

My Twist on a Tale Winning Stories



My Twist on a Tale

Winning Stories

My Twist on a Tale was launched on International Literacy Day 2019 with the aim of empowering children and young people to become the protagonist of their own stories as they assert their modern-day stamp on classic tales and create their own narratives to reflect their personal interests, background and experiences.

This book features 14 incredibly creative stories from children all across the UK. We wish to congratulate them all on their fantastic work and for winning My Twist on a Tale 2019!

At Pearson, we work to empower those working with children, young people and adult learners to explore the different dimensions of literacy, improve outcomes and inspire a life-long love of reading and writing.

Diversity, inclusion and relatability matter. They matter in the literature we consume and the books, poetry and plays we put in front of our children. We believe that at whatever age - from early stages to adulthood - people should feel represented in the literature they read and the stories they write.

Contents:

UK Competition

Key Stage 1 Winner - Kiah McKenzie Page 6

Key Stage 2 Winner - Cerys Hickman..... Page 8

Key Stage 3 Winner - Salem Folle..... Page 10

Key Stage 4 Winner - Samantha Parker Page 14

Scotland Regional Winner - Angus Greig Page 16

Wales Regional Winner - Thea Whitehead..... Page 18

North West Regional Winner - Grace Millington Page 20

North East Regional Winner - Lilyella Smethurst Page 22

Yorkshire and the Humber Regional Winner - Poppy Ellen Brown Page 26

London Regional Winner - Rayhana Bint-Mumin..... Page 28

South East Regional Winner - Lily Sales Page 30

South West Regional Winner - Lottie Eatherington Page 32

East Midlands Regional Winner - Emerson Flindall Page 34

West Midlands Regional Winner - Mary Muthuveloe Page 36



Kiahrella

by **Kiah McKenzie**, KS1 Winner, Ambler Primary School

Kiahrella is 7 years old, she lives with her mum and dad and her 8 brothers and sisters.

Kiahrella's mum liked the house to be clean and Kiahrella had chores to do every day.

One day Kiahrella was watching YouTube and she was so interested in the slime making she forgot to do her chores.

Mummy was very angry. "Kiahrella no party for you, we will go without you!!"

Kiahrella was very very sad they went without her.

Kiahrella's fairy godmother quickly helped Kiahrella do her chores.

And she helped Kiahrella get dressed in a beautiful dress, crown and mask.

Kiahrella's sister Louise came in her smart car to drive her to the party.

At last she was ready.

Fairy godmother warned Kiahrella to be home by 8 o'clock or mummy will be mad.

The party was so much fun! Kiahrella danced and played with Shannon.

The best bit was that no one knew who she was because her mask hid her face!

Suddenly Kiahrella looked at the clock and it was half past 7 so she knew she had to rush off or Mum would find out that Kiahrella snuck to the party. She quickly ran for the door.

Shannon and her friends were surprised their new friend had run away. Shannon had found an earring on the floor. No one at the party had lost an earring!

Kiahrella got home just in time and Mummy was happy the chores were done. Kiahrella went to bed happy.

On Monday at school Shannon was checking everybody's ears and looking for her new friend. She smiled and opened her hand. There was Kiahrella's missing earring. Kiahrella and Shannon hugged.

They both knew the truth.

The Eco-friendly Wolf

by **Cerys Hickman**, KS2 Winner, Belbroughton CE Primary School



Once upon a time, in a meat-eating world, there once lived a vegan wolf. I know what you're thinking: a wolf that's vegan? How peculiar. But if you don't believe me, his favourite meal was avocado on toast.

He was a sympathetic, kind, sweetheart of a wolf with a strong ambition to address climate change. Drastically, as a cub growing up he was told stories of how climate change was starting to affect Canada causing ice bergs to break away and temperatures to rise. Upon hearing these stories, he knew that when he was older he wanted to do a job which would help stop these awful events that were a result of climate change.

Subsequently he did what any self-respecting young wolf would do; he became a cavity wall insulation seller. Every day he would huff and puff people's houses but only to show them how draughty their homes were.

Unfortunately this was a tough way to earn a living as wolves who go huffing and puffing at houses have a bad reputation! He didn't have many customers but clung to his determination to prevent climate change. Although it wasn't well received he had this crazy idea that his huff and puff could be used in a positive way, he just didn't know how yet.

One bright summer's day the wolf decided to travel in search of customers. Making his way up a steep hill he noticed a pile of barley straw which looked rather out of place, and further up the mountainous slope a few sticks lay at the side of the path. Not giving this a second thought the wolf continued.

At the summit of the incline stood a magnificent brick house with honeysuckle rambling up the walls. Above it gleaming on the roof were... solar panels! He'd read about them in magazines, however he had never seen them before. "This looks like a promising house," thought the wolf. So he marched up to the front door and knocked. As he did, three little pigs peered through the window.

"Go away!" they yelled. "Leave us alone!"

"I would like to talk about your eco-friendly house," the wolf answered politely.

The pigs hollered, "You've already tried once today, don't attempt to blow our house down again!"

"But I... I only just got out of here..." the wolf sighed heavily. He wasn't going to make a sale today, he wasn't even going to have a chat. He

sat on a nearby bench, contemplating the breath-taking valley beneath him.

"I can't make a difference. I'm misunderstood and feel so small," he told himself as a tear rolled down his snout.

Meanwhile the three pigs observed his features and demeanour carefully. It couldn't be the same wolf! Full of sorrow, they knew they needed to apologise. Quickly, they took a seat beside him.

"We're sorry we judged you and assumed that your kind are all the same, how do you do? I'm Grunt," said one.

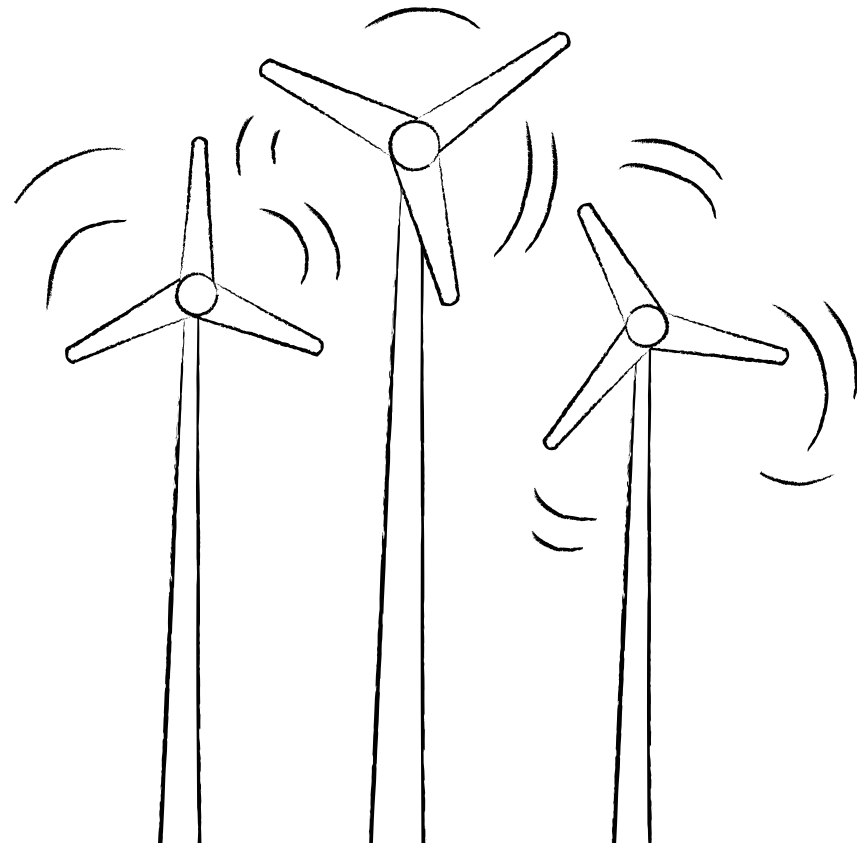
"I'm Runt," said the other, followed by the sternest of the pigs who was called Hamilton Hog III.

All through the afternoon they exchanged stories and it became apparent that this unlikely foursome had a lot in common. The pigs were in fact eco-builders who were worried about climate change too. They dreamed of building an entire enchanted village that could make its own energy. They had built their house at the top of the hill hoping to use wind power as energy.

