Short Stories

Have you ever tried to write a short story in exactly 50 words? Year 6 did. We played with the idea of creating tension using 'show, don’t tell' techniques. We investigated the power of a short sentence. We experimented with descriptive words and complex sentences to shorten our phrases. We explored the unexpected ‘twist’ and we utilised a myriad of editing skills to whittle our way to exactly 50 words. Titles also played a hugely important role in guiding the reader in visualising the story … The results are just amazing!

Mr Grubb

The Death of a Ball
Laughs echoed around me like a hurricane. A crippling pain spread across my leathery body. A boot edged towards me, spikes at the heel. A swarm of black swam around in my airy head. I crumpled loosely to the grass. Their footsteps disappeared and I was alone, a deflated ball.

Amelia Trotter
A dark small figure trotted through the streets. The wind silenced the area. The creature spotted another person on the street, it called his name. It lunged at his face. "That's my boy!" said the man as he took the ball that was now wedged in his dog’s slobber mouth.

Damian Finding Hope
The sun was shining and gulls wheeled around in the sky. It was a picturesque day at the beach. A sad, hunched figure, wrapped in woolly layers, was sitting on the edge of the low pier, looking terribly desolate. A white substance flew from the gloved fingers… "Breakfast, my children!

Eleanor My Birthday
The guitar was looking at me as if I had to buy it. I begged my parents for them to get it for my birthday. My birthday arrived. My whole family was there, presents on the table, surrounded. I ripped off the wrapping paper. I stared at the… red football.

Sam Lights in the Dark
“GO AWAY!” screamed a woman, throwing a kitten outside. The kitten shivered. Suddenly, twin lights appeared from the darkness. A horn screeched and the lights swerved around the kitten, driving her to the footpath. A torch came into a view and a girl followed. “Come,” she whispered, "I'll protect you.”

Alice Her Eyes
It was her eyes that scared me. She seemed out to get me and I wasn’t ready for a fight. Not today. I’ve had enough in my life with Aunty Pam dying. I stood there, defiant, not backing down… “Leave the Mona Lisa, Grace. We’re going back to the hotel!”

Eliza You Always Beat Me
“I’m going to get you this time!” said Andrew pulling back his fist with one big PUNCH. “NO!” yelled Simon, falling onto the ground. “YYYEEEEAAHHH!” screamed Andrew. “No fair, you always beat me!” protested Simon. “Told you I’m better than you at video games!” announced Andrew with a huge smile.

Finn Brothers
I wake up in the morning to the most horrible sight at my bedroom door. It had hair everywhere and its back was hunched like it hadn’t slept for months. Its breath was the worst as it smelt like Grandma’s soup… Well, I guess that’s my gross teenage brother.