

MY MAGIC PENCILS



The theme for the ISA Young Storytellers Competition 2026, "My Magic Pencils", sparked a multitude of entries.

We are delighted to present twenty seven of these inspiring stories in this book.

Each story was created through the collaborative efforts of pupils in EYFS and Key Stage 2 from ISA Members' schools.

Together, they have created imaginative stories that take readers on exciting journeys filled with magical pencils, fantastical characters and unforgettable adventures through enchanted worlds.

Congratulations to all participants and to the teachers who guided and supported the students to create those stories.

Front cover by Arjun T, St Andrew's School

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A Magic Pencil

Once upon a time, there was a group of amazing, curious, and hardworking children. One sunny day, they were walking through their school playground when they found something unusual... a magic pencil.

Excited, they decided to test it. First, they drew a heart rainbow, sparkly balloons, and chocolate cakes because they wanted to organise a birthday party for everyone who helps us every day. Then, they carefully drew a barber who cuts people's hair, firefighters who save lives, police officers who catch the bad guys, and teachers who help us learn. Of course, they also drew their mummies and daddies.

As soon as they finished, something incredible happened—the magic pencil brought all their drawings to life! Suddenly, a superhero bouncy castle appeared, along with a sprinkled ice cream truck playing music. Everyone danced together, laughing and smiling.

They ate lots of yummy desserts, danced to the song "We Will Rock You," and jumped up and down on the bouncy castle. The playground was filled with happiness, and the children couldn't believe their eyes.

After the party, they all climbed onto their red school buses and went to the swimming pool, where the fun continued. They blew bubbles, swam, and splashed, and it felt like the magic would never end.

And from that day on, the children knew that with imagination—and a little bit of magic—anything was possible.

***A story written by Reception, RC class
From Gatehouse School***



***Illustration by Reception, RC class
From Gatehouse School***

My Magic Pencils

Ring Ring! Ring Ring!’ went the class telephone. “Help me please, I have lost my magic pencils as I flew over your school!” came a cheerful voice. “Of course we can help you” and off we ran to the playground to look for them.

We found the pencils and started to draw. One girl drew an elephant and “boo!” her teacher turned into an elephant! We all started to laugh and draw pictures of animals using the magic pencils. Then “boo!” and “boo!” and “boo!” came the noise all over the school as the teachers turned into the animals we were drawing.

A unicorn started to teach Maths and a cheetah was teaching Phonics. In the school field there was a dinosaur teaching Sport and running through the trees. In the swimming pool was a tiger diving in and a giraffe was playing the piano.

We all ran to the head teacher’s office, what would we find? Noone was sitting at the desk but when we looked at the walls there was a monkey wearing glasses just like our head teacher!

“Oh dear we need to turn them back” said one worried child. “Ok lets go back and draw our teachers with the magic pencils and hopefully they will come back.” But will it work..... we hope so!

***A story written by Reception Class
From Thornton College***



***Illustration by Reception Class
From Thornton College***

Rainforest Pencil Adventure

One day there was a girl and her name was Rosie Fylers and she had pencils but she didn't even know they were MAGIC. She had a Pink one and a Red one and a Blue one and a Green one and they lived in a can on a shelf in the garden like a little pencil house.

But then, uh oh, they were gone.

They didn't get lost though. Nope. They went on a big adventure all the way to the Borneo Rainforest. They zoomed there super-fast like whoooosh. And when they got there they saw BUGS. A tiny ant and a rhino bug with a big horn and a grasshopper that could jump REALLY high. They all said "Hi pencils!" and became best friends forever.

Then they climbed trees all the way up to the silly monkeys who were going "ooo ooo ahh ahh" and the pencils laughed even though pencils don't have mouths.

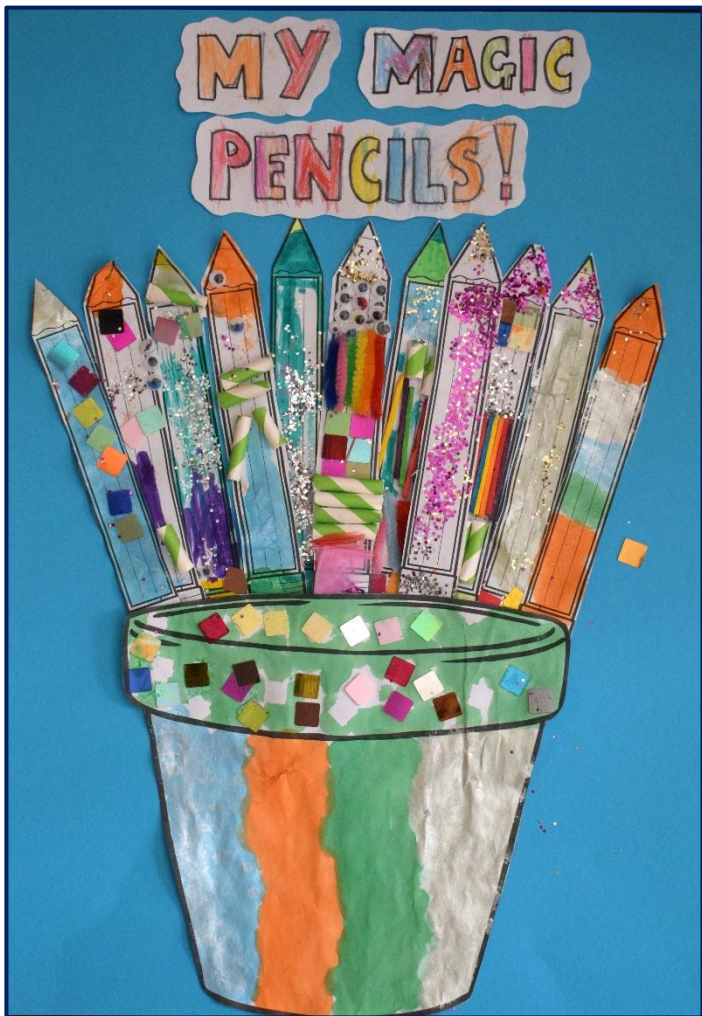
Then they found a pool in the rainforest and they swam to the very very bottom even though pencils don't swim but these ones do because they're magic. And they found a crab and a necklace and some shiny shells and they said "Rosie will LOVE these!"

