

Year Eight Winners

First Prize

Interview with a fairy

By Holly Wood-Burgess

The golden Welsh sun blares through my window whilst some magical music plays. I lean over to check if it is my alarm clock, but it is not. My clock has obviously turned off in the night because the time reads 2:00; I believe that is actually around 6:00. When I turn around I see my mum standing of front of the door holding a delicious stack of fresh pancakes.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!” she shouts at the top of her lungs.

“Thanks Mum!” I exclaim. We exchange hugs and I hop out of bed when abruptly the sweet music becomes louder, it is almost as if it is calling me toward the backyard where the music seems to be coming from. Then out of the blue my feet draw my body towards the door. Then the next thing I know I am speeding at a high pace downstairs and into the kitchen. The smell from my pancakes almost stops my feet because I can hear my own stomach growling. But then I pick up pace again and then I am standing in my front yard, where I’m sure all the whole of England can see my blue and grey shirt and pants.

I look down and see that then is an unexpected appearance of toadstools at my feet. I lean down and take a closer look toward the shrooms. They are as shiny as a freshly waxed apple and they are the size of a small shoe. They are red and white in colour and they have an interesting smell. They smell as bad as your brother’s socks after footy training! The beautiful music continues to play as I stand rather close to the ring of toadstools. The music pounds in my head and I suddenly feel sleepy. I am hurriedly woken up by my mother though who is now standing right next to me. “Don’t fall for the Fairy spell!” she yells in my ear. The fairy spell!? Is this really happening? The music keeps on banging in my head and I reach forward and lightly touch one on the toadstools and then I am falling through the green grass in the ground.

“Ahhhhhh!” I screech but no noise comes from my mouth. “MUM...” I can’t see the garden anymore, because all I can see is white and then my vision faints into nothing. “Where am I?” I ask the sky. I can see green everywhere: green grass, green trees and green bushes and green clothes. Good Gracious! This place is a giant green ghostly garden filled with green goblins. I can now see little hands moving around doing what looks like tortuous work. It is like a hot jungle and I feel like melting because it is at least 40°C. I can see one of the creatures getting closer to me and I can see its ugly face. It has pimples all over its face and it is sweaty like it has been working all its life. I can also see a female creature next to him. She is looks tired but she also looks surprisingly lovely with her several locks of golden hair. They hold hands together and walk past me. That’s when I remember what my mother had said to me; they must be fairies!!

“Excuse me,” I ask in a very polite voice, “would you two lovely people be Fairies perhaps?”

“Why of course we are,” the female replies, “we are the toiler fairies.”

“Do you mind if I ask you some questions?” I ask her, hoping to find out how to get back to the human race, “I would be interested in your story.”

“Of course,” the female fairy answers.

We seat ourselves down on some very green leaves that are put in a little trail. Everything here is green and very dull. I begin my first question which I direct towards the male with the green pimples. I quickly grab a green leaf and prepare to scribble down some notes on what he tells me with a stick. “So, what does ‘toiler fairies’ mean?” I ask him with a quiet voice.

“It means that we work day and night to please the king and queen,” he replies.

“Oh,” I sigh, “so who are the king and Queen?”

“They are mean cruel people named King Oberon and Queen Titania,” he is really whispering now, he is probably afraid of them hearing.

“But the books my annoying sister owns say that fairies are always nice and happy! You don’t seem happy at all and that king and queen don’t sound like nice happy people either!” I bark.

“Well would you be happy if you had to work every day of your life wanting to get out of fairyland!”

“Wait a second,” I say, “FAIRYLAND????!!!”

“Yes that’s right,” the female explains, “You are a human that has come to fairy land.”

“Where are you from then?” I continued with the interview.

“We are goblins from Goblin land,” The male fairy explains.

“But you said you were fairies!!” I protested towards them.

“Yes, but just like you; we are all fairies whilst we are in Fairyland!” they explained together.

“That explains why you don’t have wings!” I exclaim, hoping to cheer up the mood.

“Well, actually NO toiler fairies have wings! That is just a silly myth that those writers have created. Toiler fairies can’t fly- that’s absurd! We are not allowed to, but all the higher class fairies can.”

“Okay, would you please explain what the different classes are then?” I ask, still trying to find out more about getting back to the human race.

