



Entry Cover Sheet

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

KS1

LKS2

UKS2

(please circle)

Name: Henry B

Year Group: 6

School: Camelford

Title of Story: A Pig's Journey

A Pig's Journey

Porker blundered through the bracken as an arrow whizzed past his head and dug into a tree. He watched the tree's blood start to seep through the bark as it moaned. The sheep were gaining and Porker's trotters were tiny. He did not know if he would if he could run for much longer; he had to find the invisible barrier made by the pig mage, Meldrick. If he could find the barrier to the pig camp, he would be saved fully.

WHOOSH. A throwing axe dug into the mud where his right trotter had been a second before. The shock of this made him slip. 'This was it', he thought, he would die cowering on the floor, squealing as the evil demon sheep tortured him to death.

There they were. The leader, a huge bulky sheep, walked up to him and asked his other companions, "Where has he gone?"

"I'm not sure, Sir!" one of the sheep answered. The bulky sheep walked up to him and grasped him by the throat and exclaimed, "Well, that's not good enough, find him now." He dropped the sheep as they trotted off.

Porker knew what had happened. He had made it to the barrier.

He trotted back to camp. As he did so, he thought about how bad the situation had got. His Kingdom (the Woodland Pigs of Oak) had been surprise attacked by the Empire of Sheep and was now in ruin. In fact, the only strong Kingdom left was the Pigs of the Green Hills, and Parker knew that he had to go on a journey to the Green Hills to save pig kind. But first he had to find a troop to go on the journey, or else it would be too late to stop the sheep.

Deciding on what he was going to do, he mustered up all the rest of his strength in his trotters. He galloped back towards the camp to gather a troop for an adventure to the Green Hills, a journey to save pig kind. When Parker returned to the camp, he went straight to the meeting tent, where the leaders were in heated argument.

"We must set off for the journey now!" said Porker as he blundered in through the tent door.

"Why?" asked Meldrick, the pig mage.

"Because," said Porker, "when I was sent out to gather firewood, I was attacked by a group of sheep soldiers and almost died. We must ask the pigs of the Green Hills before it is too late".

"Maybe you are right. Very well," said Meldrick, "tomorrow at dawn you and a troop of pig soldiers shall set off to ask the pigs of the Green Hills for assistance to fight against the sheep."

The next morning, Porker awoke to find his companions for the journey, all on horseback, ready and waiting for him.

“Come on then,” he said, “Let's go”. The journey there was very difficult. They were raided by a clan of goblins in a cave and Porker had to fight through them to save his companions. But in the end, he finally found the Green Hills, and finally reached the place where he could save the pigs.

“I'm Porker of the Woodland Pigs of Oak,” he said to the king, and then the castle shook.

MMMMRRRAAAA. The battle horn sounded.

“It's the sheep, they're attacking us!” Porker ran for his sword and then watched the sheep siege engine come up to the walls and they opened. He ran, gripping his sword and slashing at every sheep he saw. All of a sudden, a blast of fire shot over the wall and he watched as a sheep fell, burning as he screamed. Then Porker had an idea. He grabbed a horse and rode through the castle gates that had been blown open. He charged the sheep's ranks, aiming for the cow dragon that they had. When he had reached it, he climbed on top of it, and then he made it breathe fire. The blazing inferno wiped out the sheep army, and the pigs had won.