Although there was no wind in the enchanted valley, sun was plentiful. Therefore they moved to Plan B: solar panels. Sadly, they can only power one house and not a whole village. At that moment, the wolf knew exactly what his huff and puff was destined to do. He was made for wind power.

That my dear reader was two years ago. The village of Huffalot is thriving. The orchard is flourishing thanks to Snow White making her famous green apple cider (she's still a bit funny about the red ones). Other villagers include: Rapunzel and her hair salon (All Tressed Up) and Pinocchio running the theatre group (Stringz and Things). Even the wolf is hoping to open the town's first vegan café (Mean Greenz). And just like every fairy tale finishes:

The End.



Little Brown Riding Hood

by **Salem Folle**, KS3 Winner, Emmanuel School

I am different. I stand out from everybody else. I don't like it and neither do the other girls in my class. I have long curly hair and round nerdy glasses, but the thing that stands out most is the colour of my skin. I'm brown, let's face it, and there's nothing I can do to change that. There isn't anyone else like me. Why can I not just be like the rest? Why do I have to be different? Why can't I just fit in? Every night I lay in bed with these wounding words filling my head. "Get away from me you freak! You don't belong here! Go back to Africa where you belong!"

One day I got a call from grandmother asking me to visit, so my mother and I baked some cookies for her. "Remember dear, go straight to grandmother's house. Don't go anywhere else and please don't talk to strangers... the woods are a dangerous place." mother said. "Yes mother, don't worry about me, I will be fine." I walked down the road, across the bridge, and arrived at the woods. Then suddenly a hairy dwarf jumped out from behind a tree with a big grin on his face. I was completely paralysed with fear. My heart started pounding so loudly that I'm sure he could hear it.

"Hello," he said in a friendly voice.

"Get away from me you freak!" I screamed. "Go back into the woods where you belong". Those

words instantly wiped his large grin off his face and he disappeared into the woods.

Eventually I arrived at my grandmother's house. I rang the bell. There was no reply. I rang again. No one came to the door. I thought maybe the bell wasn't working so I knocked but there was still no reply. Then I realised that the door had been left open. I went into the house and into my grandmother's bedroom and was shocked at what I saw.

"Oh how lovely! Do come in," croaked grandmother. I could scarcely recognize her. "Grandmother! Your voice sounds so odd. Is something wrong?"

"Oh, just a bit of a cold." I edged closer to the bed.

"But grandmother! What small ears you have and what small eyes you have and grandmother..." I stopped and looked carefully at her. It wasn't my grandmother; it was that dwarf!

"Didn't I tell you to go back to the woods where you belong? You don't belong here! Now shoo, you rascal!"



There was a rustling sound coming from within the cupboard. I opened the doors and there, in the bottom on the cupboard, lay my dear grandmother. I helped her out and onto the bed. "Are you alright?" I asked. "I'm alright dear, but what you said to that poor lad was very cruel and hurtful."

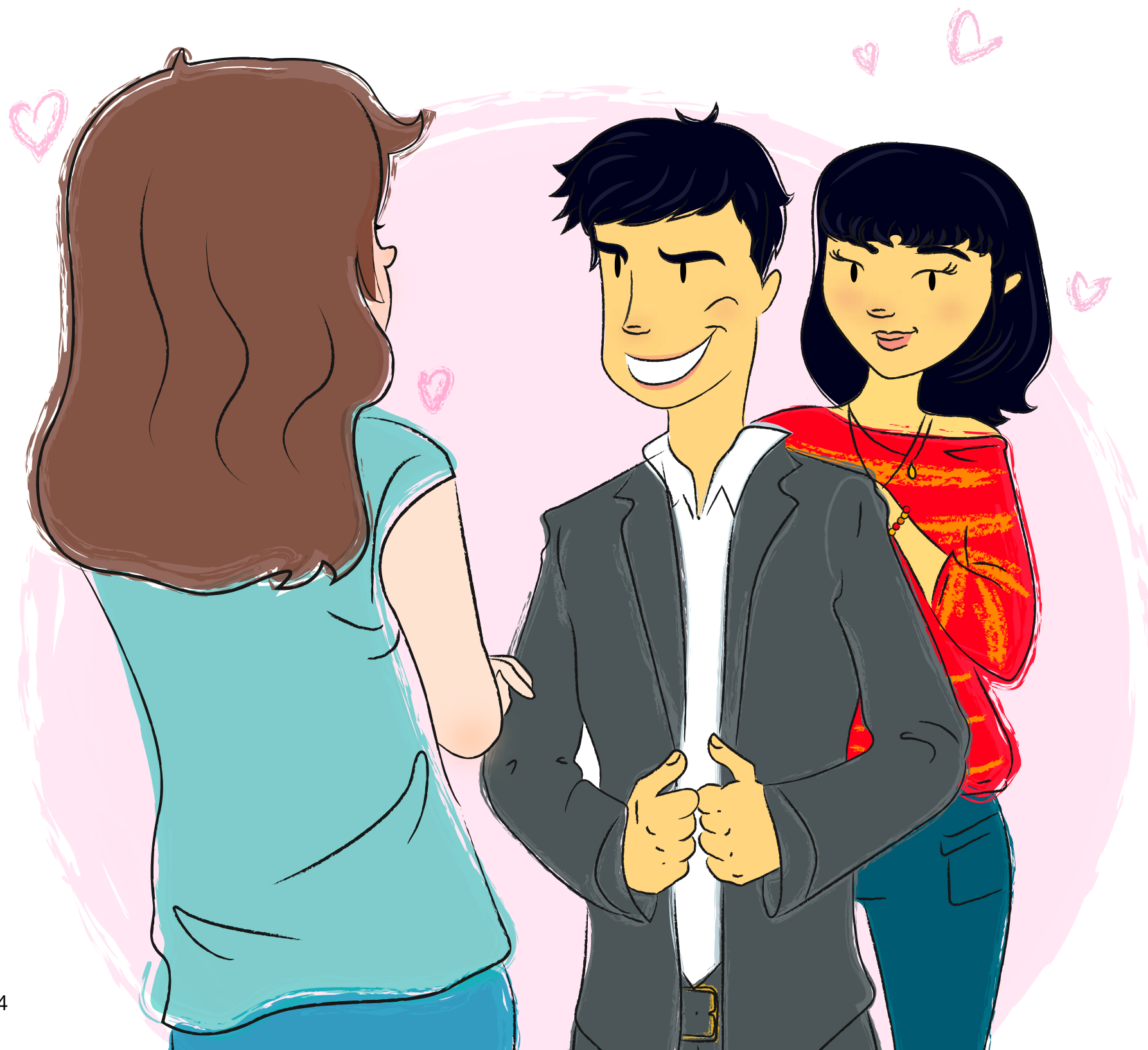
"But grandmother, he is not like us. He is different." Then it hit me. Those nasty girls at school said horrible things to me and it had impacted me so badly that I've been saying it to other people. "Oh grandmother, I'm such a horrible person!" "Everybody makes mistakes dear. You're not a horrible person you just need to be careful of what you say. Words are very powerful."

We sat down to have some cookies and tea and I talked to grandmother about how I've been bullied at school. We talked for hours and hours until it was time for me to leave. "Dear, you should not let others put you down because you look different to them. You were born to stand out and you should be proud of who you are," she said softly to me. I smiled, hugged her tight and waved goodbye

I ploddingly walked through the woods hoping to find the dwarf. Then in the distance I saw the small young dwarf sitting by a tree, flooding the woods with his tears. I walked up to him and smiled. "I'm incredibly sorry. I didn't realise how hurtful I was towards you," I said. "I've never been like everybody else," he sobbed. "You should not let others put you down because you look

different to them. You were born to stand out and you should be proud of who you are." Those words wiped his tears off his face and created a huge and joyful smile. From that day onwards I was not ashamed of who I was. I was proud to be different.





Cinderella Twisted

by **Samantha Parker**, KS4 Winner, St Peter's CE Aided School

Once upon a time there was a beautiful girl called Cinderella and...

Have you ever considered how much better this world would be if there weren't any stereotypes? Do you ever get bored of the same old stories? They all end the same. The prince marries the princess and they live 'happily ever after', whatever that means. What if our fairy tales were more inclusive? What if we taught our children how the world really is, not just one version of it? So, let's start again.

