

# *The Voices of Victory*



WRITINGS FROM  
THE CREW

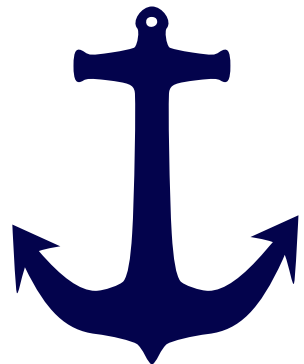


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## **'Daisy' - Belle**

When I was young,  
my paws took me miles and  
my eyes saw the world.  
My nose hastily tasted the woods,  
my ears flapped in the breeze  
and my tongue enjoyed  
the salty taste of chips,  
but time went on and  
I got old,  
my paws could barely walk and  
my eyes rarely saw outside.  
My nose didn't go to the woods anymore,  
my ears never felt the breeze  
and my tongue only ever tasted  
the dry, bland food for dogs  
and now  
my paws don't hurt,  
my eyes watch down on my family.  
My nose catches every little smell,  
my ears are always flying  
and my tongue tastes  
everything I can dream of,  
I'm happy here,



## 'Autumn' - Lucy

Orange leaves,  
Yellow too,  
Falling down,  
To hit the floor.

Days get shorter,  
Nights get longer,  
It gets colder,  
And rain starts to fall.

Crisp winds whisper,  
Branches bare,  
Pumpkin patches,  
Harvests share.

Golden sunsets,  
Misty dawns,  
Nature's farewell,  
'Till spring comes on.

Red and brown,  
Blanket the ground,  
Squirrels scurry,  
Gathering round.

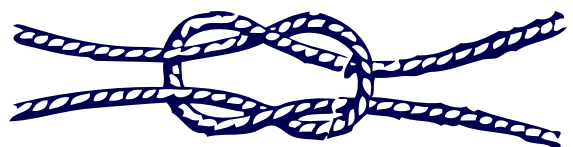
Fires crackle,  
Warmth we seek,  
Autumn's charm,  
Soft and meek.

People dress,  
In scary clothes,  
As Halloween,  
Comes and goes.

Witches and vampires,  
Stalk the night,  
Trick or treating,  
Giving people a fright.

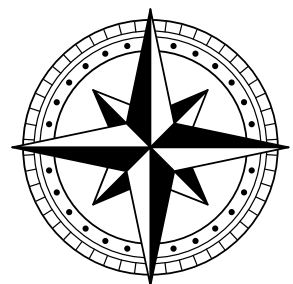
Now Autumn is over,  
As it starts to snow,  
Jingle bells play,  
And people say hohoho.

Though autumn has gone,  
It will come back to haunt,  
As the rain falls in summer,  
It will come back to taunt.



## **'Thoughts' - Yvaine**

He climbs and he crawls,  
He whispers and calls,  
You may think he's ugly,  
But he's just your negative thoughts.



## **'Pointless Remembrance' - Belle**

Let's give up 2 minutes of our life.

Let's give it up, every year

for a guy, named Joseph.

Or was it Josh? James? Jackson

It doesn't matter. They're dead

yet we still try to celebrate 'peace'.

That's what they aimed for,

Right?

They gave it to us on a silver platter,

we shoved it in their face.

Mocked them. Laughed at them

thought that would be it,

thought that it was over.

War. Overlapping war. Overlapping war.

Wrong! We were so very wrong.

Why waste the same 2 minutes,

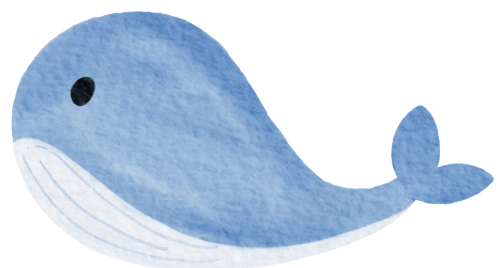
if it never worked in the past.

Maybe in the future, we should listen to the past



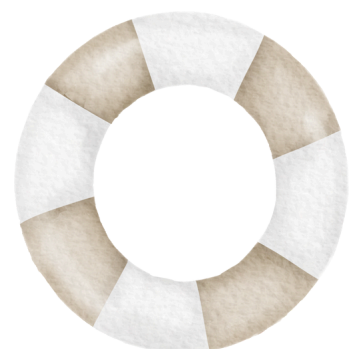
## **'Late Nighter'- Josh**

Late in the night,  
A group of friends  
were getting some food  
and having a night out.  
They were having a good time,  
and it was great! By now, it was 10 at night.  
Some wanted to get a bit rowdy, others wanted to go  
to an arcade.  
So they split up.  
The ones who wanted to get a bit crazy,  
and the ones who wanted to game.  
The gamers had a great time,  
but the crazy ones got in trouble.  
They went too far.  
They got arrested.  
So there's a lesson!  
If you wanna get rowdy,  
keep it moderated.  
NOW GO TO BED!



