

# The Magic Unicorn

*by Kacey – River Beach Primary School*

**Winner**

Once upon a time there lived a princess and her unicorn. They lived in a faraway kingdom. The princess was called Shyla, she had long golden hair that was down to her bottom. She wore a pink puffy dress and pink shoes with red roses on. The unicorn was called Sparkle Gem. She had pink and yellow hair with a gold sparkly horn.

They were playing in the garden reading a book under the blossom tree when a wicked witch came along and stole Shyla's voice. The unicorn was then sent on a magic adventure to help get the princess's voice back. The unicorn came to an enchanted forest. In the middle of the enchanted forest was an enchanted castle. The unicorn searched in the castle for the prince in hope he could help get the princess's voice back. The unicorn found the prince and they headed back to the princess through the enchanted forest. On the way back a curse happened. The trees started to move blocking the pathway to the princess, confusing the prince and the unicorn. They then came to a river which they needed to cross.



Further downstream there was some stepping stones they had to cross. Then the stepping stones started to disappear because the witch was trying to stop them returning to the princess as she wanted to keep the voice forever. The prince then fell into the water and the unicorn tried to help with her horn and then out nowhere a rainbow appeared. They then began to walk on the rainbow back to the princess. They finally arrived at the princess's castle where she was very sad and alone. The prince went over to her and kissed her, the princess's voice came back. The unicorn used her magic gold sparkly horn and sent the wicked witch away.

# **The Magic Book**

***by Zoe – Medmerry Primary School***

***Winner***

One stormy night Jack climbed out of his bed with a shiver from a book he had read. He got the book again and started to read from the beginning to the end. He stopped at a point and he went down stairs to get a drink of milk. He turned around and saw a lady standing there. She was wearing a green vest top with a knot at the bottom, with blue shorts down to her knees and a cowboy hat on her head. He looked away, then turned back, she wasn't there...

He looked downstairs and then looked upstairs. He looked in his room. Just as he peaked through the door the lady stepped half way onto the book but Jack pulled her back.

"Stop!" the lady shouted.

"Get off me," came a voice from the corner.

"Sorry!" came another.

"Who's there?" Jack and the lady both shouted.

"Hi there," quietly whispered a little boy and his Dad.

"Who are you?" asked the lady.

"Shhhh!" said the Dad.

Then they heard something.

Jack thought it was his mum coming.

Creak. She was at the door.

"Where is my son?" she asked, "and um excuse me this not your room. Also this is not your property so get out!"

Everyone came out of their hiding places and Jack pushed them back into the book. He closed the book. Slam! Bash!

Now Jack was the only one standing. Mum put Jack back to bed like he was supposed to be. Jack closed his book and went to sleep.

The book shined with glimmer. Something was about to happen...!

# Untitled story

**by Aaron – Rose Green Junior School**

## **Winner**

He woke with a gasp, desperate to inhale air. The nightmare followed him out of his troubled dreams. A flash. A scream. A black, endless face straight from hell itself. The death awakened with a new existence, a purple flare within its distant eyes. Running away, he realised there was nothing but empty blackness; he fell straight down. Horrors of what he thought was his past clenched him like a fist. He saw people he thought he knew but had never seen before. It all flashed by in a brief second before the eternal black reclaimed it.

The face loomed out of the fog. "Kill! Kill! Kill!" it yelled before a blinding light stretched out over it. Darkness and sleep soon returned to the boy.

He slowly opened his eyes, only to close them again instantly. The light was far too bright. Whereas he had woken with a start before, he was now too weary to even move. As he slowly gained consciousness, he tried to search his mind for something, anything. But he couldn't. He just couldn't. He tried opening his eyes once more. Painfully, he squinted as everything came into focus. The boy soon concluded that he was in a bed. Then, as if the light had illuminated his head, he remembered. *My name is Zak*, he thought. Why did he know that? The complexity of his loss of memory was baffling. His mind functioned without flaw, just without any memories, aside from the time before, but even that was somehow fading. Suddenly a face peered over him. Zak's blood drained from his face. Despite his memory loss, he knew something. He had seen him before.

"Do you think it worked?" they said.

"Yes, to a degree. Seeing things will bring stuff back," said a voice from across the room.

"Shall we try again?"

*Try what again?* Zak thought.

"No, he's been through enough," said the other voice, "maybe we should let him rest."

*Who are these people?* Zak screamed in his head. *What do they want with me?*

One of the people leaned over him. "Hello Zak. You won't remember me, but, although I know this is scary, we are here to help," they said. It wasn't said in a nice way, but in a cold, almost mocking tone.

"You can trust us."

But Zak had already remembered more than then they thought; he knew that these people couldn't be trusted.