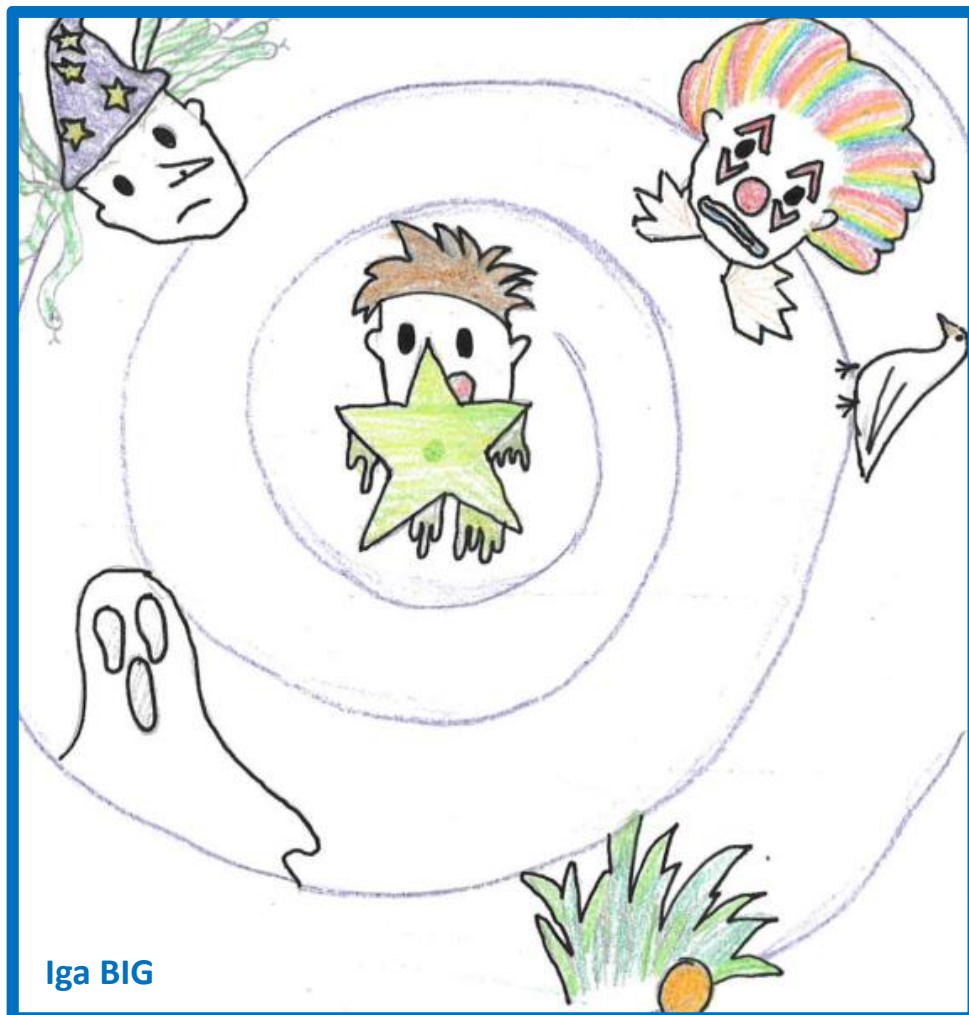




# Mysterious Happenings



Iga BIG

Whole School Book

October 2017

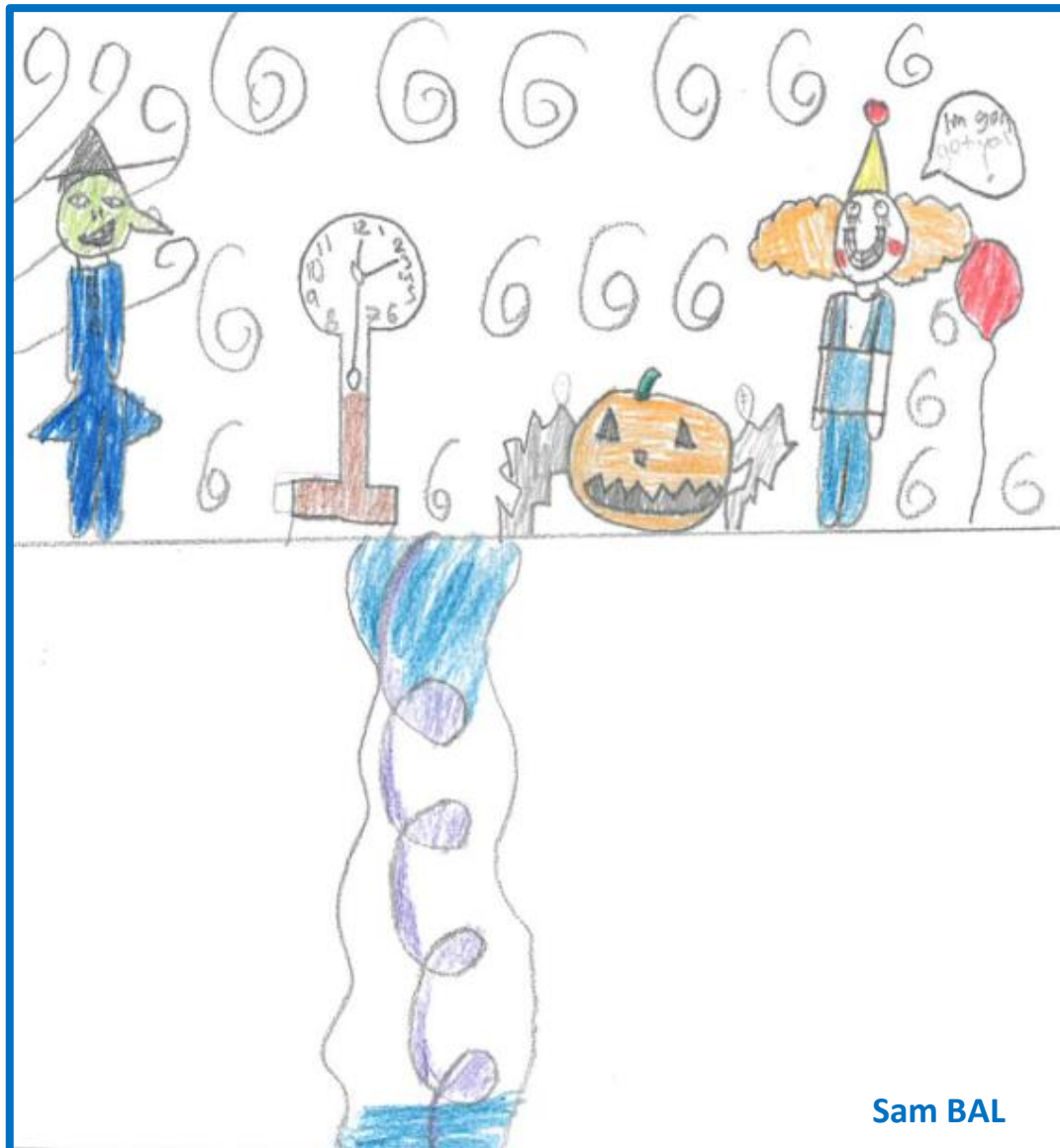
**BIG**

I found it growing in my garden ... lurking underneath my emerald-green fuchsia bush. One day during half term, I sauntered out of my front door - without a care in the world - when a flash of neon orange caught my eye. Throughout the week, I studied the mysterious object as it slowly began to conquer my garden. Bit by bit. Until one day, it disappeared. Where did it go?



**GBS**

I searched high and low until I was exhausted. I was just about to give up when suddenly, I fell into a swirling purple vortex. Screaming with horror, I couldn't stand the power of the vortex and closed my eyes. I could feel myself plummeting headfirst into nothingness. I felt extremely dizzy and I could hear the wind howling around me like a pack of wolves. Without warning I came to a halt. Slowly I opened my eyes to see...



