



The Cat and the Curse



Whole School Book

October 2016



BHR

“Look!” shouted a group of children walking past me and pointing excitedly, “a black cat – a witch’s cat!” Here we go again, I thought to myself, yeah, yeah a black cat on Hallowe’en, what’s the big deal? Turning my back on them and sticking my bottom in the air I sashayed up the path. The moon was shining in the sky like a ghostly galleon; the cold, misty air swirled round my paws like ghoulish ribbons. Despite the sweets, pumpkins and pathetic costumes creating obstacles at every turn, tonight I had a mission and it was time I cracked on!

Evan BHR





RKS

Suddenly! My paw felt something spikey and hard. It hurt. I looked down and gasped! To my surprise there was a shiny, spikey, red heart-shaped jewel. Glowing.... flashing...sparkling and I knew that the witch had left it behind. Was it for me or not?



Parham YAB

YAB

Wait a minute...What am I thinking? I don't believe all this witch business or do I? I looked at my paw it was throbbing like a drum! Why did I just assume it was left by a witch? Something buzzed in the back of my mind. Was I remembering something long forgotten or was it the effect of this ghostly Halloween night? Perhaps it was time to change my mission...



BAL

Seconds later, I made up my mind. I was going to take it. From the corner of my eye I saw something emerging from the bushes.

With my heart beating like a bass drum I raced in the opposite direction hoping that I wouldn't be caught.

"Was it a dog, a mouse or something else chasing me?" Skidding round the corner the jewel slipped out of my paw shattering on the ground and little pieces scattered everywhere.



YBW

“Oooohhhh nooooo!” I shouted as I raced to gather up all of the pieces of the sparkling jewel. I was going as fast as I could, but it was no good. From around the corner she came, floating closer and closer to me then suddenly she swooped down and snatched some of the pieces of jewel out of my quivering paws. As fast as a strike of lightning she was gone into the misty darkness.

