
This magazine has showcased some of the writing by kids of Auroville’s The Learning Community (TLC). This is the last issue in its current format although The Squeak may continue in some other shape next school year. Writing and illustrations featured are created by kids aged 7-14 years. The aim has been to entice an interest in writing and to improve on skills, as well as to feature the work in print and online, thus sharing the same. Facilitated by Petra.

( skwēk)
squeaked, squeaking, squeaks

For feedback, questions or to request a pdf-version of the magazine please e-mail petramo@auroville.org.in.

POEM FROM THE YOUNG ONES
in Auromira’s group – rhyming.

We thank you all for your support over this journey and especially Isai Ambalam Guest House, for having sponsored a few issues, as well as Upasana, for having sponsored the last two issues.

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The Favourite Foods of the Egyptians

By Mohini and Aria, age 9

The ancient Egyptian food was roasted, boiled, fried, dried, baked and blended. They had plenty of food to keep themselves healthy. The ancient Egyptians loved garlic. They also loved green vegetables, figs, dates, onions, fish, eggs, cheese, butter and birds like pigeons. They normally ate bread and drank beer. The bread was sweetened with dates, figs and honey. They had their own kind of flatbread. In ancient Egypt they did not use silverware. They ate a lot of sand anyway. Sand was everywhere. Instead of using silver they ate with their fingers. They had a bowl of water beside them. They dipped their fingers in the bowl before eating.

And Their Favourite Drinks

In ancient Egypt beer was a common drink. There were very few wells. Water of the Nile was not good. You’d get sick. They boiled water and then drank it. Most of the time they drank beer. The beer was not so alcoholic. Beer was safer than drinking water from the Nile.

Thailand

By Lola, age 8

I heard about Thailand from a friend called Eline. It seems to be a fun place. I think people in Thailand are kind because other people come for big holidays and they want people to come to Thailand. If you would come to a country you would want people to be kind to you so they do that so you can be happy. Thailand is so beautiful because of the rivers and beaches. Because of everything in Thailand, I really want go there. Thailand is the prettiest thing.

Thailand facts

Thailand is the world’s 50th largest country. It is the 20th most populous country in the world with around 69 million people.

Industries: Tourism; textiles and garments, agricultural processing, beverages, tobacco, cement and light manufacturing / Main Language: Thai / Currency: Baht / Food: E.g. Tom Ka Gai (Thai Chicken coconut soup) / Capital city: Bangkok

The Rabbit

By Tara, age 8

I had a rabbit at my house. My mum found it in the sand. My dad made a house for the rabbit. We were feeding it from an eardrop bottle and one day the rabbit escaped.
The Three Little Wolves and the Big Bad Pig

Written by Eugene Trivizas, Illustrated by Helen Oxenbury - A book review by Sijmen, age 8

Once upon a time there were three little wolves that lived with their mother. One day the three little wolves set off. The next day they saw a kangaroo that was carrying a wheelbarrow filled with bricks. The three little wolves asked the kangaroo: “Can we have some of your bricks?” “Certainly”, said the kangaroo, and he gave them lots of bricks.

So the wolves built themselves a house of bricks. The next day the house was ready. The three little wolves were playing games in the garden. But when they saw the big bad pig coming they ran inside. But the pig wasn’t called big and bad for nothing. He went and fetched his sledgehammer and knocked the house down. The wolves keep on building houses but the pig destroys them all… until the end, when something else happens. I find this book great, because it is funny and because the ending is the best ever. So read it!

Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban

Written by J.K.Rowling - A book review by Joshua, age 10

Harry Potter is the son of Lily and James Potter, who got killed by the dark wizard Lord Voldemort when Harry was a baby. Harry survived the terrible encounter only with a scar looking like lightning. He was a highly unusual boy in many ways. One thing, he hated summer holidays more than any other time of the year. For another, he really wanted to do his home work but was forced to do it in secret in the dead of night. He also happened to be a wizard.

It’s nearly midnight and he is lying on his front in bed, the blanket drawn right over him. Harry Potter is at his uncle’s house. It is his birthday but as usual it is very bad. His aunt comes to visit and makes Harry very angry. He does magic on her. And he runs away. He sees a black dog, and then a magical bus comes and takes him away. He gets off and sees the Minister of Magic and gets a room. Later, he sees his friends Ron and Hermine. Then he takes the train to the school. There he eats dinner and goes to bed. Harry is trying to kill the person who let Voldemort kill his parents.

