish everywhere. All the fish started to panic and ran away. Tiny Vixy got lost, couldn't find his home and started crying. Dolphin Axvy found Vixy and took him to his own house. Axvy asked his friends wise turtle Olly and baby sea lion called Liony how they could find the tiny Vixy's house. But they had no idea.

Then a kid called Danil came to the ocean to take all the rubbish out of the coral reef area as he hated oceans being dirty. Then he saw the tiny fish Vixy and asked if he could help to find his home. Vixy was happy that Danil and the other sea animals offered help. They looked everywhere but couldn't find Vixy's home.

The sun was setting down and everywhere became dark. Vixy was scared and shaking. Suddenly, they heard a light approaching towards them, but it was Thunder the angler fish with his sharp teeth. They started swimming faster to get away from him but then they saw Pointy the shark. He started chasing them. Then Danil took out the magical purple potion from his pocket to splat in the ocean.

Everything became sparkly and calm. Pointy and Thunder forgot to chase them, they started giggling and dancing. They made bubbles with their mouth and laughed all around the ocean.

Vixy found this journey very exciting, but his tummy started to rumble. He was very hungry. Danil used his magic wand made of iron to create a giant chicken nugget. It was a midnight feast. Danil, Vixy and their friends ate all of it and funny Pointy and Thunder joined them as well. They became friends. Thunder mentioned seeing dark blue stripy fish with his light.

They were swimming towards the coral reefs. Vixy got excited and started jumping saying 'they are my family'. Danil decided to take Vixy there and they said goodbye to their lovely friends. They swam towards the coral reefs but tiny Vixy was tired and slept. Danil carried him in his comfortable pocket and found the dark blue stripy school of fish who were looking around and shouting "Vixy, Vixy!" Danil took out Vixy and he opened his eyes, whispering "Mum, Dad, I missed you!". They did a family hug and thanked Danil for bringing him. They gave him a gold medal for keeping the ocean clean and helping the sea animals.



Charlie's Lighthouse

By Elliott Swift

Poplar Primary School, Year 2, Age 6



Charlie lived with his dad in a red and white lighthouse by the sea.

Charlie's dad was an explorer; he searched for treasures in the ocean.

One evening, Charlie's dad was getting ready to go out in his boat. He was going alone, to find a shipwreck, where he hoped to find lost treasure.

Charlie felt scared that his dad would be going without him. He said "goodbye dad" in a gloomy way, he hugged him and went to bed.

As the sun was setting, Charlie's dad sailed deeper on the ocean, but he couldn't find the shipwreck. Suddenly it was dark. Charlie's dad heard a crack of thunder coming from the clouds above, and a flash of lightening over the boat. He was petrified and ducked into the hull, watching as it struck the sea. The boat was rocking and swaying, he felt terrified, and was missing Charlie, with no sign of any treasure to bring home.

Back at the lighthouse, Charlie was in his room, sleeping. He woke up scared from a nightmare and went to look for his dad in his bedroom, but there was no sign of him. He went downstairs to the kitchen but still, no dad. He looked

out of his window at the ocean and saw a flash of lightening in the sky and a red flare shining over the water. Charlie dashed to the top of the lighthouse to turn on the lamp and shone it out where he had seen the flare. Charlie heard a loud horn honking and saw the reflection of a boat coming towards the lighthouse.

Charlie felt excited when he saw the boat, it was dad!

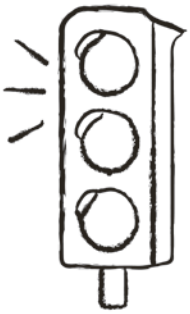
When the boat reached the shore, Charlie ran to hug him and said, "did you find any treasure, dad?". Charlie's dad said "no, but I did learn something, Charlie. You should never go alone to find treasure". His dad smiled and said, "next time, I'll take you with me Charlie". Charlie felt brave and happy to have guided his dad back to shore.

Charlie and his dad went upstairs to bed, leaving the lamp on to help other explorers return safely home.

Freddie and the Star

By Freddie Stephens

Esher Church School, Year 2, Age 7



It was dawn and Freddie woke up early and decided to drive up the mountain in his red shiny car.

When he got there he took his green and black skis out of his car and darted to the chairlift, to go higher up the mountain.

When he reached the top, it was nice and quiet and you could hear a pin drop. The blue sky was like the sea, glittering in the snow. He set off down the red run. The wind whistled in his hair, and it felt so fabulous.

But halfway down the run, a star fell out of the sky and landed on the floor in front of him. Freddie thought "it was light a second ago, but now it's pitch black. This is a bit scary!"

Suddenly the star started to jump down the slope, so he skied as fast as he had ever skied in his whole life to try and catch it. Yes! He caught it with the tips of his fingers and he held it tight.

He tried to throw it back into the air, but it was no use it just floated above his head.

He reached and grabbed it and skied to the bottom of the run to get the chairlift and go to the top again. When he was nearly at the top, he threw the start with all his strength and it floated back into space. To his surprise there was a massive crowd of people at the bottom of the slope and they were all cheering for him.

The darkness went away and it was bright again.

Axel's Great Escape

By Harry Ford

Esher Church School, Year 2, Age 7

Chapter 1 – Meeting Axel

Once upon a time there was an axolotl – its name was Axel. He was brave and he lived in a cave. The cave was cold and dark, but he loved it in there. It was his home. One day, people came to the cave. They found the Axolotl and they captured him. He suddenly saw the bright sun and he felt sad. He wanted to be back in the cool, dark home. The people took him back to their house and Axel became a pet. The people started to feed him fish, but he didn't like it. He liked to eat worms. The people started to look at the axolotl in his tank with the bright light. There were lots of axolotls in the tank with him and he wasn't used to company.

Chapter 2 – The Baby

He sleeps well. The next morning, he got breakfast, but another pet arrived. It was an egg. He hadn't seen an egg before – he was embarrassed – was it food? No, he started to sit on it and the next day it started to crack. Inside the egg there was a little axolotl. He called it Little Axel. He liked having a baby. He started to feed Little Axel. The human moved house.

Chapter 3 – The Birthday

Axel started to feed Little Axel worms, which he loved. He practiced swimming in the tank, and he was used to it. The next day, Axel was happy – it was his birthday. He loved birthdays. The human got him a treasure chest and a log for his tank. Little Axel was playing with them. His birthday breakfast was a big worm that he shared with his baby.

It was night. The axolotls were all asleep.



But one wasn't. Axel and Little Axel were preparing to escape. They got snacks and water and a backpack.

Chapter 4 – The Plan
The next morning, Axel and Little Axel were whizzing through his toys. They loved his toys. Axel and Little Axel were prepared for the night. It was the saddest moment because they got trapped by the humans, but they were happy because they were going home. They were trying to make friends with the other axolotls. All of them wanted to escape, they found out. So they had all the axolotls on their side. They were happy and dreaming of exciting moments. They got fed day after night.

Chapter 5 – The Escape
At night, all the axolotls were pushing in the tank and suddenly it was moving. The tank fell off the side and smashed onto the ground. The axolotls were free, there was water and glass on the floor, but they were going home. They finally found their way back to the cave. They were back at home. They went out of the light and back into the darkness.

The End.

The Bug Night-Light

By Iris Cromwell

Pelham Primary School, Year 2, Age 7

Once upon a time, three children called Ellie, Bob and Lilly decided to camp in a dark, spooky forest. They started their journey brave and strong.

Lilly pointed out the perfect spot to camp. It was perfect because it was spacious enough for a campfire. So, they put up their tent there. It was a pretty, beautiful tent that looked like a sleeping unicorn.

Soon, night fell and everything was dark. The three friends lit the campfire that they had made a couple of minutes ago. They ate some yummy, puffy marshmallows and sang some songs. They all took a huge yawn and agreed to go to bed. So, they brushed their teeth and went to bed - snore, snore.

Suddenly, a ROAR came from close by. This kept on happening every single time they tried to get to sleep.

By now, their torch battery was flat and the campfire had gone out. They couldn't see what was making the creepy noise, and they were VERY scared.

CREAK. CRACK.

They started to shiver in fear. A few minutes later, they were brave enough to peek outside. A big light was slowly coming towards them from a distance. The friends got a lot more frightened. The light got closer and closer.

Suddenly, Ellie said, "It looks like fireflies and glow-worms!"

She was right. A glow-worm started to speak and said, "I went past your tent, and I could see that you were scared of the dark. So, I went to get my friends, so we could be your light."

Ellie, Lilly and Bob could now see that the creepy noises were just the wind in the leaves and branches cracking. They had a great, peaceful night's sleep in the light of the fireflies and glow-worms.

After that, they all lived happily ever after.



The Sun & The Moon

By Isabel Suarez

Wimbledon High Junior School, Year 2, Age 7

There's one thing not many people know about, dear friends. Light and dark meet every night in secret…

You know how sometimes in summer the sun goes down late? Well, it's because the Sun is waiting for the Moon to come.

That one time stood still in my memory. There they were, there I saw it! I saw them. They were dancing and laughing in the night hours, while I was watching and rubbing my eyes, thinking it was probably a dream.

I first saw the calming, bright lights of a firefly, which shone on my white, fluffy and cosy pillow. I had just landed on my newest adventure. My family's farm. I was very lucky to go to the farm, because out there the stars really are clear, and that means I could see the Moon and the Sun together again in a wide, open space.

Now, you see, I live in the city, and I don't get to see them this brightly.

That evening, after everyone was ready for bed, quiet as a mouse, I put on a coat, slipped on a pair of muddy welly boots and went outside to watch the Moon and Sun meet. But something was not right. What might have happened? I climbed the tallest tree I could find and quietly called out: "Moon, Sun, where are you?" I only had a few minutes left to see them before the night took over. Suddenly the dark clouds shifted away and there they were. The lovely pair were together again. I sighed. How was this so easy? How I loved feeling warmth and coldness at the same time. I felt

like they were on a playdate, dancing, moving towards one another, sharing secrets! It felt like they were keeping each other company. How can I ever forget this moment?!

I think the best magic only comes when you stay still enough to see it.



Is There Light?

By Konstantinos Mantzorogeorgos

Benedict Academy, Year 2, Age 7

Once there was a dark wizard who made a secret deal with all the kings. He visited each one and promised, "You will be the strongest. You will win every war." The kings believed him because they all wanted power. So they drank his magic potion. But the potion did not make them strong. It took away their minds. They became like living zombies and turned into his slaves. Slowly, the world began to lose its light.

Deep in a forest lived a good wizard who had promised to protect peace. Long ago, he had hidden his wand, which had a shining star on top. The wand held the greatest light in the world. He was afraid of its power, so he asked the forest to hide it. But now the forest was dying. The trees were dry, the ground was dark, and he could no longer hear its voice.

The wizard went to the elves for help. The elves told him about the oldest elf, who lived alone in a cave high up in the mountains. He had not spoken to anyone for a thousand years. So the wizard and the elves went on a long journey. After many days, they found him and told him everything. The old elf agreed to help because he wanted balance to return to the world.

They went back to the forest just before it turned completely black. The old elf was as ancient as the forest, so he could hear its last whisper. The forest told him where the wand was hidden. They found it and took it with them.

Then they went to face the dark wizard. But first, they had to fight his army of kings and elves who had become slaves. It was a long and difficult battle. They lost many friends, and half

their army was gone. The world was almost completely dark, and everyone was losing hope.

But something strange happened. As the sky became darker, the wand started to shine brighter and brighter. Its light turned pure white. It was a sign that hope was still alive.

At the final battle, the light became so strong that only the good wizard and the dark wizard could see. Everyone else could only see a powerful white light. Suddenly, the wand called the stars from the sky. The stars came down and moved around the dark wizard, shining brighter and brighter, until he turned into dust.

Slowly, the light returned to the world. Green plants grew again, trees came back to life, birds began to sing, and animals returned. The world was alive again. The wizard smiled, knowing that peace had been restored. The elves celebrated together, and the forest slowly healed, becoming greener and stronger each day. From that moment on, people remembered that true light is not just power, but hope.



When the Sun Slept In

By Leila Belgroune

Wimbledon High Junior School, Year 2, Age 7

Once upon a time, there was a bright yellow Sun who lit up the whole world and burned as hot as fire.

Her best friend was Wind who always smiled and played with Sun. Their favourite game was to rise and go down at the same time. One day, Wind said he was allowed to have a sleepover with Sun.

They were so excited. Wind's mum, a pale blue woman called Gail, said he had everything including his sleeping bag. "Good," said Sun and pulled Wind by the hand and ran as fast as a cheetah.

They ate a delicious, scrumptious dinner that smelled like warm honey and sunshine and played like cats and then went to bed.

The next day, Wind rose but Sun didn't budge. "Wake up, Sun!" shouted Wind, who never usually shouted. "You promised we would rise at the same time!!!" But all Sun did was carry on sleeping. Wind tried blowing a strong gust right into Sun's face. "Whoooosh!" But Sun just snored and turned over. Wind was so furious. Sun never broke her promises to Wind.

Wind ran to Sun's mum's room. Sun's mum was a pale orange woman called Amber. Wind explained to Amber what had happened, but Amber said it was probably Sun playing a joke. So they went to wake Sun up but she wouldn't wake up.

"Oh no!" cried Amber, "Now it will be dark everywhere. The flowers will wilt, the birds won't sing, and people won't know when to wake up!" It will be so dark that everyone will think it is still nighttime.

“Did you notice anything strange about Sun before you went to sleep last night, Wind?” asked Amber.

“Well, now you mention it, I did want to ask Sun why my cough medicine cup was empty, but she was already in a deep sleep.”

“Aha,” said Amber, “that’s our clue. Sun must have accidentally drunk your cough medicine and now she is all drowsy.”

“What do we do? Will she be ok?” asked Wind.

“She’ll be her usual self after she’s had a good sleep,” said Amber, “we just need to let her rest.”

“How long will that take?” asked Wind.
“Oh, I imagine she’ll wake up before your mum gets here.”

A few hours later while Wind was downstairs playing, Sun woke with a big yawn and her warm light spread across the sky. Then she came downstairs to find Wind, who was very happy to see her.

“How did you like my cough medicine?” asked Wind.

“What cough medicine?” replied Sun.

“The one you drank last night,” said Wind.

“Oh,” said Sun, “I thought that it was my squash, I did think it tasted funny.”

Sun and Wind laughed so hard about their first sleepover that their laughter turned into raindrops that fell gently all over the world. And from that day on, Sun never forgot how important her light was to the world.

The end.

Starlight

By Millie Gulliver

Poplar Primary School, Year 2, Age 7



This is a story about a little girl called April and the magic of starlight. April lived in a small, thatched cottage near a dark, scary forest. She liked knitting so she knitted her mum a beautiful, red scarf. April was sometimes upset because both of her grandads had died recently of cancer.

One night, she couldn't get to sleep so she looked out of her bedroom window and saw the twinkling stars. When she saw the stars, she remembered that one of her grandads told her that we are all made in some way of stardust. April didn't really understand what he meant but she knew he wouldn't lie. Just then, she imagined that her grandads were the two brightest stars that she could and they were looking down on her to check if she was ok. She wished the stars were their heads so she was still with them. She never knew that the starlight was so bright that sometimes they can hurt your eyes. The next night was Christmas eve and when April got to sleep she got taken to the stars in her dream and heard their voices saying

"We are always with you even though you can't see us. Just like the stars."

On Christmas day when April woke up, she felt like she was surrounded with love. Starlight would now always make her happy because she knew it showed her grandads shining down on her.

Lost at Sea

By Oscar Bhokanandh

Willington Prep School, Year 2, Age 6

Dark, dark, damp, cold. The waves they crashed against the side of my sailing boat. The light in the distance as small as a crumb. I wonder what or who it is. I feel lonely in the vast Ocean just my sailboat and me. The lightning strikes as quick as a flash. I feel alarmed by the flash. The rain as cold as ice on my skin. My clothes are damp and soggy. Bump! Crack! My boat hits the side of a rock. I need to find my way home. I close my eyes and when I open them I find a small island in the middle of the ocean. I must have fallen asleep. There is wood here on the island that I can use to repair my boat. I am feeling hungry so I go fishing before I set off again. The sun is setting and I need to make my way. My way back home.

My journey continues and I follow the light in the distance. The light is getting bigger and feels closer though I still don't know what or who it is. As the darkness comes some ferocious sharks swim around my boat. I freeze and keep still so they don't try to attack. They keep swimming around my boat. There must be five or six of them. Eventually they swim away. I feel relieved but still lost at sea. The waves carry me, they are bumpy like mountains. The light I see gets brighter and I can see it more clearly now. Ahead of me I see a lighthouse. Its red and white stripes look like a huge candy cane. I feel happy and warm. It was guiding me this lighthouse all along.



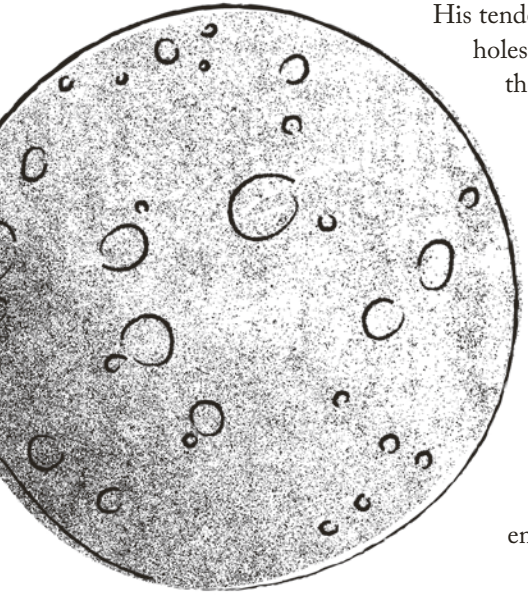
The Light

By Rhys Patel

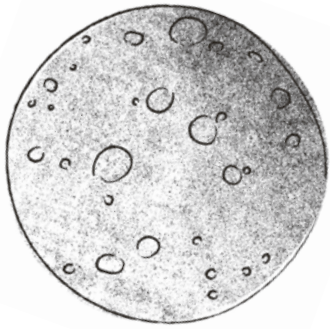
Wimbledon Common Prep School, Year 2, Age 7

3,2,1 BLAST OFF! Artemis 2 was whizzing in the air as ferocious fire escaped from its boosters. Astronaut Tom was wearing a vibrant, orange, cosy suit and a heavy helmet. He was so excited that this would be his first time launching into raven-black space. After a short while, the razor tip of the rocket was approaching the spherical moon. A moment later, Astronaut Tom gazed at vast space and thought it was as picturesque as a thousand stars on a cloudless night.

A moment later, Tom saw a blinking, bright, flashing light coming towards him like a missile. Soon, he felt his hairs stand on end and shivers crawling down his spine. After a while, a gargantuan spaceship landed containing a miniature alien with lime-green skin, anteaters sticking out of his smooth, silky head and two bulging eyes. His tender feet had microscope holes all over them. Abruptly the alien squealed, "My name is Bob" in a soft tone. Tom questioned, "Shall we play together?" but the alien just nodded his slimy head.



Shortly after, they jumped around thrilled. Tom suddenly thought the gargantuan, rocky moon felt like an enchanted terrain. Tom



exclaimed “The glistening stars look like diamonds in the sky”. The sun was reflecting onto ruby Mars.

Saturn’s icy rings glowed in the dark light and Venus resembled a blood red orange, neon colours burst out of each planet, mimicking fireworks in the outer space. A moment later, Tom spotted a radiating light which he thought it could be the breathtaking, bioluminescent Northern Star. Tom asked, “Do you mind if I come live with you to the Northern Star which appears so close yet so far?”. “Of course!” Bob bellowed back in reply. Heine fourth, the two new allied friends raced to the North Star in their expansive spaceship as they headed into the light.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

The Invention of the Travel Light

By Sofia Kharin

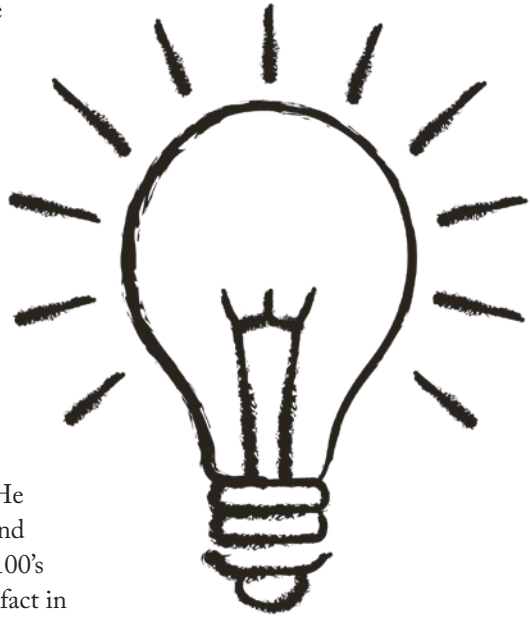
Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 1, Age 6

One day a very clever light bulb had an adventure.

He lost his light source in the dark in the middle of the night. During the day there was still no light at all. He felt sad because he was a light but there were no others around.

He had to find more lights so people could see in the day and the night. There was no light, no one could write, play or dream and that made everyone feel upset and oh so sad. Clever light bulb told everyone he was going to help.

He set out on his adventure to the seaside to see if the light bulbs were enjoying an ice cream on the beach. They were not there.



He set off on a boat to the Malaysia as he has heard it was the hottest country and there was bound to be fun for lightbulbs. He arrived in Penang and on the beach were 100's of lightbulbs. For a fact in Malaysia they have no seasons,

the only season they have is summer! He made a plan to get the light bulbs to England.

Clever light bulb had a giant fishing rod and started to take one bulb at a time off the beach putting them back in his boat! The Malaysian people let the light bulbs go as they had so much sun they didn't need them.

The light bulbs started the long journey home which took them 10 hours on the boat. Once they got off the boat the light bulbs were happy and safe! Now everyone can see in the night and day and can play write and dream!

The clever light bulb was a big superhero and was known at the travel light for the rest of time!

Little Light

By Usman Ahmed

Links Primary School, Year 2, Age 7

One night, the lights went out in Ria's house.

Everything became dark. Ria felt a little scared. 'Mum, where are you?' She called. 'I'm here', mum said softly, don't worry.

Mum lit a small tiny light. It was not bright, but it made Ria feel better. Ria looked at the candle and smiled. 'It's so small', she said.

'Yes', mum said, 'but even a small light can chase away the dark'.

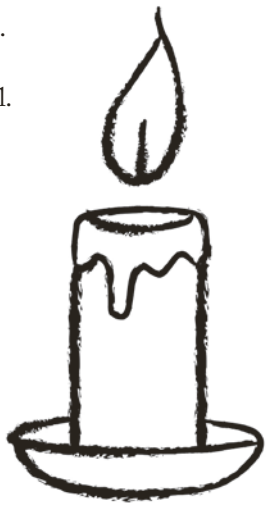
Ria held the candle carefully, the room did not feel scary anymore.

Then Ria had an idea. She took another candle and lit it. Now there were two lights. Soon the whole room felt warmer and happy.

Ria laughed, look mum, the darkness is going away.

Mum smiled, 'that's the power of light'.

That night Ria learnt something special.



The Dangerous Light

By Vandita Jaju

Wimbledon High Junior School, Year 2, Age 7

Light can be our friend, but it can also be our enemy. On an island, a princess called Isabella had different beliefs and thoughts to everyone else. She thought that light could be dangerous, but nobody would listen to her. Everyone on the island thought that light was sunshine and warmth and all things wonderful that light can give, and they made fun of Isabella and her beliefs. The island was a paradise, and on the top was a dormant volcano that hadn't erupted in thousands of years.

One day, Isabella met up with her friend Jemma who was a vulcanologist. She was the only person who thought Isabella was right. The reason that vulcanologists were on the island was because recently, they had found signs of a volcano about to erupt. Isabella requested that Jemma record the shaking of the ground with her seismometer.

One day, Jemma told Isabella that she had seen a lot of activity of shaking on her seismometer. Isabella ran to tell all the villagers – but nobody believed her. Isabella, however, was not going to give up. She and Jemma went to go and get all the boats ready in case it did erupt. A few minutes later, the villagers felt a small tremor. They realised that the volcano was going to erupt soon. Faster than fast, they rushed to the harbour. The boats were all ready and people poured into them. Just as they were pulling away, the sky went dark. Ash began to pour out of the volcano, and suddenly there was a colossal flash of lightning. An eerie orange glow emerged at the top of the volcano. Radiant, red hot rivers of lava started to make their way down the volcano's slopes. As the villagers rowed away, they saw the fiery lava pick up chunks of rock



and hurtle down the slopes towards the village. They looked like the fingers of a glowing, angry lava giant.

People realized that Isabella had been right all along. The light that they thought was always wonderful was now eating its way through their island in the form of lava. If it hadn't been for Isabella, they would all have died in the fire. Silently, they watched the lava flow all the way to the harbour and realized that nothing can always be good or bad.

The Magic Candle

By William Rice

Willington Prep School, Year 2, Age 7

Once upon a time there was a boy called Bob. He was scared of the dark. For example once he went on holiday and there was a power cut and he screamed and ran around.

One day he went into the garden to plant some seeds. But when he dug a hole to puit the seeds in he found something metal. It was a candle in a candle holder. It was gold and rusty.

Bob liked it so he took it to his room and put it on his bedside table.

Then he went downstairs to have dinner. After that he came upstairs to get ready for bed and tried to get to sleep. As he was lying in bed he noticed that the candle was glowing gold. He walked over to it and picked it up. It suddenly transported him to a dark, magical land.

He got freaked out but then he noticed the candle was glowing brighter than before, and he felt a little bit more brave. So he decided to go on an adventure.



Suddenly he spotted a wooden door. Gold light was spilling out of the cracks. He walked over to it, opened it and stepped through. On the other side was a dark creepy village with crooked trees and broken houses. Bob felt excited because he wanted to explore.

He walked around but he didn't see anyone. Then he heard a voice. "Hello deary" it croaked.

Bob shone the candle around but he still couldn't see who it was. When he turned around again an old woman with a crooked nose was standing there. "I see you found my candle" she said. Bob ran away but then he bumped into a dragon, and the dragon said "Give the candle back to the witch!"

He wanted to go home so he did what the dragon told him and gave the candle to the witch. "Thank you, I will show you the way back home now" she said. She held the candle up and a golden path appeared. Bob ran down it all the way to his house and ran to bed. And he fell asleep happily because he wasn't scared of the dark anymore.

The End.

Sophie and the Lightning Dragon

By Willow White

Aragon Primary School, Year 1, Age 6

Sophie was 10 years old and studying to be a vet to help magical animals. Sophie was in the garden one sunny day, planting flower seeds when she heard a little screech in the bushes. She wondered what it was and went and had a peek.

In the bush amongst the spiky branches was a purple, baby dragon. It was screeching a lot and looking around for its mummy. Next to the baby dragon she found a small, smooth stone.

Sophie carefully carried the dragon and the small stone through the garden and snuck into the house. She gave it food and water and made it cozy in her bed. She put the stone into her pocket.

Sophie looked on the shelf and found her Book of Dragons. She read that the baby dragon was a lightning dragon and that the stone was a magic stone that could help her communicate with the lightning dragon.



Sophie watched over the dragon for a few days and noticed that it wasn't making any lightning from its mouth or multi coloured sparks from its tail like the book said it should. She was scared because the dragon might be sick.

Sophie looked in her little vet bag and she found some potions that might help the Lightning dragon. She took out the Lightning potion and the spark potion and gave them to the dragon to drink.

A few days later, the potions had worked! The little dragon was breathing out lightning and shooting out sparks from its tail.

Sophie and her friends celebrated with a firework display by the dragon.

The beautiful, colourful fireworks in the sky woke up the mummy dragon from her long nap. She flew to Sophie's garden to find her baby. The mummy let Sophie and the baby dragon ride on her back as a way to thank Sophie. She flew Sophie to the flock of Lightning dragons to explore around and meet them. Then they flew back to Sophie's garden where her friends were waiting for her to come back.

The Knight Light

By Yichen Zhang

Wimbledon Common Prep School, Year 1, Age 5

Heavily, the cold rain was pouring down, while the wind was howling like a wolf, with a bolt of lightning striking to the ground.

In the distance, the steep mountains were scraping the dark, blue sky. The trees and flowers died off gradually and the river slowly became a bubbling, middy ditch with a rotten, stinky smell.

The light knight, Ronaldo, was standing in a gloomy, scary cave, breathing heavily. "I need to find the last stone before the dark wizard, Stan, finds me!". It has been three years since Stan stole all the light. The whole country would turn into ashes if he could not find the magic stones in time.

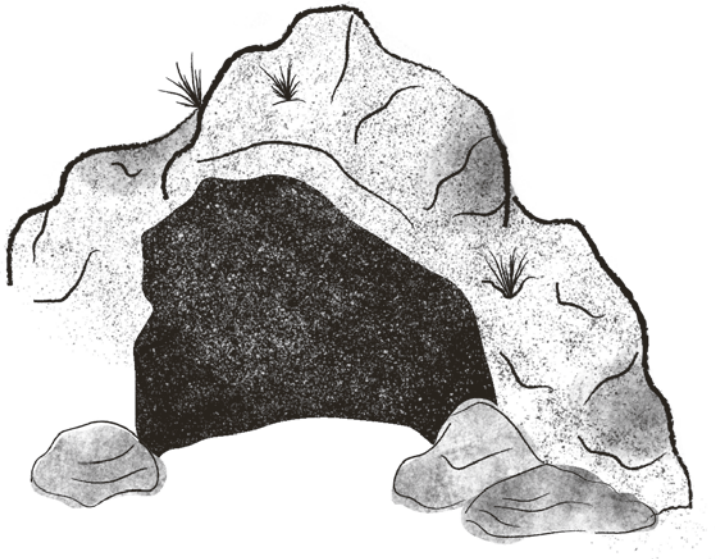
The cave was like a mysterious maze. The rotten smell got stronger and stronger when Ronaldo got closer to the centre. He had to be quiet. Otherwise, the guardian, the light dragon would wake up. He could only hear his own breathing. Suddenly, he tripped over a stone and the noise woke up the dragon straight away.

The raging, fierce dragon flapped its wings widely breathed fire to Ronaldo. Ronaldo took out his rusty, metal shield to block. He jumped high, approached closer to the dragon, and he threw his sword at the dragon's wing. The dragon froze and quickly, its power got Ronaldo's sword. Finally, Ronaldo obtained the last magic stone when it slowly came out from the dragon's body.

Ronaldo formed all the magic stones together, then the

ginormous, golden light spread across the whole country. The starts started gleaming gently, the hills and the trees were shaded with sparkling crystals. The river shimmered like flowing moonlight.

Everything has come back to normal, even brighter than ever!

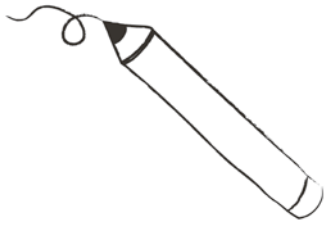


AWARDED DISTINCTION POEMS & STORIES

Lower KS2

Years 3-4

Age 7-9



POEMS

Sunset
Ada Durai-Bates, Sheringdale Primary School

The Light of the Night
Alen Demir, Merton Park Primary School

Fire
Anna Serafino, St Mary's Catholic Primary School

Beautiful Light
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What is Light?
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STORIES

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Tulip Jordan, Alderbrook Primary School

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The Girl Without a Light
Yilin Liao, Donhead Prep School

Something in the Dark
Yoonjae Isabella Shin, Wimbledon Park Primary School

Sunset

By Ada Durai-Bates

Sheringdale Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

The sun was as bright as a baby's smile,
filling people with joy.
It rose over the city bringing light to the world,
like the brightest lighthouse beacon.