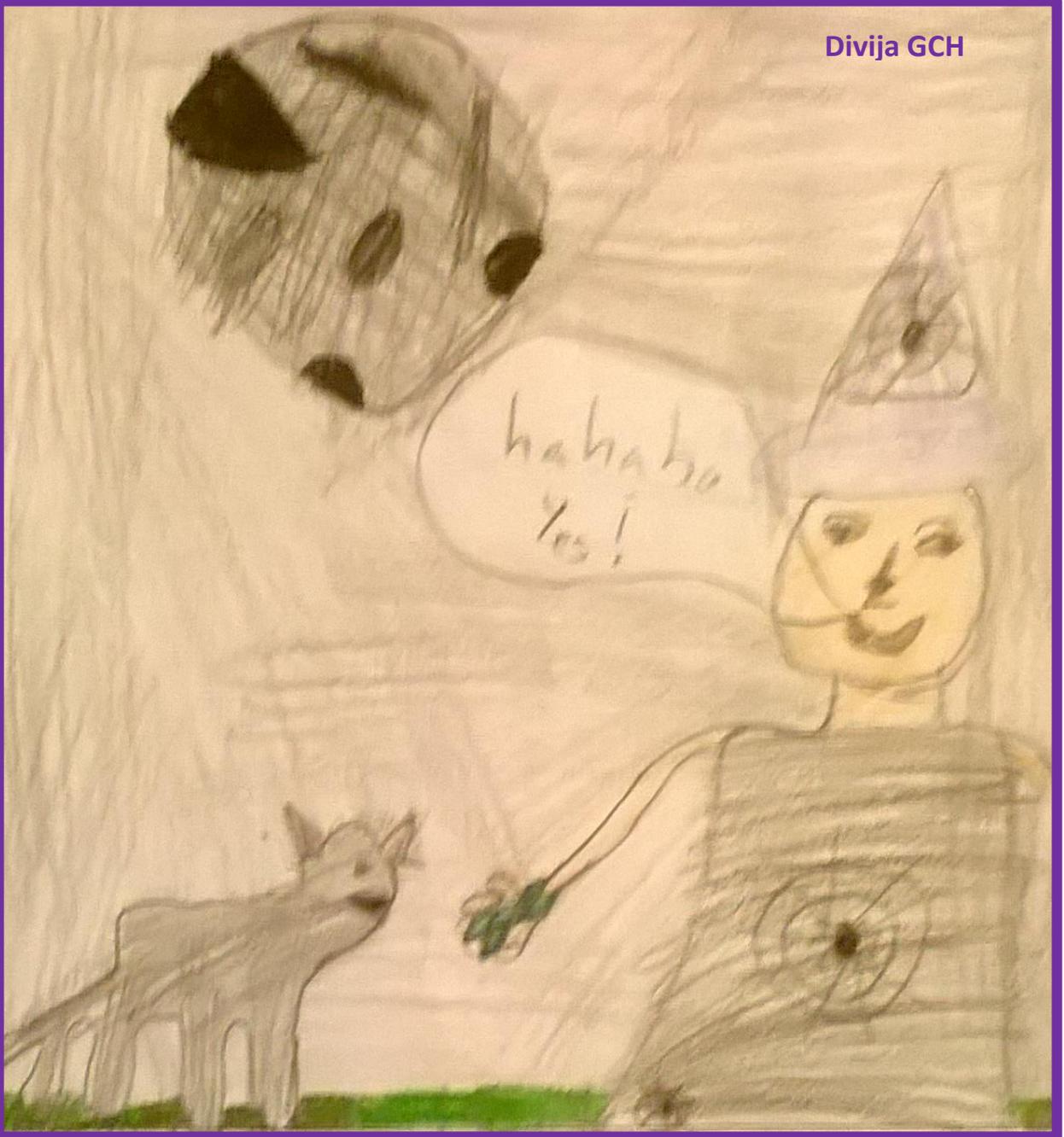




GCH

As quick as a whippet, I chased after her. But no sooner had I started than my front paws slipped from under me. I face planted in the wet grass. As I opened my eyes again I noticed the trail of jewels glowing and heading into the pitch black shadows. Cautiously, I got up and attempted to follow the path, my legs were trembling. The track seemed to split in two directions, but the jewels had run out... I turned around to follow the path back, but the jewels had gone. There was a bone shaking groan in the distance.

Divija GCH





YBS

I shook with fear as the groan grew louder and the cold mist swirled all around me. I peered into the darkness and my sharp eyes detected a tall, thin outline. My curiosity got the better of me and I slowly crept forward. Again I felt a sharp pain in my paw. A shard of the jewel glistened in the gloom. The nerve-jolting groan came again...



Soraya YBS



Hannah RLH

RLH

I tip-toed quietly towards the outline and saw that it was a witch's broomstick. Now I was in the dark, foggy woods and there were hairy spiders hanging from their webs and bats with fangs flying all around. I was trembling with fright, but I needed to be brave. Next to the broomstick, I saw a huge, black cauldron and inside were THE JEWELS!