I like the book a lot because it’s magical.
**Super Saiyans**

*By Joshua, age 10*

Dragon ball is an anime. I like it because the Super Saiyans change hair colour.

Super Saiyans are people who come from space. Goku is a Super Saiyan. Vegeta is a Super Saiyan too. Gohan is the son of Goku. Krillin is a person who came from space. No one knows where in space he came from. He is half Super Saiyan. There are four different types of Super Saiyans. There are the colours blue, red, black and yellow.

The Eternal Shenron is indirectly revived by the Namekian Dragon Balls when Gohan and Krillin wish for Piccolo to be revived and transported to Namek.

The dragon is a protector. It protects the dragon balls.

*I like the characters so much I also make wooden toys out of them*

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**The Shark**

*By Erhel, age 8*

Once upon a time there was a white shark. He was friendly but everyone thought he was bad. One day he was swimming in the ocean. The water was perfect for him. Then he saw a boat with humans. He was scared because they were fishing some shark. He went the opposite way and he went as fast as he could. Then he came up to an island and saw a fish. The shark said “hi”. Then the fish said “hi”. The shark finally found a friend.
Brilliant clouds call rain or shine

By Ayan, age 10

One day I was on the Invocation rooftop, during the summer monsoon, and I met Cumulonimbus. I asked him if he had made a tuba recently. He was looking down on me as he said “I have made ten today”. I said “come closer Cumulonimbus, Auroville needs rain”.

Cumulonimbus smiled as he said, “Yes I will but only if get to use the sea to get bigger and rainier”. I believed him but last time when I made no conditions he flooded all the roads and turned fields into swamps so I told him, ”You can rain here only if you promise not to flood the roads and only strike dead Palmyra trees."

Cumulonimbus is a cloud as you might have known. It is one of the ten main cloud types which are Cirrus, Altostratus, Altocumulus, Stratocumulus, Cumulus, Stratus, Cirrostratus, Stratonimbus, Cirrocumulus and Cumulonimbus. Here is a bit more information, from one of my favourite books, “The Cloud Collector’s Handbook”:

1. Cirrus - High ice crystal cloud (very wispy).
2. Altostratus – A mixture of water droplets and ice cloud which covers large areas and often obscures the sun.
3. Altocumulus - Often small to medium sized puffy lumps.
4. Stratocumulus - Big lumps slowly floating across the sky.
5. Cumulus - The classic puffy cloud.
6. Stratus - Lighter and lower than altostratus. It also covers large areas.
7. Cirrostratus - Covers large areas and is often left unnoticed because it is so thin.
9. Cirrocumulus – Tiny high altitude dots that cluster in large areas.
10. Cumulonimbus – Tallest of the ten clouds. It is the only cloud to give thunderstorms and lightning.

Now I would like to say a bit about the negativity towards clouds. For example, people say clouds are gloomy because they are grey, which isn’t even always true. Another example would be negativity towards precipitation (a.k.a. rain) caused by clouds, because they don’t like stuff falling on them.

Here is a small poem about cumulonimbus that I wrote. It's called White puffs:

Fat and tall, fluffy and big
Cumulonimbus looks like a fig
It’s big and juicy with stormy rain
It gives the world sugar cane
It spreads like an umbrella tree
This cloud is always friends with me
Maple against the world

By Aiyana, age 11

In my mother’s sheltering womb, I wait to be Dawn in my full glory. Galloping across the moon my father is patiently waiting for twilight to pass and dawn to begin. I look down and see the heroine Maple standing alone against the world.

It happened again, I can’t bear it. Right on the last day of school. I was sobbing as I ran down the narrow path of the woods. It wasn’t the first time it had happened, but this time I took it really badly. I was walking home with my brother when the bully, Jerald, spotted us. He ran to my brother, stood right in front of him blocking his way. Then he said something which I’m not brave enough to even repeat (which means that I’m nowhere close to being brave and I’m a total cry baby), something so malevolently rude. Something about my FAMILY. That was just too much for me to stand. That’s when I ran off.

Everybody thinks that Jerald and my brother are best friends, but the truth is that my brother is actually scared of him, that he isn’t bold enough to defy Jerald’s menacing ideas. Jerald would always find ANY way of bullying me and my brother, and my brother doesn’t have the courage to stand up for me. It happened again today, and I just got too irritated.