**BAL**

Right beside me there was a red eyed circus clown looking fierce and frightening. However, he was statue still - as if frozen by a magic curse. A few steps away from the clown there was a neon orange pumpkin gazing at a huge clock with a cold and evil stare. What was happening? Was I dreaming? As I pinched myself - to make sure I wasn't dreaming - the pumpkin flashed and cackled.



Annabel YFM

**YFM**

Frantically, the clock the pumpkin was staring at, began spinning backwards. All around thick black smoke rose up from the ground and engulfed the pumpkin. Suddenly, an explosion took place in the gloom of the smoke and ash scattered across the sky like confetti.





**YVW**

When the ash had settled I could see what was causing all the trouble. There stood an ugly, green, pointy nosed witch. She had hair made of hissing snakes and had slugs and snails crawling on her starry cloak. I was terrified and my knees were knocking together in fear. I was just about to turn and run when she said...



**GHM**

“Come here little boy!” She beckoned for me to come closer to her but an icy shiver ran down my spine at hearing these words. Despite trying my hardest to resist, I found my disobedient feet shuffling towards the repellent creature. Diving into her cloak pocket, she appeared to grab something and grasp it tightly in her gnarled hand. Rapidly, she opened her palm and, without warning, blew magenta coloured dust directly into my face. Suddenly, I felt my eyelids become increasingly heavy and my mind confused.

