

## FOWEY FESTIVAL OF ARTS AND LITERATURE

### COMPETITION FOR YOUNG WRITERS AND ARTISTS 2024 RESULTS

#### ART

AWARD	NAME	YR	SCHOOL/ INDEPENDENT	TITLE
<b>KS1</b>				
1 <sup>st</sup>	Fossie	YR	Independent	Sailboat, Bucket and Spade



A cheerful picture using mixed media clearly depicting a beach. Fossie has used a bright palette of colours obviously mixing her own colours as shown in the range of yellows, oranges and reds in the sunset over the sea. We like the use of cut out shapes of the bucket and spade in the foreground. There are pleasing equal proportions of sand sea and sky. The boat sets an effective sense of overall perspective. A clear winner in this age group. Well done Fossie!

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Irina	Y1	Polruan	Jellyfish and Octopus Swimming in the Ocean
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Effective blending of paint and collage in a striking mixed media picture. The dark blue sky provides a stark contrast to the beach. Irina has clearly mixed her own colours to create the beach. She has worked with great concentration for a considerable time to achieve the finished piece. She demonstrates good cutting and paper tearing skills. We love that the piece is titled as it tells a story. The person on the beach is watching the jellyfish and the octopus swimming in the ocean. Well done Irina!

Highly Commended	Solomon	Y2	Heamoor	View from Beach of St Michael's Mount
Highly Commended	Phoenix	Y2	Brunel	Crashing Waves on the Beach
Commended	Finn	Y1	Pondhu	The Rockpool
Commended	Luna	Y1	Pondhu	The Rockpool
Commended	Viet	Y2	Brunel	Golden Shoreline
Commended	Ava	Y2	Polruan	The Jellyfish That Stung
Commended	Dominic	Y2	Fowey	Lively Waves at the Beach
Commended	Mia	YR	Heamoor	The Beach at Marazion

Commended	Poppy	Y2	Brunel	Golden Sands and Sparkling Blue Sea
Commended	Robin	Y2	Wadebridge	Palm Trees at the Beach
Commended	Mia	YR	Polruan	The Fish Are Swimming Home

**KS2**

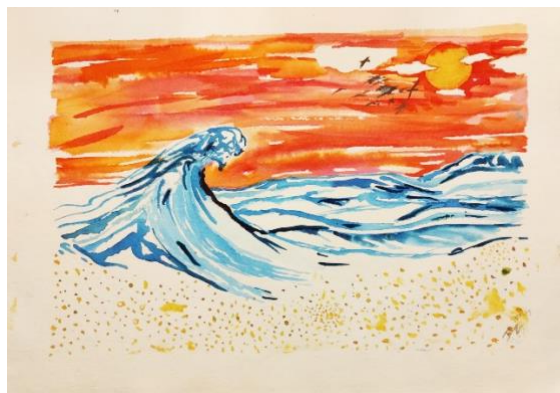
1 <sup>st</sup>	Wilby	Y3	Independent	A Fun Day Out at Readymoney
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The green sea monster is clearly having fun, bright alert eyes and a very toothy grin! The picture is instantly engaging! He is clearly stepping towards us with one leg forward, the other back. Wilby has clearly designed the figure of his creature with some thought- webbed feet, big nostrils, spikes on his head and skin of varying greens. The sky is painted with controlled brushstrokes, above a lively and sparkly sea with white horses confidently flicked on with the brush. The wall and cliff have great texture achieved by colour mixing and careful application and are clearly Readymoney. We love the Cornish flag too. Well done Wilby!

**Wilby was voted by visitors to Fowey River Gallery as Fowey Festival Young Artist of the Year.**

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Inigo	Y5	Independent	Sunset Waves
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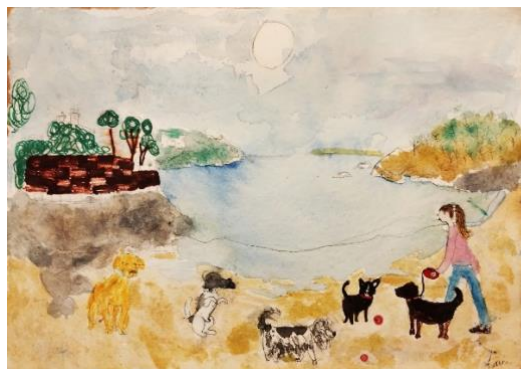
Brilliant brushwork using different techniques for sky, sea and sand. The addition of the birds flying across the setting/rising sun give a sense of scale and depth to the picture. Judges loved the detail of the clouds behind the bird and across part of the sun created by leaving the paper white is a really mature solution. By painting lines in the varying blues in varying thickness the sea has great movement; this is very effective use of colour and line. A beautiful picture, well done Inigo

