

WIN a trip to Disneyland Paris
£500 of books for your school
PLUS a school visit from David Walliams

NATIONAL YOUNG
WRITERS' AWARDS
2018



HEROES

THE TOP 10 STORIES



Introducing...The Major Organ Squad!

Name: Huxley/Liver Boy
Superpowers: Vitamins and Iron
Arch Nemesis: Biliary Atresia
Motto: I'm gonna liver forever

Name: Miller/Intelli-boy
Superpowers: Thoughts and Ideas
Arch Nemesis: Television
Motto: Brains are brilliant

Name: Mummy/Heartbeat
Superpowers: Love and Life
Arch Nemesis: Lazyitis
Motto: That's the art of the heart

Name: Daddy/The Human Spirit
Superpowers: Motivation and Positivity
Arch Nemesis: Negativity
Motto: We carry the fire

We are the first superheroes of the MAJOR ORGAN SQUAD!

(Based on a true story)

The latest member of the Major Organ Squad, Huxley, aka Liver Boy, younger brother of Miller, aka Intelli-boy, has been born with a rare liver disease and is being attacked on the inside by his arch nemesis...Biliary Atresia!

Mummy, aka Heartbeat, noticed Huxley's skin was too yellow and, being a specialist nurse she knew something wasn't right. After weeks of being trapped in the Birmingham Children's Hospital, Huxley fought together with a revolutionary soldier called Kasai, and together a dangerous but successful operation was carried out which meant that Huxley could return home with his parents and his big brother Miller.

But the battle was far from over.

Liverboy needed all the superpowers he could get to make sure he grew big and strong and Intelliboy would be his sidekick from now on; thinking of ways to have fun with his little brother whilst learning about his arch nemesis so he could help with the battle against Biliary Atresia.

Heartbeat ensured that life went on and that there was enough love to keep the family going. She was the lifeline for all to follow. Armed with a range of medicines and helped by a small faction of the Major Organ Squad, The Specialists.

Daddy, aka The Human Spirit, went out to battle to raise money for the Birmingham Children's Hospital, accepting the challenge of such foes as the London Marathon, RideLondon and a long 1000 mile ride from coast to coast across France.

Miller soon realised that the Major Organ Squad weren't the only heroes in town; all the doctors and nurses, the nutritionists, the pharmacists, the surgeons and all their friends and family that supported them were heroes too.

Not the end!



Miller Brennan, age 8, Wheelers Lane Primary School, Birmingham

Charlotte is a vet. She gets up, has breakfast and goes to work and she does this in five minutes with her hair in a pony tail with a big violet bow. She makes a cup of tea and goes to check on the animals that stayed overnight. She then gets ready for the days appointments wondering who will come today. The first patient is a flamingo who had turned blue because she had drunk too much water. Oh no said Charlotte, but don't worry she told the owner. I know what to do and she went to the cupboard and came back with a big glass of pink lemonade. Drink this Charlotte told the flamingo and you will be pink again very soon. Next was a tortoise who could not get his head back in his shell. oh dear let me have a look said Charlotte. Hmm she went and left the room. She came back with a pair of tweezers and pop, she pulled out Duggies sticky sticky stick stick. That feels much better said the tortoise. Thank you very much. Wow thought Charlotte. I wonder what will be next. In came Princess Emilia with her poorly pet dragon. Its wing wasn't working properly and its ire had gone out. He bent down to show Charlotte. Open wide and say ah. The dragon had big pointy teeth and a yellow tongue. It was meant to be red. Charlotte put on a splint and lit his ire again. Then she went home. Wasn't she a real life hero? The end.



Emilia Coe, age 4, Chyngton Primary School, East Sussex



Plant Takeaway

Alright? I'm Dave and I'm a tree. A willow tree to be precise. I don't look any different to any of the other willows, so don't bother with pictures and that. I'm quite boring really, and apparently I'm annoying because I block the sun from the kitchen window. So annoying in fact, that this one time, this weird dude tried to cut off my arm! I thought that was kind of rude.

