

2019

TES WRITING COMPETITION
BOOKLET



Winning Entries

Kids

The Treasure – Pietro P

This treasure is very rich but it is very hard. Nobody has ever managed to open this treasure. The Altar of the Fire evokes a giant fire dragon. The fire dragon breathes an explosive fire ball, but when he is defeated, the dragon transforms into a fire sword. The Altar of the Rock evokes a giant rock golem, the golem throws swords of rock, but when he is defeated the golem transforms into a rock armour. The Pyramid of Destruction has four amethysts. Over this, the amethysts transforms into an amethyst golem, the golem throws arrows of amethyst with an amethyst bow, but when he is defeated, he transforms into an amethyst key. This key opens the treasure, in this treasure there are 1 billion gold ingots.

Teens

Somebody to Love – Diletta I.

Bitter tears are running down my face. I feel confused. I think I'm in the eye of the tornado. Everything is spinning around me and I'm scared. Today I've had a fight with my mum. She is walking in the wrong direction. I don't know how I can help her.

Since Dad left us, she always sleeps on our old sofa; she's always unhappy. She isn't lively. And I'm worried about this fact. She's a young woman. She needs to live! She need to be enthusiastic. Life is short: you have to live each day like it's the last.

Life is full of colours, please don't pretend not to see them. I've made my decision! I'm going to run away. I'm packing my bag: I'm putting in one coat and some food. I'm leaving my little house and I start looking at the sky. Millions of stars are lighting the darkness. There is silence around me.

I don't want to escape, I just want to find something that can make my mum feel happier. I want to see a big smile on her face! I want her lively blue eyes and her hugs. I start walking. I don't know where my destination is. But I'm sure I'll find it. The weak light of the sunrise is weighing on my face. I'm exhausted.

It's 1 p.m. I'm hungry and I've not found anything yet. I see an animal near a tree – he's little but strong. He's like me: alone. The little dog looks at me. He runs into my arms. His tail's long, his ears are big and his fur's so soft. I think somebody left him. A lot of people don't care if others don't feel good. They walk along the street. They think they're alone. They think the world is theirs, but it's not like that!

I give some food to my friend and we decide to go home. I think I'm crazy: I always speak to my adventures mate. He listens to me – he's like my mum. Somebody abandoned him, but he isn't weak. We arrive home and he runs onto my mum's sofa. She sees him and he runs onto the sofa again. She looks at him and she begins to laugh. She hugs me – finally!

3 years later.

We are in London: my mum, Woofle and me. It's a fun trip. We are happy! The past is past. The present is present. The future...I'll think about it!

Adults

The Treasure – Greta V. L.

I still remember it like it just happened even if many years went by...My father was driving. My mother and my little sister were with us in our old wreck of a car. We were all singing Neverland's song loudly when he suddenly stopped and began to tell us about a dream he had had that very night.

He was my hero. His crisp brown moustache always covering his upper lip so that every kiss he gave tickled us. His long curly hair, his strong arms that could lift me up in the air and make me fly high. He could repair everything at home, and he protected us from every living monster.

My father had dreamed about a pirate who told him about his misfortune – his name was Oswald the Cripple. Oswald and his comrade had stolen many riches from ships sailing in the Mediterranean Sea, so they were badly wanted by the Venetian Republic navy.

As a consequence, they decided to go back up the Adda River to bury their spoils until the right time would come. But soon after a waterspout destroyed their vessel and they all drowned. To make matters worse, the Cripple couldn't rest in peace until someone would find his riches, so he had decided to show the treasure map to my father. So, my father told us that very morning. As he woke up he felt compelled to draw it and now he wanted to know if we were so brave as to follow him in this perilous search.

How can I describe the excitement? My heart was drumming, “ A pirate? A ghost? A treasure? Yes!” My sister and I loudly cried out.

The next morning we were ready. I had a shovel in my right hand while my sister was carrying a pick. We were both dressed like buccaneers to trick the other pirate spirits who kept watching the treasure. A coloured bandana to cover one eye, a torn t-shirt, ripped jeans, black boots and, obviously, some tattoos painted on our arms. We were perfect. Under my father’s guidance we strolled along the Adda River looking for the signs: an island, a bush, a path...tough luck! We searched and searched but after hours we still hadn’t found the right place! But we didn’t quit and stubbornly we went on looking for the right spot.

