



## Year 6 Writer's Newsletter

Read all about it!

### The Kidnap

Once I past the street I saw a group of people with cans that smelt of solvents. Their heads turned towards me and Grace. They walked slowly towards us as our backs turned to a dead end. Panic rose inside me, quick a ladder I yelled. Grace scurried up as the group ran forward. They yanked me back as Grace escaped. Scared, worried, tired I tried to wriggle free but their grip was like a falcon. My head spun in their direction. One of the gangsters had a black gun that was when I knew they had kidnapped me. I cried for help but no one came...

By Sanaria Fathulla

*This half term our class novel has been Journey to Jo'burg. The story is set in South Africa at the time of the Apartheid. "children embark on a journey to find their mother bring her back home to tend to their sick younger sister. This excellent and heart-warming story has inspired our writing.*

### Lost

This time we saw sense and knocked on the door. There were some raised voices inside. We were getting really scared now. "What if they're bad people?" whispered Tiro. "We will find ways...don't worry." I whispered back. The door opened. There stood a fairly obese woman. She wore a polka dotted dress with a bow to hold up her hair. We both thought she was going to be lovely. That was until she spoke. "What are you doing here, you imbecil!" she shouted. Her voice was slurred you could tell. She was drunk. "Erm...." was all I could manage before both I and Tiro ran off the doorstep. We heard running behind us. I didn't dare look back. We kept on running. The footsteps died down. Then shouting. Then silence. Tiro begged for a short break but I didn't let him. "Just in case... just in case!" I breathlessly beck-

oned to Tiro. **Written by Tara**

The girl drooped her pot suddenly and she fainted. As a drop of sweat fell of her face. Then the tree started growing again. So as the tree had grew leaves back some more plants grew. The trees stem moved so the shadow was on Zahra the she smiled in her sleep.

*Written by Chloe*

He started to run but they were too fast. The F5 gang surrounded Michael, one of them caught Michael with their machete, he hit one of them and made a run for it Michael ran down a back alley and hid in a trash can for a few minutes. “few there gone” he said. His arm was now burning .

*Written by Callum*

*Its time is shrinking...*

As the swirling ball of fire approached it's home; the tree was getting weaker by the minute. It had a survival hovering over its cracked trunk. The slow, agonizing days were dragged for weeks. Every day the sun had got hotter and hotter. The more the ball of fire grew, the more the chance of survival slipped away in its branches. Devoid of shade was increasing rapidly. The sand would burn the slightest touch like molten hot lava. There is no way of plant survival... *Written by Alicia T*

Casper woke up a sore head looking around know idea where he is. He saw limbs and blood on the wall and floor. In the corner of the room a man with no arms or legs. “It is not safe here” He said continuously “Look who’s awake”...

*Written by Daniel*

## Lost in Jo'Burg

Naledi and Tiro cold and hungry, their Mum Rose went to work in Johannesburg to get money for food. "go and get some wood to make a fire!" Demand Naledi desperately. So of Tiro went looking for wood. When he came back carefully made the fire "why can't I make the fire?" moaned Tiro "because I'm older than you" shouted Naledi. Suddenly Tiro kicked over the burnt wood with such a temper he knocked the fire then it accidentally touched the straw house. Then at a rapid speed it smothered the house in house in fire "Now look at what you've done!" you've destroyed are house." Come on we've got to find mum.

*Written by Annie May*

One of the Mexicans was called Fa. He shot a man in his head just for money (for rent). I was scared that he might just do it to me as well and not a good money maker. So he just threw me out of the van for fun! He just laughed at me. Then five miles, then four miles, then two miles, then 1 mile to work now and then to walk. I need some water.

I got home,

"Where have you been?" said nono .

"I went on a trip and got kidnapped by Mexicans not nice ones either".

*Written by Jordan*

As the blazing hot swirling ball of fire beamed continually, down on to the dehydrated, deserted land. The mutilated sweltering tree was giving up on all faith. The more the sun shone the more the dying begun. As people begged for water, the sand was as hot as molton lava.

*Written by Tyler.*

I Need you Tiro needs you, I need you, please come home please come. I'm scared I need you please come home please. We walk past grave yards of little babies that have died. Dino will die and be there if you don't come so please come

Written by Aaron

*Buster flew right up into a pair of underpants! The rabbits in their hutch looked up and wondered what was going on when they started to float as well however they bounced back down because they hit the top of the hutch.*

*All of a sudden the front door shattered open as the old folk Doris came out in her chair asleep! She suddenly zoomed up like a shooting star!*

*Written by Lilly-Anne Carr*

*The crowded streets of Hillbrow*

*Crowded, congested, crammed and obstructed – the streets of Hillbrow are feared at night. People were careless, they would cross the road. The road was massive, massive due to all pedestrians. Bass nearly ran over two tall people talking in the middle of the road. The more bass kept driving on, the more graffiti tags there was. "Nalidi and Tiro!" shouted bass. Come here and I will give you some money.* *Written by Jokudo*

*Terrible Tuesday*

*Unusually one Tuesday morning there were pigs flying around a barn, but lord voldemort wasn't happy, but the story doesn't end there...*

*Legend has it Lord Voldemort got so jealous he orderd all death eaters/to lock up all flying pigs.*

*Written by Marcus*

*Stray*

*In the world of no care and just a dump. Rotting and decaying this is the world of, the abomadble Africa! Were animals rome to die and decay . This is stray were not even the world will not help there's no time for hope! Until now.*

*Written by Ben*

## Zarah

Whilst Zarah slept the tree gently quietly moved in placing dark shadow over Zarah. The tree was determined to repay the girl back for saving it. The tree grew from strength to strength. The purple branches started to mingle with each other. The leaves started to grow and life was once again back!