## **'Blooming Beauty' - Harriet**

Shadows dance beneath the trees,  
Leaves fall,  
Roots of strength,  
Branches of might,  
Standing tall, through every day,  
Shaded by love,  
Rooted in time,  
Growing strong,  
Reaching high,  
Leafy laughter in the breeze,  
Trunk of heart, roots of time,  
Dancing leaves, a gentle lull,  
Sheltered beneath, calm and hush,  
Reaching skyward, grounded deep,  
Bark of wisdom, leaves of gold,  
Roots in earth, heart in sky,  
Shadows stretch, wisdom keeps,  
Seasons change, roots remain,  
Twig and leaf, a delicate peace,  
Tree of life story told.



## **'Midnight Tears' - Lucy**

In the sky,  
Above the clouds,  
There's a ball of fire,  
Sleeping sound.

Little lights,  
Twinkle bright,  
In the blanket,  
Of a broken night.

People stir,  
No longer asleep,  
CRASH, BANG,  
Who made a peep?

There she is,  
Down on the floor,  
What will she do?  
Then rain starts to fall.

ZIP,  
She's gone,  
But the night,  
Carries on.

There she lay,  
Underneath a cardboard box,  
Soon it gives way,  
And there comes a fox.

It creeps and it stalks,  
And she backs away slow,  
As she sees it's shining eyes,  
In the bright moons glow.

The stars still twinkle,  
And the moon still shines,  
Nobody knows,  
Nobody minds.

It's amber fur,  
Starts to appear,  
As the night no longer happens,  
The fox is drowned with fear

As dawn starts to rise,  
The fox disappears,  
As if it'd forgotten,  
About the midnight tears.



## **'Grow Up' - Belle**

I couldn't wait to grow up  
when I got my first bra,  
I wore it like a medal  
and felt like such a woman

I couldn't wait to grow up  
to find the love of my life,  
We would live a fairytale  
with kids and a big house

I couldn't wait to grow up  
no-one would say I'm under their roof,  
I could do anything I wanted  
eat all the sweets for dinner

I don't want to grow up  
my bra scratches, chokes,  
fairytale aren't real  
sweets will ruin my body and teeth

I don't want to grow up  
periods make me feel disgusting, dirty,  
told to grow up no more toys  
I want to go back.



## **'A Dance in the Dark' - Harri**

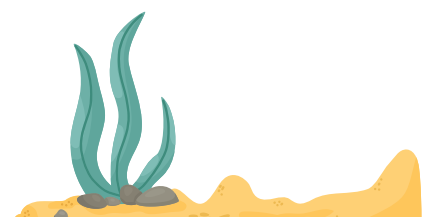
My body glides through the night,  
a magnificent silver moon, my only light. 3:00am  
Swift movements throughout the quiet park,  
a dance in the dark.

Silent gestures, cutting into the air,  
savouring every moment with care. 3:45am  
Dancing in the shadows, leaving a mark,  
A dance in the dark.

The parks soft shadows play their part,  
Moonlight filters through the trees' gentle art, 4:05am  
Footsteps whisper secrets in the nights sweet mark,  
A dance in the dark.

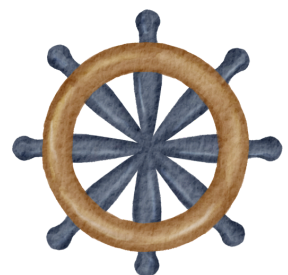
The park awakens with the mornings start,  
Golden light creeps in and touches her heart, 5:00am  
Shadows retreat as time runs out its spark,  
No more dancing in the dark.

3:00, 3:45, 4:05, 5:00  
Time flew by with a...  
DANCE IN THE DARK.



## **'Moonlit Routes' - Harriet**

Shadows weave a path  
Moonbeams guide my steps  
Night unfolds its map  
Stars whisper directions  
Lost in silver light  
Footprints on dew grass  
Dreams ride the moon  
The dark feels like home  
The moon paints my escape  
Night's whispers lead me  
A path made of glow  
Shadows dance, I follow  
Midnights secret roads  
Stars scatter breadcrumbs  
Moonlight floods my steps  
Into the black unknown  
The night unfolds like a map  
Silver threads guide me  
Footsteps echo in the hush  
Moonbeams cut through dark  
Lost in a glow, I wander  
Stars plot my escape  
The road shimmers ahead  
In moonlight, secrets breathe

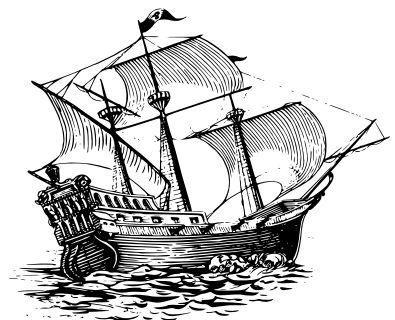


## **'A Moon's Beauty' - Elna**

Shining bright in the sky,  
Lighting the world in the night,  
When all the world is lying asleep,  
I keep it just for me,

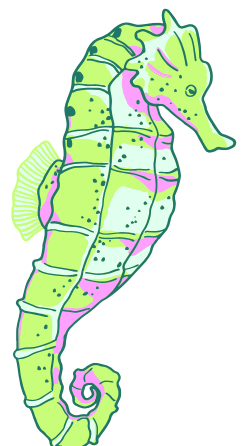
No one notices,  
No one cares,  
They don't see my beauty,  
Cuz they're asleep,  
When I'm there,

Owls zip from here to there,  
Cats scream with upright hair,  
People are sound asleep,  
They don't hear a peep,  
But I see everything,  
And hear the world till morning comes,  
Where I die till the night starts.



