

1 st	Kaspian	Stepping Through a door	Age 6	FS/KS1 Age 4-7
<p>Before sunset I saw a creaky old door then I opened the old door. In the door there was a spase. I saw the sun and Earth and the Moon and Mars then I went on Mars and it was blistering hot. Then I went on the Moon. It was as cold as slushes on the Moon there was lots of hils wen I got on a big hil I saw a blew shiny glittery spase ship.</p> <p>Then I ran away from the ship because there was a alien wen I went to the door I went to earth and I ran home.</p>				
<p>Judges' Comment Good descriptions: 'blistering hot' on Mars, 'cold as slushies' on the Moon. 'Blue, shiny, glittering space ship'. A good simple story. Well controlled.</p>				

2 nd	Olive	Through the Door	Age 6	FS/KS1 Age 4-7
<p>This is muddy. One day muddy went to see nuty. Nuty was very fond of nuts. Now as you see nuty iz a swurell. They went to a tree there was a hol in the botum of the tree so they went into it. Sudun they shot up into the scy. Wen they opend ther eis they wer flighing. Ther wer lots of farerees. And unicorns. They had lots of fun. Sewn they started to get hungry. Mudy asct nuty if they shood go home. Nuty agreed. They all sed good bigh and then the two went back. They wer sad to leev. They sed they wood come back. They still had wings.</p> <p><i>This is Mudy. One day Mudy went to see Nutty. Nutty was very fond of nuts. Now as you see Nutty was a squirrel. They went to a tree, there was a hole in the bottom of the tree so they went into it. Suddenly they shot up into the sky. When they opened their eyes they were flying. There were lots of fairies. And unicorns. They had lots of fun. Soon they started to get hungry. Mudy asked Nutty if they should go home. Nutty agreed. They all said 'Goodbye', and then the two went back. They were sad to leave. They said they would come back. They still had wings.</i></p>				
<p>Judges' Comment</p>				

Very imaginative, fairies and unicorns, a squirrel, flying. I like the way you described your characters' feelings. Lots of good vocabulary. Lovely illustrations.

1 st	Tia	Stepping Through a door	Age 11	KS2 Age 7-11
<p>Cheryl flinched. Blinking back tears, she glared with blurry vision at the gang of teenage boys who were persuing her through the corridor. A dead end. She closed her eyes and leant backwards. She was falling...</p> <p>A loud thud echoed through the vast green. Coming to her senses, Cheryl peered at her surroundings: a ginormous palace, intricately designed, stood proud and tall like a looming giant, its flag flowing in the breeze. Despite her serene surroundings, Cheryl couldn't remain calm. Had she gone mad? She sat on a rock and began to think. Perhaps the ruler would help? Miserably, she trailed to the palace.</p> <p>As she entered, a stench of perfume invaded her nostrils. She ambled towards the queen. She sat on an engraved throne of pure gold, and wore a divine dress with marvellous patterns, and above all a crown encrusted with flashy jewels that shimmered in sunlight. She spoke. "Lost I presume?" in a bored tone. Cheryl nodded slyly. "Find the Woodland Witch."</p> <p>Out of breath, Cheryl tumbled through the dense foliage. The sky above her was raven-black and coated with millions of glowing stars. She yawned, falling asleep...</p> <p>She awoke to a pair of glittering eyes. An elf only an inch shorter than her hovered only centimetres apart. "Come!" she cried, "the witch lives through here!"</p> <p>Arriving at the hut, the witch smiled. "goodbye." Cheryl fell through the portal.</p>				
<p>Judges' Comment</p> <p>A very good story – well thought out, it flows well. Lots of action at the start and continues throughout the story. Good dialogue -'Lost I presume?'</p> <p>I very much enjoyed reading this one.</p>				

2 nd	Rylie	Through The Portal	Age 8	KS2 Age 7-11
<p>Nora was always nosey. One day, Nora was playing with Scarlet outside on the bouncy trampoline. It was a sunny day in September. Scarlet said, "Nora I'm feeling quite fatigued I'm going to your room to sleep." "OK!" said Nora. Scarlet went inside and</p>				

went upstairs to Nora's room. Nora felt like going inside too, so she went inside and then went upstairs to her room. She noticed some stacked bags full of golf balls. She moved them and saw a small dusty door and some suspicious potions. Nora grabbed one of the potions. It said, "You will be small for 30 seconds." This was perfect for fitting through the door so she drank the potion and inquisitively jumped in.