Highly Commended	Isaac	Y5	Pondhu	
Highly Commended	Dexter	Y6	Wadebridge	Sunny Beach
Highly Commended	Alice	Y4	Pensilva	
Highly Commended	Elwyn	Y6	Wadebridge	The Beach Whale
Commended	Buddy	Y3	Wadebridge	
Commended	Ellie	Y6	Pondhu	
Commended	Roseannah	Y6	Pondhu	
Commended	Barnie	Y5	Independent	
Commended	Summer	Y5	Pondhu	
Commended	Rex	Y3	Fowey	
Commended	Libby	Y5	Heamoor	
Commended	Alfie	Y5	Pelynt	
Commended	Elowen	Y6	Fowey	
Commended	Lola	Y4	Pondhu	

Commended	Daisy	Y4	Pelynt	
Commended	Delilah	Y5	Heamoor	
Commended	Sasha	Y5	Wadebridge	
Commended	Jade	Y3	Heamoor	
Commended	Dexter	Y3	Pensilva	
Commended	Laura	Y3	Heamoor	
Commended	Rosa	Y3	Independent	Little Fistral By Night
Commended	Molly	Y5	Wadebridge	

### KS3

1 <sup>st</sup>	Martha	Y8	Independent	Dog Day at Readymoney Beach
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What is immediately striking in Martha's picture is the outstanding quality of the drawing of the dogs- you can clearly make out the breeds. Each has character- you can almost see the swish of a tail, the twitch of the nose, hear the bark. See the one not to be trusted on a lead?! The use of a watercolour wash for the sea and sky is most effective. The beach is clearly Readymoney. A lovely composition well executed.

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Dylan	Y8	Fowey River Academy	
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Clearly Readymoney, the pine trees as they precariously perch on the cliff is an accurate observation. Judges could see this painting as a graphic poster advertising the beach. The colour wash is effective in promoting a notion of calm and quiet. The black outline is effective in defining the features on the beach and creating shadow. This painting came as a final piece after studying Impressionism. Judges felt Dylan had captured the essence. Well done!

Highly Commended	Hattie	Y10	Fowey RA	
Highly Commended	Hollie	Y7	Fowey RA	
Commended	Hudson	Y8	Fowey RA	
Commended	Elouise	Y7	Fowey RA	

### POETRY

AWARD	NAME	YR	SCHOOL/ INDEPENDENT	TITLE
KS1				
1 <sup>st</sup>	Arthur	Y1	Independent	
<b>Police at the Beach</b>				

**Police at the beach  
 A criminal far at sea  
 A stolen umbrella  
 That was coloured yellow  
 Just like the sand  
 The umbrella that was taken out of my hand  
 We could hear the sirens  
 It went NE-NAW NE-NAW NE-NAW  
 So we covered our ears  
 Made sandcastles  
 And went swim swim swim in the sea**

Judges loved Arthur's poem for its originality. The poem gives us a story, an odd happening on the beach. The poem goes beyond a description. Was it the wind that took the umbrella? Who is the criminal? The short lines give the poem pace. We like that the reader is left with questions- when you are people watching on the beach, you don't know the full story, just what you see. This poem is like that. Very clever and thought provoking Arthur. Thank you and well done!

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Poppy	Y1	Independent	
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**The Things I LOVE About the Beach**

**I love the beach so much**

**When the waves crash,  
 And they bang and flash.**

**Paddle boarding in the stream,  
 And eating lovely ice cream.**

**We find lots of shells,  
 And make pretty things.**

**Digging in the sand,  
 And burying me so I'm crammed.**

**Laying on a surfboard,  
 And being pulled along.**

**Seeing all the jellyfish,  
 And hopping over them one by one.**

**The sun shines above the cloud,  
 And makes the sea all warm.**

**We sometimes see some fish,  
 And I like to make a wish.**

**The best thing of all....  
 Seeing dogs chase their ball!**

A colourful and lively description of the things Poppy likes to do when she has a day on the beach. Poppy has created lovely imagery through carefully chosen words. The poem has good structure with two lined verses and has effective repetition of 'and' in each second line to explain the consequence of the description in the first line. She has used rhyme in an effective way without it seeming contrived. Judges loved that the account is real and full of action- Poppy is actively involved in the beach activities. Well done Poppy!