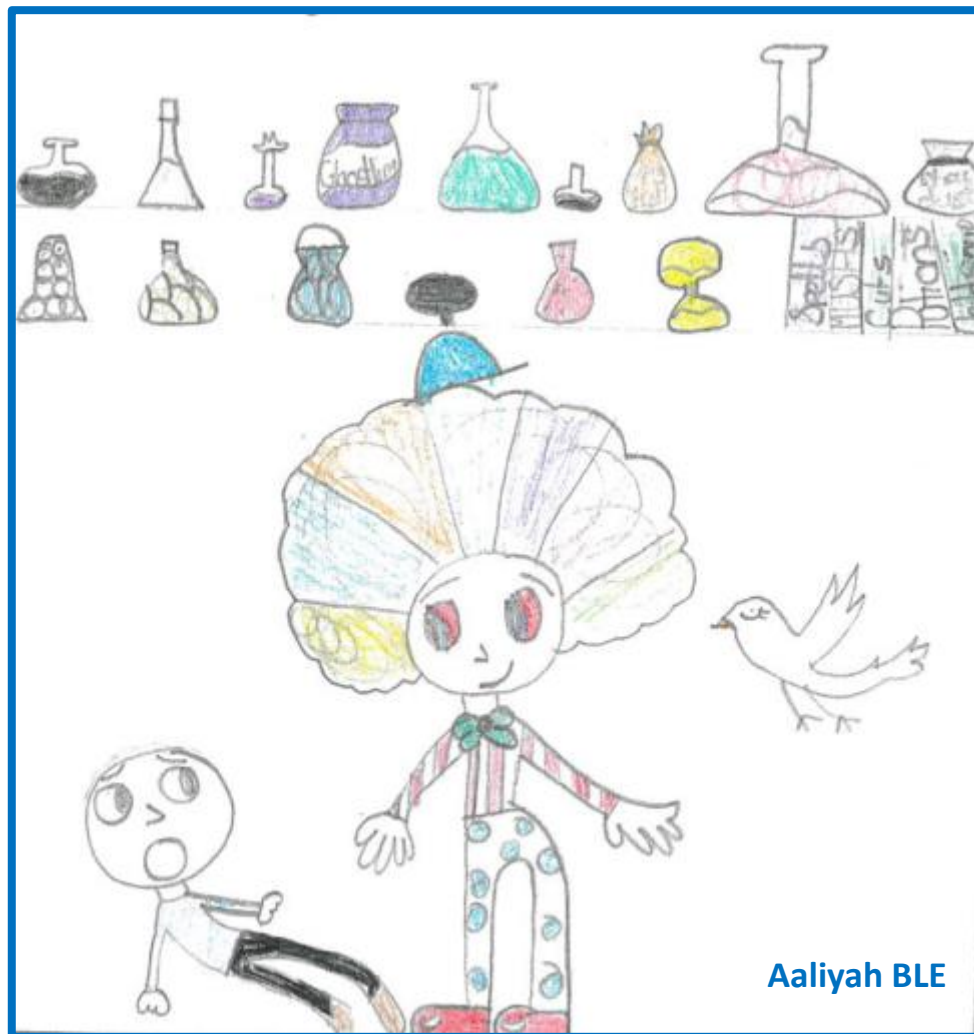




**YJW**

When my eyes finally opened, all I could see was the purple dust forming and contorting into a ghost-like figure above me. My hands were trembling, my legs wobbled like jelly. I was petrified! I tried to scream but I couldn't, my mouth was frozen with fear. Unexpectedly, I felt a friendly, fluffy, feathered hand brush my shoulder...





**BLE**

Reluctantly, I peered around my shoulder and caught a glimpse of a friendly smile on the face of the crimson, red-headed clown who was covered in feathers from his last act. By the side of him was an elegant dove; they were here to help. The dove was getting closer by the second and looked as if he had a smile on his face.

Calmly, he said: "We bring peace. Although we have no weapons, we have a plan."

The clown whispered mysteriously, "Our advantage is your magic powers..."



**GVH**

“Magic powers? What magic powers?” I replied with confusion. “Hold my hand, close your eyes and picture somewhere new.” With a flash of lightning, we teleported to the pitch black of a deserted dungeon. All of a sudden, we heard the distressing cackle of the revolting witch we had tried to escape from previously. The clown turned towards me with a chilling look in his eye and asked, “Why did you picture this awful place?” I was so confused, this was not what I had pictured, was this because of my so-called magic powers? Or was this the witch playing tricks?



**YGO**

“I think I have made a mistake!” I whispered, “Wait”. The dungeon started to fill with a neon orange glow, flashing and shaking its very bedrock, like a volcano, ready to erupt. “Shut your eyes, hold hands NOW, we’re going!” I shouted, trying to make myself heard above the noise. The air fizzed and we were sucked downwards into a portal of swirling blackness. A gleaming pinpoint of light came swiftly into focus.