## **'Sugar Days' - Harriet**

Sprinkles in the air  
Sweetness spills everywhere  
Dancing on tiptoe dreams  
Fairy dust sugar rush  
Candy clouds drift by  
Glitter in her wings  
Sipping starlight joy  
Sugar coated gills  
Sunbeams taste like treats  
Sweet moments spill over  
Days dripped in honey  
Laughter a sugar rush  
Mornings are candy bright  
Joy in every crumb  
Days sweet as a grin  
Sprinkles on the wind  
Happiness is a spoonful  
Days as sweet as a surprise  
Sugar-coated every moment  
Twirling with gummy clouds  
Melody in a candy shell  
Sunshine in a sugar jar  
Flavors dance in the air  
Butterflies in my tea  
Ever moment's a treat  
Sprinkles on the pavement



## **'Winter' - Elna**

Christmas spirit fills the air,  
It's the time where people share,  
The love of winter everywhere,  
The time when people love and care,

Wrapped in blankets,  
Hot chocolates in hands,  
People staying warm,  
Till dawn,

Christmas music fair,  
The smell of donuts fills the air  
Children screaming on the rides,  
Everybody is now outside.



## **'Little Lady' - Belle**

Wants more food after dinner,  
I'm such a winner  
My little lady,  
Our little Leia

Barrells through the grass,  
Still full of class

Eyes full of love,  
Soul of a dove

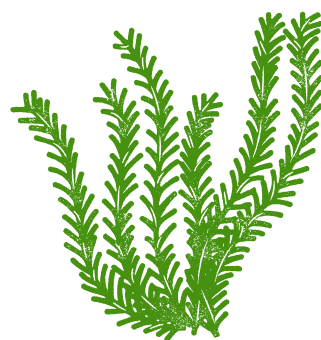
Tipity tapity of paws,  
In that world with no laws

My little lady,  
Our little Leia  
Together till the end,  
Forever and ever.



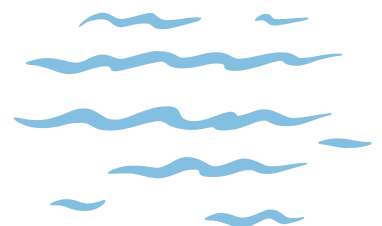
## **Family Christmas - Harriet**

Snowflake dance, hearts spin  
Twinkling trees whisper joy  
Gifts wrapped in love  
Stars align for cheer  
Frosty mornings, warm hearts  
Cocoa steams, dreams spark  
Lights weave a sweet spell  
Magic in every snow  
Snowflakes whisper secrets  
Pinecones smell like dreams  
Gifts wrapped in twilight  
Sleigh bells sing softly  
Frost paints the wonder  
Cookies bake sweet cheer  
Stars lead to gifts joy spills like snow  
Laughter echoes in the snow  
Gloves linked, hearts warmer  
Ornaments hold memories  
Tree tops touch happy dreams  
Cookies baked with love  
Stories told by firelight  
Family is the sparkle  
Snowflakes dance, we twirl too  
Love is the biggest gift  
Chase the lights hands hold tight



### **'Pre-show?' - Belle**

Distant murmurs, a hum that I've  
grown to love, excitement in the air  
but our hearts are racing, thumping  
not out of fear, it flows away  
so fast and suddenly the lights shine  
we glow in the warmth, let's begin,  
we are so nervous about this,  
not out of fear but love,  
it will end but you'll do it  
again, again, again, again  
not out of fear but love.



## **A Story - Siobhan**

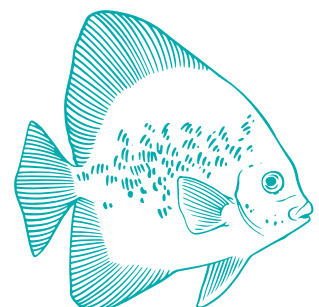
Once upon a time there lived a princess named Arabella. Peacefully, Arabella was sleeping when suddenly there was a crash outside the window. Finally, she brought enough courage to look out her window and there was... nothing.

“I swear I heard something” Arabella said with a confused tone in her voice. She went to bed confused. CRASH. Arabella woke up startled and went to her mum (Molly).

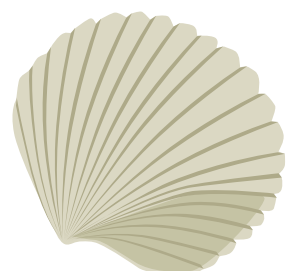
“Mum, I keep hearing crashes outside of my window can you come with me?” she asked sadly with tears in her eyes.

