

The Nine Lives of Me: An Autobiography by Queen Snowball

by

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I was born on a cold morning, in a tangle of tiny mewling furballs—my siblings. They rolled around cluelessly, while I blinked once, stretched dramatically, and knew in my soul: **I was royalty**. A queen trapped in a cardboard box.

One day, destiny arrived in the form of a bumbling boy human. He picked me up, stared into my stunning eyes, and whispered, “I’ll call you Snowball.”

Snowball? Basic. But fine. It’ll look good on merch.

1. Training My Human (Painfully Slow Process)

At first, he thought he’d “raise” me. **Adorable**. I immediately set to work training him.

I screamed at 3 AM for snacks. I sat on his face. I knocked things off shelves. This was not bad behavior—it was **education**.

Eventually, he figured out the basics: food on demand, chin scratches on cue, and absolutely no picking me up unless I’m feeling emotionally generous (rare).

He lives to serve. I live to rule.

2. This House Is Mine

The minute I stepped into his house, I declared it mine. All of it.

His bed? Mine. He’s lucky if I let him sleep on the edge.

Couch? Mine, especially when it’s freshly cleaned.

Laptop? Obviously mine—best heated throne in the land.

He tried once to stop me from walking on the kitchen table. I slowly pushed his cup off the edge, watched it fall, and blinked.

Never happened again.

3. The Roaring Monster (a.k.a. Vacuum)

The vacuum. The beast. The enemy.

It sleeps in a dark closet, only to awaken and roar like a dragon with zero social awareness.

When it attacks the carpet, I vanish. Not from fear—**from disgust**. Queens don't deal with noisy peasants.

My human laughs every time. Laugh, boy. One day, the vacuum will take you too—and I'll be watching from the top of the fridge, silently judging.

4. The Sacred Sunbeam

Every day, I find the perfect sunbeam and bask in it like the goddess I am.

He calls it "lazy." I call it **solar charging**.

Of course, he photographs me. Endlessly. Because I look breathtaking mid-snooze. I let him—he needs content for my future fan page.

But don't even *think* about blocking my light. That's grounds for exile.

5. The Red Dot of Deceit

Ah, the red dot. My eternal nemesis. Appears without warning. Taunts me. Disappears.

I stalk. I pounce. I nearly catch it... and it vanishes. **Again.**

And who's behind it? My **traitor human**, giggling like a fool. One day I'll catch it, swallow it whole, and leave the laser pointer in his slipper as a warning.

Play with me? Fine. **Mock me? Prepare to suffer.**

6. The Perfect Poo Performance

Every litter box trip is a dramatic production.

First, I scratch around like I'm digging for gold. Then, I take center stage, deliver my masterpiece, and sprint off like I've set the world on fire.

He calls it the "post-poo zoomies." No. It's a **victory lap**. I don't just poo. I **perform**.

And yes, I ensure he smells my success. That's called establishing dominance.

7. The Bath. The Betrayal.

One dark day, he did the unthinkable. He **put me in a bath**.

Water. Soap. HUMILIATION.

I screamed like I was being sacrificed. I clawed. I stared into his eyes with the fury of ten thousand betrayed queens. Then I sulked for hours, perched above him like a soggy statue of vengeance.

To this day, I've never fully forgiven him. I probably never will. He knows.

8. Grooming Like a Legend

Looking this good? It's full-time work.

I groom daily with flawless precision. My coat? Glossy. My paws? Pristine. Tongue work? Elite.

If he interrupts me mid-groom with baby talk, I pause, glare, and resume. Grooming time is **not** cuddle time.

Occasionally he tries to help with brushing. I allow it—for about 14 seconds. It

keeps him feeling useful, bless him.

9. My Human, My Pet

Despite the betrayal (and the red dot crimes), he does have his moments.

He scratches my chin just right. He gives me treats when I shoot him The Look™. He opens the blinds for my sunbeam spa.

He thinks he owns me. **Please.**

I chose him. I allow him. He lives to serve, and I let him. That, my dear readers, is the greatest power of all.

**Purrfectly yours,
Queen Snowball**

Lost, I knocked at a door. To my surprise a monster answered! Write my story.

Striking, cyan eyes illuminated the intimidatingly immense school like a firefly in the ink black sky. Those eyes were mine. They sparkled brightly with graciousness but wilted with shyness. Spidery, dense hair crawled delicately over my head, as it brushed lightly upon my blemished ivory plate. Blemished with hickory coloured freckles sprinkled by the thousand upon my tawny face. Fidgety fingers toddled around the air swallowing me and my petit silhouette whole. Flawed, messy school uniform ambled ungracefully down my slender frame. I had no more friends in my life. None. They were left. Left in London. Shockingly, the main target of The Blitz.