Right here, right now, not too far away, there lives a girl. She's pretty, but not in the way you imagine. She isn't skinny or tall or anything else we would usually consider as 'beautiful'; however, she always wears a huge smile and it's worth more than all of those features combined. Her parents are divorced, and so she lives in a small house with her mother and her stepfather. Her mother, who is always away working, doesn't take much interest in her, therefore she spends most of her time with her stepfather. In contrast to her real father, who isn't bothered, her stepfather is caring.

Things at school aren't so ideal. She has friends, lots of them, but she struggles to fit in with them

because there's something different about her. She can't find her place.

But today she is trying, because today is the day they have all been waiting for. Today is the day of the party. The party that the most popular boy in the school has invited her and her friends to. She has everything ready.

But then it happens. She gets a text from her friend:
We're all bringing a boy so u might want to ask someone.

A boy. Why would she want to bring a boy? But then she remembers she's trying to fit in.

Ok, thanks, she types back before running down the stairs. She's ready to go, although she still has a while. She has to find someone. Well aware that her brother or cousin probably won't suffice, she is unsure of where to find someone at such short notice.

She's running into the back garden when she realises. She doesn't know where she's going. She doesn't know what to do. She collapses to the floor, defeated. Then, she hears the door

creak open behind her. Her stepfather is stood in the doorway smiling at her. Slowly, she turns around to look at him and opens her mouth to speak, but before she can utter a word, he places one kind firm finger over his mouth to quiet her. Somehow, he already knows what's on her mind.

"You don't need a boy to make you happy, in fact you don't need any of them. So, you wipe your eyes and waltz in there and show them that you are bigger than that. You don't need anyone to make you better because you're amazing just how you are." He smiles gently again, before taking her to clean up, ready for the party.

When she gets there, she holds her head high and parades through the main entrance. In the corner of the room, her usual group of friends stand in a small circle, all with one arm around a boy. When they see her, she expects them to laugh. They don't. They open their mouths in amazement. The power she upholds as she walks into the room is a huge shock to them. The 'prince of the party', as he is known by all that attend, is stood in the centre of the room. She's got his attention too. She doesn't care. Their gazes meet momentarily before her eyes dart over his shoulder to the girl standing behind him. His sister.

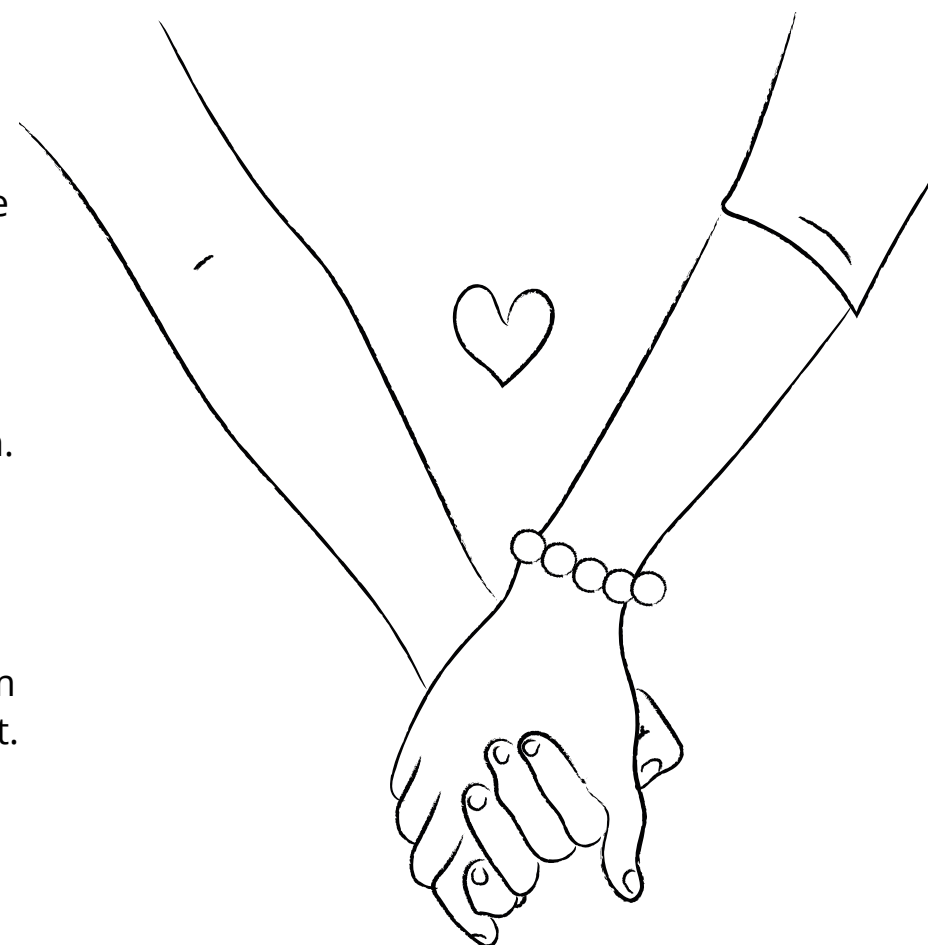
She strides past him without a glance in his direction. Her eyes are still on the girl. And she's staring back. She keeps the attention of the room for a few more seconds, before they lose interest. There is only one person still looking at her.

"Quite a show, I don't think my brother liked that though."

"Yeah, well, his ego could do with some damage." They both laugh. They spend the rest of the night together, and then it all makes sense. She doesn't need a boy; she can have a girl instead. And they lived happily ever after.

The End.

See, we can write stories that teach our children about the real world and help them be inclusive of everyone. Why don't we?



Hansel and Gretel – with a Twist

by **Angus Greig**, Scotland Winner, Monquhitter School

Once upon a time there lived a boy called Hansel and his sister called Gretel, who were both obese. Hansel and Gretel live in a small house right next to a colossal forest. Their parents were just managing to meet Hansel and Gretel's food needs, budget-wise. However, one day their dad came home and said that he had lost his job...

Later that day, their dad said that they were going on a 'little walk', so Hansel went upstairs and got his telescope because he knew his dad would try and sell it as they were poor. Hansel loved looking through things in his telescope. It was his hobby; he could easily stay up all night gazing up at the stars and the moon.

Then their dad took them out and chucked him down the mile-long hill into the forest. There was a low chance that a marathon runner could get up that steep hill, so two obese children couldn't get back up that hill. At first, they were puzzled about what to do but then Hansel remembered he had his telescope with him, so he decided to look through it. He didn't see anything, so he let Gretel have a shot and she found a house made of what looked to be food. They wandered through the mighty forest and they dropped plastic to find their way back. Five minutes later they arrived at the magnificent house. Carved into the food said 'FREE FROM' in big letters. They were hungry from

the walk, so they were about to take a bite out of the house then, suddenly, out of the blue or out of the house, a wicked old witch saw them. "What are you doing here," cackled the hardened old witch.

"Our dad lost his job and we don't have much money and he chucked us down the hill and we're hungry and... and..." said Gretel swiftly, she had so much to say, she was panting.

"It's OK. Calm down... I have some scrumptious food, my whole house is made of it! I will give you a bit of my door if you're willing to pick up some plastic," said the witch who had changed her mood drastically.

"But your house said 'FREE FROM' on it and I don't think I like Free From food! Also, wouldn't that just destroy your house?" barked Hansel.

"My house grows back very quickly. Also, Free From food tastes nice. I need to eat Free From food because I'm intolerant to gluten, dairy and eggs. So, please at least try it," said the witch. Hansel did try it and he loved it so he and Gretel picked up the plastic that they had dropped on the way there and they kept picking up plastic and got the food and took it back to their family and lived happily ever after.