Highly Commended	Artemi	Y2	Pondhu	
Highly Commended	Ernest	Y2	Fowey	
Highly Commended	Inan Rex	Y1	Independent	
Commended	Maisie	Y2	Fowey	

## KS2

1 <sup>st</sup>	Finlay	Y6	Wadebridge	
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### My Beaches

**I've climbed golden dunes on Holywell Bay  
And watched as the children ran down their steep sides  
I've surfed in Mawgan Porth, through a deep cloaking mist.  
And played in the sand there, with all of my friends.**

**I've lay on Rock's cliff, with my face in the wind  
And watched the ferry as it went back and forth  
I've swam through clear waves as they lapped Crantock's bright shore  
Walked by the Gannel, on a crisp winter's day.**

**I've leaped along jagged rocks, by Trevone's crashing waves  
Dived into the pool there, despite all my fears.  
For these are the great beaches that grew up with me.  
And these are the memories, that will never leave.**

Finlay's teacher explained that the starting point for Finlay's poem was listening to Cornwall My Home. Finlay has effectively used the rhythm of the song but made it completely his own. Our judges said it is an evocative poem of happy beach days. Finlay takes us through different beaches with different activities that reminds the reader of fun beach days, sliding down dunes, watching boats, diving into pools. There are changes of mood from warm sunny days, to crisp winter days, to a cloaking mist. The poem is beautifully concluded and we empathise as no matter how old we are we can recall those seemingly endless beach days of our childhood. A very patriotic poem Finlay, well done, written I believe on St Piran's Day?

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Dexter	Y4	Brunel	
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**The soft shining sand  
Iridescent water shines  
And the sky is blue.**

**The loud crashing waves  
The bright orange sky darkens  
The sun starts to rest**

**Now the water calms  
The sun finally awakes  
The shining new dawn.**

Dexter's teacher explained that the class were writing Haiku. Judges believe that Dexter has really captured the essence of a Haiku with it's 5,7,5 syllable structure. Dexter has chosen his words carefully and the poem conveys how the sunlight changes over a day and a night from his viewpoint on the beach. The poem is restful and calming, the poet seems at one with nature. Well done Dexter!

Highly Commended	Thomas	Y3	Fowey	
Highly Commended	Elsie	Y3	St Stephens	
Highly Commended	Rosa	Y3	Independent	
Highly Commended	Liam	Y6	Polruan	
Highly Commended	Halwyn	Y6	Independent	
Highly Commended	Harry	Y3	Brunel	
Highly Commended	Bayley	Y6	Polperro	
Highly Commended	Daisy	Y4	Brunel	
Commended	Wyatt	Y6	Polperro	
Commended	Lily	Y6	Polperro	
Commended	Sidney	Y6	Wadebridge	
Commended	Darcee	Y5	Treverbyn	
Commended	Scarlett	Y5	Treverbyn	
Commended	Alice	Y5	Pelynt	
Commended	Rhianna	Y4	Pensilva	
Commended	Tom	Y3	Brunel	
Commended	Cody	Y3	Brunel	
Commended	Arlo	Y6	Wadebridge	
Commended	Morgan	Y6	Wadebridge	
Commended	Leo	Y6	Wadebridge	
Commended	Trinity	Y6	Wadebridge	

### KS3

1 <sup>st</sup>	Eileen	Y8	Richard Lander	
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### Beaches

**Laying in the golden sunrays**

**With my eyes closed and warm sand trickling between my fingers**

**My mind drifted away with the tide**

**The further I drifted away, the more the memories seeped in through my mind**

**The haziness slowly faded away, like an ice cream on the warm sand.**

**As refreshing waves crashed around me, laughter trickled through my ears**

**Splashes of happiness replaced the crashing waves**

**Screams of joy melted the pain of my sunburns away**

**While the sun set, we all held hands and said**

**"One last dunk before we go!"**

**And that was that, we closed our eyes, held our breath**

**And plummeted into the coldness of the water.**

**The haziness started to come back**

**As I found myself laying on a freezing, hard bed**

**I found I was longing for the familiarity of the golden rays**

**The familiarity of sand trickling between my fingers**

**And the screams of joy melting my sunburns away**

**But most of all, the phrase that ran through my mind over and over again  
 “One last dunk before we go...”**

Our judges described Eileen’s poem as excellent- an ambitious and very good piece of writing for a young writer. It is an evocative description, good repetition and the ‘haze’ of memories lost. As the judges read the poem, their interpretation differed. Was the writer looking back at a long life lived, or simply a day on the beach. The use of the word ‘dunk’, is it meaning more than a swim? All in all, the judges really enjoyed reading this poem as it demands that the reader really analyses and reflects. Well done Eileen.