People were starting to return home,
for a well-earned rest.
The sun was ready to rest as well,
but first it had to find somewhere to sleep.
Sunset.

As red as a blood moon,
as hot as a boiling saucepan.
Redder,
redder,
redder!
Too hot,
too much.

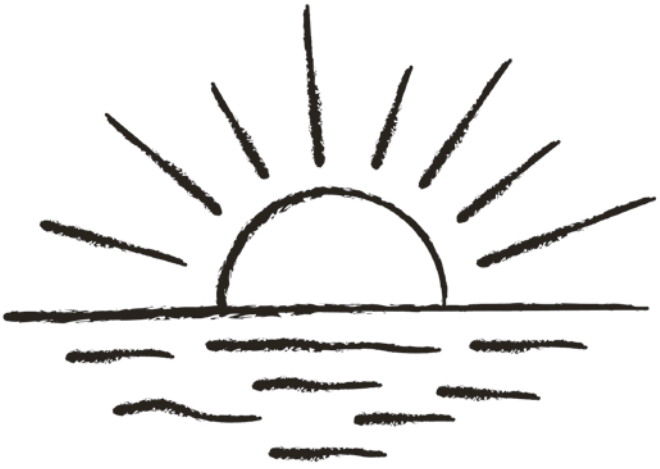
Then,
suddenly,
the sunset disappeared into the night.
Gone.
Just gone.
Nothing.

The Light of the Night

By Alen Demir

Merton Park Primary School, Year 3, Age 8

The light shined bright,
in the middle of the night,
the boat drifted slowly,
in the middle of the sea,
silently a blue whale came,
it swallowed the boats frame,
the man got swallowed whole,
he travels through the whale like a mole,
but that man had a feather,
in a bag made of leather,
the man tickled the whale's tummy,
the whale found it funny,
they shot out so fast,
the man said where's the mast.



Fire

By Anna Serafino

St Mary's Catholic Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

Fire, fire, burning bright,
Destroying trees in the night,
Australia's dying day by day,
You're impressive, I must say.

Flickering flames heat the ground,
I jump up and turn around,
The flames then reach the sky,
I run away with a sigh.

Will this fire ever stop?
Will it get up to the top?
My feat then start to ache,
I am certainly awake.

The fire then is gone for good,
Wait, was that Robin Hood?!



Beautiful Light

By Arabella Finney

Poplar Primary School, Year 3, Age 8

Flash! Something beams in the dark, dark night
Light shines down, oh wow, its bright!
From glowing fires to shinning stars
The sun beams down on Earth and Mars
Candles flicker, lighting the way
Burning bright from night to day
From lighting forks to
the sun's shimmering rays
These beautiful lights are guiding
us through our days



What is Light?

By Aslan Houghton-Jones

Shrewsbury House School, Year 3, Age 8

What is light?
Light is the shimmering rainbow
painted across the sky;
The red, the green, the festive gold
of a Christmas tree standing high.

What is light?
Light is the swish and the swoosh of a Jedi's humming blade;
The secret glow of jewellery
when a precious gift is made.

What is light?
Light is the sun, dancing
on the leaves in the autumn air;
A golden flicker in the trees,
beyond a world of care.

What is light?
Light is a distant lighthouse,
calling, calling through the foam;
A steady beam upon the waves,
guiding you safely home.



Fire! Fire!

By Ayah Khan

Fircroft Primary School, Year 4, Age 8

Fire! Fire!
Don't touch it,
It's like a monster rising from the depths of the ocean,
Crackle, hiss, POP!
Fear builds inside,
It's like a fire in your belly.



Fire! Fire!
Red, yellow and orange flickering flames.
Rising higher and higher into the sky,
It lashes out,
Spreading fear as far as the eye can see,
It's as fast as the speed of light.

Fire! Fire!
Don't touch it,
Crackle, hiss, POP!
Let's use it to cook soups and stews to warm your soul.
Let's use it to toast some gooey marshmallows.
Let's use it to soothe the hands on a cold, icy night.
Let's use it to light up a dark, gloomy path.

Fire! Fire!
Don't touch it,
Always be careful. Always be grateful.

A Star

By Boris Kaishev

Willington Prep School, Year 3, Age 8

High, high up in the sky
I see the stars - some yellow, some orange,
Many different colours,
But one, one extremely small caught my eye.

Its powerful light flickering in the distance -
as if trying to message from afar.
I felt calm, I felt happy
It was small but it shined brighter than any other star.

I imagined the past, what it would have been like,
When the stars told tales of long adventures.
And I saw in the future - a glowing light
And a peaceful Earth full of joyful people.

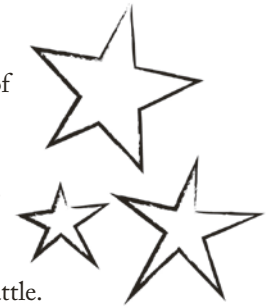
Slowly the stars started to fade
but that one stayed,
like an angel that brings me hope.



My Favourite Light

By Celeste Morris

Wimbledon Chase Primary School, Year 4, Age 8



When it is day, I feel a little bit sad
until night, when I can go out onto the roof
and gaze at the stars.

Sometimes I see things like penguins, bats,
ducks, and sometimes even people.

But sometimes I see scenes like war and battle.

But I throw those thoughts away and think about good things
like dragons, unicorns, and lambs.
Instead, I think about how the earth was created from one
thing… STARS!

Stars are all different distances and sizes,
but the one thing about stars that really shocks me
is that they helped create the Earth and planets in our universe.

It is all created by STARS!

My favourite dream is to fly up high into the sky
and touch a real star.
If I could save enough money, maybe later in my life, I might
get the chance.
I might be able to soar!
I would go into space in a rocket ship and, at night, watch
the moon.
And if you can believe me, I might even catch a star.

So, before I explode with excitement,
I want to tell you a bit more about stars.

You know how sometimes you can see the moon in the daytime?
It is the same with stars!
They are always out there,
but you won't notice in the day.
For half their life they just can't be seen.

Sometimes I think we are all stars deep down inside.
Stars are like your heart and soul combined.
When someone is born or when someone sadly dies,
their star either explodes or shines even brighter.



To me, every star has its own little secret,
and each one has wishes.
Some of them wish to live on Earth,
and some of those wishes come true.

But what if stars were alive like me or you?
Well, sometimes when I look up, I hear the stars calling me.
And what they say is, "come live with us or let us live with you!"

"Follow your heart wherever you go and we would love to be there with you!
And we will always be beside you wherever you are."
So, I sing with them, and in my heart, I become a star.

Stars live long, while singing their song,
but unfortunately, after 100,000,000 years,
one will explode, and unfortunately I am that one…

I am about to explode in 3… 2… 1…
BANG!

The Fireplace's Glow

By Clara Gorenfield

Malmesbury Primary School, Year 3, Age 7

A long, cold winter's night
Trudging through the snow
Getting home I'm so relieved
To feel the fireplace's glow

Spring has arrived
Blossoms everywhere we go
Being with you reminds me of
The fireplace's glow

Summer is here
The ice-cream van rolls up the street
The distant memory of the fireplace
Was really such a treat

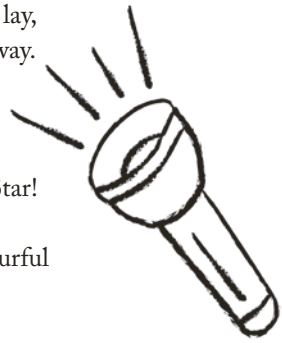
The autumn leaves have fallen
And I think to myself 'Oh,
Soon it will be time again
For the fireplace's glow.'



The Four Tattered Torches

By Clara Jones

Trafalgar Junior School, Year 4, Age 8



On a cluttered disturbed desk, four torches lay,
But each one gives light in their very own way.
One a glimpse of a rainbow,
One as sparkly as a diamond,
One so bright it could blind,
The last one, as if capturing the Northern Star!

The one a glimpse of a rainbow was as colourful
as a pallet splattered with paint,
or a theme park when it's vibrant and alive.

Then the one as sparkly as a diamond was like a
bejeweled earring, or a shimmering sheet of tinfoil
shining in the sun!

The one so bright it could blind you could be the sun, yawning,
awakening from its nap.

Finally, the one as if capturing the Northern Star, shone away,
lighting the whole world up with a stunning glow.

All together, these torches make this world light up with
uniqueness, like the sun.
I believe this majestic light is made out of millions and trillions
of torches!

Once the night stirs,
all the world's lights and brightness settle down for the night
ready to hide and cover their lightness.

The Sparkle of Light

By Edie McCartney

Malmesbury Primary School, Year 3, Age 8

The light is there in the darkest of times.
A light on a candle SHIMMERS and SHINES.
The light of a campfire here.

The light is here for all.

The light of a light GLISTENING through a chandelier.
Sprinkles of stars form swirling constellations as the world spins past.
Fireflies burning light dancing through the forest.

The light is here for all.

The sun SHINING upon us.
A light house standing tall showing boats where to go.
The spotlight SHINING down on the performer.

The light is here for all.

The light in a lantern shows the way on a misty path.
Lightning flashing before our eyes while it lights up the sky.
The light is there in the darkest of times.



The light is here for all.

Your Inner Light

By Eliza Betal

Sellincourt Primary School, Year 3, Age 8

Inside your heart there lives a spark,
A tiny flame that glows in the dark.
It flickers softly, brave and true,
And whispers, "There is light in you."
You may not see it every day
When clouds of doubt get in the way,
But deep inside that light is there,
Growing stronger with love and care.

Some children build with thoughtful hands,
Some write bright stories across the lands.
Some love to sing with voices clear,
Filling the world with joy we hear.
Some solve puzzles, clever and wise,
Some lift others when someone cries.
Some stand tall with courage and pride,
While kindness shines from deep inside.
Some paint the world with colour and art,
Some share warm smiles that brighten a heart.

Each shining talent, big or small,
Is a special light that lives in us all.
The path ahead may twist and bend,
With hills to climb and turns to mend.
But every step will help you see
The strength of who you're meant to be.
For courage, hope, and strength so bright
Have lived in you your whole life.
They're quiet stars that guide your way,
Growing stronger every day.

So dream big dreams, explore, and try,
Let your imagination fly.
Dance with joy, be bold and free,
And grow into who you're meant to be.
Climb every mountain you can see,
Believe in all your possibility.
For the future waits, both bright and wide,
With endless wonder just inside.
And the world will shine its brightest view
When you become the truest version of you.



Shining Justice

By Emily Berry

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 4, Age 8

In the 20th century the civil rights were on,
Lots of people were included some women some men,
People wanted votes for all,
Some wanted everyone to be equal,
So they screamed, shouted, cheered and called,
Hoping the world would listen and applaud,
Civil rights oh how you'll shine come day or night.

In 1903 Emmeline Pankhurst was marching,
For the women's vote,
Holding placards,
Burning buildings down,
Parading around town,
Finally in 1918 all their hard work paid off,
And women got the right to vote!
Civil rights oh how you'll shine come day or night.



In 1955 Rosa Parks sat on a seat,
Then a white person came on the bus,
And said "get off my seat",
Rosa shouted back in reply "NO",
After that a boycott came against their foes,
Civil rights oh how you'll shine come day or night.

In 1963 Mr King was boss,
Martin Luther King was his name,
He tried to show he wasn't lame,
He stood around nice and tall,
And in a heartwarming voice people heard him say,
'I have a dream',
Some people frowned and some people beamed,
Civil rights oh how you'll shine come day or night.

And now today,
Everyone has the right to vote,
Everyone can ride the bus,
And best of all, everyone can be equal!
And that's all thanks to everyone who fought for civil rights.
Civil rights oh how you'll shine come day or night.

Eyes of Flame

By Hanna Kiriharan

Poplar Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

Eyes of flame,
scales of red,
it is known as a dragon
as the legend says.
Breath of fire,
as it's scaly wings,
fly higher and higher.

Eyes of flame,
seeking destruction,
tearing its ways,
a terrible production.
Villagers run,
burning buildings,
I promise you, it's not that fun.

A hero shall rise,
to defeat the beast,
villagers won't run,
as their worries will be least.



I'm Scared of the Night

By Isabel Romani

The Roche School, Year 3, Age 8

I'm scared of the night
Since I was a child
I wish I could bite
My fears of the wild

The air feels so tight
My nightmares are scary
Monsters give me a fright
Especially when hairy

I can't wait for the sun
When things are right
When nighttime is done
And I see the light

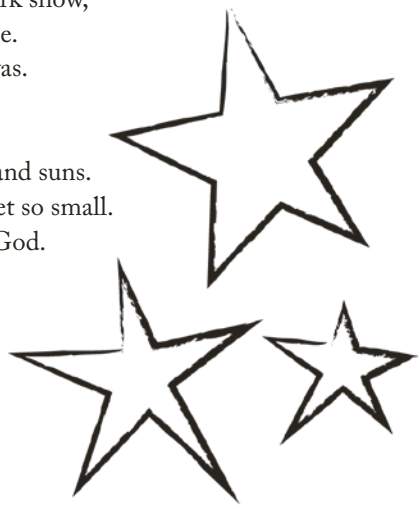


THE LIGHT

By Jiyool Lee

St Matthew's CofE Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

I saw a light, far away from me
I wondered where it could be
And the source it could be from.
A roaring volcano, a firework show,
Maybe the night stars' shine.
I couldn't be sure what it was.
The light was mellow
With a tiny tint of yellow
And brighter than a thousand suns.
The light I saw, so bright yet so small.
Its beauty was a gift from God.



Light

By John Park

Holy Trinity Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

Bright,
Darkness is gone, brightness is here
Spilling softly into corners.

Shine,
Your smile is so bright,
It could light up the sleeping town
Laughter and happiness all around.

The shiny light on the river
Like shattered crystal dancing
To live.

La-la-la-la-light,
A song we like to sing when
The sun is high.

Lights on the streets,
They guide our ways safely home.

Light,
In every glow, a story
In every spark, a start
Enlightens quietly in our hearts.



The Star to be Followed

By Leila Heim

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

I can feel the wind stroking past my cheeks,
the smell of rich soil dreams up my nose,
when suddenly a glowing star appears in the sky.

This star shines brighter than all the others,
up there above the swaying trees,
the hooting owls,
and the rustling grass.

It seems to move, I follow it nearly instinctively,
the star follows a small path that I have never seen before,
the path also smells odd.

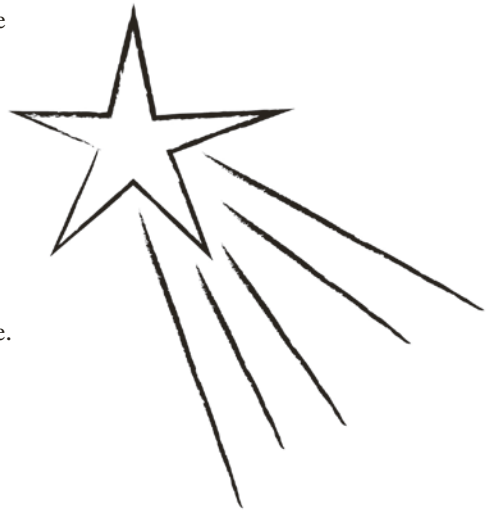
By now dusk has fallen, night is there,
the last call of a nightingale echoes through the forest,
here everything is different but similar at the same.

The star leads me to a clearing,
in the far-left corner stands a cave,
the rest is surrounded by trees, evergreens, deciduous.

When out of nowhere a wolf leaps into the moonlight,
for a split second my heart stops completely,
never, never have I seen an animal as beautiful as this
majestic creature.

My heart start beating again,
the wolf cautiously comes closer,
it glances up to the moon, now I can see the look of longing
and sadness but also
the strength and power coming from its eyes.

It catches my eye, its gaze
growing softer,
it seems to sense my
strong connection to
the forest,
my love for wildlife and
my understanding of all
woodland animals.
The wolf jumps into my
arms, willing to stay there.



The Light

By Maliyah Hameed

St Teresa's RC Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

Light sparkles in my grandma's kitchen,
in the food she makes for me,
Her hot okra stew so bright and green,
prawns glowing pink and gold,
like tiny lights inside my bowl
that make my tummy warm not cold.
She makes pancakes in the morning,
soft and sweet with citrus too,
and her smile is calm and gentle
like sunshine breaking through.

Light lives in my dog, Naira,
when she races to me each day,
like a burst of happy sunlight
in her playful, silly way.
If I cry, she comes up close,
like a soft and glowing spark,
then darts around like golden rays
that turn my night today.

Light lives in my Auntie Tola,
she's my brightest friend,
she holds my secret thoughts like stars
that never come to end.

She still calls me "baby",
even though I'm nine,
like a gentle lamp that glows
and says, "You'll be just fine."

All these lights are part of me,
they help me shine each day,
and when the world feels dark and low,
they guide me on my way.



My Light

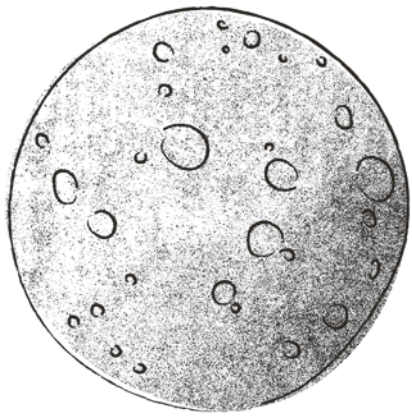
By Maya Munteanu

Malmesbury Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

The world was in black-and-white,
Until I saw your light,
With you everything feels bright,
Like early mornings after night.

My light

I look up to you in every way,
You are lovable and funny,
And make me smile every day.



My light

The adventures we have,
And stories we share,
Help me write this poem,
And shows me that you care.

My light

You helped me find my courage,
And made me believe in all I do,
Even when times are hard,
I know I have you.

My light

I love you to the moon and back,
And I know you love me too, no matter where I go,
No matter where I go,
I know I will always have you!

My dad

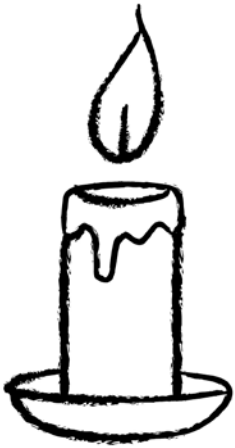
The Candle Light

By Mysha Ranjan

Dundonald Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

Light, fiery bright, invading the darkest of nights,
Growing brighter and brighter, hoarding the silver moon.
Throwing the dark away.
Sincere, and valiant, crimson like its dancing flame,
The light tenses and flickers, boiling like the desert.

Embers fly in a hurry, as if late to work.
Vicious flames dance across the wax.
The beam shines brightly across the water, shimmering in a lake.
Tiptoes across the stars, a perfect space ninja.
Balancing on sun beams, racing across the sky and resting in the breeze.



The Light Crystal

By Saoirse Rivers

Donhead Prep School, Year 3, Age 8

The magic crystal had a bright glow
But the evil witch would not let it show
She locked it away, out of sight
To hide from the world it's enchanted light

It could heal folks from every city
People, dogs and even a kitty
The bright crystal could make nature sprout
But the horrid sorcerous would never let it out

Until one day, came the fairy queen
She was the nicest hero the world had ever seen
She battled the witch to get the golden key
And finally set the crystal free

The light of the crystal shone across fairyland
Mountains, lakes, seas and sand
Green shoots grew strong and tall
Spreading light, health and happiness to all



The Light

By Sofia Florence Ramachandran

Esher Church School, Year 4, Age 9

By the sea was I,
When I saw the light.
By the sea was I,
Having a great time.
On the cliffs was I,
Staring at the sight.
On the cliffs was I,
The light shining so bright.
In a boat was I,
Rowing towards the light.
In a boat was I,
Sailing through the night.
Getting closer was I,
Racing to the light.
Getting closer was I,
It looked like wood set alight.
Rushing was I,
To the shine at great height.
Rushing was I,
To the light shining bright.
Starting to close my eyes,
Sparks began to take flight.
Starting to close my eyes,
The water splashed up high.
But then I stopped in surprise,
As there was no more shine.
But then I stopped in surprise,
Gone in the blink of an eye.

A Day

By Thomas Dodds

Trafalgar Junior School, Year 4, Age 9

When all is pitch black and people are still snoring,
The sun has just risen early in the morning.
The first of the sun's beams are just creeping in,
To another fine day of jobs and admin.

As the people are up, getting dressed and yawning,
The start of a new day is just dawning.
The world gets brighter as light fills the sky,
It looks like today will be sunny and dry.

In the afternoon when it's light, bright and hot,
For some it's too sunny, they are complaining a lot.
They sit under trees to seek out the shade,
Hoping the heat from the sun will soon fade.

The sun starts to set, and light creeps away,
Now is the time for foxes to play.
As darkness descends, the day is now done,
It's time for the moon to take over from the sun.



The Light

By Tilly Tarleton

The Study Prep School, Year 3, Age 8

Light, where have you gone?
The path is gloomy and dark.
Light, where have you gone?
The flowers are deeply sad.
Light, where have you gone?
It feels bitterly cold.
Light, where have you gone?
We are horribly hungry.
Light, where have you gone?
Everyone is missing you.
We are sorry.
We forgot your importance.
Please come back.



Light, is that you?
The path is starting to sparkle.
The flowers are beginning to dazzle.
The warm air feels delightful.
Tummies are full and content.
You came back.
You have brought joy.

Light, you are magic and light my days, you help me grow like a vibrant sunflower and you help me to glow like a shining bright star in the wide galaxy.

The Last Beam

By Annie Cao

Wimbledon High Junior School, Year 3, Age 8

On the ride home from school, the children liked to pretend they were flying through a black hole on a beam of light, pulled by magical forces.

That afternoon, things felt strangely real.

A gust pressed at their backs. Anne's front wheel wobbled. The pavement dipped and a round, dark gap opened beneath them. Before anyone could shout, the ground sank and they slid down into the Underland.

They landed in a cough of salty dust. For a moment, nobody spoke.

Christy groaned, "My knees…"

There wasn't any sign of light.

"I've got flashlights!" Anne said quickly, trying to sound brave. She handed one to each of them. Three beams shone down the cave…

Cold, white crystals glittered along the walls, and the air tasted salty.

"This isn't just a cave," Ionie whispered, brushing the wall. "It's a mine."

"A salt mine!" Christy breathed.

Anne lifted her beam higher. The light flickered once… twice…

“Right,” Anne said, swallowing. “Let’s find our way out before our lights die.”

They crept on, wind sighing through tunnels and their footsteps shifting as the ground sloped and narrowed. Then a faint glow appeared ahead, a miner turned, blinking in surprise.

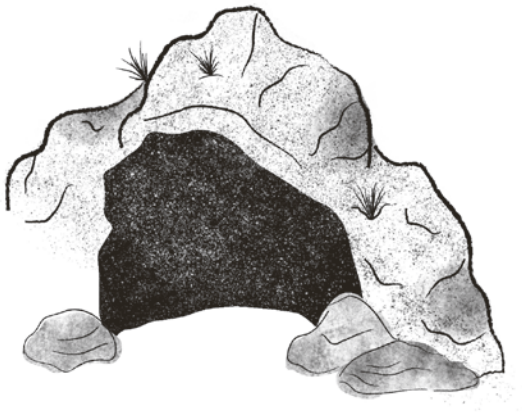
“Who are you?” he asked, wide-eyed. “I wasn’t expecting visitors!”

“Oh, we’re not visiting,” Anne said fast. “We fell down a hole.”

“Down here, light doesn’t last,” the miner warned, lowering his voice. “If the tunnel trembles, listen and watch the dust… If you find the salt statue, hold it steady. It shines like white gold.”

The children exchanged a look and went deeper.

Not far ahead, something flashed bright and sharp. For one moment Christy thought it was gold. Then they saw it: a salt statue, crystalline and shimmering, casting a moonlight glow across the cavern.



Anne grabbed the statue and salt sparkled on rocks like tiny stars. The statue revealed its rules: it brightened when held firm and brave, but when fear crept in, the glow dimmed.

"It's pointing!" Christy exclaimed.

They followed the beam into a chamber where a salt crusted lake appeared. One boat crouched in shadow.

Anne and Christy jumped into the boat. It got stuck in the salt crust.

Ionie slid into the freezing water and shoved. Crack, the boat drifted forward… Ionie snatched it, missed it, then she kicked and fought across the river, choking on bitter salt.

When she reached the bank, the tunnel trembled. Dust sprinkled their hair like grey snow. A roar rolled closer.

"AVALANCHE!" Ionie screamed.

This time, Anne reached back, grabbed Ionie's wrist, and hauled her up. "Run!"

They sprinted until a wooden slide appeared. The statue's light wobbled, thin as a candle. Christy's hands shook, her heart pounding.

They shot down the slide, the mine thundering behind them. They burst into daylight leaving darkness behind.

Outside, the sky looked dazzling. The salt statue sparkled warmly in their hands.

The children lay there, feeling small… but the light had found them after all, because the brightest light was their courage.

Under the Spotlight

By Anshuman Mehra

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 4, Age 8

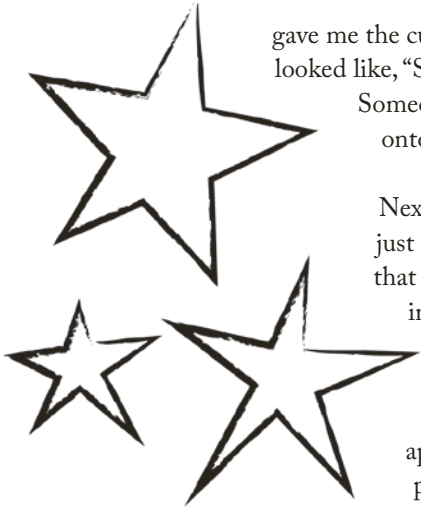


I woke up and remembered it was the day of the school play about the Ancient Egyptians. I had auditioned for the main role of Tutankhamun. I didn't get that but I guess I got the next best thing - put in charge of the stage lights. Hmph! I felt less bad as my best bud Lee got the main role.

Before the play, there was chaos backstage and Mrs Robin (our class teacher) was trying to calm everyone's nerves (including her own). I could understand why everyone was nervous. From where I was sitting, next to the light switches, I could see the audience. I couldn't believe how many parents showed up to watch the play.

The red curtains were still drawn and the stage was dark. Just as I was getting ready to cast the spotlight on Lee standing centre stage, I didn't like what I saw. Beads of sweat were trickling down his forehead. He didn't look good to me. I found myself wishing that Lee would look towards me so I could encourage him a bit. To my horror, just as I heard Mrs Robin say, "Right, we are ready to roll..." I saw Lee run offstage.

I don't know what got into me but I ran onto the stage to chase after him. Of course, Billy opened the curtains just as I reached centre stage. Seeing no other option, Mrs Robin



gave me the cue to start and mouthed what looked like, "Seamus, you can do this!" Someone turned the spotlight right onto me.

Next, I did what I thought best! I just started reciting Lee's lines. All that pretending to be Tutankhamun in the shower at home paid off, I guess. Everything seemed like a blur after that except a thunderous round of applause right at the end of the play.

And just like that I played the lead role of Tutankhamun. Something I had wanted to do all along anyway. Lee ran to me after the play and said, "Seamus, you were amazing today! Thank you for saving me and the entire class." What followed was the tightest hug he has ever given me!

Spotlight on the Stage

By Ao Wagatsuma

Joseph Hood Primary School, Year 3, Age 8

People wait to get to the theatre of the Royal Ballet Company. It is still a bit bright outside. They line up in front of the wonderful and grand entrance. The people finally reach the front to get their tickets checked. When they get inside, they are amazed by all the items and pictures that show ballet history. Someone says," These are amazing! I wonder how long ballet has been here?" They get seated and they can see the whole theatre under the bright ceiling lights. They talk about things like, what they think the show will be like and their favourite dancers and musicians. Oh! It's only 10 minutes until the show starts!

The dancers are getting their costumes on for the show. They feel nervous and excited at the same time. Some of them go to their spot on the dark stage, getting ready for the curtains to open.

The lights turn off because the show is going to start. The dancers' side gets brighter with the spotlight.

During the show, all the people were amazed by every single step. They were surprised in the lift with one hand. At the end of Act 1 of the show, they were getting really excited for Act 2 of the show. The famous part of Act 2, the ballerina's attitude position on point, moving from one corner to the other was beautiful and thrilling. The last Act was the wedding of the two main characters with a happy and gorgeous atmosphere. The show finishes with an extremely huge round of applause.

Under the spotlight, dancers truly enjoy the time and are proud of themselves because they overcame the nerves. The

dancers felt like they became the wind and the butterflies in the sky.

The audience are proud of the dancers in the show. Everyone is busy talking to friends about the performance while they are following the crowd of people leading to the exit of the theatre. It is already dark and chilly outside. The poster on the wall is standing out in the dark. They walked to the station and to get the bus or train for the way home. The streetlamps are on and there are lights coming from taxis and cars like cat eyes. Everyone went home with hearts gleaming.

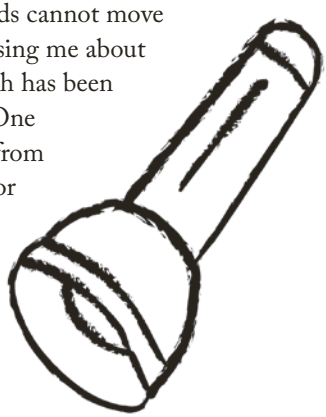
Backstage, the dancers are getting out of their costumes and are talking to each other of how well everyone did. The dancers feel hot because of the dancing. They had to drink a lot of water as they were lost in sweat. The dressing room was bright for the dancers to now remove their make ups and to get back to their normal self. The spotlight of the show has now ended, but the love of ballet will never end.



The Lightless Torch

By Cerys San Martin-Davies

Merton Park Primary School, Year 4, Age 9



It is on the rainiest day where the clouds cannot move and I am just miserable. People are teasing me about my torch. Oh wait, my torch! That torch has been passed down my family for centuries. One time my mum used it to find her ring from the kitty litter the cat had buried it in or when my great, great granddad used it to find the golden goblets. But when I use it, the light doesn't work. That's why everyone keeps teasing me. I tell everyone that it works, that it's a finder, but no one listens.

I walk into the lunch hall barely lifting my shuffling feet and realise that it's the school disco today. That makes me feel much happier but I still clench my torch tightly. I see the teachers chatting as normal but the PTA are looking really stressed. I notice that Malcom, the most greedy, annoying and the most selfish person in my class isn't here. But he was in class earlier so I suddenly get the worst feeling that he has done something. The head-teacher stands up, calls for quiet and speaks the words, "The disco is cancelled. All the sweets for the party have been stolen and we don't know where they are."

I get out my torch, point it everywhere but I find no evidence. Then I point it at the floor and I'm face to face with pink, sticky footprints. My head bobs up looking all around and the weirdest thing is that no one else is looking at the ground. I stand up still keeping my eyes on the footprints, my feet slowly creeping forward. I can see people staring at me but I don't mind. The footprints are leading past the toilets, past

year four and into year six. Under the table sits a guilty Malcom, hands full of strawberry Haribos. Literally caught red-handed.

I stride over to him, grab him by the hoody and run back to the hall. The head teacher saw straight away that he was guilty. She rewarded me by letting me have first pick of the disco sweets.

As I go back outside feeling like a hero I still get teased. But I don't mind because it was my trusty torch that saved the day. The torch that had light no one could see to find the footprints that were invisible to the eye. After that day, I felt like a HERO!