“Will I ever see them again?” I blurted out, “can anyone give me an answer?”

But I was not the only person lost at school; no, there is another new child. His name is Jurgen. Jurgen Schneider. And, if there was anyone in the world shyer than me, then it's him. Stumbling into the library, I met his eyes. It was break and the library was for those who had no friends in the playground. In pain, Jurgen explained to me how he was a Jewish German, he explained how his family shop was boycotted, then he got bullied at school for being a Jew. He explained how he had a fake surname to protect his identity (his real name was Schneider and the school knew him as Jurgen Miller). He explained how he had become a refugee because of Hitler and his monstrous soldiers. Our dusty, unused surrounding engulfed Jurgen's apprehensive, melancholy words like a ravenous child devouring his school lunch.

As the pale, cracked ceiling stared down hard on Jurgen and I, he told me the full story of his lifetime...

“It all started one day when my famous parents and I stomped across the street in search of our Jewish friends to discuss the horrific crisis where us Jews received prejudice from the Nazis. I was lost in life. I had no purpose. Not with Hitler in charge. I knocked at the door, unaware of its consequences. Leaping backwards, I saw who answered. It was one of Hitler's monstrous soldiers. They had taken our friend's house. And our friends. And now us... However, despite the degree of difficulty, I escaped and I was smuggled to England to become a vulnerable refugee. With no parents.”

The words penetrated my mind, hurling me back into the present. I declared, “I will help you find your parents.” So Jurgen and I searched day and night, high and low for clues as to where his parents stood that very moment but with no prevail. We had to switch to our last resort: the library's books. Mahogany bookcases were robbed of their possessions as Jurgen and I tossed them into submission on the ground. Eerily, heaven beckoned us to the history section. Lying in wait, was a book titled: ‘The Missing Famous People.’ “This maybe it!” my brain pondered. We opened the book and flicked to the index. But the page titled Jews was torn out with a rip from an evil hand...

As a million golden arrows pierced my stained-glass window, I frantically arose from my slumber, school was calling. As Jurgen and I met in the library, we scanned it for the book. In the time it takes to turn a page, dead silence overpowered us. The library filled to a dark side as onyx-black as charcoal. The only sound was in my head. The constant drumming of my

largest fears: air raids, talking to strangers and my latest one, the Nazi soldiers. An ominous and oblivious shadow crept as silently as an owl and as stealthy as a jaguar. They were edging closer to the bookshelf named: history...

Swiftly, he turned, Jurgen and the man locked gazes with their identical hazel eyes.

“We have met now, Jurgen. Jurgen Schneider.”

“But how do you know my real name?” Jurgen stammered.

The shape replied with no words, but by whipping out a sheet of paper from behind his back. My sapphire eyes had become accustomed to the gloom but all I could see on the paper was the word Jewish. I gasped. A hammer beat in my chest. Fear yanked the words out of my mouth. “What?” Fear also paralysed me, choking me with its murderous, gnarled hands. Realisation slammed into Jurgen like a runaway train zooming into a wall.

“Dad!” he exclaimed with surprise and glee, “you ripped out the page to protect your identity!”

They hurdled over the window frame and away. Forever.

There was once a boy called Henry who had no friends in the world. Well, they had one, but they were gone now. That boy was me. I am Henry. Jurgen was gone but still in my memory.

School: Heathcote School
Name: Hari V
Category: Year 5-6 (4) Autobiography

Lyla – A Day in the Life of a Broken Maine Coon

It has been six weeks since I fell. I remember it in flashes. Pain screamed, and I ran, dragging my back leg behind me... I felt the sharp edge of every stair as I raced to the dark safety of the dusty underside of the bed. But it's not the fall itself which haunts me; it's the white lights and cold tables at that place they took me afterwards. At the time, I didn't understand the watery eyes of my loved ones (the pain in my leg was so consuming). I do remember the way the green lady held me down though, the sting of the injection then nothing: silence swallowed everything. I wasn't asleep. It was absence... like I had gone somewhere that light couldn't follow. The next thing was the hard plastic jamming in my throat and their gloved hands pressing down on my chest and the chaos and muted panic of their voices. I tried to claw at them, but my paws were so heavy. One big gasping breath. The smell of antiseptic swirled in my nostrils, and I was back - still broken but heart beating again. That's what I see every time I close my eyes to go to sleep now... and if I make it past the terror and start to dream, I run. Yet when I wake, I can't.