**Eileen was chosen by author Ellie Jackson to be Fowey Festival Young Writer of the Year.**

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Albert	Y8	Richard Lander	
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**The Beach at Fowey**

**We struggle with our sight  
 Rain lashing at our faces  
 It should have been a normal North Sea plight  
 Then she rocks violently and comes apart at the braces  
 The beach, we hit the beach! We were praying to our saving graces  
 The waves were overwhelming  
 With flash bang lightning, crashing thunder  
 Then the engines gave out wailing  
 An almighty fist hits her  
 Slamming us into a wall  
 Toppling the mast over  
 Like a drunkard after a brawl  
 The sea; it pulls me in  
 Thrashing me like a toy  
 My head hits a rock  
 I died on a beach at Fowey  
 Now look under the apple tree  
 That’s me lying there  
 For I had truly underestimated  
 The raw, seething wrath of the sea.**

A very good poem with lots of dramatic action. Albert uses simile and metaphor effectively to help us build the picture of this dreadful and fatal event. The short punchy lines give us the sailor’s demise made all the more memorable for being written in the first person. An unusual approach. Well done Albert.

Highly Commended	Phoebe	Y7	Fowey RA	
Highly Commended	Ava	Y7	Richard Lander	
Highly Commended	Adriana	Y10	Independent	
Highly Commended	Louis	Y10	Independent	
Highly Commended	Jonah	Y9	Richard Lander	
Highly Commended	Christine	Y11	Fowey RA	
Highly Commended	Martha	Y7	Fowey RA	
Commended	Harry	Y9	Richard Lander	
Commended	Molly	Y9	Richard Lander	
Commended	Aurora	Y8	Richard Lander	

Commended	Polly	Y8	Richard Lander	
Commended	Kai	Y8	Richard Lander	

## FACTUAL

AWARD	NAME	Y	SCHOOL/ INDEPENDENT	TITLE
KS1				
1 <sup>st</sup>	Poppy	Y1	Independent	

### How caves are made

**Caves are fun to explore at the beach. The sea crashes onto the rocks and breaks them apart. It leaves a big hole. This is how caves are made.**

This piece of factual writing had a direct link to a beach- some of the entries did not. Poppy provides us with clear factual information on how caves are made. She obviously understands the process and this shows us how Poppy notices the world around her and asks questions to understand why things are as they are. Great research Poppy!

Commended	Elijah	Hunt	Y1	Independent	
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### KS2

1 <sup>st</sup>	Barney	Y5	Fowey	
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### We were wrong!

**It's not too late to change!**

**Plastic is destroying us and our oceans! Animals are replacing parts of their bodies with plastic. Hermit crabs are replacing their shells with plastic bottle caps. Are you happy with that?**

**It is horrifying, destructive and terrible!**

**I am trying to make us all change. We need to act now and act together. Do you know who is the problem? It is us. Did you hear me? It is us.**

**Plastic does not disappear. It gets smaller and smaller. It goes from plastic to microplastic to nanoplastic.**

**90% of sea birds could be contaminated with plastic. Wow! That's a lot. We are in danger- big danger! You will not believe what you could find on a beach: toothbrushes, vapes, crisp packets and cigarettes. It is bad now but who knows what it could be like for our grandchildren. We are doomed.**

**Every year, 8 million tonnes of plastic are dumped in the ocean. We are even finding it in our air particles!**

**Plastic can be great; it is a fantastic material for making things that need to be light and long lasting like LEGO. The first plastic was invented in 1600BC, that is 3624 years ag! But that was biodegradable, so it was not a problem for the oceans.**

**Now humans have gone over the top, using poor quality, non- biodegradable plastic to make things that do not need to be made of plastic such as packets for bread rolls.**

**Non-biodegradable plastic was invented more recently, 125years ago, not a very long time if you think about it, but in that time it has made a big impact on marine life.**

**Scientists first found plastic in the ocean in the 1960s. They have even found microplastics in the air!**

**This is a problem because it is eaten by sea creatures, it then works it's way up the food chain and poisons us, not good for the human race, or any other race. It also releases toxic chemicals, and it carries disease across the world.**

**When we visited Readymoney beach we didn't find much plastic. This is surprising because the internet told me that there are 5 trillion bits of plastic floating across the Earth's oceans. Perhaps this is**



because most of this is microplastics which are hard to see or maybe it is because we Fowey people think it is important to clean up our beach.

Other beaches are not so fortunate, in uninhabited islands plastic washes up but there is nobody there to pick it up.

Some plastic does not wash up, it stays in the sea, gathering into giant clumps. The largest clump of plastic waste is the Great Pacific Garbage Patch, it is 205 square miles. It is hard to see, it just looks like slush.

We can help by cutting down the amount of plastic we use, using reusable and biodegradable plastic and recycling.

I believe that we need to look after the Earth because we have a responsibility to care for other people; if we damage the Earth then we are hurting the humans who come after us who will not have a nice life or a beautiful place to live.