I need a break from everybody. My parents are away in Hawaii for two months and now probably Jerald has forced himself into our house so I’m definitely not going home.

‘Oh I feel so stressed.’

It seems like the whole world of the woods is sharing Maple’s stress. Though it is a beautiful summer day with the evening sun not blazing, just a pleasant feel, she is too busy thinking about what an idiot Jerald is and doesn’t notice that today has been created an especially beautiful day, just like this, for her and for me.

I was passing a bush full of ripe raspberries when I noticed how hungry I was. I ate about a dozen of them, but that didn’t fill me up. I took off my sandals which I was forced to wear at school. I would always take them off as soon as I could. I walked on barefoot. It felt so much better. The woods became less dense, the landscape more hilly. In the distance I could just catch a glimpse of the flaming ochre sun setting over the snow-capped mountain peaks, far away. The sky looked a creamy peach colour, and towering above the peaks I saw a magnificent Cumulonimbus cloud with an incus above it. As I gazed at the cloud, I looked through it and for a few seconds I thought the anvil shape of the incus was in fact the wings of Pegasus. A bit further on, I could see a thin snake-like thing twisting its way around the short hills. ‘A river,’ I breathed and ran down the valley, my short wavy golden brown hair glistening in the sunlight.

I knew I wasn’t one of those posh spoilt city girls. I love nature, it was always with me, but I wasn’t always with it, too absorbed in my mind’s stress. Being out of the daily routine, outside in nature, calms me down. It’s true what my parents say; ‘you don’t always get what you want,’ but that doesn’t stop me from dreaming of, and wanting, the woods.

‘But that is me and my dreams.’

As I came closer to the river I could see shiny fish, each about the length of my foot, dancing in the water, giving off its relaxing gurgling sound. The fish looked quite calm and easy to catch. I took the gauze scarf which was wrapped around my neck and placed it on the surface of the river. ‘I never liked that pink nylon scarf, anyway,’ I thought. I let the scarf sink a bit into the transparent water. One fish swam over the scarf, which I instantly pulled up. The fish lay helplessly by the bank. After ten minutes, I had managed to catch five glistening fish.

Slowly I touched my lips to the clear water and slurped a cold sip. I gathered a few sticks and piled them up. With matches from my pocket, it took me about 15 minutes to light a fire. While the fire was
building up flames, I skinned the fish and speared them onto the ends of long sticks. As I sat roasting the fish my hunger was stronger than ever. The aroma of frying fish made it worse, but soon the fish looked quite well cooked so I took them out and placed them on a boulder nearby.

While the fish were cooling down, I decided to make myself a cosy place to sleep for the night. Near the river stood a weeping willow, dipping a bough into the river and giving a beautiful reflection. Under the tree was a small shaded clearing with blooming heather, thimbleberry and elecampane growing around it. I decided to make my bed right there next to the other side of the willow’s trunk.

I wanted to have a bed that was soft, very soft. For the first layer I collected a few dry leaves and stacked them up near the trunk. When I was pulling out a bunch of fresh grass for the second layer of the bed a wasp stung me on my thumb. I jumped up and down squeezing my hand between my legs and sucking my thumb. Then I pulled myself together. Squeezing and sucking my thumb didn’t soothe the pain. Out loud I said, ‘maybe in my bag I have some apis cream.’

Still biting my finger I went to my bag and from the outer pocket I took out a small tube of calendula cream. ‘That will do.’ I squirted a lump of cream and spread it evenly. As I was putting back the cream my fingers felt a metal tube-like object. Pulling it out, I saw that it was my Swiss Army knife that I’d been looking for everywhere the last two weeks.

Taking the knife with me I went back to the process of making my bed. My thumb was still burning like mad. With my knife I cut a bit more grass. I piled it on top of the dry leaves.

My fish were getting cold and I quickly collected the leaves of thimbleberry and elecampane and piled another thick layer of them on to make my bed. Finally I’d finished. I looked admiringly at the abundance of nature which made such a perfect bed. I felt like plunging into it and cuddling down among the leaves, but first I had to eat.

I skipped up to the river and took a drought of the chilly water. Then I grabbed my bag and dashed to the rock. The fish had totally cooled down, so I took out my lunch box from my bag. I had ¾ of a bun with cheese, avocado, tomato, basil, and herbs leftover from lunch, as well as some tin foil. I put the fish in the tiffin with my bun, and sat down on the cool smooth boulder. It was almost fully dark; the sun had set far towards the west. All the light I needed came from the crackling fire.