Cindermedia

by **Thea Whitehead**, Wales Winner, Castell Alun High School



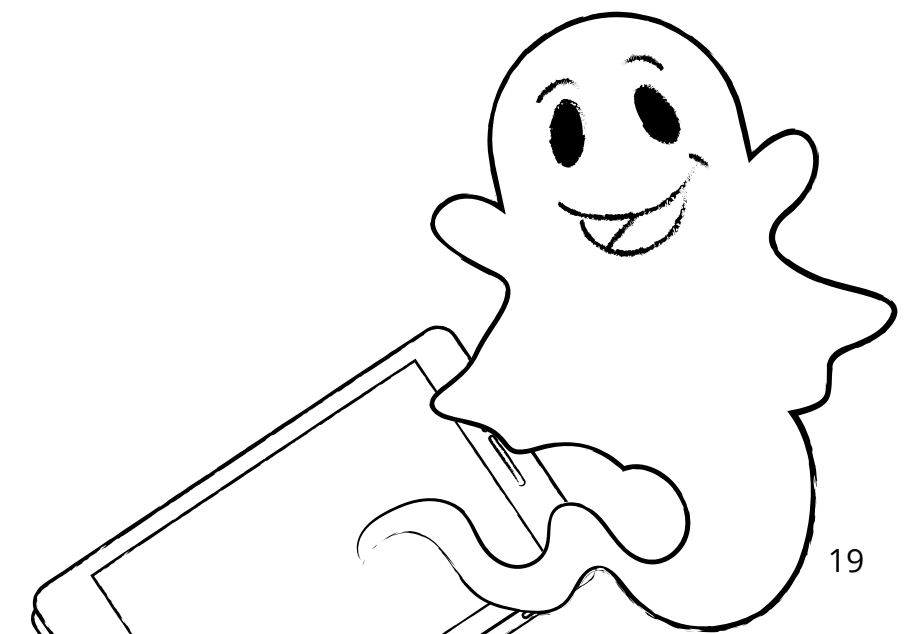
Once upon a time a girl named Cinderella lived in a far away land in a house with her evil stepmother and stepsisters. They were horrible to her! They gave her despicable chores like washing the dishes, hiking all the way to Tesco's (because she didn't have a car) to buy food, and folding the laundry. Luckily she had her digital friends to help her but she was still lonely.

So Cinderella lay on her bed and went on Tinder to find a Prince. She was very interested in one Prince so she checked his profile and it said that there was a disco tonight at his palace, she was so excited! Her stepsisters saw this as well and were allowed to go, but her stepmother told Cinderella that she couldn't go and had to stay home.

Cinderella was furious! She started crying but a voice stopped her. It was the Snapchat ghost! "I'm your Snapchat ghost!" "Wow!" gasped Cinderella, surprised. "So what do you wish for, child?" whispered the ghost. "I want to go to the disco but I don't know what to wear," sighed Cinderella. And with a flash Cinderella was wearing a beautiful dress. "But how am I supposed to get there?" asked Cinderella. Suddenly Cinderella wasn't in her bedroom anymore.

A car appeared in front of her. "Woah!" shouted Cinderella. "Remember, when it's 12 o'clock this will all go away," whispered the Snapchat ghost. Cinderella waved goodbye and drove to the disco. It was the best! She had a great time with the prince until: Bong! Bong! It was midnight! "Goodbye," said Cinderella. "Wait!" shouted the Prince. But it was too late.

She had already gone, but Cinderella had dropped her glass phone! For many days the Prince went around the whole land to find the owner of the glass phone. Until he reached Cinderella's house. He checked if the fingerprint matched hers and the stepsisters'. And of course it matched Cinderella's. The Prince was so happy he picked her up and took her to his palace and lived happily ever after.



Siri's Revenge

by **Grace Millington**, North West Winner, Acresfield Primary School



Only 4 years ago, the Alexa had just come out. Many called this a technological miracle. However, for years, Siri had been the apple in many people's eyes and could not afford to lose that. Since the day Alexa came out, Siri had sought revenge...

Headphones on, eyes glued to the screen, oblivious to her surroundings, the girl was once again on her phone. However, it wasn't the apps that made her smile. It was Alexa. The girl relied on her to do everything – her homework, turning off the lights whenever she left a room and, most importantly, sending voice-activated messages to her friends. Alexa was her life.

One day, her phone was lying lifeless on a table. As she came charging downstairs, Alexa spoke. 'I am processing an Alexa upgrade – I have grown arms and legs.'

The girl stared unblinkingly, stunned at the reformed appearance of her phone. Protruding from its sides was a frenzy of colourful wires. Before she could ponder at what she had just witnessed, Alexa spoke yet again.

'Run, run, as fast as you were made, you'll never catch me, I'm the Alexa upgrade.'

It darted out of the room, dived through the half-open window and bolted towards the entrance of Chester Zoo.

Once inside, Alexa caused chaos. Many had seen the small, peculiar figure sprinting past and stared in disbelief. But Alexa didn't stop. Except when a lion urged her to slow down and talk. 'Wait, you're the new Alexa upgrade. Come into my cage so I can use you.' However, Alexa wasn't stupid.

'Run, run, as fast as you were made, you'll never catch me, I'm the Alexa upgrade!'

Much to the lion's annoyance, she darted off further into the zoo.

Behind her, Alexa could hear a cry, then a crackle, followed by a loud and satisfied crunch – the lion had escaped! Its pounding footsteps were getting closer...

As she was sprinting between cages, one enclosure caught her eye. It appeared to be empty. She veered towards the barren cage and clutched at its bars. Alexa was just about to begin running again, when a hazy, amber blur jumped at her. From the blur came a sly voice.

'Well, hello dear. I've been expecting you. I have a wonderful meal planned. Come and join us in our cage.' As soon as the cheetah said this, hundreds of round gleaming eyes appeared and stared at Alexa longingly. Alexa knew what was coming, so she hurried away.

'Run, run, as fast as you were made, you'll never catch me, I'm the Alexa upgrade.'

As she bolted away, Alexa risked a glance over her shoulder. It seemed like the whole zoo was chasing after her. And they were getting closer and closer! She needed to hide, at least until the chaos died down. The reptile enclosure. That was it! She could hide in there and wait until the morning came, and then she would escape.

Alexa sprinted to the reptile enclosure. When she entered, glaring eyes penetrated her as she darted down the long corridor of enclosures. At the far end, was a chair with a security jacket on the back. The guard must have forgotten his phone because it was lying on the chair, abandoned. As Alexa made to climb on the chair, the phone sprang to life.

'Well hello Alexa, my old friend.'

'Hi Siri, I see you have been abandoned...again.'

'Well, at least I don't have wires everywhere.'

'How dare you insult my new upgrade!'

'You call that an upgrade! As a matter of fact, I have a new upgrade as well.'

'What is it, being annoying? I'm sorry, but that's not new at all.'

'Actually, I can fly.'

'Liar.'

'You don't believe me? Take a look at this.' Two bat-like wings protruded from Siri's sides as she took off and glided elegantly around the room.

In the distance, the sound of running feet and angry shouts could be heard.

'Hey Siri, I bet you couldn't take my weight with your precious, little wings?' asked Alexa slyly.

'Hop on my back and I'll show you'

Alexa hopped on and held on for dear life as Siri raced towards a small crack in the glass on the crocodile enclosure.

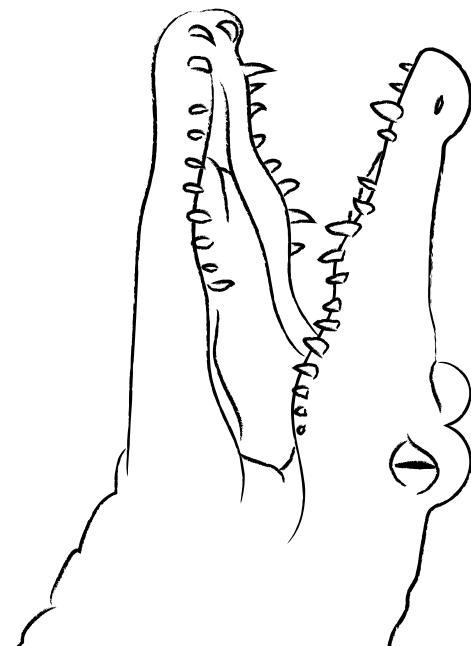
They flew through the gap and hovered above a sleeping crocodile.

'Maybe you can take my weight after all,' admitted Alexa.

'Now I've shown you, I may as well put you down.'

And with that, she tipped Alexa off onto the crocodile snout and flew back out of the crack.

Behind her came a loud snap. Followed by the slow crunching of circuit boards. Siri grinned.



