Notono National Literacy Trust Storytelling Change your story Year ported by Dream up a world REY Paper in motion

The Winners!



We had some incredible contributions to our storytelling competition, and it was very difficult for us to choose the winners.

We split our winners into the entries: Best story, best mixed media, best artwork, best message and best sculpture!

Best story!

Henry S 8C

The Coldest Nights

Henry Stewart - Year 8 - SC - Freedom Story Competition (National Storytelling Year)

") om no bird, and no net wisnares me: I am a free human being with an independent will."

- Charlotte Bronte's Jane Eyre

Prologue

The world could not be colder. The dictators, the presidents and the monarchs bathe in worm water, least sumpunded by elegant torchight and sleep in beautiful manors with heated floors. All you would have to do is gaze from those towers and palaces at the chilizations below. The wasteland below. You will see the steint suffaring of the innocent among the shadowy mass of frozen forest. Losing their freedom: their ability to live comfortably and move swiftly into the future. But the future for them seemed so far away, and they were stuck in the present. Frozen in the present.

The innocant people are left with only the ficker of candielight for warmith. The people either lose themselves in the lorest, dying alone, or join the many opionies scattered around the outside of the forest, where they will not dia alone. Every few weeks, each colony sends a batch of their fittest survivors into the woods to seek out of. Oil to fixel the fires they so urgently need.

These colonies are so desperate, there are no trades, no negotiations. If a colony finds an of source, it is thairs. There had never been an incident of colonies buttling over oil. Mainly because none of the colonies had found oil. Yet, Every time that a batch had been sent out of a colony, they had not neturned. Even if they had, they would be on the verge of death.

A colony to the south-west was preparing to send out their seventh batch. They were provided with weapons that were not only designed for self-defence but for cleanly outting through tough shrubbery, and the batch were clothed in layers upon layers of jackets and furs. A skinny, deathlypale boy presented the batch leader, Marcus, with fifty firm tree branches, which the batch would plan in the snow behind them as they journeyed.

The batch of four was made up of Marcus (laader and decision-maker), Edwin (cartographer), Islalade (archer) and Sara (medical arc). They gathered their resources and retreated to their bunks and rested for the right. At night, a lookout would wander around the colony, keeping a sharp eye on the honzon for blizzards.

Sara could not sleep. She may have been lung in the colony for nearly eight months, but she still missed her old bed. A soft mattress with quilits and blankets you could bury yoursef in. She would instead look through her window at the midnight sky. Watching the moon tumble over her head and the sky deepaning from blue to indigo.

The sun rose gently from beneath the borizon. It was time for her trea to begin.

National Storytelling Week

Best mixed media Thomas D 7V



Theodore T 7T



Logan M 8L

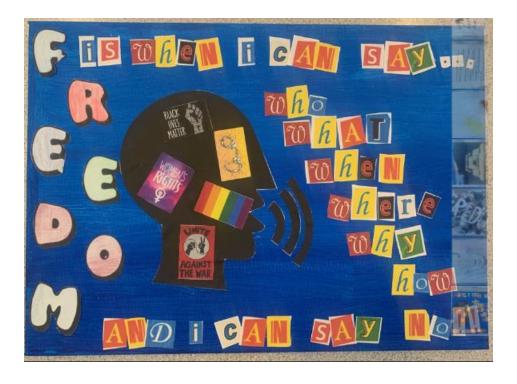


Nikhil T 8A

Best artwork!



Ethan P 7R

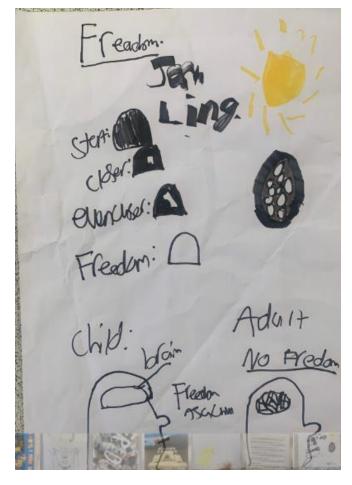


Toby S 7T



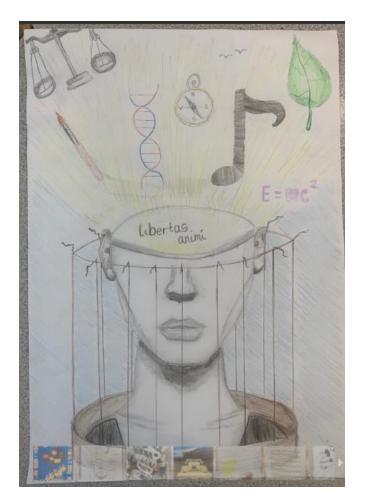
Best message!

Josh L 7A



Milo M 7T





Best sculpture!

Ben R 8C

Elliot B-W 8A







