

THE
LUCY WILSON
COLLECTION



SCHOOL CHILDREN

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SCHOOL CHILDREN
AT THE ST LEONARD'S ACADEMY

Louis Gladman
Gina Dodd
Jacob Lovell
Gene Turner



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Louis Gladman – Just Shrink

‘OK, I’m almost there! OK, I know I’m late. I’m walking through the doors. Oh, yeah, I see you,’ exclaimed Lucy with her phone pressed against her ear. She proceeded to wiggle awkwardly between the filled booths of the diner. Hobo was slouched on a sofa, his head pressed against the steamed window. Hobo was wearing his usual clothes, an oversized black hoodie and ripped black jeans, with his decaying white Converse shoes.

‘Hi!’ Lucy cheered, as she perched on the diner booth.

‘Hi,’ mumbled Hobo with his head hanging.

‘What’s wrong?’ asked Lucy. She knew he was upset. Hobo couldn’t hide his feelings (ironic as he wanted to be an actor and acting is all about pretending to have different feelings, even if you are having the worst day ever!)

‘It’s just... everybody at school is making fun of me. Y’know having no hair and all; it’s just sometimes I feel like I wanna shrink,’ grumbled Hobo.

‘Be careful what you wish for, Hobo,’ said Lucy.

‘What can I get you, kids?’ proclaimed a silly teenage waiter.

“Um, two double bacon cheeseburgers, two large fries and two strawberry milkshakes please? What do you want Hobo?”

Hobo said nothing. Eventually he started to chuckle and shake his head, as they burst out into laughter in unison. A few hours later, the two finished their food.

‘I wish I could shrink some days,’ said Lucy, as they paid their bill. ‘Anyway Dad’s outside, I have to go. See you tomorrow!’

‘See you tomorrow,’ replied Hobo.

The next morning, Lucy awoke and her body was engulfed by her quilt. Lucy wasn’t surprised as she was an incredibly restless sleeper. She could often go to sleep lying on her pillow and wake up upside down, with her legs against the wall!

Her alarm was ringing adamantly, even louder than before. Consequently, she reached up to pull the covers off her face to turn the alarm off, but she handful of loves.

When she turned her head she was in some sort of tunnel, and after at least twenty minutes of walking, she reached the end. As she emerged from the abyss, she realised she was in her room, but everything was

enormous!

Her shelves, her pillow, her teddy bear, and her radio – everything was huge! And then it hit her like a ton of bricks. ‘Be careful what you wish for,’ she remembered saying.

She had shrunk!

Gina Dodd – Peardrop

It was a dull, dreary October morning and Lucy's spirits were down. Wind wailed past her curly brown hair, making her feel dizzy. Not that she needed help feeling dizzy. Lucy had been ill all weekend – and even though she'd stopped throwing up; her brain still felt as if it was travelling in a hurricane at 1000 mph.

It wasn't until she reached school that she realised that something was wrong. Hobo was standing at the school gates waiting for her as per usual, but his mouth was pulled into a frown. When he saw her his eyes lit up light saucers.

'Thank goodness,' he exclaimed. Lucy looked at him, eyes tired.

'What's going on?' she asked, looking around for some sort of trouble.

Hobo narrowed his eyes. 'You don't know?' he replied. 'Have you looked up at the sky today?'

Lucy's eyes darted to the sky. She gasped. The sky was painted streaks of shocking... pink! Lucy's mouth made various shapes before she settled on a 'what happened?'

Hobo shrugged.

Lucy could tell he knew more than he was letting on, but she let it drop.

‘How do we fix it? I mean, it certainly makes a change, but it’s giving me a headache.’

Hobo opened his mouth to reply, but suddenly a chiming ‘clang’ rang through the playground. Students all around them covered their ears in agony. Then, almost as soon as it had started, it stopped.

Lucy heard Hobo sigh in relief. However, something else had caught her eye. Striking towards them, with magnificent strides, was a giant. His hair was a tangled mess of rocks, twigs and leaves. He was as tall as a skyscraper and, every time he took a step towards them, the world seemed to shake. A girl next to Lucy fainted. The giant stopped. For a moment, Lucy thought she’d imagined the giant, but then he bellowed, ‘I am the giant king, Peardrop!’ He stopped and looked around, seemingly waiting for applause. Hobo sniggered.

‘Did he just say Peardrop?’

The giant cleared his throat and continued. ‘This pink sky is my doing. We giants hate the colour pink. Now, because you puny mortals are so disrespectful to others, we will slaughter you all and scatter your remains across the sky. Together, you will all turn the

sky pink. After that, your tiny planet will be destroyed!

Lucy and Hobo looked at each other in shock. Terror flashed across their eyes.

'Oh no,' Lucy murmured. How were they going to get out of this one?

Suddenly, Lucy's vision went black. In terror, she screamed out, 'Hobo!'

And then her eyes opened. She was sitting in her bed, perfectly giant free. Thank goodness. It had all been a dream.

Jacob Lovell – The Robot Invasion

Lucy and Hobo were running. They were running as fast as they could, away from the robot that had taken over. All the teachers had been made redundant and replaced with robots.

