

# *Free Spirit*



*A collection of our children's original  
writing and art*

*Volume 1 Spring 2016*

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*Cover picture: Felix Amos*

# Tasmanian Wolves

by

**Alex John Shaw-Young**

Once upon a time, there was an explorer. She was a woman, she was 28, she had orange hair, blue eyes and was average height. She wore green clothes to blend in with the rainforest. She likes wildlife – this is the thing she's always wanted to do. Her name was Amelia. She likes to be healthy, she doesn't drink alcohol.

The rainforest was big, but it was quiet, except for some parrots. The ground is covered in bugs, leaves and sticks, and the air is full of butterflies and birds. The trees were so tall you couldn't see the top of them.

Amelia woke up. She didn't know what woke her up. She realized it was a noise, a rustling noise. It was just before dawn, so it was still dark. Amelia got up and put on her shoes. She could hear parrots, she looked outside and she saw a back a bit like a tigers. She stepped on a twig. Crack! The noise scared the animal and it fled into the bushes, but it had left a trail.

She went back to get her backpack, which had her rope, her camera and her lunch in it. She followed the trail of upturned stones and broken twigs. Then the trail just disappeared next to a river. “Trails don't just disappear,” said Amelia. “Maybe,” she thought, “the trail is on the other side.”

Amelia started to find sticks and she tied them together with rope. Eventually she had made a raft and she put it in the water to test whether or not it floated. The raft did float, "Yes!" said Amelia and she climbed on. There was a log floating across the water towards her. "That's weird," said Amelia. "It's a crocodile!" She took up the oar and paddled furiously to the shore. She ran as fast as she could for she knew that a crocodile could out run a man or woman.

She came to a small cliff, there were some upturned stones. She'd been concentrating on running so much that she had forgotten about the trail. She looked around, there was a short, narrow ledge. The trail led to the ledge and the ledge led to a funny looking den. She looked in it, it looked empty, until she saw two eyes gleaming out at her. She jumped. She looked closer, then she saw that it was a Tasmanian wolf. "Wow, you must be the last of your kind!"

It looked hungry, so she threw an apple to it. It caught it with its mouth and crunched it up. Crunch! The Tasmanian wolf looked up with hopeful eyes. She threw it another apple. Crunch! It caught it in its mouth. It came towards Amelia. She stayed where she was and it licked her face. Then it moved aside and she saw that it had a baby. The baby looked hungry too and she threw an apple for the baby.

Outside it was getting sunnier and sunnier and the Tasmanian wolves were getting sleepier and sleepier. "Well, I had better go back now," said Amelia, "Goodbye". She turned to leave. The Tasmanian wolves stayed where they were. She returned to her raft and paddled slowly across the river. She smiled, she had found Tasmanian wolves!

By the time she got back to the hut it was lunchtime and she took her sandwich from her lunchbox. After she had had her lunch she had a nap. She dreamt that she had found lots of Tasmanian wolves and bits of apple were landing on her. She woke up, there was something heavy on her.

She looked up. The mother Tasmanian wolf was on her, and so was the baby. "Hello again," she said and the Tasmanian wolves licked her.

She wasn't going to tell anyone about them. She was just going to live with them forever.

The End.

### **Tasmanian Wolf/Tiger Factfile**

1. On September 7<sup>th</sup> 1936, the world's last captive Tasmanian wolf died, leaving them classed as extinct.
2. It wasn't a wolf or a tiger, it was a marsupial because it carried its young in a pouch.
3. They used to live in Tasmania.
4. The Tasmanian wolf was sandy coloured with grey stripes.
5. It had ears as long as 80mm.
6. It was mostly nocturnal although did sometimes come out during the day.
7. Tasmanian wolves ate small rodents and birds, but they preferred kangaroos and other marsupials.
8. It became extinct because humans hunted it.