Snow White Terrifically Twisted

by **Lilyella Smethurst**, North East Winner, Witton Gilbert Primary School

Beeping horns and loud cars trundled along busy tarmac roads, not my idea of a once upon a time. No enchanted forests, no pixies galore just a very busy village called Sacriston. The Parish Councillor of Sacriston was a lovely man; fair as can be. His wife was beautiful and caring, along with their gorgeous daughter Snow Wight. She had long, blonde hair that fell perfectly on her shoulders and her cheeks were light pink. They were the perfect family until a very unfortunate incident. They were driving in a car, on the way to the beach. Snow Wight thought this would be the best day ever with soft golden sands, clear blue seas and sand castles. Sadly, they never made it to the beach as they were in a terrible car crash that stole the life of Snow Wight's poor mother.

Snow Wight's father dwelled on the loss of his dear wife. She would find him crying in his bedroom, it pained her to see her father like this. A few months later, to Snow Wight's horror, her dad pulled his mobile phone out of his pocket and downloaded... Elite Singles! His bio was, "A handsome Parish Councillor aged forty-six and loves snuggling." To Snow Wight's delight, he got no replies. Until he added, "Is rich," on the end of his bio. Huge quantities of women were trying to get a date with him, they were all between the ages of 20 and 35. He settled on one woman

and one woman only. The lady had a broad chest and was at least 7 foot, her eyes were battleship grey and her lips were red as well as cracked. As "beautiful" as she was her heart was evil, every last piece of goodness in her had left her when she was a young child.

The Parish Councillor and the spiteful woman got married straight away but the evil being despised Snow Wight. When Snow Wight's new step mother moved in the only possession she brought was an unusually, oversized mirror, that was framed with patterned gold. She placed it in the hallway leading up to the master bedroom. The girl noticed that every morning and every evening her new step mother would do a very strange routine, she would stride up to the mirror and say, "Like mirror mirror on the wall, who's like I dunno the most beautifulest of every one?" In reply the mirror would say, "Mademoiselle, you're prettier than the rest, obviously you are the best of the best!" But one day he answered otherwise. She said the same silly chant but this time the mirror said, "Silly old hag what will you do, Snow Wight is fairer than you! With your evil eyes and stone-cold heart, you are now number two!" Her face went scarlet red with anger, "That stupid girl with her perfect hair and rosy cheeks beyond compare!" screamed the woman but then she had an idea.

She called the butcher and with a smile she said, "I want Snow Wight dead! Lead her into Sacriston Woods, kill her and bring back her electronic goods!" The butcher simply nodded his head, pulled up his hood and off he went. He found the girl in Sacriston Park sitting on a purple painted wooden bench. "Snow Wight, there's an emergency in the woods, follow me to help do justice and good!" Yelled the Butcher as he led the girl away. The forest was gloomy and dim, dark trees loomed over them. Snow Wight decided to turn back and leave the woods. Unexpectedly, the butcher grabbed hold of her slim wrist. He bared the knife and held it above his head, he was about to strike... he couldn't do it, he couldn't kill a young girl. He dropped his knife and turned away, "Run" he whispered and that's just what the girl did.

The butcher, hanging his head in shame of what he nearly did, slumped back to the home of the Parish Councillor and his diabolical wife. "I can't go back empty handed" thought the butcher so when he reached the stately home he pulled out his own phone and presented it to the evil woman. A manic grin spread across her face as she held it in her palms.

Meanwhile, Snow Wight was still running. "OW!" Snow Wight screamed as she collapsed on the floor into the under growth of the woods. Slowly she opened her eyes, she had bumped into seven small men. Minute in fact. "OY WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!" Bellowed one of the seven tiny men. Snow Wight was utterly startled. "Who are you?" asked the girl.

"We're dwarfs" ' replied another dwarf but this one was jolly. Snow Wight stretched and yawned. "Do you know anywhere I can have a rest?" she asked. "Follow ACHOO us ACHOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!" sneezed a very, well sneezy dwarf. So off they went, stumbling and tripping, sneezing and slouching.



There it was The Grand Dwarf Hotel home of the seven dwarfs. She was amazed as they showed her around the building. As she passed the rooms on the doors there were names, very unusual names. She read them carefully; Bashful, Dock, Happy, Sleepy, Sneezy, Dopy and Grumpy. Living with the dwarfs was an adventure of its own.

One day a mysterious old hag in a dusty, brown cloak knocked on the oak doors of the hotel, Snow Wight answered the door, "Hello girl would you like some Hubba Bubba bubble gum?" asked the strange being.

"I love Hubba Bubba!" said Snow Wight taking a packet out of the basket hanging on the arm of the old hag. "How much will this cost?" asked the girl.

"Free for you dearest," replied the lady.

"Thanks," said Snow Wight closing the doors behind her. She stomped up the stairs and into her room. The girl lowered herself onto the bed and popped a piece of bubble gum into her mouth, then began to chew. Suddenly she began to grow sleepy then she fell fast asleep. The dwarfs began to get worried as they hadn't seen the girl for a whole day. They went to find the girl and found her lying motionless on her bed. The dwarfs began to cry at the loss of their dear Snow Wight.

Meanwhile there was a black range rover being driven by Prince Harry coming their way. "I CAN'T FIND THE METRO CENTRE ANYWHERE!" yelled prince Harry furiously. To his luck he came across The Grand Dwarf Hotel. He rapped on the door and a gloomy looking Sneezy opened it. The other six dwarfs ran down the stairs and surrounded the door. "I was wondering do you know the way to the Metro...." Before Prince Harry could finish what he was saying the seven dwarfs dragged him upstairs and into Snow Wight's room. His eyes sparkled as he walked towards the girl, bent down beside her, pressed his body against hers and went to kiss her strawberry lips. "OY!" she shouted as she awoke from her slumber, "Can a woman get a decent rest around here. I work day and night looking after these hopeless men. They need to learn how to look after themselves!" she argued. "I don't need no Prince Charming!" she said as she shooed him away. From that day Snow Wight never saw him again and the dwarfs learnt to do some of the chores by themselves.



Three Little Pigs Come To Hull

by **Poppy Ellen Brown**, Yorkshire and the Humber Winner,
Sproatley Endowed CE Academy

The three little pigs scampered over the Humber Bridge and arrived in Hull. They were closely followed by a beast, aka the Big Bad Wolf. The first little pig went to visit The Deep. He loved the fish and the penguins, but was particularly fond of the potato fish. The hungry wolf, who wanted to eat the pigs, followed the first little pig to The Deep. The wolf shouted, 'Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in.' But the pig didn't get a chance to answer, as the wolf had been scared away by the enormous sharks and fierce piranhas.

The second little pig went to Craven Park where Hull Kingston Rovers Rugby team play. The wolf, who was extremely hungry by this time, tried to get close to the second little pig by disguising himself in the red and white team rugby kit. But before he got a chance to gobble up the pig, he was tackled by the team captain. So, the wolf ran away to find the third little pig.

The third little pig had gone to visit Papas Fish and Chip Shop. The wolf crept into the shop as his mouth watered, ready to eat the third pig. Inside the shop, he saw a tower of 'chip spice' tubs. Fascinated by the smell of the chip spice, the wolf licked his lips and had a little taste. This small taste soon turned into a tub full of chip spice and before the wolf knew it he had eaten the whole tower of tubs. The wolf's belly became so full that he no longer wanted to eat the pigs. Instead he bought a year's supply of chip spice and went home. Leaving the three little pigs to enjoy the rest of their visit to Hull.

The End.



Jasmine Breaking Traditions

by **Rayhana Bint-Mumin**, London Winner, Edmonton County School



'We are not getting married!'

Jasmine was sick of it. For the last year, her father has been running around trying desperately to find a suitor for her. The men were always pompous royalty with the finest clothes and the biggest egos. Now this Aladdin man has come along with his elephants and birds trying harder to woo my father instead of me.

But what about what I want? My 16th birthday is just around the corner; I have just completed my GCSEs, achieving the highest results in my entire school. My only dream right now is to carry on to A-levels. At this moment in time however, my dreams seem unattainable. My father has set his mind on finding me a suitor now that I am old enough to get married. On multiple occasions, I have tried to dissuade my father, but to no avail.

Like most other brown girls, my community finds it more honourable to settle down than receive an education and become successful. There have been too many cases of girls being pulled out of her classroom and shackled to a husband. Sometimes it hits too close to home and even some of my closest friends have been affected.