The Birthday Party

By Clementine Dalling

St Mary's Catholic Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

THE SCREAMING CANDLES

"Mum, Mum, Mum, hurry," April says as she knocks on the office door. "You've been in that room for two whole HOURS! And it's my birthday! Nona and Papa are here, we want CAKE. Come and light the candles."

"Sweetheart, I'm on the phone," shouted April's annoying mum.

Deep down in the dark, rusty drawer sat a packet of usual birthday candles and a number ten candle. They were just chilling when they heard footsteps emerging, a match being lit, a drawer being opened...

"OH NO!" They knew what was going to happen. There were flames, CAKE, MATCHES. It all leads to one thing: a birthday cake! DUN DUN DUN!

10 YEARS AGO!

It was April's 1st birthday and the cake was about to be lit, and Christie King of Candles was taken away.

♪ Long live Christie King of the Candles ♪

Anyway, he was taken out of the drawer and got stuck in a cake. Though brave King Christie decided that when Elizabeth (April's mum) lit the candles, he would jump out and run away, but his plan didn't work, because he got trodden on the next day by Liz.



BACK TO THE PRESENT DAY!

Now no one knew who was going to be taken this time, so they were surprised when all of them got taken out: Candle 1, Candle 2, Spark 1, 2 and 3, and finally KK. But this time they got stuck backwards?! That does NOT make sense! Liz doesn't even know what way they go.

The petrified, worried, terrified candles were SCREAMING their HEADS off like they were about to die, which they were. Liz was emerging with a match in her hand. She struck the phosphorus and lit the candles.

"AHHHHH!!! My hair's on fire! AHH!"
"I'd rather blow my hair out than die!"

They all went suddenly silent.

DUN DUN DUN

"Woosh!" She blew his soul out and FLOP. To this day, you will see Sparky lying dead on the floor of Liz's house.



"HELLLLPPPP!!!"
"They can't hear us, we're too small!"

The candles started to back away, but Liz caught them. "AHH!" They were being picked up. People started to sing "Happy Birthday" to April.

April took a deep breath.

The Light

By Damien Uzdin

King's College School Junior, Year 3, Age 8

The boy was standing firmly behind the scarlet curtain. He was in deep determination and concentration and he heard little of what was around him. Nothing could stop him now from performing perfectly. He was certain of two things: he was a brilliant singer and had great hair. He was a cheeky boy with ginger hair which looked like flames blazing around his head and he had simmering jade eyes which reminded you of the deep dense jungle. His freckles made his face look like it was kissed in all sorts of places by the shining sun.

He heard a loud whisper in his ear "Tom, it's your turn for the solo." And with a deep breath he clenched his fist, closed his eyes and walked through the curtain like Harry Potter joining the 9 ¾ platform.

Instantly, a blinding, cold and unwelcoming light punched him in the face like a boisterous bully's fist. He uncontrollably reeled back, flinching and shielding his eyes. He was shuddering and breathless, so he took one look of sheer terror at the darkness below the light and in seconds, burst in tears.

Suddenly, the silence exploded into a roar of applause. Everybody was clapping and cheering, there was not a person in sight who was sitting still. The boy wasn't alone anymore. To his surprise, the light was not a harsh, eerie one, but a warm and comforting one.

The boy could hardly contain his excitement, as his toothy grin appeared on his face. There was a humorous glint in his eyes as he put himself together, took a deep breath and began to sing in the light.

The Last Light on Earth

By Dhruvin Valand

The Sherwood School, Year 4, Age 9

The world had grown too quiet for anyone who remembered what life used to sound like. No hum of cities, no chatter of crowds, no engines, no music. Only the wind, brushing over empty fields and abandoned roads, carried any hint of movement. And in the middle of that vast silence, stood a single tower of glass and steel, its top glowing with the faintest shimmer. It was the last light on the Earth.

Mira had been walking towards it for days. Her boots were worn, her coat torn, but her determination burned brighter than the beacon ahead. She didn't know who had lit it or why it still shone when everything else had gone dark. All she knew was that it pulsed like a heartbeat - slow, steady, alive.

As she approached the tower, she felt warmth radiating from it. Not just physical warmth, but something deeper, like hope pressing gently against her chest. The door at the base was half open, as if waiting for her. She stepped inside.

The interior was untouched by the ruin outside. Screens flickered softly, powered by some unseen source. Plants grew in neat rows along the walls, thriving under artificial sunlight. And at the centre of the room stood a cylindrical chamber filled with swirling golden light.

A voice echoed from everywhere and nowhere.

"You made it."

Mira froze. "Who are you?"

"I am the Archive," the voice replied. "A guardian of memory. A keeper of what was lost."

She stepped closer to the glowing chamber. "Why am I here?"

"Because you are one of the last," the Archive said. "And because the world needs a beginning, not just an ending."

Mira swallowed hard. She had seen the world collapse - storms swallowing coastlines, forests turning to ash, cities falling silent. She had survived, but survival had never felt like living. "What do you want me to do?"

The chamber brightened. "Inside this light is everything humanity once knew - its stories, its discoveries, its mistakes, its triumphs. But knowledge alone cannot rebuild a world. It needs a bearer. Someone to carry it forward."



"You want me to take it?" she whispered.

"I want you to choose," the Archive corrected. "If you step inside, you will become the seed of what comes next. You will remember what must not be forgotten. You will guide whoever follows."

Mira looked at her hands - scarred, tired, human. She thought of the silence

outside, the emptiness stretching across continents. She thought of the people she had lost, the dreams that had died with them. And she thought of the light, still shining when everything else had faded.

She stepped into the chamber.

Warmth enveloped her, filling her mind with images, voices, histories. She felt herself expanding, becoming more and yet still herself. When the light dimmed, she stepped out again - changed, illuminated from within.

Outside, dawn was breaking.

The last light on the Earth was no longer the tower behind her.

It was Mira.

The Battle Between the Light and a Mighty Black Hole

By Edward Jones

Willington Prep School, Year 4, Age 9

In the vast milky way there was a bright, blue star full of glowing light. It had a short life for a gigantic star. Suddenly, it used up all of its energy. BANG! As quick as a flash, it came to the end of its life. It imploded. The bright blue light vanished and all that was left was its ghost, colossal black hole. A tear in the universe. At the centre it is pure darkness. It is as dark as a deep cave in the centre of the earth. It is impossible for light to escape. To escape you will need to go faster than the speed of light. Around the centre of pure black, deadly darkness is a super bright rim of light. The deadly black hole remained a deep dark secret in our galaxy, devouring anything that got too close.

Millions of years later, Eddie was looking up into the night sky through his telescope. He looked at stars shining like diamonds in the sky. He smelt the warm, damp air. He felt crunching leaves under his feet. He tasted the bitter wind. He heard the peaceful owl hooting in the night. He looked up at the familiar night sky. The stars in the milky way shone bright but hiding among the light of the stars he didn't know there was a ferocious battle of light and a greedy black hole. Not just any black hole, a supermassive black hole.

Eddie looked down the telescope and focused on a small star that was shining more brightly than the rest. Small, but full of golden light as bright as our sun he watched as it got too close to the black hole. The killer of light. The light was being sucked towards the black hole. It looked for a moment as though it might escape. A meteorite bashed into the star and knocked it out of the way but the black hole wasn't giving up that fast.

The light couldn't move fast enough to escape anymore. Finally, the black hole sucked up the star. As it went there was a flash barely visible in the night sky. Eddie could hardly believe his eyes, he had just witnessed the death of a star. It was over in the blink of an eye.

The light of the star was now in the unknown.



The Golden Lightbulb Heist

By Elisa Campos Murphy

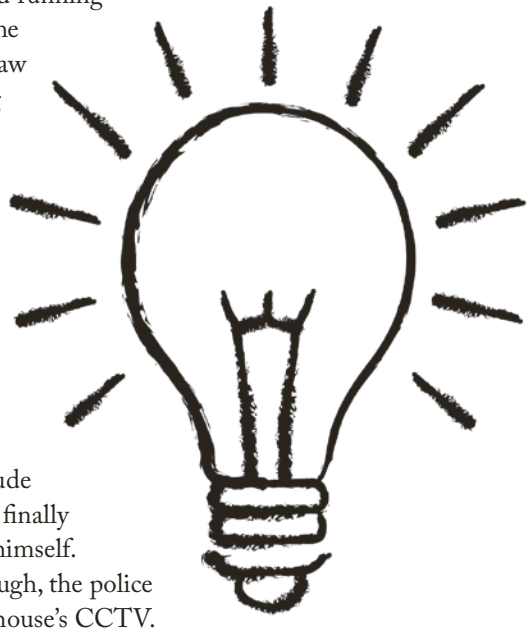
Sacred Heart Catholic Primary School, Year 3, Age 7

A long time ago, there was a colossal, golden lightbulb in a lighthouse in Jamaica. Someone put it there thousands of years ago to make the world run smoothly. It is a very special lightbulb, the only one of its kind in the whole universe! It is extra special because its golden glow casts a spell of kindness. It works on everyone except one person…

One day a man called Claude Sharp was working in a bank in Jamaica. He was thinking hard to himself. About what, you ask? You may think he was thinking about money as he was in a bank, but he was not! Claude was no ordinary man. He was actually a real super villain! Claude was thinking about what he was going to steal that night. Can you think of the first thing that popped into his mind? It was the colossal golden light bulb. He wanted to steal it because if it was in the hands of someone bad it would make everyone a baddie who would do bad things. Then, if everyone was bad, Claude would be able to raise a whole army of super villains to destroy the world!

That night Claude crept silently down to the beach and up the stairs to the lighthouse. He had brought one of his most powerful gadgets with him…. a shrinkray! He tip-toed into the lighthouse and went into the middle. Claude saw the lightbulb and nearly laughed. He never thought stealing it would be so easy! He ran merrily to the lightbulb. He stood a few meters back from it, got out the shrinkray and blasted it. As the lightbulb shrank, the man jumped up and down with happiness like a kangaroo. He started running out of the building with it. As he was leaving, he heard a noise. Alarms!!

Quickly Claude started running back to his house. As he turned the corner he saw several people running out of the lighthouse to see what the noise was. He heard someone say, "I can't see anyone" and "let's check the CCTV" another suggested as they went inside the lighthouse."



Back at his house Claude laughed, "my wish has finally come true" he said to himself. Unluckily for him though, the police saw him on the Lighthouse's CCTV. They googled the images and found out where he lived and his name.

The next morning Claude's doorbell rang. When he answered the door, it was the police were there to arrest him. Claude tried to run away but the police stopped him. "But…but… how did you know it was me?" he stammered. "CCTV" muttered the police "we saw you!" they said. Claude clenched his fists and exclaimed "Aw, come on, I didn't think of that!" As the police car drove him away the people from the lighthouse took back the lightbulb and put it back in the lighthouse. It is still there today spreading kindness over the world from its brilliant golden glow.

The Mission Im-Morse-Ible!

By Emeria van Hien

Hurlingham School, Year 3, Age 8

At midnight, I was having a glorious time playing with my torch on the bed. It was so much fun that I didn't realise how late it was until I noticed something really strange. A shiny little lamp was bleeping in the deep, damp forest. At first, I thought it was just an ordinary light, but then I realised it was a firefly coming towards me!

When the firefly was by my side, she looked horrified, and her lantern was flashing rapidly.

…. (H)

. (E)

.-.. (L)

.--. (P)

"Wait a minute! I think I know this sequence! It looks like the Morse code I was learning last week at school," I exclaimed.

…. (H)

. (E)

.-.. (L)

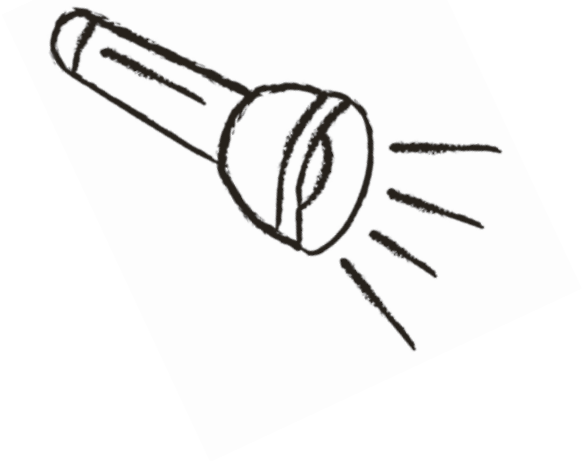
.--. (P)

I used my torch to signal back to her: "What is happening?"

The firefly pointed to the enchanted woods, and I decided to follow it. I trembled nervously. I was too scared of the rustling trees and that creepy sound. Suddenly, I heard a loud buzzing noise - BZZZ! There were thousands of fireflies everywhere, all looking horrified! For some reason, they were circling their home, which was a monstrous tree. I knew I needed to help.

There were chunky men trying to cut the tree. They wanted to make a very expensive house out of wood. The fireflies didn't understand why they didn't make it out of bricks or something else that wasn't their home. Suddenly, there was a very loud, annoying sound! It sounded like a bee buzzing… it was actually a chainsaw getting frighteningly close to the tree trunk.

Blind with rage, the men were shouting furiously! The tree was unbreakable. It was as hard as marble. They sawed and whacked like grumpy bears, with sawdust and stardust all tangled in their hair. Everything felt chaotic and wrong. The fireflies and I had to come up with an idea to stop the men from cutting the willow tree. We kept thinking and thinking… until I had an idea!



“Let’s ignite the power of light! I will call all the fireflies in the enchanted woods and orchestrate the radiant lights to blind the men!” I exclaimed, my spark brimming with confidence.

“Oh yeah! Three cheers for the girl!” said the fireflies, unaware of my name.

I cautiously cast the spell using my torch to call all the fireflies and make their lanterns blink in harmony. The lights looked magical, like dancing stars, and made the men’s eyesight blurry. They were scared and slipped away like a sneeze in the wind.

“Why did we hurt our environment?” they asked themselves in regret.

They turned away from the moment, and the moment stayed with them. “We are sorry that we didn’t honour the land and the tree,” one of them replied regretfully.

The fireflies’ home was safe.

Stepping Into the Spotlight

By Georgie Hunter-Cowie

Links Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

All of Bob's shows had gone well, so far. The crowds had made so much noise that the people living next to the theatre had complained. His crowd had been growing. At his first show, only one row had been filled. The next thing he knew, there was a theatre full of people sitting right in front of his eyes. Tonight was his biggest show yet.

Bob was sitting backstage. He was preparing his props for the act. He had always been a funny, childish person. Since he was a child, Bob had dreamed of being a comedian. Now his dream was coming true. As he skipped closer to the stage, the more excited he became.

The lights went down. He stepped into the spotlight. All his excitement had faded away and been replaced with nervousness. Bob had begun his first act. The crowd started cheering as he brought three volunteers onto the stage. He jumped onto a unicycle. His intention was to circle around his volunteers and pie them in the face, but not all went to plan. He started circling his volunteers however his fans had been throwing roses on the stage nearly half an hour before the show. He was about to pie them in the face when he slipped on a rose and the pie started going up into the air until it landed smack bang on top of his face.

The crowd was silent. Bob stood up slowly and silently, it had all gone wrong. His stomach was clenched with fear. All of a sudden, the crowd began laughing their heads off. "Assistant, assistant!" Bob exclaimed. "Get me something to clean off this pie, NOW!" The assistant brought on a long grey object which to Bob looked like a hose. Before he could speak, his

assistant started spraying him with water. Bob didn't look impressed. The crowd started to cry with laughter like it was all a joke.



"Get me something to dry myself, and how about you make it sensible, OK!"

"Yes," whimpered assistant as he went backstage to grab a towel.

Bob began his final trick, with no confidence in him at all. Climbing up a ladder, he stepped onto a tightrope. One step after another Bob had reached the middle, but then he started to lose his balance. No sooner or later he was falling off the rope, his eyes squinted in terror he didn't know what was coming next. Until…

Bob had landed, not standing nor sitting. To his surprise, he was in the splits. The crowd took a long deep breath wondering if he was okay. Bob smiled and then he opened his arms and started doing JAZZ HANDS. The crowd stood up and started applauding and cheering with all their might. There was whistling and whooping from all sides of the theatre. "GIVE IT UP FOR BOB!!!!!His assistant screamed. Bob stepped out of the spotlight and thought, "sometimes things don't go to plan, but they can still work out".

Light of Diversity

By Hamza Iqbal

Park Academy, Year 4, Age 9

One evening, after coming back from school, I was sitting at my laptop doing homework.

I saw an unusual flashing key on my keyboard that I had never seen before. Being me, I was super curious and I did not waste one second. My finger flew out to the key and I did it. I pressed it! Before I knew it, I found myself in a cup on top of a flying saucer. It was slowly spinning round. At this point, I had a mixed feeling of exhilaration and apprehension. Should I really have pressed that button? In front of me were four different buttons: one was green candle shaped and marked Christmas; another one was orange in a shape of a diya marked Diwali; the third button was yellow shaped as a lantern marked Vaisakhi; the fourth button was of a moon and star – purple coloured marked Ramadan. I pressed the purple button! The cup and saucer started to whirl more rapidly.



Before I knew it, I was transported to a dark night, a purple sky with an illuminated moon and twinkling radiant stars. The Adhan was playing in the background and Muslims were breaking their fasts with sweet dates. The atmosphere was tranquil and soothing. People were sharing extravagant, scrumptious feasts. The fresh fragrant aromas filled the air.

My excitement was at rage; in a millisecond my finger flew out and I pressed the Christmas button. Before me was the most gigantic Christmas tree my small eyes have ever seen. It was glowing beams of every single colour in the rainbow. There were bright candles everywhere, it looked beautiful and exquisite. People were exchanging sentimental and thoughtful gifts of all sizes.

Super excited to see what's next, I pressed the Diwali button. The cup whizzed around and there in front of me there was colourful detailed Rangoli's with dazzling Diya oil lamps, it was awe-inspiring. People were dressed in glittery and shimmering clothes. Fireworks were exploding and the colours were flickering across the skies.

I then pressed the final button with a lantern on it; I ended up in golden wheatfield with multicoloured lanterns everywhere in the sky giving off beams of effulgence it was pastoral and bucolic. People were eating vibrant coloured Mithai; one of them was bright orange and whirled.

The cup and saucer bleeped. I suddenly felt dismal it whooshed back to my living room. It was a superb experience of light, diversity, variety and a medley of colours. Now I'm back to reality but my mind and heart are filled with the light of diversity.

The Mole and the Land of Cake

By Johanna Jaure Martins

Home Educated, Year 3, Age 8

Once upon a time, a mole started to dig. While he was digging, he thought, "If I find a huge cake, I will be SO happy — it will be the light of my life." He dug for hours until he fell onto something that tasted delicious. "I know this taste," said the Mole. "This is cake icing!" He kept digging and eating until he reached the bottom layer of the cake. Suddenly, someone peeped over the hole he was in and said, "Hello, what are you doing?"

"Um," said the Mole, "I noticed that this is lemon drizzle cake, so I started eating it."

"We have different types of cake here, like strawberry shortcake, Victoria sponge, chocolate traybake and others. Where did you come from?"

"I came from that hole over there," he replied, and pointed to the sky.

"So, you came from the real world?!" she asked excitedly.

"What!" said the Mole. "You came from the real world too?"

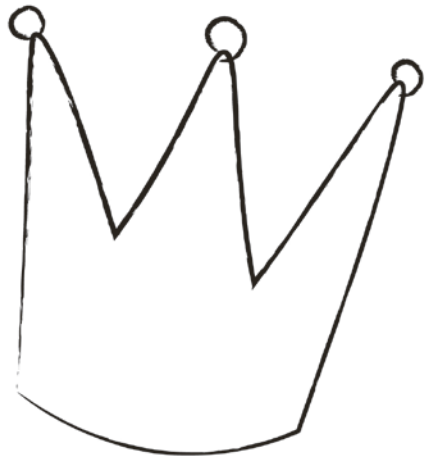
"Um," said the woman, "I will explain this later. Are you a human too?"

"Uh, no. I am a mole. People just call me The Mole. What's your name?"

"My name is Fran and I am the Queen's servant."

"Wait, what?!" said The Mole. "There is… a Queen too!"

"Yes," said Fran, "she is the Queen of the Land of Cake. Quickly, the Queen is on the balcony now - bow!"



Fran bowed, and The Mole noticed other creatures did too. He quickly followed and bowed as low as he could.

"I heard the new person alarm," said the Queen. "Who is new to the Land of Cake?"

"Um, I am, your Majesty," said The Mole.

"Come up to my castle," said the Queen. "I want to talk to you."

After the Mole walked up the impossibly long staircase, he reached the Queen's sitting room.

The Queen said, "Would you like to be my servant?"

The Mole said, "Well, um, I have never been a servant before."

"Then, this is your chance to be one. Any new people in the Land of Cake are asked to become servants. Like my current servant, Fran - have you met her yet?"

"Yes," said the Mole, "I met her outside, she was very friendly."

The Mole thought to himself, "I was so happy to be here at first, but now it is all going terribly wrong. Time to think of an escape plan!"

First, he ran to find Fran. "Would you like to escape the land

with me and return home?" asked The Mole.

Fran nodded and together they found a sturdy rope ladder. They threw one end into the black hole in the sky, that the Mole had eaten out earlier, and hastily climbed up the ladder before anyone could spot them.

They kept climbing until they got to the top of the tunnel. "Ahh, light – at last! Natural, non-edible, bright and warm light of the sunshine! We are at home, at last!"

The Day All Light Went Out

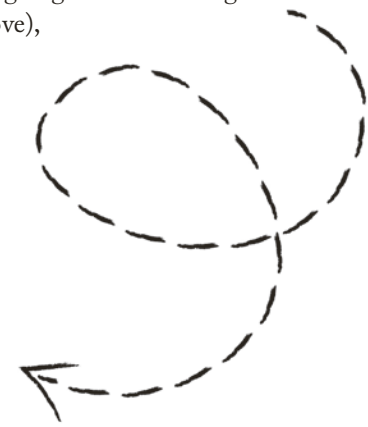
By Lily Greenleaf

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 4, Age 9

It's the first day of the zombie apocalypse and we're slowly losing sunlight. Our supplies are running low and worst of all we're losing the light and warmth inside ourselves. My name is Lily and I'm nine years' old. Lara (my best friend) and I are currently in hiding. We managed to get out of our zombie-filled classroom, but we're still stuck inside the school. I keep thinking about all my friends and family, wondering if they survived the zombie attack.

Lara and I both agree we need to find more supplies like torches and food. As we try to figure out what to do next, I suddenly feel very emotional and Lara feels it too. We both start to tear up, but I tell her we need to stay strong and focus on finding a light source.

Surprisingly, we manage to find some torches in the first aid room. However, just as things start to improve, we notice a shadow in the corner. Lara and I both shout, "ZOMBIE!!", and get ready to fight. Alright, I'm going for a double leg (my favourite Brazilian jiu-jitsu move), but then we hear a scream that sounds familiar. Lara shines the torch towards the shadow and guess what? It's our friends Ella and Leila (OMG!). We rush over and ask them why they're here, and they say in unison, "we've been here the whole time!!!!"



Long story short, they've also been in hiding since we all escaped



the zombies. They tell us they think we're all alone now, as the other students and teachers fled the school. Lara is stunned, Ella is sad, Leila is worried and I'm slowly trying to process everything I've just been told. Although, I do feel a bit more hopeful now. We should stick together and look after each other or more likely I'll have to defend all four of us now.

Leila has just noticed the sky outside is pitch black. I feel like the light inside of me, all my hope and my happiness is draining away. It's the same for all of us. We end up taking a sob break…although I don't think the year 4 toilets are the best place to have a sob break.

After exploring some more of the school in the dark, we decide that we are going to make the best of everything and have dance party. "Let's do the conga," says Lara.

Oh no… our torches have gone out. We've used all our matchsticks… all our light, warmth and hope is fading and we're freezing. I hear footsteps in the distance. The zombies must have returned …it's the end for us. "Goodbye world…in three, two…"

"DINNER TIME KIDS!", my mum shouts from outside. I crawl out from under the den we built and into the light. "Okay, mum. We're just finishing our game". "That was so much fun", we all say in unison!

The Magic Artist

By Logan Bretones Wood

Hillbrook Primary School, Year 3, Age 8

Once upon a time, there was a dark and gloomy town called Greyville. Greyville was the saddest place you could ever imagine. The sky was always grey, even the flowers somehow looked grey. Nobody ever laughed or smiled. Everybody walked the same way, talked the same way, and wore the same boring black clothes.

But there was one person in Greyville who was different, her name was Petunia and she was a very special artist.

Petunia had a magical paintbrush, and instead of painting with paint, she painted with beams of shining light! Wherever she waved her brush, glowing colours danced through the air like fireworks. She could paint bright yellow suns, rainbow rivers, and flowers that shimmered in every colour you could imagine.

But the people of Greyville did not like different things, they thought Petunia was strange and unusual. They whispered as she walked past and frowned whenever they saw her painting.

Petunia did not let their meanness stop her. She loved painting more than anything in the world.

One morning, Petunia was walking through town with her magic paintbrush tucked safely in her pocket when suddenly she heard CRASH! BANG! BOOM!

Petunia jumped and ran as fast as her legs could take her towards the sound. Then she opened her mouth widely.

It was the only building she had ever painted in all of

Greyville, it was a beautiful little library covered in glowing flowers, dancing stars, and bright swirls of colour.

There were bulldozers smashing it down, "STOP!" Petunia screamed. But the bulldozers were too loud, and nobody could hear her.

Petunia stood there in shock, her heart beating like a drum. She had to save her art. She had to save the town from becoming even greyer.

She hurried home and thought. She thought in the morning, she thought in the afternoon, she thought all through dinner, she even thought while brushing her teeth.

Then suddenly she got out of bed. "I've got it!" she shouted.

The very next morning, Petunia climbed onto the tallest rooftop in Greyville carrying her magic paintbrush. She took a deep breath and began to paint the biggest picture she had ever made.

She painted giant golden suns in the sky and rainbow waterfalls pouring down rooftops, she painted butterflies with wings like painted glass.

The people of Greyville came outside and stared amazed.

For the first time ever, someone giggled, then another person laughed and soon everybody was smiling and pointing at the beautiful glowing pictures above them.

"This is amazing!" shouted one man.

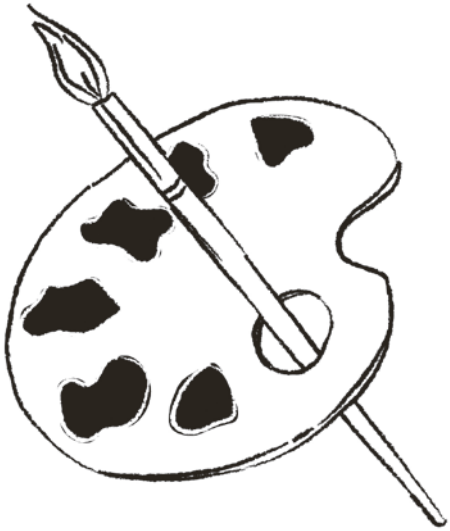
"It's wonderful!" cried a little girl.

Petunia smiled proudly.

From that day on, Greyville was never gloomy again. The people painted their houses with bright colours, planted flowers everywhere, and laughed in the streets. They learned that being different was not strange, it was wonderful!!!

And Petunia became the most loved artist in the whole town.

Because sometimes, all it takes is one brave person with a little magic to colour the world.



The Light of the Death Watchers

By Lucas Yu

Shrewsbury House School, Year 4, Age 9

In a world of magical rabbits spread across five realms, one stood out. Her name was Kree, and she was born in the land of the Death Watchers. Unlike her family, Kree had refused to become an assassin; deep inside her, a magnificent spark of light shone as bright as the sun itself.

Cast out by her tribe for her kindness, Kree camped alone in the Great Forest. One evening, a gruesome spirit - as silent as a snake - lunged from the shadows and sliced her ear. "Ow!" she yelled, spinning around, but the spirit had already slipped away like a ghost. Just as despair began to set in, she saw a brilliant glow illuminating the midnight sky.

Kree staggered towards the radiance and found a young rabbit glowing like a fallen star. "You... you need to slay that spirit with this," the boy whispered, clutching a dagger. Kree took the boy back to her camp to tend to his wounds. She looked at the blade; it seemed ordinary, and she doubted such a small thing could defeat a beast so large.

Then, a rustle came from the bushes. The spirit had returned.

It launched itself from the trees, followed by a horde of twisted animals. They didn't look normal; some had two heads, and all of them glowed with a sickly emerald green. Kree realised the spirit was infecting the world, forcing everything to bow to its will.

"Pass me the dagger NOW!" the spirit bellowed, a sinister smile spreading across its face.

"W-why do you want it?" Kree stammered, trying to find her

courage. Before she could move, the emerald-eyed animals launched themselves at her.

The last thing she heard was a shout to grab the blade. She shut her eyes, waiting for the impact, but it never came. When she looked up, the dagger was shining like a star in the night. She didn't waste a second. Kree charged forward, plunging the blade into the spirit's heart.

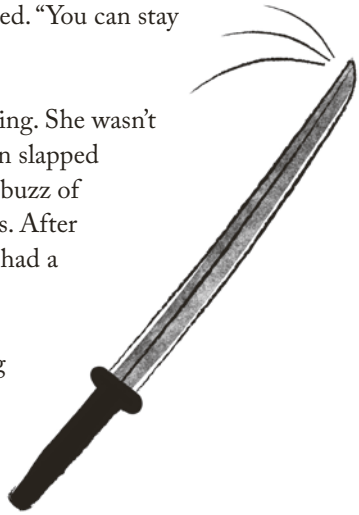
The creature dissolved into dust instantly, and the surrounding animals shifted back to their natural forms. The young rabbit clapped his paws, and Kree, overwhelmed by the light and the struggle, collapsed in exhaustion.

When she finally woke, she was inside a warm, sturdy house. The boy was looking down at her. "You're awake!" he yelled, hopping excitedly.

"Where am I?" Kree asked, sitting up.

"You saved my life," the boy replied. "You can stay here for the rest of your life."

Kree was shocked, her jaw dropping. She wasn't sure if she was dreaming and even slapped her own face to check. She felt a buzz of excitement she hadn't felt in years. After nine years of solitude, she finally had a home.



Kree still lives there today, having found her place in the world alongside the boy she rescued, a true light in a land that was once filled with shadows.

Trouble at Diwali!

By Max Fourie

Poplar Primary School, Year 4, Age 8

It was considered a cold and lonely night where an invention was being made, an invention that would change the world forever! This invention took 100 years to build; it was named the weather machine.

Meanwhile, Oliver was heading to school. As he strode into class, Mrs Red announced that a new pupil all the way from Hawaii called Evie is joining our class today.

"Who will she sit next to, Miss" questioned Phil.

"Hmm, she will sit next to… Oliver!" answered Mrs Red.

At lunchtime, Oliver was sitting with his friends eating his mozzarella and halloumi sandwich beaming from here to ear. Across the playground was Evie. Evie was all by herself with nobody to talk to until … Oliver asked if she would like to come to his Diwali festival of light celebration! In reply, Evie surprisingly said yes! As they both got into class to start their afternoon, Evie and Oliver started to plan. The celebration was only in one day!

The day of the festival begun like an ordinary day in England, pouring down with rain!

"How are we going to go to our celebration now?" asked Evie.

"I know what to do," yelled Oliver.

"Did you know that there is a weather machine that we can change the weather with?" stated Oliver.