“No sweetie just go back to bed please sweetheart” her mum said sweetly.

Later that night, CRASH. Arabella went to check once again and.... there was a monster monkey- she was scared to even scream-. The monster monkey saw her peeking out the window. The monster monkey bursts through the window and ate her.



Her mum heard her screaming so she went to her room and shouted, “sweetie, are you okay?” molly shouted terrified. Then she walked into her room, and she saw BLOOD and she screamed in fear. “ No sweetie!” Her mum said while tears dipping down her face.



## **Rapunzel (Twisted Tale) - Yvaine**

I woke up and remembered it was time to visit the tower belonging to my useless little ward. I began the trip through gnarled roots and tangled vines, over the derelict path hidden by moss, roots, and possibly a few secrets. “Rapunzel, let down your hai-ir!” I called up to the top of the tower. I was in such a good mood that I did not even mind that Rapunzel was taking more than a minute to get to her window. “Rapunzel, I’m waiting!” I called up again.

“Coming Mother!” Rapunzel shouted back with a hint of her usual happy attitude in her voice. Then the hair fell, the hair that was Rapunzel's prettiest feature, miles of sparkling, golden hair. Once I had climbed to the top, Rapunzel stared at me and asked “c-c-can I go see the floating lights?” If only she knew that that would be the straw that would darken my mood. “What do you mean Rapunzel?” I want to protect her, and stop people using her for bad, but she still insists on pushing and pushing to try and escape. I want her to stay in a place where I can see her and protect her, but she insists on leaving. But I won’t let her.

### **Chapter 2- Mother Gothel**

“But mother, I really want to see them, i-it’s all I’ve ever wanted...” Rapunzel cried, sending a



shiver of guilt down my spine. No, not guilt, anger. Anger coursing through my veins. I'm trying to protect her, and what do I get out of it? Crying and moaning, whining and crying. I need to go.

I touched the luscious grass and breathed a sigh of relief, I was finally free of that selfish child, she positively wore me out with her constant commands. And doe eyes. And rosy cheeks.

### Chapter 3- Rapunzel

Rapunzel sat by the window and sulked, motionless. This was extremely rare as many people know that she was never still in her 100 square feet of freedom. This was one of the few times that she looked like one of the princesses from fairy tales. Longing, yearning, dreaming. She felt as if all her paints had dripped from their pots, creating a murky coloured puddle on the floor. The one thing she had ever wanted to really do in her life had been blocked by more than the tower she was inside, but also the tower in her mind, the one that imprisoned her happiness and thoughts now. She tried to wish for freedom, but hesitated, her entire world is what she would be leaving behind, her happiness, her home, her sanctuary.



## **The Legend of Edrian and the Silver-Fired Moon -** **Evie-Rose**

Long ago, when the moon shone like silver fire over ancient Norwich and the River Wensum murmured beneath the bridges, there lived a boy named Edrian. He was quiet, yet fierce in heart — the kind of quiet that listens, the kind that remembers. His mother sold candles in the shadow of the cathedral; his father had vanished into war before Edrian could speak. The city was his family, its voices his lullaby.

But peace had an enemy.

Lord Varrick ruled Norwich then — a man with iron eyes and a smile like a blade. His soldiers stalked the cobbled lanes as wolves do sheep, and his greed strangled the markets until the fruit rotted unsold and the bakers mixed sawdust into their bread. The bells that once rang for joy tolled only for debt and death.

Still, Edrian dreamed. He dreamed of Norwich unbroken — a city proud once more, where laughter replaced the clink of chains. He would sit by the river at dusk, tracing ripples with his hand, whispering his hopes to the water.

“One day,” he would say, “the river will rise against him.”



And though no one believed such talk, the river listened. Rivers always do.

One night, as rain wept upon the rooftops and thunder crouched behind the clouds, Edrian sought shelter in the cathedral. He knelt beneath the gaze of stone saints and gargoyles, those silent watchers who had seen empires rise and crumble.

“Why do you not help us?” he murmured into the echoing dark. “Do you not hear the cries below your bells?”

Somewhere in the gloom, a low hum stirred — as if the very stones exhaled. Dust trembled from the rafters. The candles wavered though no wind passed.

A voice — not human, not divine, but deep as the earth — whispered through the air:  
“We remember courage. Do you?”

Edrian looked up. The gargoyle above the altar blinked.

When dawn came, Varrick’s soldiers dragged another family from their home. Edrian watched, fists clenched. The cries of a child broke something inside him — something quiet but unyielding.



That night, with storm clouds swelling like bruises above the cathedral, he climbed the hill overlooking Norwich.

Wind clawed at his cloak. The river hissed below, swollen and restless.

“Spirits of Norwich,” he cried, his voice nearly lost in the storm. “Lend me your strength! Let this city breathe again!”

