

Dear Year 7 and Year 8,

I hope that you are all safe and well.



I am really pleased to finally be able to announce the winners and runners up of the 2020 Oldbury Wells Creative writing competition which you entered earlier in the year. I am very sorry it has taken so long to get to this stage, but the school closure has meant it has been difficult to finalise the winners and runners up!

The school governors have kindly taken the time to select the winners and runners up in each year group. They and I were extremely impressed by the quality of the entries and would like to say very well done to everyone who entered this year!

Please scroll through to see the results. I will do my very best to get prizes delivered our winners and runners up.

Best Regards

Mr Williams

Year 7 Results

1st Prize – Amazon Kindle

2nd Prize – Art Set

3rd Prize – A sweet treat

Year 7 Creative Writing

Monty Key 7JCO

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A EURO COIN

It was early. I felt the z... on up and a b... around the coins.
...sped tightly... other...

3rd Place – Monty Key
7JCO

would r... ken
popula...

There were lights flashing... where, children sway... from side to side on
miniature motorbikes and... and lots of noise. I was put into a cup with lots of
other coins and I was at the top! He picked me up and squeezed me into a
small tight slot in a machine, pressed a couple of buttons and BANG I was off! I

Year 7 Creative Writing

Nell Walsh 7RMC

The journey of a £1 coin

ARGGGHHH! That was a hard landing! Oh, another pitch black coinbox, I wonder if I'll be stuck in here for? Ouch, I just can't dodge all these things, I

2nd Place – Nell Walsh

safe

DING! I know it was my turn, yet although I should be comfortable.

DINNNGGGGG, where am I going? It looks like I'm going into a pocket.

BEEP!! I think I can hear traffic, at least I'm finally out of the arcade. It

Year 7 Creative Writing

Dreams can come true

112! Only a treble 20, single 20 and double 16 and I'd won. I threw my darts and they landed exactly where I wanted them. The crowd cheered and I could hear my name being called. I was the star of the show. I was the one who was looking forward to the next day. I was the one who was looking forward to the next day.

1st Place – Maisie Rollings
7JCO

annoyed I was. "Oh you know as well as I do. I could feel myself getting hot. My temper was rising. "Why can't I play what you call 'darts' sport if I win. I was shouted, everyone turning to stare at me. Annoyingly, I agreed with Dexter. I didn't want to. Turning around, I fled back out of the school gates towards home.

I opened the front door and my mum looked up from the kitchen table, that knowing look

Year 8 Results

1st Prize – Amazon Kindle

2nd Prize – Art Set

3rd Prize – A sweet treat

Year 8 Creative Writing

One Pound's big day out

Max Buckley 8JXD

Once upon a time a man picked up a British pound with the queen's head on it, it was a bit dirty and he carried it in his hand but he dropped the pound coin in a river and the water was very fast and very cold and it moved the pound coin into a fishing spot and a fish ate the pound coin.

A man was fishing a Trout to hold of his line, he struggled with the line almost broke but he was able to get his net, he killed the Trout and found a pound coin inside of it. He sold it at a fishing shop.

The shop had to close early so the man was so happy he had the coin.

3rd Place – Max Buckley
8JXD

The boy who had the coin went to the bank to get it changed. He had to wait for a long time but he got it changed. He then went to the bank to get it changed. He had to wait for a long time but he got it changed. He then went to the bank to get it changed.

The pound coin got kicked around for half an hour until it was kicked near Buckingham Palace walls, a soldier collected the coin and carried it to his tree and tried to crack it open, but he couldn't. He dropped it over the wall of Buckingham Palace. The queen was pulling weeds out of the garden when the pound coin landed in the dirt head side up, the queen walked over and said "look Phillip, a very small mirror."

Year 8 Creative Writing

The kidnapping

They're back already. I can hear them as they stroll closer-watching me. I raise my quivering head, utterly petrified. These people are different from anyone I have ever seen. They are not brutish and thug like, but not friendly and welcoming. They are calculating. These people have a new level of fear; a chill that creeps down my spine. They approach me with calculating steps. I can see the fear in their eyes. In the dim light of the room, I can only wonder who they are. The person I was taken from seemed so familiar, but now I don't know who they are. I don't know my knowledge.

2nd Place – Flynn Summerby
8CD

As I sleep I realise I have been sent here. I had been told that I was being kidnapped and my family had become worried about me. I couldn't have been kidnapped. I had been with them for the entirety of our journey. I couldn't have been here for several hours. At this point I realised I had been kidnapped. I was hysterical. It's just the vets, what the worst they could do.

As I wake I am lying on a table, and as I look up can see several familiar faces smiling at me and I realise that I am staring at my family. One with my lead in hand. I hope this means I can go home soon.

Flynn Summerby 8CD

Year 8 Creative Writing

Thomas Wenham 8SCK

500 Word story

One hundred days. One hundred days since he arrived on the north
end of the small desert island, his prison. One hundred days since he still had no
collection of words to write about the island.

**1st Place – Thomas Wenham
8SCK**

One time he had seen a ship was nearly
the curve of the earth. He watched it go slow way over
It would not come. He had seen thousands of ships. They had come, to make a signal.
one? He vaguely remembered the first ship he saw. It was only a small boat but he had
thought there was hope. It came around, waving and shouting – and even lit a signal fire. His
heart had broken when it went away. So, he decided it wasn't worth the trouble getting excited,
just to see his hope sail away over the horizon. Forcing himself to return to the present, he
climbed down and went back to his camp, ignoring the cheerful tweeting of the birds.

But as he sat down by the lake, he began to feel slightly different. He noticed how the joyful
cheeping of the birds was not irritating and annoying anymore – but welcome. The island