Anyway, I am feeling kind of useless right now because nobody seems to appreciate me. I guess they don't know just how cool I am. I can breathe you know! I don't have lungs, but that doesn't stop me. And if I couldn't breathe, you'd be in trouble, let me tell you that for free. I breathe in CO₂ which you breathe out, and breathe out oxygen, which, of course, you breathe in. See? We need each other. I also protect you from sunburn. Deadly that! It can even lead to skin cancer, which nobody wants.

The little girl in the house near me had cancer, but she's better now. Her mum spotted it just in time, or so I heard from the other mums who have a chat by the bins. I've never met my parents, I guess I was carried by the wind. Or maybe I was planted! Nah, why would anyone plant me on purpose when they all want to get rid of me? Bees can carry pollen you know! It's really clever, and I also found out the other day that they can make honey, and I was shocked, not going to lie! I mean, honey, which you put on waffles, comes from bees? Who knew!

I'm starting to think that plants aren't the only things that are cool round here, take whales for example. They're massive big things and they can hold their breath for AGES! And chameleons, they can change to the same colour as their surroundings, so that they don't get eaten by predators, the same with cuttlefish! It's a shame though, I heard on the TV in the kitchen that whales are becoming "extinct", or at least I think that is what they said. "Water pollution is the real culprit" I heard them say. I'm not really sure what that is, but it sounds bad. I wish I could help. I can't of course, because I'm rooted to the ground. Maybe you could go instead of me! Nah, you won't want to. Too much effort, am I right?

I want you to think about it though, because actually, if you do decide to do the right thing, then it won't just be nature you'll be helping. Maybe you weren't paying attention, but I did mention a fair few things that we do to help you. Without us being the heroes, you're stuck, yeah? So listen real quick, if there's a plant takeaway, who's going to step up? Well, we know it's not you, or is it?



Melissa Rosa, age 14, St Phillip Howard Catholic High School, West Sussex

All throughout England, at every school you happen to come across you will find a lollipop lady, so named because of the long sticks they hold. They are there to tell children when it's safe to cross. They wait for a gap in the early morning traffic and hold up their sticks to signal cars to stop and allow the multiple school children to cross so they can begin their day of fun and learning. Or so it seems...

The truth of all crossing ladies begins with one of many parents who are grumpy, tired and always in a hurry. This particular mother has to literally drag her son to school today. She has to go to work quite soon and can't afford to be made late again by Josh, her son. In her hastiness, this mum makes the reckless decision to ignore Ruth, the crossing lady at Josh's school, and speedily drags her son into the road. But she only gets one step away from the pavement before Ruth springs into action, doing what she often does!

At the speed of light, Ruth bashes her lollipop stick to the floor, freezing time - and the battle commences.

Ruth hit the invisible monster, just missing it as it ducks and lies on the car, as flat as it possibly can. The beast uses one of its long tentacles to grip the poor woman's throat before biting her nose in an attempt to yank it right off her face. While the ugly creature in front of her was distracted with her nose Ruth hit the monster three times: one to knock its tentacle away from her neck, the second to rip the suckers clean off the car and the third to hit it into a parallel universe far, far away.

These monsters are road trolls and are one hundred per-cent hideous flesh. They come in all different colours, with a dozen eyes dotted around a blob of a head. Instead of legs the road trolls have suckers to attach themselves to cars; each Troll having about five. Instead of arms they have tentacles varying in length of up to three meters and are absolutely smothered in warts and scars.

Having bashed the troll off the car Ruth unfroze time. Completely oblivious to what Ruth had done, Josh's mother finishes her journey irritated at the crossing lady. Ruth couldn't help but smile.

Ruth, like all other crossing ladies, started out as an average adult until called upon by a secret society of others who also have the gift of seeing the road trolls. From there, Ruth fulfilled her duty of freezing time, battling road trolls and banishing them from the planet. And although only a small number of people are aware of it, Ruth joined all other crossing ladies and became a super hero.

So next time you see a lollipop lady be sure to thank them- preferably without revealing their secret.



Alba Searle, age 11, St Pauls Junior School, Wokingham

My mum the double bubble hero

Once a baby grew inside a woman. The woman turned out to be my mum. And the baby turned out to be me. My dad was involved too of course but we will get back to him later. I was a gigantic baby. My mum said I always had a great smile and that I was the best thing that ever happened to her.