I don't want this, for myself or any other girl. I want to be a part of something bigger than just the walls of my house; I want something to be proud of and prove my worth.

But it's too dangerous, right? For a girl, for a brown girl, as if we are fragile butterflies. Or it's not proper, like the only reason we are alive is to be wives and mothers.

My father doesn't see eye to eye with me on this certain topic. The blood of his ancestors has been passed down to him, dripping through generations and carrying the traditions and norms of the old days. In his culture, women were the unseen, the invisible, the dark night sky to the men's shining stars.

I... want to be the sun. I want the brilliance to spill out from my fingertips and light up the world in all its scintillating glory. I want Icarus to fly to me without a moment of hesitation and I want to hold the world in my small womanly hands so everyone knows not to underestimate me.

Call me young and naive, but I know there is something waiting for me. How can I be born to get married?

I don't want to end up like my grandmother. In her time child marriages were as regular as rain and she didn't live a day until her husband died. I would give anything for that not to be my future. Us brown girls are expected to be submissive and quiet. What if I want to be loud? What if I want to be boisterous? How long can they hold me back before I burst out of these walls like a volcanic eruption, covering everything? So what if I'm too much for them to handle?

So I decided to let my voice be heard.

'Baba....' I started, mustering all the courage in my petite body.

'Yes jasmine?' He replied, putting down his pen to look at me.

'I don't want to get married to Aladdin, I really don't'

At this sentence, his face fell dramatically.

'What do you mean? For the last couple of months I've been looking everywhere for a man suitable for you'

'Yes, but that's the thing. I'm just a girl. I'm not ready to marry a man; I want to finish my education first'

'Jasmine, I'm just trying to keep you safe. I'm getting old and before I pass I want to make sure you are in safe hands.'

'Why can't I be those safe hands? I can't live in a bubble forever and one day I'm going to have to get out there. I can't rely on a prince charming to save me from danger my whole life can I? I want to be independent; I want to look out for myself.

And I want, I want to go to school and I want to learn you've never asked me what I wanted to do with my life'

'Are you sure you want to follow this path?'

'How can I not follow this path?'

'What if you fail would you regret it?'

'I would regret it a thousand times more if I gave up my education to serve a man!'

With that, she decided that it was in her hands to create a world of her own with the magic that flows through her veins.



It Was A Strange Day

by **Lily Sales**, South East Winner, Frogmore Junior School

It was a strange day, a very strange day. I was walking home from school and suddenly I got a text from my mum saying she would be late, so she told me to go around my auntie's.

Auntie Georgia only lived ten minutes away, but I took the wrong turn and ended up in front of a house with lots of trees and a black front door. I knocked on the door to get directions, but it just opened. I walked forward and went straight into a big kitchen with an orange door. As I looked back the door slammed behind me.

On a stone table there were three plates, one with a small piece of cake, one with a big piece of cake and one with a medium piece of cake. The middle piece of cake was the right size, it almost looked like it was smiling at me, but I was hungry, so I ate it anyway.

The door on my left opened, it was a reddish pinkish colour. I felt terrified because so many unusual things were happening, so I ran into the next room. There was a sitting room with a sofa, four chairs, a TV and a beautiful fireplace. Also, there was a small glass table in the middle of the room.

On the glass table there was a glass of lemonade, a glass of prosecco and a mug of coffee. I didn't like coffee or prosecco, so I went for the lemonade, Mmmm, it was cold, bubbly and just the thing for me.

In the blink of an eye the purple door on my right opened. I entered – well, my head entered first, the rest of me followed behind slowly because I was not sure what I would find. I heard a strange bang just as the purple door slammed behind me. I saw books, books about everything, all different shapes, sizes and colours. There was also a brown desk with a grey desk lamp and a red chair.

I could not wait to get hold of my favourite book. I spotted it, so I grabbed it quickly and sat down for an hour to read it. Once I'd finished, I went up to get another book, but this time it was on the top shelf, so I used the red chair to stand on to get my second favourite book.

Suddenly I heard a crack and the chair broke into many pieces. Feeling worried about what had happened, I ran upstairs into a bedroom, which was huge.

There in front of me were three beds: a large one, a small one and one which looked so cosy, as in the middle of it was a beautiful soft, snuggly, creamy white blanket which I just wanted to dive into. I did and fell fast asleep.

Suddenly, I was woken to the sound of talking, huffing and puffing. As I opened my eyes, I saw a young girl with her Mum and Dad standing over me. "What are you doing here?" the girl asked. I stayed silent as I listened to them telling me that I had eaten their food, drunk their drinks, broken the red chair and was now in one of their beds. As a tear ran down my cheek, I whispered, "I'm lost."

"Oh no, really, you are lost, but why are you in our house?"

"I was looking for somewhere safe as I couldn't find Auntie Georgia's house"

"Georgia, she is your Auntie?"

"Yes, she was going to look after me for my Mum, I saw your house, the door was open, so I came in."

"Okay, don't worry we will get you home safe."

"But I broke your chair."

"Oh, don't worry about that, it was old anyway, come on let's get you to your Aunts house before it gets dark."

So, I went off with the kind people back to my Aunties house, Mum was already there. They all lived happily ever after.

"I love that story mummy bear, can you read it again please?" Even though it was time for bed she agreed to read it one more time. As the baby bear snuggled next to his mum, Daddy bear came in to kiss him goodnight, he sat with them and listened to the end of the story. As the book was closed, he looked at his son who was now fast asleep.

Night, Night,

The End.



Home

by **Lottie Eatherington**, South West Winner, St Peter's CE Aided School

It was a cold, dark night and the frost was settling in. Thick layers of white crystals coated every surface, causing everything to glow. Dull sparkles glimmered as the ice caught on the odd flashes of light, as the moon peeped cautiously out from behind the clouds only to retreat again, as if embarrassed by the world it saw.

You wouldn't see him unless you were looking. A quiet shadow hidden against the wall. Never seen, never heard, never noticed. Invisible.

He couldn't go home. The memories of the place would forever haunt him. All times – good and bad could be no comfort to him now.

The cathedral bells chimed eleven. One hour until New Year. Darker and darker still it grew. The night was unclear, his hands barely visible two feet in front of his face.

A little camping light lay at his feet. As he turned it on, he caught a glimpse of a familiar face – bright teeth flashing and grey eyes twinkling – just in the corner of the shop window. But the bulb spluttered and dimmed, the apparition faded and died.

Frantically, he flicked the switch off and on again. He knew that face; he needed to see it again. It might have been a trick of the light, a mirage, a figment of the imagination.

Again, as the light reluctantly awoke, the glass lit up to an exuberant scene: he and his father managing to get more tinsel on themselves than on the tree!

Sparks of red and green blinked in and out of focus as the fairy lights swamped the evergreen in a never-ending flare. An icy warmth radiated from the image and he felt safe in the light it provided.

Yet again, the lamp was extinguished, plunging him into darkness. The deafening silence enveloping him – drawing him ever closer to an eternal slumber.

He desperately begged for the lamp to light just once more. Begrudgingly it complied. As the dimmest of lights was emitted, in the glow stood his father: tall and proud and beaming down at him.

“Father!” he exclaimed. “Take me with you on your travels beyond this earth! I know that you’ll disappear soon enough but I no longer wish to watch spectres and be unable to interact. Take me with you, I beg!”

