

THE DAY I STOPPED BEING ME

Wessex MAT Collaborative Writing Event 2025

Hosted by the Thomas Hardy School

2nd April 2025



The collaborative writing event has been running since 2016 and brings together students from across the schools in Dorchester and surrounding villages. In small groups the students are given a brief to create a story of no more than 500 words. This years brief is given below.

In your group you need to work together to write a story

Title: The Day I Stopped Being Me

Your story can be set anywhere. The main theme is that you go to bed as one book character and wake up as another. For example you go to bed as Mr Strong and wake up as Little Miss Tiny OR you go to bed as Cinderella and wake up as Harry Potter OR you go to bed as the Gruffalo and wake up as the Rainbow Fish. The choice is yours....

During the course of your story you are going to surprise a lot of people and have many new experiences. How does your character speak, what do they like to eat, what clothes do they wear and how do you feel about this change?

Rules:

- No more than 500 words
- Start with the words
"When I woke up that morning I felt completely different"
- Must include the words
"You must be joking!"
- Must include these two things:



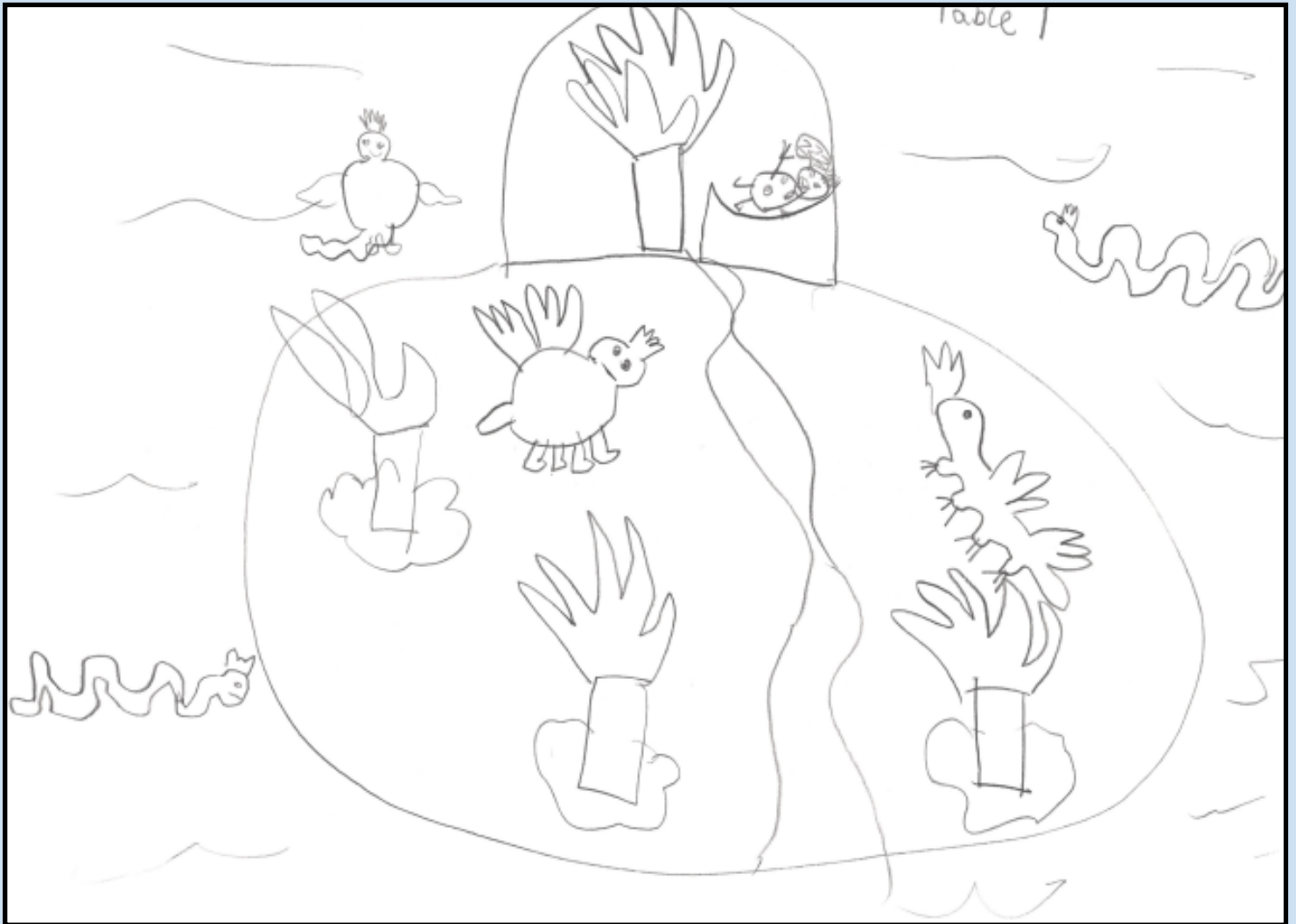
trumpet



butterfly

While every effort has been made to include the correct names we apologise for any mistakes.

The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Izzy Whitlock (St Osmund's Middle)

Lily Overment (St Mary's First
Charminster)

Anna Hardy (St Mary's First Charmin-
ster)

Anna Miles-Simmonite (Thomas Hardy)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. My house was ruined. I was covered in debris. My delicate wings had been replaced with overwhelmingly large ones. I sighed and a rush of burning hot flames burst out of my mouth. My heart pounded like a drum being played by a musician. Which reminds me I need to practice my trumpet. I thundered around the room in search of my trumpet, but it was nowhere to be seen. I found it under the laundry basket, a small shining piece of gold, it glistened in the palm of his hand. "You must be joking!" he shrieked "I can't play this, it's tiny!" he huffed. I stumbled into my mirror and the sight shocked me, I was a jet black scaly dragon with eyes of fire and I HAD A TAIL! My face turned pallid. Sweat trickled down my slimy face.

I set off to find my butterfly friends. But when I forced myself through the door I struggled to fit. So, I break the door down, scattering the floor with tiny bits of rubble. I took off, my huge wings weighing me down more than they ever had before. Along the way I met a pearl white unicorn, who I would usually have been frightened of. Her eyes widened as she soared off in the opposite direction.

"WAIT!" I called my voice fading in the breeze. But she simply flew faster. I flew as fast as I could, blocking the path. The unicorn's breath shook as she halted. "Can you help me turn back into a butterfly?" I asked. "Willow is that you" the unicorn replied.



"Yes, it's me. Can you help me" I pleaded. Poppy hesitated.

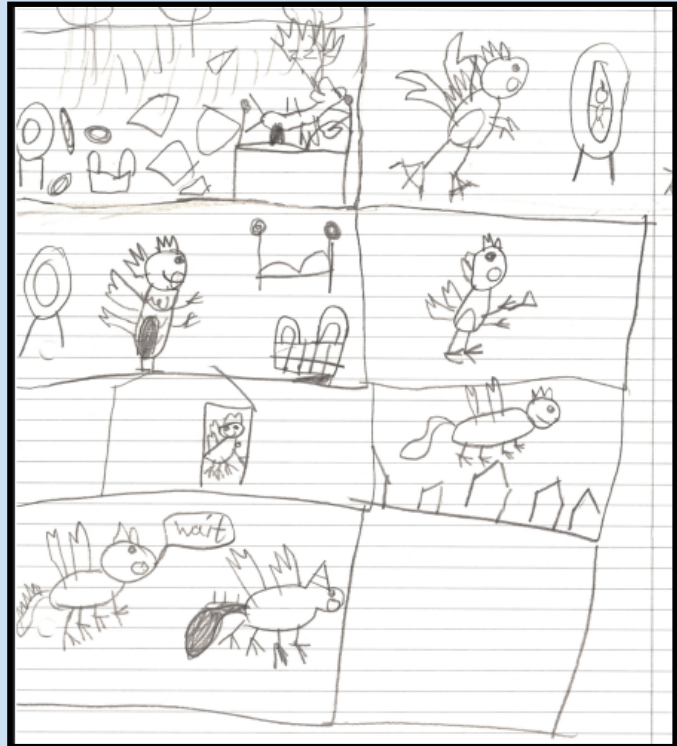
"Okay, I'll help you, but first we will have to find the eternal torch" she said apprehensively. Gingerly, she led the way. My heart leaped as I followed Poppy.

"So how do we find the eternal torch?" I question

"You don't it comes to you" she said simply
"When you turn it on it reverses evil spells, so it should help you turn back into a butterfly, but of course it is not certain that it will help. The torch is in a cave that reveals itself to you when you are ready" Poppy explained

"I am ready" I said

We reached the cave, after flying over a sea serpents. The cave was dank. We reached the eternal torch and we got blasted off our feet by a forcefield! Crest fallen we decided to try again and again and again. On the tenth try we once again landed in the ocean and the sea serpents pounced, we swam but I was swept away by the currents.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Darcie Minogue-Hughes (St Mary's CE Middle)

Theo Solanki (Puddletown First School)

Hazel Hamilton-Mclaren (Puddletown First School)

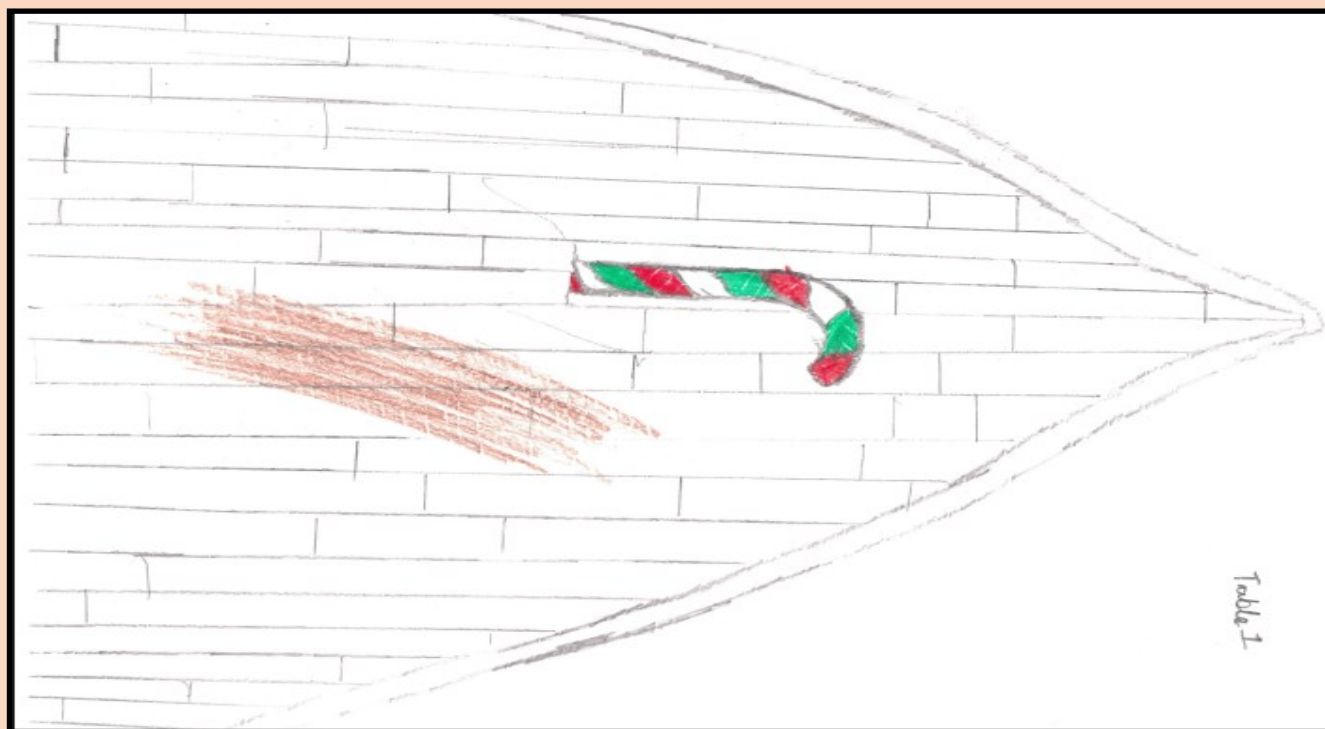
Erin Connolly (Thomas Hardy School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. We'd set off on an expedition to the North Pole, and when we had landed, I had snuck off the ship. Whilst exploring, I met some elves who gave me a candy cane whilst saying a funny little rhyme:

"Hello, little girl, come with me,
For I have a lovely present for thee.
A red and white candy cane, a nice little treat,
So beautiful and tasty, and really, really sweet!
This candy cane holds great power within,
Bite it and your adventure will begin.
Go to a workshop and find a present with your name,
When you do something with it, that's the end of your game."

Before I could say a word, the elves rushed off to bake cookies and wrap small presents, big presents and presents of all shapes and sizes. Five minutes later, I felt puzzled: this rhyme made no sense! "What did they mean?" I wondered aloud, "Well... here goes." Carefully, I chomped down, munch, crunch - one half was gone! And with one last crunch, I was no long Anne of Avonlea. I had turned into... a dinosaur! Not just any dinosaur, a Christmasaurus!

Just at that moment, a dazzling butterfly fluttered past. "Follow me! I'm Twinkle," the butterfly cried happily. Twinkle hurried away, and I chased after it, darting left and right and towards a mountain. Part way up the mountain, there was a sweet village where the houses were made of gingerbread, elves played in a chocolate lake and peppermint leaves fell from the trees. As I ran past a house, I could see unicorns playing on a marshmallow bed. In a boiled-sweet window, I saw myself: big and blue, with icicles down my back and a long, sweeping tail.



As I ran past a house, I could see unicorns playing on a marshmallow bed. In a boiled-sweet window, I saw myself: big and blue, with icicles down my back and a long, sweeping tail.

I continued up the mountain which towered over me. It was steep and rocky and got colder the higher I climbed. The snow was thick and fluffy.

When I reached the top, the butterfly was waiting for me. It fluttered towards what looked like a small house. A small elf with pigtails and a colourful hat answered and welcomed me in.

"I'm looking for some presents to turn me back into a little girl," I explained.

"Greetings - AHHH! - dinosaur, I expect you're going to roar," the elf replied, "The presents are over this way, in a little maze."

"You must be joking!" I cried. A towering, looming pile of presents was in the centre of a huge maze!

At that moment, the butterfly zapped past. "Hello again," called Twinkle, "follow me!"

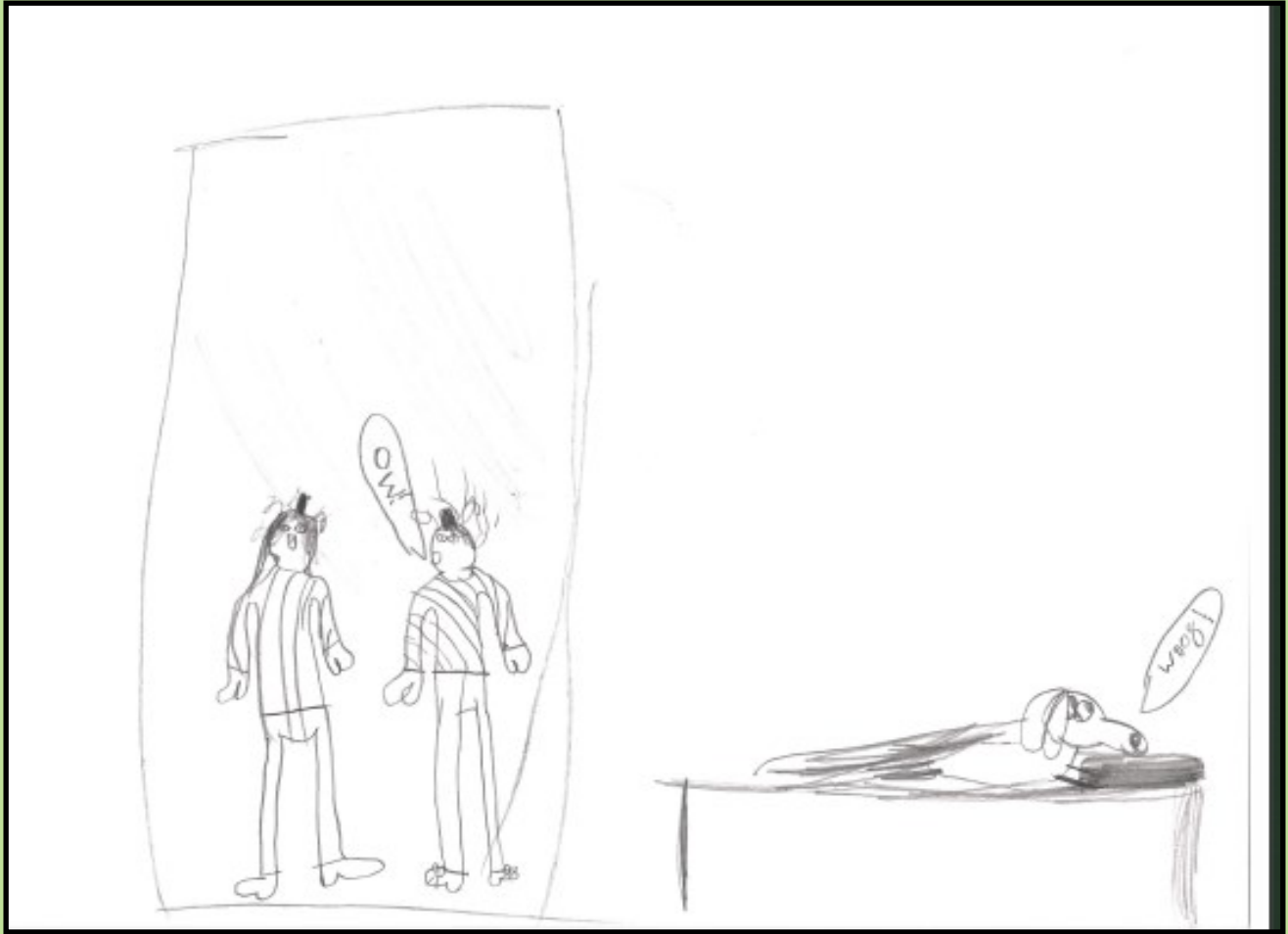
I dashed after Twinkle for what felt like days. We reached the towering, looming pile of presents, and at the top was a present with my name on it! I scaled the mountain of presents and reached the one for me. I tore it open and found a trumpet.

"Ok, here I go... 3, 2, 1..."

I blew into the trumpet and a stream of melody wrapped around me as I changed...



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Mani Chalmers (Thomas Hardy School)

Harmony Caines (Frome Valley First)

Joel Phillips (Frome Valley First)

Amber McLellan (Dorchester Middle School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. My feet felt cold; I began to wiggle them in the wind. With my eyes still closed I sniffed the air, I couldn't smell my breakfast, actually I couldn't smell anything! Quickly, I opened my eyes, and my head hit the roof of my kennel. Ouch! Did my home shrink in the night?

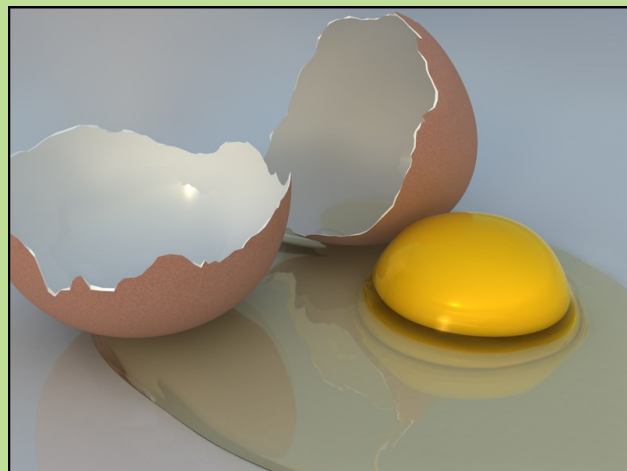
The world seemed much brighter, there were so many colours to take in, I was almost blinded! Instinctively I got on all fours and rushed out of my kennel. What I saw next took my breath away...

I stared into the kitchen window, instead of seeing my normal dog self, staring back at me was the body of my owner Raj on all fours! I squееееееeed through the dog door into the kitchen and much to my surprise I saw Nanna trying to cook breakfast. Broken eggs lined the floor like morning dew on spring day, bacon was hanging from the walls and pancakes dripped from the ceiling. A drop of syrup landed on my nose I tried to lick it off but my tongue couldn't reach!

Suddenly, I saw Nanna trying to open the door to go to work. I knew I needed to help. Using all my strength I managed to stand on my two legs and open the door for her. Me and Nanna, who was actually my owner Raj, trotted along the street. Nanna opened the shop like it was just another normal day and she was still in the body of Raj obviously that was not the case!