Robots that went mad! Robots that were shooting kids at Lucy and Hobo's school.

'What are we going to do?' shouted Lucy.

Hobo gave no reply. He just shrugged his shoulders and grunted. They both decided to go down to the beach. It was the safest option.

Walking along the stones Hobo heard a noise. 'What's that noise?' he asked.

'Dunno,' replied Lucy.

The noise became louder and this time they both heard it. They looked at each other with shocked expressions. Flying around the corner was a squad of angry robots wanting to kill.

'Run!' shouted Lucy, as both children struggled over the stony beach. The robots drew closer with their lasers

at the ready. The pair split up and hid in the caves under the ancient cliff of Ogmores-by-Sea.

Hobo found a set of cables going up through the cliffs and decided to explore. He followed the wire down a small hole. At the bottom he found a switch, with 'power supply' written on it. He grabbed a rock and threw it at the power switch, cutting off the robot's power in the town.

But one lived on...

Gene Turner – Gone

The morning was bright. Sun glimmered through the clouds. The floorboards creaked under Hobo's heavy, plodding feet, and the water lapped against the giant water supports.

Then out of the blue (quite literally) a shimmer glowed from the seabed. It was some kind of metallic reflection; it memorised Hobo to the point close to unconsciousness. His body went limp like spaghetti, and flew down into the calm water.

With his last few seconds of supposed life, he felt the freezing water rush past his face as he was dragged down into the darkness.

Lucy wandered the corridors of school, confused. Where Hobo had gone? She couldn't function without him. Stunned, she stared at the school newspaper.

It was Hobo's face!

Anon –

The Mystery of the

Cyber Teachers

Lucy Wilson was gazing into space as the teacher whirred on. If only she could be at university like her brother Nick, not sitting here falling asleep. It might be slightly better if her friend Hobo was in her class.

She gazed out the window. Eerily, a thick mist appeared to be wrapping itself tightly around the school as if it were blocking out reality. The class were strangely quiet... entranced almost, by the teachers droning voice.

“Can I have a pen, please, Sir?” A voice called out over bowed heads. Out of the corner of Lucy’s eye, she saw the teacher pluck a pen mechanically out of the white cardboard box, and stretch his hand out towards the boy. Reaching across the oblivious heads, Lucy watched as the arm stretched and

stretched and stretched. Dazed, Lucy flicked her head around, so that she could get a better look, but as soon as she was facing backwards Lucy felt her head, as if being pulled magnetically, slowly twist back towards the front of the room.

What was going on?

Slightly disturbed, but not yet frightened, Lucy shifted in her seat to see whether she could fight this unknown force, which was clearly controlling her entire class. She could. Cautiously, she turned her head again to look out of the corridor window, and across the corridor where Hobo was in his class. Instantly she saw him. He was looking directly at her and clearly thinking hard.

“I am not telepathic!” She tried to signal to him with her eyes. She saw a glint of a grin creep over his face, as if he had read her mind. He slowly pointed to the front of the room. His teacher too!

At the front of the room, Mr Johnson had swapped the boring drone for a math’s rap. The usually stern, sensible and unadventurous Mr Johnson was prowling in front of the whiteboard

and doing something incredible with numbers; the class was entranced! *Not only*, Lucy thought, *because they were being forced to listen, but Mr Johnson seemed to have transformed into an energetic and interesting performer.* She could practically feel her brain whirring and guzzling up all of this new, exciting and pretty weird information. Perhaps, whatever had happened to Mr Johnson, it was an improvement! Maybe all of the teachers needed a bit of a reboot!

In amusement and amazement, Lucy watched her humourless teacher mechanically jig Pythagoras' theorem, perform a game he called "Juggle a Puzzle" and teach complex fractions with a drum kit. Astounded, she gazed around again and still her class did not appear to be affected by the fact that Mr Johnson had clearly been abducted and replaced by some sort of superhuman. What should she do?

The bell rang.

Anon – Assessment Day

Lucy and Hobo stood silently on the eerie pathway, crooked trees silhouettes leaving ghost like figures on the rock solid ground, thunder began to crack through the dense grey skies and began to conquer her desolate mind. Mid-seconds later, yet another flash raced through the darkening gloomy skies, the cracks echoing from the thunder began to sprint through Hobo's empty mind, the intense sounds recklessly menaced back and forth.

The large streets of London were now deserted, the London Eye was tipped into the river, and the only sight of life was Big Ben; its steady ticks reminding them that time was still in motion – the end of the world was happening! The loud of cracks of thunder were still echoing about their minds. River Thames was gradually becoming thinner and slower, the progressively thinner trickle of water repetitively danced around the remains of buildings, and what was left of the London Eye. As the fires were spreading along the desolate city, the large

thick ash clouds of which were conquering the sky began to part, and what was left of the imploding sun began to gleam through the small crack. There was no hope, they could not escape. They're being watched and the government is not going to back down, not until the last two survivors are wiped out.

Lucy and Hobo.