

The Bug Recyclers



By Hanna Tate
Age 9

One summer's evening, in a busy park, a family laid down their sapphire, checked picnic blanket and made themselves comfortable. Peeking around a mushroom with marshmallow coloured spots was a secret, ruby-red ladybird called Daphne.

Daphne was part of Bug HQ which helps all bugs feel happy because some humans leave their litter everywhere and this fills the bugs' homes with plastic and waste.

The family didn't notice as Daphne scuttled around the picnic blanket collecting crumbs of biscuits, sandwiches, fairy cakes, crisps and lots of other stuff too.



She was collecting that stuff for Bug HQ.

Daphne the ladybird collected the things, Sally the spider put her super sticky spiderwebs around them, and Beatrice the beetle sticks them together.



They were making a home for Old Lady Pink the worm; she came every week because the birds kept pecking her house down.

They usually made the walls out of biscuits, the curtains out of leaves from a birch tree, the roof made from grass

and mud. The windows were made out of broken glass left lying around the swings in the park. But unfortunately Daphne couldn't hold it all, and she could only get bread.

Sometime later, a human called Sarah who loves bugs picked up Daphne and put her in a warm shelter with a wooden sign. Carved into it was 'Bug Hotel'.

Meanwhile, Old Lady Pink was trying to



flee her house. The birds were even more hungry than usual. They were looking at Old Lady Pink with their beady eyes...

She was going to be eaten!

Daphne saw the whole thing so she quickly scuttled to Old Lady Pink and took her to the Bug Hotel with Sarah. Daphne took her there because it was safe, healthy and not polluted.

And Daphne kept on helping people and seeing her friends in Bug HQ.



D Is for Detective



By Finja Weinzierl
Aged 9

of the criminal. She would give it to the police and they could deal with Honey. That way she wouldn't have to do the scary stuff.

Quietly she went back down the staircase...



*A Mehndi party is the pre-wedding celebration in Hindu and Sikh culture, when the Bride has red-orange Mehndi 'stain or henna' applied to her palms, back of hands, and feet.

The Great Rainbow Trout Escape



By Wendy Ransom
Age 9

They all hit the glass with their snouts (and the rest of their heads). Surprising force came out of this act and the glass smashed.

“What!?” said the humans, but it was too late! The rainbow trout had escaped to freedom.

Remember, there is not always another fish in the water. Never fish without an adult and permission from the landowner.

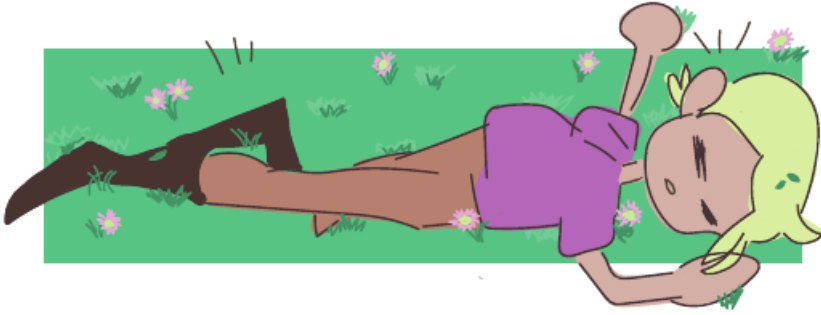


The Twisted Meadow



By Tabby Bloomfield

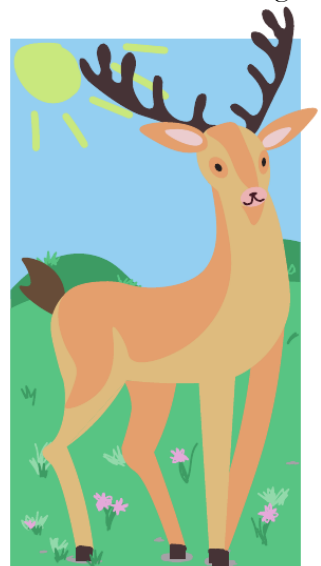
I ran out of the house, slamming the door as I went. In my state of distress, I didn't notice the large crack in the path, causing me to trip and fall. I hit the ground hard and for a second the world seemed dark and warped.