Nanna hopped onto the counter ready to serve some customers. I just stood back and watched in disbelief. Today

was the day Raj was meant to serve his 1 millionth customer and when that happened a trumpet would begin to sound a tune. Suddenly, the tallest girl in the world walked into the shop. She was the 1 millionth customer. She brought over her packet of cookies and peered down expecting to see Raj. Instead, she saw the fluffy face of Nanna. "Nanna what are you doing here?" she exclaimed "Where's Raj?"



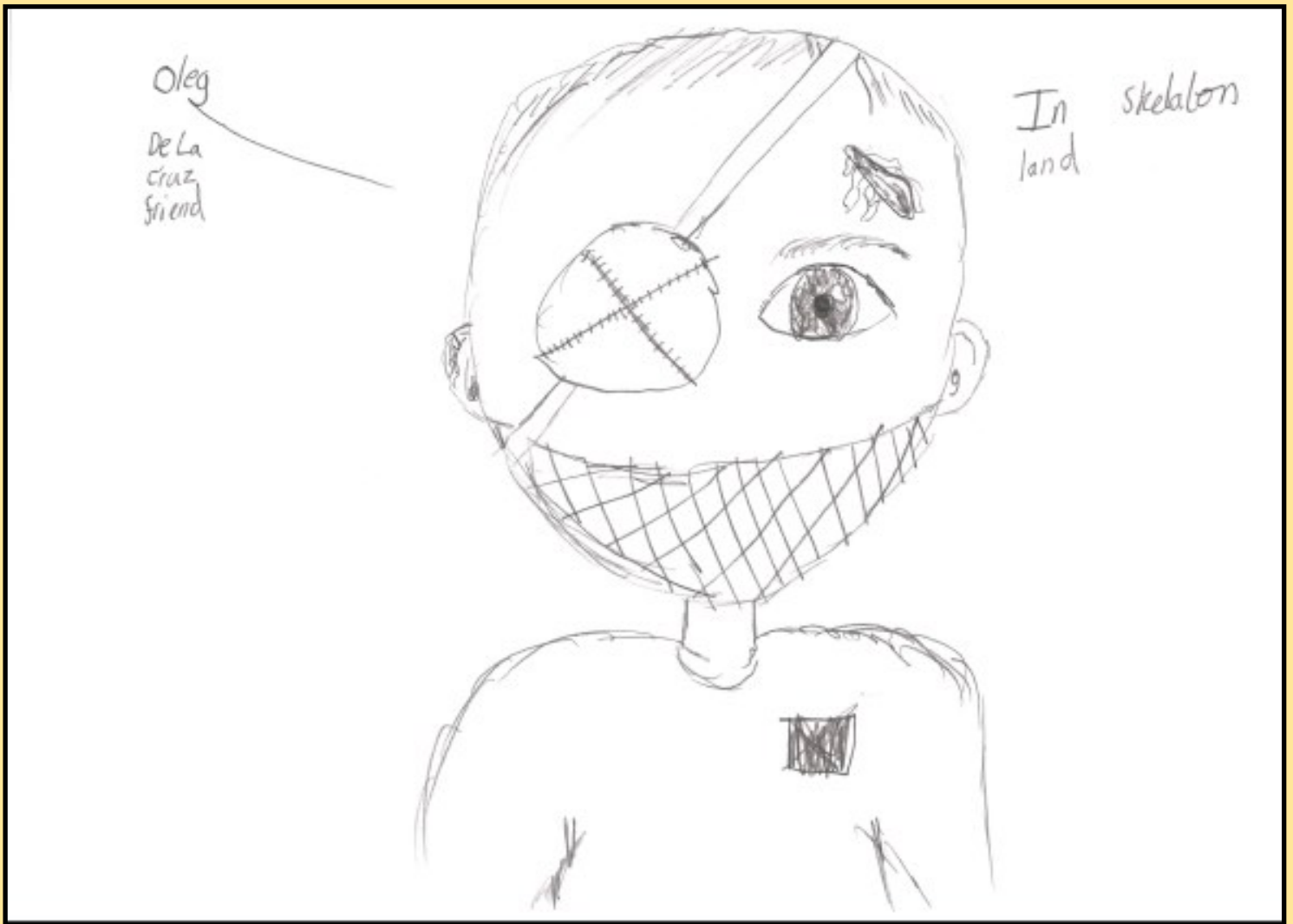
"WOOF?" replied the confused dog

Just at the moment the trumpet began to play its tune. Nanna began to bark, and I in Rajs body, tried to calm her down but nothing worked. Then just outside the shop window, a swarm of butterflies began to float past. I couldn't resist my dog instincts I stormed out of the shop, fell back onto my hands and knees and began to chase the beautiful, spotty butterflies.

As I was playing with the iridescent butterflies, the sun began to fall, and Big Ben started to chime. I looked down at the floor still expecting to see the hands of Raj however I was pleasantly surprised to see my furry paws had been returned to me. Everything seemed to be back to normal, except for the fact i still had on Rajs oversized, stripy clothes. "You must be joking!" I barked, but nobody understood me.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Tamsin Lake (Thomas Hardy School)

Freddie O'Neill (Manor Park First School)

Agatha Summers (Manor Park First School)

Rowan Trebilcock (St Mary's Middle School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different... nauseous and isolated. I raised my hands to my face, but they flashed white before my eyes, weightless.

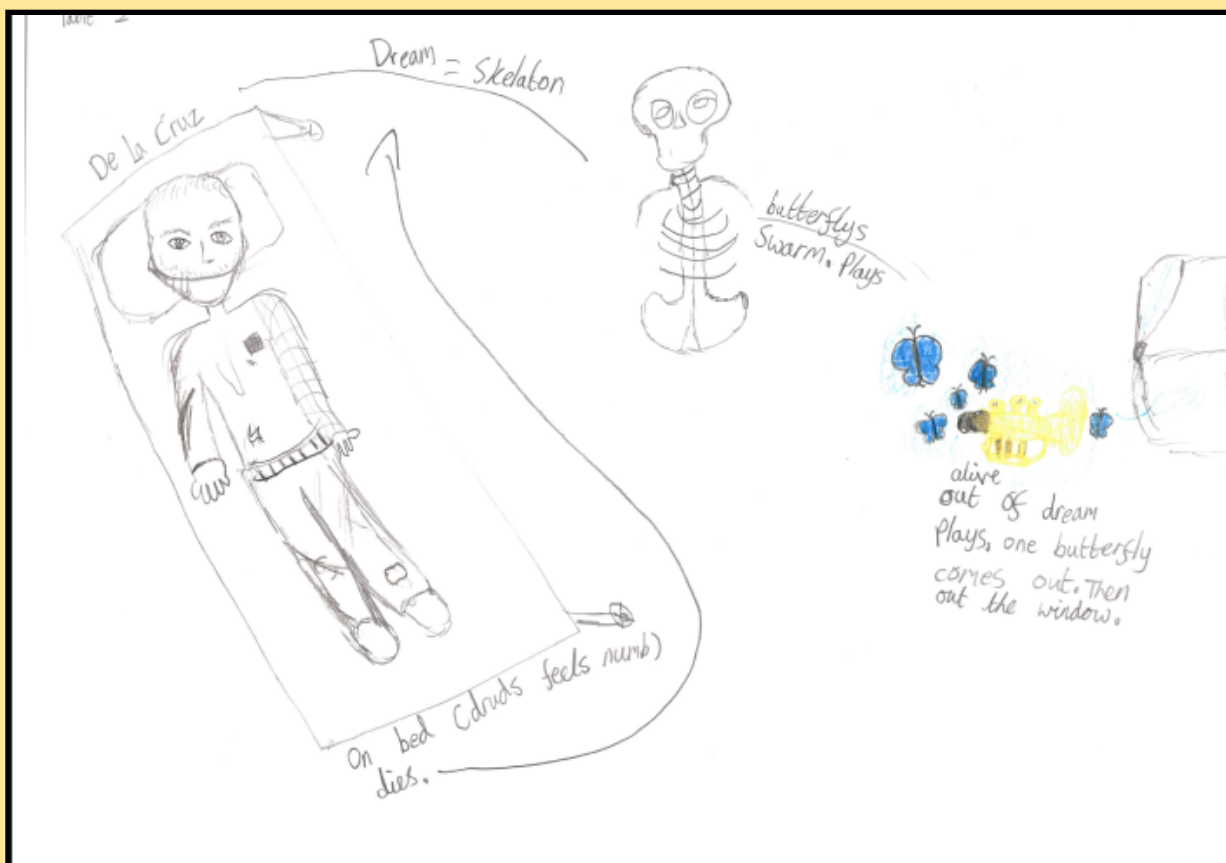
I remember suddenly a woozy feeling, and my limbs going numb as I lost all movement. I had been successful: I had ended the threat of nuclear war. But at the back of my mind, the face of my daughter remained. Grief. Disappointment, in myself. I thought int that moment, of how I was abandoning her, fatherless and lone. I became fully paralysed lying on the operating table, staring up at a huge bright light. An intense drowsiness overwhelmed me then. I closed my eyes. I had to.

And then opening my eyes, expecting the faces of the Russian comrades, I instead saw a butterfly. Lifting my hands towards it, that they were skeletal hands, flashing white before my eyes. Weightless.

I followed the butterfly, a sudden realization coming over me, that I am dead, because, I am only a skeleton.

The blue butterfly danced before me, little lights glowing on its wings. I kept following it and found my self in crowds of other skeletons. There was one in particular who seemed familiar, because of his tall build and bad posture, and only a stub for a ring finger.

"Oleg!" I called out in shock recognising my Russian friend. Oleg didn't respond and I scratched my skull in confusion. Only I couldn't feel a thing. *You must be joking.*



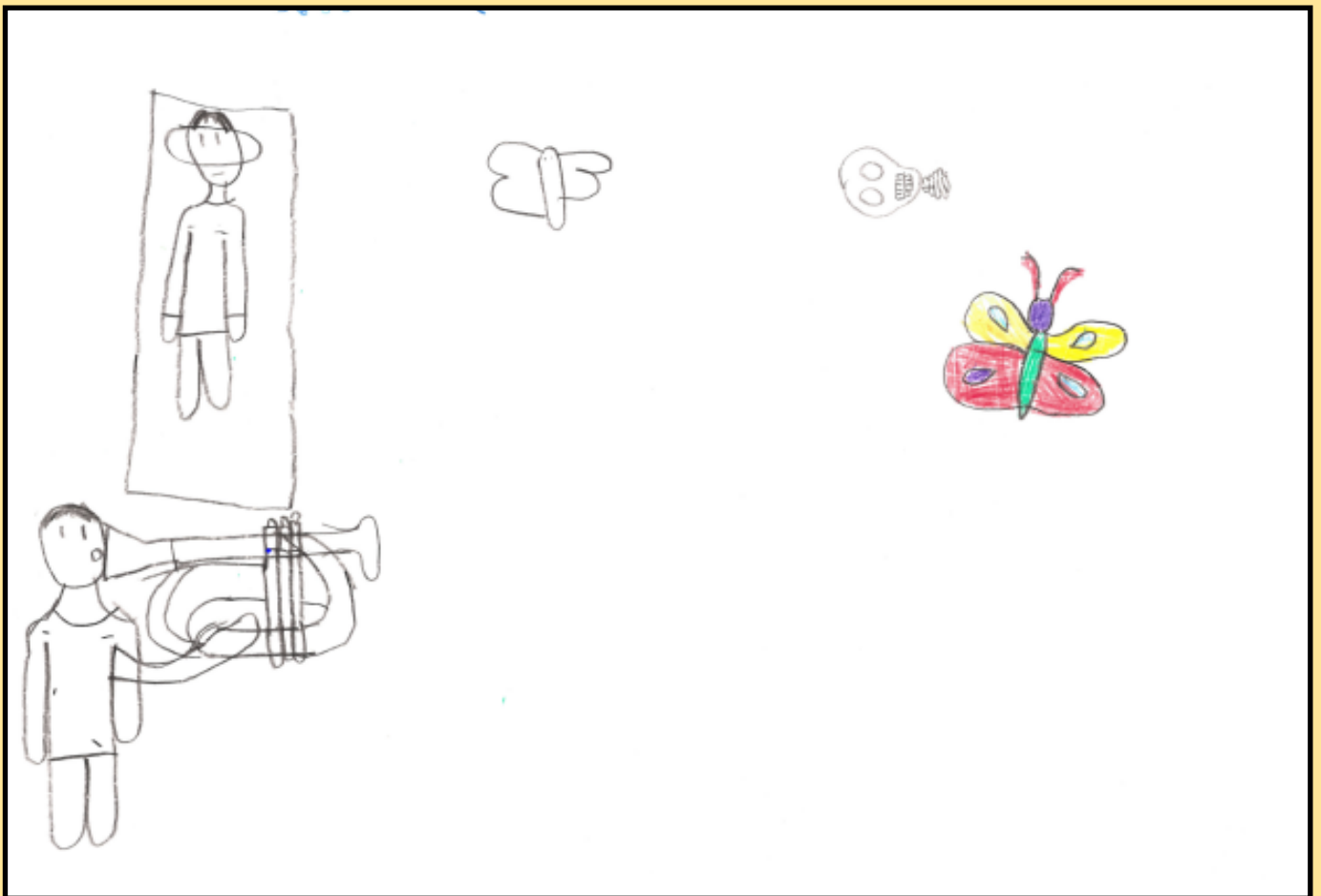
The butterfly then darted in front of my face and in the impatient flap of its wings, I was reminded of my daughter. I wanted to follow, but unsure, looked from Oleg to the butterfly. Why didn't Oleg recognise me?

A sudden powerful wind pushed at my back urged me to follow the butterfly.

We walked onwards through the skeletons as the butterfly led me towards an object on the ground. the butterfly multiplied and swarmed around the indistinct shape, the lights on the butterfly reflecting of something brass. they then divebombed towards the end of what I saw to be a trumpet. I picked up the trumpet, and blew through the mouthpiece. I felt a sense of familiarity as if my fingers new what to do. I clasped the trumpet and started to puff. What came out was classical music, which made me feel the same sense of drowsiness that I had felt on the operating table. I glanced sleepily down at the trumpet, noticing an inscription of a name on it. De La Cruz.

I slumped to the ground in a deep slumber.

I awoke with my family peering over me, my daughter and wife filled with happy tears. There was a beeping of a hospital monitor. Beside me, cold against my skin was a trumpet with the exact same engraving. I picked it up, wondering if I could still play. I blew it, but all that came out was a little blue butterfly with lights on its wings.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Thea Denham (Thomas Hardy School)

Alba McDonald (St Osmund's Middle School)

Danny Fedosin (Puddletown First School)

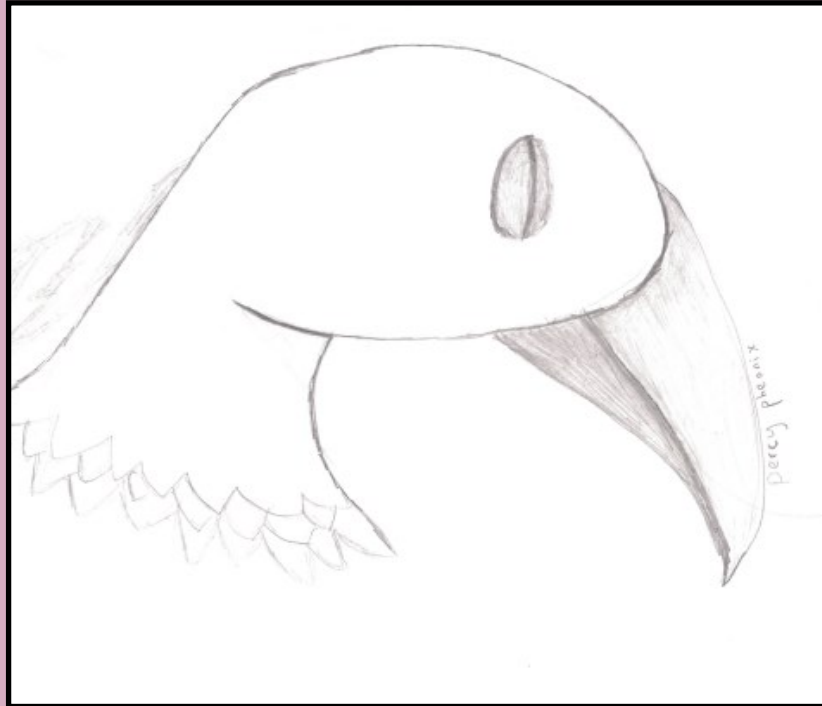
Beatrice Dowing (Puddletown First School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different, I looked down and saw these crimson red fluffy feathers. I lifted my arm and these feathers draped down from me! When I sat up, I tilted my heavy head towards my mirror and suddenly I saw this shockingly large beak upon my face, as sharp as a knife. My colossal beak was as orange as a tangerine, I could see it protruding in front me. I feel different, chocked in my own body, I tried to speak but a squark came out instead!

After I faced my new change, I waddled down the stairs like a penguin as I could not work these miraculous wings. My Grandmother was staying with me, but I was too afraid for her to see me like this.

I get out my usual breakfast - a blueberry muffin - then I realise I do not have hands anymore so I start pecking at it like a chicken. In the corner of my eye, I see a little butterfly, with rainbow wings, go over to my ear and say, "I can teach you how to fly Percy".

We then spent thirty minutes attempting to fly but kept failing, it was getting insufferable. Although I felt my instincts kick in and then I spread my wings and soared elegantly out of the window.



I went outside and the glistening sunlight blinded me, reminding me of my concert later today. I then go to pick up my trumpet but it was too heavy for me to pick up with my claws. Luckily, Dogman was there in my garden to help me. I could never speak to him as a human but I can now. Dogman helps me take my trumpet to the venue, where I will be performing. We arrived at the venue, but realised we could not get in as animals so we, as quietly and as fast as we could, snuck in through the open window.

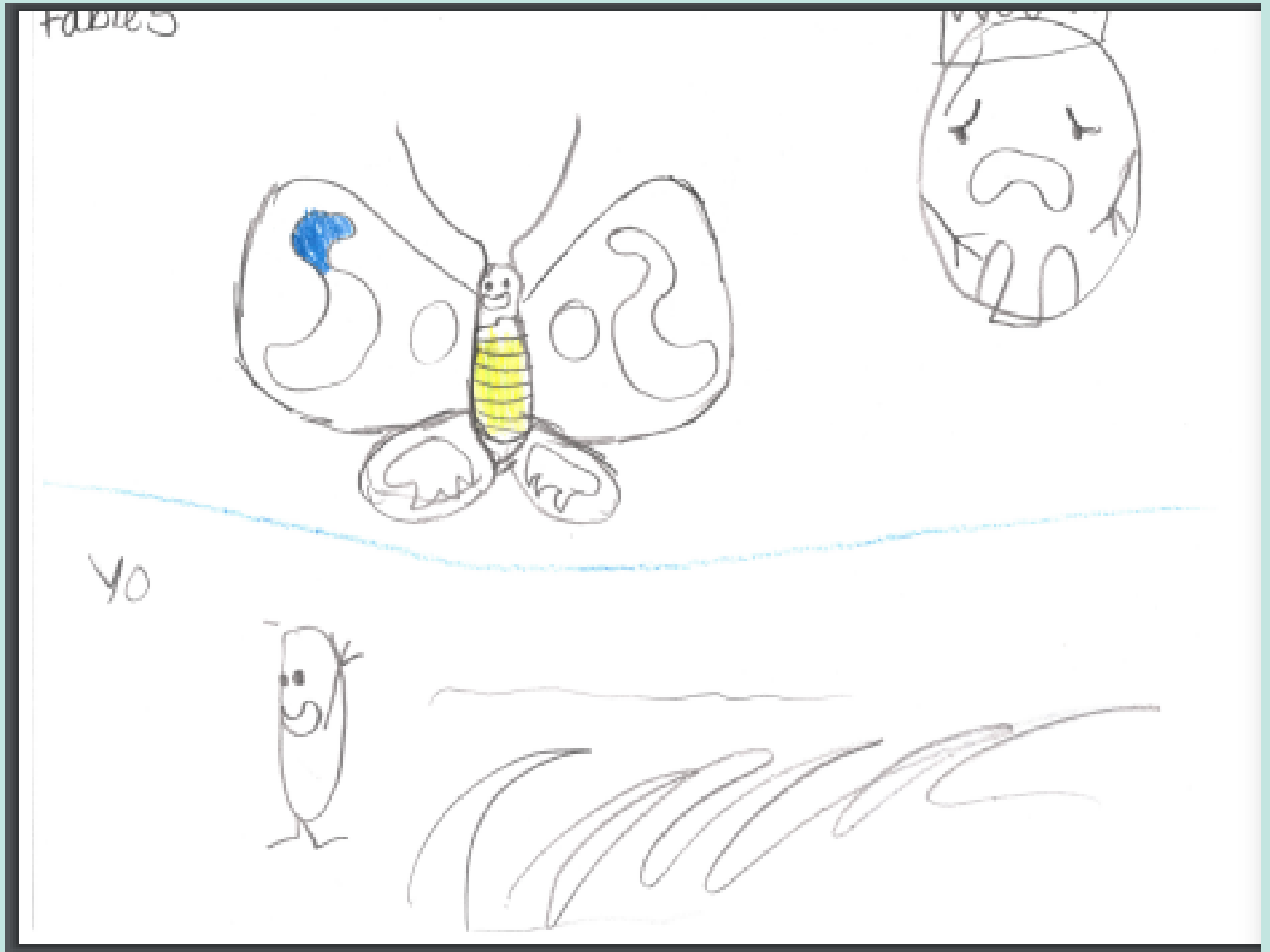
We saw the rest of the band frantically running around, panicking, as I was not there. The band could not find me so they quickly went to their manager and said "We can't find Percy!".