When I was 2 years old my baby sister arrived. She was a very poorly baby. My mum said our house always smelled of puke. But I still loved her as much as I loved Peppa Pig (when I was little, of course, not now I am 10!) My mum named us both after flowers because flowers make her happy. So I am Daisy and my sister is Elodie.

The mighty 4 of us lived together until I was 6. That was until my mum and dad glue started to become unstuck. Daddy went to live somewhere else. It was sad and tough. But we still saw him and we worked out that sometimes your mum and dad socks just don't match.

Living as the Three Musketeers (mum, Elodie, me and our trusty dog Jackson) was when my mum first became a double bubble hero. A double bubble hero is someone who does two jobs. The mum and the dad job. She takes me to school, she watches my swimming training, does the laundry and the cooking, tucks me into bed (and my sister), pays her bills, makes sure I am safe and tries hard at everything. And she makes sure we are a happy family. She has a proper job too working for the Police but that's a boring part of the story.

The real reason she is a hero is because she is an EPIC adventurer. Take last year for example, we drove eighteen hundred miles from Land's End to John O Groats in a motorhome, in 12 days. I was the navigator which my mum said was the most important job.

We drove from our house to Cornwall then all the way to the top of Scotland and back again. We saw more places than you can imagine. They were magnificent places. I couldn't believe my eyes.

We saw the sea in Cornwall, the caves in Somerset, Ironbridge in Shropshire, the lakes in the Lake District, went on a speedboat on Loch Ness (I'm sure I saw Nessie), Ben Nevis mountains, streams and castles in Scotland and we even climbed the Blackpool Tower. By the end we had seen the two signs at either end of our island which meant we were End to Enders. My mum said the driving was tiring, but that she wanted to show us that being an adventurer takes courage and sometimes means you have to push forward even when you want to stop. But my mum never stops, even when life is tough.

That's why my mum is a real double bubble hero.



Daisy Oakley, age 10, Berkhamstead School, Cheltenham



Sixty-six years ago a boy called Hassan Dewji was born in a very poor town called Songea, in a very poor country called Tanzania, in a very poor continent called Africa. He was the youngest of nine brothers and sisters. He was naughty and always getting into trouble. He knew his mum couldn't read and would just look at the colours on his report card, so when he got a bad mark in red pen, he would colour over it with a black pen so she thought he was doing really well! He also got into a fight with the school bully. He hurt himself so many times that his parents thought his name was unlucky and changed it to Liaket. That was when his luck started to change...



Sumayya Dewji, age 7, Cumnor House School for Girls, Croydon

Liaket's parents had saved up enough money to send only one of their children to England to get an education and earn money for the whole family but they couldn't decide which child to send. Liaket wanted to help, and knew that he was the cleverest, so he started working really hard and reached the top of his class! When his parents found out, they chose him to go to England! He got married and went to Bristol University to study Medicine and became a family doctor.

Liaket realised he had been very lucky to get this opportunity and sent money home to Tanzania to help his family and sick people in their community. But he also wanted to help other children to get an education like he did so they could help themselves. He wrote historical books designed especially for children. He taught children in the local community and then became president of his community centre and built sports facilities for young people. He retired early so he could help bring up his grandchildren and give them the best possible start in life. He recently started a food bank in Tanzania that feeds over 500 people a day!

To me, Liaket is a true hero because he doesn't just use his time and money to enjoy himself, but he does everything he can to help other people, especially children and the needy. And the most amazing thing of all, is that Liaket is my grandfather! He has inspired me to help other people when I grow up and for that I will always be grateful to him!

The Mum with the Toxic Bum

My mum loves pickled onions, I hate them. They look horrible – like eyeballs floating in a jar, they smell even worse and I can only imagine the taste..... uuuuggggghhhhhhhh.....

This is a storey about my mum and her love of pickled onions and how together they saved the day!

Crunch crunch , my mum is eating pickled onions... again, I'm holding my nose. We were just popping out to the shops when she popped two in her mouth 'for the journey.'

We live in a city, people think fill of crime and criminals, but it's not all bad. I love my school, my friend, my pets and family. There's always something to do or somewhere to go.

We were just off shopping one Saturday afternoon. Walking along the road I saw someone looking a bit suspicious. I tugged my mums arm when he started following us. Next thing I knew as the man was about to snatch my mums bag She FARTED!!!! She let out a huge loud long fart!!!! The man froze, sniffed and fainted!!! My mum didn't even notice!

