



# Short Story Competition

## Entry Form - Write your Story Below

Name: Lyla Clarke

Age: 11

School: Haywood Academy

Start your story in the box below... good luck!

"Yeess!" Screamed Dad. "We've got them in the cup; we've got Stoke at Home!" Dad was always excited when the FA cup draw came around each year, hoping every single year that Port Vale would make the 3<sup>rd</sup> round and draw their local rivals, Stoke City. Dad would tell stories about when he was a boy, and potteries derbies we're more regular, but I could tell by the joy on his face that this was extra special to him. Vale we're in the bottom division, and Stoke a premier league team. I wasn't that interested in football, but my sister, Tia, seemed to be excited and so was I, just by seeing how happy my Dad was. It was decided for us, by Dad that we were all going to the game, even Nan, who happily recalled Robin Van Der Lan's header years ago that own Vale a cup match at the old Victoria ground, and how good the potteries derbies were. Sure enough, the following Sunday, tickets went on sale for the match. Cold, tired and grumpy, I stood in the ticket office queue at 5am, with over-excited Dad, waiting for the ticket office to open. Dad insisted we get there early, to make sure we got tickets, and like he said, there was a couple of hundred dads, cold and grumpy looking kids, and a couple of old timers waiting in the



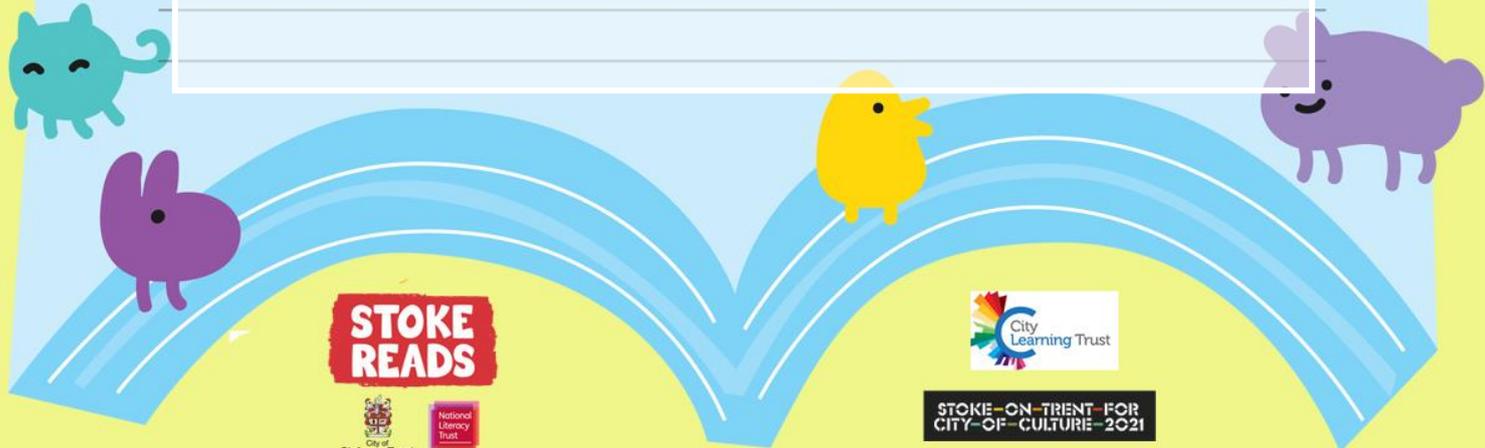


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queue, all clutching hold of a flask or a half-eaten oatcake that had been earlier prepared. Finally, around 9am, the ticket office finally opened. It was like seeing zombies suddenly spring to life, as soon as those shutters went up, everyone was alive, laughing, joking, recalling the good old days under John Rudge. I'd never seen anything like it. When we got home, Tia asked "Did you get them?"

"Yes", said Dad "And I'll tell you something else, I have a feeling that, were going to beat them!" I was of course, confused. "Dad, Vale stands no chance surely! They're rubbish Stoke are in the premier league." Dad sat down, and said "Lyla are you forgetting one very important thing. The magic of the cup!" I knew he didn't mean that Harry Potter was going to sign for the Vale, So what did he mean? Dad explained "Anybody can beat anybody, they just need that little bit of luck and if that happens, we can win!. That was it I had got, what dad fondly calls, "the bug". I was hooked on the magic of the cup.....