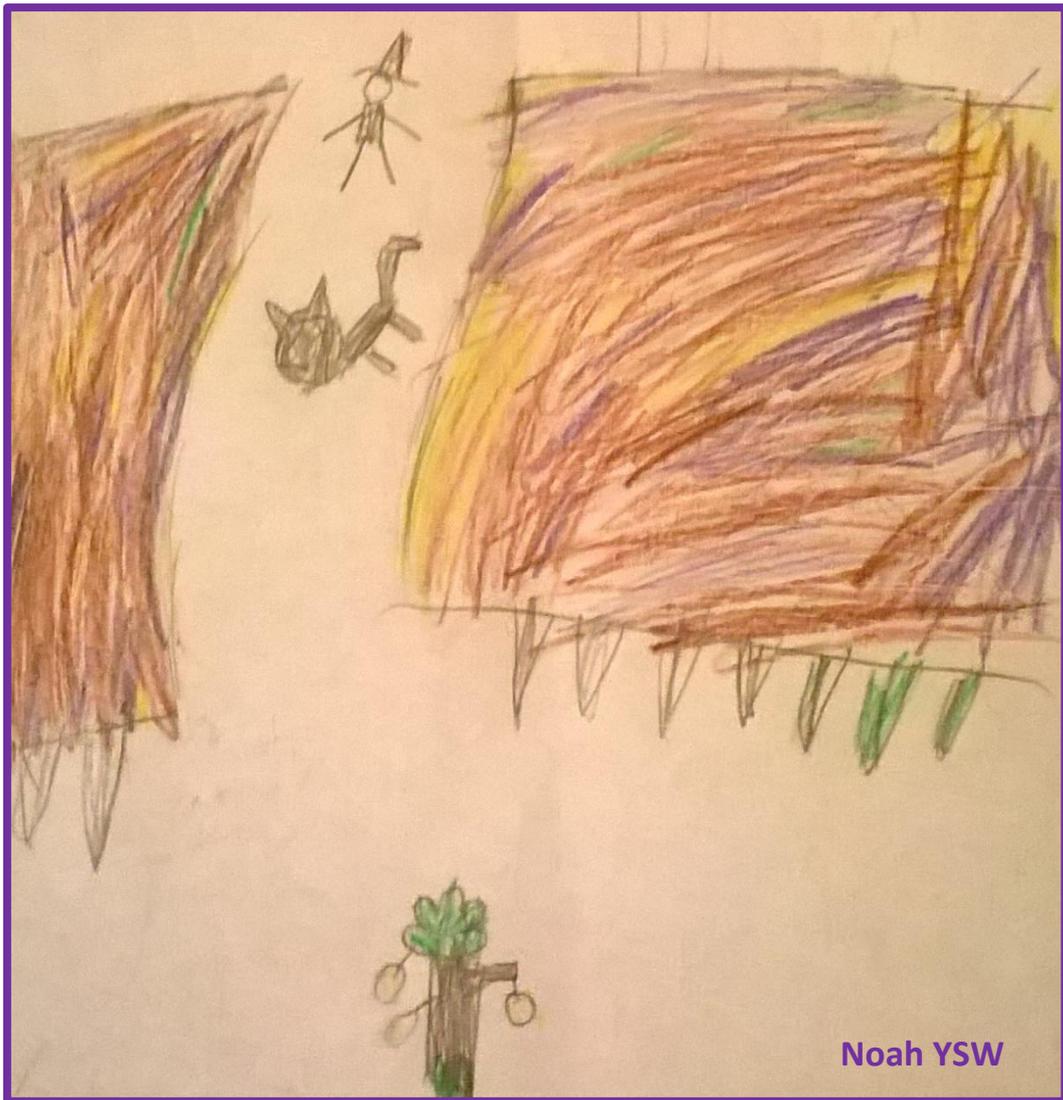


Maialen RLH



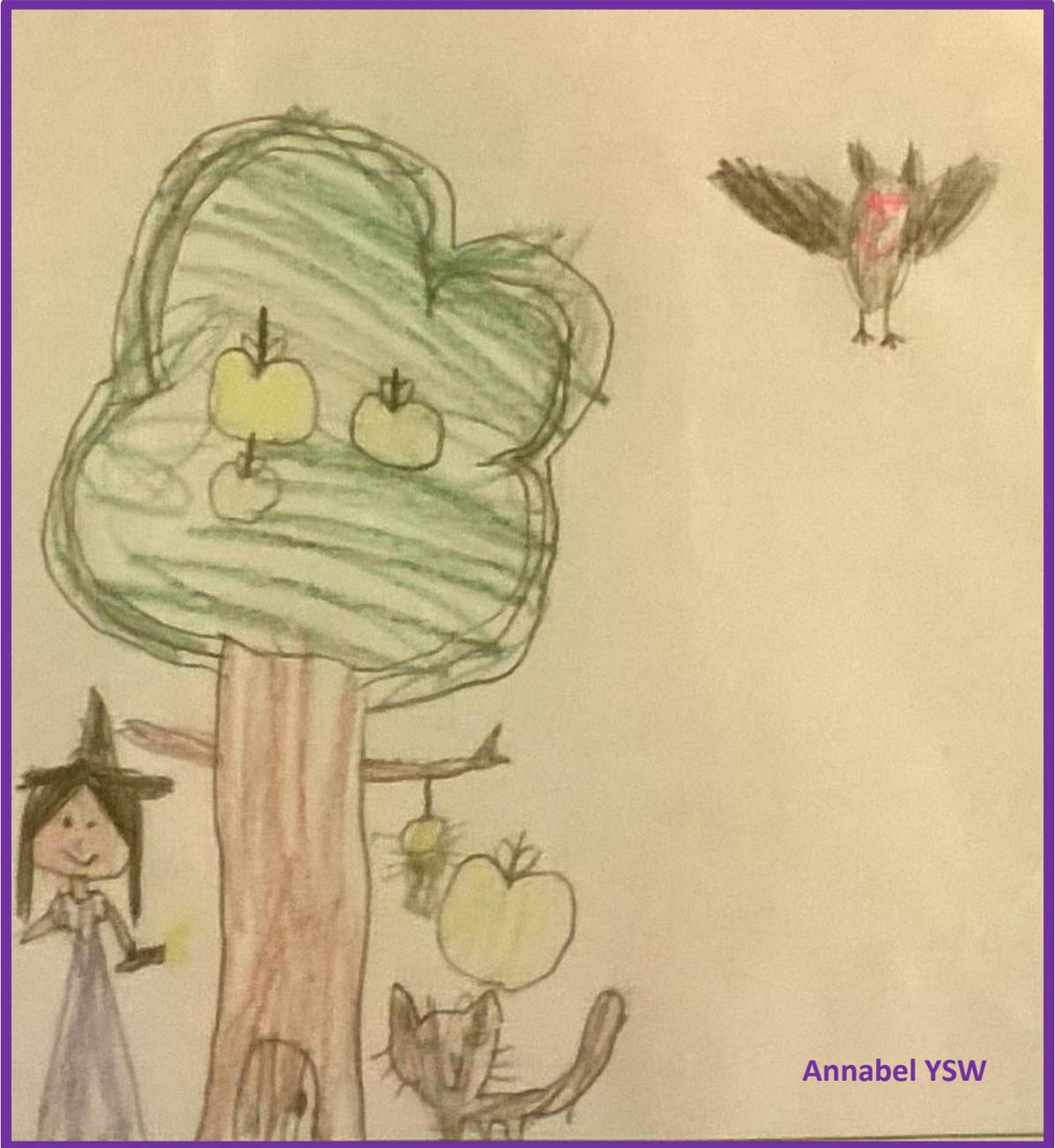
BEJ

I darted towards the jet black cauldron; my blood was bubbling and tingles rippled down my spine. Forgetting all about the pain in my paw, I reached out and my mind froze in awe as the scarlet gemstones spiralled like a tornado out of the cauldron. Gradually the witch's face appeared in the air before me and I could hear her cackle. My legs felt like jelly and everything became muffled and blurry as I collapsed to the floor.