Although this piece of highly persuasive writing is mainly about the oceans, there is sufficient reference to a beach to make it relevant to our theme. Judges were impressed with the powerful use of language to bring the message home that we are destroying our beaches and wildlife. There is a good use of questions, and a good balance of facts and opinions. Well done Barney!

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Archer	Y5	Treverbyn	
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### 10 Facts About Beaches

1. It can take thousands of years for a natural beach to be created.
2. Sand comes from broken down minerals and rock.
3. Sand comes in lots of different colours.
4. The longest beach is Praia Do Cassino in Brazil. It's around 150 miles long which would be over five marathons.
5. The world's shortest beach is Playa de Gulpiyuri in Spain. It's only 50m long.
6. Victorian doctors used to prescribe a trip to the beach.
7. There are over 1200 different species of animals and plants on British beaches.
8. Beaches are constantly changing. They get bigger, smaller or even change shape.
9. Fraser Island is the biggest sand island off the east coast of Australia.
10. Sea turtles lay their eggs on beaches, they usually lay between 80-100 eggs. Two months later they hatch.

Judges were impressed with Archer's range of interesting facts about beaches. Archer informs us of the use of beaches by both humans and animals, as well as how they are made and the variations in size.

The piece really is a celebration of the beauty, wonder and magnificence of the world's beaches.

Thank you Archer!

Highly Commended	Piper	Y3	Pondhu	
Highly Commended	Rosa	Y3	Independent	
Highly Commended	Scarlett	Y5	Independent	
Commended	Max	Y5	Fowey	

KS3

1 <sup>st</sup>	Louis	Y10	Independent	
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### Out of Sight: A Guide To Our Rockpools

A toddler runs through a pool, each step throwing up a boiling tornado of sand and seaweed, completely blind to what he has briefly dipped a toe into. Like most people, he is unaware of the awesome world of our coasts. Let's open our eyes to the bizarre wildlife of rockpools!

A boulder lies in the middle of the pool, covered with crags, lumps and bumps. A bump moves. The limpet lifts itself up, elegantly twirling its cone shaped shell like a ballet dancing glacier. Despite

appearances, limpets move long distances when the tide is up, looking for their favourite food: algae. A limpet slithers across a patch of food, scraping it off the rock with a tiny circular saw called a radula, made from the toughest biological material on Earth!

Let's look at another pool, populated by a few small dog whelks, each carrying a spiralling, fairy tale shell. However, these beauties have a deadly secret. When a dog whelk finds a limpet, it drills a perfectly round hole into the limpet's shell, injects digestive fluids into the hole and liquefies the limpet alive! After sucking the limpet cocktail out, the dog whelk returns to its never-ending hunt. Two pinpoints of red stare out of a crevice in the corner of the pool. They belong to a velvet swimming crab. These crabs have special back legs, just like stripy pizza paddles. Using these, aptly named swimming crabs can swim short distances to escape predators or surprise prey. Velvet swimming crabs also have beautifully soft, almost furry backs. Good luck getting close enough to feel this. These crabs pinch first and ask questions later!

Look carefully and you might spot a sea scorpion. This fish lies in wait on the pool's floor to prey, changing colour to match its surroundings, lunging out with its huge mouth at crabs, prawns and gobies. Even though these fish are ferocious predators, they will lie completely still, posing perfectly for a photo.

Time to head out to the pools at the edge of the shore. This area is underwater for most of the year, except for a few days when the tides are perfect. Here, lifting up a rock reveals shimmering constellations of star ascidians, families of pipefish and rare and beautiful sea slugs with unpronounceable names like *Limacia clavigera* (aka the "orange club slug") or *Okenia elegans* (the "fried egg slug").

Go deeper and you reach the kelp forests. At this depth, light is only ever a incandescent shimmer above the swaying fronds of kelp. Here, greater spotted catsharks hunt. Despite being a top predator, the catshark is only curious if it approaches a human. If you are careful, you can sometimes stroke one, but watch your fingers, shark skin is rough if touched the wrong way.

For most people, the beach is the "Sandcastle Zone", but if you look a little bit closer, it is a gateway to a beautiful, awe-inspiring and, above all, alien world.

This may have been the only KS3/4 entry, but this piece of factual writing is more than worthy of a 1<sup>st</sup> prize. The imaginative use of language from the outset – *each step turning up a boiling tornado of sand* is so effective. So much imagery eg *the limpet ... elegantly twirling the cone shaped shell like a ballet-dancing glacier*. So many facts eloquently and lovingly described; there is a real sense of awe and wonder communicated to the reader. We loved the humour too- *these crabs pinch and ask questions later!* All these facts so knowledgably imparted- I have a feeling that you didn't need to research, you knew all this already Louis! I am inspired to go off to search some rockpools right now!

