



Entry Cover Sheet

Please email this cover sheet along with the story to
jcannon@camelford.cornwall.sch.uk

Each school can submit up to 2 entries per category (KS1, LKS2, UKS2)

KS1

LKS2

UKS2

(please circle)

Name: Isabel Risdon

Year Group: 4

School: Camelford Primary

Title of Story: The Unknown

The Unknown

I woke up intrigued to know why I was soaked head to toe in salt spray of the sea. The soft, smooth sand heated me up like a cooked chicken in a roast dinner. The ocean was as warm as a fire in a moonlight sky. Brightly, multi-coloured shells layered the abandoned beach. The wet, slimy seaweed stood still on the shore line. Tall cliffs were covered in mossy, green grass that layered over the edge of the tall cliffs. Crumbling rocks forced my eyes to grow and my mouth to drop open by the sight of quartz. As I ventured on I, saw the vivid, amber sun. The crisp, dry leaves that dangled from low branches of trees I spy a furry mammal swinging through the trees. Its brown, curly tail swung behind it. Its beige hands and feet caught the branches.

As I explored deeper into the jungle, I spotted huge leaves pouring water that dropped onto more leaves and created a pond. It was full of pointy, light, pink flowers and spotty, stripy frogs. The murky, mossy, green water trickled into a river. Toucans with long, orange beaks and huge, black feathers flew in and out of trees. Their eyes were as dark as the bottom of the ocean. The toucans claws were as sharp as a sword. It felt like paradise until I stumbled across... a skeleton.

A huge pit of metal spikes, that were as pointy as sharp pencils, was filled with frightening skulls. The deadly skeletal bones started shaking. In a panic I ran to the nearest tree. I screamed when a bolt of lightning struck. The rusty bones shook like on an earthquake and the misty fog chased me. Suddenly, I realised the island was haunted! I sprinted through the jungle, dodging vines and jumping over logs. I heard a loud roar and a mysterious hiss over my shoulder. I ran and ran through the undergrowth. Suddenly, I heard a playful roar and turned to see a tiger cub playing with a vine.

It's soft, overgrown fur covered the cub's sparkling, orange eyes. It had a textured beige nose. Her long, curly tail was like a fluffy snake. "Hello," I said nervously. As I slowly crept over, the tiger jumped up and pushed me to the ground. I asked, "What should I call you?" Then an idea popped into my head, "Lilac!" I said with delight. Then we slowly walked to the shore of the haunted island. The hot, summer sun was slowly setting across the horizon. In the shallows of the calm water, smooth, spotty coral filled with tiny tunnels that twisted and turned.

On the beach, I decided that I could survive here with a diet of fish and coconut water that tingled your tongue with a twist. My shelter is made of palm leaves and trees. My bed is a soft cushion of leaves.

My fire is a small, wooden pile of sticks. A fluffy old tiger skin as a blanket and the hot sun as a heater. I have a bow to hunt and spears to spear fish. The Caribbean sunset turned to a night sky of northern lights, twinkling stars and wonderful planets. I might be happy here after all.

by Isabel Risdon.