# Scuttling ants

by Sarah Stoppard



**Scuttling ants come out of their home  
And into a forest of dense undergrowth -  
And giant trees,  
Danger is round every corner -**

**The ants go past,  
Braver and bolder.  
They scuttle about till they find a bit of food,  
Then heave it away back to their homely hole in the earth.**



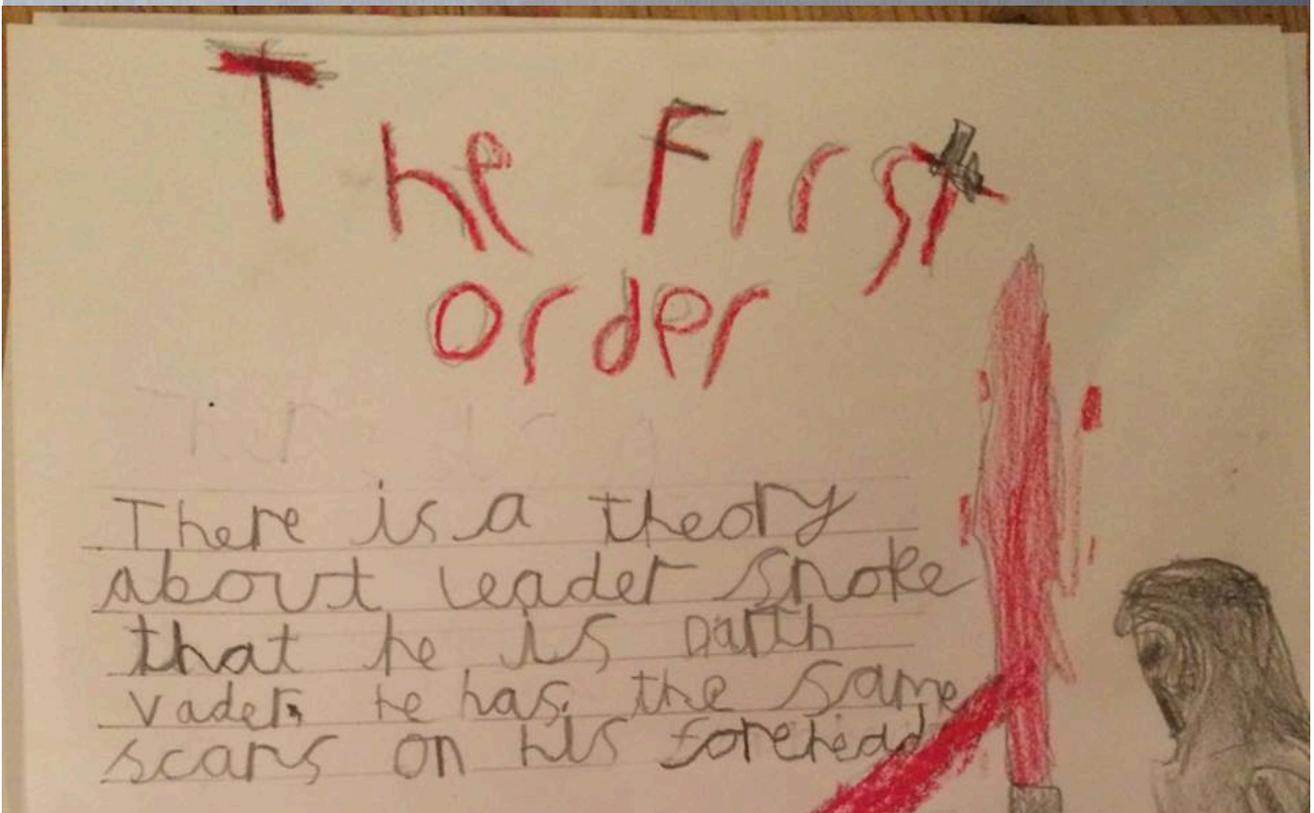
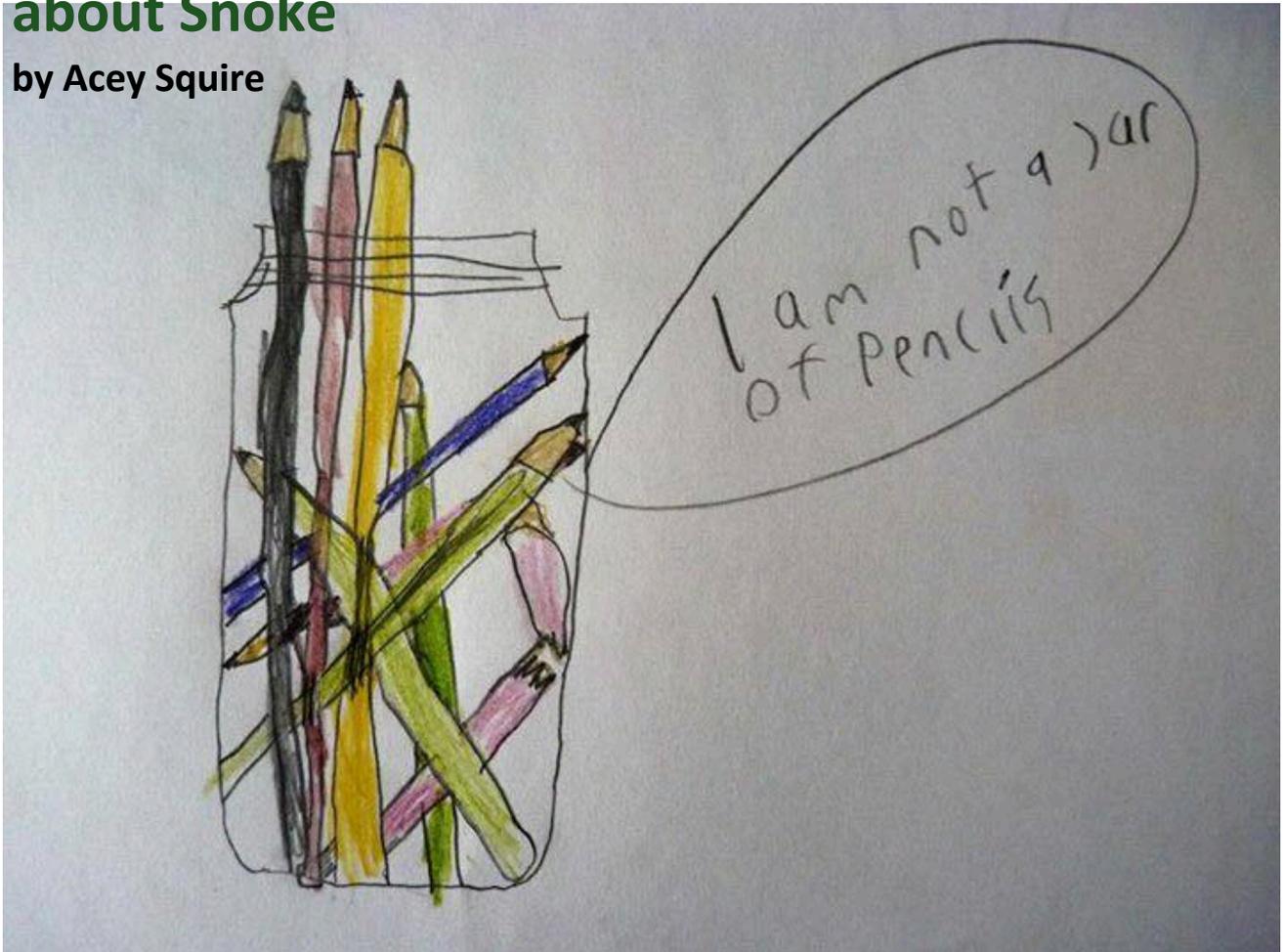
**They would carry it through corridors and crevices  
And only stop when a huge chamber looms ahead...**



**Inside a Queen sits on a throne made of mud.  
And into this chamber the ant does run.  
It places the food  
Then runs away.  
We'll see that ant another day...**

# Homage to Magritte and a theory about Smoke

by Acey Squire



# Imagining Journey's End

*By Dylan French*



Dark, dark night was falling over the wild and stormy land as the stranger trudged towards the forest on the edge of the ice plain. His journey was long and he was worn out with travelling, his legs aching.