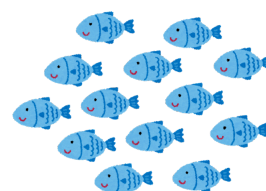
Lightning flared — and the cathedral’s stone guardian awoke. Wings of granite spread wide; eyes glowed with ancient flame. The river rose like a serpent, coiling in silver fury. Bells rang though no hands touched them.

And Varrick came, sword in hand, sneering like a fox cornered.

“You are only a boy,” he spat through the rain. “You cannot change fate.”

“I can try,” Edrian whispered.

Then the spirits surged through him. His voice became thunder; his eyes burned like embers in the storm.



When their blades met — mortal steel against the strength of every prayer ever whispered in Norwich — the air itself split open. The storm screamed.

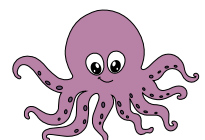
When the dawn came, it came quietly. The river lay calm once more. Smoke drifted over the ruins of Varrick's manor. His banner had fallen, its colours drowned.

And on the cathedral hill stood no boy. Only footprints, shining faintly with river-light, led to the mist and vanished.

Years passed. The markets bloomed again. Children laughed by the riverbanks where the gargoyles' reflections rippled. Yet in every house, people left a candle by the window when the moon burned silver — for that was the night Edrian had called the spirits, and the night courage had answered.

They say that sometimes, when fog curls low along the cobbles, a boy's figure walks the bridges — quiet as mist, bright as dawn. The cathedral bells will chime once, though no rope moves.

And the people of Norwich will murmur, "Be better," as he once did — for they know that courage, though quiet, still guards their streets.



## **Chosen by the Gods - Isabella**

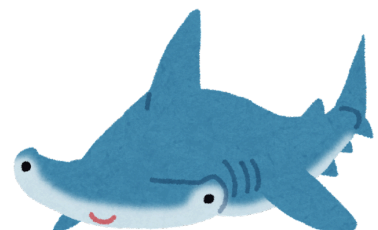
I find myself in the woods again, it's basically my home away from home. As much as my mother keeps pestering me about not going, I go nonetheless.

"It's dangerous, Penelope. People are missing, lots of them," she says, but I ignore her. I can handle myself.

The ruby red leaves crunch beneath my feet, which makes it that bit harder to hunt. Crunch, crunch, animals run away. However, only some do. I load my bow, aim it high, and release. Bullseye. Soon, I've shot a load full of bunnies, all while thinking of new methods to prove myself to the gods. I know they're real, I just can't prove it.

Suddenly, I hear a twig crack. Abruptly, my head snaps left. Nothing.

I know I shouldn't, but I walk towards where it came from to investigate. However, there is not a singular white bunny or random person there. I put my bow back in my hiding spot beside a mossy, old log and make my way back home. As I jump over the electric, barbed wire, I hear a scream. My blood curdles, my muscles freeze.



“Was that...” I shiver, immediately picking up my pace and running back home, panting.

The next day any normal person wouldn't go back, but I do. I explore deeper into the mounds of moss, trees so high I can barely see where they stop, deeper into the woods than I've ever been. Engulfed in seas of green, I spot something. A wall. But it isn't just a normal wall. Slowly, I creep further. The wall is as fragile as a piece of glass, and it's broken.

I peep my head around it. There's more walls; it's full-on ancient ruins. Out of the corner of my eye, I see a figure.

“W-who's there?” I stutter, my whole body shaking.

No response.

That is, until the figure slowly moves away from its blanket of shadows, looming over me. I don't know what it is, but it looks like a normal woman, until my gaze drops down. Instead of legs, it has a snake's tail. I suppress a scream, knowing screaming wouldn't help.



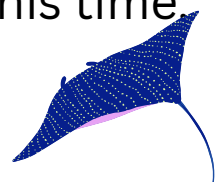
My legs take off. I'm running as fast as I can, not looking back. I stumble over a twig and fall backwards. I crawl on my back. The figure steps closer. I fiddle with my bow, trying to put an arrow in place. The monster sees this and quickens their pace, towering directly over me. It hisses at me, eyes as yellow as a lemon, and breath as rancid as onions.

This is it. This is where I die, I think to myself.

My ego gets the best of me, however, and I get more determined to kill this snake and live. Click. My arrow goes in place. Heart racing, I slowly move my bow so as not to raise suspicion from the creature. Quickly, I move the weapon up high, aiming at the snake like a predator hunting prey.

It starts to rain, lightning warning me about the horrors my actions will cause. Closing my eyes, I fill my lungs up with air, and as I release this breath, I release the arrow.

The rain blurs my vision, but the monster isn't happy. Blood spews out of its chest. Abruptly, it lunges at me, claws opening my skin. I don't let this stop me. While in complete agony, I reload my trusty old bow and aim the delicate wooden arrow right at its heart. This time,



after releasing it, the arrow does a better job, making the floor flood with redness and my clothes covered with gory blood.

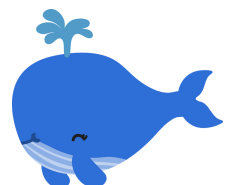
It stumbles back, hissing one final time. The downpour washes the blood off my hands. The snake lunges one more time, scarring my arms before falling on the ground. I did it. I'm alive.'