Slowly I took a bite of the perfectly crispy grilled river fish. ‘Delicious,’ I whispered delighted. I gobbled up all five fish, and then took a bite out of my leftover bun, but I was too full to eat more. I jumped up and went to the fire. The warmth of the fire was relaxing, so I wrote a few pages in my journal.

Quietly, sleep crept over me. I took my bag and lazily plonked myself upon the nest of leaves. It was like sinking into a dry pudding, leaves rustling under my weight. It was quite cold and I pulled on my woolly sweater and cuddled among the leaves hugging my bag as if it were a pillow.

As I lay under the bright starry sky I could see the silhouette of the rabbit on the round pearl-silver moon. ‘So it is true,’ I said to myself. My great-grandmother used to tell me about the rabbit on the moon.

Now and again I would hear a hoot from an owl, a jackal’s howl, or the piercing screech of a slender loris from the woods behind. Nearby the chirping crickets, rustling leaves and the gurgles from the river comforted me. Not long after I had entered my snug bed, did I fall into a blissful sleep.

As the night wore on every sound grew quieter and quieter. I slept undisturbed until a high shrill whinny sounded through the night. I woke with a start. The first thing I saw was a powerful streak of lightning. I watched as it shot across the sky, but as it vanished behind the mountains my eyes fell upon a silvery patch lightened by the glowing streams of moonlight.

I, Dawn am getting keener and keener to emerge. Bolts of lightning lighten up the sky now and again. Impossible to ignore, Lightning has been discovered. Engulfed by darkness, I see light.
Another whinny ringed up the silence, as piercing this time. ‘There must be a horse somewhere there,’ I muttered half asleep. ‘But how?’ There are no wild horses anywhere around, and there’s not a farm for miles. Midnight it was. I was sleepy, but I was so curious to see what was lurking about out there. I couldn’t resist it, I had to go and see.

I ran down the hills, my feet skimming the tips of the dewy grass, the chilly night air brushing against my face. I could see the clear silhouette of a horse. Now I was only a few metres away from it. As I came closer I could see sparkling brown eyes peacefully gazing at me around snow-white fur. It was the size of a tall pony, but what was that on its back? Could it be wings?

I blinked. Still, I saw those snow-white wings on its upper back. My heart beat fast as I took a few steps forward, to be sure that I was not imagining anything. This was a winged horse just like Pegasus! But how? Everyone says they don’t exist. Well, maybe I’m the first one to spot one. That made me feel proud, to actually see a mythical creature, as described in books. It felt special.

I couldn’t resist the temptation to touch a winged horse. Cautiously and slowly I placed my hand on it. ‘Lightning, Lightning,’ I repeated. I guess I named her Lightning because it was like a bolt of lightning had brought her to earth. As I stroked her again, she let out a whinny, not of annoyance but of joy. To me it was an invitation to have a ride. My heart felt very light as I jumped up on the furry back. Slowly Lightning took flight up into the starry sky.

I could never have dreamt up anything as glorious as this. It felt like I was galloping on Misty (my favourite horse in my riding school) but not galloping, flying. Lightning sailed high above. I peered through her wings. The faded silhouette of trees looked like Lego on a moonlit carpet. It was an unbearably magical dawn, flying into the sunrise. Lightning gently landed in an uninhabited orchard where a variety of different fruits grew unevenly: apples, cherries, plums, peaches, and litchi.

There were so many fruits and while I was plucking them to my heart’s content, I noticed how satisfied Lightning looked as she stood by a pomegranate, although failing to open the blood red fruit. I helped her. By the brook, I sat munching the fruits. Then I walked to Lightning, who was still chewing the leftovers of the pomegranate peel. I jumped up on her back. She took a few steps forward. Then she stopped, before walking a few more steps, and then I didn’t know what happened. I didn’t think she wanted to do it. I guessed I was putting pressure on her, though I just knew that she wanted to take me for a flight. Maybe she couldn’t!

‘I hope she’s okay’.

As Maple is about to get on Lightning’s back, I think my mother must think that she can take her for a last flight. But when Maple actually is on, Lightning knows the time is coming. She rears up, making me sick from the movement. Her mane sparkles in the sunlight, a true mare. Maple slowly slides down Lightning’s back and lands on her feet.

