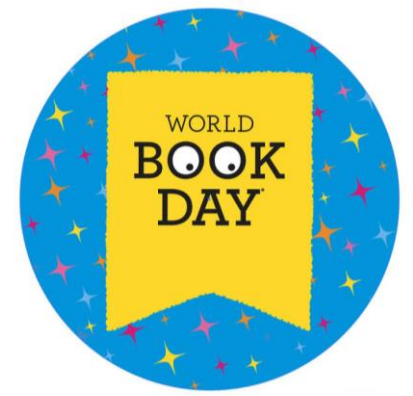


Writing Relay

All year groups will add to this story, a slide at a time. At the end of the day, the finished story will be read out in assembly.

This story is written by:

RA
1C
2G
3J
4L
5S
6N

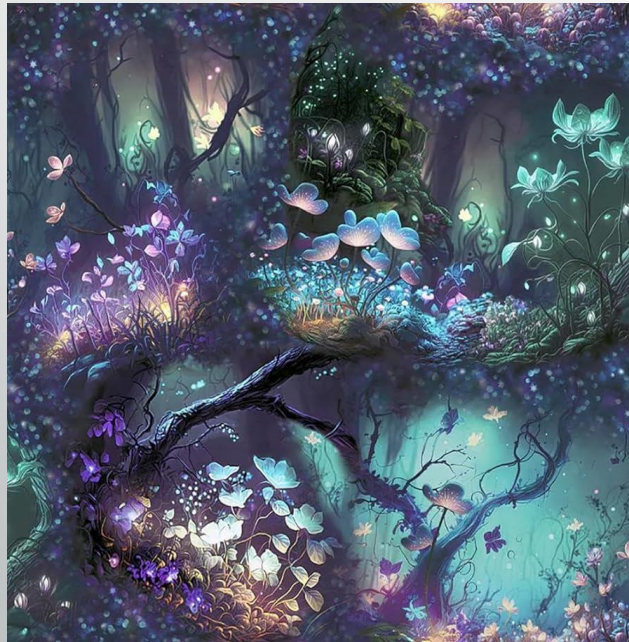


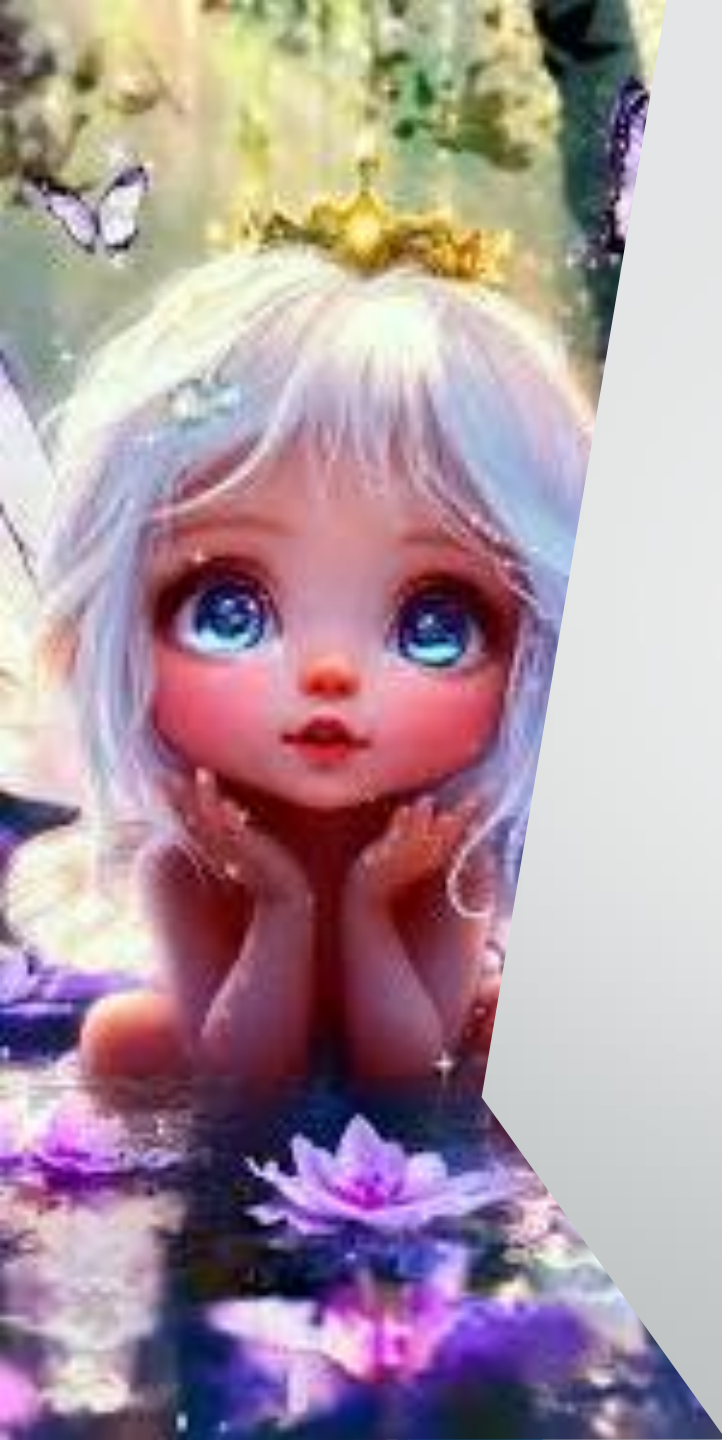
RA

Main character: magical fairy



Setting: enchanted garden





Once upon a time there was a beautiful fairy called Glenda who had magical, glowing wings.