Suddenly I heard my father saying, “children look! There!” My sister and I followed him squeezing between some shrubs and began to dig the harsh soil. It took us many attempts and all our stamina but finally we uncovered a studded chest locked with a big bad lock. “No, it’s not fair. How can we open it?” My sister was sobbing, her arms collapsed, but he, my beautiful father, my beloved hero, bent down and picked up a little golden key and said, “maybe you can try with this”.

Thrilled like only children can be, we opened the trunk. It was filled with golden coins and they weren’t the usual ones, they were special ones made of chocolate. Nothing could have made us happier. We jumped into our father’s arms, smelled his perfume, and heard his laugh. We had got the treasure!

30 years have passed by. Now, my father is lying down on a gurney, his crisp moustache is grizzled, his curly hair is a long time gone. He is going to have surgery for cancer; with my sister on my right side, I’ll wait for his return. He is strong, he is our hero, he will make it, he is our real treasure.

The Runners-Up

Kids

The Castle – Lorenzo Z.

There is the castle. Here you can see a big garden, seven bedrooms, a very big living room, and a big kitchen. It's very beautiful and very big, and it's made of stone. In the castle lives a king, a queen and a prince.

There is the Fire River. It was created by the Fire Volcano. It's very hot, shiny and it's very dangerous for the people. In the Fire River lives a fire fish.

The village is small but you can see some houses, a church and a market. It's protected by high walls. In the village live 30 people.

The Black Cave – Alessio D.

There is the Black Cave. Here you can see the treasure. It is very scary and very dark. There is the Giant Volcano. Here you can see the lava. It is very dangerous and hot. There is the Luck Lake. Here you can see the sweet water and you can swim and look at the fish. It is very lucky and beautiful.

The Scary Church – Matilda M.

There is a very big castle. Here you can see a king and a queen – they are very, very big and dangerous, but their daughters are very, very, very small! There is a scary church. Here you can see a lot of bats, it's very dark. There is the invisible bridge. Here you can't see the bridge because it's invisible. It's very dangerous and it's made of light glass!

Teens

Simon and Emily – Daniela G., Alice D.M., Carina D.

Once upon a time, Simon is a boy that with his animal Pig Pok arrives from the future because he wants to save the world from a toxic cloud that is turning people into flying cows.

On the way, he meets Galileo Galilei and Emily, his love. Together they face impossible challenges, but with time Galileo Galilei dies and transforms into an angel. He helps them travel the world passing all the tests with great courage and they are left again with the keys from Leonardo Da Vinci to speak with the picture of “The Gioconda”.

The Gioconda is a very diabolical woman and she said to kiss Emily because he would die. The group lose the cloud, go into a bleak hole that they teleport into a volcano, that erupts and kills the toxic cloud.

Emily and Simon are on the bridge, and Emily wants to jump off the bridge, but Simon stopped her, and kissed Emily. Then Simon dies because of the curse and Emily shoots herself in the head. Simon is now a devil, Emily is now an angel. Together they merge and from that day there’s Good in Eviland and Evil in Good, and so was born the Ying in the Yang. Ying in the Yang will control the world but the Ying in the Yang will always be controlled by the two souls and their great love!

The Three Sisters – Arianna P., Vittoria B., Klara K.

Once upon a time there was girl, Snow White who had two sisters: Zinderella and Alice. They had a rabbit who sold watches. Their mother was a fairy godmother and their father was Prince William. They were a family.

One day the three sisters were picking blackberries for their mum. At a certain point a witch appeared and poisoned the blackberries. When they brought them to their mother, poisoned by the witch, but they did not know, so their mother died. The prince kissed his wife and so she awakened, meanwhile the daughters wept. And they understood that the blackberries had been poisoned by the witch so they went to their mother and told her what had happened. The daughters went to buy roses to comfort their mother.

Unfortunately, the mother dies when her daughters returned because the poisoned blackberries had hurt her a lot. The displeased daughters could do nothing and so, with their father, they lived happily ever after.

The Weekend – Rita B.

Last weekend, I went to the seaside in Sicily with my family. The place was fantastic! There were some houses with a lot of colours. The sea was very beautiful. One day, I went to the beach and I had my bag. At 4 O'clock I was hungry and I went to the bar to get an ice cream. I left my bag under the beach umbrella. In that bag was my phone, my sunglasses and a bottle of sun cream. I returned to the beach umbrella and I couldn't find my bag. With my family, I searched for it for about 30 minutes. Later, I found that some guys had taken it for a challenge and they had stolen my phone. I lost all my phone numbers. The next day, I went back to my home because I was too angry!

