

Wisborough Green's World Book Day Story

Class	Object	Story
R	Penguin on an ice block	<p>It was the coldest day in my ten years of travelling. So cold in fact that water droplets had frozen mid-air off the top of my nose.</p> <p>I was nearly there. After years I, me, Mr Rupert Green was moments away from being reunited with my fondest memory. Would I make it? I could barely feel my toes and my lips had gone as blue as the icy ocean. As I took a deep breathe the cold air hit the back on my throat. Crunching through the white snow, as the mist disappeared there in front of me I saw it. The red and white stripes swirling down the short pole. It was the southernmost point on earth. Leaning against the post, there she stood with her black and white feathery flippers.</p> <p>The bright low yellow sun reflected off the silver tag on her flipper, and the sparkles seemed to light up the sky. My face suddenly felt sore, as I cracked through the frost on my rosy cheeks to form a smile.</p> <p>But why you might ask? Why after all these years of travelling have I returned to the first place I visited to find this particular penguin? Let me take you back through my journey.</p>
3	Mayan Pyramid (From Mexico)	<p>Long ago in a small town in Africa, I found myself dreaming of travelling to see the biggest ever penguin in the world. From a young age I have dreamed of being the world's greatest traveller, even though I came from a poor family with very little. My relatives would tease me.</p> <p>"If we can't travel, then you most certainly can't!" said my so-called friends and family.</p> <p>Nonetheless, one hot summer, I was looking for somewhere with some shade to cool myself off. I came across what looked like a rather unusual shower. Delighted to have found somewhere to cool down, I cautiously stepped in. I then pressed what looked like the on button.</p> <p>After pressing it, the shower began to rumble and tumble around... Before I knew it, I found myself high up on top of what seemed to be a gigan-tean hill.</p> <p>As I carefully looked around me, I realised that there were lots of people around. I wasn't the only one there. In fact, I wasn't even on a hill. I was on top of a pyramid. I knew this since I'd seen a picture of a pyramid before, in one of my adventure books back home. However, the people around me didn't look like the people today. They weren't wearing that much, but they were wearing lots of feathers on their heads. Almost looking like birds without wings. It was just then that I realised that I must have not only travelled to Mexico, but also back in time.</p> <p>The people came stampeding towards me with shiny, razor-sharp spears, almost looking like the teeth of a megalodon. I had to think quickly. Above me was a long vine. I grabbed it and swung over all of their heads. I jumped into my time machine just before the men threw their spear at me. The sun flickered off and I heard screaming. I pressed the on button.</p>
4		<p>Closing my eyes and hoping that the angry Mexicans would disappear, I pressed the button that was glowing in the middle of the shower. What could happen next? Was I day dreaming?</p> <p>I could hardly bare to open my eyes. It was so silent around me; I felt that I feared that I was underground. My nose wrinkled up, as dust fell and a gigantic, tyrannical footfall shook my whole body. I opened one bloodshot eye, shaking.</p> <p>What met me still shocks me today. I was inside a cave which was shining with crystals from a light shaft above. One in particular, an orange, pink, rough rock glimmered like the moon at midnight and</p>

		<p>seemed to be glowing in the dark. My hands reached out and touched its iridescent surface. I had to have it!</p> <p>Yanking roughly, I tried to grab it. I twisted it, turned it, hit it and still it wouldn't move. The mesmerising rock stopped me thinking about the rumblings above me.</p> <p>Suddenly, there was a gigantic boom that made rocks fall furiously from the ceiling, all around me. My precious rock fell into my hands. Finally it was mine!</p> <p>In my excitement, I had forgotten the sound. Finally, I realised that something was breathing down my neck and sending shivers down my spine.</p> <p>I peered round...</p> <p>I saw two yellow eyes shining like twilight...</p>
2		<p>I quietly tip toed in the dark towards the creature. His eyes looked kind and gentle. I felt like I knew him and he was my friend. As the creature led me to the opening of the vast cave I could see glimmers of day light and I was overcome with how hot it was. Where was I?</p> <p>As the light got brighter I could see the outline of the creature. I gasped in surprise as there standing in front of me was a beautiful graceful giraffe. As I got closer I saw he was injured, his head was hanging low. The crystal started to glow...</p>
1		<p>All of a sudden a genie giraffe appeared. He looked like a hero, he was golden with a blue hazy glow and shiny jewels between his lovely silky ears. The genie giraffe put a diamond collar on the injured giraffe and then something magical happened. The beautiful, graceful giraffe head began to rise up to the sky and a miracle had happened. He was no longer injured but began to gallop like a racehorse out of the cave. The genie giraffe slid back into the glowing crystal. Suddenly from out of the corner of the cave something else was stirring.....</p>
5		<p>As I backed away from the cave, I tried to figure out what the sound was. A rumbling, scraping sound stung my ears. It was piercing. As I took one brave step, I saw it. The moonlight caught a glint from something hiding in the sand. A key. But what was its purpose? Was it there for a reason? I scanned the cave to find the key hole but at first glance, I wasn't that lucky.</p> <p>Then I saw it. A small slit in the stone.</p> <p>I was plunged into darkness....</p>
6		<p>I started to spiral down, underneath the underneath. I fell into the dark abyss and then into my time machine and onto the lever, I was teleported back in time.</p> <p>Suddenly in shock, cold as could be there were already icicles hanging from my nostrils. I was on an iceberg, then there it was Titanic, heading towards me. I was about to meet my maker.</p> <p>Gradually a flurry of music notes fluttered down on the breeze. Suddenly my attention was drawn to the source of the music. A young girl was looking in her musical jewellery box, mesmerised by the dancing ballerina, in spite of the chaos going on all around her.</p> <p>The young girl kissed the emerald shiny ring from the box, she leant over the railings tears streaming down her face. Slipping through her white gloved fingers the ring fell into the water. Titanic was sinking. What was I to do? I looked around me seeing nothing but the stars, I looked down</p>

		<p>to the reflection of mine and admired something in the water. A shape was coming out of the water bright and sleek, what was it? Something very miniature with a powerful glow, as bright as a burning sun. I dived in with the sudden shock of cold, chilling as death I struggled to get the ring, but I tried for the young girl.</p> <p>Next thing I knew I was waking at the southernmost point on earth. Leaning against the post, there a penguin stood with her black and white feathery flippers. I opened my clenched fist a mixture of emotions churned inside me at what I saw in my hand, I held it with my life, not knowing what was going to happen, it was the ring. I wish I'd saved that ship.</p>
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