I think I'm imagining things because afterwards, I get blinded by a bright, white, vivid light. The rain stops. White, soft, fluffy clouds go in place instead of the grey, gloomy, sad ones. I see people. But they look incredibly strong to be regular people.

"Penelope. You have finally earned our trust. I am Zeus, the king of the gods. We've been watching over you for a while now, you are everything we need in a god. We wish for you to join us."

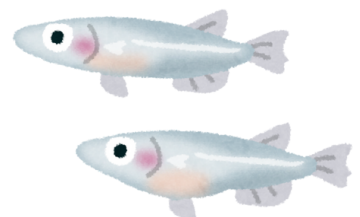
My jaw drops. I knew it! I knew they were real, and here they are, asking me to join them.

Within only a short matter of time, they bring me up into their world. It's heavenly. My biggest dream come true. I battle by Thor's side, my now enchanted bow in



hand. Thor tells me the snake I so heroically battled was in fact cursed by Zeus, therefore proving my worth to him after slaying it.

So here's my new life, battling everyday side by side with the gods.



## **The Brave Boy of Earlham Park - Lilly-Rose**

There once was a boy called Charlie that liked helping people if they were in trouble. Even though he is human, he is a brave, determined boy that has some very extraordinarily good manners and has a nice mind frame to help people in need of help. He helps people if there is a monstrous creature. That makes him a brave, determined boy with fantastic manners and a good mind frame.

There were pastel leaves lying on the green grass. This park in Earlham is very mystical and very magical. On the slide there are leaves covering the crystal patters on the slide.

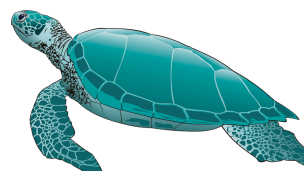
This park is where all the fights happen because this is the area that a specific monster hangs out in. The monster is a knid. It is a black blob that has telekinesis for a power. Their weakness is garlic because of its strong smell.

Charlie took a slow walk to the park. When he arrived it was bare. It has never been this quiet as loads of parents bring their children here to play. Charlie entered the park, then went to the slide because he liked going down it. Half an hour later, the knids slowly appeared from the bushes around the park.



As the knids started approaching Charlie, it started to turn into a massive chase around the park. Slowly, it turned into a fight and now it is just a giant fight. Every time Charlie punches the black blob, it hits back. Charlie remembered that the knids' weakness is garlic. All of a sudden, Charlie pulled some garlic from his pocket and started throwing it at the knids. Then eventually, they started fading away.

In the end, Charlie won the battle and is now the most famous boy who lived, as no one is able to do such an extraordinary fight like him. No one knew their weakness like Charlie. His new name is Charlie the Hero.



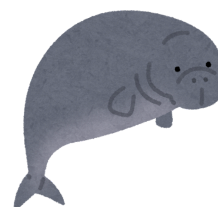
## **Follow your dreams - Anonymous**

Once upon a time lived a group of nine friends who always loved doing fun things together. They always made the most of their summer by going to Cromer beach and making sandcastles and jumping into the sea and going for a swim. But they especially enjoyed Christmas; they would all make super tall snowmen, averaging out at around six foot tall. But when it was really cold, they would jump on their sleds and go sledding off the tallest mountain that they could find.

But on one cold winter's day, one of them had the idea that they could go camping out in the woods, and they all decided that it was a great idea. So, just like that, they collected all of the appropriate equipment and set off on their adventure to the woods. They walked and walked, and eventually they reached the woods. Now they only had to find a good camping spot. After a little bit of searching, they stumbled across a flat piece of land with a river nearby.

“Perfect, this is a terrific spot for us to set up our tents,” exclaimed one of the friends.

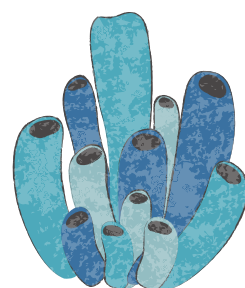
“I will go and find some firewood,” said one of the others.



As the day went on and the twilight moon grew brighter, their friend still hadn't come back. They waited and waited, and when he still hadn't returned, they grew worried about what could have happened to him. So worried in fact that one of them went to search for him. A little while later he came back stating that he couldn't find him and that he almost got lost trying to find him as well. At this point it was too late and too dark to search for him anymore, so they would just have to go to sleep and search for him again tomorrow. But they were all so worried that they could barely sleep, and whenever they would fall asleep, they would have all sorts of dreams of what could have happened to him.

When the next day finally arrived, everyone was frantically looking to see if their friend had come back overnight, but to their disappointment he was nowhere to be found. Then they all started sharing their wild dreams that they had about him.

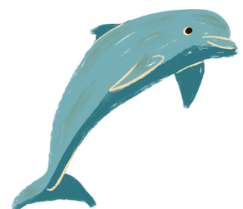
The first one said, "I dreamt that he had found a tree that had some nice firewood on it and he started climbing it, and when he got to the top, he realised that he couldn't get down and he has been stuck there since."