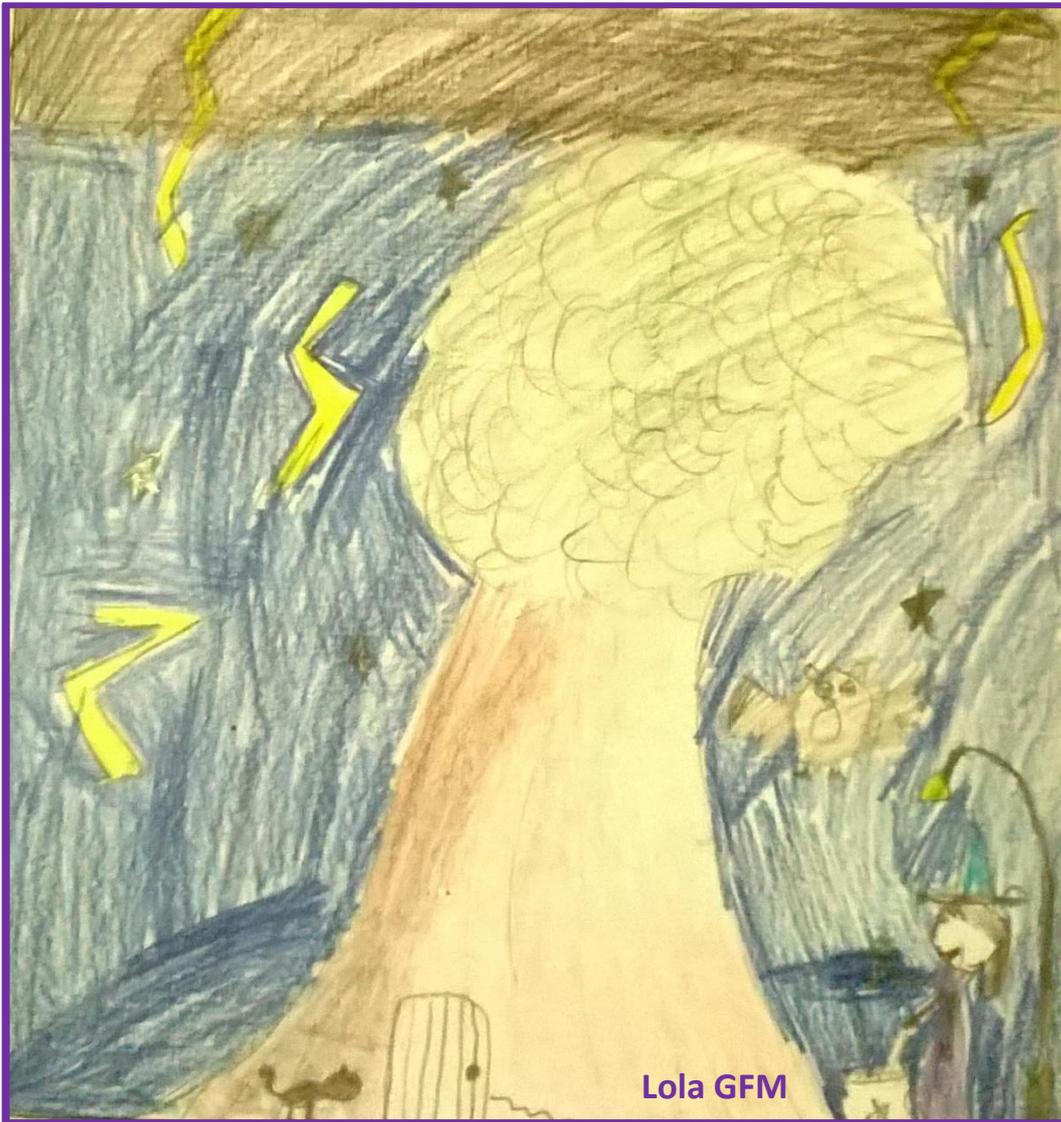


YSW

All of a sudden, the floor began to open beneath me. I felt a rush of air over my black fur. Feeling confused, I realised I had landed with an almighty thud into a new land with the witch. In her high pitched voice she said, "Come here little cat!" I felt there was no choice, so I began to walk slowly towards the witch. Really, I just wanted to escape and I spotted a tiny sparkling tree with shiny, golden apples. "Dare I eat one?" I thought. With some uncertainty I carefully pulled off and ate a golden apple. Rapidly, I started to shrink. Before I knew it, I was smaller than the tree. Cautiously, I prowled around the tree and found a secret door. Behind me I could still hear the witch's cackle. I was terrified!