Next we jumped on the tube, it was very busy. I spied another dodgy character dipping his fingers into people pockets and taking their belongings. I tugged my mums arm again, it must have shocked her as she FARTED again! It was more a whooshing sound this time; I'd say it was an SBD (Silent but Deadly).

People on the train were in shock, holding their noses. At the next station everyone jumped off gasping for air! The pickpocket was trapped, frozen in the carriage. My mum didn't know what was going on?

At the shops, we were buying MORE pickled onions! I saw yet another sneaky figure wandering through the aisles. He kept looking over his shoulder and was wearing a big coat even though it was a warm day. I followed him to observe his suspicious activities – he was a thief! He was filling his coat pocket with lots of goods – I needed to tell someone - and fast.

I was about to report him to the store manager, when my mum appeared – running towards the checkout with her trolley full of pickled onions. She spotted me with happiness after I had gone off being a detective. She was so relived she'd found me, she let out an almighty TRUMP. This trump was like nothing before – it was powerful blast and blew the thief's coat right off revealing all the stolen goods.

The police arrived and arrested the crook, putting him in the back of the police car with two other baddies whose eyes were staring forwards and watering.

See, my mum with her toxic bum was a hero and she didn't even know it. She thought she'd hit the jackpot when the store manager gave her a lifetime supply of pickled onions (poor me) and the police gave me a gold medal shaped like a pickled onion!!

Ppppppprrrrrrrrffffftttttttttt.



Mia Falatoori, age 8, Churchfields Junior School, South Woodford, London

The Pigeon of The War

I lived on Farrington Street in London but loved travelling; and the corn and seeds in the countryside. On the 7th of September 1940, suddenly there were loud bangs. Bombs showered, and the city was on fire. I hid along a ledge, the building started collapsing and I narrowly escaped. When things calmed, I realised that everyone from my flock was gone. I was exhausted and could not move. A boy approached me, he was 9-year-old Oswald.

Oswald took me on a train full of children. They were all being sent to the countryside to distant family and looked teary, tired and sad. Oswald's 8-year-old cousin Bartholomew and his Siamese cat joined too. I was NOT comfortable with the cat's stare.

Oswald and Bartholomew brought me to their Aunt Mary, a small round woman with warm loving eyes. That night I did not sleep for fear of the cat. Next day, Aunt Mary sent the boys to buy a cage for the cat, as she didn't want him getting lost. They took me into town.

People were gathering around a man in Uniform. He gave a speech about how the country needed a lot of help, he talked about the war and duty to the country. Young men were enrolling. Oswald and Bartholomew wanted to join but were too young. 'Why don't we enrol him?' suggested Bartholomew, pointing to me. 'Definitely not!', replied Oswald. The man in the uniform, joined the conversation. He told them he was Private Warren and worked for RAF Coastal Command. He explained how homing birds can be trained and can serve. He promised to look after me and to keep them updated. So, my life in the RAF began.

Private Warren trained me and made sure I was well kept and fed. I was soon sent on my first assignment, taking news about a German spy. I was now flying at high altitudes and saw Messerschmitts, Junkers, Heinkels, Spitfires and Hurricanes. I became good at dodging bombs and bullets. The enemy was always trying to bring down messenger birds like me, to intercept the messages.

I had completed 28 missions and was on my 29th mission, taking a top-secret message that would bring re-enforcement. As I got half-way, I was shot through my talon and damaged my wing. I was bleeding but carried on, it was my hardest flight. I could not save my talon but saved lives.

A few months later, I was at an award ceremony. There were other animals too. Mostly pigeons, dogs and horses; and a cat. We were awarded the Dicken Medal, bronze - carried on a green, dark brown and pale blue ribbon. On the medal within a laurel wreath are the words, 'For Gallantry' and 'We also Serve'. Oswald brought me back to London. I am happy the war is over, and the children are safe and back with the families. I'm not so sure that I have the same feelings for cats.