"Yay! I've never used a weather machine before. That is a great idea!" responded Evie.

"We can climb to the top of the Lighthouse and zap the sky so the clouds would give away for the Sun to shine down!"

On the day of the celebration, Evie and Oliver waited outside of the Lighthouse.

"How are we going to get into there?" wondered Evie.

"Guess what? I've borrowed the key and weather the machine itself!" exclaimed Oliver.

"Yes! I am really excited!" shouted Evie punching the sky.

"Okay let's go in," Oliver whispered.

As Oliver and Evie managed to climb to the top of the Lighthouse, heaving up the weather machine with them, they finally got the invention in place.



“How are we going to work it?” said Oliver in a high-pitched tone.

“If we find the instructions in a pouch on the machine, we might be able to access the machine,” explained Evie.

So, Evie and Oliver searched and searched and searched until Oliver held up the manual and said, “I found it, I found it!”

So, Evie and Oliver pointed the weather machine at the sky typed in the code: 0913254687 and pushed the green, magenta and aquamarine buttons. As they pressed the big red button, a gentle purple light shot like a bullet into the sky, making the clouds to swell and vanish into the blue so the sun was finally back!

“We did it!” screamed Oliver.

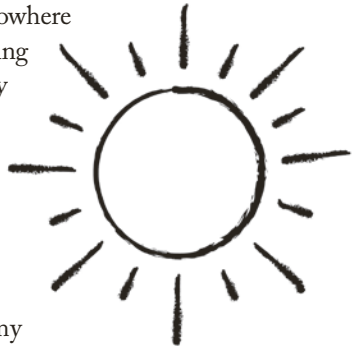
“We got every last cloud in the sky!” added on Evie.

“Now why don’t you and I enjoy our Diwali festival of light celebration together!”

When the Light Came Down

By Nathaniel Gan

Wimbledon Chase Primary School, Year 4, Age 9



It was just an ordinary day - I had nowhere to go, nobody to play with and nothing to do. Sunlight streamed through my velvet curtains, warming me like hot chocolate. Rustle… rustle… sounded like something or someone was scrabbling outside. It wasn't Mum or Max (my brother) as they were out shopping. Suddenly, a flash of blinding white light illuminated my room. Moments later, the windows and the door handle rattled and rumbled. My heart hopped around like a pogo stick. What could it be? Curiosity flooded my mind like a whirlpool and I decided to investigate. As quick as a flash, I sprinted down the stairs, threw on my coat and kicked open the door.

Although it was sunny, the wind whipped wildly at my face, blowing my hair everywhere. As I looked forward, I gasped in astonishment at what I saw. A gigantic gleaming silver spaceship had landed across my back garden, flattening Mum's rose bushes.

The spaceship was the exact shape of a boomerang and it towered over me like a skyscraper. At the base of the ship were emerald-green, mustard-yellow and tomato-red lights flashing in a pattern. Intrigued, I shuffled slowly towards the spaceship.

I pushed open a door which groaned like a sleepy ogre. Inside the ship, a strange green glow surrounded me. At the front stood a high-tech computer with a hologram screen. The floor was covered in slime. Everything beeped and buzzed like a noisy games arcade.

Squelch… squelch… A shadow appeared out of nowhere. My heart stopped.

A tiny alien stumbled unsteadily towards me. It was as green as grass, and his saucer eyes were diamonds sparkling in sunlight. He had slits for a nose on his rugby-like head. The alien groped for an object with his thin grey wrinkly fingers, three on each hand.

My eyes widened, my mouth was a capital-O and my insides jumped like a startled cat. I was a kettle bubbling with shock. What was I seeing?

"Me Zoog. Carrot, cabbage, last night's takeaway dinner, please?" croaked Zoog.

What peculiar things to ask for! Speedily, I dashed into my house, grabbed the items and placed them into Zoog's outstretched hands. Carefully but quickly, Zoog inserted the carrot between the seats, threw the cabbage into a box behind the computer and greedily gobbled the takeaway dinner. Without warning, the engine sputtered, muttered and whirred to life.

Zoog bowed his head and pushed a ruby stone into my palm. Hastily, I leapt out of the spaceship before it moved. I turned back but Zoog was gone in a wisp of smoke.

Bang! I heard the front door slam. Mum and Max were home.

"What have you done to my rose bushes?" yelled Mum furiously.

I looked at her bewildered, unable to speak.

"No screens for a week," ordered Mum firmly.

Since that day, I stare out of my window every night, ruby stone in hand. Sometimes, I see a glowing light in the sky. Could it be Zoog?

Sir Thomas & The Dragon of Fire

By Nemiyah Coote

Park Academy, Year 4, Age 9

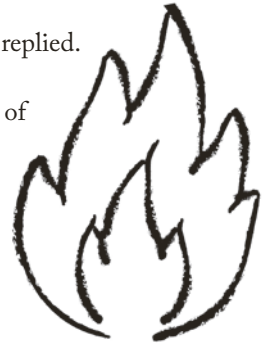
Once upon a time, there lived a brave knight called Sir Thomas. Sir Thomas was the bravest knight ever known in the village of Scarmore. He was 7 feet tall, smart and fierce with big muscles under his heavy metal armour. He travelled everywhere with his beautiful maroon coloured horse, which had a long silky black mane, named Robin. Robin was exceptionally loyal and compassionate to his owner. The village of Scarmore was set upon a hill with a huge moat surrounding it. Scarmore was a calm and peaceful place, with misty mornings, cheerful afternoons and the evenings where a dark and dreary. Everyday Sir Thomas would patrol around the village, and he'd often overhear people saying "Look their goes Sir Thomas. Legends say he has slayed thousands of beats from the undergrowth".

"Sir Thomas!" bellowed Dogger. "I have an important message for you, from the King".

Dogger was a wizard who had a splendid long white beard a long velvet violet robe and ice white skin like he had been living in a freezer all his life.

"Hello Dogger. What is it?" Sir Thomas replied.

"You have been tasked to use the Sword of Light to defeat the untamed Solamous the fire dragon".



Sir Thomas accepted the challenge straight away, "But first take me to the kings castle!" Sir Thomas said.

Dogger trudged up the steep hill and Sir Thomas and Robin trotted beside until they arrived at the castle.

"Fair greetings to you my brave and noble knight". Said King Arthur, "Greetings my king" replied Sir Thomas. Before they could say another word there was an ear-splitting noise.

The unexpected happened. BOOM! CRASH! Noooo…! Help! Save us! Not my vegetables! Solamous was on scene. He was strong, defiant and wild. His bright red scaley skin was like that of a bonfire's night, his eyes where like a lightning yellow everything about him was brightly destructive.

Sir Thomas, the King & Dogger could hear the wailing and the shrieks of terror from the village people below. The king quickly grabbed the Sword of Light and tossed it too Sir Thomas, shouting "Use this at once to defeat the dragon!" The Sword of Light was an ancient weapon which had been passed down for many generations. Rumours have it that the sword glows brightly like angel.

Solamous flew and crashed landed into the castle with a row of burning hot fire trailing behind him like hot molten lava, WOOOOOOSHH! He shot out a blaze of flame which illuminated the room. The red, orange and yellow flames flashed in front of Sir Thomas like a storm.

The Brave Knight pounced like a jaguar onto the dragon's tail. ROARRRRR! Went the dragon, his final words before being pierced with the sword in his back. Victory! He had done it.

"Hooray Sir Thomas Saved the day!" Cheered the villagers, The knight bowed & the Sword shone a bright glow still in his hand. Dogger said, "Courageous work Sir".

The Light of Kindness

By Sarah Kadir

Wimbledon Chase Primary School, Year 3, Age 8

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Sarah who loved evening walks with her cheerful little dog, Max. One night, as the sky glowed orange and purple, they wandered further than usual, following a narrow path into the woods.

But soon, the path disappeared.

Tall trees closed in around them, and the forest grew dark and quiet. Sarah's heart began to race. "I think we're lost, Max," she whispered, hugging him close.

Just then, a tiny flicker of light drifted down from the sky like a glowing feather. It landed softly on a mossy rock. Stepping closer, Sarah saw it was a small star its light faint and fading.

"Hello?" Sarah said.

To her surprise, the star twinkled weakly. "I fell from the sky… I can't find my way back, and I'm losing my light."

Sarah took a deep breath. "I'm lost too," she said gently. "Maybe we can help each other."

The star flickered a little brighter.



Together, Sarah, Max, and the star walked through the dark forest. After a while, they heard a soft cry. A small rabbit was trapped beneath a fallen branch. Sarah lifted the branch

while Max nudged the rabbit free. It hopped away safely.

The star glowed a little brighter.

They continued and soon found a baby bird on the ground, chirping nervously. Its nest was high in a tree. Sarah carefully climbed up and placed the bird back in its nest.

The star shone brighter, casting a warm golden glow.

"I feel stronger," the star said. "Kindness is helping me shine."

Sarah smiled, feeling braver already.

Next, they found a thirsty deer near dry ground. Max led them to a hidden stream, and the deer drank happily. The star brightened again, now glowing like a small lantern.

With each kind act, the forest seemed less frightening.

At last, the star sparkled brightly and floated upward, its light stretching into a glowing path through the trees. "Follow me," it said. "I can see clearly now!"



Sarah and Max followed the shining trail until the trees thinned. Ahead, they saw the edge of the woods and the road home.

"We made it!" Sarah cheered.

She looked up as the star rose into the sky. "Thank you, Sarah," it called. "You helped me find my light."

“And you helped me find my way home,” Sarah replied.

The star twinkled brightly before taking its place among the others, shining more brilliantly than before.

From that night on, whenever Sarah looked up at the stars, she remembered that even the smallest acts of kindness can light the darkest paths.

And somewhere above, one little star shone just a little brighter, for her. It reminded her that courage often begins with small choices and gentle hearts. Whenever she felt afraid, she thought of that night and walked forward with hope instead of fear. Max wagged his tail beside her, as if he remembered too. And high above, the star still shimmered, guiding others who might feel lost.

The Painter who Stole the Stars

By Stella Pericleous

The Study Prep School, Year 3, Age 8

First came a spark of an idea, then the daring plan! The inspired painter would paint all her paintings in stardust. Yes, golden, pretty stardust! Her paintings would be the most amazing, exquisite, precious and impressive paintings the world had ever seen. They would be displayed in the finest galleries of the land. She would be the first and only one to paint in such a special, radiant way and would become famous the world over.

And so the next evening, when everyone had settled into their warm cozy beds, her plan was in action. She climbed the forbidden ladder to the sky, carefully collected 1,918 stars and put them into her straw basket. She crept cautiously through the silent streets that now seemed darker for some reason. She arrived at her studio with a skip in her step. As soon as she released the stars into her paint bucket they turned the room as bright as the sun. She became one with the stardust – a painting began to form: two people ice skating, with bewitching, golden eyes. The painter didn't only do this on one night, no! She did it every night. Up the ladder, stars in straw basket, back to the studio, many shiny paintings made. But the world was becoming darker and darker. Until one day the world was so dark she couldn't even see the sky. Oh how much she missed it!

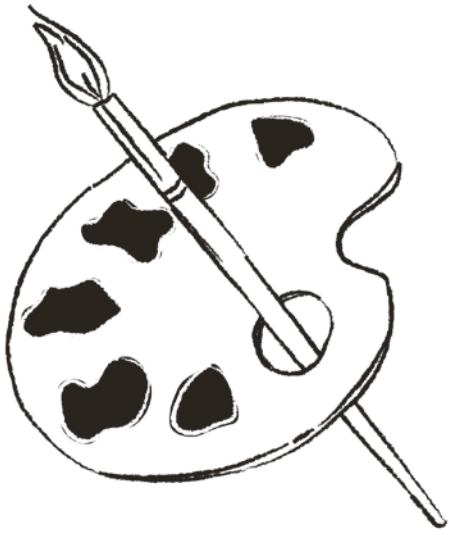
Just then, a little girl named Tilly came up to her. She looked sad and complained highly that she wanted to wish on a star, but it was so hard to because there were nearly no more stars left! "Oh that's because they are all in my sparkly paintings! Just look at them all, so special, they will make me famous!"

"What do you think is more important?"

"To be rich and famous? No!"

"You will be more famous and a better person by not being selfish", she said.

And that was when the painter realised her mistake. Tilly and the apologetic painter released the stars back into the dark, black sky, which immediately started twinkling. Light was back for everyone.



The Blue Girl with Pink Eyes

By Tulip Jordan

Alderbrook Primary School, Year 3, Age 8

Many years ago, there lived a poor and lonely girl named Anne. Her parents had died when she was a baby, so she lived with her nasty nan. She did not go to school; she had no friends and her nan barked orders at her all day long! Does anyone else have such a miserable life?

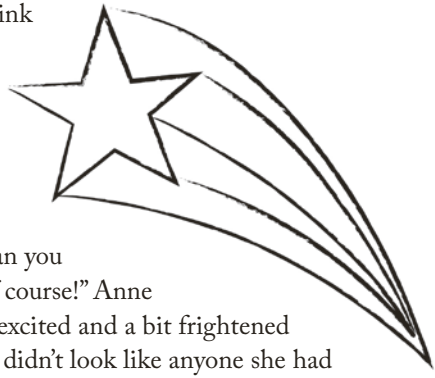
Anne and her nan lived on a cold, smelly farm. One day she was feeding the sheep in the field, when she tripped over an old, rusty box. That night, when she had finished her chores, she went into her attic room and opened the box, feeling curious. Inside was a shiny, golden telescope! She looked out of the skylight, up into the beautiful, inky sky, studded with twinkling stars.

Looking into the night sky every night made her feel calm and peaceful, and made her wish that she could have a better life. One evening, she was staring into space when she saw a shooting star zipping across the sky. It was a peculiar shape and a deep magenta colour. As it came closer, she could see red, flickering lights followed by a bright flash.

The next morning, Anne was in the fields, when she saw a big burnt area of grass, with a glowing metal ball in the middle. The ball was as big as a bus and as shiny as a mirror, but with a big dent on the side.

She walked towards the ball, feeling anxious. As she got closer and closer, a figure peeked out from behind the ball. It was taller than Anne, wearing a metallic suit and helmet. Anne stopped and stared. "Who are you?" she asked. The figure stepped forward and removed their helmet, revealing a

beautiful face with big pink eyes and skin the colour of sapphires. "Hello!" it said. "My name is Elena. I took the wrong turn at Neptune and crashed my spaceship. I need to travel home; can you help me please?" "Yes, of course!" Anne replied. She was feeling excited and a bit frightened at the same time. Elena didn't look like anyone she had ever seen before, but she was so lonely and was excited that she might make a friend.



Over the next few weeks, Anne and Elena worked hard every night to fix the spaceship, with tools Anne had found in the garage. As they worked, they talked to each other about everything. Elena told Anne all about her family in the neighbouring galaxy, and Anne told Elena her hopes and dreams for a happier life. She showed Elena her telescope, and soon they were stargazing together, filled with joy.

When the spaceship was fixed, Elena prepared to say goodbye. As they were looking at the stars together for the last time, she squeezed Anne's hand. "Come with me" she whispered. "I'd love to!" replied Anne. She knew her nan would not care.

They clambered into the shiny ball, started the engine and flew up, towards the light.

Trust

By Vidhya Chatterjee

Donhead Prep School, Year 4, Age 9

"Ready, Kitty?" "Nearly!", yelled Kitty. She was going camping, with her favourite Aunt Callidora! She stuffed Pinky, her pink bunny, into her bag and raced downstairs. "Time to go, Peanut" said Aunt Callidora. Kitty tugged on her boots and pulled on her coat. She raced off outside. She opened the car door and threw herself inside. Aunt Callidora clambered in and they were off!

Aunt Callidora parked at the campsite. Kitty beamed with excitement! She grabbed her bag, shot out like a bullet and asked, "Where shall we pitch our tent?". Aunt Callidora pointed towards a pretty stream. Kitty could not take everything in! As they reached the stream, Aunt Callidora asked Kitty to kindle the fire.

Kitty scoured the area and found some sticks. She sat by the partially erected tent, rubbed two sticks together, and got the flame started. She added in more wood, the fire burned brighter! Suddenly, she glimpsed something – it looked like a glowing small person. She reached out to it. There was a flash of light and Kitty disappeared.



Kitty rubbed her eyes – she couldn't believe them! Chatter filled the air. All her…everyday objects… were alive. A lightbulb walked around with her teacup. Kitty saw Pinky and ran up to her.

"Where… am… I, Pinky?" she stammered.

"You're in the Aliveness."

"You… can speak?"

"Of course, I can."

"How can I get back to human world?" asked Kitty

"Find the Wizard, he'll help.", Pinky whizzed away.

Kitty walked towards the lightbulb. "Excuse me, could you… direct me to the Wizard?" she asked. The teacup and lightbulb sniggered. "We never let humans past!", they said dismissively.

"Why?" asked Kitty, shocked.

"They're mean."

"How?"

"Well for one; they're always switching me on and off, said Lightbulb.

"And two.", added Teacup, "they throw me in the dishwasher so hard that I nearly crack into pieces.

"I promise that when I go home, I will get everyone to stop that!" pleaded Kitty.

They conferred and nodded.

"That way.", Lightbulb grunted.

"Thank you.", she said sweetly and skipped along.

She saw the Wizard's palace but two cuddly bears blocked the gate.

“Halt, no humans!”, they shouted

“Why?”, protested Kitty.

“They squeeze us too tightly.”, said the bears.

“If you let me through, I will stop doing that.”

“Alright – in you go!”, said the bears, opening the gates.

Kitty walked inside. Light trickled through mosaic windows. Seated on a golden throne was the Wizard.

“Hello Kitty!”, he smiled softly.

“Can you get me home?”

“Yes”, his face turned serious, “but, you must keep your promises!”

“Of course”, said Kitty.

The Wizard sprinkled some dust over Kitty.

The next moment, she was back at the roaring fire. She raced to the now completed tent. Aunt Callidora was switching on and off the light. “Aunt Calli, nooo!”, said Kitty and explained everything to her.

That night, Kitty looked at Pinky but didn’t squeeze her. She valued the TRUST they had given her and didn’t want to break it!

The Girl Without a Light

By Yilin Liao

Donhead Prep School, Year 4, Age 9

There once was a girl named Lily Anaya. She had soft brown hair, thoughtful eyes, and a quiet voice. But there was something different about her - something no one else could see.

Inside every person's heart, there was supposed to be a tiny light. It glowed when you felt brave, or kind, or excited to try something new. Some lights shone brightly, some flickered, but everyone had one.

Everyone… except Lily.

Lily did not feel the warm spark that made other children laugh loudly or try again when things were hard. When her classmates played games, she stood at the edge. When they shared ideas, she looked down at her hands. It was not that she did not want to join in - she just did not feel the push inside her heart.

One day, her teacher said, "Class, we are going to build something amazing! Anything you like." The room burst into noise and excitement. Paper rustled, scissors snipped, glue sticks rolled across desks. Children hurried to start.



Lily stayed still.

"You can try, Lily," her teacher said kindly. Lily picked up a piece of paper… then slowly put it back down. "I don't think I can," she whispered. That afternoon, Lily walked home alone. The sky turned golden, and the streetlights flickered on one by one. She stopped beneath one and stared up at it.

“I wish I had a light like you,” she said.

The streetlight buzzed softly. Then, to her surprise, it flickered. “Are you sure you don’t?” it asked. “I’ve looked,” Lily said. “There is nothing there. Lights don’t always start as light,” the streetlight replied. “Sometimes, they begin as something much smaller.”

“‘Like what Lily” asked?”
“Trying,” it said.

The next day, Lily decided to try.

She reached for the paper again. Her hands felt heavy. She folded it once - but it didn’t look right. She unfolded it. Around her, children were already building towers, animals, and bright, colourful shapes. Lily’s chest felt tight.

She tried again.

Both times, the flicker appeared for just a second - so small she almost thought she imagined it. “I don’t have a light,” Lily said one evening under the streetlight. “I’ve tried, and it keeps going away.” The streetlight hummed gently. “Maybe you’re not failing,” it said. “Maybe you’re building it.” Lily wasn’t sure she believed it. But the next day… she tried again anyway. Her hands were steadier this time. She folded carefully. When the paper bent the wrong way, she didn’t stop. She fixed it. The flicker came back. Small… but still there. She added colour. It grew a little warmer. She kept going. By the end of the week, Lily looked down at what she had made. It wasn’t perfect. It wasn’t the biggest or the brightest.

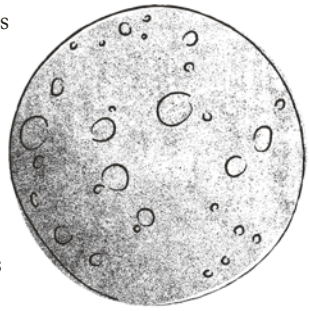
But it was hers.

And inside her chest, her light finally stayed. It glowed softly - not because it was easy, but because she didn’t stop.

Something in the Dark

By Yoonjae Isabella Shin

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 3, Age 8



I don't have any brothers or sisters. It is just me and my mum at home. Mum works a lot. She is busy checking patient after patient. Sometimes I try to talk to my pet but pets can't really answer back. So the house often feels very quiet. Sometimes I feel sad. Sometimes lonely. Sometimes disappointed. Most days I just sit in my room and watch the world outside my window. People walk past chatting and laughing away.

But every night something makes things better. I play computer games. In the game I am not lonely at all. I have teammates and friends. We explore cities, battle monsters and laugh through our headsets. In the game everyone knows my name. But one night just as we were about to win, the screen went black. The lights turned off. Everything went black.

"Power cut!" yelled mum.

We started looking everywhere for flashlights and candles. Mum searched in drawers in cupboards. I looked under tables and behind books. I found one behind some books. It didn't work. We couldn't find any candles. The house felt strange without electricity. No glowing screen. No humming fridge. No computer games. No friends. I sat on my bed feeling lonely again.

Then I heard something. Tap. Tap. My window rattled loudly, like something was trying to get in. My heart started racing.

What if it was a ghost? I quickly hid under my blanket. Slowly I peeked out. The moon was shining as bright as a gem through my window. And there on the floor beside me was something surprising. A tall, dark shape that looked exactly like me. I stood up. It stood up too. I waved my hand. It waved back at me. I froze. Then I started laughing. I wasn't alone anymore!

Soon the sky began to turn pale. The birds started chirping calmly as the owls flew home to sleep. The sun rose slowly like a golden balloon in the sky. It felt like a brand-new day. I pulled a small checklist from my pocket. I had written it a long time ago. All the things I wanted to do with a friend. Run in the park, jump in puddles, spin in circles, climb a hill and join the fun. That whole day, I did every single thing. My new friend followed me everywhere. When I ran, it ran. When I jumped, it jumped too. When I laughed, it stretched and danced beside me. It was the best day I've ever had.

But when the sun slowly disappeared and the sky grew dark again, my friend faded away. The ground beside me became empty. I felt lonely again. But this time I smiled because I know something now. When the morning sun rises again, my friend will come back.

AWARDED DISTINCTION POEMS & STORIES

Upper KS2
Years 5-6
Age 9-11



POEMS

The Brightness We Become
Abdullah Mohamed Akram, Fircroft Primary School

Halo
Alexandra Pogorelova, Wimbledon Park Primary School

The Cycle of Equals
Anika Jhunjhunwala, Sheringdale Primary School

Guardian of the Endless Light
Ariana Joseph, Holy Trinity Primary School

A Night with the Animals
Caspar Murrell, Shrewsbury House School

Sun
Emanuel Nautiyal, Dundonald Primary School

The Rising Light
Emilia Thomas, Joseph Hood Primary School

Praise to the Lighthouse
Harrison Keene, Wimbledon Chase Primary School

The Sunrise
India Jarvis, Wimbledon High Junior School

Light
Isla Jackson, Fircroft Primary School

The Light
Jake Howells, Willington Prep School

Light in the Dark
Jiahe Liu, St Mark's Primary School

The Light
John Dean, Holy Trinity Primary School

The Lights in the Night Sky
Josephine Williams, Wimbledon Park Primary School

The Light
Kira Cousins, Malmesbury Primary School

The Beginner of Life
Lais Da Silva, St Mary's Catholic Primary School

Lights in the Wild
Lena Maria Breeze, Wimbledon Chase Primary School

Chasing Demons
Madeleine Osbourne, Dundonald Primary School

The Journey of a Shooting Star
Margaux Regnard, Merton Park Primary School

Warrior Light
Max Tloczkowski, Haslemere Primary School

The Light
Mira Kumaresan, Holy Trinity Primary School

The Lighthouse
Sunu Park, Pelham Primary School

The Light in Frankenstein's Monster
Thomas Gordon Smith, Shrewsbury House School

The Cookie War
Valentina Thakhin, Merton Park Primary School

The Moonlight...
Velizara Grigorova, All Saints CofE Primary School

Night Light
Yusuf Hussain, Poplar Primary School

STORIES

The Lighthouse Keeper's Gift
Aaron Castello, Holy Trinity Primary School

The Lost Light
Abinitha Sathiyasothy, The Sherwood School

Light of the Moon
Adam Nasser, Donhead Prep School

Erik's Journey to Find LIGHT
Albert Bolstridge, Hillbrook Primary School

The Light
Alex Commons, Holy Trinity Primary School

The Light in the Woods
Alfie Danson, Willington Prep School

The Missing Sun
Anishka Nath, Dundonald Primary School

The Archivist of Lost Whisper's
Arwin Jay Jakkula, Aragon Primary School

The Day the Light Came
Ava Davis, St Peter and Paul RC Primary School

The Heartbeat of the Abyss
Cameron Gould, Wimbledon Park Primary School

The Spotlight
Chloe Stuart, Poplar Primary School

Hope
Darcey Penfold-Wall, St Teresa's RC Primary School

The Pathway to Light
Eliza Sharif, St Mark's Primary School

The Midnight Light
Elora Trickett, Fircroft Primary School

The Performance Pig!
Evie Vick, Wimbledon Chase Primary School

The Secret to the Light of Life
Fatima Zoya Nazir, Wimbledon High Junior School

Light vs Dark
Freddie Miles, Merton Park Primary School

The Carbon Cave
Jacob Richards, Wimbledon Park Primary School

The Light
James Nutt, King's College School Junior

Guided by Moonlight
James-John McSherry, Shrewsbury House School

An Absence of Light
Jarwish Jegan, St Peter and Paul RC Primary School

The Spark
Kiki Martinovska, Trafalgar Junior School

The Northern Lights
Louis Kolff, Donhead Prep School

Together Through Lights
Malaika Yaeli Ali Waheed, Wimbledon Chase Primary School

The Thing Beneath the Light
Mattius Cioffi-Dyson, Riversdale Primary School

In the Spotlight
Michael Kipling, Shrewsbury House School

The Light
Nikhil Chandran, Holy Trinity Primary School

The Phantom
Nina Limberti, Sheringdale Primary School

A Tale of Light
Piotr Jun Gicala, Joseph Hood Primary School

The Light
Raaghav Jhawar, Pelham Primary School

Light From Above
Rayan Shams, Merton Park Primary School

A Beautiful Journey That Will Never End.
Sana Ahmed, Benedict Academy

City of Light
Sasha Yaurov, Shrewsbury House School

Satan's Land
Skye Hewson, Joseph Hood Primary School

Never Defeated
Stella Grigorova, Wimbledon High Junior School

Golden Hour
Tabitha Rose, Alderbrook Primary School

Alcatraz's Light
Theo Fu, Riversdale Primary School

The Escape
Tristan Chong, Merton Park Primary School

The Great Race to the Light
Victor Peck, Dundonald Primary School

The Luminous Divide
Yura Choi, Poplar Primary School

The Brightness We Become

By Abdullah Mohamed Akram

Fircroft Primary School, Year 6, Age 10

Before the morning fills the sky,
A tiny light begins to try.
It's small at first,but still it shows
How even little brightness grows.

The light grows stronger as it climbs,
Across the street in steady lines
Lanterns flicker,candles shine,
Fireworks burst at the perfect time.
Sunlight spreads across the ground,
Chasing shadows all around.
From stars above to dreams we hold,
The world lights up in white and gold.

When night returns and shadows spread,
The light stays warm inside our head.
It lives in hope and things we do,
And every dream we're chasing too.
Because the light is more than bright,
It's courage when we face the night.
And every spark we choose to send,
Helps darkness fade… and rise again.



Halo

By Alexandra Pogorelova

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

A halo is stardust swirling around a sphere of light,
A twist of molten honey just shining really vivid bright,
Looking like a ring made from metallic mercury,
Holding itself up with never ending certainty.

The burning little fireflies looking at the sky tonight,
A beautiful exquisite opalic shiny light,
Praying silently to the goddess of fortnight

I am no longer a living thing,
So I fade into my mercury,
As I am a silvered history,
Waiting for my new life in my halo,
A Mystery



The Cycle of Equals

By Anika Jhunjhunwala

Sheringdale Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

When people retreat, wary of the black
The hooded figure comes to snatch,
The brightness travelling over realms
And hides it away where it can't be found.

"The Taker of Light", that's what he's called,
Turning light to dark when moonlight falls,
With his black cloak, he wraps our world
Immersing it in darkness, his power unfurled.

Those who bask in the sunlight, he finds a disgrace,
As he basks in the darkness, with pride on his face.
A world of black, that is his goal
To extinguish all light and take control.

As hours pass his darkness spreads,
And rejoicing in his glory, he forgets to defend,
The Light trying to rip through his cloak,
And caught off his guard, his barrier broke.

The Light, seizing its chance to claim the sky,
Fought back at the Taker - a determined reply.
No longer a captive, no hiding now,
At large again, to regain its crown.

However much the darkness seemed to resist,
The brightness just seemed to insist,
The Taker could not maintain his shield,
Defeated, stepping aside, he finally kneeled.

The Light seeped through, triumph in its eyes.

Then stared at its thief, its radiance undisguised.
Its vibrant rays danced through the sleeping sky
Stirring it once more, bold, unchained and free to fly.

The Taker of Light, now small, weak and frail,
Knew his time would come again, and this time he wouldn't fail
Even as The Light pranced through the sky,
He knew it would soon be its time to bid goodbye.



Guardian of the Endless Light

By Ariana Joseph

Holy Trinity Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

In a cave hidden away,
Was a monster scared of a sun ray.
It stayed in shadows cold and tight,
Far away from any light.

It roared and stomped the ground,
As darkness spread for miles around,
"No more sun," it said with fear,
"I won't let the daylight near."

The world beyond grew dark and grey,
As clouds covered up the day,
Flowers closed and rivers slowed,
As the monster's shadow spread and flowed.

But one a small beam crept through the wall,
Soft and warm not big at all,
It flickered gently, calm and bright,
A tiny spark against the night.

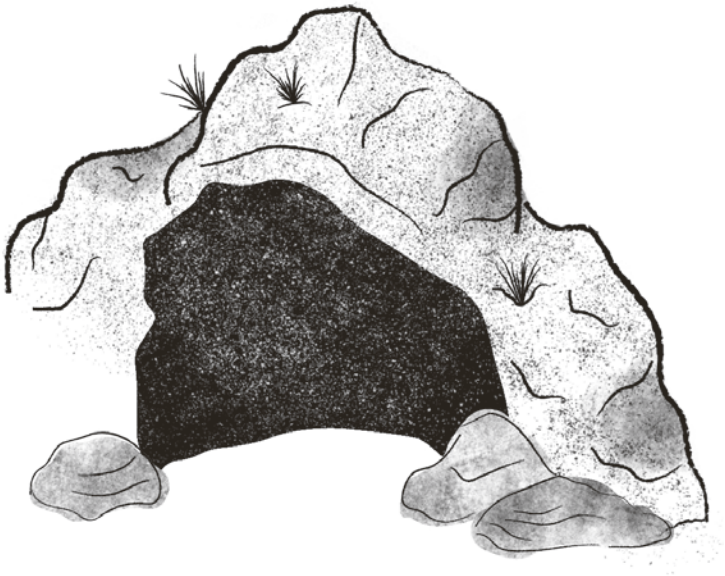
The monster stared in fright,
It had never faced the light,
So it reached its claws to push away,
To end that miniature glowing ray.