The second boy said, “I had a dream that he couldn’t find any firewood, so he went to the depths of the woods and couldn’t find his way back and is still somewhere in the woods trying to find out how to get back.”

The third boy mentioned, “I had a dream that he was looking for firewood until it was almost pitch black and he didn’t notice the river and fell in, and he was trying to get out, but the current was too strong so he drifted off into the river but just managed to grab a branch and get himself out, but it was too dark so he couldn’t find his way back.”

The fourth boy said, “He was looking for firewood when he spotted a fisherman who needed some help, and he gladly offered to help. And when they were fishing, the wind suddenly picked up and the boat started rocking side to side until it flipped over and they landed in the water. But they could both swim, so they flipped the boat back upright and they jumped back in and tried to row back to shore, but the boat was about to flip over again, so the boy and the fisherman got out of the boat and swam back to shore safely, and they are now trying to find their way back to shore.”



The fifth boy said, “He was trying to find firewood and he tripped over a rock and rolled down the mountain, and when he got to the bottom, he stood up and tried to get to the top of the mountain, but it was too steep so he couldn’t get back up.”

The sixth boy said, “He was looking for firewood when he fell in the river and the current was too strong and there was nothing to grab onto, so he drowned to the bottom of the lake never to be seen again.”

The seventh boy said, “He was just collecting firewood when a stranger appeared and grabbed onto him and kidnapped him and took him to his house and made him his private servant.”

And the final one said, “I think that he was looking for firewood when a big seagull flew in, picked him up and flew into the sky never to be seen again. I think that with all of these different ideas that we have we will probably be able to find him if we just stay together and search everywhere.”

So they all went out to the depths of the woods to try to find him. They searched high up in the trees and low down in the bottom of the lake, and just when they were about to lose hope, they heard a distant scream,

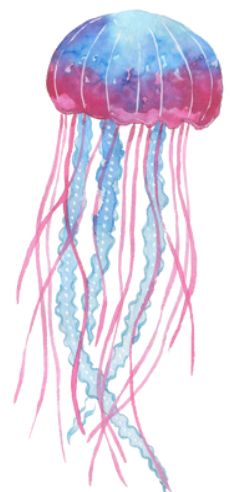


and they could instantly tell that it was their friend. He was sitting on the ground next to a big oak tree, and he was so happy that they had finally been reunited.

They all screamed, “Where have you been; we’ve looked earth and sky to find you!”

The ninth friend replied, “I thought that you were that way, but then I slipped on a rock and fell down a mountain, and then eventually I got back up. When I was coming back, I fell into the lake and a fisherman grabbed me and helped me get out and then I didn’t know which way to go.”

So all nine friends were finally reunited, and since they never lost hope they found each other in the end. I don’t think that they are ever going to let him try to find firewood alone ever again.



## **Secret Behind the Bananas on Norwich Castle - Praise**

There was once a legend that every three years bananas must be presented at the top of Norwich Castle, and whoever presents it must be clothed with fine linen, the softest silk ever made, and most importantly the glowing blue gem. All this was meant to be followed exactly as listed and it was – until disaster struck. Knid had come to destroy this list; he wanted these for himself and for himself only. He thought they were actually wasting time and resources presenting these materials at the top of the castle for no reason.

After the first six years of this happening, it became impossible to choose the girls who were to present the bananas and whose farm to take the bananas from, as it was said that whoever presents these bananas or the farm the bananas were picked from would be blessed and any wish they wished for would be granted.

Fortunately for a curious young girl, Adrianda, who always wanted to know why bananas were being put on the roof of Norwich Castle, she got chosen to be the one presenting the bananas. But a problem arose: the materials were missing, because Knid had struck



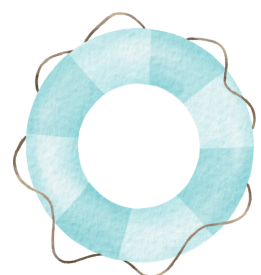
again. The monster had hid all the resources in different parts of Norwich, one of them being Norwich Castle, where the monster himself dwelt.

Laurica, a young beautiful maiden, volunteered to help find the gems and missing materials alongside her best friend Zephyra. Together they both explored different corners of their hometown. When they reached their first destination, they came across a problem: they had no idea where to start searching from, so they looked in their clue guide, and the first clue was: *The number of scratches on a tree is how many letters there is to find the hidden message.*

As they looked around the woods, Laurica noticed something on one of the oak trees — weird scratches engraved in its bark.

“Eureka!” exclaimed Laurica. She had figured out the clue.

So they walked on, searching for marks on the bark of all the trees. Soon, they had gathered all the letters which revealed the hidden message: *Underneath the weeping willow you shall find your billowing linen.*



Together both maidens raced for the young willow and searched around it, but could find nothing – until Zephyra tripped over a hump on the ground. As they inspected it further, they soon realised it was one of the missing items (the fine linen).