## STORY

AWARD	NAME	YR	SCHOOL/ INDEPENDENT	TITLE
KS1				
1st	Max	Y1	Pondhu	

**When I went to the beach I saw a boiling rockpool. When I looked inside I saw a red crab. That crab was mad at me. And I went into the water and saw a shark. The shark was chasing me.**

Max made a lovely collage of the rockpool to go with his story. We read lots of stories about rockpools from Max's class but Max's story stood out as being really good because it really told a story. Max used adjectives and some strong verbs. Max put some emotion into the story because he told us that the crab was mad at him for disturbing his rock pool. Max added detail by describing the crab. We wanted to know what happened next and if the crab nipped Max, or the shark caught him. Very good story writing Max! Well done!

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Grace	YR	Pondhu	
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**On the boat I have seen:**

**A seagull, a octopus and a path on the beach.  
(a seegul, a octpoos and a path on the beeth)**

Grace is in her first year at school. She wrote her story independently sounding out the words and was accurate enough for us to read her story which is amazing! We liked that she wrote that she could see a path on the beach as no one else in her class mentioned anything that was definitely on the beach. Well done Grace!

Highly Commended	Theo	YR	Pondhu	
Highly Commended	Ethan	Y1	Pondhu	
Commended	Alexa	Y1	Pondhu	
Commended	Holli Rae	Y1	Pondhu	
Commended	Henry	Y1	Pondhu	
Commended	Preslie	Y1	Pondhu	
Commended	Jack	Y1	Pondhu	

KS2

1 <sup>st</sup>	Martha	Y6	Fowey	
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**The Coral Reef**

**Waves crash over the isolated sand dunes as gatherings of seagulls swoop over my bronzed face. The small beach is empty. No person to be seen. No voice to be heard. The breeze migrates softly around the soft white sand as I lay down on my towel to relax. The sapphire, glistening ocean catches my eye, I walk down to the vast blue and find a beautiful marigold starfish sunbathing on a blazing hot rock. My feet touch the chilly water. Followed by my waist, and my neck, until I could swim.**

**I swim out too far.....suddenly my head tries bobbing out of the water but I find myself unable to breathe. My body heat gets warmer by the second. I sink deeper and deeper until I find like I'm being dragged down. Wet scales (gails- gills) stroke across my leg. A mermaid? Surely they aren't real? I look downwards to where I am being dragged down. A mermaid! She has the most beautiful pink tail, blond hair and tanned skin. But I thought that mermaids were kind creatures, so why was she dragging me down? The mermaid drags me down by the leg through a rock archway. She sprays some sort of glittery sand on me. I'M GROWING A TAIL! I have a gorgeous red tail, with orange gem accents around my waist. My breath comes back to me. I'm a mermaid! Underneath the rock arch is a beautiful coral reef. It's filled with so many vibrant colours, and mysterious creatures. Slimy fish gills stroke my arm. It's a fish, swimming away to it's family that I can see in the distance. I spot a flock of jellyfish resting with their children in beds of pink coral. I spot a gathering of turtles, I wonder how old they are? My tail starts wearing off into legs. My accessories start to disappear. I'm floating back up to the shore. Howling wind swirls around me. I'm engulfed in a rip tide like it's a nightmare. But it wasn't a nightmare. It was totally real life .....**

The judges felt that Martha's story was beautifully constructed. It begins well, setting the scene on a beach, a deserted lovely beach. Then the mood changes and there is a dramatic increase in pace accentuated by shorter sentences, and then we relax as our main character becomes a mermaid and is full of awe and wonder about what she sees. All good things come to an end as her tail disappears, however we are left in suspense! Presumably the riptide carries her away from the beach. What happens next? Is there another chapter, or does she never have the chance to tell her tale of becoming a mermaid? A well told tale, or is that tail?! Well done Martha!

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Denny	Y5	Independent	Beaches
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## Beaches

Hello there, I'm Jack. Now let me tell you what happened when I went to the beach yesterday. It all began on Sunday, it was a particularly sunny day, so I decided to go to the beach. It was very crowded at the beach and super hot, so I decided to go into a cave for some shelter. I went into the cave, it was dark and gloomy in there and I spotted something twinkling in the darkness. It was a particularly weird looking shell. I picked it up suspiciously and walked out of the cave into the daylight to get a better view of it. But something shocked me, the beach was empty! There was no one in sight, then something even stranger happened, the sky turned completely dark like a black hole. I heard a noise from the water, like something coming towards me. Just then I turned round, something was coming towards me.