In the shelter of the forest he collapsed, exhausted, to rest his back against a tree trunk and settled down for the night, feeling lonely and starving hungry as he had no food left. He managed to light a fire and he felt a great feeling of comfort as the warming flames flickered and cast an orange glow on his face.

As he looked into the fire he imagined dimly his friend in his cosy hut, and knew that the next morning he would go on to his journey's end where his friend would welcome him, take him inside to get warm and fill him up with good food.

# Roomscape

**By Keely Batstone**



# Matthew, Sarah and the Terminator Man

## *Chapter 1 - The Parcel*

*By Matthew Stoppard*

Once upon a dark night, two hooded figures crept down an alleyway. They could see the stars shining above them. Some of the stars joined together to make a shape. The shape was a lightning bolt. They went deeper into the alleyway. There were lots of flickering lights all about them and graffiti.

"I think we are lost" said the second hooded figure.  
"Let's go back Sarah," said the first hooded figure.  
The first figure pulled out a long stick of wood.  
"Don't Matt," said the second hooded figure who was Sarah.  
The first figure placed the wand back into his pocket. Then he turned around and led the way out.

They walked out of the alley and onto a deserted street.  
"What's that?" asked Matthew.  
There was a rustling coming from a nearby bush. Both children backed away slowly. They stepped up on to the pavement, just as a black and white dog came out of the bush.  
"Ben!" said the two children.

The dog disappeared and in his place stood a peaky boy with black hair. He wore a red t-shirt with blue buttons.

"I've been looking for you!" said Ben.  
"You've been looking for us!" they replied.  
"Something for you was sent by owl to my house," he continued. "Here you go!"  
"What is it?" they asked.  
"How do I know? I couldn't open it, as it's addressed to you!"

Sarah and Matthew took the package and slowly unwrapped it.  
A book was revealed.  
It was rather old and looked second hand.  
It was called '*Mystery Artefacts - Grade 2*', by Doris Hogg

They thanked Ben and decided they'd had enough adventures for one night.  
"Let's go home!" said Matthew  
They stepped forward towards the big house in front of them.

Vines were sweeping down from the windows. It had a birch door with a golden knob.  
Matthew opened the door. But it wouldn't budge. They pushed and pushed and pushed!  
Then he decided to do something really foolish. Before Sarah could stop him, he knocked on the door...  
The door creaked open.  
At first, they saw no one.  
But then suddenly a big shadowy man appeared from behind the door.  
He spoke angrily to the two children.  
"Clear off! We don't like kids round here! "  
And he slammed the door in their faces.

Matthew tripped over Sarah's foot, before he managed to make a run for it.

Sarah, however, was standing stock still, staring at the top window.  
She had caught sight of an unusual looking cabinet, she thought she had seen before.  
It looked very like the vanishing cabinet, she had seen in Borgin and Burkes, a peculiar antique shop in Knockturn Alley.  
A person could easily step into the cabinet and vanish from sight.

"What are they doing with a vanishing cabinet?" Sarah asked Matthew.  
"Very strange!" Matthew replied. "Let's try and find our way home!"

They swiftly took a couple of steps, then a couple more, and soon found themselves two streets away.  
They saw their house up ahead.  
It had a fountain in the front garden and a blue car was parked next to this fountain.  
Their front door was made of oak and had a black knob.

They went inside through the back door.

Speaking nothing of what had happened, they went straight to bed.