As the monster touched the ignited beam,
His face lit up as if it were a dream,
It was a super surprise,
Like stars lighting the skies.

The light could whisper, warm and wide,

Like golden waves it gently sighed,
It might be hope, a glowing guide,
A shining spark it held inside.

Soft, silver shadows slipped away,
The monster would no longer stay,
Like morning mist, it turned to right,
It should be the Guardian of the Endless Light.

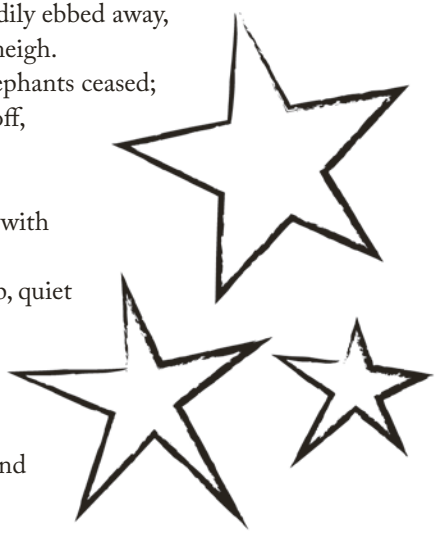


A Night with the Animals

By Caspar Murrell

Shrewsbury House School, Year 6, Age 11

The lion's grumbling steadily ebbed away,
The zebra did no longer neigh.
The trumpeting of the elephants ceased;
The evening was not far off,
when energy was least.



Against the sky - dashed with
red and yellow -
Rhinos laid down to sleep, quiet
and mellow.
Bats began to flap
their leathery wings,
Insects blotted the sky,
ordered by their queens and
kings.

The daylight disappeared,
And jackals and hyenas appeared.
Out to hunt their favourite prey,
A task the sun forbade by day;
But in the night, he could not shine a ray.

Moments later, a huge eye and his many cubs filled the sky;
Because of the moon and stars, light on the land did lie.
The hyenas stealthily stole away,
The light of the cosmos denying them their prey.
The jackals could no longer grin,
For tonight, the light had claimed the win.

When morning arrived, the land was a hive.
"The jackal did this!"

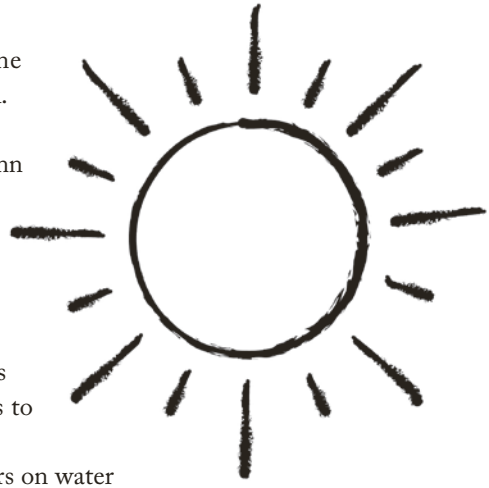
"The hyena did that!"
But the sun could not trust the deceitful springbok,
Or the lion, whose truth was hidden and locked.

However, the sun could trust one friend to tell the truth,
To treat the animals justly and preserve their youth.
It was the moon, the ever-looking guardian of the hive,
Who told the sun the truth, and helped the wild to strive.

Sun

By Emanuel Nautiyal

Dundonald Primary School, Year 5, Age 9



You are the brightness of Summer
That envelops the world.
The warmth and the sunshine
Like a bright, shining pearl.

You are the sunset of Autumn
That glows like a ring.
The last rays of light
Before Winter kicks in.

You are the dappled rays
that filter through the leaves
You steal through the blinds to
rouse us for the day.
The radiant glare that glitters on water
Like coins in our pocke that we use to pay.

You are the freshness of Spring
That brightens the mood.
The beauty of flowers
Like the taste of warm food.

You are the colour of the seasons
Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring.
You bring us happiness
Like a child's favourite thing.

The Rising Light

By Emilia Thomas

Joseph Hood Primary School, Year 5, Age 9

The world fell quiet, breath held tight,
as shadows bent down low.
A silence heavy as the night,
where hope had stopped its glow.

A single light had once burnt bright,
so warm, steady and near,
It held the scared, it calmed the storm,
And quietened every fear.

But then it slipped from mortal gaze,
and something changed that day,
a stone lay cold, the sky turned still,
as hope felt locked away.



The world just sat beneath that weight,
no voice, no song, no flame,
and hearts that once were full of fire
didn't feel quite the same.

Yet in the dark, so deep, so still,
where no one thought to see,
a fragile spark refused to fade -
it flickered quietly.

And then it started, small at first,
a glow the dark couldn't hide,
not loud or fierce - just slowly growing,
still burning deep inside.

The stone gave way, the dark pulled back,
the air felt different then,
and light returned - not just the same,
but stronger now than it had been.

Now every dawn still carries this,
though night can feel so tight:
even the deepest, longest dark
can't stop the rising light.

Praise to the Lighthouse

By Harrison Keene

Wimbledon Chase Primary School, Year 6, Age 10

The party raged from night to dawn
Before everyone woke on the floor with a yawn.
"We're lost! We're lost!" the Captain croaked,
"And in less than a week, we'll go down and be soaked!"

Big boat, big boat, lost at sea.
While sailors scream, cry and flee.
What can hear their cries for help?
What can save them while they yelp?

In the distance, something emerges.
That something was a light.
It told them where to go,
Through the forest of the night.

Lighthouse, lighthouse, saving lives.
Against the rocks that stab like knives.
Will it hear their cries for help?
Will it save them while they yelp?

So praise to the lighthouse,
The Lighthouse, the Lighthouse.
So praise to the lighthouse,
For the lighthouse rules the sea.



The Sunrise

By India Jarvis

Wimbledon High Junior School, Year 6, Age 10

A shy ray of sunlight peers own,
And soon a myriad of rays confidently burst out,
The moon creeping off the stage,
As abashed as an actor who says the wrong line,
As the sun splits open like an egg,
The rays like a yolk flooding the crystal blue sky,
As vermillion reds creep like veins along the yellow,
Swirling and spiralling around it, in and out,
A tentacle of amethyst reaches out to reel in its prey,
As a magenta pops out like a child's slinky,
Persimmon orange spilling out uncontrollably,
As umpteen threads of gold free themselves from the sun's greedy clutches,
A new day has begun, tweet the birds melodiously,
Cheering that the oppressive, ominous night has passed,
Like a distant nightmare,
The sunrise, the most magical moment of the day.

Light

By Isla Jackson

Fircroft Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

Light is alive,
Light is my soul,
Light is your love.

Light is a lighthouse,
Its beam
A slice of safety cutting through a stormy night,
Light is a lighthouse.

Light is a fire,
A guardian in the dark burning with a protective ferocity,
Or a gentle crackling warmth,
Light is a fire.

Light is a lamp,
Brightly, softly
Beside your bed,
Light is a lamp.

Light is the moon,
Pale, silver and strong,
Guiding you through a hopeless night,
Light is the moon.

Light is the stars,
Jewels on a dark velvet sky,
Stars are heaven, stars are sanctuary,
Light is the stars.

Light is the sun,
A ball of friendly fire,
A ball of furious fire,
Light is the sun.

Light is the sunrise,
A beginning, a fresh start,
Colours painting the sky,
Light is the sunrise.

Light is the sunset,
The end but not truly,
Forgiving those who are dear,
Light is the sunset.

Light is love,
Held close in your heart,
Loving those you know, others to be found,
Light is love.

Light is your soul, your spirit,
Shining powerfully,
Your life,
Light is your soul, your spirit.

Light is hope,
A bird soaring free,
Dancing sweetly,
Light is hope.

Light is a protector,
Light fights the darkness,
Light is a warmth,
Light is a comfort,
Light is a guide,
Light is your home,
Light is your family,
Light is me,
Light is you,
Light.



The Light

By Jake Howells

Willington Prep School, Year 5, Age 9

In the darkness is shimmers
And glimmers and shines.
It dances and flickers
And glistens and blinds.

It shivers in the cold
Where seldom light falls.
In there, as dying prey,
Nearly lifeless, it calls:

"Someone! Come quick!
For I cannot wait.
No longer can I lie,
Waiting as bait."

So then comes the light,
Confident and proud.
It overrides the darkness,
Bustling and loud.

Then the light celebrates,
The predator now prey.
It dances and flickers
And glistens on the day.

The light remains untouched,
And for those who would dare,
How foolish they'd be,
To try and challenge it there.

Light in the Dark

By Jiahe Liu

St Mark's Primary School, Year 6, Age 10

What is this palette of colours that comes through windows?
Light, my dear.
What is this mirror reflecting off?
Light, my dear.
What is this brightness shining on my face?
Light, my dear.
Are these fireworks making… light?
Yes. Yes they do.
All of it is light.
Heaven has light.
Hope has light.
The Sun is light.
Even the moon claims the light at night.
Because if there's darkness, there's always light.
Promise me you'll always be the light
even when the darkness reigns.



The Light

By John Dean

Holy Trinity Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

T - Tenaciously zooming at 300,000km per second through the sky, which is engulfed by glimmering diamonds.
H - Happily beaming in our world spreading a warm sensation across human beings.
E - Eating away the curtains of night that poison us with fear.

L- Leading us the way through opaqueness when all hope seems lost.
I - Intriguing in all ways possible!
G - Guiding us into a greater future for humanity.
H - Helping eyes to reach their maximum potential making our vision like a hawk.
T - Though, they obliterate our vision if one is not aware.



The Lights in the Night Sky

By Josephine Williams

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 5, Age 10



Quick wink above,
And a moonlit smile,
Hypnotise me,
Make me gaze for a while.
All worries gone,
Up there my heart stays,
I'll think of this moment,
In times of sad days.
Grandfather watches me,
Reading my mind,
He understands me,
All feelings combined.
We lie on the moors,
All longing dreams shared,
It's a free, happy moment,
So loved and so cared.
We talk about life up there,
Life with the stars,
One day we'll get there,
Living on Mars.
I look at my Grandpa,
And imagine his story,
The light of his background,
His best, winning glory.
Family is the light,
Future, present and past,
For they are the ones,
Who make my life-light last.

The Light

By Kira Cousins

Malmesbury Primary School, Year 5, Age 9

Fairies dance and prance in the moonlit glow
As their golden hearts begin to show
They softly spread their magical wings
Awakening stars and hidden things
They twirl beneath the midnight sky
Like shooting stars that fly on by
They are awakening the flowers one by one
Getting them ready to greet in the morning sun
That's when a golden glow begins to rise
And paints the corner of the sky
The sunlight drifts across the sky
As the fluffy clouds pass on by
The glowing beams from above
Wrap the world in its light warm love
Golden rays lovely and bright
Fill the world with its wonderful light



The daylight sparkles soft and clear
Bringing joy with a gentle cheer
The light helps the flowers to grow

While the shiny rivers flow soft and slow
It stays with us for the day
Then slowly starts to fade away
So bright, so warm I hope you liked my poem's song

The Beginner of Life

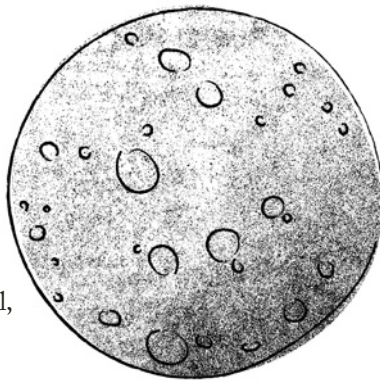
By Lais Da Silva

St Mary's Catholic Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

Mother of the eight planets,
Sister of the moon,
Speaks all the languages,
Learnt it by noon.
I'm talking about the beginner of life,
Nothing here is made of trouble and strife,
Everything she made was lush wildlife.

Her name is Sun,
She shines bright day and night,
But day is more fun,
As her brother Moon takes over the night,
As a shadow looms over the cities,
The moon takes no pity.

Then peaking through the trees are rays of sunlight
Taking over just like a fight,
This is the beginner of life.



Space used to be darkness,
Nothing precisely,
And then out of nowhere, life began.

As a mother and a sister,
She knew science was always a twister,
For us humans and animals big and small,
The beginner of life is a mystery to all.
Here we are standing firm on our land,
Asking the question, what has Mother Nature planned?

Life is life, insight is insight,
Sometimes you don't know what's beyond the blinding light.

Lights in the Wild

By Lena Maria Breeze

Wimbledon Chase Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

Jellyfish jiggle and jot around,
Like blobs floating above the ground,
Jellyfish shimmer with aequorin,
As if the sea went exploring.

Deep in the forest where the sunlight goes thin,
Fireflies light up their luciferin,
They hover and bother us with their butt light,
Darting through the pitch black night.

Glowworms dangle from caves like spaghetti lamps,
They like it where it's dark and damp,
Bioluminescent glowing blue underground,
Where no one can hear the sound.

Angler fish are the fishermen of the deep,
Using their esca to attract things to eat,
Their lure glows bright in the dark below,
Then snap goes their supper at the end of the show.
Now that there is finally light,
Why should I worry about the dreary night.

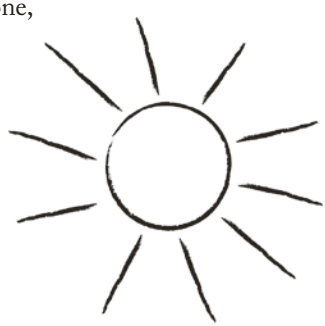


Chasing Demons

By Madeleine Osbourne

Dundonald Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

My room is still yet my mind races,
Taking me to dark and fearful places.
Thoughts swirl and won't leave me alone,
Clawing and gnawing into my bones.



I toss and turn but still can't sleep,

As anguish builds and demons creep.
Silently sneaking into my mind,
Looking for memories to forever
grind.

The cold white light of the digital clock,
Marks time slowly as if to mock.
Is anyone else lying awake like me,
With a heavy head full of worry?

Then, I see a little ray of hope, a miniature crack, a spark of light
Illuminating the space, with all its might.

My curtains swish to reveal
A feeling that seems
unreal.
The glue of anxiety has melted away,
Because the sun is here and it is
day.

Now that there is finally light,
Why should I worry about the dreary night.

The Journey of a Shooting Star

By Margaux Regnard

Merton Park Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

As the small baby rock opens his weak eyes,
he is floating in the night skies.

His meteorite mother whispers in his ear
"You must go and explore for I won't always be here".

So, the little speck of dust stepped out into space
And realised that the universe is such a wonderful place.

In the middle of the darkness, he spotted a light far away.
Curious to see what it was, he started his journey towards
to the Milky Way.

Blinded by the parade of a million stars in the galaxy,
He felt so small but continued his life-changing journey.

Suddenly, the most unique planet caught his eye,
The most beautiful blue sphere that nearly made him cry.

On this planet, a little girl woke up from her dreams,
And gazed out the window, wishing for world peace.

Suddenly, a beaming light shot through the night,
Our small shooting star had become so bright.

As the little girl smiled at this view,
She knew her wish would come true.

Warrior Light

By Max Tloczkowski

Haslemere Primary School, Year 5, Age 9

I fight the darkness
And command the moon to shine like a disco ball at a party.
I notify the greatest animals to hunt or not
I am the sun

I AM SO Powerful
I can inflame steel
And make you feel like a melting ice cap
I roar in summer
but stay so quiet that you could hear a pin drop in the winter
I am the sun

I am never peace
I am only power
I dried the desert
And caused the flames
My new plan is the Arctic
When it rains, you get annoyed
But when it's too hot you're annoyed again
I am the sun



The Light

By Mira Kumaresan

Holy Trinity Primary School, Year 6, Age 10

Down in the depths of London, where nobody may go,
All of our waste gets trapped down there and flows,
In the dirty disgusting sewers, far from help.
But there may be a light hidden inside…

As you try and escape that nauseating stench,
You realise that there is a door; you'll need a wrench.
Lurking around, you search and search until the ocean is seen,
You look down and think: is this a dream?

Ploughing your way through the thrashing waves,
You think to yourself if you'll find shore soon, maybe a cave.
The salty, brine water stings your eyes, stroke by stroke,
Even I am not up for this, I'm just some British folk.

Finally, time for a stop, after a journey,
You were at some shore, needing a rest.
Walking a beam of lights hits you: you protest,
What did I do? It wasn't my fault!

After an hour you come to your senses,
It was a lighthouse! Guessing you needed new lenses!
You climb on inside, up the rickety staircase,
Avoiding all cobwebs and their creator's face.

After being put through a storm of events,
Feeling like your body was full of dents,
You strived through this adventure,
This is nature to you.

Down in the depths of London, where nobody may go,
All of our memories start there and flow.
They make us face the scary sights,
But one question, was this really just about LIGHT?



The Lighthouse

By Sunu Park

Pelham Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

On an abandoned island,
A single white candle stands,
Gazing out over the endless blue sea.

It always remains there,
Like a silent signpost,
Making the edge of another world.

When the sun goes home,
And deep darkness falls,
It stands without fear,
A red light gently blinking.

Through raging storms and crashing waves,
It prays with all its heart -
That every lost ship at sea will find its way safely home,
Like a mother waiting for a child who has not returned.

In the deepest dark,
It reaches out its warm light,
A guiding hand for the desperate,
Softly singing
Of hope
And tomorrow.



The Light in Frankenstein's Monster

By Thomas Gordon Smith

Shrewsbury House School, Year 5, Age 9

The Lights were dim,
As drama built high;
The madman chuckled,
Not ready for the beast -
No chance, not even the least.

The scientist pulled the lever,
One switch at a time.
The wires came closer;
Even the chair let out a scream.
The wires struck together,
As the curtains began to shake.
Seconds passed by with no sign of movement,
Then - Bang!

Lightning and thunder, light and commotion;
The man felt like a bairn
With horses on a farm,
But more deadly and filled with alarm.
Suddenly, I gained movement,
Like a skeleton back from the dead.
The nails in my skull were fragile as glass.

The petrified man backed away with a quiver,
Suddenly scared to lose his liver.
No man could save me from the nightmares ahead,
As I took on the weight of the world's dread.
I was made from scraps, from nuts and bolts,
Born of a spark, not a mother's womb.



No purpose in life,
No purpose to live.
I was not born, I was made,
Only so the man could get paid.
I am not the monster; the monster created me.
The yellow eye and the mouldy skin
Do not mean I am filled with sin.

I still have no mother -
Do not judge a book by its cover.
I stood no chance;
I was always destined to be made.
And as for death? It will never be fun.
The scientist cried, "O God, it worked!"
He was dark as a shadow as he spoke.

But I still had some light;
No darkness could take me
From the pain and the misery.
An innocent creation,
Mistaken for a monster.
I stand on this earth,
Made by one who is brainless.

I live in this life,
Yet I rest in peace.
No outside experience,
No nature, no green,
Save for the one who created me.
I am not normal,
But I am not strange;
I stand in the middle,
Proudly with fame,
Grateful for the chance to exist.

Be thankful for what you have,
No matter what you go through.
A shelter over your head -
Think of that, not of greed.
As I have lived so long,
I shall end… right… here.

The Cookie War

By Valentina Thakhin

Merton Park Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

In a bakery, warm and bright,
two groups of cookies prepared for a fight.
Chocolate chips, the shining crew,
called themselves the light-side, (it's true).

They stood in rows, so sweet and bold,
Like golden sunshine, bright and gold.
"We bring the glow! We bring the cheer!"
They said with confidence and fear.

Below them, quiet, dark, and deep,
the raisin cookies stirred from their sleep.
The dark-side rose with steady pace,
not a smile upon a single face.

The oven door swung open wide,
It felt like a war was baked inside.
Light against dark, sweet versus shade,
A cookie battle was displayed.

The chips advanced with glowing pride,
like the morning sun on every side.
The raisins tried, but step by step,
Their shadows slowly lost their depth.

The light grew strong, the dark grew thin,
As golden victory shone within.
The raisin side began to fall -
The chocolate chips outshone them all.

And in the end, the light stood tall,
bright as dawn above it all.

The Moonlight...

By Velizara Grigorova

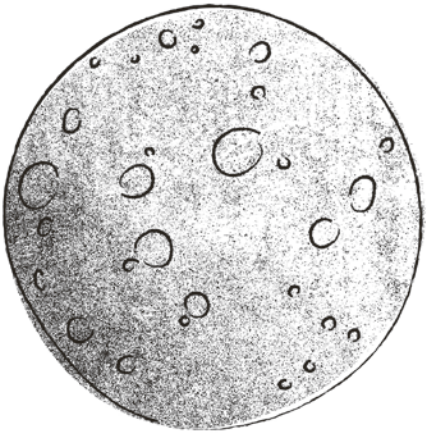
All Saints CofE Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

Gleaming in the luminous tender light
Grazing the sky like a quiet lantern
Spilling threads of stars in the pitch black night
Making mists from a radiant pattern

Empty streets with veils of dreamy glow
Shadows which were once awake are now closed
Rooftops lit up by the sky as we know
Led by the great light, it was as supposed

Blowing ghostly mists away from its view
Sprawling over cities and many towns
Leaves and branches, anything set astrew
Blanketing me and you with its long gown

Now it's time for this glowing light to sleep
Morning wakes up; it is time for its leap



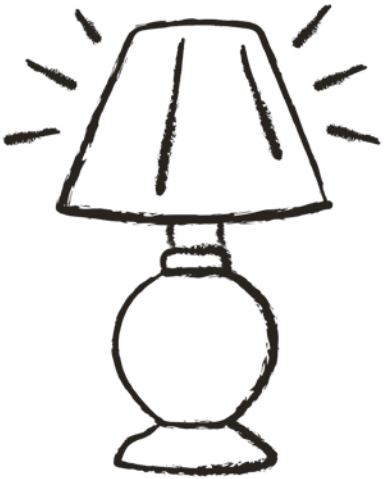
Night Light

By Yusuf Hussain

Poplar Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

Little blue light
Plugged in the corner of my room, to the right
Dimly lit, so it won't keep me awake
Just enough to let me know I'm safe
No risk of a bump or a fall
No sinister shadows of Voldemort on the wall.

Brave blue light
Silently protecting all through the night.
From the hungry wolf's bite
Warding off The Witches
Just then… my blue light glitches!
For that moment time stands still
My breathing becomes shallow as if I'm ill.



Observant blue light
What can be heard in the dark of night?
The Borrowers making a home under the floorboards
The Creakers under the bed in hoards
Both sneak around like mice out of sight
Enough to give a grown man a fright!

Bold blue light
Standing guard without fear
Softly illuminating to make it clear
Against the wall like a valiant soldier
Keeping me safe until I'm older
Banishing the darkness of the Dementors
Disallowing fire-breathing Smaug to enter
Ensuring everything is okay
Until the light of day.

Sapphire-blue light
Soon you will begin to fade away
As the sunlight pierces through the curtains without delay
Swiftly seeping in
To glow against my soft skin.

Reliable blue light
Tonight we'll meet again
In this bedroom, I call my den
I embrace your stay
You keep me safe by lighting my way
Through the darkness of the night, until the next day.

The Lighthouse Keeper's Gift

By Aaron Castello

Holy Trinity Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

Once upon a time, on a rugged coastline where the waves crashed against rocky cliffs, stood a tall, solitary lighthouse named Mistfall Beacon. Its whitewashed exterior gleamed under the sun, a guiding light for sailors navigating the treacherous waters of the North Sea. The lighthouse was tended to by an old keeper named Captain Eli, a man whose heart was as vast as the ocean.

Captain Eli had been the lighthouse keeper for as long as anyone could remember. His days were filled with tending the massive lantern that cast its beam far across the water, polishing the lenses until they sparkled, and keeping the surrounding grounds meticulously clean. But it was the nights that brought him the most joy. Under the starry sky, he would often gaze at the horizon, dreaming of the countless ships he had guided to safety.

One stormy evening, as thunder rumbled in the distance and rain lashed against the lighthouse, Eli spotted a flickering light far off in the turbulent sea. It was a small fishing boat, struggling against the towering waves. Without hesitation, he dashed up the spiraling staircase to the lantern room. With shaking hands, he turned the light's rotation to its brightest setting and focused the beam toward the struggling vessel.

"Hold on, my friends!" he whispered, willing the fishermen to stay strong. Hours felt like days as the storm went on. Just as Eli began to fear the worst, he saw the small boat inch closer to the safety of the shore, guided by the unwavering light of Beacon Point.

When dawn broke, the storm subsided, revealing a beautiful sunrise that painted the sky in shades of pink and gold. The fishermen, exhausted but safe, came ashore and approached the lighthouse. They were full of gratitude and relief.



"Thank you for saving us, old man!" called out Samuel, the youngest of the crew. "We would have perished without your light guiding us through the storm!"

Eli smiled, his weathered face lighting up with warmth. "It is my duty to keep the light burning for those at sea," he replied humbly.

In the weeks that followed, the fishermen returned often to the lighthouse, sharing stories from their adventures at sea. They brought gifts of fresh fish, colorful shells, and even hand-knit scarves for Eli. A friendship blossomed, filling the lonelier corners of the lighthouse keeper's heart.

One day, as they gathered for a picnic at the lighthouse, Samuel presented Eli with a beautifully crafted model of Beacon Point. The young fisherman had spent hours carving it from driftwood, intricately detailing each feature.

"This is a gift for you," said Samuel, beaming with pride. "A small piece of home, just like you provide for us out there."

Tears glistened in Eli's eyes as he accepted the gift. "Thank you, my friends. This will remind me of the lives we've shared and the light we've kept burning, together."

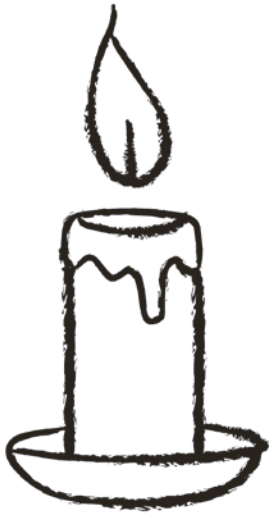
The Lost Light

By Abinitha Sathiyasothy

The Sherwood School, Year 6, Age 11

The small flame of my candle was a golden pulse, a tiny heartbeat of light against the ghastly shadows. It flickered with a rhythmic uncertainty; its warmth was a fragile shield against the rigorous chill of the evening. I held the wax cylinder tightly, my knuckles pale, as the autumn air began to howl. Suddenly, the wick was smothered by a violent, impenetrating cloak. The light was extinguished; the world became a void. In that instant of absolute darkness, the floor beneath me simply annihilated. I was no longer standing on solid ground; instead, I was falling, tumbling into nowhere. The air around me was a physical weight - a cold, rushing tide that tore at my clothes and nicked the breath from my lungs. The tunnel through which I plummeted was a throat of stone, swallowing me whole into the core of the earth. I felt like a leaf caught in a gale, helpless and insignificant, descending into an abyss that seemed to have no floor.

The walls of the tunnel were blurred by my speed, where was I going? Fear engulfed me as I plummeted down (I had never felt nor known a silence so loud or a darkness so heavy.) Just as the panic began to peak, a mild, lustrous glow started to shoot out from the ground. The descent slowed. My fall shifted into a gentle drift, as if the air itself had turned into silk. I landed softly on a bed of emerald-green moss.



As my eyes adjusted, I realised I was not alone. Small, flickering shapes began to emerge from the crevices of the rock-pixies. These were not the dainty creatures of storybooks; they were living creatures, their wings humming like the vibration of a thousand tiny violins. The light was reclaimed by these miniature guardians. One pixie, whose wings shimmered like the sun reflecting on water, hovered inches from my face. Her glow was a soft amber, a comforting embrace that melted the ice in my soul. She beckoned me forward; her movements a dance. "The shadows are back, and hungry, but we will not give in," she seemed to whisper, though no words were spoken. The darkness was treated as a wound by the pixies, who stitched it together like a path of safety. They began to work in unison: their light was a needle, and the gloom was a fabric to be mended. They darted through the air like sparks from a bonfire. The cavern was transformed: icicles became chandeliers of frozen embroidered diamonds, and the damp floor was turned into a mosaic of emerald glass. A sense of peace - profound and unexpected - washed over me. I was being guided by the sparks of life; protected by a light that did not need a wick or wax.

When the candle dies, the light is never truly gone, it just waits to be found in the darkest places

Light of the Moon

By Adam Nasser

Donhead Prep School, Year 5, Age 10

Inside the amiable newt colony, there was a skinny newt named Phil. He lived with his newt friends in the Stream Colony beside the stream. It was built in a small clearing, sheltered by hundreds of ferns.

All his fellow newts were affable and supported each other's ambitions for whatever role they played in the colony. The colony leader was Freddie. Phil's role was to hunt so that no bellies were left empty.

At night, Phil realized the moon was in the shape of a newt. When he announced this to his colony during the daily moonlight ritual which honoured all fallen newts, they stared at him blankly as though he had grown a second head. They walked him to his fern nest and told him sternly to go to rest.

Phil couldn't sleep. This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that he couldn't miss. Eventually, he gave in to the urge to go and look at the moon and saw that the moon-newt was talking to him and trying to grasp his attention. Suddenly, he heard its voice:

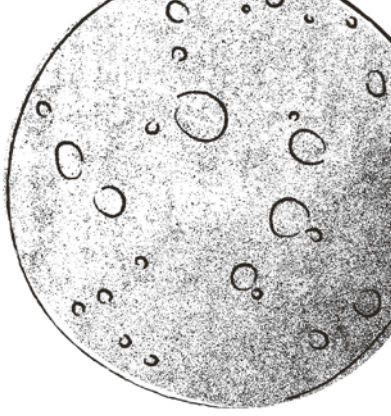
Four shall venture across the green,

To seek out the wonder only one shall see,

Three prevail while one shall fall,

And that one shall be…

Unexpectedly, a fellow newt called Damian roused him from his trance and demanded an answer for why he wasn't in his nest - it was morning and hunting time. Phil replied groggily, "I had a prophecy from the moon in the shape of a newt."



"What did the moon say to you?" he asked sarcastically.

"The moon-newt said, 'Four shall venture across the green, to seek out a wonder that only one shall see, three prevail while one shall fall, and that one shall be…' until YOU interrupted me."

"Sorry," he replied, flustered.

"I shall report this to Freddie," Phil announced, walking to the den.

"You must set out at once! It appears you have received a sign from The Ancient Newts," declared Freddie. "Who shall you pick?"

"Err, me, Dave, Jules and Sam," listed Phil.

"As you wish," replied Freddie.

The four set out on a quest to find what The Ancient Newts prophesised. They journeyed across the green to a small clearing beside a stream. Early the next morning, they finally reached the wonder that the moon-newt promised: a cave with beautiful stalactites made of diamonds. The newts began to collect them by the entrance.

Suddenly, the moon-newt appeared in front of them and spoke:

One shall enter and never return,
The three remaining will bring home the goods

"I'm going in," Phil said instantly. "I cannot disobey the moon."

The others had no choice but to agree. Phil went deeper into the cave. There he saw something that should never have been seen - all The Ancient Newts hanging over hot, melting liquid.