I see all of this commotion and I have to prove them wrong, I am here! I grab my trumpet and start playing a combination of my favourite songs, they must know its me! They whip their heads around and exclaim "You must be joking! Percy is a phoenix!". I nod my head and they all embrace me. They all look at one another and say "We are so ready! Let the concert begin!".

The red heavy curtains patiently opened, revealing the loud, exciting crowd. Then the massive crowd sees me and I feel anxious as they can see my new flaming body. We started playing and we saw the realisation wave through the crowd, that I am now a mythical creature.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

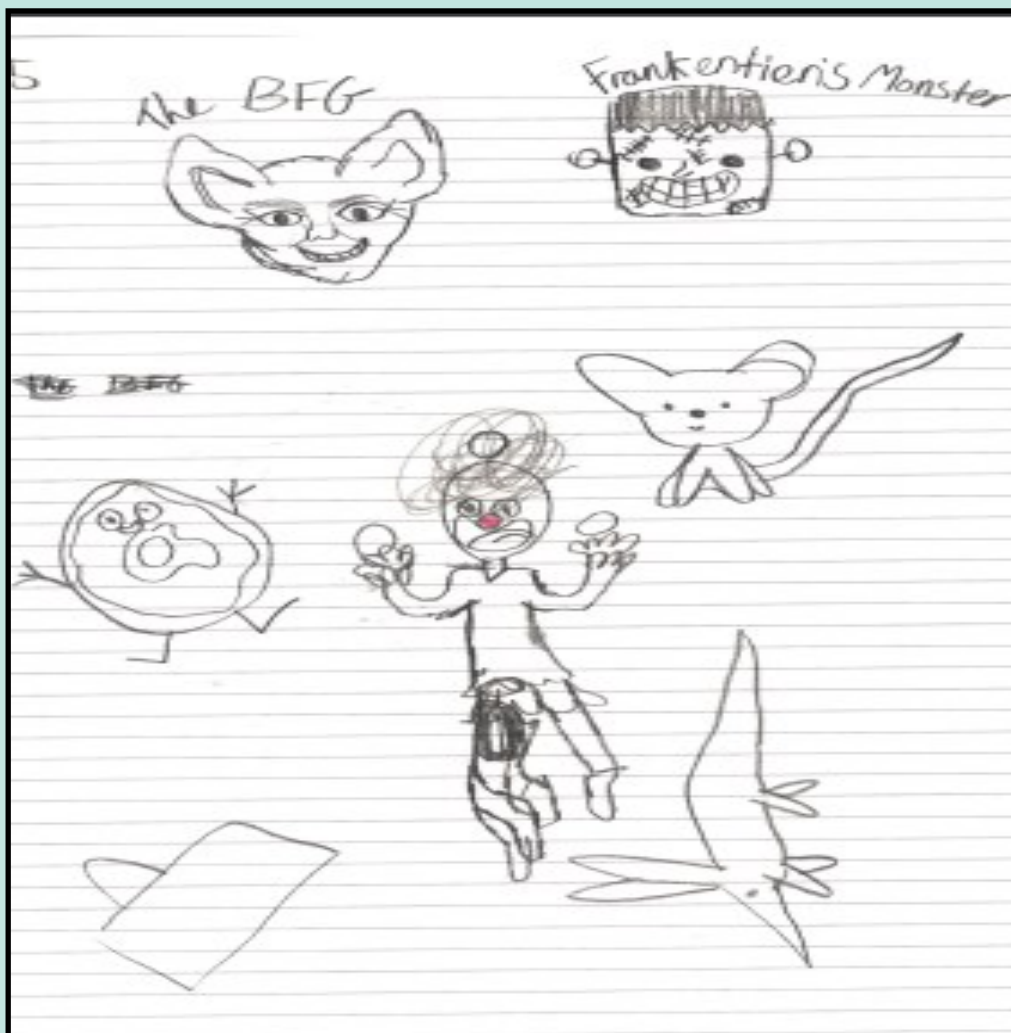
Mily Bird (Thomas Hardy School)

Holly Elliott (Dorchester Middle School)

Fenna Dyerdot (Broadmayne First School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. My feet were hanging off my tree trunk bed, and everything sounded ten times louder-it was like someone has turned up the volume of the world. I turned over and I was surprised to see a cluster of black and red wobbly cucumber like fruits, and for some reason this made me feel deeply uncomfortable, this was also strange as I know for a fact that I put my midnight snack of potatoes there the night before! As well as this I felt remarkably joyful and happy, it was like my anger had just been washed away. I leap out of bed and go to sprint downstairs for a big bowl of Weetabix. However, as soon as step up out, I get this excruciating pain on the top of my head. THUMP. Why on earth is my head sitting the ceiling? OUCH. The pain permeates through my body. I fall down in agony, but as I'm on the forest floor I see my trusty trumpet, hidden behind some vines. I grab it with joy and as I take a deep breath in and blow into it-all I hear is silence! Why is my trumpet not making any noise?

I'm overcome with confusion, and my tummy is rumbling, so I grab my suitcase with my empty jars and set off for town to collect some food and search for answers. I pass some houses, towering over them, I peer in through the window and see a young girl fast asleep. A bright glowing light appears. I entered... The floor was soft and bouncy. Every step I took I fell into a hole moving progressively down. Deeper and deeper. Until it stopped. There was a beautiful butterfly traveling slowly, fluttering elegantly, I follow it. Suddenly it speeds up, faster and faster, and before I can see where it's leading me the light appears again.



But I'm not back at the street, instead I'm surrounded in darkness.

"AHHHH!! Let me go!" I scream.

"Answer these simple questions and you can leave... What is the longest word?" A mysterious voice murmured.

"Ha, that's easy, oesophagus" I replied with confidence.

"WRONG!!" shouted the voice. "It's supercalifragilisticexpialidocious, obviously."

"Noooo..." I said in despair.

In the corner of my eye, I spot a glowing sphere-it was the butterfly.

A high-pitched squeaky voice echoes through the silence "OMG!! Frankenstein you've turned into the B.F.G!"

"You must be joking!" I said in shock. "Well how can I change back?"

"In order for you to know the truth, you must catch all of these sausages!!!"

"Sausages! There aren't any sausages here?" As these words left my mouth, a flock of flying sausages flew past, nearly knocking me off my feet.

"You mean like this?" I say as I collect the sausages.

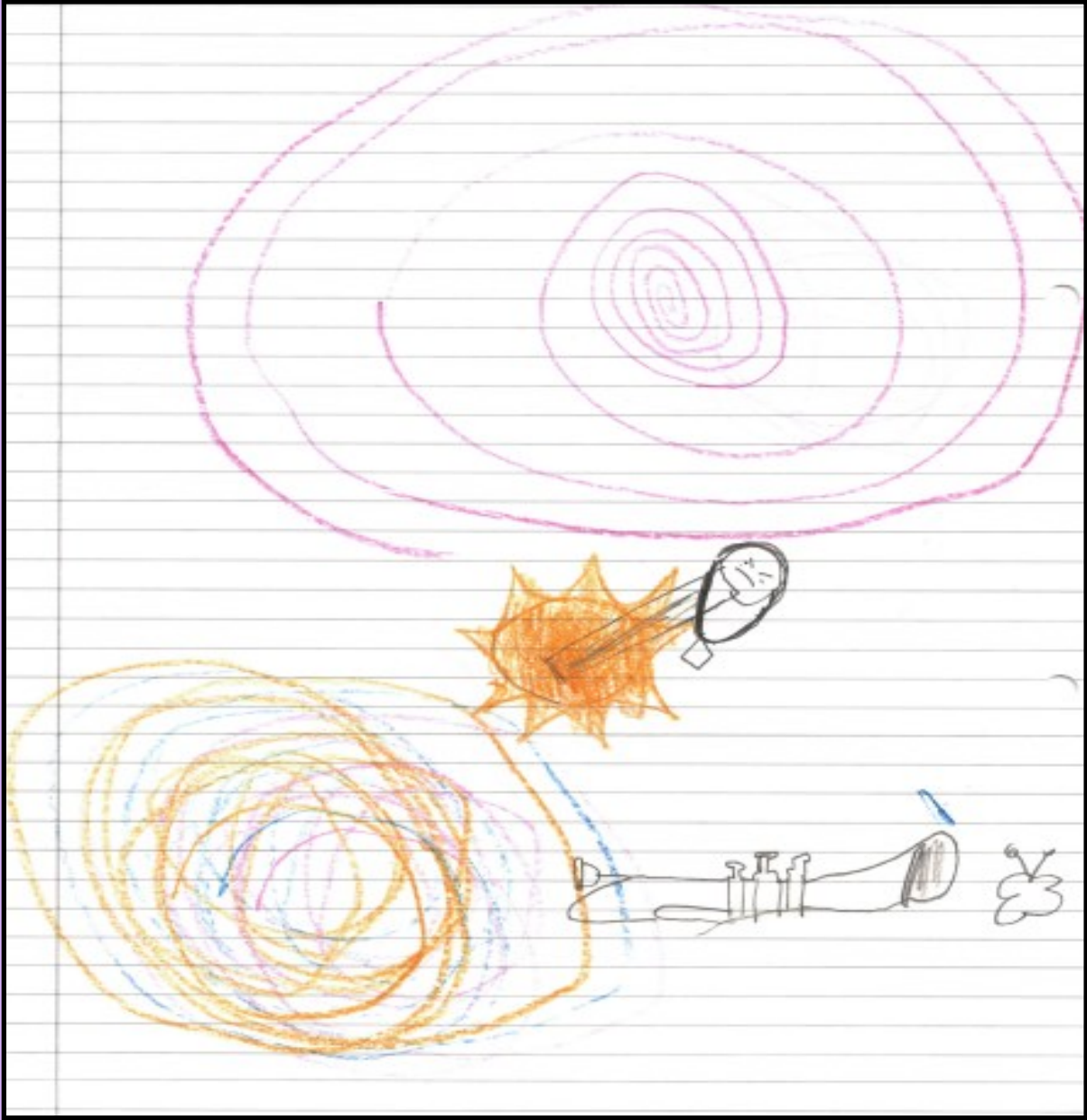
As I catch the last sausage, the bright light returns transporting me back to my wooden bed. As my eyes open, I realise it was all a confusing dream.



SUPER
CALIFRA
GILISTIC
EXPIALI
DOCIOUS



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Josie Stokey (Thomas Hardy School)

Anna Barrett (St Mary's Dorchester)

Luca MacDonald (St Mary's Dorchester)

Esme Mottarghi (St Mary's CE Middle)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. I looked down; my hands and feet were a greyish white. I thought I could hear a horn playing. It sounded like a trumpet.

I ran downstairs to find my parents, but they weren't there.

The trumpet sounds were louder now. I saw a strange door that I'd never seen before. It had a picture of a strange pale man with no nose.

Wait. He's moving.

I moved my hand. He moved his. Is it a mirror?

I screamed as loud as I could. He is me.

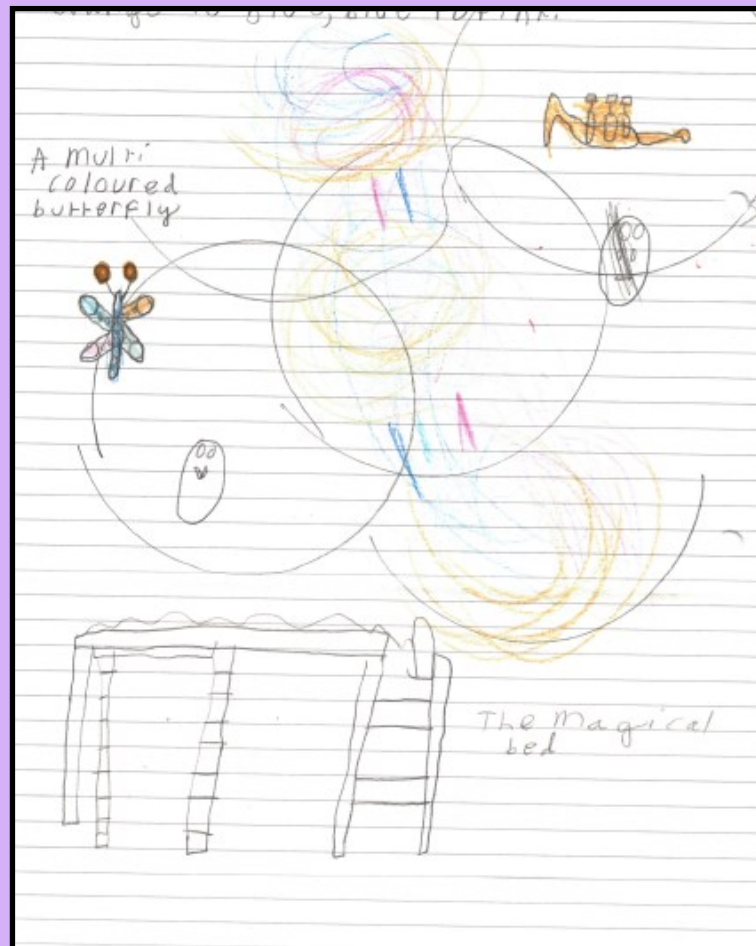
"Be quiet," said a voice on the other side of the door. I jumped. It was a man's voice. He sounded old and croaky, almost like a frog. I moved closer, slowly opening the door.

I saw blue. Then yellow. Then red. The room was changing colour. I walked in, almost tripping over when I realised the floor was glass.

There was a man stood in the middle of the room, with a turquoise trumpet. The one I'd heard earlier. The man was old. Covered in wrinkles. He was wearing an old, faded knitted jumper and trousers.

"You must be joking!" he sighed, trying to blow into the trumpet; it was jammed with something. Then he hit it as hard as he could. Suddenly, a bright light came out of it, and a butterfly appeared. It kept changing colours, just like the room.

"What's your name?" he asked.



"Harry," I say, "Harry Potter." He looked worried.

"Don't go outside," he said in his frog-like voice.

The butterfly twisted and turned through the air. I turned as it flew over my head, following it back into my kitchen. I heard a sizzle, and then a loud pop. I spun around just in time to realise that the door had disappeared. I turned back around just in time to see the butterfly, fly out of the room. I decided to follow as it flew through my house. The windows were all sealed and black, but the front door was slightly ajar. The butterfly flew out, so I followed it.

I gasped as I saw outside. The sky was green, and the grass was pink. Everything was the wrong colour. And all the windows were sealed just like in my house. I looked up to see what looked like a centaur, but it was a boy, and he had a unicorn's horn.



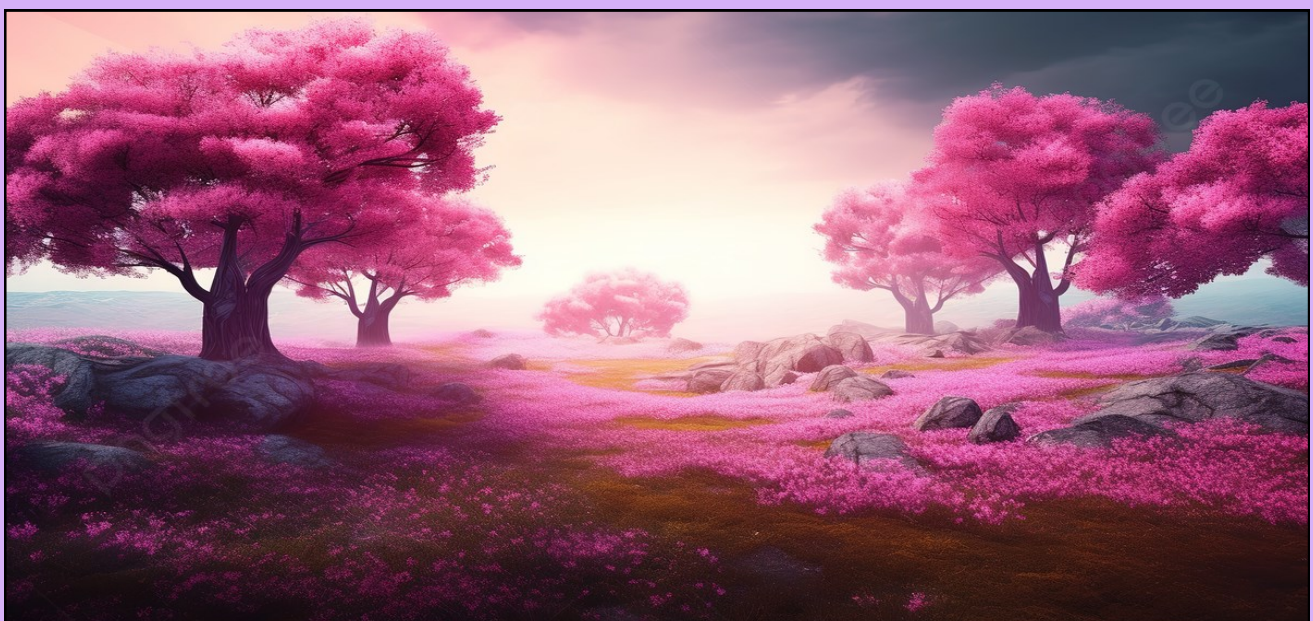
The butterfly flew off and joined a long trail of hundreds, flying in the same direction. I hesitantly followed them to an alleyway. I walk down it, pausing when I see the unicorn boy stood next to a purple bed.

"Lie down, Tom," says the unicorn boy. Tom? That's not my name. But somehow, I feel that I need to lie down. "You need to wake up, Lord Voldemort," he says.

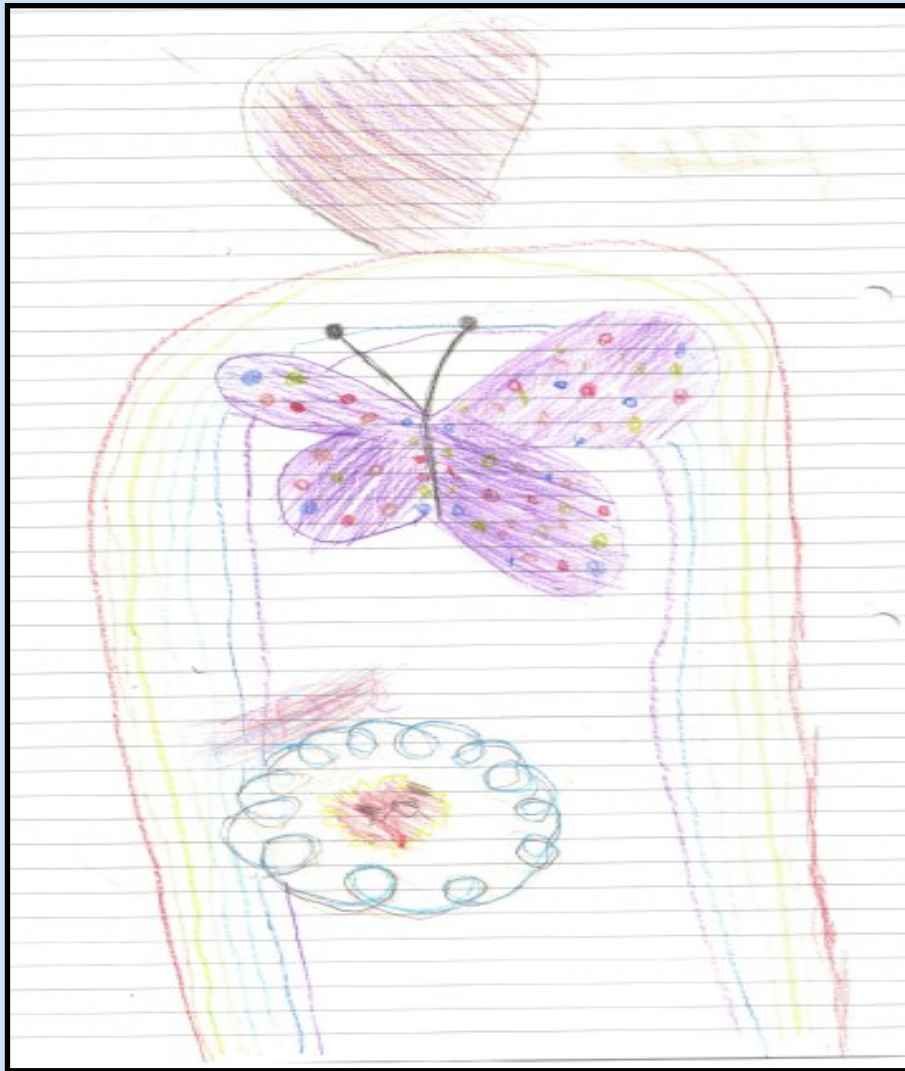
Voldemort? Tom? I only realise who I am as I fall asleep...

