

A Newspaper Report

Sweet Murder

In the early hours of the morning, police cars were busy rushing to Denmark Road. There had been a tragic murder. Mrs Johan White was a lovely caring housekeeper of Doreinsil Manor. The owner of the manor, Mrs Arabella Pecak, had a taste of money and champagne. She lived with her husband Colonel Pecok who had served in the Turkish war.

Mrs Pecok had a secret. She was hiding Mrs Johan's white daughter and husband, Peter and Meridith White. It was a suspected murder and body was found in the cellar of the Victorian manor. It was said that at 9:00 am yesterday, a fire alarm went off. Whilst everyone (the servants, the house keeper and Mrs White) rushed out, the Colonel and Mrs Pecok were not seen. Despite all of the events, the local police have told the press that there is more reason behind this murder.

Inside the manor was a cellar, the lounge, the dining and the games room. On the 2nd floor were the bedrooms and the 3rd floors were servant chambers. No-one knew that there was a cellar underneath the house. Mrs White quoted, 'I heard someone screaming then someone laughing. As I turned, there stood a girl about 12 looking at me, her clothes too small for her and she had twinkling, blue eyes I turned away and she disappeared.'

The police found the girl in the gardens behind the manor. She told them her name was Meredith White, Mrs White's long lost daughter. She lead them into the house and then down some stairs. Behind the lounge it was as if there was another house. The police think that Mrs Pecok was the one who might have decorated the cellar with her contrasts of dark red. Until they reached the bottom of the stairs they found a broken glass, a candle holder, two ropes and a knie. However, in the corner of the room was a man about in his 40s. His face was pale white and in his hand was a photo of Mrs White holding a young girl. In addition to this it is thought that the girl is Mrs White's long lost daughter.

The accused (Mrs Pecok and Colonel Pecok) have been sent to court on a murder description and Mrs White is going to be reunited with her daughter after 5 years of not meeting. It was and still us a mystery who killed Mrs White.

Written by Shulammitte Lygoba
Whitehall Junior School

A Story

It has been a few years now and I was still the village elder. Crops were growing, farmers were succeeding, it seemed that our team was living happily ever after, even though sometimes things didn't quite work out. One gloomy, dark, rainy day, a boy named Den, who was a five year old boy, disappeared and left only a tiny footprint to be seen. Despite everyone's hard work, Den was nowhere to be seen. We were all crying in distress until a 10 year old girl who's name was Molly was Molly, said she saw footprints heading towards the mysterious woods.

I looked everywhere, up and down, left and right. He was no-where to be seen. I was slowly walking back to the crying village thinking about what I would say when I got back. I had no idea where the deep dark never ending woods were even though I am sure Molly knew where it was but was too scared to show me. While I was sitting on a huge, rough rock, I wept so much that I nearly made a puddle of tears. I was just going to walk back home when I heard a shirek,

"Ahhhh! Help me. Oh please."

I had a feeling that the deep, dark unknown woods on top of that rocky, steep dangerous mountain. I was so frightened that I didn't want to go up there but I remembered the strangers wise words,

"Where there is a will, there is a way."

I couldn't give up, even though I was afraid.

While I was strolling up the mountain, I was keeping an eye on the mountain just in case the ogre came out. As soon as I reached the top of the mountain, I could see an exquisite view of our town. I stopped gazing at the view and sprinted into the deep, dark woods. I found the ogre tucking into a brown squirrel. I tripped on a branch and tried to hide but it was late. He growled at me and started to chase me. I tripped over his stinky feet and fell to the floor. He stomped his feet and ran to me. He was just about to jump on me when he was distracted by a tiny brown squirrel scattering across the gargantuan woods. Straight away, the ogre sprinted after the poor squirrel.

As soon as the ogre went, I picked up a sharp branch that was as sharp as an iceberg. I sprinted after the ogre all around the woods until he caught the squirrel. I jumped on his fur, full of fleas, and used the sharp branch to pierce through under his chin. He was dead. I struggled through branches until I found Den hiding in the berry bush.

"Oh mai-ling, you saved me, thank you so much!" cried Den.

I carried Den all the way home. Everyone cheered and we had a Chinese party.

A few years later, a big grizzly bear moved in to the mountain. How am I supposed to kill a bear? Then I remembered, 'Where there is a will, there is a way!'

Written by Maya
Whitehall Junior School

A Diary Entry

Dear Diary

Will the curse of the fog ever lift? What have I become? I'm breaking the law and I'm a thief! I wish I could go home and have everything back to normal. What if I never make it to John? What if it's too late?

A bunch of mixed feelings are inside me. I feel demotivated at myself for not staying at war and getting the money that I need. I feel thankful that I am trying to see him while I get food to turn my weakness into strength from Marcel and Coco.

Write again soon

A Biography

Jeremy Strong

Jeremy strong was born November 18th 1999 and fell out of an upstairs window at three years old, landing on his head first! He is a well known children's author and has made many award winning books such as: 'Beware', 'Killer tomato', 'STUFF' and finally 'The hundred mile and hour dog'.

Childhood:

Jeremy Strong has always had a unique sense of humour and has done many odd things as a child such as: 'when he was little he broke his sweet wrapper up and though it was in the bin he said, "The sweet wrapper in the bin on its own would get lonely!" he was educated at Wyborne Primary school and then Haberdashers' Askes.

Family:

Jeremy Strong lives with his second wife, Callie, her two children and his cat Jeeves. His family and he today live in Bradford-on Thames, near Bath.

Development:

When Jeremy was fully educated, he went to university to study English. To earn his money, he got a job in a bakery, stuffing jam into the doughnuts. When he wasn't at work, he was writing stories. He was training as a teacher and made it to be a primary school teacher and stopped writing for adults and started writing for children and became a successful writer.

Written by Eisha
Whitehall Junior School

A Letter

Dear Denton United,

I am exhilarated to discover that you are going to build a new football stadium in Denton. This building is going to change Denton, which has previously been a dull place, into a better place.

The main reason I am so delighted about this construction is because most of the stadiums I have been to, not including Denton, do not have internet access so that while my Dad is screaming his head off, I can play Candy Crush!

The second reason I am thrilled about the building is because if you don't like football (like me) then you can sing along with one direction (I'm a big fan).

I would like to thank you once again for deciding to build a new stadium and look forward to it opening.

Yours Sincerely
Maya

Written by Maya
Whitehall Junior School