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# Silly school trip time travel

Wouldn't it be amazing to time travel? Well that is what I thought. Until yesterday. Hi I am Abby. I am 12 years old and I have a kind of cool story. What happened? Well ...

One morning I was walking to school when suddenly I had felt a tap on my back. It was Sara Bryans. The school Bully. 'Hello Abby.' She said in a sly voice.

'Hi' I sighed.

'Why the sigh Abby.'

She knew she was annoying me but what else would she do? So, I had to put up with her.

Finally, I managed to get to school but something was off. Then I had remembered. Today was my school trip.

'Oh gosh.' I thought.

'Well. All I must do is get on the bus. It should be a good day today.' Or so I thought. Now I wish I didn't say that maybe I jinxed it.

I finally got on the bus and I was quite exited until I realised who my partner was. It was Sara. 'This day couldn't get any worse.' I thought. But I was wrong. So wrong.

My teacher spoke. 'So today class were going to the Dolphin Park!'

'What' everyone said.

'Okay. You got me were going to BONGO LAND.' She then said

'YAY.' Everyone shouted.

'WHAT why is everyone so excited.' I thought.

Then I heard it a kind of 'Zip.' Sound

So, I turned around and some sought of portal had opened. Luckily, my friends had heard it as well, so I was happy until Sara had said she heard it as well. 'UGH!' I thought. But at least I didn't have to go to Bongo Land.

# Chapter 2

## The portal

We stepped through the portal and saw our school. Nothing had changed but it stunk like trumps. 'Pheww.' I thought

'that stinks.' But I just carried in with my day as normal. I thought It was going to be something a bit more exiting witch it was I was, but I hadn't explored yet. Then we saw it a slimy, gloopy, disgusting mess. 'What' I thought.

'I must be dreaming.' But I wasn't. This was real.

We walked. We stopped. And walked a bit more. Slime covered the floor, the walls and even the roof. It dripped on to me and squelched every time I stepped on it. How could I get home now?

A few more hours passed, and I started to get hungry, so we went to the canteen for some lunch. But guess what the meal was. It was mud with a side of slime and for pudding it was rotten eggs. 'No way I'm eating that' I said. Then I saw Sara sat upon the school bench eating her school lunch. I needed it and I wanted it. At that moment I had an idea. I knew that I was stronger than her, so I started a fight with her. It sounded silly fighting over food but not today.

Just then I had heard it our headmaster Mr Doodlesniffer. Wait that's not what he is called why is everyone calling him that. It's Mr Landgrab because he is my dad. 'What on earth is happening.' Said Mr Doodlesniffer as he was reaching for Sara's dinner

'Nooooo.' I screamed. But it had already touched the tip of his tongue.

'Now what are you to fighting about?' he spoke with a mouthful of food.

'Nothing.' We said in unison.

'Okay. Bye then.' He uttered.

So, we got on with our day. Slime and goop covered the floor, but we still kept walking until we heard a voice.

'Hello? Is anyone there?'

'HeIIIIloooo!'

'Hi?' I shouted weary of who was down there.'

Who was it? And where was it?

'I'm in the slime. Can you save me?'

I looked back and my friends.

'Are you not going to look at me.' Questioned Sara

'You're really not helping Sara.' I vented.

'Let's do it!' we all screamed.

# Chapter 3

## The ending.

Then we went to go find a rope to help this unknown person. Who could this be? How did they get down there? Or why were they down there? This was so weird.

I had finished thinking we had already made it to the headmasters office to get the tools we needed

Once we had found our materials, we went back to the mysterious child in that goop or whatever it was. 'Hello. Are you still there?' We all shouted.

'No, I'm in my house.' She said humorously.

'Where do you think I was?'

'Sorry. Do you want us to help you or not?'

'Okay.'

'Get on with it then!'

So, we started to make a hoop in the rope. I lowered it down, but no one grabbed on. I lowered it further. No one grabbed on. That was it I had had enough so I left. But I now feel bad for leaving her by herself.

Could I have got home? I don't know. Do I want to? This is kind of my home now.

The END.