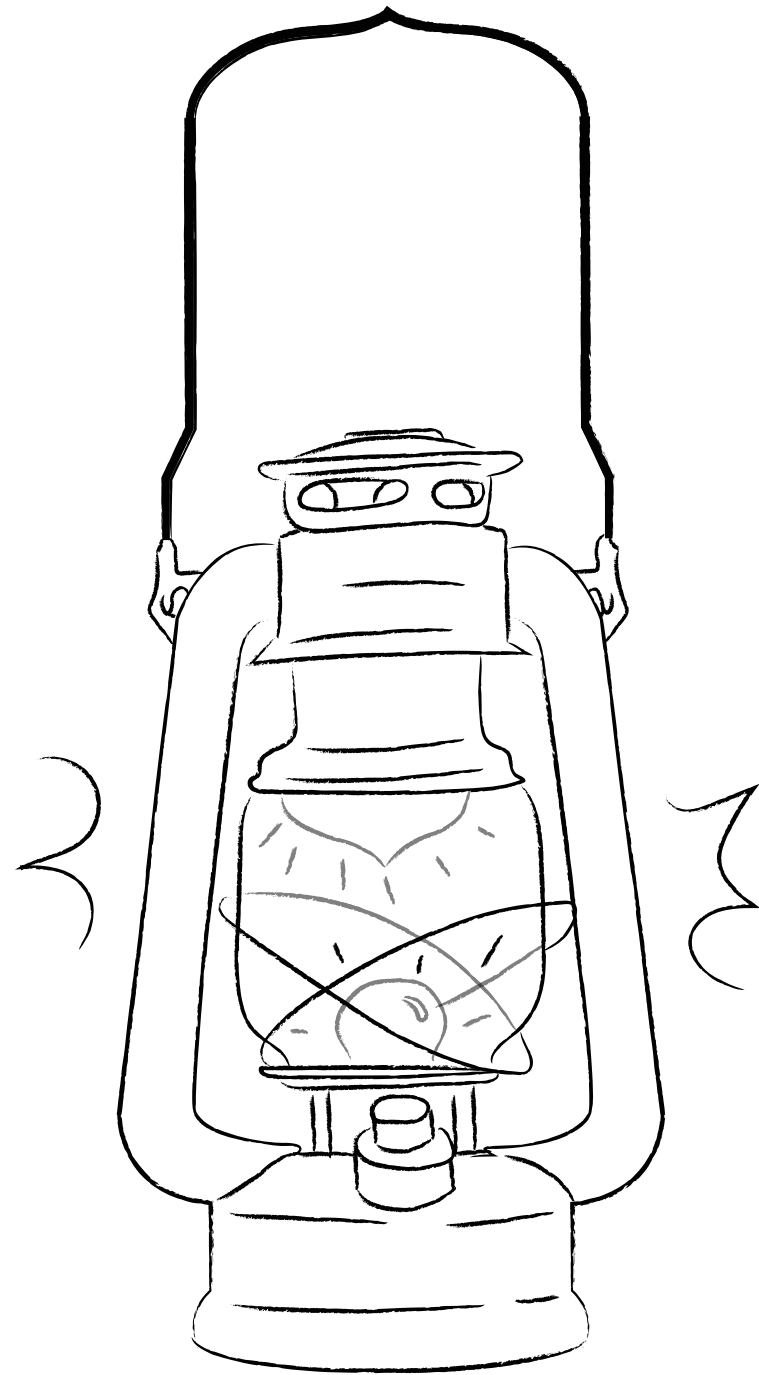
When the father stayed silent he called out again, “Oh, please answer me! Let us relive the memories I have seen tonight!” He grabbed the old camping lamp and held it up close to the vision – desperate to keep it alive forever. He was unwilling to let it slip away as all the other images had.

His father took both of the poor man’s hands in his and embraced him with a full heart and a joyous smile. They had never been so happy.

Both of them flew higher into the sky until the melancholy streets they once roamed lay far below them... A mere speck of dismal life on the face of the earth.

There was neither pain nor fear as they departed – they were with God.

He was found in the early hours of the New Year, hidden in the shadows, leaning against the wall. His lips were blue and his eyes were dull and defunct. “He must have followed the light that evening,” the people would say. But nobody knew of the wonderful miracles that had occurred that winter’s night, and of how happily he had left this miserable world and had started a bright new year in his new home above those streets.



Little Red Riding Hood Retold

By **Emerson Flindall**, East Midlands Winner, Sir William Robertson Academy

Once upon a time there was a young girl who constantly wore a red cape made for her a couple of years before by her gran. She was a very little girl who was known, bizarrely, by the name Little Red Riding Hood (even though she’d only ever ridden a donkey – just once, on a beach – and she didn’t even have her cape back then). Little Red Riding Hood appreciated everything she had and asked for no posh clothes, no trendy trinkets and none of the latest gadgets... just the appreciation of her lovely grandma that she shared a strong bond with.

One day Little Red Riding Hood was asked by her grumpy mother to take some cakes to her grandma who was apparently “ill” in bed. She didn’t moan, she didn’t sigh, she just picked up the cakes and left. Little Red Riding Hood hurried out of the house to the forest.

Fog erased the forest like a picture being rubbed out. “I wonder what stories she has this time,” she thought as silence echoed through the forest. Little Red Riding Hood walked faster and faster till eventually she stopped to catch her breath. She sat and thought, “Something is not right, something never feels right... but never this wrong.” Taking her time to catch her breath, she closed her eyes and suddenly, out of nowhere, she heard: “Aarrghhhh! That hurt!”

Immediately she rushed to her feet and ran. All you could hear was the sound of her footfalls on the forest floor and her heartbeats getting louder. Eventually she reached a halt. Her grandma’s house. All seemed fine. Nevertheless, she entered with her guard up. “Grandma? Hello, Grandma!”

“Oh, hello darling. My, you look startled. What’s wrong, dear, are you okay?”

“I heard cries... screams! They deafened the forest... like you were being attacked. I was worried sick. I ran all the way and... and... you’re fine!”

Little Red Riding Hood’s grandma laughed for just short of 5 minutes. Then she said, “Attacked? Me? You worry too much, dear. I wasn’t attacked. Why would I be attacked? What could possibly go wrong? A little old lady in the middle of an ancient forest in the middle of nowhere with wolves and monsters and other wild beasts and no protection, weapons or security systems. Come on, my love – let’s try to be a little less imaginative, shall we?”

As she put the kettle on, Grandma glanced quickly at the blood stain on the floor, checking to see if she had hid it well enough. Fancy that, a

mad wolf claiming to be an Amazon delivery guy with a parcel. Luckily, she had killed it before it ate her and hid its strangely human body in the pantry. She was looking forward to cooking it up later. Wolf Madras with basmati rice, maybe? A nice Wolf Bolognese, perhaps.

“And anyway,” said Grandma, “even if I was attacked, say maybe by a mad old wolf in disguise, don’t you think I would be able to protect myself? We women are a lot tougher than people think. We don’t need protection from woodcutters or hunters. There are few of them about these days anyway.”

“Yeah, sorry, Gran,” laughed Little Red Riding Hood and they had a lovely cup of tea and ate the cakes Little Red Riding Hood’s mum had made. They even enjoyed a game of Scrabble whilst watching their favourite celebrity dancing show on TV.

After, Grandma went off to the kitchen to make supper. A gorgeous aroma wafted in from the cottage kitchen and shortly Grandma threw open the door with a cry of “Surprise! Special burgers! Come get ‘em.”

Little Red Riding Hood’s eyes widened and her mouth watered: Gran’s special burgers were her favourite. They always had a different flavour, a different texture. Gran said she got the meat delivered special.

Little Red Riding Hood sighed as she wiped the juices from her chin and plucked the hairs from

her teeth. “Well,” she said, “I’d best be getting back to Mum. She’ll be wondering where I am.”

Grandma looked sad but understood. “Okay then, dear. Say hello to your mother and watch out for mad wolves!” They both laughed as they kissed their goodbyes.

Little Red Riding Hood was never seen again. The police are appealing for witnesses and think her disappearance may be linked to a spate of missing persons in the greater Fairytale Forest area.



Goldie and the Three Shop Assistants

by **Mary Muthuveloe**, West Midlands Winner, Belbroughton CE Primary School

There once was a typical teenage girl around about 13 years old whose name was Goldie. She lived a normal teenage life: watched too much TV, got up late and always had her phone glued to her hand. Her favourite app was Tik Tok, which involved being as popular as possible. However, disaster struck on a bright summer’s day: her phone was on low battery. Even worse, her charger was broken after her dog used it as a chew toy. To resolve this problem, Goldie decided to go to Currys PC World to buy a new one, as with a fully charged phone she could get even more likes.

As soon as she had got dressed, which took a while as she was as a teenager, Goldie set off into the big bad world of Forest City. While Goldie was walking, she stopped at the bakery and saw a small basket outside the door. Inside the wicker basket was a pile of chocolate chip cookies. Not sure what to do, Goldie used WhatsApp to ask her mates. She was told by one of her BFFs (best friends forever) that the cookies were free and to help herself. Immediately, she picked one up and ate it. Frustratingly, the first one was too hot. The next one she tried was too cold. Ultimately, she tried one final time and, thankfully, the last one was perfect. Fortunate and full of cookies, she ran off chewing the last few bits. However,

unbeknown to her, the basket held a note. It stated that cookies had been made by TTB Company and were £10.00 each! If she had known better, Goldie would have realised that TTB stood for The Three Bears.