When Nora was in the portal she saw she was on a stranded island! The water looked so clear like crystal. There was slimy seaweed and a calm breeze. There was also some cliffs, palm trees and sandy dunes. "It looks so beautiful," she thought. Nora decided to swim in the water since the waves were calm.

After she was done swimming she decided to explore since the island was so big. While she was exploring Nora saw a harbor, there was no food or people just coconuts. Nora heard a small rumble, she was so sure it wasn't her. She ran to the cliffs that would probably be the thing. As she got to the cliff she saw that the rocks were falling. She had to be quick!

Meanwhile with Scarlet, she woke up and heard a noise. She jumped off Nora's bed and saw a tiny portal and a potion. She didn't bother to read what the potion said so she just drank it, bringing two more potions just in case and jumped in. Scarlet saw Nora and ran as fast as she could to save her. The potion wore off and Nora saw Scarlet. Scarlet gave Nora one of the potions and they both drank one. The cliff was about to fall. They quickly ran to the portal and jumped out. Nora and Scarlet were back in Nora's room. They checked if the portal was there and it wasn't. Nora had something in her pocket. It was a palm tree leaf! She held it to remember the amazing day. What an adventure.

Judges' comment

We loved the first sentence- "Nora was always nosey"- it made us want to find out more. We really enjoyed this story because it has lots of content and good descriptions. We especially like how Rylie introduced the two characters, Nora and Scarlet, at the beginning of the story, followed one character, and then re-introduced the other character so that she could save the day. The descriptions of the two girls were very vivid and there was good sequencing of the action. The idea of the potions was very clever and reminded us of Alice in Wonderland. Excellent use of descriptive vocabulary and a satisfying ending. An action packed adventure!

2 nd	Megan	Stepping Through a Door	Age 10	KS2 Age 7-11
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Megan! Megan! My name whispered throughout my ears. I was sitting on a dirty window sill waiting for my father to pick me up to go to a tin mine. As I dramatically spun around to make my way downstairs, Father was there looking like he had been waiting for a long time. As we made our way to the car, he warned me not to go through any caves, no matter what. "Yes Father," I murmured.

When we got there I stared around in awe, the sound of hammers slapping rocks filled my ears. A weird sound lurked around my body. I gazed around to see what the noise was. I froze. A light flew down a cave. I couldn't just leave it. So I ran after it as fast as I could while my father was speaking to his boss. Tramping through the dark, gloomy cave, I stared at the diamonds and coal which were stuck on the wall. In the distance a small, crooked trap door was submerged into the cave wall. My eyes layed transfixed onto the door like a tiger about to catch it's prey. I couldn't hold myself back but go through it.

I hunched my back and crawled through the minute space. I couldn't believe my eyes! A hot, winter like world, the trapdoor slowly dissapeared behind my back. My heart stopped. I dashed through the ice cold woods trying to find a way out, but I couldn't. In the blink of an eye I fell into a deep ominous hole. "Answer this and I'll let you go,2 a voice tunelled through my ears. "WWhat was that?!" I stuttered. "Imagine your in a cave, theres no way out and your trapped, you also have nothing with you, how do you get out?" I thought and thought. "Ah! You stop imagining!" I shouted. "Correct." Light blinded my eyes. After that I woke up with my father by my side. "Megan, don't ever do that again," my father sighed, so I never did.

Judges' comment

Well imagined and described. Great vocabulary choices, for example, 'hammers slapping rocks' which creates a powerful image. There is good emotional engagement with the characters. A clever ending to the story with the outwitting of the villain.

1 st	Luca		Age 13	KS3/4 Age 11-16
<p><i>The voice resounds through my head, telling me to enter. Fearful, I open my eyes. A long corridor stretches out in front of me as far as I can see. The corridor is full of doors. To my right and left, every few meters. Each one is furnished differently – some are huge,</i></p>				

ribbed with metal and sturdy mahogany. Some are walls of branches and leaves, so closely linked that no light slips through.