Karan Abrol, age 9, Bannockburn Primary School, Greenwich, London



Right, you can laugh all you want, but what would you do if you were stuck up a tree with an inexplicably high trunk? Somehow, I doubt you would turn around and shrug it off with an 'Oh, that happens to me all the time' or a 'Not again?! I was up this same tree half an hour ago!' By the way, none of these statements are true for me either. As a self-respecting cat, I have not made any attempt to maroon myself in branches for much of my time in this world. Anyway, a cat running up trees is so stereotypical; we hear a vacuum cleaner, we're up a tree! We catch sight of a dog, we're up a tree! Forgive me for this, but I have actually become a good acquaintance with the dog next door and we have shared many nice hours playing chase. But now he is nowhere to be seen, while I, on the other hand, am languishing up in the gnarled cradle of despair that is the old oak in the garden. I mean don't get me wrong, I have a personal preference for oak trees over any other species you would care to name. I assume a fireman will have to rescue me. Who came up with that one? Forgive me; while I'm contemplating life trapped in the sky, I am laughing my tail off. I can imagine their board meetings...



Edward Adams, age 12, The Latymer School, Edmonton, London

Yes! We can put people trained to extinguish fires to work rescuing... cats? I suppose it's because of that ladder they have on their trucks.

"Twinkles! We'll save you!" I'm brought back to Earth, but unfortunately not literally. A crowd is gathering at the base of the tree. And the chosen cat-saving device this time is a pole? It looks like it. OK then, here I go! I'll just extend my fifth limb, wrap my tail around this thing and gracefully slide to safety. They're shoving it into my face with all the ferocity of a lion. Ow! No, that's my head; do you want me to fall out of this thing? What are you thinking, poking me like that? I'd prefer a fireman any day over this cohort of bumbling amateurs. Wait, is that the ladder belonging to Mrs Samson who cleans the windows? Aha! Now that looks slightly better than the other lacklustre effort! But I still want a fireman! I'm a cat with very high standards! I mean, how much effort it would take just to send one tru—
Oh, fine. You can be the hero this time, Mrs Samson. But next time, I am expecting my fireman, and not another word! Now, Twinkles would like to retreat to his bed for some much needed rest and would kindly ask that you abstain from cleaning the windows today – it makes a horrible squealing...





Abbie often looked at the world around her with tear-filled eyes like spherical swimming pools. The sadness that she felt for the homeless, the bullied children and those who needed help left her pained. She had always dreamed of becoming a hero: making others safe and happy, restoring peace to those around her. However, every time she had tried to be the saviour of the day, she had ended up making a fool of herself!

It was impossible for anyone to like her. Unlike other children, Abbie was rather unpopular. She preferred insects to people, often preferring to play with the ants, spiders and worms in the playground! Despite her good-hearted nature and intentions, life just was not fair for her. Playtimes were spent alone and lesson times felt like they stretched ten hours long. Break times were her favourite time of day, when she'd search for new creatures to spot and explore.



Serena Cowan, age 7, North London Collegiate School, Edgware, London

Spring arrived, along with a new child at school. Abbie watched as Farid stood awkwardly, at the edge of the playground, not knowing how to make friends or even how to speak to the other children. He spoke no English and had no way of interacting. Farid had travelled a long way to a country where he would feel safe and welcome. He had been used to bombs exploding around him. Yet here he was feeling safe but totally rejected. His spirits were low and Abbie could sense his feelings of isolation and disappointment. Abbie's urge to help others had found a boy in need: Farid.

Quite used to playing without speaking, Abbie approached Farid in the same way that she approached all of the little creatures she'd befriended at playtimes: the ladybird resting on leaves; the sparrow on the hedge by the netball court and the worm that had found himself on the concrete playground, instead of the school vegetable patch. Abbie held her pink Tupperware box out to Farid, her hand gently trembling. Would he be friendly or push her away, like all of the other children at school? Glancing up at her, Farid caught her eye and a smile crept out to greet her. With a great sigh of relief, Abbie grinned back and the two continued to play without need for words each day until gradually, Farid began to learn how to speak in English.

As time passed and his knowledge of English grew, Farid told Abbie of the dangers and disasters he had escaped – and of the friends he had lost. He thanked her for her kindness and for being his first English friend. Although coming to England had made Farid feel safe, Abbie had rescued him from his loneliness – and he had rescued her from hers. The two friends were indeed each other's heroes.