“Well, there are actually four types of fairies,” the female Fairy went on, “There are the obvious one-us, the Toiler Fairies, then the magical fairies, they’re the ones you would have been talking about before in the stories, and there are the Trooper Fairies who look after the fairy graves and the King and Queen’s palace. And then there are the Solitary Fairies, who protect the fairy gold and watch the forests for intruders.” She finishes her talk with a long breath.

“What kind of intruders?” I ask, suddenly beginning to get scared.

“Well, you see there are several beasts around fairy land, like the werewolf,” The male fairy says.

“So what is it attracted too?” I ask, shivering.

“Well, it likes to try and steal our gold you see, that’s why we have to have the Solitary Fairies.”

“Right, so it’s not a worry then?” I question him again and scribble down more information on my leaf.

“Well, pretty much, yes.” The male replies.

“Is there anything to eat around here?” I ask, my stomach beginning to grumble as I remembered that I didn’t have breakfast this morning.

“Yes, there is a little Café down the trail a bit; how about we walk.”

As we walk slowly down the now clearer path of green leaves and sticks I ask another question: “So, what exactly do you eat around here?” I gruffly indicated, because I’m getting very peckish now and I would like a good meal.

“Well, we eat a lot of fruits and nuts because they are grown here,” the female states in a soft voice.

“I don’t care about fruit!” I wail at them, “I want meat!” I yell.

They gasp and stare wide eyed at me, “NO! Absolutely NO! You are forbidden to speak of the thing here in Fairyland!”

“Why?” I whisper quietly.

“Because the queen banned it years and years ago, you are not allowed to eat meat she decreed. You see the redness of meat reminds her and us fairies of blood. And fairies don’t like blood! It reminds us of the werewolves and you know that we don’t like werewolves.” The female fairy is now jumping up and down like she is angry at me for mentioning meat. The male fairy still just stares at me in shock with his green mouth wide open.

“Sorry” I answer trying to sound very apologetic.

“Forget about it, just don’t mention it again!” the male replies.

“Okay, so what else is part of your diet?” I inquire, still trying to find something good to eat.

“We like to have treats sometimes.”

“Yes?!” I grinned, suddenly feeling hopeful for a good breakfast, “Eggs? Juice? Something?” I continued.

“No, none of that silly human food, we have milk and honey!” they are both laughing and dancing again now.

“Cool,” I answer very unenthusiastically. “I feel like this is going to be a very long day!” I whisper to myself. We continue to walk the windy path. A cool breeze flushes past my legs and I feel a brief shiver down my spine. We end up at the end of the path and walk down a short lane.

“Not long now,” the female states.

“Good, because I’m still starving.” I reply to the fairies.

We walk at a speedy pace down the lane and we end up in front of what looks like a café. We sit down on some comfy chairs and order some food. I order everything on the list-

because food here is free. The fairies inform me that “The only reason the food is free is because we have to collect it from the deep forest!”

“Where is the deep forest?” I ask.

“It is located on the other side of the woods. It is a sad place because everyone there is worked over time and they are all tired and sad.”

“So how can I return to fairyland?” I inquire.

“Well, you have to get permission from the Queen to leave. And that’s pretty hard! She only ever considers letting other creatures to leave to return to their homelands when either two fairies are in love or if you have worked for a very long time. But even then you have to plead to her and the king then gets the second say.” The male fairy states with a very loud sigh.

“That’s why we have been here for so long.” The female adds munching on a large yellow peach.

“So, there is no way that I can really get back is there?” I ask them both.

“Well, I would consider taking a break here for a while; you properly won’t be let out of here.” The mood in the forest all of a sudden seems glum and sad.

“Okay” I say to them.

We walk back down the path back towards the place I came from. Then all of a sudden out of the dark skies I can hear a sudden cry. I look up and turn towards the fairies that are now dancing about and singing. “It’s break time again!!” they yell at me come and dance. The siren of some sorts becomes louder and all the fairies come rushing from the woods. They are of all shapes and sizes; some like me who are obviously humans and some like the goblins I have just met. There are lovely looking ones like the female fairy and some green ugly ones like the male goblin. They all join hands and dance about and I join in. Even the trees seem to dance about and whisper to each around us. We all join in into several dances that suddenly my feet know how to dance to. I decide that maybe it won’t be too bad to live in fairyland. I will have my friends with me and I can enjoy these breaks.