After Lightning had reared she broke into a Canter and ran off. When she was about 100 meters off, she jerked to a stop. She did a ‘dew drop change of rain’ manoeuvre to change directions, and then deliberately sidestepped, as one would see in dressage, a few steps closer. I laughed. She then broke into a rhythmic trot. A few meters away from me she stopped. I walked to her and gently stroked her face. Then I bent down and hugged her neck. A cold draft of wind brushed against us. I looked and saw a dark grey layer of Nimbostratus. ‘Oh, not today, out of all days,’ I complained because I knew what was coming. I heard thunder rumbling in the distance. This time I was sure that Lightning meant well as she telepathically asked me to get on her back. Instinctively I jumped on.

She took flight into the storm. Rain was crashing down on the ground. We soared to the increasing density of the storm. Lightning struck overhead and thunder roocked the sky. I was scared. Did Lightning know where she was going? We had to find shelter, but nowhere was a safe place to seen; only fields and fields. I cried up to the sky, ‘Rain, stop, please, please.’ The response: a massive bolt of lightning. I had expected a normal eruption of thunder, not this. I almost had a heart attack. The thunder that followed was the loudest I could ever have imagined. I could almost feel it hit the ground. It must have been pretty close. But then, my wish came true.
It was only a five minute rain. The sun was shining again. We were in a completely different place. Not only fields were around us. I thought we were probably somewhere close to where I had camped. I looked around. Yes we definitely were. In the distance I could see the willow falling over the river. Lightning landed exactly at the same place as where I had first met her and I got down from her back. She cantered off. About 100 metres away she stopped and munched some grass. I guessed she needed her space. I telepathically bid her farewell. But I had the feeling it wasn’t a farewell, that I’d meet her again. When I reached the willow tree I saw Lightning, galloping towards me. She stopped by me and nuzzled my head. I giggled, but again, she ran off. Something strange was happening with Lightning. I couldn’t think what. The rest of the day was spent in an awkward way, Lightning appeared and disappeared.

It felt like there had never been a longer day, though I did enjoy myself. I explored the area, the whole place was alive. I saw a colony of bunnies scuttling among the grass, and dragonflies buzzing around a pool of lily-pads, squirrels chasing each other up oak trees, cracking acorns. I was even lucky enough to see a doe and her fawns sipping the water out of a stream of wonder. And nothing had been the slightest bit disturbed by my presence. I did notice the beauty, but I was with Lightning.

As dusk began to fall I sat by the willow, dipping my feet in the river and my mind deep in thought. At home no one would be worrying about me, which made a lump form in my throat.

'I will stay for just one more night,' I thought. As I looked upon the mountains I saw a speck flying away, towards the sunset.

I gathered a few logs and twigs and let the fire strengthen. The stars were out. I ate my bun. As I sat there I held the fire in my eyes. *Something is going to happen, I know it!*

‘Another night in the wilderness,’ I thought, sensing the mystery. As I lay down, alone against the world I listened to the chorus of the night creatures and no longer felt so alone. But soon I fell asleep.

*Star, the stallion, galloped across the night. It was happening right now, he knew it - he had to be on time. Panting he took flight, his mane flying in the breeze like a true stallion. Heart beating fast he repeated in his mind, 'I won't, I have to be there, I can't fail her, I can't fail my mare!' and he whinnied.*

With a jolt I awoke. My dream was calling me, ‘it is true.’

I ran like never before my feet skimming only the tips of the dewy grass. My heart beating fast, I repeated in my mind, ‘I won’t, I can’t, I have to be on time, I can’t fail Lightning, Lightning, Lightning.’

I don’t know for how long I was running, but I finally reached a small clearing surrounded with blooming silver birch trees gently swaying in the wind. There stood Lightning, her snow-white fur glistening with the light of the moon resting full among the stars. By her stood a tall handsome stallion and between them stood a foal. Instinctively, I guessed that Lightning had given birth. Her filly was about two feet tall, with a lustrous silver coat and the same hazel-brown gaze as her mother now resting confidently on me. Like all of them she had the magnificent wings of Pegasus.

There I stood in front of them, muscles aching, sweat dripping, but I felt tranquil and serene. Lightning stepped forward and nuzzled my arm. I hugged her. I dashed to Dawn which I felt was her name and I hugged the foal, burying my face deeper and deeper in her fur. Tears of joy streamed down my face. Star, the father stallion, let out a whinny. Loud and shrill it echoed through the night, not of annoyance but of joy. To me it was an invitation to take a ride. I jumped on Star’s back and we took flight. Lightning soared up into the sky too, together with Dawn.