I open the closest one, a rickety slab of wood barely hanging on by cast iron joints. I can just see a desert through a small keyhole, placed oddly, at my exact eye level. I give the door the smallest of shoves, and step through. I am in a dusty desert, with a few small wooden buildings scattered around a dried-up central fountain. A small, ragged woman hurries past me, not paying me a glance. I look back at the door. There's nothing there but a open hole in a small shack. I reach out into the empty room, but my hand is met with a dusty wooden surface. I push the door open, and tentatively step over what I remember to be the threshold. As my head moves through the doorway, I can suddenly see the corridor again. I close the door behind me, confused. What's going on here? I open the next door in line, this time a large, beautiful slab of wood with no obvious shape other than a uneven oval. However, again there is a small hole at my eye level.

I look through, and it is a beautiful forest. With tall pines stretching out to the sky and a layer of autumn-coloured leaves. I can see a large, brown figure crawling across the beautiful landscape, but other than that there is nobody here. I step through and look back at the door.

There is nothing but the tallest, gnarliest tree for miles around. I cannot see the desert village anywhere. I reach to touch the rough bark, but my hand slips through it, as if nothing was there, to where I can feel the door, and push it. And again, as I walk through the solid tree room into the corridor, I can suddenly see it again. I continue along the corridor, opening the doors which seem to be different to the others – the tiny ones, the huge ornate ones. I look behind me back down the corridor from which I came. It seems to stretch along forever. I open the next door.

Judges' Comment

Congratulations!

There is a sense of threat and foreboding that work well in this nightmarish world. The narrative is technically assured, with good descriptive detail, for example, the keyhole placed exactly at eye level. There is a good sense of character and I liked the two characters who did not speak but just passed through the landscape. Good use of first person, present tense narrative. Well done- if you have not already done so, read Kafka's Trial- you might recognise his world!

2 nd	Tabitha Hayes	Stepping Through a Door	Age 13	KS3/4 Age 11-16
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I meandered the empty hallways as mum and dad rushed in and out moving the weak cardboard boxes. The new house is bigger, grander, older than our last house. I skipped through the corridor, my fingers trailing the dusty mantelpiece, until they leave the dust and come to an old, engraved Victorian door.

I have never been in this room. The old woman who owned it before us forbade me to, but it's my house now; what's the worst that could happen? My hand reached for the sinister door handle and I curiously cracked the door open.

That was the biggest mistake I ever made. As soon as the door broke free from it's frame, I was roped into the darkness. I heard the familiar sound of the door slamming shut like I could hear the deranged old lady's mocking voice sniggering and saying, "I told you not to!" ringing through my ears. I was trapped in the gloom, my heart beating in fear and my head spinning in circles. Every second, I felt in danger, more surrounded, more strangled.

Suddenly, a pure white light flashed like the blinding beams emitted from an old camera. My eyes slowly adjusted, and I realised where I was. Not in the emptiness of the dark, but in a movie theatre. An old, abandoned movie theatre.

I was all alone. My breathing rapidly increased and my heart was throbbing, screaming to escape this nightmare. Rotten, fear filled, blood stained theatre seats awaited me. I wearily took a seat in the ominous chairs, the scarlet red cushions that usually filled me with excitement now engulfed me in terror. Then, on the decaying cinema screen, a film started to play.

But it wasn't a film, it was my life. My memories flickering through the screen like the sound on a broken record, glitching from one moment to the next. My past, present and future flashing before my eyes. My head was pounding, my hands shaking uncontrollably like they're possessed, and my voice was snatched. I wanted to scream, a blood curdling scream, but my voice was gone. Then it stopped. The movie was over. I was pulled back through the lethal terror of the darkness and back out into the corridor of my new house.

After all these years I have never returned to that room. The less I thought about it, the less I was exposed, the less I let fear taunt me. But one thing you should know, is that everything that I saw on that film, about the past, present and future, is slowly unravelling to becoming true.

Judges' comment

The striking thing about this story is the use of the cinema image. You use language imaginatively to create a sense of foreboding. I liked the ending and your character, who knows both her past and future. There is good emotional engagement. Well done!