When I wake up, I'm back in my own room. I'm back to being Harry Potter. No more Lord Voldemort, it was all a dream.

I look down at my hands. Uh-oh. They're still a greyish white...



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

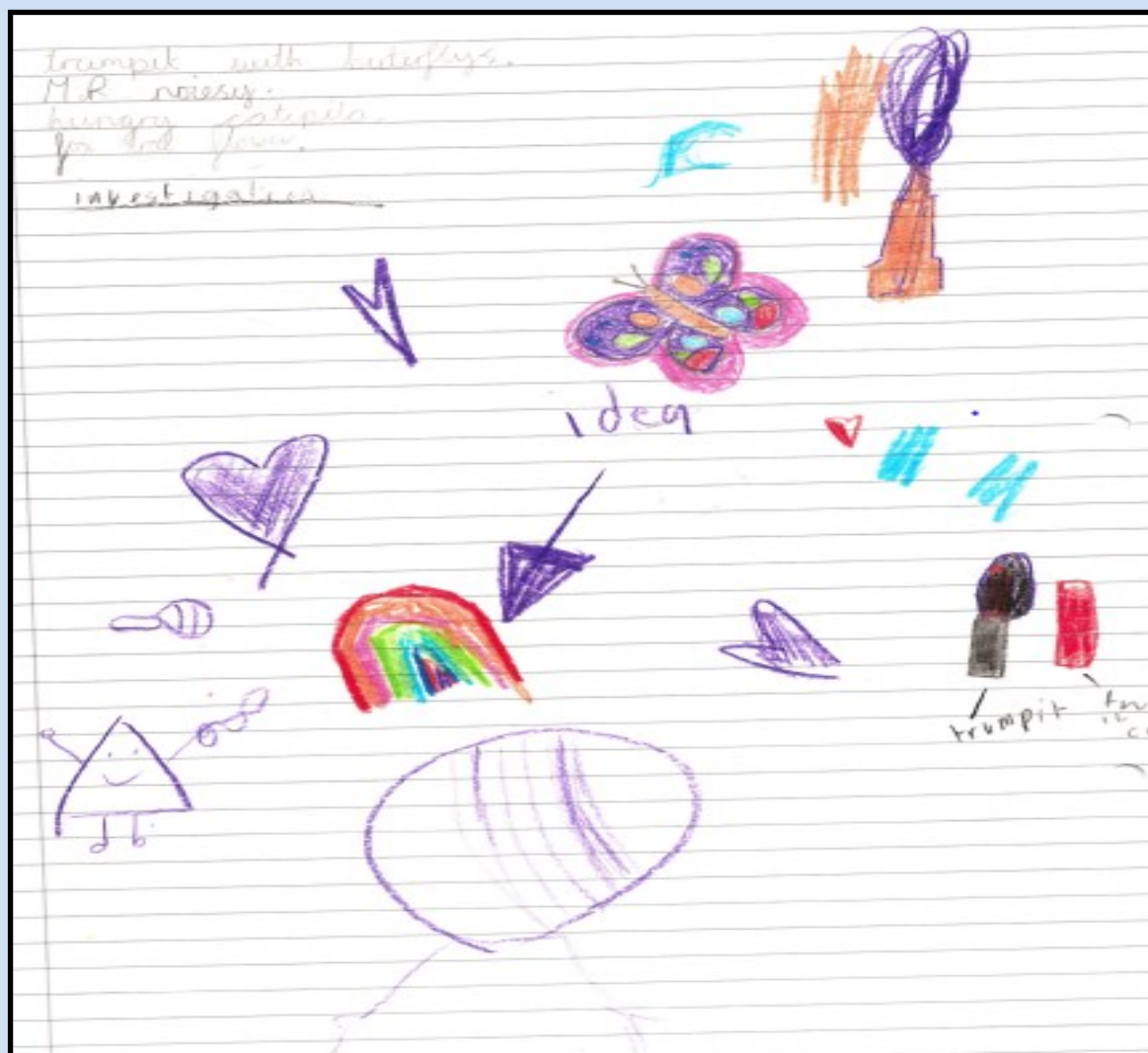
Joy Britton (Thomas Hardy School)

Mollie Whitfield (Dorchester Middle School)

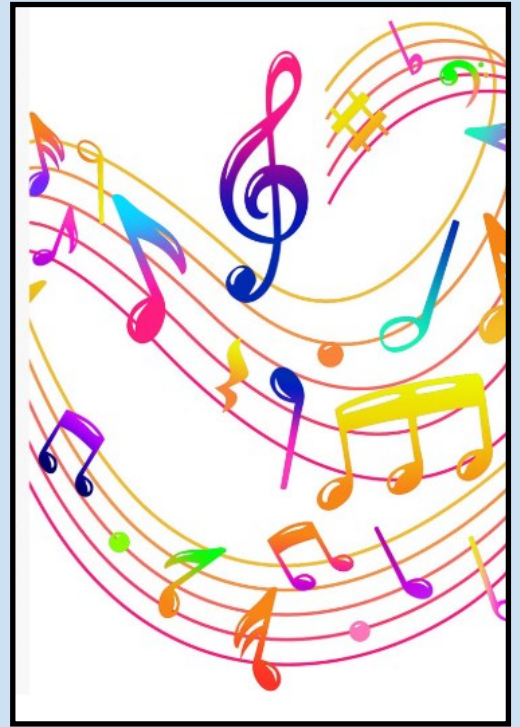
Esme Spinney (St Marys Catholic School)

Violet Parkman (St Marys Catholic School)

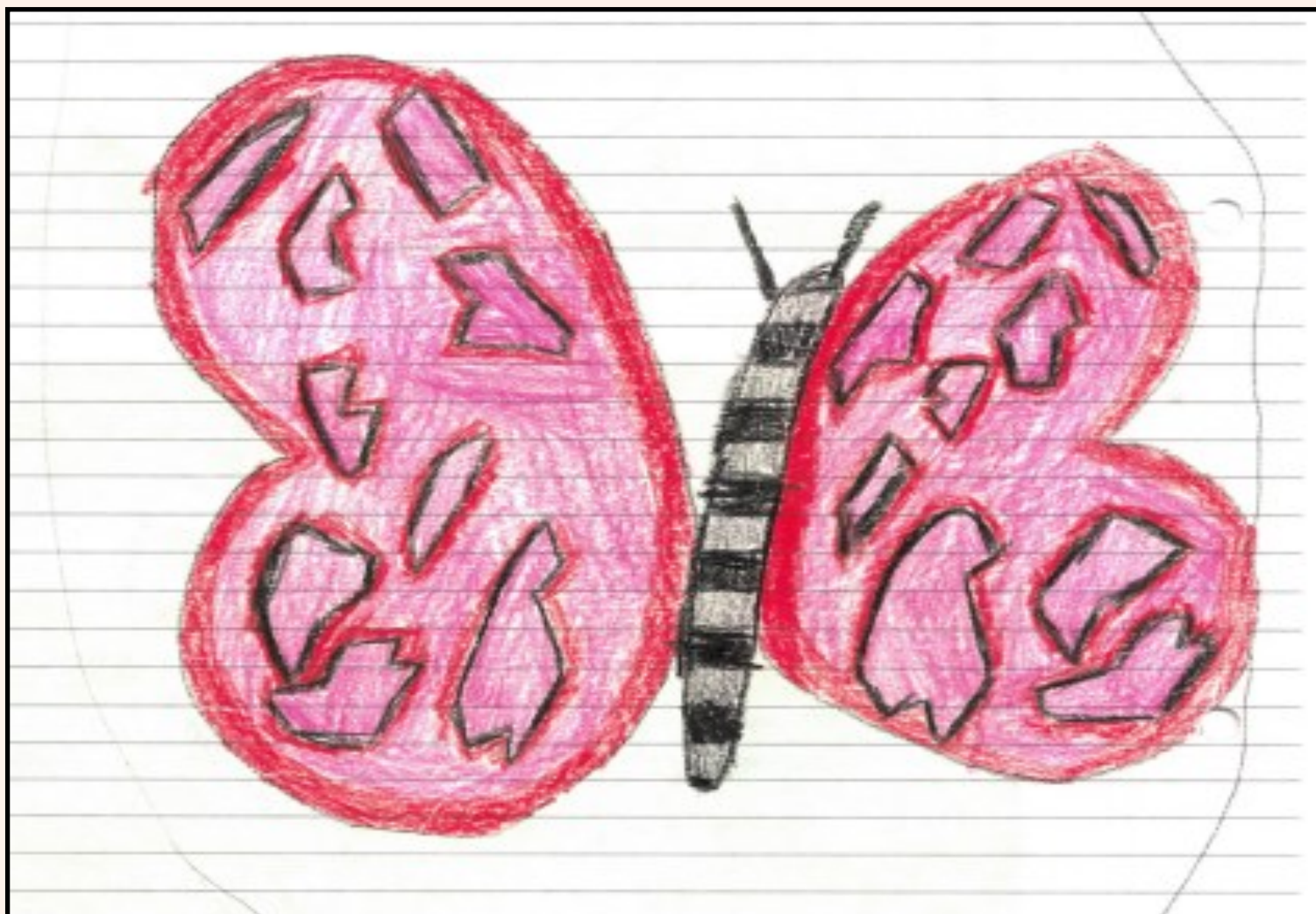
When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. My bright beautiful wings had disappeared, and I had these big, strange things attached to my lower body. My body had grown, and I could see everything much clearer. I used to be diddy and delicate but now I'm big and clumsy. I tumbled out of my foxglove flower home and fell onto the soft bed of grass below. I tried to flap my wings, but nothing happened, and I had the urge to clap my hands, snap my fingers and stomp my feet and when I did a big, brass, golden trumpet appeared with a noisy bang. I started walking and tried to land on a trumpet flower and all my friends flew out in a hurry and flew into the air. I tried to follow my friends, but they flew and flew high into the sky. Angrily, I drop the trumpet and stomps off like an elephant and I sit behind an oak tree and crossed my arms. I think to myself that my friends don't want me anymore. I stayed there until I heard the faint sound of music. I followed the faint sound of music through the field of trumpet flowers and down the track to the little village. I saw someone who looks just like me playing the trombone. I loved it so much that I sprinted back up the track and back through the field of trumpet flowers and all the way back to where I woke up that morning in the little meadow. But the trumpet had disappeared. I looked behind the prickly bush and there was the trumpet, but it was broken. "You must be joking!" I thought to myself.



Then I remembered that if I clapped my hands and snapped my fingers and stomped my feet another trumpet would appear. So that's exactly what I did. I clapped my hands, snapped my fingers and stomped my feet until with another noisy bang a new shining trumpet appeared. This bang was so loud that I jumped back into another trumpet flower and all the butterflies flew out into the sky except from one brave butterfly. "I can help you, if you want me to?" said the little brave butterfly nervously. "Okay! Thank you!" I exclaimed with my usual confident voice. The little brave butterfly flies off into the field of trumpet flowers to show me how to play. The music that the butterfly played was not very good, but she didn't seem to care which inspired me to start playing myself, which taught me that it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks and to just be myself.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Pippa Kirby (Thomas Hardy School)

Alba White (St Mary's Middle School)

Hannah Cdybele (Damers First School)

Liam Mark (Damers First School)



When I woke up that morning I felt completely different. The night before I was with Ron and Nevil eating some crazy sweets and laughing whilst the sweets are making us do animal noises. After a tiring but fulfilling evening with friends, I put my glasses on the table beside my bed in my Gryffindor dorm and was thinking about his recent adventures. I felt proud, relieved and happy that the important stone was no in a secret safe and fell asleep. I woke up hearing loud traffic and beeping. Unsettled and confused I jumped out of bed to explore my unfamiliar surroundings. I instantly did my magic but it wasn't working and instead shot out spiderwebs. I looked into the mirror and shockingly didn't see my famous scar but instead saw a spiderman costume. Excitedly I shouted, "you must be joking". I ran to the window and saw tall buildings, lots of cars and the empire state building. I made some eggs, toast and coffee to fuel my powers. I ran outside and a medium sized butterfly fluttered past my with sky blue and red wings, a blue male maybe. In matter of fact this was the most beautiful butterfly I had ever seen. Intrigued by its bright colours I followed it. Fascinated by the butterfly weaving in and out of buildings I shot my webs and started swinging. Exhilarated I swung in and out alongside the butterfly until suddenly it landed on a leaf in central park and sunk down into a secret layer, Voldemort's secret lair.

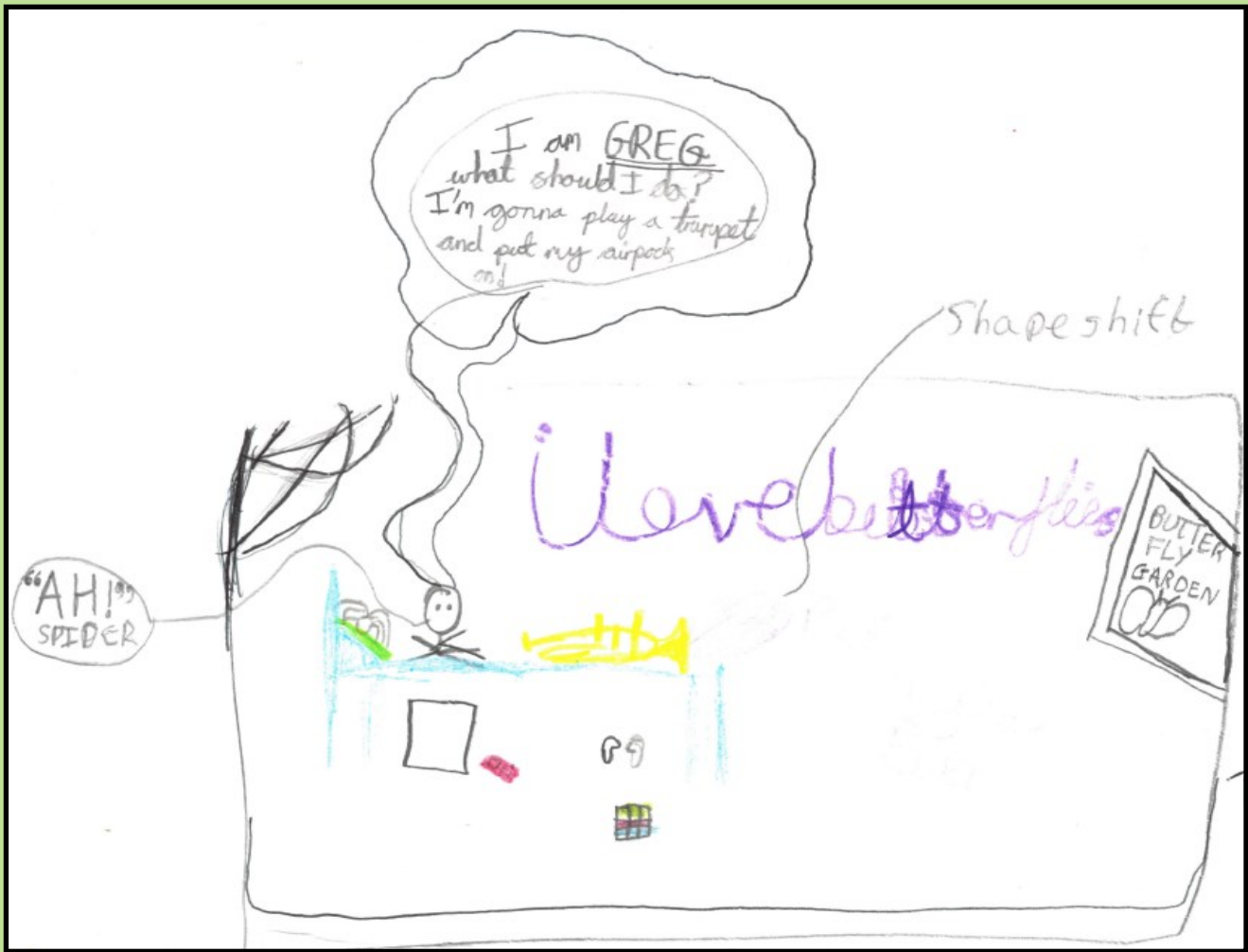




Lots and lots of paper surrounded me scribbled with plans to steal the gem of life from Harry Potter. Scared, I hid behind Voldemort's throne just in time as Voldemort then entered. Sitting on the chair in front of my face he started falling asleep and snoring. I saw a tunnel and snuck through. Darkness and spiders all over but still scared I powered through. The butterfly was nowhere to be seen. Turning I entered a sewage pipe. Sticky gooey trash and rats were everywhere. Across from us we saw some light which made us happy and relieved. I climb up a rusty ladder and with all my strength pushed the sewage lid off and I found myself on a road. A very busy road making me nervous as I didn't want to get hit by a car. This wasn't like any other road as it was very noisy with music and cheering. To my surprise I had entered a parade of spidermen. People dressed as spiderman, hot air balloons of spiderman and people selling merch of spiderman. Still fixed on the beautiful butterfly it led us to a band. A band made up of Bruno Mars, Lady Gaga and Twenty one pilots all playing the trumpet together. I felt happy being spiderman but I missed being me. I am going back to Witch craft and wizardry and back to my own bed. I really liked my exciting day and would do it again.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



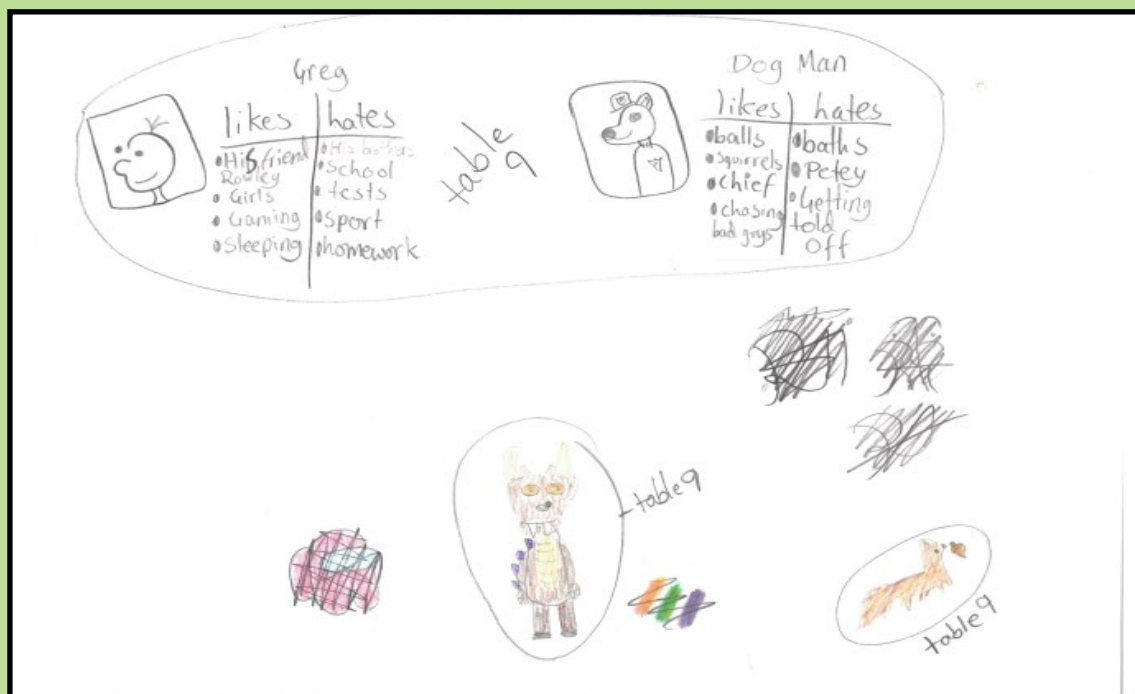
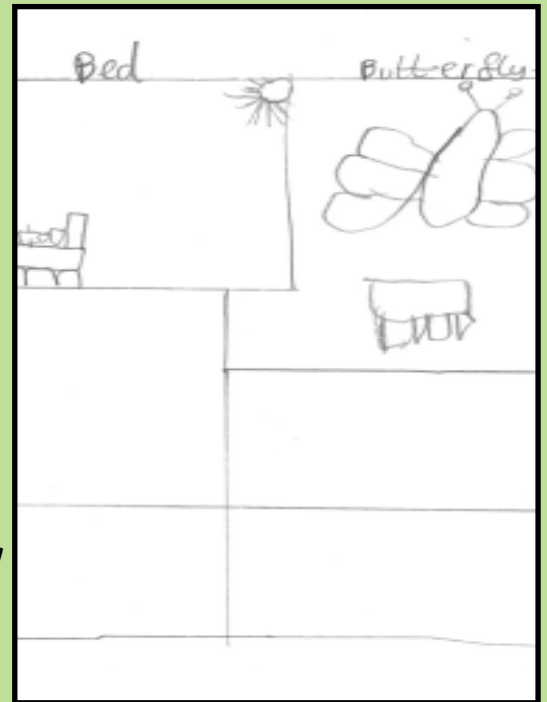
By
Benjamin Brett (Thomas Hardy School)
Elijah Lenton (Damers First school)
Rafe Macwiny (Damers First School)
Ruby Ansell (St Osmund's Middle School)
Forest Kelsall (St Osmund's Middle School)

GrogMan

When I woke up, I felt completely different, I shake off the feeling, dismissing it as being tired due to staying up late at night playing my trumpet. Rubbing my eyes, my eyes are caught by a stray butterfly passing by me, activating a foreign primal instinct to not only chase this butterfly but to get it out of the air, no matter the cost. Bounding along, without a care in the world, when a rogue stone makes me lose my footing, causing me to be cast onto the ground, forcing me to bare witness to my new face, and my new identity, no longer was I Greg, I was now Dogman. "Woof woof woof (You must be joking!)", realising that this transformation is due to the magical trumpet I yell out, only for it to be transferred into a "hooooooooooooooooowl" that floats around me.