As I half-open one eye, I watch morning creeping in slowly, like it's afraid of me. My world now is the four walls of our lounge, everything padded and wrapped in blankets that don't smell like her perfume or my sister's fur. Just disinfectant, and humans, and the lingering sharpness of the scent of vet. There is nothing to scale or climb, no ball to chase and worst of all, my sister is kept away from me to stop us from playing together. I ache for her.

In she comes again – my human mum, who smells like quiet, comfortable things. She speaks to me in a soft voice like I'm made of glass. I remember when she used to laugh at me chasing after shadows or my snuffling sneeze as water went up my nose from the dripping kitchen tap. Now she just watches me with a slightly furrowed brow. She strokes my head. Carefully. Gently... too gently, as if touching me might break me completely. Sometimes I purr and nuzzle her hand, willing it to keep stroking me. Today, I turn my face away. I don't want her pity. I want the windowsill on the landing of the stairs, where I sit to spy on the doves. I want the top of the bookshelf where there is a secret piece of string. I want the fight I had with the fly behind the blinds.

I have come to dread the sound of the kitchen door shutting behind her when she has jobs to do around the house and I can't see her through the glass anymore. I keep her voice in my head until the others come in. My human dad brings my food in

the mornings. He talks louder than her, tries to make me purr with clumsy fingers. I let him. It reminds me that I'm still loved and part of the family, even if I don't feel like myself. My favourite time though will come later this afternoon, when I can lay next to my little boy, Hari. We sit together while he plays his computer games and talks with his friends... the bright lights and the sound of their chatter and noise relax me strangely. I save my best chirps and snuggles for him. Until then, I will just have my own thoughts to keep me company. What if I don't get better? This question torments me, more quietly than the fire smouldering insidiously in my knee joint. This rest is a cage!

Time drips by during the day in tiny, tedious drops. I scan the floor as the light changes across the room. I gaze at the birds as they land in the garden to peck at bread (she doesn't realise that I know this, but she throws the bread out just so that they will come and amuse me). Deciding which biscuit variety to nibble and on which soft surface to settle are my only choices. My mind, once a symphony of instinct and play, is now reduced to a single note – low, lingering and laced with longing for my life before the fall... even the sound of my own snoring irritates me.

My humans are all home now. School has finished, the birds have gone to bed, pots and pans are clattering in the kitchen... I know the routine. They are quieter, yes, but their stillness is not absence. It is care. They *hope* for me.

(800 words)

The Tale of Wizard Fumbledore

By Aoife R | Merton Court School year 5

The Wizard Fumbledore, having just graduated from a very prestigious Infernorous Arts Course at the University of Magic and Pyrotechnics (UMP), packed his brown leather suitcase, pulled on his black brogues and adopted a worn-down travelling cloak for the long journey ahead. Off to seek his fortune in the world, Wizard Fumbledore left the university campus feeling optimistic and confident. He strode off cheerfully, quite unaware of the surprises that were in store for him.

Having spent some time pondering where to go, Wizard Fumbledore finally decided to travel to a small village on the west coast. He headed north, using a simple direction spell to charm twigs to point him the right way. One night, whilst crouching to use a flame summoning spell to light his campfire, he noticed a shadow looming over him. The wizard turned slowly, finding himself face to face with a greasy haired, chainmail-clad, hobgoblin who was armed with a ruby encrusted sword. The hobgoblin's look of triumph quickly turned to a grimace of pain however, when Fumbledore cast an enchantment to make the sword so hot that it burnt the creatures' fingers. Dropping the sword in surprise, the hobgoblin fled. The fire mage had a cocky spring in his step after this.

His confidence faltered though when he reached the busy village. Pushing his way through a sea of people, he knocked on several innkeepers' doors looking for lodgings. But everywhere was full or too expensive. Finally, he arrived at a ramshackle inn where a grumpy innkeeper offered him a cold, dreary room. There was no fireplace to summon a warming fire this time. Instead, he spent his evening practicing pyromancy with the small wax candle that had been left on his bedside table. Pulling the meagre blankets around him, Wizard Fumbledore drifted off into a deep sleep.

