

ΔΙΑΓΩΝΙΣΜΟΣ ΣΥΓΓΡΑΦΗΣ ΙΣΤΟΡΙΑΣ ΣΤΟ ΜΑΘΗΜΑ ΤΩΝ ΑΓΓΛΙΚΩΝ

ΑΠΡΙΛΙΟΣ 2014

ΥΠΕΥΘΥΝΗ ΚΑΘΗΓΗΤΡΙΑ : ΦΟΥΡΟΥΝΤΖΟΓΛΟΥ ΜΑΡΙΑ

ΤΑΞΗ Α' ΓΥΜΝΑΣΙΟΥ

Κριτική επιτροπή:

Στέλλα Πλάτσκου (Σύμβουλος ΠΕ06), Κατερίνα Νταμπάκη, Μαρία Φουρουντζόγλου

Short Story Competition

Beginning of **April 2014** a small short story competition took place in our school. The idea derived from our A class English coursebook, in which such a competition was allegedly advertised. So, why not have it in our school? It was mainly addressed to A class students, but B class students who showed interest after seeing the announcement were also welcome. The subject was defined as follows:

Your story should contain:

!	Three people (if you need more)
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!	Three colours (or more!)
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!	Three smells and/or tastes (or more)
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!	Two sounds (or more!)
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!	One animal
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!	One (or more) means of transport
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Imagine how you are going to include all this!	J
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Don't forget to give your story a	title
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Here you will find the story that won first prize, 'The Colours Disappeared' by Nicky Pantelaki, second prize 'The Haunted House' by Evaggelia Kakouri and third prize, a story that we appreciated a lot for its special style and complete narration: 'The Little Peruvian' by Orestis Dinakou.

The Colours Disappeared

Every day, when the sun rises, little Ann gets up. She is an ordinary child with ordinary habits and appearance. One day, when she got up, she realized that something had changed. She looked carefully around her bedroom. The colours were missing! All her things were grey! She looked at herself in the mirror. She was grey, too!

Little Ann got dressed very quickly. She went to the kitchen. Her mum was baking a cake. The cake was her favourite sweet and it smelled great. But she didn't notice that. 'Mum, where are the colours?' she asked. 'What did you say, darling? All the colours are here! All is ordinary!'

Little Ann went out. Outside there was a very big van. In the van were a pirate, a Viking, a tall giraffe, a fat hippo and a tiny mosquito. The driver was a good-hearted man with an incredibly long beard. 'Come with us!!!' he shouted. 'We are the Colour-Searching-Team?'. Little Ann went into the van. 'We must find a rainbow to get colours from it', explained the driver. 'We can only see that the colours are missing because the other persons don't notice or don't care about our world?', said the hippo.

Little Ann was thinking about that all through the journey. Suddenly, the mosquito noticed something. 'A Rainbow, a Rainbow?', it said. The van stopped and they ran out. The colours were shining and at that moment they felt very proud, happy and pleased. They started singing and their voice changed the grey and turned it to all colours.

After this adventure, little Ann continued her life. But she wasn't ordinary anymore. All her life was full of colours!

Nicky Pantelaki

The haunted house

Last year, something strange happened that changed our lives forever. There was a small village with wooden houses and beautiful green trees. There was a legend that it was a haunted

tower, hidden in the forest. It was said that a strange man used to live there but now was dead. No one had proof about the death, so maybe he was in fact alive.

On a windy day my friend and I decided to disprove that man's death. One night I had heard windows opening and closing and wolves howling. Well, we set off to find the haunted tower and maybe the man. We started walking through the dark forest. The tall trees were hiding the sun and it was freezing cold. We could hear owls, wolves and other scary sounds.

After a long way we saw the old haunted tower. There was a cobbled path leading to the wooden door. The windows were open. In a while we saw a light through the window.

I pushed the heavy door and we heard someone walking. His shoes were making noise on the wooden floor. "Someone is inside?", my friend whispered. We decided to go up the stairs and find out who it was. When I placed my foot on the step, the step broke and I fell down, onto another floor under the ground! "Are you OK?" my friend Keith yelled. "Eh, yes", I replied. To my surprise, I remained cool. I would have normally yelled in such a situation. Keith came down through the broken floor. I turned on a torch and we started to explore the room. There were skeletons on the floor. I tried not to scream and continued walking.

At some point we stopped to rest. Suddenly, we heard someone approaching us. I held my breath and listened carefully. And then? silence. As if he had magically disappeared. A light was turned on and off. Who did it? "Ghosts! Ghosts!" screamed Keith. "Ghosts? I didn't think so. Suddenly, an old man appeared from the shadows. His hair was grey and he was dressed in rags. The man was really alive!

We started screaming and ran out of the haunted house. We had surely disproved the legend of the dead man. Keith was as white as a sheet. He was really scared.

We could smell biscuits, cakes and other smells. My mum was cooking. After the terrifying experience, I felt like having a bite.

Another day we went to see the house again but it had disappeared. No one knows the truth

with certainty, but there are some legends about the disappearance of the haunted building. It is said that when the man's secret was revealed, he rode away on his horse. Another legend goes that the ghosts devoured the man and demolished the tower. In its place there were the ruins of the tower. And there is hidden the true story. Who was that man? Why had he been living there? Were there really ghosts? And why had the tower been demolished? No one will ever reveal the answers.

Evaggelia Kakouri

The Story of the Little Peruvian

Once upon a time near my neighborhood was a little boy named Jack. He came from Peru. In my neighborhood were two bullies, a little bit older than Jack. They were twins, called Jim and Jam. They always wore the same clothes. Their T-shirts were blue, the shorts black.

They didn't like Jack and they hit him with a piece of wood. Jack went to hospital. In a coma. The twins went to prison for two years. And Jack had a kind of amnesia. But he remembered his dog, Booboo. When he went home, he smelled muffins. His mum had made muffins. The taste of chocolate and cake was awesome. He heard his favourite song many and many times but he didn't sing because he didn't remember the words. He went to the garage. He saw his brother's motorbike and he dreamt of the brown eyes of his brother who was dead.

The twins were released from prison and went to Jack's home and asked him for forgiveness. Jack forgave them and they became good friends. And every day they walk to school together.

Orestis Dinakou