"Never mind this" I think "I must get to school, I have a test today" trudging along the street, kicking rocks as a try to cover my head to prevent people seeing my new identity. Eventually, I approach the towering and ominous building, SCHOOL.

Passing the evil gates, surrounded by swirling words of mockery, with even some of the teachers talking about me, realising the harm of my actions I vow to change my ways and stop my bullying. When I reach the classroom, the day of doom, it was test day, being forced to stare at a piece of paper for an hour, hell of earth. As the time ticks down to begin the challenge, I try to prepare to not fail this test.

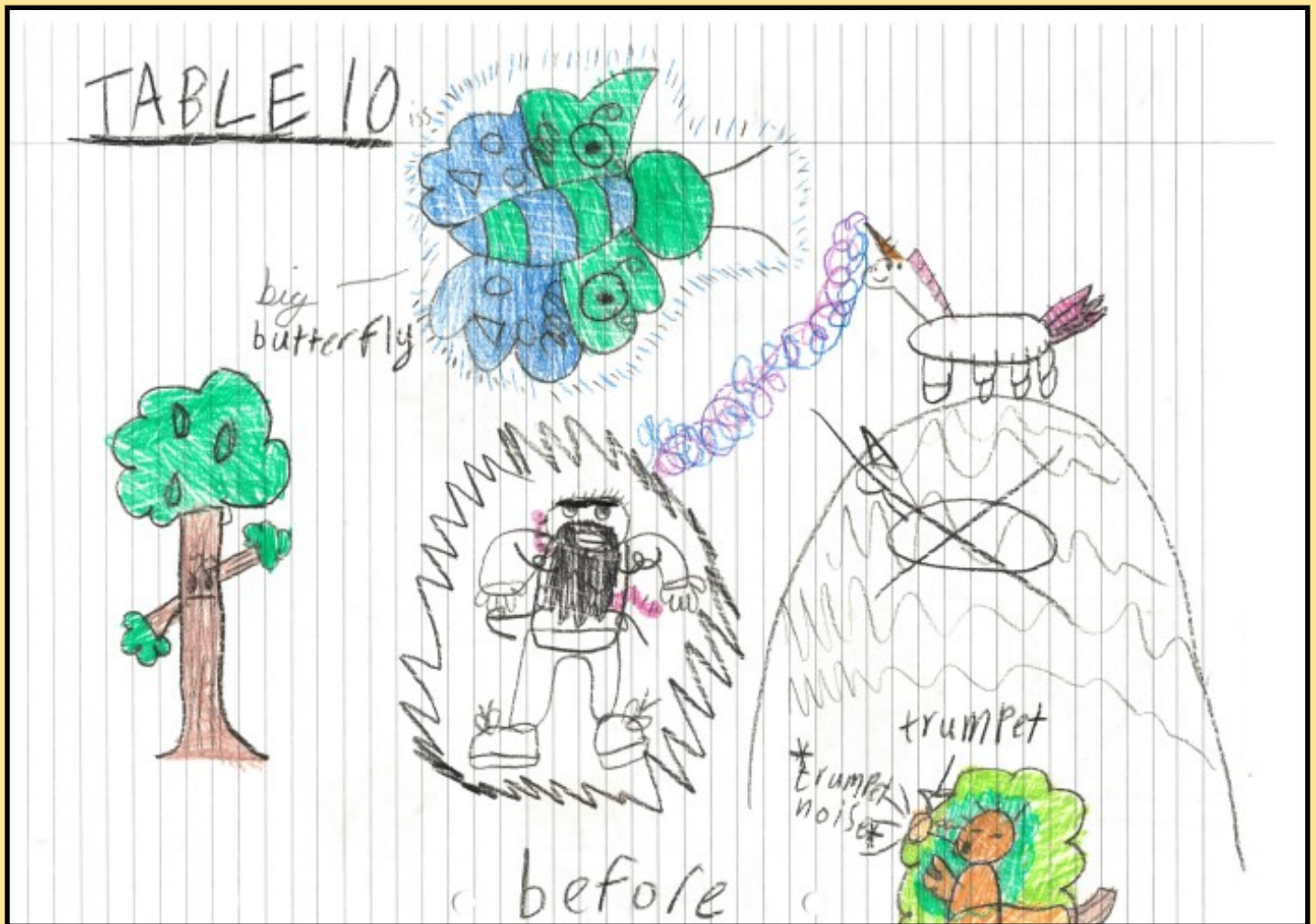


However, almost instantly a woeful and vicious enemy appears, a squirrel ruining any chances of concentration, taunting me with its constant scurrying back and forth whilst carrying its weapon of war, an acorn. The monster's actions cause me to constantly stare, causing me to completely lose all track of time and as the bell rang to indicate the end of the test I realise in horror, I had only answered 5 questions out of the 30 available. Sadness and misery fill me as I dread the moment the teacher hand me my results back; expecting heart-break I get a surprise. A D!!!!. Overjoyed with the success, I practically skip out of school to reward myself with a sweet from my favourite sweet shop, a glamorous reward fitting for the success.

As I approach the store full of joy and whimsy, a giant figure is attacking the building, the Gruffalo. Running up to the monster to protect my personal heaven, I run in front and stop the creature in its tracks, forcing it back to a pole. The beast roars but that does not stop me as I grab a hose and wrap the Gruffalo up, ensuring that there is no way that he is able to escape and further threaten the shop. Getting my well-deserved sweet I think to myself "maybe this isn't so bad to be a hero".



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Lucy Fitzgerald (Thomas Hardy School)

Theo Stephens (Dorchester Middle School)

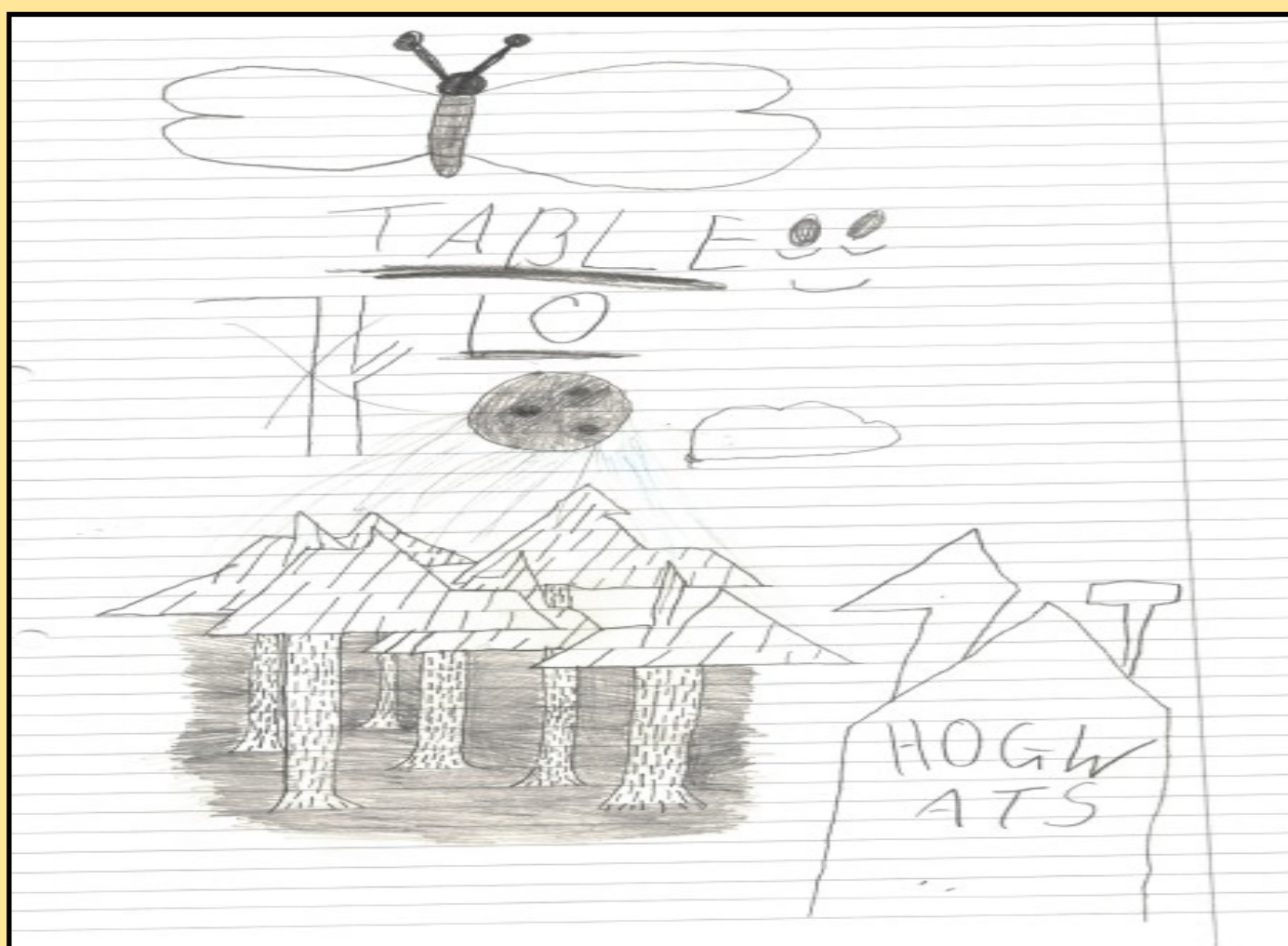
Joselyn Curtis (Damers First School)

Alice White (Damers First School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. Only earlier, I was in the dark, mysterious woods, where I heard many strange, unusual noises. I could smell smoke and the pine of the tall trees that covered the stars and moonlight, and I could hear the high-pitched eerie echoes from within the woods. Suddenly, something swooped over my head, I could feel its large but thin wings. I could only slightly see the beautiful, graceful colours of what seemed like a butterfly. It was the biggest butterfly ever! Although it was an unusual sight and I should have been scared, I was full of curiosity. I saw a bright flash of white - it must have been a unicorn. The sounds of a loud trumpet filled my ears, and I knew it was coming from a centaur. It was as if the music was a warning for what was about to come - something I did not expect. The unnatural butterfly circled around me rapidly and I became very dizzy. I started to spin faster and faster and before I knew it, I was on the ground. Although I couldn't see, I could hear the sound of trampling hooves from Buckbeak and the centaurs trying to escape danger. I suddenly felt carpet beneath me, and I was not in the woods anymore. I felt a presence of someone else in the room, I turned around and saw a half-giant with a large beard. He said "Hello, I'm Hagrid. You're a wizard Harry!". I replied "You must be joking! My name is Mr. Twit!"



He passed me a sharp, large shard of glass and my reflection shocked me. "What am I wearing? I'm wearing robes! Where has my beard gone!" I exclaimed. I used to be scruffy, smelly and messy, with a very long beard that held crumbs, worms and rotten food. "I was saving that for later!" I sadly expressed. My bushy, overgrown eyebrows were cut short, and I felt an excruciating sting on my forehead. I swiped away my new fringe and saw a red scar in the shape of a lightning bolt. "What is this?" I questioned Hagrid. "Well of course, that's your scar Harry!" he replied. I was in a state of confusion; I had suddenly transformed because of the magical butterfly; the same transformation it would have taken from a caterpillar to a butterfly. I had short dark hair and heavy, round glasses that sat on the tip of my nose that hid behind my piercing green eyes. There was chirping coming from a cage in the corner of the room, that contained a magnificent owl that was as white as paper. Despite all this change, I was inside my usual house. It was extremely dark due to the lack of windows which eliminated all-natural light, and the empty cages meant for the monkeys made the house extremely unwelcoming and ominous. Before I could question my surroundings any longer, Hagrid appeared and said, "Come with me, Harry, to Hogwarts!". I joined him on his motorbike, and we flew into the billowing clouds, excited yet still perplexed as to what had happened that night.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By
Mary Mitchell (Thomas Hardy School)
Sophie Macer-Wright (St Mary's Middle School)
Nancy Austin (Damers First School)
Evie Marriott (Damers First School)
Dylan Carpenter (St Mary's First School)

When I woke up that morning I felt completely different... A fuzzy feeling swept over me, encasing me, like my head was too big for my brain. Sitting up, my face touched a cold, hard surface - the ceiling. It was as delicate as paper, and I only realised what it was after I had torn through it. I blinked in the bright sunlight.

The world appeared vaguely unclear, as if I was looking through a blurry glass bottle. I must be dreaming! The magic bean I had eaten last night gurgled in my stomach, a rough sea crashing against my insides, rivalling the guilt I felt after trading my cow Daisy away.

"Jack!" a worried voice called. "What's going on?"

"You must be joking," I muttered. "This is real?" The blurriness must have just been from sleeping. Raising my voice, I yelled, "Nothing! Just dropped my alarm clock!" The whole house shook, the reverberations from my voice shocking me with how loud they were.

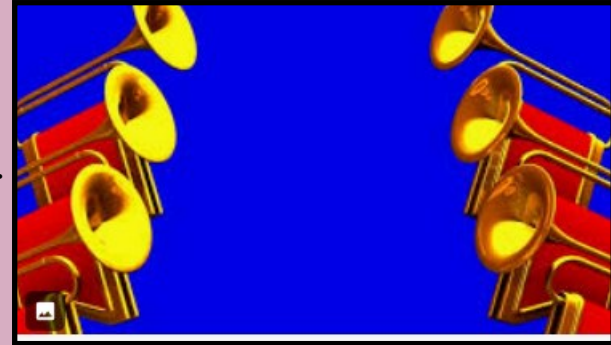
My eyes transfixed on something fluttering in the distance. A peacock butterfly. Clambering out of the ruins of my house, I tracked it towards a ginormous, towering beanstalk, a ladder perfect for my new size. Without hesitation, I followed my instinct to climb it, my feet stepping from leaf to leaf swiftly. The ground quickly vanished beneath me.

I was a giant now.



Reaching the top, I gasped to see the massive, luxury castle perched atop the clouds. It was amazing – fit for a king, calling me to it. Comparing my new size to the castle before me, I realised I was the perfect size to comfortably walk in and move about with ease, not breaking anything around me. My hands grasping the brass doorhandle, a lovely noise filled my giant ears – the melody of trumpets announcing my arrival. Was I now a king? It would explain the castle and the trumpets...

"How was last night's feast, Your Majesty?" A slightly smaller giant asked, lowering the trumpet he had just blown. "My homeless orphan was as sweet as toffees."



Gasping in horror, I realised I was evil. "You eat children?" I exclaimed, stricken.

"Obviously," he replied. "We're not the BFG! We're malevolent, and you're the wickedest of all. You stole the golden-egg-laying-goose from that poor couple, you locked Princess Rapunzel in her tower, you crushed Cinderella's slipper! We've got the harp you stole from the Beast's castle playing in the ballroom – along with Hansel and Gretel for you to eat!"

I forced a laugh, shaking the castle with its strength. "Right, of course!" Inside, though, I was horrified at who I now was. But then it dawned me – I was the Giant King! Everyone had to do what I said. Maybe I could make this right.

Turning to my servant, who still held his trumpet, I ordered, "Go retrieve the goose, the harp, and Hansel and Gretel." Hoping to avoid suspicion, I added, "I'll need a snack on my journey."

Smiling, I left to correct everything.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Florence Richardson (Thomas Hardy School)

Faith Jackson (Manor Park First)

Niamh Wanerlee (Manor Park First)

Arlo Mitchell (Dorchester Middle School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different, I didn't know what had happened, I just wanted to scream. I was huge, taller than the house, the walls were crumbling all around like a biscuit does when snapped in two, I could feel the morning breeze brush across my face as my head popped out of the chimney. The one thing I knew I must do was to have breakfast, the only thing was I didn't want honey hoops, I wanted to eat meat. I reached inside the widow of the house, which I was now wearing, to grab the pots and pans from the kitchen. Whilst eating breakfast, I wondered how this had happened and why I had changed from such a curious, sweet girl, with blonde hair with blue eyes to this hideous monster with meatal skin.

I couldn't dwell on this for long, I had to get back to being Lana, taking off the house that I grew into, and grabbing a car as a light snack. I began my journey for the only object I could use to get back, not knowing what I was looking for but I would know when I found it. A butterfly landed on my nose, then fley away again, I decided to follow it hoping it would give me luck.



It took me through the forest. the intense smell of the flowers that covered the forest floor like carpet, tickled my nose, distracting me from the orange and purple butterfly, with pink dots. But then it appeared again! Immediately I started sprinting to catch it, determined not to lose it again, but this proved difficult as now I was much taller than I once was. Lumbering along and snaking on the car, I saw a glint of gold in a tree, not knowing where the butterfly had gone. I reached for the item, it was a trumpet!



"You must be joking!" I exclaimed, I decided to give it a toot! And out popped the butterfly! Then something crazy happened. It spoke.

"Would you like to go back to being Lana?" the butterfly asked.

"Yes! Yes please" I answered as I ferociously nodded my head.

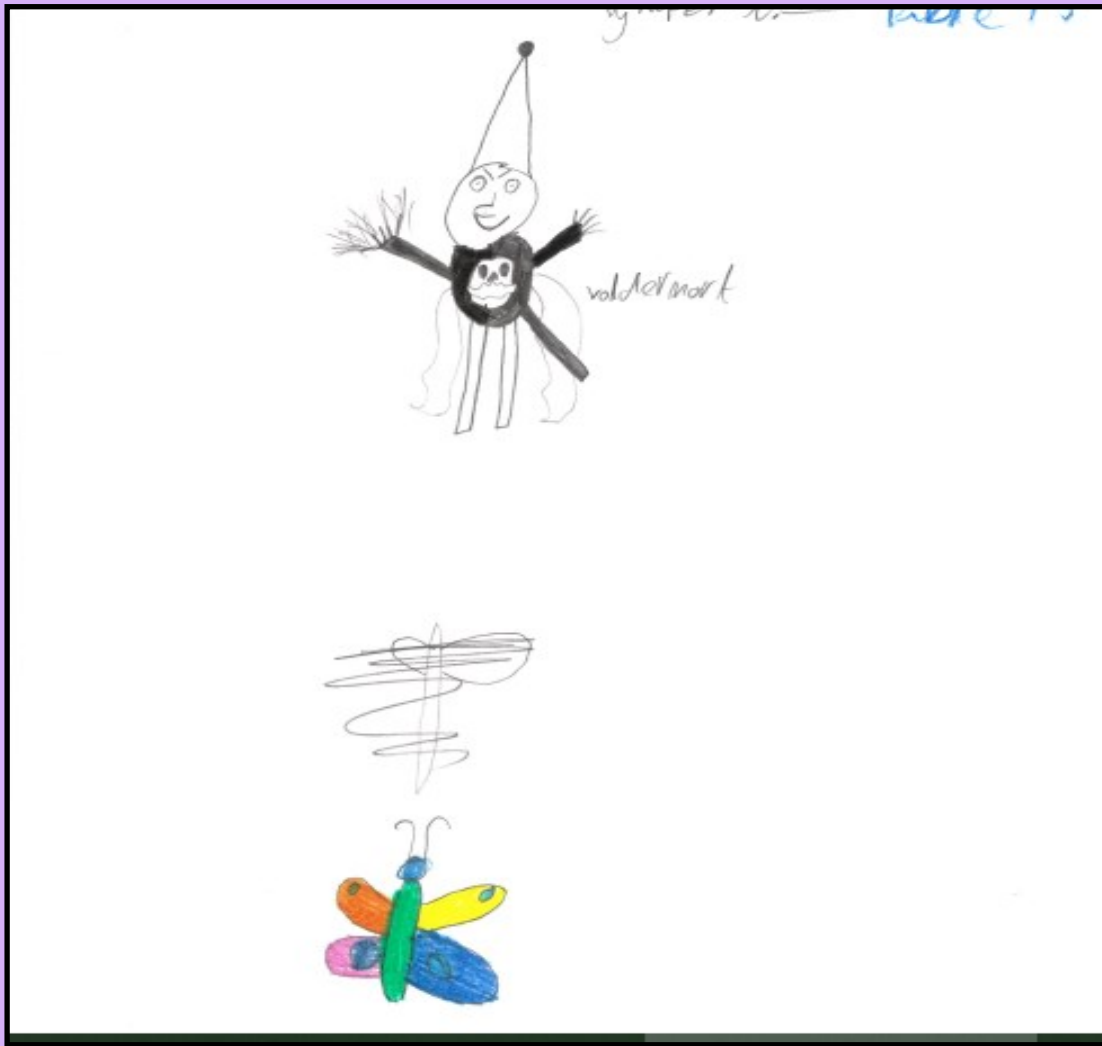
"Then continue playing the trumpet" it replied.