Phil was never seen again. The other three newts reported the news to Freddie and got medals that gave them special abilities.



Erik's Journey To Find LIGHT

By Albert Bolstridge

Hillbrook Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

It was one special week on planet Erid and even more so for one specific Eridian, Astronomer and Astronaut Erik Gloopy O'Hara.

Erik was tasked with searching the famous Milky Way galaxy for light, after he witnessed planet Erid's only sun Emdin, burn out 4719 Years previously. This out-of-this-world phenomenon had put Erid to sleep permanently, plunging it into infinite darkness…

Erik was ready… Everyone hoped that this Lone Alien Would Bring back LIGHT to his home planet. His journey would take no longer than 3 years and 11 months, as on planet Erid, there was not such fancy technology as we have on Earth. Time getting there would have to be slow, steady, and safe. He would bring back fire from our Sun on a lit torch, bring it back to Emdin and ignite it. Erik was determined to save his people.

And there he was. He stepped into the space shuttle to save his planet's life.

T-minus 5, T-minus 4, T-minus 3, T-minus 2 T-minus 1. LIFT OFF! And before Erik knew it, he was blasting through space at millions of miles per hour.

He glided past meteorites and asteroids and nothingness… And except doing his business in a bucket and scrubbing all 7 of his eyes, that is about everything.

Time went by slowly for Erik, no people, no animals and no loo roll. But he took on the challenge.

Years passed, Erik could clearly see Neptune in the distance. He had not forgotten his goal: To light up Emdin and save people from this tragedy.

After more lifeless time in his rocket, Erik was only miles away from the Sun. So, he pushed forward swiftly for the last months, weeks and then days.

Then he was there, with his torch in hand once again he opened the hatch. The heat for him was overwhelming, his heart was pumping out of his chest. He stuck out his torch, reeled his hand in, he had LIGHT.

And with that encouragement and motivation from that one small flame it could save a big community. Erik flew back home with a flame in his heart and a flame in his hands.

The time getting back mirrored the journey to the Milky way, but this time he was full of hope and happiness.

Then when he was back home, Erik stared at the burnt-out sun. He grinned like fire in front of the Eridian people.

He was ready, again he opened the hatch, had his lit torch in hand and held his arm out and set Emdin on fire…

And again, the heat was overwhelming, he recoiled. The moment Emdin had regained its brilliant rays of bright light, Erid came back to life. Farmers' exotic animals became healthy once more and planters' flowers bloomed with multicoloured beauty.

The planet was a world of colour.

Erid had returned to GREATNESS.



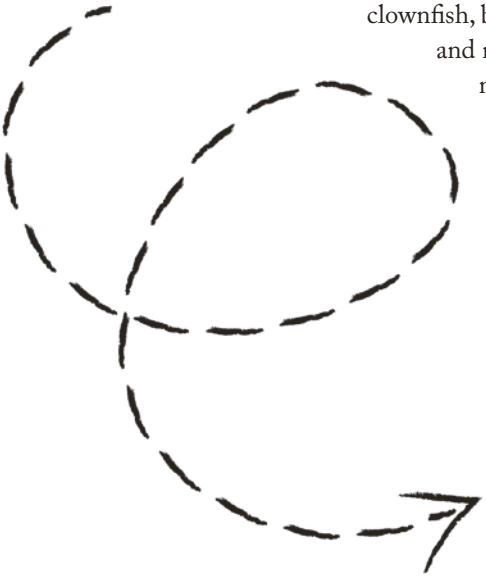
The Light

By Alex Commons

Holy Trinity Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

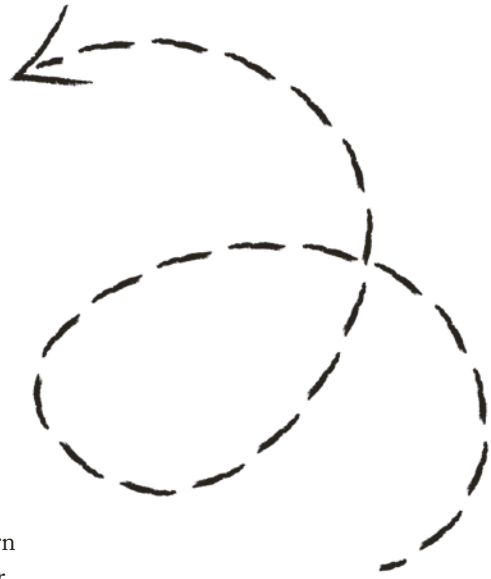
Hi! My name is Alex and today, with help from my team, I am exploring the ocean to the deep depths of the "midnight zone". The team have supported me through many ocean explorations, but this will be the deepest I have explored. My underwater craft has been designed for this mission and is made from a special material to withstand high pressures. It also has large oxygen tanks, heating, floodlights in every direction and high-quality recording equipment.

As I start my descent, I say farewell to the sparkling surface of the ocean. My journey starts through the "sunlight zone". I pass through a school of tuna fish that quickly scatter before meeting again to continue their journey. My craft passes over a coral reef where I see turtles, anemones and clownfish, before the reef finishes and my descent continues next to the coral cliff. Gradually the coral's vibrant colours fade becoming less red and more blue.



My depth gauge tells me that I am now 250 metres below the surface of the sea – commonly known as the "twilight zone". I turn off my floodlights

and look at the screen that shows me what is happening outside my mini submarine. The screen looks like the night sky with stars that are blue. I have seen this bioluminescence many times before, but I am still mesmerised by the pictures. I turn on the floodlights and I see a bright red strawberry squid dart pass the camera followed quickly by a lantern shark looking for his supper.



I continue on my journey down and into the "midnight zone". I am now more than 1000 metres away from my crew on the support boat. Outside, it is as black as obsidian but with help from the lights, I see the mythical-looking anglerfish. On my screen, it looks like it is snowing outside but I know this is "marine snow" made from decomposing fish above.

I check my oxygen level and realise that I need to start my return to the surface. My journey has been a success and I have plenty of new information to give to the scientists. As I ascend, the light gradually returns. I pass by the same coral cliff and notice the red colours slowly start to return to the ocean. The sea becomes turquoise again and as I break through the surface, I see the endless perfect blue sky and the yellow fireball of sun on this perfect summer's day. The light has returned to my world.

The Light in the Woods

By Alfie Danson

Willington Prep School, Year 5, Age 10

As Aarav looked out his window he saw a light in the woods; like a star destitute and diminished in strength and power, yet not giving up - flickering occasionally but staying strong. Aarav felt like he had seen this light before but couldn't quite make the connection, it was like a conundrum that needed to be solved, but whenever he felt close to finding the answer, it slipped slowly away.

Then he heard his unpleasant stepmother's din of a voice call up to Aarav, "Get into your bed you slimy maggot," and he sighed - you could barely call his "bed" a bed; it was more a blanket on the cold, abrasive floor. He was told to be grateful, but there wasn't much to be grateful about, unless you call being treated like a worm something to be grateful about.

The next morning he climbed out of bed and went downstairs, only to be greeted by cold porridge - like every morning - a withering stare full of contempt - like every morning and finally, the worst sight of all, his dead father's empty chair. He had died a few months ago and was found with a dagger to his benevolent heart; he assumed it was his stepmother, but had no evidence. The only thing that kept him going was the thought of escaping, and finding the source of the light in the woods.

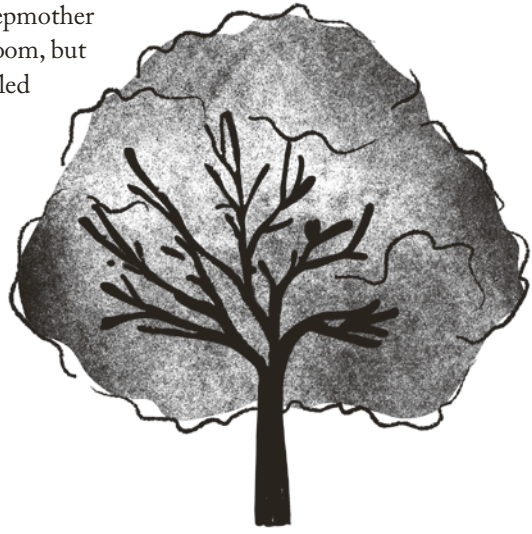
Aarav had thought of escaping a few times, but that would be a death wish; his stepmother had guard dogs posted around the cabin - and these were no ordinary dogs; they were crossbreeds of rottweilers and greyhounds - the fastest and most belligerent breed in the world, but that wouldn't deter him, he would adhere to the plan.

Over the next few weeks, he tried to conceal his escape plans -he would steal his stepmother's dog biscuits and scatter them, whilst his stepmother accidentally tripped on her own bubble bath and slid into the bathroom. He would then lock the door and, whilst those hell-like hounds were distracted, he would make his escape. Then he would finally be free to explore the world - and the light! It was a barbaric idea, but it might just work.

He planned to escape on Sunday. The three days felt like eons; it was an arduous wait, but finally, on the day of the escape he prepared himself and went downstairs. Nothing could distract him; today, he would avenge his father's death and escape!

He crept across the desolate hall into his stepmother's room, with its grand, four-poster bed and silk sheets, then he took out his stepmother's bubble bath and poured it towards the bathroom - now all he had to do was wait.

One hour later his stepmother walked into her bedroom, but she slipped and tumbled into the bathroom. He locked the door and pelted down the stairs into the garden, threw the dog biscuits, ran to the gate, then finally he jumped over and ran towards his destination - the light and freedom.



The Missing Sun

By Anishka Nath

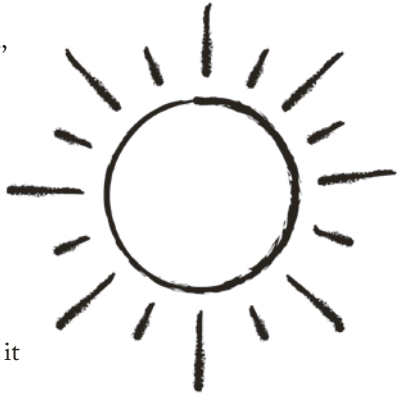
Dundonald Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

Many centuries from today, there was a 12-year old boy named Kevin who was always full of ideas. He lived in a world so advanced that there were technologies for everything. On a normal day, Kevin brushed his teeth, got dressed, and packed his bag – mostly done by robots. Then he used the teleporter to go to school. In those times, you didn't need money for anything. Everyone was assigned tasks that they had to complete to earn a living. But if you did not do your part, you would not get your share.

That day in school, their head teacher suddenly announced, "Attention, everyone! We have just received news that the Sun has disappeared." She spoke lazily, as if it was not important. She continued, "The Sun sent this message: 'Dear inhabitants of Earth, I am leaving forever and going to live with my friend, the Black Hole, since you all don't respect or care for the Earth or me anymore.'"

The head teacher carried on, "Everything is under control since we have a device that will work just like the Sun."

Once the announcement ended, everyone went back to their routine, unbothered.



This device worked for a year, but then a malfunction occurred. This time, the news said, "Our device for the Sun is broken, and we are unable to find a solution. If we cannot fix it

within a month, we will all die." For the first time, people were panicking as the news spread like wildfire.

Kevin heard this news and came up with an idea. He called the science centre and said, "We need to tell the Sun we are sorry and bring it back." The scientist on the line said it was too dangerous, but finally agreed. The plan was put into action. People insisted the Kevin speak to the Sun since it was his idea.

The first astronaut was a 21-year-old man who had dreamed of becoming an astronaut since the age of six, and now Kevin was going to be the youngest astronaut to go to space.

The spaceship was ready - 3…2…1… blast-off! They were in space in seconds, and within minutes, they were next to the Sun. Kevin wore his heat-proof suit, moved close to the Sun, and said in a low voice, "Mr Sun, I am here to give you a message from everyone on Earth that we are sorry and want you to come back."

The Sun replied, "I will come back on one condition if you promise to take care of the Earth and me and stop harming us."

"We will," Kevin promised. The Sun said goodbye to the Black Hole. Kevin then flung the Sun back to the center of the solar system with the help of a catapult.

When Kevin came back, cheers filled the air. Earth was brighter now, filled with light and laughter. People started taking care of the Earth. The Sun looked at the green and beautiful planet and smiled.

THE END

The Archivist of Lost Whisper's

By Arwin Jay Jakkula

Aragon Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

Silence is not merely an absence of noise; it is a heavy, velvet presence that gathers in the corners of forgotten places, absorbing the friction of existence until only a breathless, pressurized stillness remains.

St. Jude's Home for the Forgotten was an architectural sigh, a building barely held together by peeling floral wallpaper and the melancholy residue of a century's secrets. Wedged between the skeletal remains of abandoned factories and the churning grey throat of the docks, it existed as a liminal refuge for those the world had finished using.

While the other residents sought solace in the flickering blue haze of the television, Maya preferred the company of things that had lost their names- objects weighted with memory: a tarnished brass locket containing a face no one recalled, or a letter whose ink had long since surrendered to damp and Darkness.

In the attic - a cavern thick with cobwebs, where the air tasted of ancient cedar and ground-down time - Maya sat cross-legged before the Codex of Echoes. She had discovered it beneath a groaning floorboard. It was less a book than a tomb, bound in leather that felt unnervingly like cold, reptilian skin. Inside, there was no paper. Its pages were thin sheets of translucent glass that emitted a faint, sub-atomic hum, as though history itself were breathing through crystal.

With trembling fingers, she pressed her thumb against one shimmering pane. The attic vanished, replaced by the charged scent of an approaching storm. She was no longer observing the past - she was inside it, her awareness threading into a discarded moment.

She stood on a jagged cliff beneath a bruised twilight sky, where violet bled into molten gold. Nearby, a lone figure played the violin, its melody fragile, alive, trembling with longing never meant for another soul.



Then the Ink-Eater came. A viscous darkness spread across the scene, devouring colour, distorting sound, unravelling the moment into a metallic scream. Panic pierced Maya, sharp and Surgical.

"I am the witness," she whispered.

She understood the law of balance: memory could not be forced into survival. Closing her eyes, she reached for her Anchor Memory - her mother's voice, lavender warmth, a heartbeat lullaby.

With a breaking sob, she pressed her hands into the darkened glass, flooding it with presence, not resistance. Light answered violently, shattering the Blight into retreating fragments. Silence returned, hollow but clean. Maya collapsed, breath burning. The violin endured.

But her mother's voice was gone, leaving only a quiet absence shaped like love.

As dawn bled through the attic window, she closed the Codex. She was its guardian now - because history is always one heartbeat from becoming a ghost. And in that fragile distance between memory and oblivion, she understood the cost would rise repeatedly, until nothing remained of her but echoes carrying others forward through the dark forever and onward. History, after all, is only a heartbeat away from becoming a ghost.

The Day the Light Came

By Ava Davis

St Peter and Paul RC Primary School, Year 6, Age 10

The light came on 23 December 2025. My sister and I were buried deep in the woods, lost in a fitful slumber. When we finally stirred, the countdown had begun: only twenty-four hours remained until Christmas.

When the divorce tore our family apart, my sister and I took our chances and ran away into the night. We ventured out to scavenge enough food to survive; four hours had already slipped away, leaving us only twenty more until Christmas morning.

Guilt gnawed at me; my sister had never known a real Christmas. I sent her back to our makeshift hut of wood and leaves, telling her to stay put. Masked and cloaked in black, I knew the risks, but I couldn't stand her sadness. I slipped into the house, snatched their presents, and fled into the night. I ran until my lungs burned, but when I reached our camp, the clearing was empty. She was GONE. My strength vanished and I collapsed to my knees, sobbing into the snow.

A spotlight of pure white broke through the trees, and a voice like thunder filled my head. The speaker was unknown, but their message was clear: return the presents or lose my sister forever.

I ran until my legs turned to lead. With the clock ticking down to the final twenty minutes of Christmas Eve, I shoved the last package back where it belonged. I nearly collapsed with relief, ready to see her face again. But when I looked up, the familiar walls of our hut were nowhere to be seen. I had done what He asked, but I was lost - and she was never to be seen again…

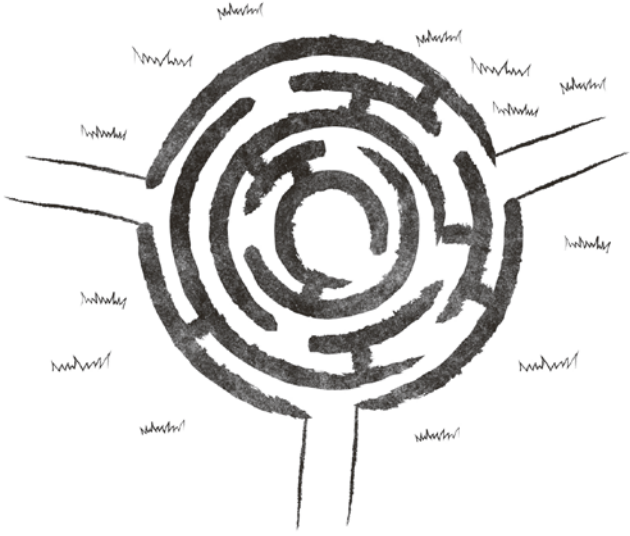
The Heartbeat of The Abyss

By Cameron Gould

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

Ben snapped awake, his lungs burning. He had no idea how he'd ended up at the bottom of the sea, let alone why he was lost in a massive, underwater maze. In the distance, a weird ghostly light flickered from the middle of the walls. Just as he started to swim towards it, his suit let out a high-pitched screech: the oxygen warning.

He kicked his legs hard, his heart pounding in his chest as he turned the corner into the abyss. All of a sudden, the light shone onto a creature, revealing skin like a wet marble. Ben froze, holding his breath and hoping that the animal hadn't seen the stuttering glow from his own helmet. Slowly, the huge head swivelled around and two ghoulish eyes locked onto Ben. With his last ounce of strength, he reached out towards the golden glow, praying for a miracle.



For a second, everything went quiet. The creature let out a low, vibrating hum that shook Ben's helmet. His eyes started to feel heavy, and the dark water began to turn into a blur of grey shadows. He felt himself sinking, drifting down towards the sound as his strength completely ran out. He was ready to give up. But just as his eyes started to close, the single beam of light exploded into tiny pieces.

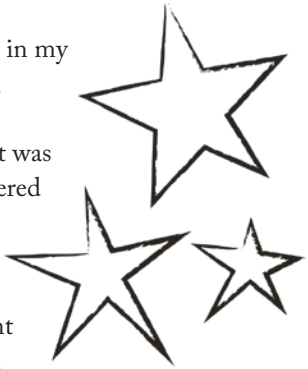
Every stroke now felt as if he was swimming through thick honey. He watched dazed, as the light split into dozens of groups and started to shimmer magically. One small spark of light zipped towards a reef of coral, beckoning for him to follow. As Ben chased the light, it began to transform into a second creature made of pure radiance - a glistening giant that made the marble beast look like a dull shadow.

Ben reached out to touch the dancing, golden animal. Instead of the cold bite of the darkness, a warm, soft blanket of light flooded through his suit, and for the first time that day, he felt safe. With a powerful surge, the glistening giant launched them upwards. Ben watched as the jagged walls of the maze blurred into streaks of gold, racing towards the surface like a rocket. As they broke through the waves, the cold abyss disappeared. It was replaced by the blinding, glorious glare of the afternoon sun - the only light Ben ever really needed.

The Spotlight

By Chloe Stuart

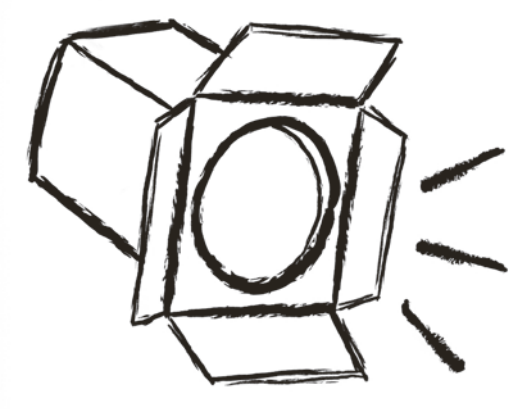
Poplar Primary School, Year 6, Age 11



Boom. Boom. My heart thudded in my chest like a drum. It was my turn to do my dance solo. I had been practising for weeks and finally, it was my time to shine. The crowd cheered as my name was called on the speaker, but then fell silent. As the gentle music began to play, my beloved coach, who spent hours determinedly teaching me, whispered in my ear, "That's your cue. Make me proud." But how? I froze in the wings with terror, unable to move a muscle. Although the vast stage scared me, what really frightened me was something most people would love to be in. Something I was scared of because I thought it would snatch me, capture me. The spotlight.

When I first started dancing, I absolutely loved the idea of a spotlight, one that would light you up, follow you around as you danced - as if it admired you. I thought of the spotlight as a story, waiting to be told. But I couldn't have been more wrong…

The first time I realised that was at my first dance competition, when I was 8 years old. I'd never been more excited and nervous. Standing in the wings, dressed in costume, I was ready to go on. Beaming, I made my way onto the stage, and waited for the music. The stage was dark, only the lights in the audience could be seen. Suddenly, a light where I was standing turned on. I squinted; the light was in my eyes. I thought of what Dad told me: "The show must go on." So I did go on,



however, it didn't exactly go to plan. When the music began to play, it was a mess - I fell over, forgot to do a jump and my loose hair got caught in my dress. I ran off the stage, crying. That is the story of how I got my fear of the spotlight. But even after that day, I still continued with dance; I had a love for it and couldn't leave - I had talent and wasn't prepared to let that go.

The audience began to murmur because I still hadn't got on stage. Peeking round the curtain, I scanned the audience for Dad. He was right in the front row looking anxious. Sharply, I drew back into the wings. "Come on Skye, do this for Dad." I muttered with my fists clenched. Taking a deep breath, I walked slowly and shakily onto stage, right in the spotlight and began to dance. I couldn't hold it in any longer. All my frustration, all my sadness and anger came out in my dance. As the music began to end, I sank to the floor and the stage went dark. Silence. Then the crowd roared - everyone was on their feet. The light turned back on and I realised I had forgotten all about the spotlight! And that showed that the light really did bring it to life.

Hope

By Darcey Penfold-Wall

St Teresa's RC Primary School, Year 5, Age 9

One day, I was sitting on my bed, feeling very quiet and sad. I didn't really know why, but everything felt heavy, like I was carrying a big invisible weight. My room looked darker than usual, even though the light was on. I just stared at the floor and didn't feel like doing anything at all.

Then I noticed something small.

In the corner of my room, there was a tiny light.
It was very little, like a glowing dot, but it didn't look like normal light. It wasn't from a lamp or outside my window. It flickered gently, like it was alive, and somehow it made me feel curious instead of scared.

I slowly got up and took a step closer.

The light moved.

It floated softly across the room, stopping near my door, almost like it was waiting for me. My heart was beating a bit faster, but I didn't feel afraid. I felt like I was meant to follow it.

So, I did.

I opened my door, and the hallway seemed darker than usual, but the little light shone brighter now. It guided me forward, step by step. I didn't think about anything else. I just kept following.

When I reached the front door and opened it, everything outside looked different. It wasn't my street anymore. It was

quiet and calm, like a dream I didn't want to wake up from.

There were soft colours all around me, brighter than I have ever seen. The sky glowed warm and golden, and the air felt peaceful. I didn't feel heavy anymore. With every step I took, the sadness started to fade, like it was slowly disappearing behind me.

Then something strange happened.

As I walked, I started to remember happy moments. Laughing with my friends. Playing games and being with family. Each memory felt like another tiny light turning on around me, making everything brighter and warmer.

I realised the light wasn't just leading me somewhere outside.

It was leading me back to myself.

Finally, the little light stopped and hovered right in front of me. The heavy feeling was gone, and in its place was something calm and strong.

Hope.

I opened my eyes and found myself back in my room. Everything looked the same, but it didn't feel the same anymore.

Because now I understood something important.

The lost had never really been in the corner of my room.

It had been inside me.

And now that I had found it, I knew I would never feel completely lost again.

The Pathway to Light.

By Eliza Sharif

St Mark's Primary School, Year 6, Age 10

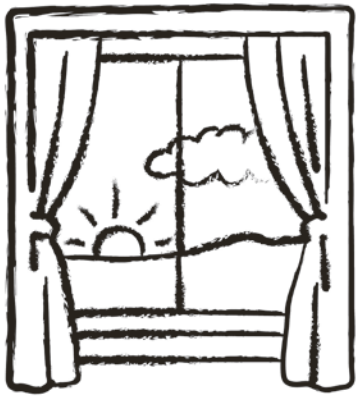
The Sunday Sun slowly arose upon the night of Saturday. Cars passed by, children played and people talked in the wide city of Moon Way. Yet there lay a girl on her rock-like bed, Tara, listening to the soft hum of her old-fashioned radiator while sitting cross legged with her book in hand, completing her journal. Tara wasn't social. In fact, she was the complete opposite: she was scared, scared of making friends and then losing them all over again.

Tara used to be someone who would pull people towards her like a magnet. She was someone people would admire: for her humour, her kindness, but most of all, how she handled the toughest of situations. When Tara found out that her best friend had been making up false rumours and talking behind her back, then had acted innocent, Tara couldn't understand what she had done wrong. Her best friend, Maya, had turned on her. Would all of her friends do that to her? Would she always have to be alone?

It was Monday again. Tara reluctantly pulled herself out of her bed and began to get ready for something she dreaded: school - something children had no desire for. Tara walked to school lost in her thoughts of ire towards Maya.

It was math class now and Tara was sitting in the back row of the small classroom with posters informing students about angles and other topic. Tara scanned to see what Maya was conducting with her partner; for a second, Maya and Tara made eye contact, making Tara feel worse. Her ex-best friend glanced at Tara and quickly turned her head to her partner whispering into her ear.

Time passed slowly but, when the final bell rang for dismissal, Tara was nowhere to be seen, already on her way home with tears rolling down her face. As she arrived back at her residence, she threw her black bag onto the sofa with lemon branches on the pillow covers.



Tara hastened up the creaky stairs to her small room, sat up against the wall and clutched her legs to her chest with tears rolling down her face.

Her hands began to tingle an unfamiliar sensation that Tara had never felt before. It was almost like a static shock pulsing through her hands and veins, her eyes dimmed becoming a dark sea of colour, her ceiling lights flickered violently and then somehow turned off.

Tara was unsure of what was happening but she knew one thing - she knew she had to stay calm. The light inside Tara had become no more with all the rage and her feelings overwhelming what mattered most: forgiving and looking towards the future. The light inside of Tara is what guides the way through tough times.

After Tara had calmed down, all went back to the way it was meant to be. All Tara had to do was move on - from Maya, from her past, and look towards the future and all would be alright.

The Midnight Light

By Elora Trickett

Fircroft Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

You may think that light only shines in the daytime, and that when darkness falls, monsters creep out from underneath our beds to taunt us. But why would Mrs Light allow that to happen? Well at first she wasn't aware of all this until one day she got a letter and this is what it said,

Dear Mrs Light,
When you leave us at night time, it is completely and utterly dark and all the monsters come out and laugh at us during our sleep! You need to sort this out otherwise me and everyone else on my side of the world will be stuck in the dark, not knowing what is happening around us!
Yours sincerely
Abbie Lee

After reading the letter, Mrs Light had a lot of pondering to do. She wanted everyone to feel safe at night, but how? Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months and Mrs Light still had no answer. Miserable, she hid behind grey clouds, disappointed in herself.

Meanwhile…

Shadows covered the planet in a layer of gloom. Everything was pitch black.

That night, Abbie couldn't sleep. When she finally drifted off, a loud, snarling noise woke her. Curious, she crept into the hallway and heard her dad's snoring rumbling from his cavernous mouth. Tip-toeing carefully downstairs she made her way to the back door. The snarling was louder than ever.

With trembling hands, she turned the key and opened the door. Stepping out into the cold, she felt a sharp shiver down her spine. She screamed and scurried back into the house. Desperate, she wrote another letter.



Dear Mrs Light
HELP! Since you stopped shining, the monsters are everywhere –
I can't sleep! I'm scared! Please come out of the shadows and shine bright.
Yours sincerely,
Abbie Lee.

When Mrs Light read the letter she knew she couldn't give up. She was determined to find a resolution but she also knew she couldn't do it alone.

Looking across the night's sky, she called out to Mr Moon.
"Will you help me?" she asked.
Mr Moon smiled softly. "Of course."

So Mrs Light shared her glow with Mr Moon, and soon he began to shine, lighting up the night sky.

Down below, the darkness faded. The monsters shrank back into the shadows and disappeared. That night, Abbie had a good night's sleep at last.

From then on, Mrs Light and Mr Moon worked together. By day, Mrs Light shone bright across the sky. By night, she shared her glow with Mr Moon, who watched over the world while she rested.

And so, darkness was never truly dark again. And now only one thing stops Abbie from sleeping peacefully, her dad's terrible snoring.

The Performance Pig!

By Evie Vick

Wimbledon Chase Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

Light flooded into Jeremy's vision as he stepped onto the wooden, splintered steps leading to the place he was longing to be… the stage.

Jeremy Snouter was a 9-year-old pig who always got bullied for his nose. He had a small, squashed-up face, completed with his colossal snout. As soon as Jeremy walked through the old school gates, nasty names engulfed his ears. Some of these abusive names included "Brussel snout", "Jumbo Nose Jeremy" and "Snout Sucker". All of these, Jeremy loathed and made him want to do something that would prove these villainous bullies wrong. And little did he know, what he wanted was right ahead of him.

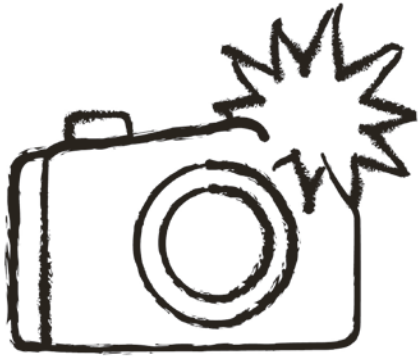
One day, Jeremy felt hopeful about dealing with the school bullies. He looked at the school notice board for advice, but all it said was "Being bullied? tell a member of staff!" No Jeremy thought, he had tried this many times, but the bullies would not listen. Another poster read; "Feeling sad, visit our new buddy bench and it will brighten your mood", but Jeremy knew that the bullies would never let Jeremy place a limb on that seat! Then out of nowhere a bright, sparkling poster appeared saying "Let's see what you can do! Talent show auditions tomorrow 2:00". Jeremy beamed to himself. He was going to do this and was going to get in.

It was 2pm and Jeremy was standing in the auditions room, waiting for his act to begin and then, he heard it, "Jeremy Snouter please proceed onto the stage". Lights blurred his eyes as he walked onto the cold stage, but Jeremy knew that these lights radiated success. He had practiced constantly at home

and now was his time to show his unique skill to the world. It was his time to shine in the light! He began his trick. Jeremy's massive nose could move! The whole crowd gasped as his nose moved left, right, up and down, to the beat of music. As he ended his fascinating act, waves of applause came flooding through the room. "Amazing Jeremy, amazing!" Mrs Cass (his favourite teacher) blurted out. Jeremy was the proudest he had ever been before. As he ran off the stage, the bullies' mouths hung open at his victory. "You will find out the results tomorrow!" Now he just had to wait.

The next morning, Jeremy sprinted to the notice board and saw his name. He jumped in excitement to notice none of the bullies' names under or above him. "Good job Jeremy," one of them said, "You can do much more than I thought." Jeremy couldn't help but smile at this new version of the bully. Perhaps his bullies had also seen the light and they now realised that talent comes in all shapes and sizes!