A way to Escape – Bianca B.

Since I was four, dance has been my passion. I will not say that dance is all peaches and dandelions, 'cause it's not. Dance is the prison and the way to escape, she is the tears and the smile, she is the rain and the sun. Dance is competition, pain, sacrifice, but she is so beautiful too!

She can be your enemy or your best friend, but it doesn't matter. She will always be there for you, if you are sad or if you are happy; when the others hate you or when you are alone, because she loves you anyway.

You have to give her everything. You must do lots and lots of exercises and at the end there will always be somebody better than you. And you must follow the rules. So it isn't easy, yeah, it isn't at all. But when you hear the music making space in your veins, that incredible feeling, you understand why you dance.

When you start moving, and you feel the rhythm, you understand that. You understand that you could not live without those steps, those moves, that way to express yourself. In that moment you know that dance isn't only just a "hobby" anymore. She has become an addiction, the air to breathe. She has become a prison, your prison, but you are happy about that! You know that all the exercises, all the sweat, were useful. She needs you and you need her to move on. She wants every single part of you, but when you give yourself to her, you love her more. And when you are at that point, when you are dancing, in front of lots of people, or only for you, you don't follow only the rules anymore – you follow your heart too!

The Ship's Diary – Ettore C.

I'm Endron Gions, an astronaut lost in space with my colleague scientist, Martin Smith. We are near a black hole, two million kilometres from Earth, I'm scared. In a little while, it will drag us in and we will die.

The black hole is getting closer and closer, in this moment. I'm afraid of dying and I also think that Smith is too. But with commitment and courage we go forward. We study the black hole with our camera, and we discover a lot of things. The SOS signal arrived at NASA and now NASA is coming to us. I will see my family and my friends again.

Once back home, Smith and I got a medal of honour.

Running Away – Eleonora A.

I've been running for a long time now. I have probably already reached the middle of the woods. I don't know exactly what time it is, but the sky is full of stars, so it's probably really late. I stop running and start to walk, trying to be as quiet as possible.

I hope nothing or nobody hears me. The only sound is produced by my steps on the leaves that are on the ground. I hear something moving in a tree and I almost scream, but then I notice it's just an owl flying away from its nest.

I've always loved walking in nature, but I've never done it alone and in the middle of the night before. Luckily it's summer. If it was winter, at this moment I'd be freezing. I should have listened to my best friend and have ignored my sister. But I'm too proud to let my sister think that I can't do this and that I'm weak.

I have to arrive at my cousin's house that is at the end of the woods. After a few minutes, I start to feel really tired and my eyes are closing. I'm not sure of how I end up sleeping under a tree. The next morning I start to walk again and arrive at a ravine.

The only way I can cross it is by jumping. I take some steps back and then start to run. When I arrive near to the end, I jump. Without meaning to, I close my eyes but I love the feeling of the air through my hair. Once I arrive at the other side, I start to walk again.

After a few minutes, I start to see the end of the woods and the trees become always more rare. I start to run and I arrive at my cousin's house. I knock and he opens up immediately. I enter and

after replying to some questions, I fall asleep on the sofa. While I'm half asleep, I see my parents taking me to the car and bringing me home. I know they'll be angry with me, but I'm happy that I was able to prove to my sister that I could do this, and also that nothing happened to me.

Adults

The Unconventional Vet – Matteo O.

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"Vet clinic, who's calling?"

a deep distant voice answered: "Good evening Mr Vet, I would like to know if it's possible to have a home visit at our house"

"Certainly," I continued kindly, "but is the patient a dog or a cat?"

Silence, I heard some whispers as if two people were talking to each other

"hellooo, is anyone still there?" I asked the speaker.

"yes, sorry...it's a dog, definitely a dog!"

Definitely? I repeated in my head, but I knew that many owners considered their pet like children, so I said, "I'm finishing with the last patient and I'll leave the clinic immediately for your "baby", the address please?"

"At the Black Castle"

"But ..is it not abandoned?"

"ohh no Sir, we have always lived here."

"Ok, I'm coming.....ops, I'm sorry, what's the "baby's problem?" A CLICK was my answer

"it doesn't matter, it will be the usual concern of anxious owners, let's go"

When I arrived at the castle gate I rang the bell...no-one answered, but the gate started to open.

"strange thing, I don't see the electrical system, it will be some new technology"

I parked the car and took the medical bag so I arrived in front of the main door which started to open.