They carried on walking under the blazing heat for a mile, when they both felt an old breeze on their damp heads. A whistle in the trees, silence all around. All of a sudden, two pairs of mysterious red glowing eyes shone from the trees. Then suddenly they disappeared.

“Shall we stop for a break, Laurica? My legs are tired,” complained Zephyra.

But Laurica ignored her, as she knew danger was approaching.

The sky darkened, huge black clouds formed over the horizon. Thunder crashed between the trees. Then out of nowhere, a huge monster with eyes as red as rubies, horns like elephants’ tusks, arms as long as the Great Wall of China, and feet as huge as the Eiffel Tower appeared.



“Run!” screamed Laurica as she ran into a nearby cave. “That was risky,” sighed Laurica as she opened her map to find out where they were. The map said they were half a mile near Norwich Cathedral (their next destination).

The cathedral was an enormous building with delicate printing on the stained glass. Laurica looked at her clue guide and read it: I am tall, thin, strong and sharp. Look up – you shall see me even from miles away. I am noticed.

“I got it!” Zephyra exclaimed. “Our next item is on the roof of this cathedral!”

“But how are we going to get up there?” asked Laurica.

They both looked around for a door that might lead to a stairway to the roof when Laurica’s eyes met a scratch on the wall, and next to it it said: I roar, but I am quiet. Look at me and you have a \_\_\_\_\_. As soon as she finished reading that, the word slowly turned into a mirror. When she looked at her reflection, she heard a click then a turn, and the mirror turned into a dark passageway with stairs leading towards the roof.



“Zephyra, look — a stairway! Come quickly!”

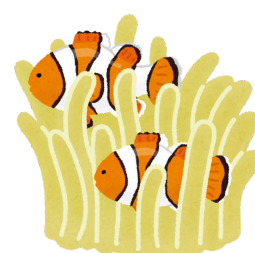
“I’m getting tired. Can we please stop and have a rest?”  
pleaded Zephyra.

“Fine, but hurry. The quicker we are, the earlier we will get back home,” Laurica said in an exasperated tone.  
“Be quick, it’s getting dark.”

They looked around at the magnificent view when Laurica spotted something at the far end. She grabbed the attention of Zara. As the two walked along the fragile roof, Laura slipped, but fortunately Zara noticed and quickly helped her up. When they got to it, unsurprisingly, it was their second item — wrapped in ancient brown paper and covered in wax.

“Just one more destination and we’re good to go,”  
sighed Laura. “Shall we stay here for the night?”

In the morning they set out for their final location, first running down the flight of stairs, then getting lost in a maze, and getting caught in a storm — but above all, they still arrived at the last stop. But then... a problem occurred.



The towering monster stood before them, its skin had cracks with red liquid like lava spilling out on its hands, with fingers like an eagle's talons, its eyes like snakes and hair like tree-like vines. It stood there and howled, "What brings you here?" with a voice like thunder. "Are you here to take the hidden gem? Well, if you are, you have to get through me and answer a series of questions."

"We are the Thunder Sisters!" shouted Zara as loud as she could. "And yes, we are here for the gem — and if we have to go through you first, then we shall!"

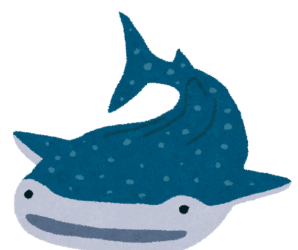
"Alright then, we shall start. What is the name of the God of bananas?"

"Monkribia," answered Zara with such confidence that could defeat a monster like Knid.

"Correct. What is the name of the sacrifice of bananas?"

"Wish wished bananas," replied Zara.

"Correct. And finally, why does the wish wished bananas sacrifice take place?"



The two girls thought hard about this question until Laura figured it out.

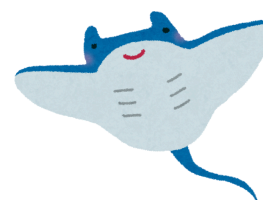
“So we can make wishes that would be granted.”

“Incorrect. You might not believe the real story, but I shall tell you either way. Long ago the gods were deciding on what to do to humans. Monkribia said, ‘Let’s make the humans bring us bananas every three years, and in exchange for that we shall grant the wishes of the farmers who produced the bananas and the girls chosen to present the bananas, and in return we should be in charge of their minds, and their leaders should bring us 1% of their livestock so we can protect their lands.’”

“Impossible! You’re a liar! The gods can never do such a thing — never, never, never!” yelled Zara, disagreeing.

“And here is your gem. You can go ahead and make a wish if you wish,” Knid chuckled, his grin like a cheeky toddler’s.

“That explains a lot of things — like why the leaders are always leading large amounts of cows, sheep and pigs to the butchers, and the reason Knid struck,” muttered Laura.



“So we spent two days travelling for no reason,” complained Zara, disappointed.

“Well, at least we get to go home, don’t we? And another good thing is that we survived.”

When the girls got back home and told everyone the truth, the leaders were executed, and Zara and Laura were the new rulers, and they put an end to the sacrifices.