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"It's time to go to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry today!" Sarah shouted at the top of her voice, jumping up and down on her navy and pink bed.

Matthew was scavenging some cocoa pops from the kitchen downstairs. He was just about to tip them into the bowl, when "BOOM", he heard a bang come from the garage.

He went to see what was happening and found his dad messing about with his wand. He was doing a jinx on his engine.

"What are you doing?" asked Matthew. "Any muggle would think you were trying to blow up the whole house!"

"I am trying to jinx this engine to make our car fly," said Michael, his dad.

"Why do we want our car to fly?" asked Matthew. "It could be seen by muggles!"

"I can fix that by putting an invisibility booster in it," he replied.

"You better pack Matthew!"

He clambered through the door into the house, finished his cocoa pops and went upstairs.

He found Sarah packing. She couldn't decide whether to pack a pink and white t-shirt, or a blue dress.

Matthew gave his cat Caramel, a big hug.

He pulled out a trunk from under his bed and flicked it open.

He packed his Hogwarts robes, a wand, a packet of '*Bertie Bott's every flavour beans*', a black and blue jumper and a green short sleeved t-shirt.

Then he picked up his cat, (she had been sitting in his trunk while he had been packing) and placed her on the landing.

He closed the lid of his trunk and ran down stairs with Sarah.

His cat following behind, purring.

They came to a sudden stop at the front door.

Strangely, a house elf was peering through the letterbox. He seemed to have got his nose stuck.

They pulled open the door and found the shadowy figure from last night standing on the doorstep.

"It would seem that my house elf has got himself stuck in your letterbox!" He sniggered.

Just at that moment, Michael appeared from the garage.

"Who is it kids?"

The children pretended not to know.

Michael strode into the hall and stared out at the shadowy figure.

The man stared back.

Matthew suddenly had the idea to smash the door to smithereens.

"Bombarda!" He cried.

The shadowy figure jumped out of the way, just in time, while the house elf was blasted into the next door neighbour's chimney.

His pillowcase garment was ripped to shreds by their satellite dish, where his bottom was stuck on the highest point.

'Terminator!' He yelled over and over again ...

The children stared up at the elf, their eyes gleaming in the sun.

The shadowy figure looked annoyed.

"Why did you do that?" he said, glaring at the children.

"Wingardium leviosa!" He shouted.

The elf flew straight down onto the roof of the next door neighbour's car.

"I can never get that spell quite right!" He raged.

Storming out of the garden, he grabbed his elf and dragged him into the road.

They disappeared from sight.

"Oculus reparo!" Matthew muttered, pointing his wand at the tiny pieces of the door lying scattered on the ground.

The door fixed itself and the hinges snapped back into place on the wall.

"Who in the Galloping Gargoyles was that?" Michael repeated ...

"An angry native," Sarah said evasively.

"We met him last night," Matthew explained.

"Huh?" he said.

"It was when we were returning from Diagon Alley by floo powder," they replied together.

"We landed in an old barn and a tramp chased us off. We just managed to escape into a dark alleyway. The tramp disappeared into the shadows.

"Oh!" said Michael. "That's when you were getting your school books."

"We ended up in Nocturne Alley," continued Matthew "and then found ourselves in Bourgin and Burkes, where Sarah said she had seen a..."

Before he could finish the sentence, Sarah stamped on his foot, with her size three trainers!"

"Yow!" Shouted Matthew.

"Be careful Sarah!" sighed Michael. "We'd better go! The train is leaving in fifteen minutes!"

"Now, how shall we get to the station?"

"The night bus!" shouted Sarah.

"We can't wait for that!" Michael told her, "We'd miss the train!"

"Let's use our air car!" suggested Matthew.

"No! Let's go by airship!" Michael decided "Lumos!" he shouted.

A flickering light zoomed up into the sky and disappeared.

In a flash, a half ship, half aeroplane shot past them and landed at the bus stop. They stepped aboard.