I lean over and talk to the female fairy, “Thank you for letting me ask you so many questions. I’m sorry if I was hassling you.”

“Oh, no, no it was a great pleasure to talk with a human fairy. They don’t usually talk to us goblin fairies.” She replies with a smile.

Then I lean over next to me and say to the male fairy: “Thanks, for the answers to my questions, you’re a very helpful fairy.”

“My pleasure, my friend” he replies with a strong handshake.

“Thank you for all your time, my new friends. I find that now with you two as company in fairyland I will enjoy my time. Besides the fact that we have to do labour for the King and Queen, I will have a good time talking with you and getting to know you more.” I exclaim to the both of the fairies.

We continue to dance and sing into the night and enjoy the rest from the king and queen. As much as I will miss my lovely home in England I will find happiness here.

Second Prize

The First Story

By Emily Kinross-Smith

There was once a planet, watched over by a sun and a moon. The planet had many siblings all with their own moons, but this planet was special. It had something only one of its siblings shared, the ability to host life. After a few years of having life on earth things began to adapt and evolve, forming bigger things. Everything changed and everything died, even though they all thought that after all this time they had become a permanent fixture. Some stayed longer than others, some didn't stay long at all, some were forgotten and some never even existed, but the earth spun on.

Some species were known by others and everything was held in perfect balance. Life on earth was nomadic so the earth didn't mind and it spun on.

Earth was sometimes a sad place because death was everywhere. So like everything does, the Earth cried. But after every ending there is a new beginning. The tears of the earth created more room for growth and in many places relief from the heat.

As Earth began to grow up, so did the creatures living on it. They were more vicious and wanted more and more but this didn't affect the Earth, so like everything else it passed.

On earth whole lands moved, places that were once rainforests turned into tundra, but things were all very slow so nobody even noticed the change. And the Earth spun on.

But one day maybe the sun and moon looked away and the Earth lost its focus, because there evolved a parasite to life on Earth, it was a threat to the harmony of the planet. At first it wasn't so bad, these life forms known as humans were like any other creature, they took what they needed, making sure to leave enough behind, then moved on. So the Earth spun on.

For many years the humans like any other species evolved and adapted and moved on, until one day they stopped. The day it all began. The earth knew that one day the humans would destroy themselves, as was their nature, but what the earth didn't know was that they might take all other life with them. The Earth began to cry less frequently because it had run out of tears. The people had no water and since they were no longer nomadic they changed the Earth. They stuck pins down under the Earth's surface and took their water from there, when they became cold they cut down rainforests and woodlands to burn. On the empty land they planted grass for 'their' animals to eat. The sun and the moon tried warning the earth by flashing red in the night sky, but it was no good. Earth was too kind and it didn't want to let go of the humans just yet, so it spun on.

The Earth's mountains crumbled from erosion, its surfaces were breached by drills, its lakes and rivers were polluted by chemicals and waste and its skies were ripped apart. Nothing was safe, heat could no longer escape, water could only flow into the polluted sea, ice melted, rocks fell, Earth's beloved animals were dying each day, species by species, no longer able to cope with the wrath of the unrelenting humans. Earth's lungs were cut down where they stood for comfort and 'necessities' such as paper. Electricity was no longer found in the sky but inside the dwellings of the beasts, tamed into small prisons, and slowly the Earth's resources ran out.

We are not the only things on earth and it's not supposed to be solely our responsibility, we have just made it that way. We take what we want, what we think is ours. We consume more and more and more. We rely on other members of the animal kingdom to do our dirty work and be our entertainment, while we go shopping, make movies, test bombs, kill each other, start fires, drive cars, plan trips, worry about what patch of earth belongs to who, buy phones, internet, brand-named items, prisons, smell like parts of dead whale(yes that's what's in perfume), build swimming pools, roads, factories, bridges, we eat junk, we are polluting ourselves. But like many species before us, we will pass; maybe not today, or tomorrow, or the next day, but scientist estimate we have ten years to change before our natural recourses will have run out completely. If we do not act now then life in the universe may just be a passing phase.