### Mermaids!

Now if there are any 'Little Mermaid' fans reading this, do not get excited! These mermaids were nothing like Ariel! These mermaids had green skin, deep croaky voices, smelly breath and rotten teeth! I thought that I was doomed, when just then a little crab popped up out of the sand. It scuttled away onto a cliff, I decided to follow it. When we got to the top of the cliff, the crab spoke! It said to me, 'Good day'. I was gobsmacked, 'How are you talking?' I screamed! The crab replied, 'I could always speak, you humans could not be bothered to learn our language'. 'Then how am I talking to you?', I asked. 'Actually I am speaking human, better than any crab has done before, if I say so myself', the crab replied. 'Now let's get to the point, to solve your mermaid misery, you must find a shell, but it is very rare, no one has found the shell in a thousand years,' the crab exaggerated. 'Like this one right here,' I said as I held up the shell I had found earlier, feeling very pleased. Shocked, the crab said, 'That's it!'

The crab gave me the instructions to go back down to the beach and hold the shell high in the air, so I did! Following a crab's instructions was the strangest thing I've done in my life! I went down there, with my big brave pants on! I held up the shell and shouted, 'Oi, fish breath, come and get me', and prayed that the crab was right! The mermaids launched at me..... just as they did a giant wave came thundering down sucking me and the mermaids into the sea. Then I woke up in my bed! Was it a dream? I don't think so, I still had the shell in my hand!

Our judges said that Denny's entry was a well constructed mystery story that meets the theme of beaches well (quite a few entries didn't). There is a good narrative and is told at a good pace. Denny is very aware of the reader and tells the tale in a lively and chatty manner. There are elements of humour and the story is very readable. It has a brilliant and unexpected ending. Well done Denny!

Special Prize for a  
Younger Writer

Leighton

Y3

Biscovey

Day Out at Great Weston  
Beach

### Day out at Great Weston Beach

It was a hot sunny day on Great Weston beach, the beach was very remote so me and the dog had it to ourselves.

We had just arrived after a long drive from our house in Bugle, the sea looked so good, I couldn't wait to get in.

All of a sudden, something caught me eye, I turned towards the light and saw a gleaming golden portaloo. I stepped inside, I saw a silver and golden toilet, mirror and the sink had silver and gold taps.

Wow!

After I had got changed me and Brody, my dog, jumped into the sea, we saw a cave underwater, me and my dog went in and started to explore it.

We found lots of diamonds and crystals; we collected them all up in my bucket and went home.

At home we cleaned them up and sold them for lots of money and became very rich.

Our judges are very aware that one category for 7-11 year olds is very wide and that inevitably the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> places are awarded to the older children with their more sophisticated writing skills. However Leighton

is in Y3 and judges felt that his story stood out amongst the entries by the younger children and deserved special mention.

They felt the story works well within the theme of beaches. It has a beginning, a middle and an end. But most of all they loved the originality of a gleaming golden Portaloo! Who would have thought it!? It was a funny and unexpected part of the story, but then of course our main character did need to get changed somewhere! Leighton has used his imagination really well! Well done Leighton, keep writing those wonderfully individual stories!

Highly Commended	Eli	Y6	Fowey	
Highly Commended	Finley	Y6	Fowey	
Highly Commended	Lila	Y5	Treverbryn	
Highly Commended	Naia	Y6	Fowey	
Highly Commended	Elizabeth	Y4	Fowey	
Highly Commended	Sebastian	Y4	Independent	
Highly Commended	Merryn	Y4	Fowey	
Highly Commended	Corsten	Y4	Fowey	
Highly Commended	Allison	Y5	Pondhu	
Commended	Theo	Y5	Pondhu	
Commended	Owen	Y6	Pondhu	
Commended	Roseannah	Y6	Pondhu	
Commended	Jack	Y6	Biscovey	

KS3

= 1 <sup>st</sup>	Sorcha	Y9	Richard Lander	
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**Warning, this story may be upsetting to young readers.**

### Beaches

Most of the beach had been boarded off with caution tape and warning signs; a clear deterrent that the officers had used to keep us away. An old landmine had been discovered by a boy just two short days ago. It was by complete accident, although the coastguards had been suspicious of that area for a while. Everyone says it was lucky it was found, lucky to have potentially saved lives. Some said he was a hero. Not in my eyes though.

"I'll be back in ten!", I heard my mum shout, the sound of her retreating steps causing my little brother Jadon to trundle over to me as I lay backwards onto the sand, the sun glowing on my skin.

"Will you play with me?", he said, slumping beside me, brushing some sand off the picnic mat.

"No, go find something else to do. I'm *trying* to relax," I said, placing my headphones on. I saw him sigh and wander away from me, probably off to build a sandcastle or whatever little boys do at this age. I smiled to myself; finally, some peace.