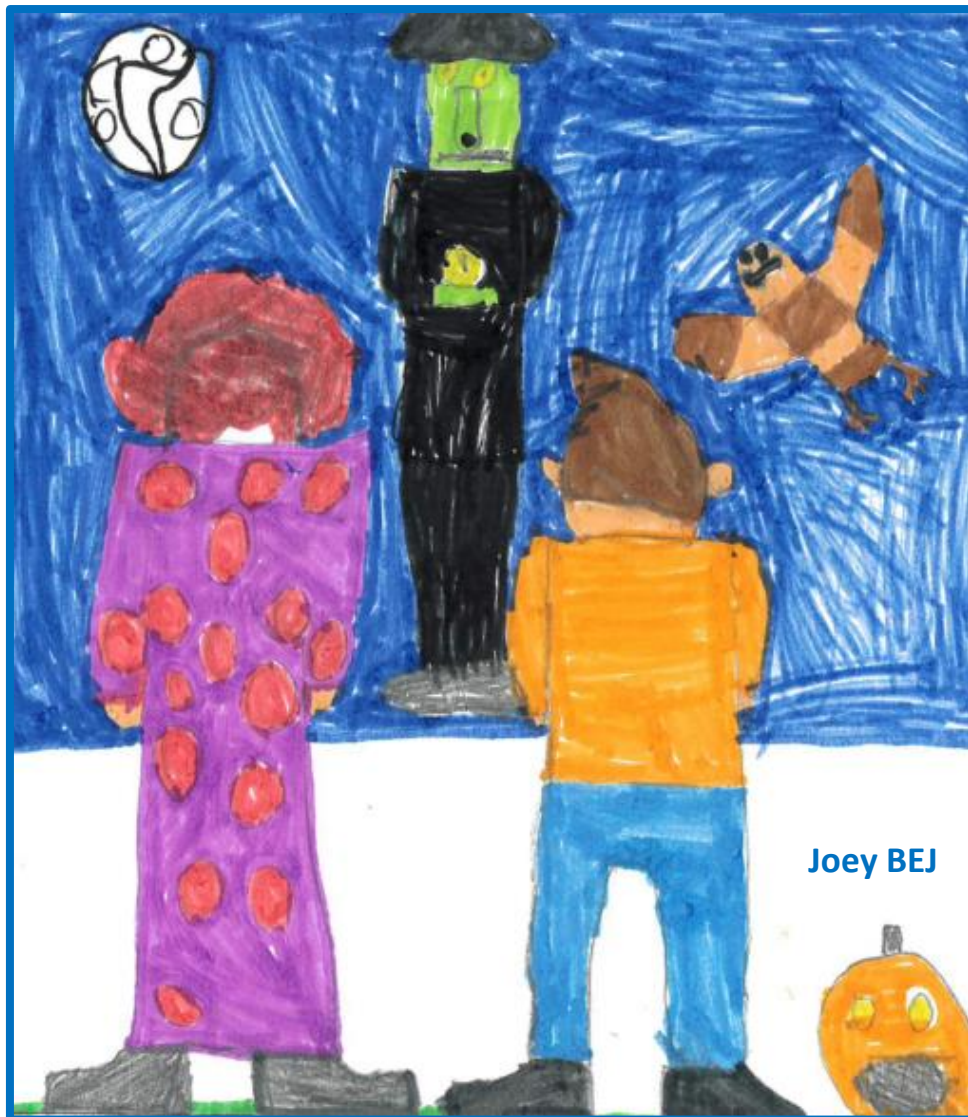




Barnaby RKS

**RKS**

As I tiptoed towards the bright light, I realised it had started to move. It was a spooky ghost. In the middle of the ghost was a glowing, magical, slimy star. "Oooooooooohhhh! Try and take it from me!" howled the ghost. I reached for the star but before I knew it out jumped the wicked witch. Without thinking, carefully I pushed on the door and peered in. Suddenly, I found myself tumbling down a gloomy spiralling staircase. I landed with a THUD! To my horror the staircase, I just tumbled down, had disappeared. I was trapped! Frantically glancing around, I saw mysterious shadows dancing around on the dimly lit walls. Someone or something was watching me.....



**BEJ**

In a flash of black and white, the star revealed itself to be the clock, its hands pointing to 12 o'clock - the witching hour.

As the clown and I looked on, mesmerised, the graceful dove flew towards the hands of the clock, leaving a trail of golden stars which temporarily blinded the witch. Gently clasping the hour hand in its beak, the dove set the clock in motion yet again. My head was whizzing with questions: Was this a dream? Was this the end? Would I ever make it back alive?

The witch's hands gradually got thinner and thinner as the seconds ticked by; her life seemed to be coming to an end. Closing my eyes to block out the hideous view in front of me, I focused my whole brain on the picture of my garden, safe, familiar and welcoming. As I started enjoying the picture, a beacon of light surrounded me. I chanced a peek before opening my eyes to see grass beneath my feet. Looking up, I realised I was back in my own garden. Life was back to normal. Or was it.....?



What was the flash of neon orange and where did it go?

I found myself spinning out of control through a purple vortex heading towards an adventure in an unknown land. I thought I was alone but was I? The 'red nosed owner', 'the white peace maker', 'the cackling magic creator' or the 'see through scarer' .....who would be my friend and who would be my foe?

Would my life ever be the same again?

*Blub written by GCH*