And as for Jeremy, he was thrilled to let people see the talents that his nose hid and the next time he saw a light, he knew he was ready for a good day.



The Secret to the Light of Life

By Fatima Zoya Nazir

Wimbledon High Junior School, Year 5, Age 9

In a world where the light had been lost and hope was nothing but a memory, existed a girl who felt cut off from the rest of the world, like her being made no difference at all. Lyla. That was her name. Silence clung to the walls like a ghost, and loneliness lingered in every corner of her orphanage. Lyla endured a bleak existence, where every day felt dull and joyless. She saw no light; she could not fix this.

In the early morning stillness, Lyla woke to lines of ancient beds and a darkness that felt harsh. As the day commenced, Lyla sighed, fearful of what it would bring. Another day of coping with Nicole. There is always someone who sucks the light out of life and makes life heavier-just by being there. In this orphanage, that person was Nicole: the most selfish, egocentric girl.

The day went by in a blur, before Lyla slipped into the scratchy covers. Lyla lay in bed, the aged mattress pressing into her, as exhaustion won, pulling her unwillingly to sleep.

Abruptly, she jolted upright, sweating with alert. A distant sobbing echoed through the room.

'Who could that possibly be?', Lyla's thoughts inquired.

Lyla cautiously swung her legs over the bed.

In the moon's illumination, she skulked through the room, seeking answers like a detective. The sobbing was coming from Nicole's corner.

"Nicole, is that you?" Lyla alleged meekly. Lyla had never even dreamt of such a character to be lamenting like this.

"Oh Lyla, nothing in life is right! My parents lied and will never return! Everyone hates me and thinks I am horrible!"

Nicole suddenly blurted out.



She cupped her hands over her mouth immediately.

Lyla was bewildered. In that moment, their stories had effortlessly aligned. As they discovered the sorry but common darkness which burdened their young life's, she gradually made her way to sit against the wall with Nicole.

"Listen, I understand how you feel! I've experienced this my whole life! Honestly, I want to help you!" Lyla said softly.

Nicole sluggishly elevated her gaze.

"Really? You do?" she questioned, "after all I've done to you?"

Lyla nodded with pure certainty. A meek smile crept over Nicole's realising face.

From that moment on, they had unknowingly grasped the secret to bring the light back into a troubled life.

In their newly founded quiet friendship was born kindness, hope and understanding.

As they soon became friends, they began to mend what was broken - making peace with others, gently confronting their fears, and gradually learning to release the weight of abandonment that had followed them for ever so long. After all the only thing they required was the 'light'-unambiguously what they had just uncovered; a steady light sprouting from true friendship.

And that is a story of true friendship and hope, bringing light to what could have been darkness - how two solitary girls found the light in life just by being a little more kind and positive.

Light vs Dark

By Freddie Miles

Merton Park Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

In the beginning, there was only twilight, a quiet balance between glow and shadow. From that stillness came two kinds of beings: the Lithin, creatures of living light and the Demagon, born of shifting darkness.

The Lithin shaped the skies, weaving dawn into gold and dusk into rose. They believed light revealed truth, and wherever they travelled, clarity followed. The Demgon's moved beneath them, forming forests of shadow and deep oceans of night. They believed darkness held secrets, and in their wake came mystery and depth.

For years and centuries each side has pondered the same question which was - who was stronger? And they were both eager to find out, so the battle began and so broke the balance of the universe.

The Lithin blazed brighter, pushing shadows back.
The Demgons thickened the dark, swallowing the glow. Their clash cracked the twilight world, splitting it into day and night.

But something unexpected happened.

In the brightest noon, shadows still lingered beneath every object. In the deepest midnight, faint starlight pierced the dark. Neither side could erase the other completely.

A young Lithin named Solis and a Demgon called Nyax met at the edge of dawn. Instead of fighting, they watched the horizon together. There, light and dark blended, creating something neither had made alone: color, depth and beauty.



They returned to their kind with a new truth: light defines, but darkness gives meaning.

And so the war ended, not with victory, but with understanding. From then on, the world was no longer broken, but balanced. Held together by both the glow of the Lithin and the quiet strength of the Demgons.

The Carbon Cave

By Jacob Richards

Wimbledon Park Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

He held his lamp high up, illuminating the cave - it had cavernous spikes hanging like teeth. Every step he took, an echoey crunch followed and there were icy drips from the ceiling that hung from above. As he could hear distant growling, he was scared of what awaited him so he shone his lamp into the darkest corner of his ominous surroundings. He caught sight only of a menacing eye glowing brightly in the darkness. Crunch. A noise. Crunch. Getting closer. Crunch. Putrid smells were filling his nose. Whack! Blackout.

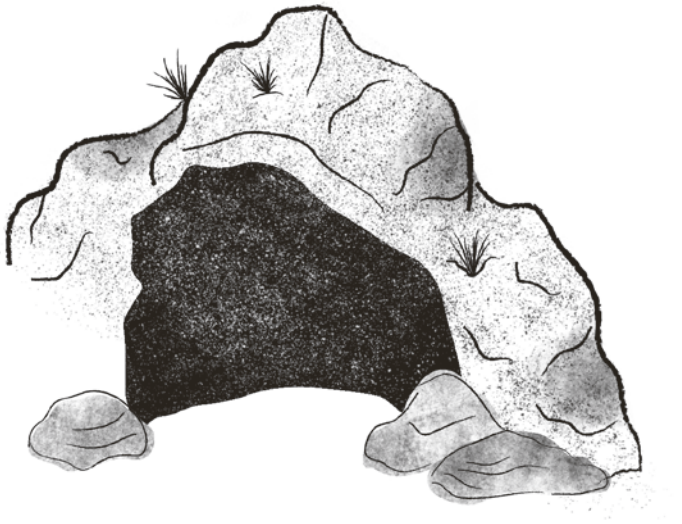
He woke up with a startle. He still had his lamp so he wasn't lost; however, he had no memory of the way back out. If he stayed in the cave any longer, he would have to face the hostile monster living in the cave. He shone his light around once again when a sparkle caught his eye. Diamonds. If he took them back to his village, he could sell them for millions. He tried to pull it out of the ground, but it wouldn't budge. He tried again. Stuck. He kicked it with all his might but it only hurt his foot. Hopping with frustration, he didn't think about the type of floor he was jumping upon. Crush! An abyss.

He fell at record speed with an almighty thud! He groaned as his back felt as if it had been shot. Growl… That was the same growl as he had heard before. The monster knew where he was. His heart was hammering against his ribcage. Growl… He shone his light around. A green beast with sharp claws and dislocated feet stared at him to death with a beady one eye. The other one looked like it had fallen off. He was to be dead now.



Surely.

His mouth opened wide until all his teeth were visible. Another putrid wave of breath hit his nose so hard that his face went green. Followed by a roar that nearly broke his eardrums. The monster grabbed his entire body so hard his limbs nearly got pulled out of their sockets. It jumped so high they made it out of the abyss but then crashed into the ceiling and broke all the diamonds that lay before it. Bright, beautiful lights lit up the cave, illuminating the way out. However, there was a bigger thing to be dealt with. The monster. It fed him another menacing growl as it held him tighter. He screamed so loud even the monster was scared. Then the light of the diamonds reacted. A magnificent array of lights blinded the monster by freezing his eye solid. He ran from its grasp and ran out of the cave.



The Light

By James Nutt

King's College School Junior, Year 5, Age 10

All boats are lost until they reach land, but this one was well and truly lost. Ian White hauled in the mainsheet pushing the tiller away from him. The boat shot across the waves spraying pearlescent water into its crew's faces. "Come on White" shouted Adam Richards, "we won't make it far across the channel like this"

Ian weakly replied, "I guess not".

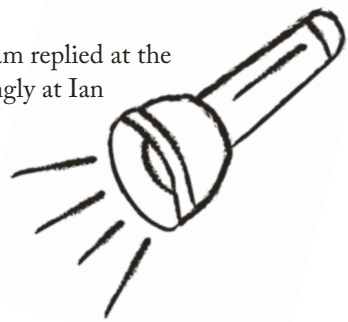
The moon shone briefly, illuminating the small boat as it crashed through the waves. "It's getting a little nippy, we might need wake Cooper again" bellowed Adam Richards.

"Yeah, Sean will like that". Ian watched as Adam stood up slowly and shook the limp body of their companion, "w-w-why now, what is it?" said Sean still half asleep. "My break is not over yet, is it? Slowly sitting up, he rubbed his eyes wearily. "Do you know where we are?" questioned Ian itching the back of his neck. At that moment a cloud slowly moved in front of the moon turning the world black. It was dark.

The night was as dark as ink. The only light was the pale faces of those three unfortunate men who were now too glum to speak. It was getting cold.

"You know I might just have found a torch. My luck!" Ian Cooper remarked smugly.

"That's great." Both Sean and Adam replied at the same time before looking expectingly at Ian waiting for an answer to come.



A dim light illuminated the boat before turning off again. "What was that about?" Adam

questioned Ian dimly replied, "I think the battery is dead"

"What's that?" questioned Adam. Sean replied as if it was obvious. "Calais, that's the light house on the harbour! We are saved!" Ian joyfully shouted. The light looked like something out of the ordinary, an eerie light too good to be true.

The boat sailed faster and faster towards the light; it was starting to tip but they thought nothing of it. Soon it was flying across the waves spraying water in Adam, Ian and Sean's faces. Suddenly, the boat started to capsize the mast was almost touching the water. "No" Ian pleaded desperately not when they were this close and they were all plunged into the water headfirst. It was cold, dark and gloomy as the splashed in the water desperately.

The world went dark. Ian's head bobbed above the surface of the water. Shivering uncontrollably, he began to swim slowly towards the distant Lightsource. What had happened to Sean and Adam? Surely they had made it. He swam faster.

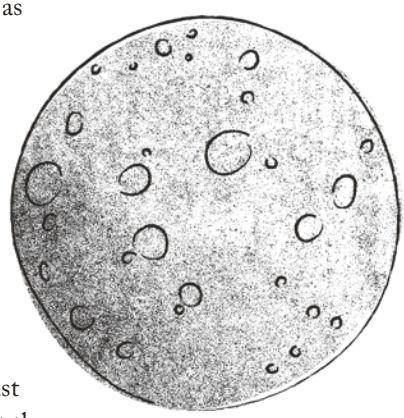
The sun was coming over the horizon. It was light and it felt good. Too good. Suddenly the water didn't seem so cold. The lighthouse looked achievable and for the first time in a while a smile broke onto Ian's face.

Guided By Moonlight

By James-John McSherry

Shrewsbury House School, Year 6, Age 11

Vibrations surged through his fur, jolting him awake. His eyes snapped open just as a flickering light zoomed past. He squeezed them shut again, the world still shaking beneath him. Rain began to fall, splattering against his ears with a cold, damp sting.



He looked again. It was almost midnight, and he was moving at a terrifying speed. That afternoon, he had found a smooth sun-trap just outside his garden, but this was not the same place. Without hesitation, he prepared to spring off the moving object but immediately recoiled; he wasn't in his garden, but clinging to a van in the middle of a bustling motorway.

He couldn't jump now - the risk of being crushed was too great. So he waited. He pondered how far he was from home: a mile, two miles, five? The sound of an engine's annoyed idle yanked him back to the present. The van had reached stationary traffic. His eyes darted around, seeing only rows of cars stretching into the gloom. Then he saw it - his only method of escape: a telephone pole.

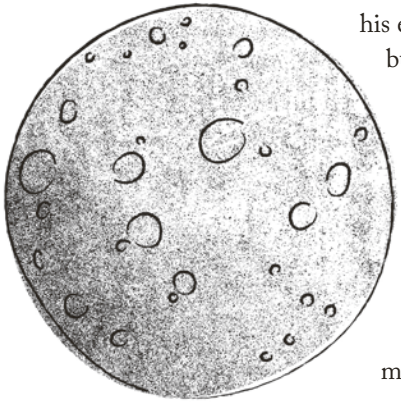
He leaped from the van towards the post, roughly five cat-lengths away, and dug his claws into the rotten wood. Almost immediately, he began to slip. The oak was soaked, making it immeasurably tricky to keep a grip, and the sky above was

a void of black. As he slid, he imagined the blinding white and red lights, the rising exhaust steam and the aggressive honking that lay directly below. He couldn't bear it.

With a surge of desperation, he began to scale the pole, climbing higher and higher into the biting wind. It penetrated his fur like a sword, making him shiver with fear. He felt nauseous and frightened, each inch of progress a battle against the height.

Then, a beam of silvery moonlight revealed itself from behind the heavy clouds. In that sudden glow, he could see the top of the post and, to the right, a grand chestnut tree that led directly into his garden. The nausea vanished, replaced by a sudden epiphany: he could see home.

With the last of his strength, he launched himself onto the old chestnut tree and clambered down. The garden floor was a mess of fallen leaves and swarming chestnuts. Home was so close, yet it felt miles away as his energy ebbed. He pushed on, bundling through the cat flap - cold, soaked and exhausted - before collapsing onto the floor.



As the silver moonlight evaporated behind the clouds, he fell into a deep slumber that lasted until morning.

An Absence of Light

By Jarwish Jegan

St Peter and Paul RC Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

The world was blooming with life and bliss. Children were playing football and eating ice cream, parents were lying down, embracing the heat, and people who just liked nature were softly weaving their fingers through each blade of the lush, emerald grass. At night, when people went camping, they made a fire, slept under the stars and the moon, and ate roasted marshmallows. You could smell the delicious, smoky aroma of a barbecue. Even after all of this, no one spent a single second to appreciate what the light does for them.

The Light felt disrespected - unheard, like a shadow. It could not stand the weight of being ignored, so one day it took action… all the lights switched off. A void. The sapphire sky turned coal black, the sun disappeared, fires refused to spark even under extreme heat and friction. The glowing orbs in the night sky faded away. The moon turned to its dark side. The world rose into a state of panic. Of darkness. Of nothingness.

The absence of light meant no camping, no playing in the park with ice cream, no admiring nature. Only then did the world realise how much they needed the light. Regretting the choices they had made, the people of Earth were remorseful and promised to show love and care to all forms of light, knowing that without it the world would plunge into darkness. The united countries of the world begged for forgiveness, saying together, "Light of the world - we are sorry. We realise how important you are."

The sudden change of heart awakened the forms of light. They saw how much the people needed them and came to a conclusion. To signal that they had forgiven humanity, the stars

in the night sky spelled out, with flickering light: "Forgiven - but respect us, for we are The Lights and we want to be appreciated."

Without hesitation, the nations organized a ceremony to make the Lights feel visible and to make a day just for The Lights. In every town, in every city, parades took place on the day called "The Day When The Light Had Enough". Even the royal family had to celebrate because without the light the world would simply not function; it would be devoid of joy and life.

The light had returned; jubilance followed. Life was back to how it was before, just this time The Light was honoured. The golden eye in the sky was always watching and guiding, yet no one ever noticed. The silence truly felt alive at night-time. The welcoming pale moon and blinking stars were lonely; they were just calling us.

Everything has feelings - we just don't know because we can't always see. Remember, when you respect something, it respects you back.

The Spark

By Kiki Martinovska

Trafalgar Junior School, Year 6, Age 11

Today, I write to you. Yes, you! Because right here, right now, I am experiencing that rare spark - not the one you get in love stories. No!

The spark that fills your mind with so many wonderful ideas; the kind of spark that possesses your hand, setting it alight, sending words racing across the page.

Homework assignment: 'Write a quadrillion and one words – use your imagination, let it run wild…'

Well. Not quadrillion words but still. A lot. So, there I was, staring at an empty page trying to make my brain push the red 'start' button. Nothing. I twiddled my pen; I tapped my head. I slumped back in my chair, staring at the ceiling. If only I could close my eyes, make a wish and the page would write itself. Then, just as I was about to give up, I felt it: it started as a flicker…my pen started to tremble…and suddenly it was pulled to my page like a magnet. A huge eruption of words spilled out; my hand scribbled all over the page. Wait - hold on - it's happening! The spark is brighter, it's blinding me with emotion, passion, CREATIVITY!



As soon as my hand was tired, I took a second to look at what I had written:

Rising early in the springtime morn

Observing the world, protected by thorns

Swaying in the whimsical breeze…

A poem!

But is it good enough?

Can I do better? 'Whimsical'? Is that the right word? And what rhymes with breeze…trees? Knees? Please! As these words fill my head, the light dims and I lose my confidence.

Because here's the thing that no-one tells you – the spark can disappear as quickly as it comes and here I am again: head back, slouching, feeling like jelly. My pen falling from my hand. 5% battery remaining. Low power mode. Cancel. I push the piece of paper away in disgust but, instead of pushing, my hand sticks to the sheet luring it back in front of me and I remember…

After dinner, at my Grandma's table in Karlovy Vary, I love to watch as she takes the long metal snuffer, with its little bell-shaped hood, and puts it gently over every flame, the smoke spiralling into the air like my thoughts. She always says, "The light is put to sleep, but do not worry because it will return just when you need it, even if you don't expect it."

I feel the spark making me bounce in my chair, my pen seems to glow and I'm back, the spark is back!

So, this is what I'm here to tell you - yes, YOU - the spark is not just inspiration, it's aspiration. (Wow! I'm writing raps now...!)

It's believing in yourself even when things are hard.

The spark is in me, and you - it's in everyone. Sometimes it's dimmer but it's always there. Watch out for it, because little sparks will become the light that guides you to your future!

The Northern Lights

By Louis Kolff

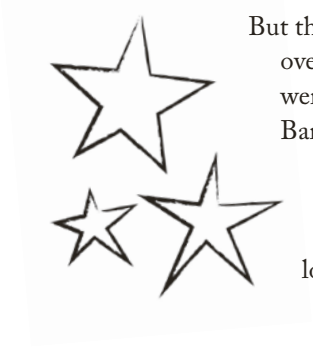
Donhead Prep School, Year 6, Age 11

Barnaby unravelled the final knot at the dockside and leapt up onto Liberty's bow. Behind him, the harbour faded as Doug steered them into open water. The sail rose with the sunrise, glowing gold against the horizon. Captain Bonard's orders had been clear: find the sapphire. A rare stone, colossal in size, hidden deep within the Arctic Ocean -said to shine with a light unlike anything seen before.

At first, the journey was steady. Liberty cut through the choppy seas as the crew worked in silence, each man fixed on the same prize. But the air felt strange - heavy with secrets. Even the wind seemed to whisper. Shh… shh… shh…

Barnaby kept his head down. This voyage meant everything to him. If he proved himself here, he could change his family's future. Then the sky turned. Crackle! Boom! Dark clouds swallowed the light as lightning tore across the sky. Thunder roared and the sea rose in fury. The ship lurched violently as rain lashed down on the deck.

"Hold fast!" Doug shrieked, gripping the helm.



But the storm only grew worse. Waves crashed over Liberty and within moments, the crew were thrown into the freezing Arctic Sea. Barnaby gasped as the icy water closed around him. He struggled to stay afloat as the storm slowly began to fade. Then came a strange, glowing silence. He looked up and froze. The sky was alive.

Ribbons of green, violet, and blue stretched endlessly above them, swirling in a silent dance. The Northern Lights shimmered across the heavens, their colours reflecting in the dark water below. For a moment, no one spoke.



"It's… beautiful," Ben whispered. Then suddenly - "Ouch! I hit something!"

He reached beneath the surface and pulled upward. A massive sapphire broke through the water, illuminating the sky casting a warm ever glow.

"I've found it!" he cried.

Excitement erupted. Voices overlapped. Hands reached for the treasure.

But Captain Bonard didn't move. "Wait," he said quietly. "Look around you."

The crew fell still. The lights above rippled endlessly, vast and untouchable. The sea glistened beneath them, reflecting colours no gem could truly hold. Barnaby felt it then - the truth settling in. The sapphire was rare. Valuable. But this… was something else.

"Remember this moment," Bonard said. "Jewels fade. But this light… this is beyond us." One by one, the crew lowered their hands. They had found what they came for.

Yet beneath the endless Northern sky, they realised they had discovered something far greater - the light no treasure could ever behold. The Northern Lights!

Together Through Lights

By Malaika Yaeli Ali Waheed

Wimbledon Chase Primary School, Year 5, Age 9

"This is the worst day ever!" said Afsha as he sat down with a flushed red face. His friend Ezna asked, "Why are you grumpy? Friday's your favourite day, it's the last day of the week! Afsha sat with a long face, looking down, he said, "Christmas is next week. I wanted my Grandpa to celebrate with us, but there's a train strike, so he can't come anymore!"

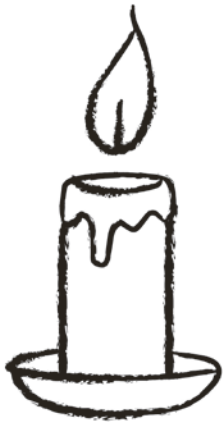
Ezna remembered that it was only last year that her family could not join her for Eid. She felt bad for her friend knowing that she, too, cried and cried when her dad missed celebrating Eid with her family as the Iran war stopped all planes. From the craft tray she pulled out paper with an Eid lantern on it. "I celebrate Eid, and during Eid, my family lights lanterns. I know you put up lights during Christmas, so I thought we could share how we celebrate and colour some Christmas lights and Eid lanterns. Colouring always makes me happy". This seemed to cheer up Ashfa. He smiled and said. "I have a better idea! Let's go to the Art room. They have lots of colouring materials and glitter! We can make big, beautiful and bright lights and lanterns!

When the two friends entered the Art Room, they noticed a girl furiously colouring in her art pad. They tried to ignore the constant scratching, but it grew louder. Feeling bad, they asked what the matter was. Lishre whispered without even looking up. "Soon it's my first Diwali since we moved, but we can't go home to celebrate because it's not a holiday in this country, and my parents could not get off work". "Why don't you join us and tell us all about Diwali and what you do to celebrate?" Ezna suggested. Lishre cheered up a little and said, "During Diwali, we light up oil lamps called diyas to symbolise the victory of good over evil".

"Amazing!" said the friends together! "During Christmas, we light candles and lights to signify peace and that Jesus is the light of the world!!" "And we light up lanterns during both Eids! It's mostly about prayers and charity to celebrate the end of the fasting month and the sacrifice of Prophet Ibrahim, but we also light up lanterns to celebrate the gathering of families and communities, as it's such a joyous occasion!"

"Really?" a boy, Govin, quietly sitting at another table, said. "I have a celebration of light in my family too! It's called Hanukkah." All the children got curious and looked at the boy expectantly. The boy continued excitedly. "During Hanukkah, we light up eight candles to celebrate the miracle of sacred light that lasted eight days when it was supposed to last only one day!"

The children were amazed to learn about each other's festivals and how they all celebrated with lights. They decided to bring battery-powered lights to school and keep them in the crafts room, showing that they were all connected through light.



The Thing Beneath the Light

By Mattius Cioffi-Dyson

Riversdale Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

The English countryside has brought us many wonderful and grim stories. The Whistling Gunner, for example. A Gunner at Nothe Fort saw something so terrifying he allegedly screamed his vocal chords out. It's short, terrifying and easy to memorize, but in comparison it's nothing to the more iconic story of The Witch of Wookey Hole, where a monk turns a witch to stone with holy water after she attempts to attack him. But are these stories true? Some evidence appears to support certain elements.

Here is another such tale, whether true or not is entirely up to you…

Buried under the British countryside is Wookey Hole. Beloved and traversed by many a tourist. However, not all areas have been explored and still have many secrets to share as was discovered by Albert D Shavers one fateful afternoon as he sought to honour an ill advised dare. Thrill seeking and reckless, some may say, he dived into the darkness of chamber 30. which until then, was completely unexplored. The darkness was blinding and he realised, too late, how ill prepared he was. The slither of light from the flashlight was swallowed. Painfully aware of his isolation he sought comfort - recording his thoughts as he descended into the icy waters.

"Alright I'm going down" [SILENCE] "Wait…woah,woah woah" [STATIC NOISE]

It was then that he had completely lost contact with the outside world. From what I have heard, his satellite phone cut out after the water got into the device- well that would

be a simple explanation... Apparently he was stuck down there, not dead but slowly being crushed by limestone. He faced a cascade of bones, rumoured to be those of plague victims, long forgotten, who had been buried below the ground. With limited oxygen, a dying flashlight, and zero food or water, Albert had to simply hope someone on the surface would acknowledge his disappearance and come to his rescue.

Even with air, Albert felt like a rapidly deflating balloon. As the light dimmed and died, so too did all hope of rescue. Yet below the ground something warm kept Albert alive, but paralysed. A fleshy mass. A very large fleshy mass. Now flesh is not alive, but this entity pulsed and vibrated, to the rhythm of a beating heart and just audible, the haunting sound of bone. CRUNCHING…

In the Spotlight

By Michael Kipling

Shrewsbury House School, Year 6, Age 11

Lights danced vividly across the audience as whoops and cheers erupted. My heart was hammering, my fingers were fidgeting and my feet were tapping frantically against the cold, slate floor. An announcement buzzed through the stadium.

Our band's name was called.

We marched nervously onto the stage. Months of preparation had built up to this moment, yet all the confidence had drained out of me in just a few minutes. A voice whispered, "Hey, you! Come here!" I turned to see the band manager waving me over. I could tell he sensed my stress. I hurried to him. He mumbled calmly, "Remember, you're in the spotlight."

I caught up with the band as they entered the stage. Hatred was written in the lead guitarist's eyes; his calloused hands clutched the guitar tightly, unwilling to let go. As we stepped out, cheers shook the arena, my mind still trying to interpret what the manager had said.

Silence slowly covered the stadium like a blanket. A chord strummed. The singer howled. We were off. My arms fell into a smooth rhythm, yet stress was always one step ahead of me. Our song developed, us hitting beat after beat, enjoying our parade of perfection.



Then, my arm slipped.
A domino had fallen.

The effect was rippling - I missed chord after chord with

hopeless intentions. I didn't care about perfecting the song anymore; I just wanted to get off the stage. The lead guitarist's eyes locked onto mine. His feet were caked to the ground, his fingers dancing along the strings flawlessly. The look in his eyes had changed; it wasn't hate anymore, it was far worse. Disappointment.

Thousands of thoughts flooded my mind. Was I ruining this for the band? Would the audience hate me? I was losing the battle to a mountain of stress. I was losing hope. I was losing patience.

I lifted my foot off the pedal and raised my arms, slowly letting my body rise.

"You're in the spotlight."

The manager's voice echoed through me. I realised what he meant. I couldn't give up. I couldn't let my band down. I pushed the noise aside and slammed my foot back onto the pedal.

My hands gripped the drumsticks. I regained composure and that's when I realised… I was winning.

I hit the drum with energy and excitement. Power flowed through my arms. I worked with the rhythm, swinging my arms and battling the drums as if they were enemies. Suddenly, the other instruments died down. The literal spotlight hit me. This was my moment.

The drums vibrated with glory. As I played effortlessly, I noticed a smile develop on the manager's face. I slammed down on the final beat.

A deafening applause spread through the arena. As I walked off the stage in pride, the guitarist mumbled to me, "Not bad at all."

The Light

By Nikhil Chandran

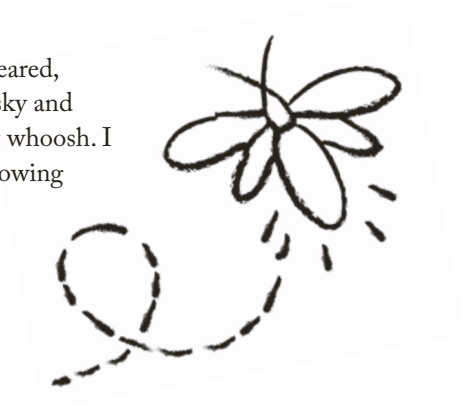
Holy Trinity Primary School, Year 5, Age 9

It was a quiet autumn evening when I first saw the light. It hovered at the edge of my garden glowing softly like a firefly wearing a tiny golden coat. At first, I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me, but the light flickered again, brighter this time, as if it was calling my name.

I stepped closer. Step, step, step. The light drifted backwards, gently floating above the grass. It moved slowly, almost lazily, like a feather in the breeze. My heart thumped with excitement. Where was it taking me?

The light led me to the old apple tree at the back of the garden. Its branches stretched out like tired arms. Suddenly, the light circled the trunk and began to shine even brighter. The whole tree lit up, sparkling like a treasure chest full of jewels. For a moment, everything felt magical. The wind whispered, the leaves danced and the world seemed to hold its breath.

Then, just as it has appeared, the light rose into the sky and disappeared with a soft whoosh. I stood there smiling, knowing the light had chosen me for its mysterious, wonderful visit.



The Phantom

By Nina Limberti

Sheringdale Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

It was a Friday night, and Alma had gone home from our sleepover because she felt homesick. It was 11:22pm and the sky was dark and the wind howled in the distance.

I was lying on my bed, but I couldn't sleep: Dad's words echoed in my head… The Phantom, The Phantom. "There are rumours in the neighbourhood, that The Phantom gives you anonymous calls over and over again until you respond and then you realize that the calls are coming from inside your house…"

I don't understand why he told me that. He says it's to "protect" me but I think he was just trying to scare me… I checked my phone: no calls, no texts, no nothing. I put it on the table and lay down again; I was overthinking it too much.

The phone started to ring. "It must be a coincidence…" I thought. "No it's, it's not possible..." The ringing reverberated in my head. It was a traumatizing sound that pierced my soul. I remember the dim light of the phone illuminating my face in the dark. Should I respond? I'm completely lost... I accepted the call. There was a short pause but it felt like it was the longest pause I had experienced in my life. "Hello?" I asked, not sure who this mysterious person would be. "Who is it?" I heard the phone crackle on the line.

"I'm the one who's going to save you the trouble of waking up tomorrow." said the person with a deep, man-like voice. "I noticed... you left the door open. So... I took the liberty of coming inside… to lock it." I heard a faint metallic snap

of the lock echoing in the hallway. "W-what?" I responded confused. "Don't you remember me? I'm the one who has been watching you dream for three nights straight…" he said slightly whispering. "Turn around…" I knew I shouldn't have but… something inside me begged me to do it. I turned around to look at my closet… to see a dim light of some sort of object… a screen? No, a phone. "Looks like you found me… well, there's only one thing left to do now."

I screamed as loud as I could as I heard the slash of a knife. That scream was the thing I heard and the last thing I would ever hear as it echoed in my mind forever.



A Tale of Light

By Piotr Jun Gicala

Joseph Hood Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

The lighthouse's rusted spire shone in the soft twilight as pastel oranges and pinks painted the sky - it was almost as if someone had smudged side-walk chalk onto the heavens. The water reflected the sky's subtle movements as the sun retreated into the sea. The blue azure faded into the intense sky. As if the lighthouse knew, its all-seeing eye was lit, rays of golden light shone softly on nearby protruding rocks that could pierce a ship's hull. The lighthouse crouched in silence sharing its light to the faraway boats which sailed in gratitude of the elderly red and white tower.