Annabel YSW



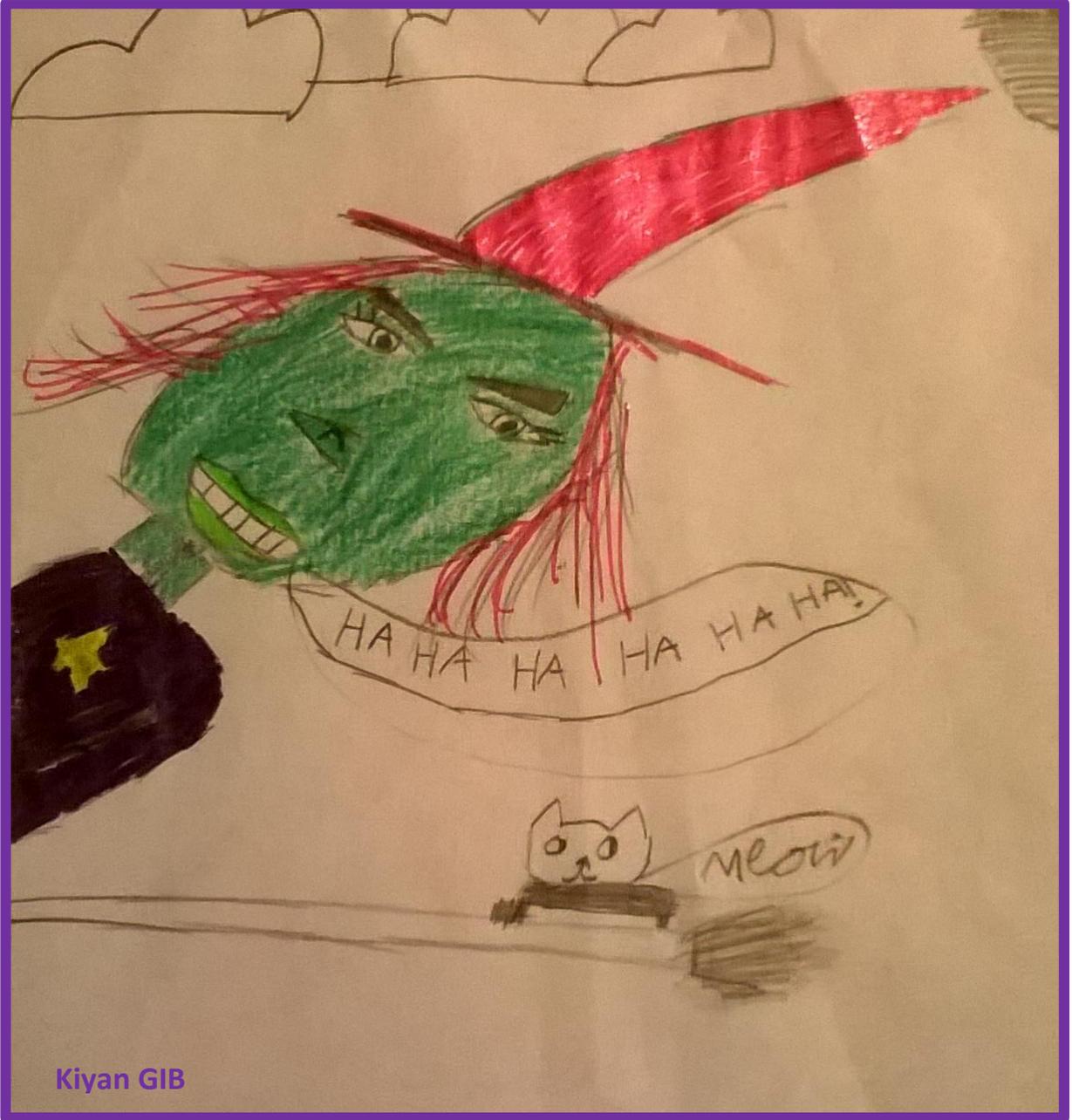
GFM

Without thinking, carefully I pushed on the door and peered in. Suddenly, I found myself tumbling down a gloomy spiralling staircase. I landed with a THUD! To my horror the staircase, I just tumbled down, had disappeared. I was trapped! Frantically glancing around, I saw mysterious shadows dancing around on the dimly lit walls. Someone or something was watching me.....