"look, the same technology, it would be useful in my clinic"

"please come in, please, Sir "

A voice, that came from I don't know where, called me,

"oh yes, but where are you?"

"please follow the lights"

"lights?" I repeated, when the lights of the castle began to light up, creating a road that led to the basement.

"I want their electrician's number!!" I exclaimed.

I arrived in a room lit by candles, on the shelves hundreds of vases containing strange organs like giant eyes.

"wow, this must be the surveillance system, rich people always have the latest technological models"

"Good evening Sir" a voice behind me hissed.

"My god, you scared me!" I said bouncing back

"already?" he replied

the client was not a real human, he was a reptile man.

I was about to scream... but I saw something strange.

You have a vitamin A deficiency! its eyes were swollen and it had lesions around the eyes.

"I told you " a werewolf came out .. I was still about to scream, but then I saw a nasty licking wound on his paw.

"but here we must clean the wound immediately".

It took 2 hours to convince the werewolf to put on the Elizabeth collar.

I added vitamin A to the reptilian man and visited the other strange creatures of the castle ... I finished working at dawn.

"You are very brave, have you already visited monsters?"

"for me you are not monsters, you are animals, like me .. I have known monsters and they are the ones that do not care for animals...but I need to ask you an important thing".

"certainly anything you want."

"would you give me your electrician's telephone number?"

The case of cheese toastie – Elena E.

"Driiin" "Driiinn" the bell rang.

It was snack time for all the kids of Saint Laurence primary school. All the kids usually take some snacks from home to eat at school during recess. Like every morning Jack looked for his cheese toastie in his bag but he couldn't find it!

Jack's cheese toastie had disappeared. Jack was very sad and he wanted to find it, so he searched in the classroom but the cheese toastie wasn't there! Someone had stolen it!

So Jack ran to Ellie and John, his best friends. They decided to create a team of detectives to investigate and to question some kids to find out who was the guilty person.

Jack interrogated Robert who was sat next to him in the classroom. Therefore, he could have easily stolen the cheese toastie. Nevertheless, during the hour before snack time, Robert had gone out of the classroom to race in a school running competition and so he stated his innocence.

Jack thought that Robert had a very good alibi and so he couldn't have been the thief, even if Robert could have stolen the cheese toastie during the hours before the race.

In the meantime, John interrogated Nick, a kid who was always hungry. Nick could resist everything except food, so he was the prime suspect. However, Nick told John that he was on a diet and that he would never have affected his diet. It was very difficult to respect the diet, "I will never give up, not even for a cheese toastie!" said Nick.

Then it was Ellie's shift. She interrogated Matthew, the most spiteful kid of the classroom. He usually bullied all the other children with his gang.

Matthew denied having stolen the cheese toastie but, unlike Robert and Nick, Matthew did not have a credible reason. Ellie ran to her friends and told them that Matthew did not have an alibi and that she thought that he was the guilty person.

The three detectives talked about the case and they decided that the only guilty person could have been Matthew.

Ellie, Jack and John went to Matthew's desk and they told him that he was guilty. Matthew started crying and this was surprising because Matthew had never cried before! He was the boss of the class so this was very strange!

While Jack was thinking about this strange reaction of Matthew, all the children saw a mouse with a piece of cheese toastie running through the classroom. In that moment Jack understood how to solve the case: the mouse was guilty!

Jack, John and Ellie apologized to Matthew and said sorry to him because the accusation was based only on Matthew's bad reputation. Since that day Matthew became friends of Ellie, John and Jack and he also tried to become a good child with the help of his new friends'.

In that day all the children learnt a very important lesson: don't accuse someone without evidence, prejudice is wrong!

A Superpower – Giulia G.

I love travelling! In fact when I transform myself into a mosquito I go wherever I want to feel free and to enjoy unforgettable panoramas. I should also keep in mind to pay attention because once, while I was flying away, I ran into a garden where kids were playing, so they wanted to catch me. Fortunately, I managed to escape but it wasn't easy at all.

I was flying between some colourful flowers while enjoying the fresh air when I noticed a group of small children playing on a swing. I love children so much that I completely forgot for a moment that I was a mosquito, and I got dangerously close to the children. When they saw me, they started to scream and I realised that I had made a huge mistake, but it was too late because their mums were already hunting for me, they were yelling at me, and they were trying to kill me. They had almost caught me, but luckily I flew away really fast.

I like being able to go wherever I want, whenever I want but I sometimes feel really lonely. Every time I try to go next to people all they do is try to kill me and I don't even know why! I do nothing to them.