*Together we sailed over the moon*

‘Never mind Jerald and all that,’ I thought.
My name is Madilen and I live in the Amazons rain forest. My family lives with me. I have not travelled at all so I want to go somewhere free and faraway to explore. I wanted to go somewhere since I was three years old. On my 12th birthday I was allowed to go and so I went. It took very long but finally all I could see was sea. I thought that I was in the South Atlantic Ocean. It looked beautiful. The sun was setting. And then I saw Africa, and there was a big storm. Suddenly it grew dark. I woke up and I was in Australia. And I thought if I look I can make bubbles and I could. Bubbles were passing by and I happily jumped into one. It took me to Crozet island. There, I took another bubble and it took me to Madagascar. I wanted to make sure that’s where I was and I asked a peasant. He said, “This is in Madagascar”. So I took a Small Kayak and I went on and on and then I finally saw Reunion. I was wondering why it is called Reunion and thought that maybe it was because it was conquered by the French a long time ago.

Once upon a time there was a family of unicorns who lived in a cave in Egypt. In the cave there were crystals. We can eat cactuses. In the morning we go looking for food. We take care of our foals. My name is Molly and my little sister is called Hailey. It’s cold in the cave. And it’s hot in the desert. I wanted to go to Mauritius with my little sister. I took her and some crystals with me. The next morning, early, we started our trip. It was hot but not as hot in the summer. We were thirsty so I felt for the river underground. We stopped and drank water. Soon it was lunchtime. Me and my sister found a place to rest. We had a nap and when I woke up it was evening but Hailey was still sleeping so I went to find food. After I came back with food, Hailey woke up. Then we had dinner and soon went to sleep again. The next morning we walked and walked until finally we arrived in Mauritius.

Lure Fishing

By Tomas, age 10

Lure fishing is when you trick the fish with fake bait, i.e. a lure.

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<td>Top water lure. Top water lure come in many shapes and sizes. Top water lure are often made with wood or plastic. A top water lure is a lure that floats on the water.</td>
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What lure, what fish?

Pike: Heddon Rattlin spook, Booyah pikee, Blue fox super bou baits.(source: outdoorlife.com)

Perch: Soft plastic, spoons, lip lure and more small lure.

Zander: Spoons, swim baits, soft plastic and live baits.

Chub: Small lure and Maggots.

Tackle

Tackle is also known as gear. This is some of the most important gear with my
preference:

- Hooks: For lure fishing, I mostly use jig-head hooks with soft plastic for the lure. I use normal hooks for drop-shot fishing, because then I don't need the weight of the jig-head hook.

- Rods and reels: I normally use a Bait-Carsten rod for lure fishing. Often I use a seven foot rod.

- Pliers: I use normal fishing pliers. The pliers are used to take the hook out of the fish's mouth.

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**The Iceberg**

*By Oliver, age 7*

I have been on this iceberg for 15 years, the story begins.

"An island, an island!" It was not long before I reached the island. On the island, I set up camp and looked at the map. The island wasn't there. I thought about my history class. The island sank but it came up again.

On the island I saw a banana mouse. It looked like a mouse with a banana nose. I saw plants that ate animals. I saw a snake that climbed up my leg. I ran. It bit me. Luckily it wasn't venomous. It was getting dark. I went to sleep.

I woke up. I heard a sound. I walked to where I heard the sound. I saw aliens. I saw a cat. The aliens put an injection into the cat. The cat turned into a fighter cat.

Seven years later: I was on a rocket. The rocket was out of control. The aliens got burnt by the sun. Luckily I survived.

One year later: I am on earth. It was the future. I saw time machines. I saw robots... I got into the time machine. I ended up on the iceberg.
The Sailing Trip

By Tzur, age 8

My name is Squirt Grong and I am an advanced parkourist. When I was five my family left on a sailing boat and left me and my two brothers behind with my cat. In the morning at three o’clock my brothers woke me up and said to come, so I came and understood everything. We were stealing a boat and going on a sailing trip. We also of course took some luggage: a scuba diving kit, spears and a fishing net and we took the boat and went.

After two weeks we reached an island. It was a really small island. It had no animals except birds and five coconut trees. We had no worry to set up camp because there were no dangerous animals. So we set up camp and collected fire wood and lit a fire with a flint and steel. Then we went to sleep around the fire.