"Okay, but what's that going to do" I asked curiously.

Without a word it flew off into the summer sky. So doing as I was told I began to play. I was about to stop, but just then I felt a tingling. Looking down at my feet, I was turning back! I didn't know whether I should be happy or sad, this was a very exhilarating and confusing adventure, but I did want to be myself again. And then I was. Making my way back home, I saw the butterfly again. It flew over and landed on my shoulder, from that moment on I knew we were going to be best friends. We shared an ice cream together, watching the sunset. Then I burped up a tyre.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Evangeline O'Flanagan (Thomas Hardy School)

Frank Griffiths (Dorchester Middle school)

Morwenna Fielding (Winterbourne Valley First School)

Rupert Rees (Winterbourne Valley First School)

When I woke up that morning, I got out of bed and I went to go get changed until I realised, I felt completely different! Looking into my hand, I saw that I was holding the evilest wand ever. Going into the bathroom, I look into the mirror. To my horror, I see a pale, white, ghostly face staring back at me. Yesterday I was Willy Wonka and today I was the evilest wizard in all of existence, Voldemort! I remember yesterday when I fell into the chocolate river. There was a butterfly that landed on my nose which made me sneeze and I slipped on the glistening chocolate grass. I tumbled down into the sticky, frothy, delicious chocolate river! My friend Charlie saw me trying to swim out of the chocolate river and pulled me out. He was trying to speak to me, but I couldn't hear him because my ears were blocked by chocolate! Charlie blew a trumpet, and all the chocolate exploded out of my ears! I could finally hear what he was saying to me, and he couldn't help but notice that my hand was transforming into something I've never seen before. And this was the beginning of my scary transformation...

Now, I am stood in my bathroom ready to destroy my brilliant chocolate factory with my haunting new powers. All of a sudden, I hear a smashing noise as loud as a volcano exploding. I turn around and see my window shattered into pieces and I see a broomstick hovering mid-air. I open my hand, and the broomstick comes straight to me. This was the beginning of Voldemort's cruel destruction.



Hopping onto my broomstick, I shot out of the shattered window and flew through the morning air as fast as a rocket. I swiftly travelled towards the factory, gliding towards my destination until my broom stick snapped in half. "You must be joking!" Voldemort cried loudly. Falling to his doom, he panics until he realises, he's levitating. Flying through the wind, he arrives at the factory. The closer he got, the louder he could hear the Oompa Lumpa song booming into his ears like a siren. The small, orange men marched to the gate of the factory and lined up. Voldemort clumsily lands in

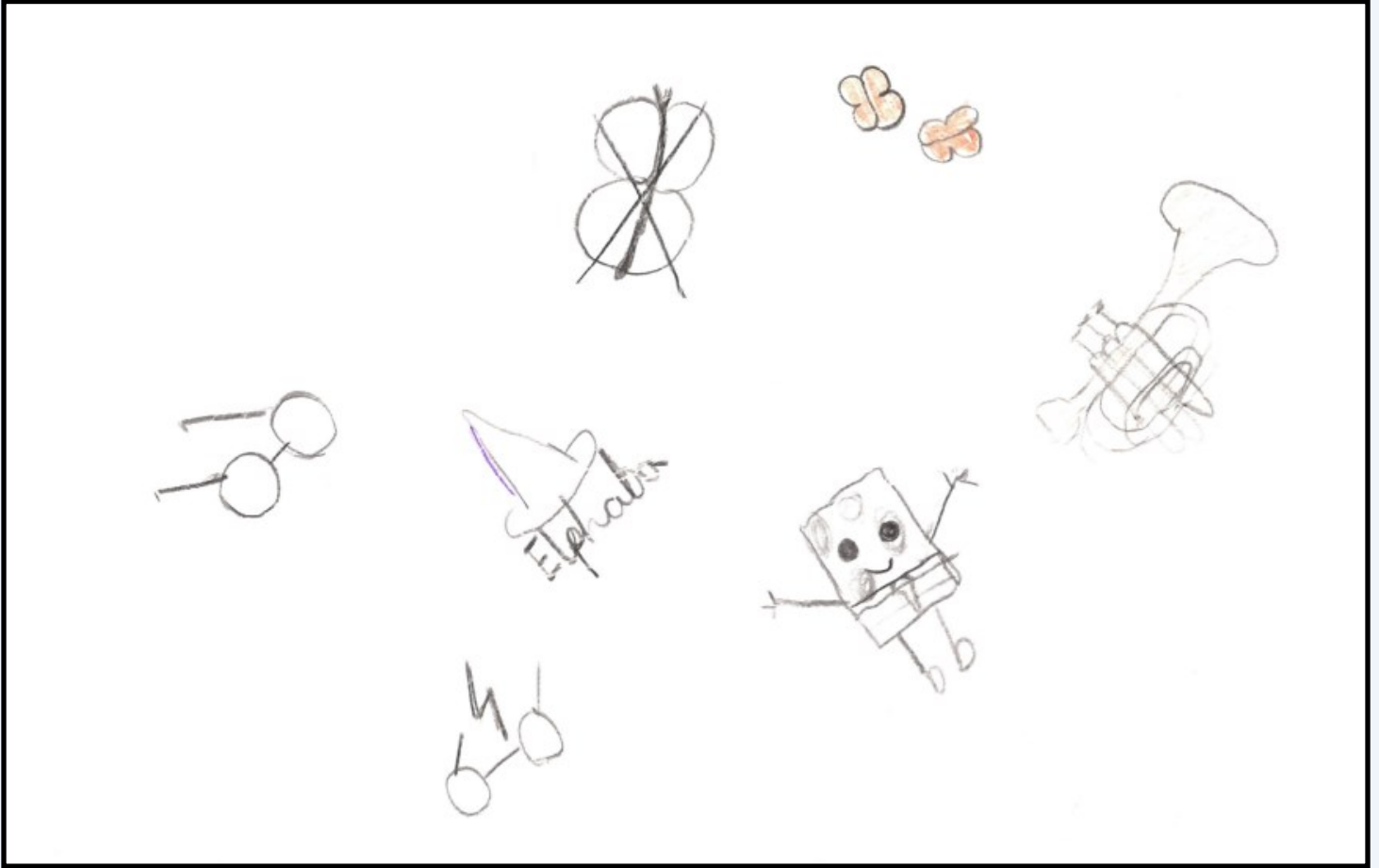


front of the Oompa Lumpa's just as Charlie runs out of the factory doors shouting, "STOP! You're not yourself! This isn't right!". Voldemort cackles loudly, "You can't stop me now! I am invincible!". Charlie is swept away by the crowd of Oompa Lumpa's, and nothing now stood in the evil wizard's way. With a viscous laugh, he waves his wand and casts the most wicked spell. The factory explodes with a KA-BOOM! Fire erupts from the roof like a dragon's breath and the factory is no longer in existence.

Voldemort conquered all.



The Day I Stopped Being Me

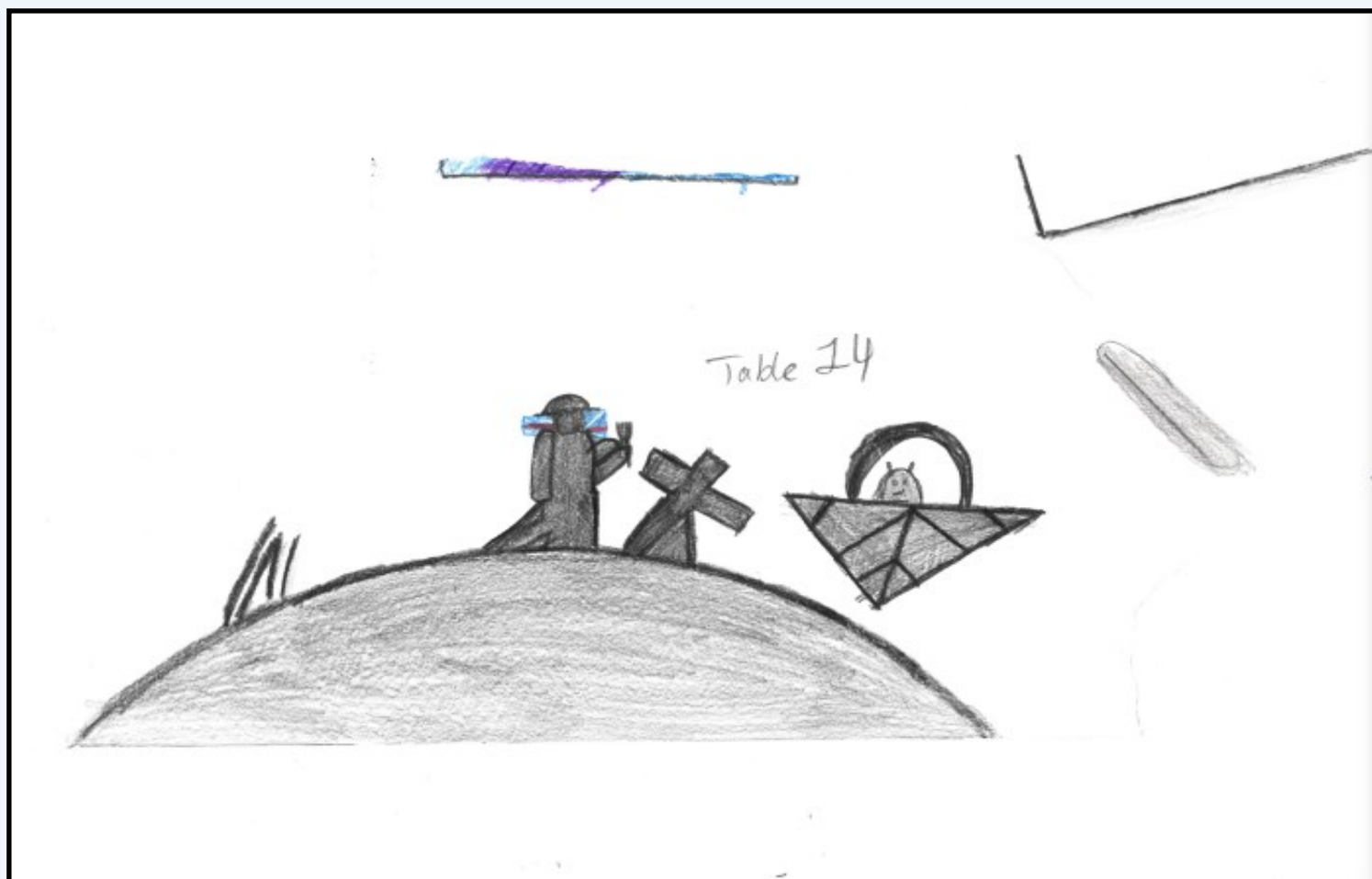


By
Evelyn Bull (Thomas Hardy School)
Elif Ashak (St Osmund's Middle)
Heido Shamaseldio (St Osmund's Middle)
Maddison Burns (Bere Regis School)
Lily Blackburn (Bere Regis School)
Isabelle Slattery (Bere Regis School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. As I looked into the mirror, I saw myself and shouted, "you must be joking!". I was wearing a jumper that Ron's mum knitted me and clown shoes. I went to sleep as myself, Elphaba, and woke up as Harry Potter. After that I walked outside, and a crowd of students were laughing at me because I was now a boy. I felt mortified I went back inside to play my trumpet, but it sounded like a bunch of screaming cats. These noises summoned a butterfly that SpongeBob was flying on! I thought I was dreaming I had never seen anything so hideous in my life. SpongeBob fell off the butterfly onto my floor and Scabbers the rat quickly ate him. I bellowed "Scabbers, what are you doing here?" and he scuttered into his hole. Dumbledore called me to come into his office. I nervously creaked the door open not knowing what to expect. When I opened it there was a portal which I went through and fell onto a pirate's ship. Then I realised I was in the Pirates of the Caribbean! I could see a kraken in the distance coming towards me. All of a sudden, the sea turned into jelly and the kraken hit our boat out of the water into outer space. Aliens came aboard our ship and ate it but thankfully an astronaut came and gave us a new one.



We soared away back down to earth but got stuck into a jelly cube. We struggled in the jelly but were forced to eat our way out. Afterwards we tried making our way back home but on the way Voldemort appeared. I was shocked. My brain told me I had to battle him. I was worried about dying but won by pushing him into Tom Riddle's Diary which disappeared. All of a sudden, I saw an alien which jumped onto my hair and pulled it to control me. I threw it on the ground and stomped on it. I found my wand and tried to summon a portal but accidentally burnt my hair. I tried again and this time succeeded but was in a toy shop. The toys came to life, and I tripped over one. Something felt weird about them being alive. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my chest. I opened my eyes and realised it was a dream. I was back in the real world as Elphaba. I came out of my room and talked to Glinda. I whispered in her ear quietly because I didn't want anyone else to hear, "I had a dream, it felt so real, and the weird thing is it keeps happening".



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Charlie Kier (Cheselbourne First School)

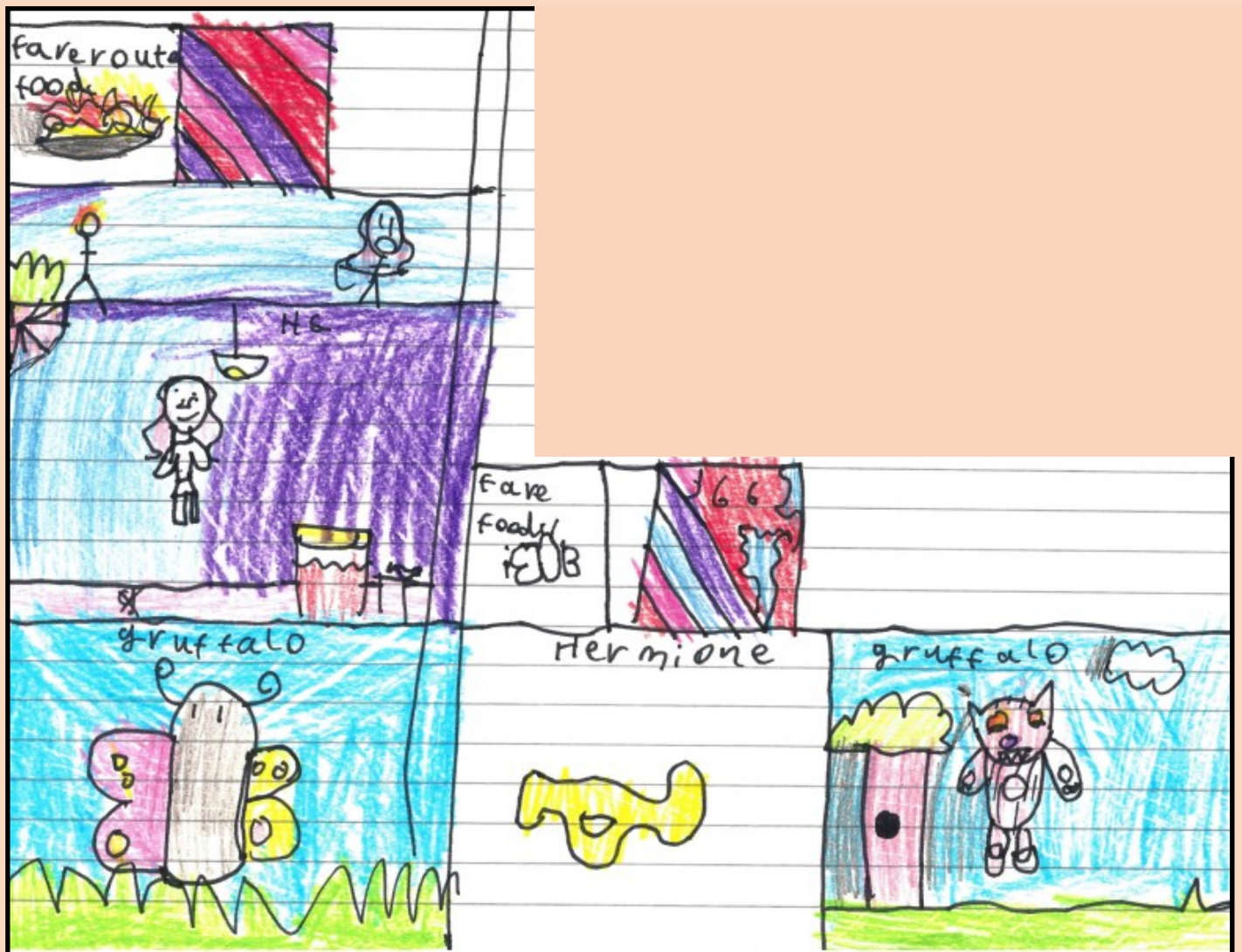
Isabella Mason (Cheselbourne First School)

Sam Smith (St Osmund's Middle School)

Arabella Stillman (Thomas Hardy School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. I didn't feel like Hermione anymore. It felt like it had only been a second since I tucked myself into the cozy, four-poster bed at Hogwarts. Sleepily, I opened my eyes, but instead of being in my normal bed, I was blinded by the bright sunlight and sharp rocks digging into my back. I looked around for my best friends, Ron and Harry, but they were no where to be seen! My valuable trumpet, normally on my bedside, was also missing, instead there were branches decaying next to me and sweet bird-song in the sky.

I got up and looked around. There was a colourful, glowing butterfly that landed on me, I looked at my hand and it was a paw! I was shocked by the leathery, wrinkled thing my hand had turned into. My whole arm was covered in shaggy, brown fur! I wanted to wake up from this nightmare! I wanted to be back inside Hogwarts, back in bed!



'You must be joking!' exclaims Hermione as the truth hits her. Suddenly, there is a loud disturbance from the foliage as Hermione hears Ron trampling through the bushes laughing. 'Your spell has gone completely wrong Ron!' Hermione shouts, 'I knew I shouldn't have let you practice on me!'

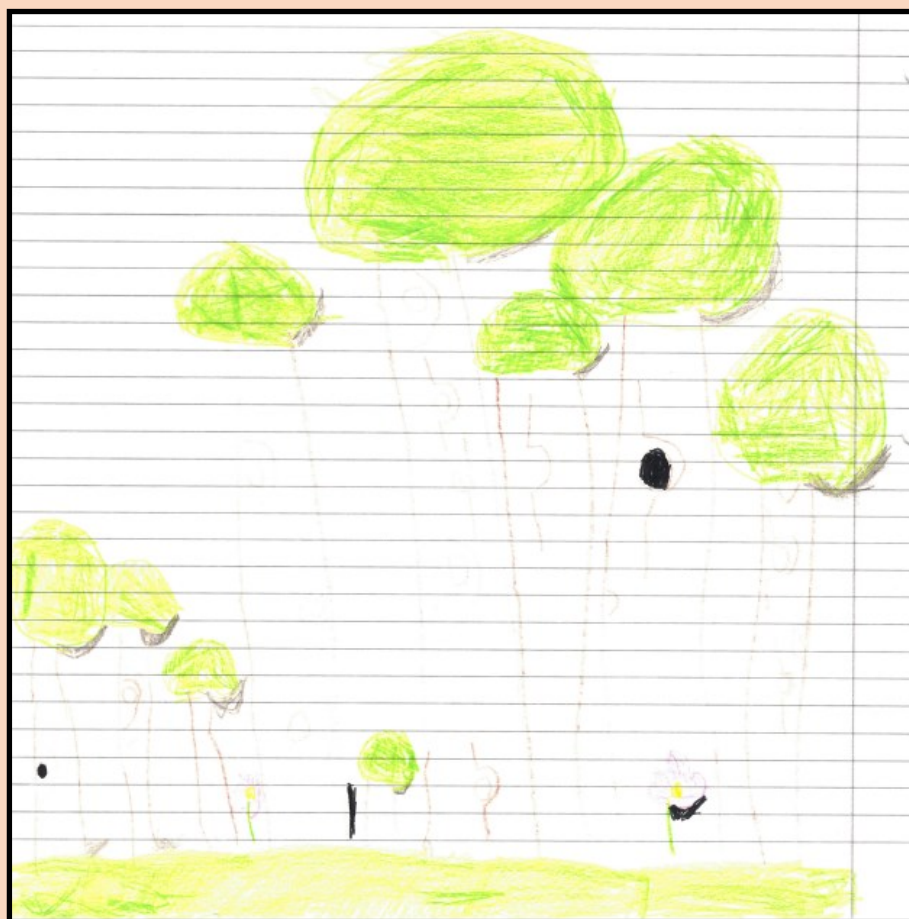
Hermione starts to chase Ron through the sunny forest, her new tree-trunk like legs carry her slowly, so Ron disappears from her sight, still laughing. Hermione slumps down in frustration, the ground shakes beneath her as she falls due to her weight.