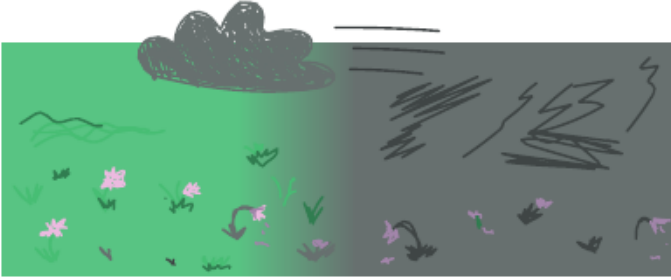
After a short amount of time, in which I cannot remember what happened, I stood up and was immediately captured by my surroundings. Somehow, I had woken up in a meadow that was teeming with life. There were ramsons, corncocks, columbines, kingcups and many other wildflowers that were too abstract to name. At a closer glance, hundreds of these flowers were holding bees who were going through with their busy lives.

All past feelings forgotten, I ran through this wondrous meadow, taking in all the natural beauty. The sound of cautious footsteps behind me snapped me out of my trance and I hastily spun on my heels, only to see a deer staring at me with slight curiosity, as if I was the first human to be here. I stepped forward, and to my surprise the deer stayed.

Something in my mind told me this place wasn't right. It was too perfect, but I ignored it. I was enjoying myself and paranoia wouldn't ruin that for me. I stayed there for who knows how long, dancing with the squirrels, bees, sparrows and flowers with a looming sense of danger at the back of my mind.



However, when the dark grey clouds rolled over the hills and all of the beauty vanished to be replaced by a gloomy sinister atmosphere, this sense became too strong to ignore. I stumbled, confused at how something so perfect could change into this.



As I glanced around, I realized that all the flowers had shrivelled and died and the only living creature left was the deer, which was staring at me with an odd look.

I gazed at it in confusion before realizing that the look was one of anger and hatred.



He was no longer curious about me. He had realised that I was trespassing on his territory.

I got closer, hoping to calm him, but stopped abruptly as I saw *it*. The reflection of something (or someone) in his eyes.

The thing smiled evilly as I saw it, and I ran. I ran from this non-perfect meadow. I didn't turn back and didn't stop until I was so tired I just collapsed, finally out of the glare of the deer.



Little did I know, I could never escape that deer, no matter how far I ran.



The Dragon-Mouse



By Dan Nixon

Ian was born in a field next to a zoo. Edinburgh Zoo to be exact, but that doesn't matter. What does matter, though, is that Ian thought that he was a dragon. It's a long story, but I've got 574 words, so I guess I'll tell you. When Ian was only a little mouse, about a week old, he scuttled under the zoo fence to explore.

He came out into the elephant enclosure, which was a huge coincidence, because he loved to listen to them hoot and trumpet in his burrow. Ian stood on his hind legs and said "Hello," as loud as he could. The elephant turned around and stared at him, and then... *HOOOOT!!!* The creature was terrified. It sounded like a whole brass band! The elephant ran into the corner and let out another, more quiet trumpeting noise.

Wow, Ian thought, I must be terrifying if I could scare that thing. Maybe I'm not a mouse... What if I'm... A dragon!

Ian stood on top of the zoo café roof. He had clambered up a pipe and he was going to try, at last, to fly. It had been 2 years since he had scared the elephant, and he was all grown up now. Yesterday, he had scared the lions, which further proved his slightly mad theory that he was a dragon. Ian had thought that since he was tiny.

All I have to do is jump.

Ian shivered. It was so high up. But what if he was one of those Chinese dragons that didn't have wings? What if he was too heavy for his wings to hold him up?



Enchanted Forest



By Maja

Food Thief



By Lucy Ribchester
Age 9