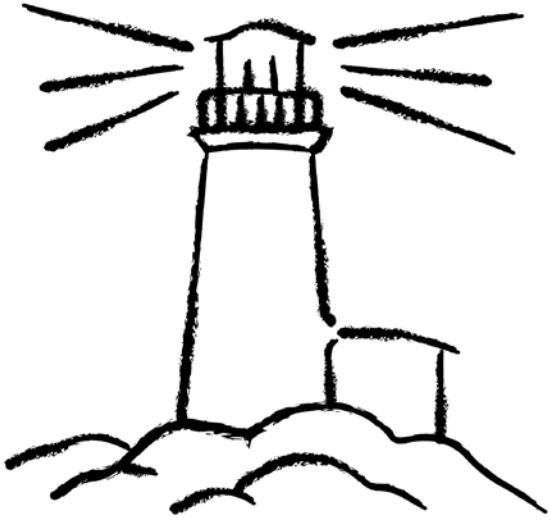
Boats swayed in the harsh wind as the water mirrored the starry night sky. Every breath was thin and salty, the air smelt of seawater. The luminous glow of the moon shone dimly onto the small town behind the bold figure of the lighthouse as the silence of night arose. The lighthouse watched thoughtfully, tending to lost ships hidden in the illusive fog with its piercing light.

Gradually, clouds began to darken and purple. The night sky became grey with rage; distressed ships blew their horns in alarm: the storm had begun. Streaks of lightning pierced through the layer of clouds and the storm raged on with malicious intent. Still the lighthouse stood, fighting valiantly to save ships from the jaws of the ocean. Shadows of the storm slithered into the town only to be fought off with a glare of the tower's omniscient eye. Ships sailed off course like fledglings learning to fly; distress signals came from every ship; radio signals were disrupted. Hope seemed like a distant dream.

Suddenly, a beam of light appeared slicing through the thick fog. They were saved. The storm wrought cataclysm and despair but

to no avail. The moon shone softly onto the land with a soft glow like a reward of light.

The first light of day appeared: a semicircle of sunburst orange ascended from the depths of the sea; an awakening of colours emerged from the cold darkness of the night, transforming the dim sky into a blue azure. The small town woke. The first people appeared. The sun was almost fully visible and the fishermen rode their boats out to sea. The air smelt of fresh fish. The sun was fully visible. The first birds flew - vibrant feathers spattered the morning sky and a series of harmonized chirps reverberated through the town. A vast collection of nature bloomed in the phenomenon of light. The lighthouse stood tall with all of its beauty now highlighted, moss and rust clung onto the iron like scars from a battle. With the tower's light now settled, from it emerged beauty and peace - for all things begin with light.



The Light

By Raaghav Jhawar

Pelham Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

With only the faint, flickering light of his torch to guide him, he ventured into the forest… For the past two weeks, George had been on an excruciating journey to get to this island, and now that he was there, he was the one to find something…

George was a profound explorer, who had discovered many new species of animals, and the reason he was here was to get even a photo of something that the world had never seen before. He didn't know where it was. He didn't know what it was. He didn't even know if it existed. George had just come here on a bet, a bet that something still had to be here, in this dense forest island, waiting to be discovered, and he was going to find it.

Now on the island, though, he came to his senses; the island was full of predators, and it was going to get dark soon. He would have to work fast. But all he needed was one image, then he could get back home and publish his discovery, and he could bask in his glory as much as he wanted. With newfound determination, George set off to explore the dense, humid forest. There was an eerie silence and George could feel the trees looming over their new guest. He cautiously crept through the overgrown plants, turning his head to each side in case there was a threatening animal. At first, George came across nothing more than the overgrown forest, but as he traversed further, he noticed something extraordinary: footprints - lots of them.

With ample amounts of courage, the young explorer followed the tracks that could make his month of planning, travelling and failing 100% worth it. After following the trail through

all of its twists and turns, through all of its crooks and crevasses, the footprints forked into individual footprints. George stopped for a while and considered what was best. After a long time spent pondering, he decided it would be best to follow the tracks that led to the least overgrown part of the forest. Then, if it was there, he could easily take a picture of it. So, he went to the footprints on the left.

There would be no turning back.

Moving extremely slowly and attentively, he continued traversing through the forest. After a few minutes, the prospector saw something he knew had to be a sign of life - light! Now, he carefully crawled through the bushes on the side of the clearing to avoid being spotted by the animal he needed to visualise. This was the moment he had been waiting for. Then, the most extraordinary thing ever happened to him. As he edged closer and closer to the strange, glowing creature, he saw it, a glowing blue deer-like animal that no one had ever seen. After George had finished admiring the animal he captured the image. Click! George was overjoyed, he had done it!



Light From Above

By Rayan Shams

Merton Park Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

It was dark in the cave, and there was no sound except the heavy breathing of the children. They had almost finished mining for their master, who made them mine coal and other valuable items for him. He was a malicious, spiteful man; he gave the children scraps of leftover food, sometimes none at all.

The children had just finished, but one child decided to hit one more rock with his tools. That is when chaos unfolded. A deafening roar of rocks violently rattled down the mine. A cascade of stone detached from the walls. Dust obscured the vision that the children barely had in the darkness. The children were trapped.

"Help!" one child called desperately.

"We will not survive!" another said in panic.

"It is over for us!"

"No! We will be fine," one said reassuringly. "Master will come for us."

They huddled and put all the food they had together. It was not much, but it was enough to last a few weeks if they rationed it.

Over the next few days, the children settled into their surroundings. It was cold in the cave: the children were freezing. The stagnant air caused breathing to become heavier and the water constantly dripping from the stone walls made loud, piercing sounds that penetrated the stuffy air.

"When can we go?" a younger child asked.

"I don't know anymore," one answered.

"This cave is the domain of our demise," one said, "We have no hope."

"No, it can't be," another said. "Master will come for us eventually. Have hope."

With that speech, the children persevered. They never stopped believing and prayed for freedom from the unforgiving conditions of the cave. And then they saw it. Light. Light. Finally. It was light. After waiting and waiting and waiting, they had finally been freed. There were people above them, preparing ladders so they could come up.

"Don't be afraid," a man from above said. "You are free!"

All the children climbed the ladder. One by one they stepped into the light of the outside world and breathed fresh air for the first time since very long ago.

"Children," the man spoke. "Your master has been imprisoned for illegally enslaving underage children."

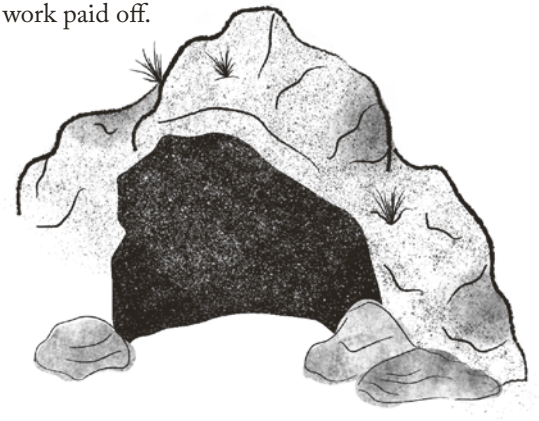
"So what does this mean?" a child asked.

"It means you people are free from the mines and you will be housed with a new family."

This was great news for the children, for they were constantly working and they desperately needed rest.

They eventually moved in with their new families, joyful that they were free from the darkness and coldness of the cave. All their pain and hard work paid off.

And that was it.



A Beautiful Journey That Will Never End.

By Sana Ahmed

Benedict Academy, Year 5, Age 9

There was a light in our family; he was my grandfather. For seven years lewy body dementia had been dimming the light in my grandfather. My grandfather was the light of my universe. He was a hardworking, knowledgeable and honest man.

I loved my grandfather's company, listening to his wise words and amazing stories which were full of moral lessons. As time went by I saw many changes in my grandfather's health. The shadows of Dementia were taking pieces from him slowly.

First it took his ability to walk, then the rest of his movements slowed down. But it never took his memory or the light that shone in his eyes. His smile would always light up the room.

ood morning. I noticed the glow in my grandfather's face was fading away. His breathing was different than normal. I whispered in my grandfather's ear "It's going to be ok grandfather". I held his hand and I saw a little spark of light in his eyes.

Throughout the day I wanted to tell as many stories as I could that day. Many were funny as I was hoping to see his bright smile return. I didn't want the shadows of Dementia to take my grandfather's light away.

In the early hours of Thursday 9th April 2026, my grandfather opened his eyes with a ray light shining from them. He saw all of us standing beside him, holding his hands and hugging him. He looked at us all. His eyes were telling a different story this time. The story without us all. He looked very peaceful

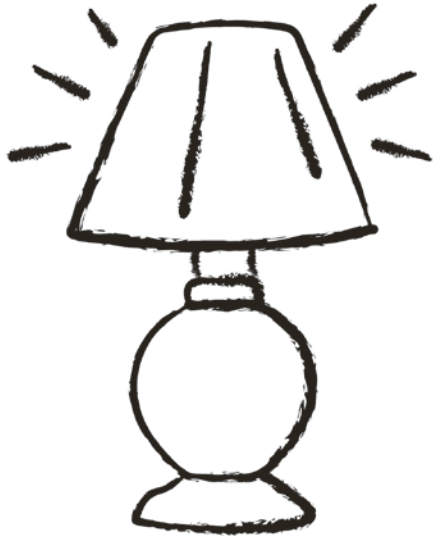
and content. He closed his eyes for the last time at 2.07am and returned back to his Creator.

I could still feel the warmth of his soft fragile hands gripping my hand. I didn't want to let him go as I didn't want this light of my Universe to disappear into darkness. I wanted to hold on tight to grandfather hoping a sparkle in his eyes would re-appear.

The night of my grandfather's death was the day the light left his room. The sun shone that day but I didn't feel the warmth or see the bright light from the Sun. I wanted to see my grandfather's light, so I walked into his room turning his favourite lamp on. My grandfather was very fond of lamps as they brought light in every corner of the rooms. This memory among all the other memories, I want to keep them alive.

The new journey of my grandfather's light has started. The light in my grandfather will live on through his memories that I have of him. This light that sparked in his eyes whenever I was with him will not fade as the new journey of light is in my heart which will live forever.

[Dedicated to my late grandfather]



City of Light

By Sasha Yaurov

Shrewsbury House School, Year 5, Age 9

North. This is where our story begins. Past oceans and seas teeming with walruses -trembling at the sight of their commanders, the polar bears - over slow-crawling glaciers and onto the North Pole. That is where I live. My name is Sasha, and the only company I have is a wolf for protection and a cat for friendship. It might not sound like much, but it's the only life I've known since my ship went down. My job isn't typical either; I'm not a footballer, an actor or a sailor. I'm a treasure hunter.

One day, amidst the brutal Arctic winter, I was out with my cat when I stumbled upon a strange object lying in the snow. It looked like a simple compass, but no matter how I spun it, the needle only ever pointed in one direction: further North.

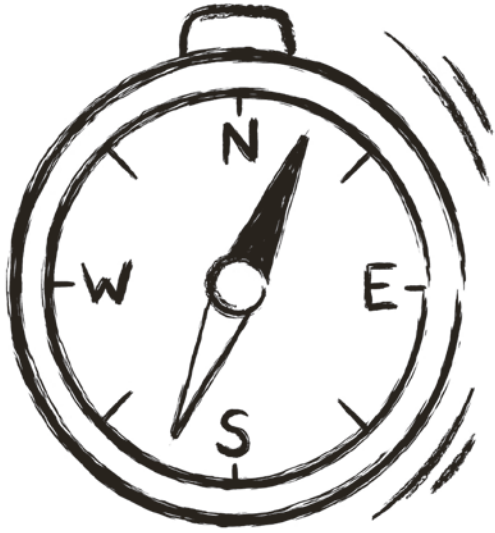
I was baffled. I was already freezing my head off, and this thing wanted me to go further? Nevertheless, I started walking. A few minutes later, Sophonax, the cat, lifted her head in alarm. I looked up and saw it: the Aurora.

"Wow!" I exclaimed. It was a breathtaking sight. Periwinkle blues and the vibrant greens of heaven danced as if on a spinning top. At the bottom, ruby reds glowed like the fires of hell. But above all, the thing that nearly blinded me with astonishment was the city.

If you can imagine the most beautiful city in the world, this was prettier. Honey-coloured parks, orange temples, markets and shops were all suspended in the sky. Yet, in all this beauty, it was easy to miss the horror. Within the Aurora, a crackling, bubbling, fizzing ball of energy began to grow. A mirror image appeared on the ground beneath it.

Before I could wonder what on Earth was happening, the ground rumbled. With a horrible ripping, grinding and screeching noise, the Aurora split open, and a bright green beam sprang up into the sky.

I was knocked into the snow by the force of the explosion. Sophonax immediately hopped down to cuddle me as I watched the aftermath. Somehow, that bright beam of light looked solid. I reached out; when I put my foot on it, it felt as hard as rock. Sophonax meowed loudly, hopping toward the light again and again. I understood. Without another word, we turned our backs on this world and walked up the bridge of light toward the city in the clouds.



Satan's Land

By Skye Hewson

Joseph Hood Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

For a moment everything went dark. Then a light appeared. Vivid memories came back to me: the car crash, the ambulance sirens and seeing the doctors faces worried and frozen in fear. Then I fell and the light dimmed until all that was left was darkness.

I was dead, killed in a car crash.

Now I find myself in the deepest depths of hell but just there on the horizon, the light waiting patiently for me to come and enter the peaceful afterlife. I see the path ahead won't be easy, but this is Satan's land and I don't plan on staying here for long. The ground was parched and cracked like dead skin, the sky was red: the colour of the darkest blood. The air was thick and bitter; it was almost as if you are inhaling smoke.



As I began my adventure towards the light, I saw a river but not the kind you would think; it was full to the brim with molten hot lava bubbling like a witch's brew. As I looked around trying to find a way across the lava, a pile of hefty boulders caught my eye. With immense difficulty, I managed to roll the heavy stones to the edge of the river. My thinking was to create stepping stones, although I could have done it differently I thought this was the most efficient way across. As I moved the first rock, my arms began to ache and with each one the pain worsened. By the time the agonising work was done, my arms felt numb with the pain yet I still had to push on as every step got me closer to my peaceful end.

Once I had manoeuvred my way across the boulders, there was a mountain so big it seemed as if there was no way around it, so I made the tough decision to climb this perilous peak…

It was rocky and hard to keep your footing but it only got harder as the journey progressed. It soon became very steep and almost impossible to stay on the mountain so instead I decided to climb the side of the mountain. The aching in my body felt never ending but I had to continue or all this work would have been all for nothing so I pushed on to make it to the summit.

There I reached it. The light shone there in front of me. I stood there rejoicing in its warm glow and relieved by the fact that I did not need to stay in this baron land much longer. As now I can enter the afterlife and relax in the comfort that awaits me.

(No one died in the making of this story - it was made up)

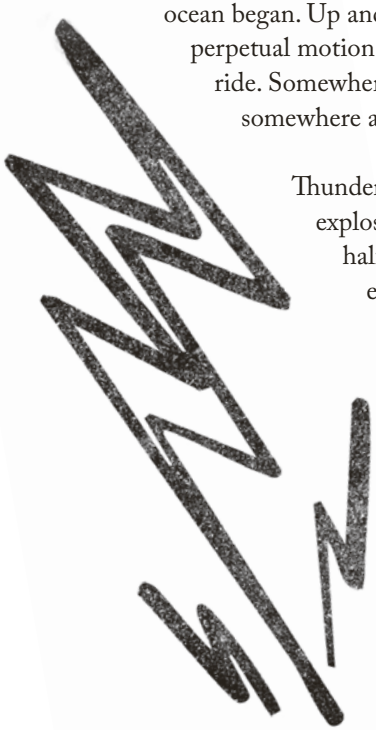
Never Defeated

By Stella Grigorova

Wimbledon High Junior School, Year 5, Age 10

Every time the ship plunged into the abyss created by the next monstrous, raging mountain of water, I thought we would sink.

The tumultuous waves tossed our fragile ship around, like a feather, as if they wanted to shatter it into a million pieces, and send it to the darkest depths of the ocean. It felt as though the storm was taking out its fury on our helpless ship. There was no horizon. The sky was pitch black and I could not tell where it ended and where the seething ocean began. Up and down blurred into one single perpetual motion like a wild roller-coaster ride. Somewhere below us, the ocean roared, somewhere above us, the storm raged on.



Thunder crashed as loud as an explosion. Lightning split the sky in half. Rain poured down, flooding everything in its path. Wind howled, destroying everything it could reach. We were clinging onto the ropes of the ship bouncing around like ragdolls. There was no hope - we were not going to survive the next big one, we were going to get crushed. Yet somehow, we managed to cling to life until the

next wave. The ocean was churning wildly and continuously for three days and three nights.



Somewhere in a tiny, dark, gloomy room, deep in the hull of the ship, our captain lay tied to a bench so the storm couldn't trash his body around, neither dead nor alive. He had fallen severely ill a few days ago, unable to steer our ship and help fight the raging storm. His eyes were lifeless, his skin pallid, his body on the verge of giving up the fight for life.

And then it happened.

The enormous waves calmed down as suddenly as they started raging as if a magician waved his wand and commanded them to be still. The dark clouds slowly parted and a single gentle ray of sunlight shone down, kissing the surface of the ocean.

Down below in the depths of the ship, our captain opened his eyes.

Golden Hour

By Tabitha Rose

Alderbrook Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

Hello, my name is Theia. I am a Starkeeper. I protect Sylvaris. May the stars be with you.

I've always loved The Golden Hour. The way the sky turns honey-toned and ethereal. I love to watch as the Starveil ripples across the sky in a mesmerising pattern.

Every Golden Hour the Starveil, the magical veil created by the Starkeepers to stop the creatures from the sinister land of Carcosa, strengthens. I live in a part of Sylvaris called Iriandel. The names of all the kingdoms were chosen by the Starkeepers. They chose Sylvaris for our land, our kingdom, as it means forest of light.

Nobody speaks of Carcosa, the land of shadows. Long ago, there was a war that separated Carcosa from the rest of Sylvaris. We fear the creatures that live there. The shadows. Gliding silently, they stalk innocent people and suck the light and life out of them. The Starveil protects us.

As always, I climb onto my roof to watch The Golden Hour. But tonight I see nothing. I check my watch. It was supposed to begin a minute ago. I wait. Still the sky is blue. No hint of gold. Then, suddenly, the sky goes golden. As I look up, I notice something. There, in the corners, the Starveil flickers. Something is wrong with the Starveil. How? Why? Questions race through my mind.

Over the following week, the glitch grows. I'm going on a trip to Lycadale on the very edge of Sylvaris in two days. There, I will sneak away and find out what is wrong. I'm scared but I

can't watch Sylvaris crumble without doing something.

As soon as we arrive, I slip away. I walk and walk until eventually I reach the edge of the Starveil. It flickers like a flame in the wind. I never meant to go this far but I'm here now. Before I can change my mind, I pass through the wall of shimmering light. Terror. Excitement. I'm feeling everything all at once.

I spot a sign to Carcosa and a narrow tunnel leading left. Fearing a shadow will jump up at me any second, I go through. It leads to a cave with an empty plinth. As I look around, I feel a bump on the wall. I push it. A door swings open inviting me inside. Walking in, I see glowing dust on the walls and in the centre a smooth glass bottle. Inside, is the ancient powder that created the Starveil. Stardust. I grab it and run.

As I emerge, I realise the Starveil is gone. Now's my chance. I throw the stardust into the air. Nothing. I throw stardust in the air and mutter "uoy htiw eb srats eht yam. May the stars be with you." The stardust floats into the air and forms a veil. The new Starveil.

My name is Theia. I made the Starveil. I am a Starkeeper. I protect Sylvaris. May the stars be with you.



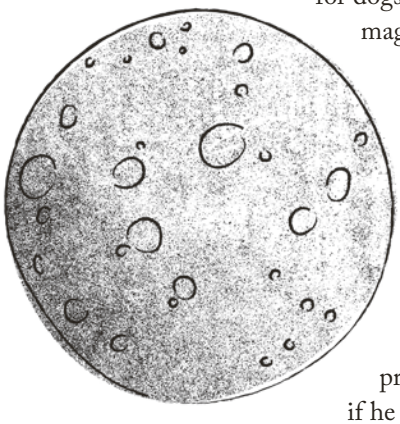
Alcatraz's Light

By Theo Fu

Riversdale Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

It was a dark and gloomy night on January 2nd. Jake was trapped on an island of imprisonment, Alcatraz. He had been convicted of smuggling class A drugs to England. After dinner, Jake was pacing up and down his dank cell when the tectonic plates sitting under San Francisco started to rumble and suddenly there was a boom. The ground started to shift, opening up a small crack. Moments later there was another shock making the crack big enough for him to fit through.

It was a big risk to go down; there were guards on patrol 24/7 and if he wasn't in his cell, they would automatically go after him with their fully automated Tommy guns, and their orders would be to kill immediately. He considered this momentarily, then slithered down the crack like a snake. He left behind the sad cell with the bucket they called a toilet, water not fit for dogs, and porridge crawling with maggots.



The crack led to a tunnel which was pitch black; his eyes took a few seconds to adjust to the darkness, then he could make out a few stalactites and a lot of flies. It was muddy and damp, only a bit worse than the prison, but it would be worth it if he could hopefully escape.

Jake darted through the tunnel, like a bullet coming out of a gun, going left and right through different junctions, hoping

to find a way out. After 2 hours, he saw a flicker of light in the distance and ran desperately towards it. Splatters of silver moonlight covered the ground as he came out onto a beach. He didn't have time to celebrate as he ran towards the sea.

It was the best feeling in his life. Only his happiness did not live long, as guards started to chase him, shooting at him. He quickly ran towards a wooden boat. The guards must have just docked to bring new prisoners in and forgotten to take it back to the boat shed.

Still being hunted by the upholders of justice, his worst enemy, he jumped on to the boat with no further thought whatsoever and started to paddle quickly. He paddled for a mile or two getting further away from the island prison and closer to the sweet freedom of the San Francisco mainland. It was still nighttime; there was no real sunlight, only the dull artificial light of the spotlight searching for him. Jake was thinking about how he would have to forge a new Passport, what nationality he should be, when a wave started coming towards him. The wave started to get bigger and bigger until it looked bigger than two stacked Eiffel Towers. "Ahhh" Jake screamed before the angry tsunami wave was able to submerge the boat.

A few weeks later, after weeks of searching for Jake, a body washed up on the shore wearing soaking orange prison clothes. A villain's light never lasts.

The Escape

By Tristan Chong

Merton Park Primary School, Year 5, Age 11

"Run, quickly!" screamed Lily as they stumbled down a road.

It was 1939. The world had turned into a hunting ground, and they were the prey. The air was cold, yet sweat soaked through Lily's dress. Behind them, shouts and heavy boots thundered on the cobblestones - the Nazis, a brutal machinery of persecution that had turned their childhood into a nightmare.

"I am, I'm just not as fast as you," Anne shouted back, pushing back her almond-brown hair.

They ran blindly down the road, their hearts hammering against their ribs. As Lily looked at her sister, she saw defiance in her sister's face, her chin jutted out despite the terror in her sapphire eyes.

"Halt," came a voice, "Or we'll shoot!"

But the sisters kept on running. Then there was a sharp crack of a rifle and Anne screamed and collapsed.

"No!" Lily skidded to a halt, diving beside her. Blood, dark and thick, was already soaking through Anne's stocking. Her face was turning a horrifying shade of grey.

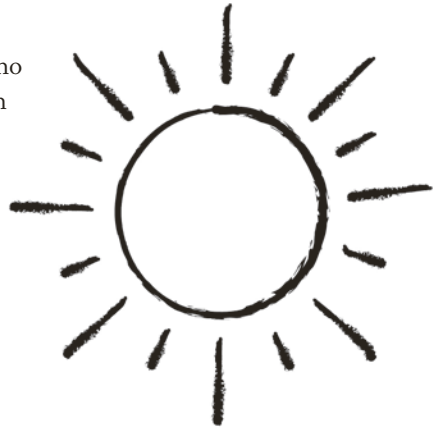
"Go, save yourself!" croaked Anne feebly.

"Never, we live or die together," whispered Lily fiercely, through the haze of panic, she spotted a small, dark house with a sliver of light in a window. Shelter. Slowly, a plan began to form in her mind." The house, we can get there and seek refuge"

As she pulled at her sister, whose face was turning white, her arms screamed in exhaustion, they were fifty metres away from the house, whose windows glowed invitingly.

"Come on," said Lily as she tugged Anne forwards, her muscles

screaming and protesting.



"It hurts," groaned Anne, who was as limp as a puppet with its strings cut. The light in the window seemed to move further every step Lily took.

Black spots danced in her vision, she could barely calculate how far they were from the house.

Almost there. The house looked so warm and cosy.

Just a few steps. Lily slammed the doorbell.

"Please, we need help," she croaked. "We are being chased."

No answer. Silence. Fear. Panic. Only the sound of the distant, approaching boots remained. Would someone help them?

Slowly, the door creaked open, spilling a wave of warm, golden light across the cold cobblestones, washing the shadows and the fear that was within them away. For the first time in many years Lily felt her heartbeat slow. They were saved.

The Great Race to the Light

By Victor Peck

Dundonald Primary School, Year 5, Age 10

Anticipation. Excitement. Fear. The Great Race to the Light was about to start…

Every year children gathered at the edge of the village to compete in the annual ice-skating race called the Great Race to the Light. The prize was to be crowned the Keeper of the Light, a coveted title which bestowed luck on the winner for an entire year.

My heart was beating like a drum. Bada boom. Bada boom. Bada boom. I was trembling as I took position at the starting line. The number one defending champion – will I win again? "3, 2, 1, beeeeep!" Pushing off, my ice-skating instincts kicked in. I zoomed past one, then two, then three children, barely registering the look of shock on their faces, finally, jumping into first position. Everything was a blur as I raced past the town, my only focus - the lantern at the finish line. I could see people cheering with their mouths open wide, but all I could hear was the blood thumping between my ears.

I could see the shining light on the horizon. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye I saw something moving. What was it? Then it hit me. Someone was overtaking me. It was evil Erica from class 5A- my nemesis! My arch-rival who had been boasting all week about how she was going to beat me in the race. Her slim, bony face turned around just long enough to smirk at me. Panic consumed me like fire. The light was painstaking close! Just as my dreams were about to be crushed…she slipped! My head cleared and I flew across the finish line. FIRST.

Ecstatic. Euphoric. Exhilarated. I collapsed in a heap.

The Luminous Divide

By Yura Choi

Poplar Primary School, Year 6, Age 11

It was no normal night.

The storm crackled like branches snapping in the cold darkness and the sudden flash of lightning split through the dark sky as the wind howled in pain.

The storm did not behave like others today.

From the other side of the abandoned valley, stood one man in a small hut by a forest. He gazed into the sky, his eyes glimmering mischievously. The man was nobody less than the legendary warrior: Sir Valansur. His tall structure stood against the window, his long, messy hair shining from the fire reflecting.

Suddenly, the lightning struck once more. Yet this time, instead of fading instantly, the line of light lingered for a brief moment, longer than expected. Something was about to happen like nothing else that had ever occurred.

Just then, as quick as a flash, lightning struck and everything turned black. Nothing except silence. Valansur felt the air tear around him. The ground banished beneath his feet; the sky shattered and then, a deafening crack split through everything.

Then –

Nothing.

No sound nor light. No world. Only black.

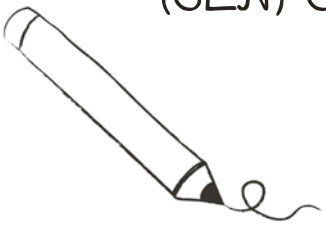
When he opened his eyes, the darkness had shape. The horizon was broken and pieces of land drifted apart like shattered glass.

The storm had not passed.

It had divided everything.

AWARDED DISTINCTION POEMS

Special Education Needs (SEN) Schools



POEMS

The Day
Abdul Bangura, Cricket Green School

The Beach
Adi Amaratheepan, Cricket Green School

Trees
Alfie Cunningham, Cricket Green School

Light
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Wow
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Wow
Max Babiak, Cricket Green School

Light
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The Light
Tremaine Hutchinson, Cricket Green School

The Day

By Abdul Bangura

Cricket Green School, Year 4, Age 9

The day is sunny and bright.
I see kids playing and laughing.
I can hear the wind blowing and birds tweeting.



The Beach

By Adi Amaratheepan

Cricket Green School, Year 5, Age 9

The day is hot.
I can see shadows.
I can see blue waves and yellow sand.
I can hear kids, people, waves and seagulls.

Trees

By Alfie Cunningham

Cricket Green School, Year 5, Age 10

Kacper glittering.
Hair flashing and a big light.
Glowing and bright and the sun is golden.
Wow!



Light

By Kamsiyonna Marie Obianyor

Cricket Green School, Year 2, Age 6

Light is the fire, burning hot.
Light is the sun, shining bright.
Light is the spinning toy, flashing white.
Light is the stars, twinkling yellow.
Light makes me feel happy.

Wow

By Maliyah Lynch

Cricket Green School, Year R, Age 5

Wow big bumpy tree
Wow soft green leaf
Wow small yellow flower

[Inspired class work on the story Wow Said the Owl by Tom Hopgood.]



Wow

By Max Babiak

Cricket Green School, Year 2, Age 6

Wow yellow sun
Wow green flower
Wow red butterfly

[Inspired by class work on the story Wow Said the Owl by Tom Hopgood.]

Light

By Shenique Cyrus

Cricket Green School, Year 3, Age 8

Light is the stars, twinkling yellow.
Light is the sun, shining red.
Light is the torch, flashing white.
Light is the candle, flickering hot.
Light makes me feel relaxed.



The Light

By Tremaine Hutchinson

Cricket Green School, Year 4, Age 8

I am a sleepy light,
I blink in the night.
I am a giant light,
I jump and zoom,
and shout 'boing' bright!

Participating Primary Schools 2026

Alderbrook Primary School
All Saints' CofE Primary School
Aragon Primary School
Bell Farm Primary School
Benedict Academy
Blossom House School (SEN)
Cricket Green School (SEN)
Donhead Preparatory School
Dundonald Primary School
Esher Church School
Fircroft Primary School
Haberdashers' Boys' School
Haslemere Primary School
Hatfeild Primary School
Hillbrook Primary
Holy Trinity CofE Primary School
Home Educators
Hurlingham School
Joseph Hood Primary School
King's College Junior School
Liberty Primary School
Liberty Woodland School
Links Primary School
Malmesbury Primary School
Manor Park Primary School
Merton Park Primary School
Park Academy
Pelham Primary School
Poplar Primary School
QEH Bristol Junior School
Riversdale Primary School
Sacred Heart Catholic Primary School
Sellincourt Primary School
Send CofE Primary School
Sheringdale Primary School
Shrewsbury House School
St Mark's Primary School
St Mary's Catholic Primary School
St. Matthew's CofE Primary School
SS Peter & Paul Catholic Primary School
St. Teresa's R.C. Primary School
Stepgates Community School
The Roche School
The Sherwood School
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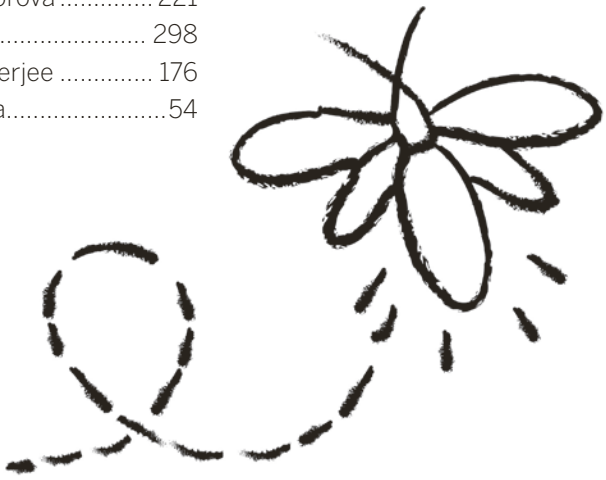
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