She sees the butterfly again. It looks even more beautiful, magical and fluorescent. She touches it as the temptation takes over her. A rare, blue dust from the magical butterfly sheds from the butterfly's wings and covers Hermione's new hairy body. She looks the colour of a sapphire ocean.

Suddenly, as the blue dust settles onto her fur, the hair on her arms slowly starts to disintegrate and falls off onto the grass. The wrinkly flesh turns back into Hermione's soft skin. Her orange eyes turn, into her original hazel brown eyes and as she stretches her arms out, her hands and fingers are completely back to normal.

'Oh, thank goodness,' cried Hermione 'That's the last time I let Ron practise his magic on me!'

Slowly, Hermione walks back to Hogwarts, excited to play her trumpet again.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Abigail Sedwards (Thomas Hardye School)

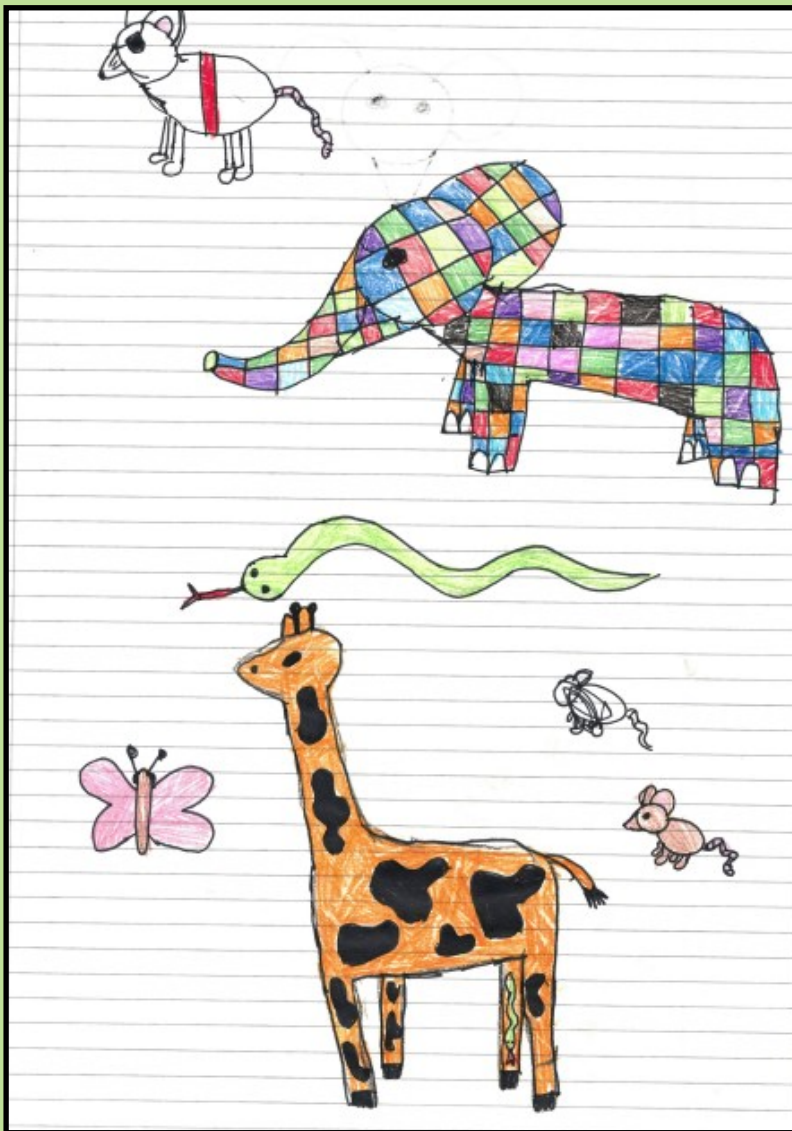
Erin Collins (Bere Regis School)

Charlotte Beasley & Tom Kirkpatrick (St Osmund's Middle School)

Daisy Scott & Josie Gammon (Cheselbourne First School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different, my small cozy burrow had transformed into a huge muddy boulder with pebbles surrounding me. I looked to my left a gigantic shadow I looked up a even more gigantic figure. It woke from its deep slumber it turned its head bashing me with its trunk. Then I sneezed and my trunk made a trumpet sound, then a butterfly flew out my nose. Bewildered, I stumbled to my feet and wondered out of the cavernous cave. I glanced beneath my four, stumpy feet and there before me was all my friends. Why are they so tiny? Why am I so much bigger? When I was a Danger mouse, I was the same size as them- my post box from London must have transported me here!

I plodded towards the watering hole, stumbling as I go. I peered into the shiny water "you must be joking!"



I had fully transformed into an elephant when I stepped out of the post- box. I stared in fear and dismay only yesterday I was in the busy streets of London solving crimes with my trusty friend penfold. Now I am as colourful as a bouquet of roses! I looked across the watering hole and a pink elephant waved their trunk at me- I must know her?

"Hello Elma." Shouted a shady giraffe.

"Gosh you startled me!" I said petrified

"HELP MEEE" Wailed the black and white giraffe.

I glanced towards the floor at the giraffe's legs and saw a gigantic python menacingly coiling its way up the giraffes leg. I heard high-pitched squeaking coming from behind me. There before me was a mischief of mice nibbling at my long legs and terrorising my terrific trunk. I aimed my trunk towards the menacing little creatures and hoovered each of them up one by one I preceded to blow every on I could hold on to and shoot them into the lake like mini fluffy canon. But somehow, they managed to swim their way through the lake thirsty for revenge. My fellow friend, the pink elephant, and I turned towards the helpless giraffe. I used my great white tusks to scoop the violent python off Jerald as I did this the snake suffocated my trunk casing me to yell. As I struggled with the python, he bit me! Hot oozing venom seeped into my eyes. Every thing became a blur and I heard my friend whelping

"ELMA!!!" Yelled my elephant friends in fear.

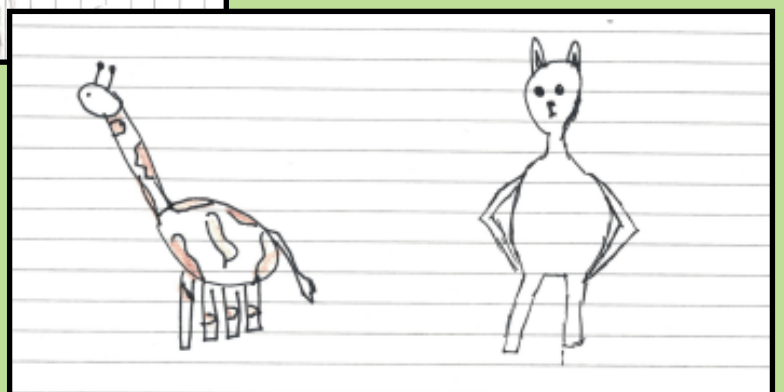
I woke up to penfold violently shaking me

"Danger Mouse, Danger Mouse" Murmured penfold in a angry way

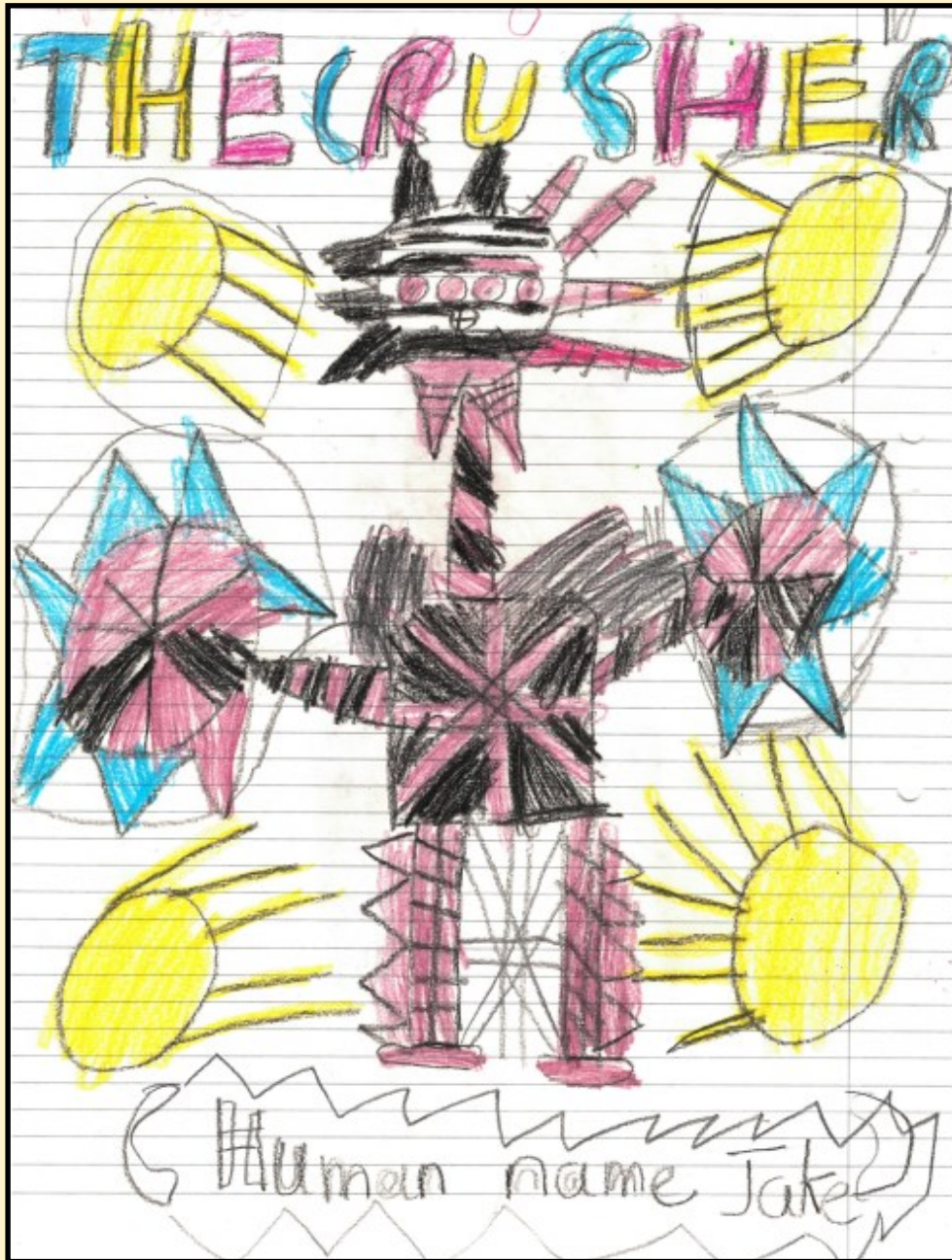
"We have to go save a poor old lady trapped in a drainpipe" Says Penfold hastily.

"You won't believe where I've been" I say hastily

Professor Squawkencluck flashes a evil smile... "My plan worked"...



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By Jamie & Polly (Winterbourne Valley First)

Jack (Dorchester Middle School)

Toby & Evie (The Prince of Wales School)

Hattie (Thomas Hardy School)

When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different, still, I went to work as normal, drove through the city, entering the bank as usual. My first customer approached me with a puzzled expression, asking "is that a costume? You've got a red leg," "you must be joking, I've put on my normal clothes," I questioned, ignoring this, I went back to sorting files. My boss came up to me at the coffee machine, I was just finishing my break, 'Why've you painted your legs, Jake? I laughed this off croakily but realised something must be wrong. It wasn't until the third interaction that I noticed the spikes sprouting out my arms that was the moment I started worrying, something had come over me. Soon, I had completely transformed, a coat of red and black spikes covered by back as if I was a sea urchin.

As I ran out the door with a clutter and a crash, a fierce laser came shooting out my left arm, as loud as a trumpet. I felt powerful, like I could do anything, I had wings like a dragon and could go anywhere and everywhere, soar above rooftops, far from my home city. Many decades passed and I became feared, they called me 'The Crusher' I caused destruction and could do as I pleased with my flight and super strength. However, I was not happy with my new life, I had scared everyone away, I was disliked and was alone.

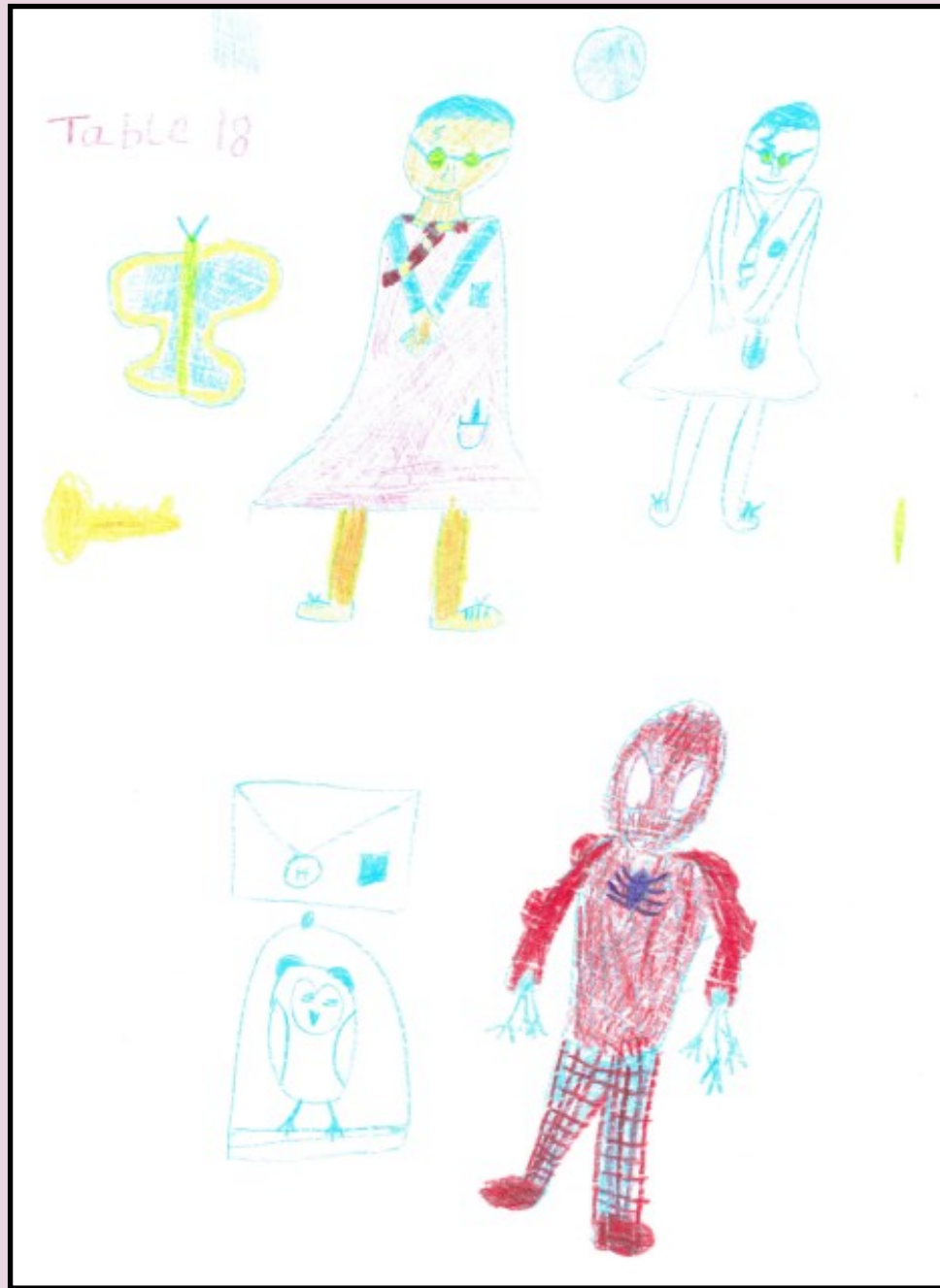


One day, everything changed again, I was out scaring off builders when suddenly a flash of blue and purple caught my eye. A flock of butterflies flew past, laughing happily, making me feel more alone than ever. I longed to live peacefully again, my powers had been fun for a short time, but I felt trapped and missed my family, everyone was running away from me because of the destruction I caused. I decided to change my way of life. I wanted to do good with my powers and to help others.

I was flying over the city when I saw an old lady crossing the road, normally I wouldn't have warned her, but this time, I swooped down and carried her over the cars on my wing. The next day, I used my lasers to cut wood for the group of builders I had scared before, they forgive me because of my kindness. A week later I built up the courage to enter the bank once more. I was greeted by shrieks of terror, however, when I proved to the workers that I had changed, I was promoted to a top position. My spikes became less spiky, my appearance less threatening, the kinder I was to people, the better my life became. I now help the city and create happiness.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Tia Gaskell (Thomas Hardy School)

Morgan (no school provided)

Reuben (no school provided)

Harrison (no school provided)

Rosa (no school provided)

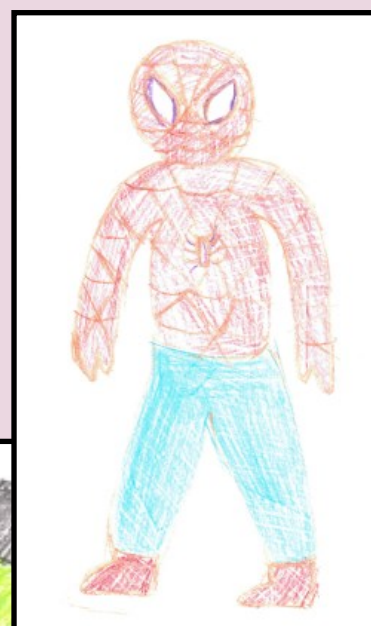
When I woke up that morning, I felt completely different. As I scurried to the train station and stood on platform 9 and $\frac{3}{4}$ something felt off. I tried to run through the wall, but I was glued to it and Hedwig was a butterfly that turned round to me and said, 'you must be joking'.

Suddenly, I heard an ear busting, screeching noise. I pulled myself off the wall and crawled onto the mouldy roof of Hogwarts express station. As quick as a flash I turned, and my jaw dropped to the floor. Iron man was playing the Saxophone, Thor was on the drums, rocket racoon was trying to play the trumpet, She Hulk and hulk were playing piano, and Groot was beating the triangle. It was absolute trash!

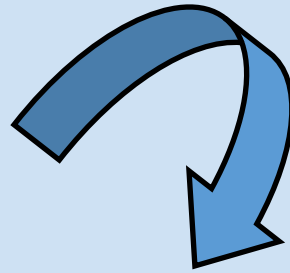


'Hello spiderman' they all bellowed as they threw me a guitar. It was red and blue just like my suit and the string were made of cobwebs. Ron and Hermoine stood on the train tracks in utter shock. They didn't even know it was me harry! The silence was awkward. How do I fix it? I slowly picked up my guitar as everyone was staring at me and I hit the most insane note. Silence... but then to my astonishment they all joined in. We played for ages as a band, making the craziest songs. Then the clock struck 8 and I realised I'm going to be late for school. I ran enthusiastically as fast as I could through the wall, as lightning struck. This time making it through.

