

In an independent extended writing session, pupils were asked to compose a short story using a given title. Time was provided for the class to discuss and share ideas prior to writing.

Trouble at the palace

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Went the burglar alarm! A mutter of "Oh help!" came from the room behind me. More police came up to me. Seriously, one of them asked me who had talked, through the big, oak, and strong door. "No one has come through this door since you were last here," I replied. He stared at me suspiciously until the other guard agreed with me. "Let's just go in and catch the criminal!" he said.

Hearing two more guards outside by the door, we rushed in. There, wearing a black mask, was a man holding a sack heavy with jewels. Quickly, the thief slung his sack over one shoulder and slid down a rope that was hanging out of the window. I called down to the guards at the gates and shouted, "Catch that thief!" The guards stood at the bottom of the rope, ready to catch him. Everything that happened next happened so quickly that I can only remember a few things. I can remember climbing down the rope to trap the villain. The only other thing I can remember is seeing a huge, metal club falling towards my head.

When I woke up, I was in hospital lying on a clean, white and soft bed. My friends were standing over me. "We caught the thief," one of them informed me. "Good," I said.

Back at Buckingham palace, the noisy, beeping burglar alarms finally stopped beeping.