"Hello Dan Shunpike!" Michael greeted the chubby faced ticket collector.

"That'll be two nuts and two galleons please!"

"I can see you haven't been having a very good day today!" Michael continued.

"Yes!" he shouted unexpectedly. "Now where are you going?" he asked.

"King's Cross Station please!"

"OK!" he grumbled, but surprisingly, asked them whether they would like some hot chocolates for the ride.

Before they could answer, the jet rocket fired up and blasted off.

Matthew fell backwards into a barrel load of crab meat.

Sarah banged into the hot chocolate machine. Five cups of hot chocolate crashed onto the floor of the half ship, half plane and splattered chocolate everywhere.

Dan and Michael were nearly thrown overboard.

Dusting himself off, Dan ripped off three tickets, but the wind swept them out of his hand and into the air.

"Why don't you just accio them!" called out Wrench the driver.

"I am only a squib, so that would be impossible!" Dan retorted.

"Accio tickets!" Matthew shouted and the tickets zoomed towards him, landing in the barrel of crab meat.

"Ooooh!" said Sarah

"Gross!" said Matthew. Picking the tickets out from the barrel at arm's length, he handed them to the ticket collector for inspection.

"Oh! I forgot something!" shouted Matthew suddenly. "Accio! Accio owl!"

He took twenty galleons out of his pocket. "Wingardium leviosa!" he whispered into the air.

"Pennify to the pet shop in Diagon alley!" he commanded, and the twenty galleons floated out of his hand in the direction of the pet shop.

"What's happening?" asked Sarah

"Pennify is a spell for sending money anywhere it is needed." Matthew replied. "I need to pay for an owl!" he explained....

At that moment, an owl came zooming towards him. It was a ginger and brown colour and was screeching as it flew.

Its cage landed on Dan Turnpike's head.

"Ouch!" he cried. He jumped and the cage crashed into the crab meat table.

"Sorry Dan," Matthew apologised. "I haven't had much experience of using that spell. He picked up his owl.

By this time, it was midday and the train would be leaving in five minutes.

The airship landed at King's Cross Station.

They said a hurried goodbye to the pilot and Dan and dashed off to find platform nine and three quarters.

When they got there, to their dismay they found some builders blocking the barrier and preventing them from getting through.

Michael asked them what they were up to and he was told that, apparently they were using the wall to create a new station café.

Matthew whispered to Sarah "How are we going to get through now?"

Sarah thought that the platform must have moved, but Matthew didn't think it could have

.

"Everyone else must have got through before they started their building work, Silly" he announced.

Michael sighed, "Now we are so far from home, we'd better stay in The Leaky Cauldron, while we decide what to do next."

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*Check out blogger, if you would like to read the next installment:*

***Chapter 2 - The Cry of the Alley***

# Ranger Rescue

**By Dylan French**

It was nearly dark on the African plains and the two girls were lost and tired. They took shelter in an abandoned barn.

The lion stealthily prowled towards the barn, moving silently on his great paws, his nose picking up the scent of his prey. With a fierce roar he leapt through the air, landing on one of the girls, crushing her body down to the ground, making her scream in terror. She saw the sharp and deadly claws and his bone-crushing teeth and was terrified.

Her friend, furious and distressed, grasped at the lion's fur in panic, trying to pull him off, but she was far weaker than the powerful cat. She was helpless.

Then through the door burst the ranger, armed with a rifle loaded with a tranquiliser dart, raising it to blast the lion, which slowly fell to the ground, unconscious and harmless.



**Free Spirit is a collection of writing and art by home educated children based in Somerset and surrounding counties.**

**It is published by Taunton Home Education. We are hoping to publish a couple of issues a year.**

**We welcome submissions of children's wonderful creations at any time – please type up any writings or photograph art and other works and email to [tauntonhomeeducation@gmail.com](mailto:tauntonhomeeducation@gmail.com).**