It felt like ages, but I remember my mum tapping me on the head, her face quizzical as she watched me take my headphones off.

"Where's your brother?" she questioned, and I shrugged, explaining that he'd wandered off on his own. I sat up and skimmed the horizon, and my mum did too.

BOOM. I remember that sound the most. The most deafening, ear-splitting, blood curdling noise I had ever heard. Officers and lifeguards sprinted towards the boarded off section of the beach, as my mum and I watched a cloud of sand and grit fly into the air.

"It's a boy, a little boy!", one of them shouted, as paramedics were called to the scene.

The landmine had been discovered by a little boy. A little boy called Jadon. Everyone says he was lucky to have found it, lucky to have potentially saved lives. Some said he was a hero. Not in my eyes though. Why did he have to die?

Judges were enthralled by this story, the short and seemingly simple account is so effective. There is such a build up of tension of what might be, the reader keeps hoping all will be well. Our emotions are invested, we sense the feeling of guilt that the writer has at allowing her little brother to wander off, but acknowledge her enjoyment of lazing in the sun. A very dramatic and powerful story. Well done Sorcha! As for some films this story has been given a 15 rating and, with Sorcha's permission has been slightly adapted for younger ears.

=1<sup>st</sup>

Louis

Y10

Independent

### **Weightless**

**I walk alone in a spotlight of grey. Laughter surrounds me like the harsh, hopeless clang of cell doors only recently left behind. Everywhere cries of joy and surprise fill the air with their ever-present din. Cities of tents, windbreaks and sandcastles sprawl across the top of the beach. Dark cliffs and black rocks border the sandy expanse, all the way to the vivid aquamarine of the sea. Surfers glide on the crests of waves.**

**17 years ago, as a spindle ribbed child, riding a wave away from my troubles, I was weightless. One moment. The years since flood past; my parents give me up, Chris invites me to join his crew., I shudder at the judge's verdict. The rest is a blur of grey on grey.**

**Among the windbreaks are unattended bags. Each represents enough money to feed me for a month. Do these people need all this? When I live in mouldy housing? When I can't afford food? I could walk over, pick up a bag and, "Hello breakfast."**

**I lean towards a crocodile- skin bag, covered with straps.... Someone trots into the windbreak, fancy haircut flapping in the breeze. I instinctively fling myself back.**

**An old lady staggers past, towing two grandchildren, not noticing her purse fall out of her pocket. I skulk over. If I open it I will be able to eat properly. But, I would have to go back to the way I lived before; dodgy deals and the threat of discovery.... No.**

**I look around. She's vanished! Would it hurt? My hand moves instinctively towards the zip.**

**A flash of white hair in the crowd. If I give it back, she might think I stole it. Am I going to throw away my future? Yes! I run towards the white hair.**

**"Er, you dropped this?"**

**She turns to me with a face like a soft, lovable prune and pats down her pockets.**

**"Oh!"**

**I wordlessly hand the purse over, sitting down; my legs can no longer take my weight.**

**"Are you well dear?"**

**I cry.**

**The lady reaches into her purse and pulls out a photo. It shows a smiling couple under a trellis of flowers.**

**"This is my most precious belonging. My world ended when Dave died, but I carried on. Life can be more cloud than silver lining. Everyone needs something."**

**With that she presses a wad of money into my hand and says, "You need it more than me."**

**Before I reply she disappears into the crowd.**

**A myriad of thoughts cross my mind. I could do anything with this, anything! Pay the rent, eat three meals a day, I cou- a thought tiptoes across my mind....**

**A faint smile crosses my face for the first time in 17 years.**

**Minutes later, my hunger satisfied, I jog out of the surf shop. I run through the city of tents, skim over the shallows, turn around and hurl myself forwards, just as a wave hits me.**

**I am weightless....**

**I am free.**

Oh my goodness. One of the judges was brought to tears! Such strong story telling. The sensitivity and emotional maturity of the writer is exceptional. This story is beautifully written with a vivid economy of words. It is simply told but holds so much emotion. One of our judges who also judges the adult story

competition felt that this piece would stand up very well with the adult entries. Something to go for next year Louis?

Highly Commended	Simon	Y9	Richard Lander	
Highly Commended	Amelia	Y8	Fowey RA	
Highly Commended	Ernie	Y8	Fowey RA	
Highly Commended	Peter	Y8	Fowey RA	
Commended	Mollie	Y9	Richard Lander	
Commended	Amelia	Y7	Penrice Academy	
Commended	John	Y8	Fowey RA	
Commended	Isabelle	Y8	Fowey RA	