In the morning our boat was gone but we found one of the spears and a lot of rope so we chucked the rope around the tree top and tied the two ends and climbed up and then we got six coconuts. Then I put on my scuba diving kit and I took my spear and caught fish. I saw an anchor. I went deeper and found our boat. I saw an egg and I brought it up and ran to my brothers. I couldn’t find them. Then I saw a Sheepee and it was charging at me. I took the fish and placed it in front of it. The Sheepee ate the fish and walked towards me. It started putting its fur on my legs like a cat.

15 years later:

I live in Antarctica and I am going to a village. I have a map and I am 1025 kilometres away from the village. My friend is in the village. I am on my Sheepee running towards the village. In the night I am eating my dinner but when I am going to sleep I don’t find my Sheepee. I see blood and bones. I follow them and from afar I see a snow leopard. It is a cub. I pick it up and start walking. I give him the Sheepee before that I take all the fur off the Sheepee. The snow leopard eats it up. We go to sleep.

In the morning I start to ride on the snow leopard. I manage and he runs really fast. This leopard goes as fast as a car. I look at my map and think, ‘Oh my God, we have another 100 kilometres to go! I think I am going to call my snow leopard Slap Dash. Yes, I am Squirt Grong. I think we are going to get to the village today because it’s morning so we have the full day.

We are having a lunch break but I am having it on my leopard because I want to reach the village as fast as I can. I am eating some snow??? I see the village and then I see a house with someone standing on it. A parkourist! After five minutes I reach the village. I tie my snow leopard to a pillar. Then I start jumping on the houses. I did not do this since a long time. And I am happy.

TAS, Agent 5

By classified, age classified

Because I was being chased and had no other choice but to jump off the cliff, I ran full speed towards it. Heart racing, breath shortening!

As the cliff got closer I decided to jump. My feet left the ground. My head peeked over the cliff. I thought I was going to die. Out of instinct I took a breath. My feet crashed into the water followed by the rest of my body. Unlike what I had thought, the ocean floor was not full of wrecked ships and sharks, but full of colourful coral and fish. It was so amazing I forgot I had to breathe and almost drowned!

This is how I escaped the Night-crawlers and failed my mission. When I got back to HQ I was given a new ID and sent on a new mission, code named (BLACK NIGHT).This mission was classified and top secret so I couldn’t tell anyone, but I had no one to tell anyway. I have no friends. Some would say that’s sad, but I think it’s good because no one can get in my way. I had to find a place to stay overnight. I found a hotel and booked a room. I left my bags that had my clothes in them and took my brief case. Then I went to dinner.

When I went to pay the receptionist, she said “how was your dinner agent 5?” It was then that I realised that she was an agent too. I whispered “don’t talk about that here, are you stupid?” I paid and walked out.
The second I got out someone stabbed me. But as an agent I had Kevlar armour under my skin and the knife did nothing. I pulled out my gun and put a bullet in his brain. He fell to the ground like a dead man, because he was. Someone who witnessed the incident called the police but I climbed up a building and got away! After one hour I got back to my room and saw a letter, which read “you will pay for killing my man.” I did a finger scan on the letter and found finger prints. I sent the finger prints to HQ and asked if we had a match. They answered immediately, “Yes those finger prints match agent 27, why?” I just answered “never mind”, and went to sleep.

The next day I went to the same restaurant and shot agent 27 but it did nothing. She shot me back and it didn’t do anything either. I ran towards her and broke her neck and her spine in six different places. After obliterating her, I searched her and found a letter that had Night-crawlers on the front of the letter. The letter said “The nuke is at 2946 12846 8351 it will go off in one day.” But I couldn’t tell HQ because I had just killed one of their agents, and so I had to do this myself. I got in my car and drove towards the coordinates. When I arrived I realised that I had been there before. It was where I failed my mission when I jumped into the water and looked for the nuke.

I found and disarmed the nuke and took all the evidence to HQ. I said, “I know I killed an agent but she was a double agent.” Agent 1, the boss of TAS (Top Agent Society) said “I know you did good. You don’t have any more missions for the next month.” I replied: “Nah, I want to do another mission.” And well, that story is for another day, Joshua and Malik.
Moody and Smiley – find the star! (Answers at the bottom of the page)

By Mael, age 14

The star is hidden:

1) Between Moody’s feet, 2) On top of Smiley’s head 3) Behind Moody’s left shoulder.