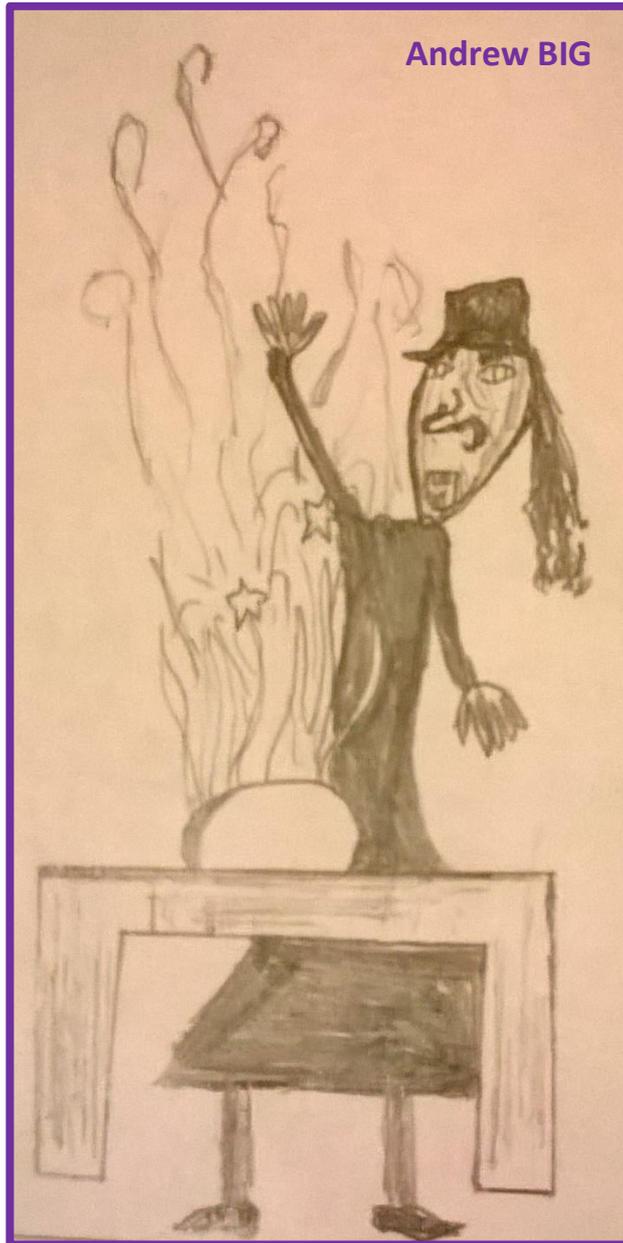


GIB

It was the witch! Why wouldn't she leave me alone? Then it all made sense ... the jewels and the apples were left as bait and she wanted to capture me! She had dark intentions. Luckily, in the coal black room, she could not see me. However, two ruby red eyes suddenly lit up my surroundings and with a click of her pistachio green bony fingers, I was frozen to the spot. It was as if the world had been paused using a magic remote control. The witch then explained in her crooked, squeaky voice why I was so important to her on this gloomy Hallowe'en night...



Kiyan GIB



BIG

“The curse! I need you and it can only be you...” she blurted in a panic-filled voice.

“Me? Why should I help you? I’m sure you won’t treat me well! Why would I would want to fly around on your broomstick all day? For one, it would mess up my perfectly styled fur: it takes ages to look as great as Mr Gunn!” The witches face began to ripple with rage; mutating from pistachio green, to deep plum purple. Her eyes began to roll. Seeing this, I could only hiss with rage and instantly my perfectly groomed fur stood on end as if it was static. It was a stand-off... But who would back down first?

Masoomah BIG



BIG

Suddenly the witch broke down and wept, sobbing into her cauldron. The potion began to bubble and boil. The tear drops! It had turned the potion into a dangerously combustible mix – sparks crackled and soon fireworks shot from the cauldron. “The curse!” the witch cried.

“I need some of your precious fur and claws to save me from the curse!” Reluctantly, I shared my precious, well-groomed fur and one of my award winningly manicured claws with the witch.



GRM Cackling insanely, she snatched the claw and fur from my quivering paw. Swiftly, she collected other ingredients from the shelves around her. Eye of newt, slime of slug and the flesh of a tiger and mixed them into her bubbling cauldron. “Hubble bubble toil and trouble, ha, ha, ha...” she continued to chant her wicked spell. The brown bubbling mixture that had been in her cauldron began to turn turquoise, then magenta and then finally a midnight black colour. Dipping her spoon into the midnight black mixture, she put the potion to her lips. “I do hope this works! Finally that dratted curse will be lifted!”



GRM

I looked on in horror! What could this witch be concocting? What wicked plan did she have? How did I get myself into the situation? Gulping it down, she swallowed the whole lot and began to cackle again! I was petrified; I needed to get out of here and quickly but I was rooted to the spot. Who knew what was going to happen next? Suddenly she turned as red as a tomato. "I don't feel well at all" gasped the witch. Falling to her knees, the terrible witch began to melt like ice on a summer's day! "It must have been the wrong cat!" she wretched! Suddenly, the floor fell away from beneath me and I was back to where I belonged. The witch's magic had been lost with her death. "The wrong cat!" I said. "How rude!" And I sauntered off back to my house through my cat flap.



Lifeless trees groaned in the haunting wind and crumpled leaves swirled from the creaking branches. It was the scariest night of the year... Hallowe'en.

In the Thick mist, a bony charcoal cat sashayed up a gravel path, his slick fur hugging tightly to his body. Everything changes when he discovers a jewel. A gleaming, scarlet, heart-shaped jewel. It could only belong to one person... the witch.

Read Thameside's whole school book but watch out for the curse!

Blurb written by Izzy BHR