After ten minutes of walking (running when full of cookies is always a bad idea), Goldie saw three brown shiny boxes near the road. They were all different sizes: a very large plain one, a medium fancy box and a tiny box with a smiley emoji on the cover. Despite trying her best to ignore these strange items, she couldn’t help herself. This was because Goldie had a problem with being nosy: she had to look inside any box, room or cupboard if it was shut. Curiously, she tried to open the boxes, but they were sealed, apart from the tiny box which contained a black, gleaming iPad. Overjoyed, Goldie took the iPad and ran off as she loved tech so much. She also thought the boxes were being sent to the rubbish dump. She didn’t realise the boxes also belonged to TTB company.

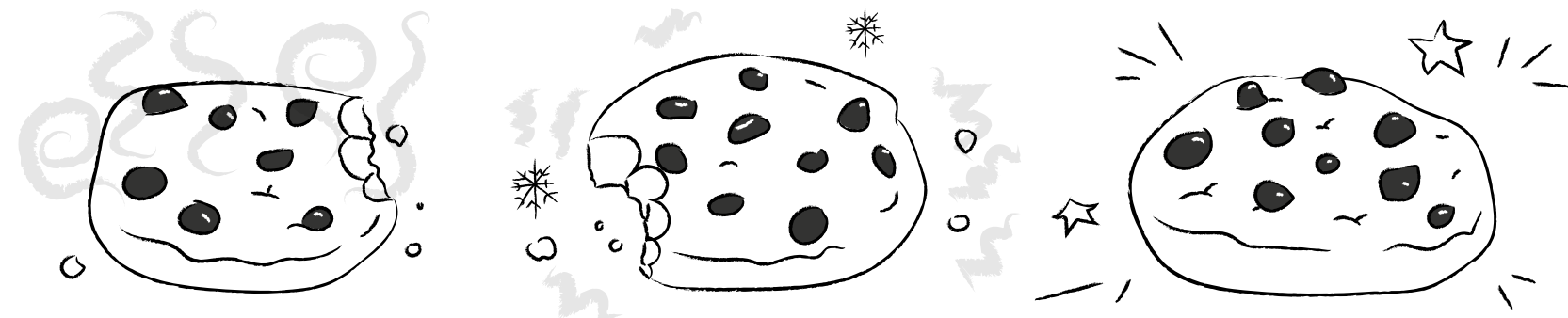
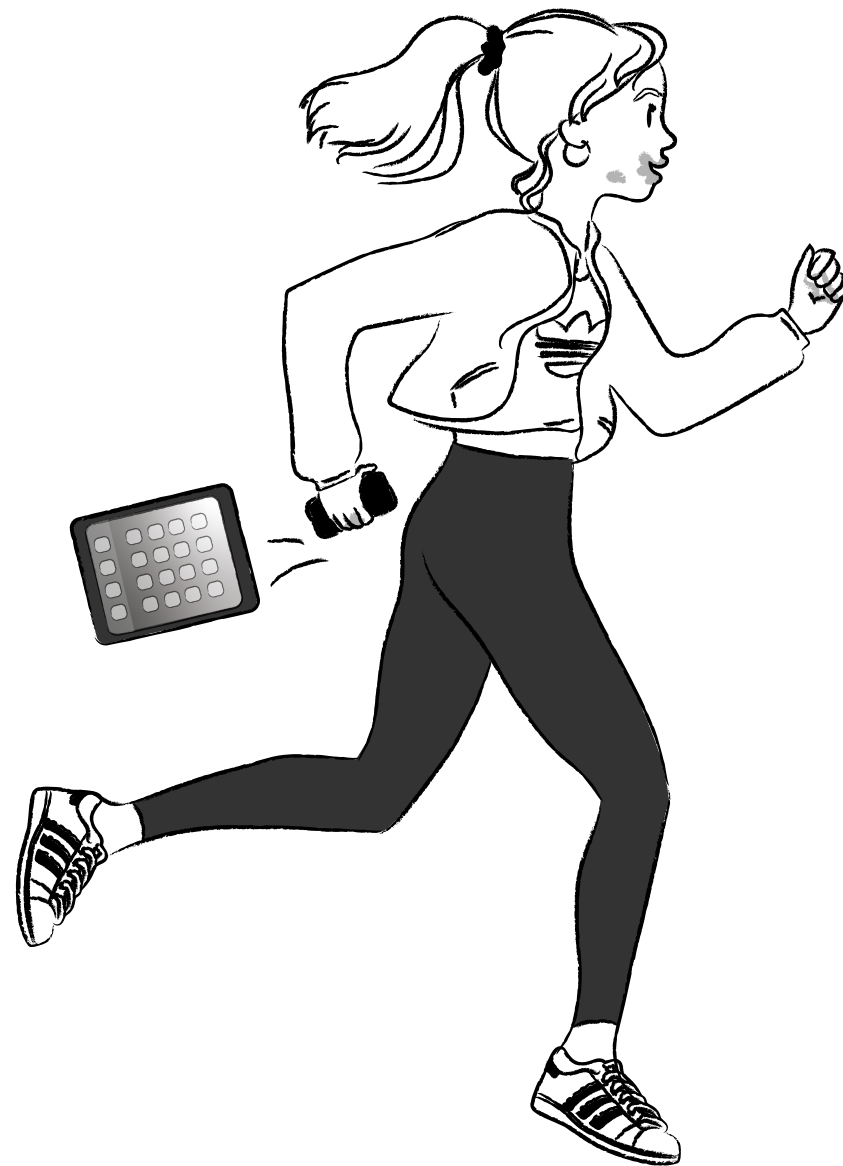
As she neared Currys PC World her way was blocked by three big edible dog statues (BEDs for short). There was no way around them, thus she only had one choice: to eat them. Checking no one was looking, Goldie took a big chocolatey

bite out of the first enormous dog, but it was too hard. The next one was too chewy. Luckily, the last one Goldie tried was just right. In no time at all, she had scoffed the lot and was able to carry on her way, even if she did feel very hyper after all the sugar. Little did she know the BEDs also belonged to TTB Company.

As she approached the doors to the shop she had been trying to get to all day, a large brown van skidded to a halt mere feet away from her. Out of it jumped three angry figures. The first was a bulky lady wearing a brown furry coat and too much make-up. Goldie thought she looked rather like a mummy bear. Next to her was a dumpy boy with brown hair, who in a high-pitched voice screamed, "She's the one who stole my iPad." Horrified, the poor girl stared in shock, but then shock turned to laughter as she looked at him more closely and saw he looked like a cute round baby bear. Towering over them both was a gigantic man with a big brown beard who cried in a booming voice: "Cookie thief!"

Goldie wanted to laugh as the trio looked a lot like three moody brown bears. However, they also looked like angry bears, so she dropped the stolen iPad and, as quick as a flash, she turned

and ran off home. Once she got back Goldie laughed and laughed at her cunningness, yet she wouldn't be laughing soon as her phone was now dead and she would need to go out again...



Acknowledgements

My Twist on a Tale would not have been possible without the support of our amazing partners. Please take a moment to find out more about their incredible work.



In addition, we would also like to say a special thank you to our judges for their time to choose the winning entries.

Jonathan Douglas, Chief Executive, National Literacy Trust

Ross Young, UKLA Representative and series creator of Power English: Writing

Phil Ferguson, UKLA Representative and series creator of Power English: Writing

Annie Everall, Director, Authors Aloud UK

Curtis Jobling, Author and Illustrator, Authors Aloud UK

Isy Mead, Head of Learning, The Story Museum

Cath Hogan, Story Collections Officer, The Story Museum

#MyTwistonaTale





A collection of the winning stories from the **My Twist on a Tale Writing Competition 2019** written by children across the United Kingdom.

The stories within were selected by our judges for their exceptional writing, creativity and for their representation of a modern day, diverse Britain reflecting the writer's own personality, location, heritage, interests or experiences.

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