She lived in an enchanted garden, deep in the forest. The garden was filled with fragrant flowers, twinkling lights and sparkly butterflies.

Glenda loved to fly in her bubble and watch the enchanted garden.



1C

One sunny morning, as Glenda was about to fly off in her bubble, her mum warned her not to pick the red mushroom because it will make the evil witch appear. She agreed to this and she left for the enchanted garden.

Whilst she was walking, she could hear a squeaking noise coming from the floor, so she floated down. It was a tiny, cute mouse nibbling on a red mushroom. So, she picked up the mouse and the red mushroom.

Suddenly, there was a puff of smoke and there stood a tall lady dressed in ragged, black clothes. She had a crooked, long nose with a huge wart on it and she cackled at Glenda.



2G


Glenda froze in shock as she stared at the frightening witch. She tried to escape and fly as fast as she could, but the witch followed her.

As Glenda flew, she heard the witch chanting a mysterious, evil spell. Suddenly, Glenda bumped into a tree and fell to the floor. The witch slowly crept behind her and twirled her wand. She chanted "Glenda, oh Glenda, what a terrible mistake you have made, laying your grubby hands on what is not yours. You do not deserve to live..."



3J

- Before the witch could complete her spell, the mouse - who had witnessed a similar situation before – nibbled at the hem of the witch's dress, distracting her. "Get off me you dirty rodent!" The witch sneered as she flung the little mouse to the far end of the forest.
- Seizing the moment, Glenda summoned her remaining strength, her wings fluttered under the dark sky. She whispered a chant, and a radiant light surrounded her, breaking the spell's hold. Furiously, the witch turned towards Glenda, but before she could act Glenda raised her hand and a protective barrier blossomed around her.
- Just as the witch screeched in frustration, the enchanted garden sprang to life!

A close-up photograph of a flower with white and purple petals and a prominent stamen. The image is partially obscured by a blue and black geometric graphic element on the right side of the page.

4L

- In the distance, Glenda could smell the sweet aroma of flowers blooming from the ground. Her eyes lit up like a candle. Glenda gradually tilted her head and realised the witch had disappeared...
- Glenda felt an eerie sensation building up inside of her. Her heart raced as she looked around, her pulse quickening. She took a step forward, her eyes darting side to side, but there was no sign of the witch.
- Suddenly, the ground beneath her feet began to shake and a strange, glowing light appeared in the sky. Was it magic? Was the witch coming back? She took a long deep breath, trying to steady herself, but the feeling of unease grew more and more stronger.

5S

Looking down, Glenda noticed the miniature mouse beginning to grow, the ground shook continuously. Eventually, it had become as big as a bear, with green furry paws, claws like daggers and mushroom red glowing eyes. Her heart thumped out of her chest and her bones began to shake.

Scurrying towards Glenda, the humungous mouse let out an ear-piercing screech, that was so loud Glenda covered her ears. Darting from side to side, she swooped down between magical bushes, luscious, light purple flowers and glimmering butterflies. Chasing after her, the gigantic mouse trampled the impeccable garden beneath its paws.

With quick thinking, she grabbed her wand (her hand trembling), stopped and turned to face the beast. Staring into its devilish eyes, she took a deep breath and swished her wand.

Illuminating the garden, Glenda was blinded by her spell. Through the immense light she heard a miniscule squeak from below.

Letting out a sigh of relief, the light faded, and she was greeted by...

6N

A beady-eyed raccoon that scurried into the shadows.

As Glenda made her way home, full of apprehension, she thought back to the witch and how it vanished itself into thin air. In the corner of her eye, she spotted the same raccoon. Her heart skipped a beat. "It can't be possible," Glenda whispered to herself as she rubbed her eyes. It was still there, hiding behind a tree, rubbing its paws together – almost like it was plotting its next attack. Was this the witch in disguise?

Without a second to spare, Glenda darted through the vegetation before her. She had not the faintest idea of which way was home but kept on running, that was until the weeds beneath her coiled around her legs, trapping her in place. Thrashing, Glenda tried to free herself, but the weeds only became tighter. "You were warned not to pick the red mushroom, I told you it was over," an ominous voice echoed in the distance...

"The witch, she never left," Glenda whispered to herself as tears rolled down her face regretting the decision to ignore her mother. Was this her demise, or was this just the beginning?