**STOKE READS**



**STOKE-ON-TRENT FOR CITY-OF-CULTURE-2021**



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## Entry Form - Write your Story Below

Name: Lily Hughes

Age: 11

School: Haywood Academy

Start your story in the box below... good luck!

### The Legend of Molly Leigh

Over 200 years ago lived an old woman named Molly Leigh, she lived in a little cottage on Hamil Road in Burslem. Molly was harm less but whenever she was around bad things always happened.

Like the time when two friends went for a walk. Victoria, who was 8 years old, had a sense for adventure and wanted to explore the old cottage that her parents had warned them never to go near. Whereas Lillian, that was also 8 years old, was scared and would never go against her parents' wishes, but Victoria tricked her by saying they were on their way home when actually the cottage was just over the hill. They had walked too far for Lillian to walk back on her own. Victoria was exited at the fact that they get to explore the creepy cottage. However, Lillian was nervous in case anything bad was going to happen to them.





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As they approached the cottage, Lillian was trying to stay calm but as they got closer she could see the old lady in her rocking chair. The house was gloomy and frightening. As they edged closer the sky drew darker. The thunder roared loudly and the lightning flashed in the sky, Lillian wanted to turn back however Victoria was stepping forward close to the window. Inside the house was bleak and desolate the chair was rocking faster and faster and the floor boards creaked louder and louder then the room fell silent. Lillian followed slowly and quietly. Victoria stepped on a branch Molly turned around rapidly. "Shhhhh!" whispered Lillian. They ducked down out of sight and waited. When it was safe to look again, they slowly rose to look through the window. They watched the old woman, she was in her rocking chair talking to somebody but there was no one there. Then the girls noticed a black bird sitting on the chair arm, and the lady seemed to be talking to the bird. This petrified the girls as rumour in the village was that the old lady is actually a witch and the last little boy that went to the cottage never returned. The villagers said that she turned him into a black bird for trespassing. The girls drew back from the window slowly their hearts thumping in fright. As they moved away tree branches snapped beneath their feet, they saw the old lady get up from the chair and walk towards the door. The two friends started to run down the hill. Victoria stopped for a second for her friend to catch up, as she did this she shouted "Hurry Lillian, I think she is following us!" The girls ran





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Faster down the hill as they approached the road they stopped to look again and the witch had gone.

By now the storm had passed and the sun started to peek through. The girls sighed in relief they couldn't believe what an adventurous day they had. Victoria then went to the local inn to tell her father about the old witch and what she had seen. She soon regretted this as her father was very unhappy about her going to the cottage.

However Lillian went home feeling petrified, she told her mother the whole story and she was worried sick about her but also proud that she told her the truth. Lillian felt sorry for the old lady as she lived on her own with no one to look after and just a bird to talk to.

The girls never ventured out to the cottage again but the black bird still visited the village on many occasions.

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READS**



**STOKE-ON-TRENT FOR  
CITY-OF-CULTURE-2021**



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## Entry Form - Write your Story Below

Name: Sofia Hulme

Age: 12

School: Ormiston Horizon Academy

Start your story in the box below... good luck!

Once upon a time in Goldenhill there was a really big election so they can have their own Queen. And there was a family called the 'Dale' family and there was one woman in the family called Lorraine. She had a 10 year old son and looked after her 86 year old Dad full time. She knows a lot of people, basically the whole of Goldenhill. So because she was such a wonderful Mum, Auntie and Daughter all of Goldenhill voted for her to be the Queen. There was Lorraine and her Dad's ex-carer. Lorraine got 13945 votes and the ex-carer got 3 votes. So it was clear who had won. Lorraine had just come back from her one person spa day. It was a treat from the rest of her family. So when she got back the election people were outside her door and she had finally got the news that she was the new QUEEN OF GOLDENHILL. She was so happy. The next minute her Son turned up with 100 red roses she began to cry with joy. Her older sister Lynne turned up with her Dad. It was the greatest day ever.

The End