When the Wizard Fumbledore awoke the next day, he immediately went to the townhall to put up an enchanted poster. "Wizard Fumbledore, graduate of UMP, offers magical solutions to everyday problems" was written out in hot fiery letters. Barely three hours passed before a message was sent by a local lord offering to hire him and provide more comfortable lodgings in his mansion. An eager Wizard Fumbledore hurriedly packed his belongings and set off for Burns Mansion at a brisk pace.

Lord Burns' mansion was far more intimidating than its master, Wizard Fumbledore thought. The lord was a fat, jolly, single father to Anne Burns, a small, shy girl of around six. Whereas the house, with its grand features and immaculate white walls intimidated the young wizard. But he squared his shoulders and marched in, determined to show Lord Burns how capable he was.

Anne Burns, having seen a strange man with an eccentric look on his face arrive at her father's house, was understandably quite curious, as most six-year-olds are. She had nothing to do that day, and so spontaneously made up her mind to follow the man. Stealthily, her feet padding across the thick velvet carpet, she watched the man approach the fireplace in the dining room. He clicked his fingers and muttered something under his breath. A ball of flames shot into the fireplace, leaving Anne transfixed. She made up her mind to watch the man like a hawk as he went about his

business in the house. What Anne had not realised was that her supposed silence was occasionally interrupted by creaks and groans of floorboards as they moved throughout the house, and these sounds were beginning to unsettle the wizard, who had a terrible fear of ghosts. The wizard became more nervous and began to fumble his spell casting dreadfully.

At sundown, the Wizard Fumbledore strode down the hallway, past paintings of rich aristocrats. Rivulets of sweat poured down his face thinking about what might be pursuing him. But as he stepped into the garden grounds cool, crisp evening air slapped him awake. He hardened his determination, and waiting for the right moment, pivoted, and shot warning sparks out of an outstretched finger. This brave action was ruined when the wizard slipped backwards, sending a stream of sparks high into the sky, where they exploded in a shower of marvellous colours. The evening air was pierced by the sound of a child's laughter, much to Wizard Fumbledore's relief. Running to her father, Anne tugged at his sleeve, begging him to allow the wizard to stay with them and create fireworks. This is why to this day, a stranger passing the Burns mansion often remarks about the wondrous fire magic and fireworks that light the dark night above the sleepy village.

769 words

My Aluminium Assistant

Despite features as faded as a forgotten photograph and the likelihood of it falling apart in my hands being greater than any sort of useful functionality, I felt strangely drawn towards this metal monstrosity. In fact, I could hear an aged tatty voice calling “Sakina, Sakina”, unless this was just my inner monologue deceiving me. This same inner voice was switching from the obvious question of how a tacky robot toy at a tacky school toy sale could bring any joy to anyone, to thinking this was exactly the kind of nonsensical artefact that would entertain my toddler brother for hours on end. Ultimately, since my happiness in life was derived from playing with him and seeing the joy on *his face* (and the robot was only fifty pence) so I took the plunge. Then suddenly, a miracle appeared out of thin metal...

“Buzz, buzz”. I was heating up my favourite leek and potato soup and when I heard an unfamiliar sound emanating from the microwave. By the time I interrupted the timer to open the door, I had already seen the mischievous smirk on my brother’s face out of the corner of my eye and put two and two together. Instantly and hastily, I removed the robot toy from the soup!

“Greetings,” it croaked in a metallic voice, “I am your personal assistant. You may ask me to do anything.”

As anyone would be, I was visibly shaken, especially as the robot’s voice was as dry as stale toast. Before I could fully process what I’d just heard, an even more jarring voice followed, my mother’s! In a rasping whisper, that was somehow still audible from the next room, I was being (rightly) scolded because it was the third time today that she was reminding me to empty the dishwasher. Still not trusting that I had heard a robot speak(!), I almost jokingly asked it to do the dishes for me. Faster than my baby brother trying to steal chocolates without getting caught, the talking robot – it feels weird to even type those two words together – had emptied the dishwasher and immaculately put every item away; I was dumbfounded! Of course I kept this discovery to myself, because as my mum always says, luck is a lemon - either bitter or sweet – and this felt sweeter than the sweetest lemon.

Over the course of the next few weeks, my aluminium assistant was proving more helpful than ever. My bronze butler had become the crouton to my soup, the missing wire to my circuit! Concealing my shortcomings, I was suddenly top of the class, with more free time than ever, and the most popular kid at school! I even managed to stop playing with my brother, since my silver servant could babysit while I watched YouTube Shorts, right? Life was as good as it was going to get, and I was enjoying the robot ride.