Then I remembered I'd have to experience today as Spiderman. I swung and climbed over to Hermoine and chatted to her. Explaining that I'm actually Harry Potter still but for today I turned into spiderman and that I had his powers. She replied confused with 'are you now?' but as the day went on, they got used to it. In my lesson, we were told by Snape to cast a spell that takes us to a new dimension. I followed instructions carefully, but the spell failed! And I transformed back. My mask had gone, and my glasses and scar were back. My suit had vanished, and my clock and uniform appeared. Just like that I was normal again. I got the train back home feeling really happy, because I could be myself again. At the station, the superhero's had gone too.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Morgan Pitfield (Thomas Hardy School)

Lauren Cunliffe (St Mary's Middle)

Caspian Taylor, Sebastian Brayshaw &
Maisy Diffy (Milborne St Andrew's First)

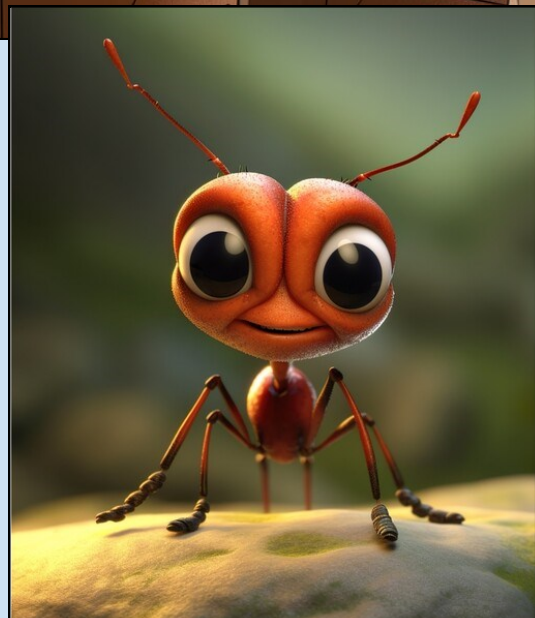
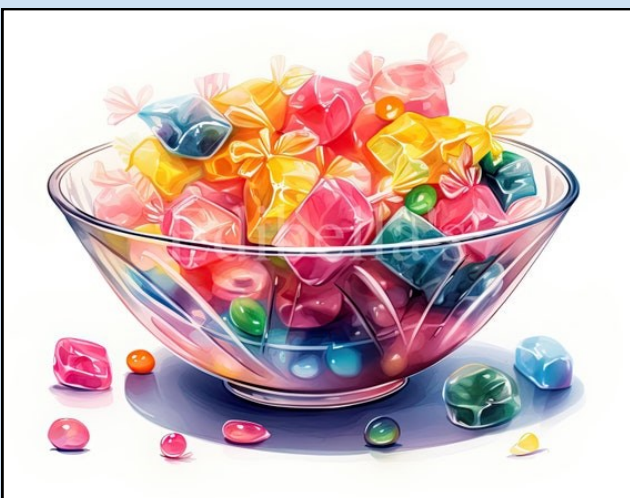
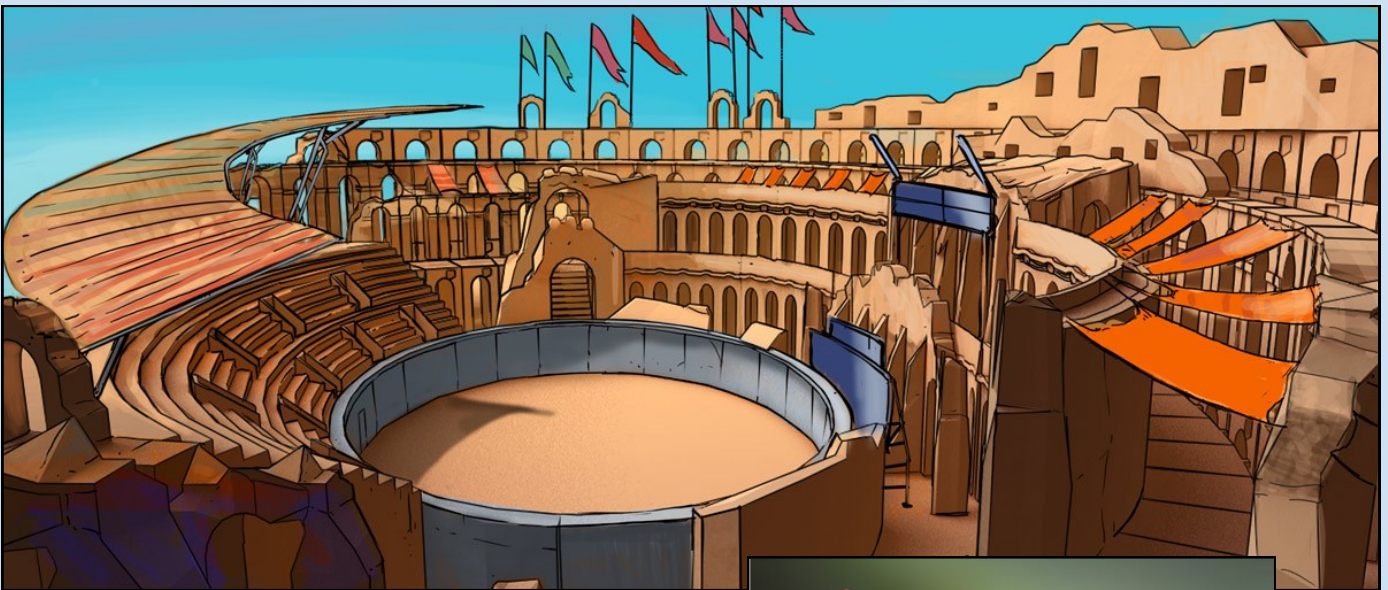
When I work up this morning, I felt completely different, my hair was the colour of chocolate and fell over my face. I was disappointed and confused I had, had short hair my whole life I wanted to reach for the scissors.

"It can't be true, this is so weird," I gently muttered.

I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. I was much shorter; my feet had shrunk, and I felt weaker than before. I woke up in a strange place, words surrounded me. As I moved my arm to readjust my position, I could hear spines cracking, I sneezed from the dust and could smell old books.

"You must be joking!" I whispered, "what's happening?"

I looked in the reflective mirror and saw I had deep, dark, blue eyes instead of sea green. It struck me like lightning, I was no longer a gentleman, I was dressed as a schoolgirl. I panicked and rapidly took off my blazer, only to reveal a name badge. The name Matilda was written on it, this must be who I have become.



The last thing I could remember I was stood by a table in the Amphitheatre. On the wooden table sat a bowl. I reached for a sweet. I quickly unwrapped it. It was a light blue colour, almost like the sky, and was the shape of an oval. I flipped it in the air and caught it with my mouth, it tasted like blue raspberry. A tingling sensation suddenly came over me, my vision went blurry, and I began to slowly shrink to the ground. As the world around me grew big, I watched the wrapper fall before me. It shone in the sun, and I spotted the picture of the ant on the wrapper, that must have been what had made me small.

"I bet this is a prank set by Connor and Travis Stroll!" I huffed, annoyed.

I looked up at the Amphitheatre, the echoes of hooves surrounded me, and I could see Grover (satyr) trotting in, eating an old, battered trumpet. Swarms of brightly coloured, spotty butterflies flew out of the bell and darted towards me. I stood straight - like a soldier - ready to fight, I went to pull Riptide out of my pocket and then suddenly realised it was missing. Looking above me, I saw the pen slowly falling, yet it was as large as a giraffe, standing straight as a pillar. I went to make a move, but I was too late, and it fell atop me, and I slowly fell unconscious. The last thing I heard was Annabeth's screams..." Percy!"



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By

Amelia (Thomas Hardy School)

Caleb (Frome Valley First School)

Matilda (Frome Valley First School)

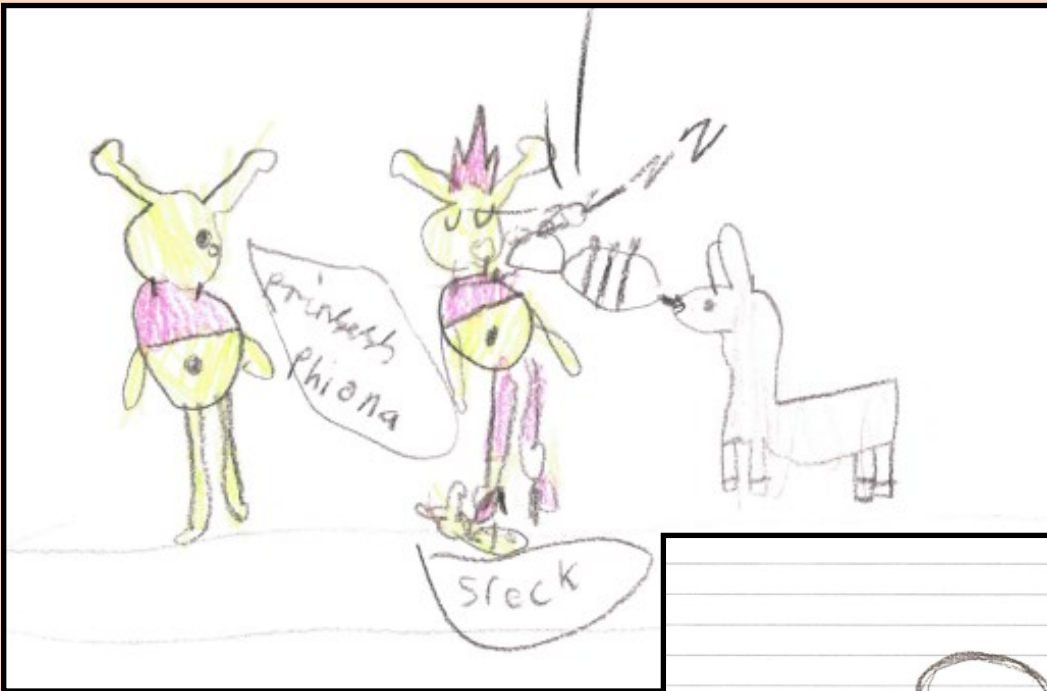
Jayden (Dorchester Middle School)

When I woke up this morning, I felt completely different. A blaringly loud trumpet was playing in my ear by another little pig. I was wearing a crop top, jeans and some high heels. I looked into the mirror with terror and screamed at my outfit. I tried to get rid of the outfit, but I couldn't so I had to leave the house in the ridiculous outfit! I ate cabbage and pickled onions for breakfast. Then I left the house and saw a big, beautiful butterfly and decided to follow it.

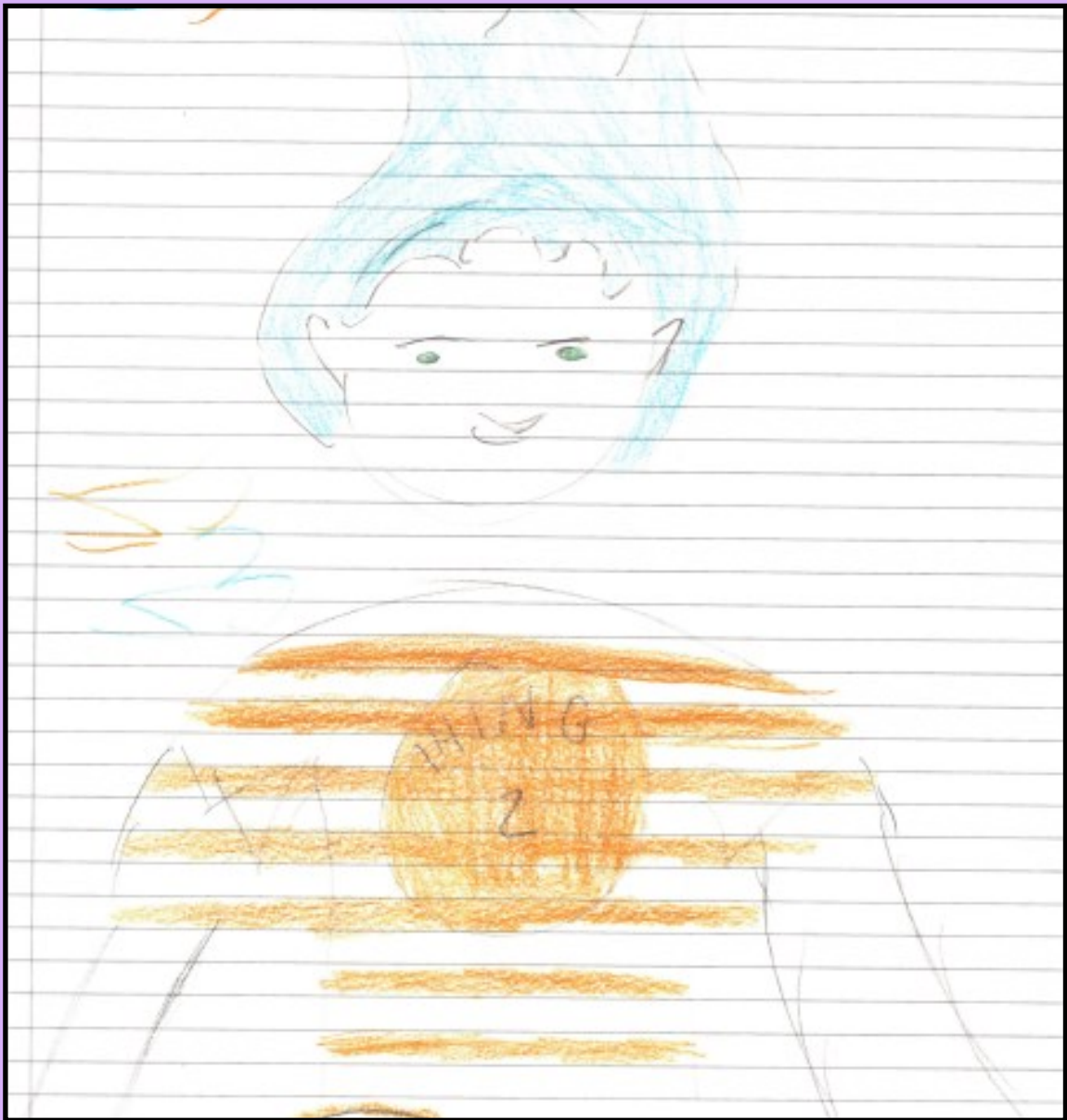
Unknow to me this butterfly was evil and being controlled by the big bad wolf. My journey starts on an abandoned lonely windy track. I was being followed by a mysterious character which I was not aware of. I had come to the end of the rustic path and found myself at a dark dense oak forest. I follow the enormous butterfly into the forest. "Snap" I span around and realises the mysterious character following me. I sprinted away. I was running for 3 hours and realises no one is following me anymore. I see a crystal-clear river and I was so thirsty, so drank a lot of water.



Suddenly as I was bending down, I fell in! The rapid river swept me down the un-wavering waves and I started floating down the river. I tried paddling the other way but didn't make it very far. In the distance a waterfall appeared, fast approaching I couldn't escape and was sucked under the rapids, falling down the waterfall. As I plunged into the pool at the bottom, I resurfaced and realised I was in a beautiful mythical forest. I saw the butterfly on a red flower like a dazzling red ruby. The butterfly flutters up the waterfall and I tried to follow it by climbing up the side of the slippery rocks. I slipped and banged my head, becoming unconscious. I wake up in the big bad wolfs house and was strapped to the bed unable to move. The big bad wolf was standing over me. The oven is burning ready to cook me. The wolf moves into the kitchen. I was trying to find a way to escape then I remembered my heels are very, very sharp. I started cutting the rope rapidly, as soon as I broke free, I ran out the house. I found the big bad wolfs helicopter and started to fly it away, in the helicopter there is pictures of the wolfs girlfriend. The big bad wolf throws his chewing gum at the helicopter, and it jams the propeller. It starts falling so I jumped out, hanging onto the top of the waterfall. I climbed up and started walking back into the forest. I hit my head on a branch and became unconscious again. I then woke up as Shrek. When I realises this, I shouts "you must be joking!" Everyone started calling me Princess Phiona because somehow, I was wearing a crown.



The Day I Stopped Being Me



By Chloe Brown (Thomas Hardy School)

Bonnie Lee-Holland & Robyn Orchard
(Prince of Wales School)

Bertie Mariott (Broadmayne First
School)

Gabe Thomas (St Mary's CE Middle)

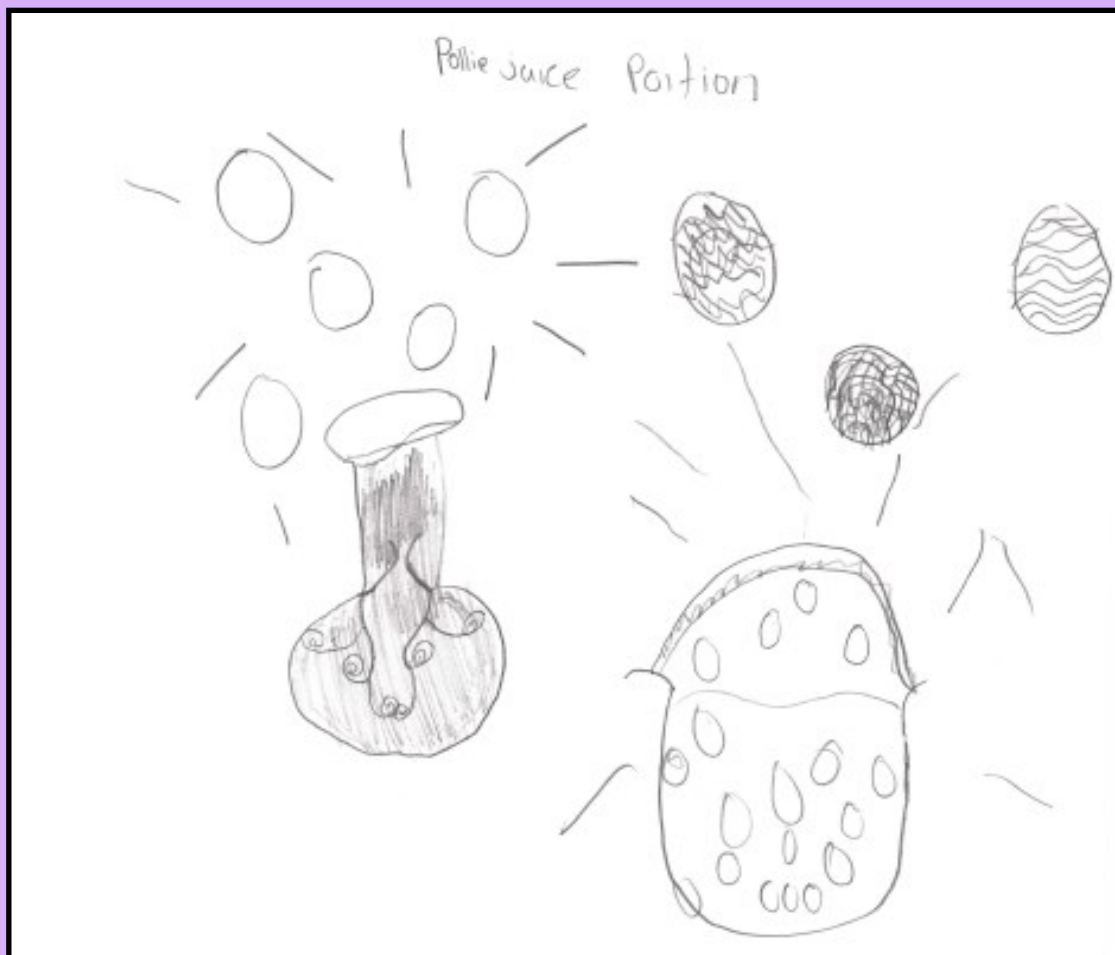
The Awkward Potatoes

When I woke up this morning, I felt completely different. Sitting up in bed, I brushed my hair back, feeling my forehead, and it was gone. My scar, my lightning scar I've had since I was a baby, was gone. I ran over to the mirror, confused, and it became even worse. I couldn't even reach the bottom of the mirror, only a tuft of blue hair showed. My scar was gone, I was barely three feet tall, and my hair was blue.

I go towards the door, running to the bathroom to try and wash it out. It hits me- It's April Fool's Day, someone must have dyed it in my sleep. I reach for the door handles, but I can't reach, it's not just hair dye, someone's put a spell on me. Finally, I jump up, grabbing the handle and releasing myself into the corridor. A butterfly flails past, whining with the voice of Ron.

I continue down the corridor, staring suspiciously at all the other students. Who did this to me?! I approach Neville Longbottom, cautiously in case he is the perpetrator, and ask him what's going on. He tries to say something, but I don't understand, his voice has been replaced by the shriek of a trumpet. He shrugs his shoulders, and so I continue my search in the dining hall instead.

At the other end of the great hall, I see a group of Slytherin students. They grin slyly, and catch my eye, so I look away quickly. You must be joking, I think to myself, what have they done? Did they do this to me? Did they turn Ron into that insect? I sit down with my breakfast, eating quickly, avoiding eye contact with the group, and I start to plan in my head.



Three hours later, sat in my potions class, I wonder about the situation. Is all of Slytherin in on this? Is Snape? I look around and realise no Slytherin students have been cursed. All of them look of them look perfectly normal, except for Malfoy. He's grinning. He must have had something to do with this. I walk over, slowly, wasting time so I can do less potions, and Malfoy is laughing now, louder and louder. Snape shouts, snapping at us to stop messing around and for me to get back in my seat. I do as I'm told and return to my bench, begrudgingly, angry that Draco has gotten away with this. The lesson is over, but my argument with Draco isn't- he walks up to me, brimming with arrogance.

"What have you done?" I asked

Draco half laughs out his answer "I don't know what you're talking about". He towered over me in his new form, but from this point I didn't mind, because I headbutted him in the knees and took the empty potion bottle from his pocket. I knew it! He was the one who transformed me and now i had the evidence to prove it.