I also try to fly next to other animals, but all they do is try to eat me, so I always have to leave if I don't want to die.

I wish I could find someone like me, so I wouldn't feel lonely all the time. I wish I had friends like me; maybe it would have been better if I was another animal like an elephant, so I wouldn't have to worry all the time about people who want to kill me!

The Baby in the Woollen Blanket – Gino C.

“Your brother slipped from the woollen blanket and fell into a ditch.” The story my mother sometimes told me starts like this, and that came to my mind on this sunny spring morning, by chance, while looking out of the kitchen window.

In those days my mother, my father and my brother, who was a few months old, lived in my maternal grandparents' home. That morning my mother and my brother were alone, and my grandparents, as usual, had gone to work in the fields very early. Suddenly, she heard the sound of the siren that warned of the arrival of enemy planes.

Only a few days before the railway station, near the village, had been bombed, and everyone was afraid that the enemy planes would return to bomb the village. For this reason, she rushed upstairs into the room where my brother was sleeping in the cradle, she wrapped him in the woollen blanket and rushed out towards the shelter that my grandfather had built, not far from there, digging a tunnel under the hill.

She ran so fast and at breakneck speed that she realised that she had lost the baby only after she reached the shelter. Then, despite the noise of the enemy planes approaching, suffering from a terrible pain, she went back along the road, until she saw the baby in a ditch, not far from the shelter. I don't remember if she found my brother still sleeping or in tears due to the fall and the fear. But it doesn't matter. What matters to me now, is that I avoided becoming an only child on that occasion, and today I can say that I am happy to have him as my brother.

The next time we meet up, I am going to ask him if he remembers this event. We have never talked to each other about it in all these years because I am curious to know if he was sleeping or crying when my mother found him in the cradle. A long time ago, I tried to look for the place around where my grandfather had built the shelter at the beginning of the war, but despite my research, I couldn't find it. Perhaps it was only a way to remember the places of my childhood spent in the village that luckily wasn't bombed.

Mars: the new Earth – Giacomo G. and Andrea L.

Dear inhabitants of Mars,

I'm Fyodor Williamson. I'm a country man and I was born in Stonehenge.

It was the year 2153, and the situation on Earth had arrived at the point of no return. Rubbish, chemical products and pollution created by the big industries had led to global warming, so much so as to change the environment so that life had become impossible. Lots of people started to die and NASA with all the governments of the world states decided to organise a journey to Mars because it was the only chance of survival for mankind. On Christmas Day of the same year, a group of people were drawn to take part in the journey. I was one of them. It would have lasted two years.

During this period of time, I met a lot of people, however, I felt alone. But, when the journey was about to end I met a beautiful girl. Her name was Frances Simple. She was born in New York and she was a city girl; however we had lots in common, for example both of us lost our parents because of the pollution. Finally, two years and three months after the start of the journey, we arrived on Mars.

On arrival there was nothing and the planet looked like a big red desert. The first thing we had to do was to build a safe place, so in the first two months we started to create our city. After that, the main problem was finding a water source because the sources that we had taken with us were nearly finished. With technology, we understood where it was, but not if it was possible to access it. So a group of volunteers decided to look for it.

Before the moment of the expedition, I continued to see Frances and a simple attraction became true love. When I heard that a trip was to be organised, I told her that I wanted to take part in it, but I told her not to come because the expedition would be very dangerous. To reassure her, we decided to communicate by walkie talkie and we chose a moment of the day when we would speak.

The trip started. We arrived at the point where we would have found water and we saw that it was in a deep crevasse. So, to go down into the hole, we used all of the useful things that we had with us, for example some ropes and mattocks. We started to climb the wall but suddenly, the rope broke and we fell down. Everyone died, except me, but I had hit my head and I lost my senses. Fortunately, Frances, considering that, at the moment of the call, I hadn't answered her, understood that there was something wrong. She organised a rescue expedition and managed to find me.

I have to thank her if now I am here to tell you all of this.

Fyodor Williamson

A Thank You

Dear Participants,

Just a few lines to say thank you to everyone who participated in our first edition of the TES Writing Competition. Everyone here at the school really enjoyed reading your entries and voting for the winner was extremely difficult.

The philosophy behind this competition was to give our students the opportunity to be creative in English and to write for fun. Each of you produced great short stories and, thanks to your stories, we feel that we have achieved our competition goals.

We look forward to the 2020 Writing Competition and hope that you will all take part once again.

Thank you,

Sabrina.