*Written by Jack*

## Journey to Johannesburg

*Towering buildings towered over me and Taledi. We are trying to find the nearest bus stop which allows black people which is proving to be impossible at the moment. White people barging past us not having a care in the world. We dropped pieces of paper each two steps we took so we didn't lose our way but the wind just blew them away constantly so instead we had to remember what buildings we went past. Exhausted from walking non stop for hours we had to lie down quickly so we found a nearby street that was frighteningly silent ...*

*Written by Harriett*

Scared and worried, intimidated and crowded people fear for their lives in the dark night from gangs. Tagged and vandalized under the bridge is a place worth avoiding. In the streets of Hillbrow it's dangerous, dangerous because you never know when a bullet is coming your way. Also drugs impose a huge threat. Written by William

## No Town To Be

*Never heard of crossings! Chaotic and gridlocked, unorganised and riotous Jo 'burg is no place to be. It's a deadly, vandalised gang tag area extremely dangerous. Dangerous because reputations are devoured. The intimidating high story buildings tower over you, while the congested streets lie below. Johannesburg: the capital city of intense anarchy and hostile. The more South African citizen's saunter across the crowded roads, the more incidents will occur.*

*Written By Hannah*

## Mysterious Gangs

Excited, elated, tired me and Naledi carried on walking to where Ma worked. We was getting out of the busy town now, so we had to be careful of our surroundings. Ma often told us about ruthless gangs causing trouble in desolate streets: stalking and threatening innocent people with guns. As we were crossing the road we noticed a white gang of about fifteen huddled on the corner therefore we took another route hoping they hadn't noticed us. Trembling, we turned the corner. They were there. "Oi you what you doing come ear?" yelled one of them. (I was trembling with fear and my heart was palpitating 100 mph) Clumsily I stumbled over on the ground. "Get up, they're coming!" yelled Naledi. I couldn't move; I was frozen stiff, paralysed to death.

*Written by Ellie*

*The streets of Jo'burg are chaotic, chaotic because of the swarming gangs that are hidden in the shadows of the back alleys. In every shady corner, two gang members doing a shady deal and there not people to mess with .*

*Written by Rossi*

*Gangs of white people raid the streets, I hear at least 10 bullets a day. One time I opened my curtains to find my own mother lying lifelessly on the cruel barren Earth. That day was the day I myself was deprived of all hope and happiness. I'm an orphan now, living on the streets, finding new ways of survival.*

*Written by Annabelle*



### *Gotta Get Out*

*Riotous and hostile, intense and imposing-the streets of Hillbrow are no place to be. Turmoil. The more tags I saw graffitied onto the walls, the more frightened I became. Hillbrow; gang city... Hillbrow was dangerous, dangerous because of all the gangs and drugs. Life there is truly terrible! You can easily get yourself into all sorts of horrific trouble. Nothing could compare. Walking through those streets: you never knew if you were safe...*

*Written by Alicia J*

The streets of Hillbrow were crowded with cars zooming down the streets of Jo'burg. Crowded and mobbed, jammed and chaotic the streets of Jo'burg are dangerous. The streets were crowded, crowded with traffic because the traffic was moving in all different directions. Grid-locked and over-crowded, crammed and obstructed, the cars in Jo'burg are zooming down the roads. The streets were over-crowded, over-crowded because people are rushing all over. Demi

## Hillbrow

A little boy called Dillan was only 7 years old 8 on his next birthday, anyway he got sent to the shop by himself, however he got to the biggest road in Hillbrow. He didn't stop, look or listen he just crossed over without a doubt. A big van was heading his way. The driver saw him but there was a gang in the back, the driver wanted to stop consequently the gang told him to keep going when all of a sudden. CRASH!!!BANG!!! Abby

Naleid and Grace were travelling to Jo'Burg because they were searching for their mother. They started their journey on foot for miles and miles in blistering heat. They were giving up because they were drifting to sleep. Then suddenly they heard a sound of a rickety bus behind them and they waved until it stopped. They climbed on board and finally fell asleep for the rest of the journey. Written by Kayleigh SH

Everybody can access Facebook. Facebook is a social media program that enables you to contact people. I think it should be allowed access by people 13 or over. Written by Kayleigh T

*Horrorified, petrified and worried the man shot at the dog as it ran past. Then he turned to shoot his gun at me and Tiro. He shot! It hit Tiro on the leg as he fell to the ground. I dropped to the ground and desperately wept as I wondered if he was alright. All at once the captain of the gang grabbed me by the arms and dragged me along the rough, sharp concrete. We came to a tall, cob-webbed house. I don't know if I was right or wrong but I saw my mum!*

*Written by Morgan*

Facebook is a fun, yet dangerous thing that everyone knows though it has been causing emotion as people debate over whether under 13 should be this public attraction. Some adults trust the children to be mature and should supervise them while on it; others think that the security of logging in should be harder. Young adults 7-14 fake their age and sign in. These are both the sides of the argument.

*Written by Rachael L*

*“Mama, Tiro, where are you? “I need you “. I had been lost for days, with no hope of survival, no food and I am as dehydrated as an animal. Where was love when I needed it? Where was good life when I wanted it?! *Written by Rachel BM**

Thank you for reading our science newsletter.

Don't forget to have a look at our class blog to see what we have been up to recently.

<http://blog.st-peters-farnworth.bolton.sch.uk/year4201415>