Then one day, my mum (still oblivious to the source of my superpowers) asked me to run her a bath. Given my lack of mental exercise in recent times, without thinking, I turned to my metal maid once more. With an ear-piercing explosion and a sorrowful sizzle, my ‘get out clause’ was reduced to metal and screws. I’m sure you expect that I would have been distraught at this sudden turn of events, but surprisingly, I was not overwhelmed by sadness. The explanation lay in the youthful face that I barely recognised anymore looking up at me: adorable and innocent but with a longingly sombre expression and voice softer than the delectable cookies we used to bake together. A heart-warming (and simultaneously heart-breaking) hug brought back nostalgic memories, and I felt not one, but two tears roll down my cheek as we laughed and played.

Over the next few days, I discovered that it was nice to be able to do things for myself again (maybe not the dishes, but you get what I mean) and no doubt I had learnt a lot from my aluminium assistant. Luckily, I also discovered that he could write great competition essays before he went to robot heaven...wink wink.

Lost

As I wandered through the busy streets of London, I found myself completely lost. Cars and buses raced by and bustling pedestrians crowded the streets.

Rows of houses lined every lane; each had a black door with gold lettering - apart from one. Its vibrant colours stood out among the rest of the tidy houses. The door of that house was electric blue with a silver knocker. A bright light shone from the misshapen windows of the crooked house.

Without thinking, I ran towards the house and knocked, immediately regretting it. There was no answer. Just as I began to turn away, the door creaked open and a slither of light flooded out onto the pavement.

I watched, full of fear, as the door slowly opened, and five hairy fingers revealed themselves. Surprised, I stumbled back down the step as a great blue figure with a pair of gnarled horns and glowing, yellow eyes poked its head out of the door. It stepped forward and I saw a tall, furry body splattered with green spots. It had a long, blue tongue and it looked as strong as an ox. It was a monster! It stared at me in confusion, tilting its head slightly to the side. Taking in the frightening creature looming above me, I wondered what to do.

“Excuse me, I’m lost,” I stuttered. Letting out a soft grunt, it gestured to the hallway of the house. “Thank you,” I said, my voice laced with hesitation. Taking small steps, I edged my way in through the entrance.

Once I was inside of the house, panic set in. How was I ever going to get home?

From the emerald walls hung silver frames displaying a long line of the blue creatures that I thought might be his family. A lamp stood tall providing little light in the gloom. I followed the monster trailing behind him.

We passed a staircase that spiralled up to the top of the house and a large bookcase that strained under the weight of all the books that it held. We came to a door and the monster unlocked it. I stepped into the room. The monster swiftly strode out, shutting the door firmly behind him. I began to look around, but I stopped dead as I heard the sound of a key being turned in the lock. I was trapped. I scrambled towards the door, fumbling with the lock, desperate to escape. But it was no use. I trembled as I realised that I could be here for a very long time. Suddenly the lights flickered off and everything went black.

Determined to get back home, I began to feel around the room. Luckily, the light from the window illuminated the room just enough for me to make out a gap in the wall. I stepped forward, my heart thumping in my chest. Running my fingers across the panels I felt a slab move in my hands. Full of hope, I lifted it and placed it on the floor trying to not make a sound. I didn’t know what the monster might be plotting. I felt a gap in the wall, and I brushed my shaking fingers around it. The plaster began to crumble and flake to the ground. I kept digging into the wall half fearing what may be on the other side. Breathless, I looked at the once solid wall. I couldn’t believe my eyes, there was a tunnel just big enough for me to crawl through. “Here goes,” I thought as I crawled in.

Darkness surrounded me as I shuffled through a suffocating tunnel. I started to imagine how vast it was, perhaps it was winding underneath the endless roads which seemed more like a

massive maze. But what was at the end? I heard a murmur, and I could just make out the light at the end of the tunnel. The voices got louder. I was almost out.

I saw the opening before me and I clambered out, relieved to see again. But the nightmare wasn't over yet. The tunnel had led to a door, I gripped the cold handle and heard voices. Opening the door slowly I saw a hall full of the same monsters, some of them I recognised from the paintings. They all turned in unison to face me. In the middle of the group was the same monster who had trapped me. He looked shocked. A monster with a large golden watch on its wrist stepped forward and smiled. Startled I blinked and my eyes fluttered open. I was home. I finally understood, it was all a dream, or was it? Hung from the corner of my bed was the same golden watch.

By Isabella B, Meoncross School

787 words