So, they went home and Rosie was there and she had DRAWN their whole adventure already because she is super smart and magic too maybe.

And then they all lived Happily Ever After.

The end

***A story written by Reception Class
From Parsons Green Prep School***



***Illustration by Reception Class
From Parsons Green Prep School***

The Magic Pencil Adventure

My magic pencil is pink, green and blue, it makes ice cream for Harry Potter. Harry shares his ice cream with Onyx, Trixie and Susie Swan. They have a chat in a very complicated language.

They decide to go to a magic pencil world. The magic pencil draws a car so that they don't need a driving licence to get there. Just as they are leaving, a robot jumps in the car, thankfully it is a friendly robot.

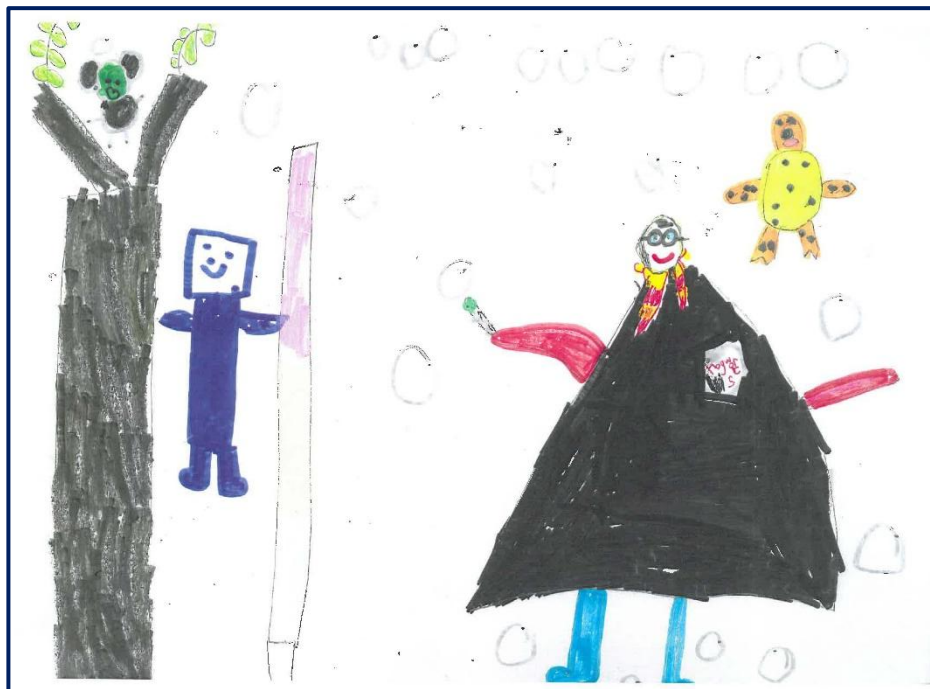
They arrive in a world full of pencils. There are lots of pencil rides, like at a fun fair. Onyx goes on a water ride, putting her paws out of the water as she goes down the slide. Trixie goes on the bumper cars and Susie Swan joins the parade for the best swan in the world, which she wins.

While Onyx, Trixie and Susie are having fun, Harry and the robot meet Nian from the Chinese New Year. Harry and the robot scare Nian away with red decorations and loud noises, saving the parade.

The robot comes to life to help children with their homework. Harry goes back to the fun fair to find Onyx, Trixie and Susie. When they see him, they jump into his arms giving him a huge hug. The magic pencil tells them that they must leave to go home.

The robot comes skipping back and is still on Earth helping children with their homework.

***A story written by Sienna H, Reception
From Steephill Independent School***



***Illustration by Sienna H, Reception
From Steephill Independent School***

My Magic Pencils

Once upon a time, under the sea, lived some mermaids. One day, they discovered a magic pen, and anything they drew with it came to life! "We should draw ourselves a magical castle!" But they didn't know how to build a castle, so they sat down around their talking television. Suddenly, the TV had an idea. "Why don't you ask the Super Mario Brothers? They're very good at building things!"

So, they decided to go to the airport, but it was busy because there were snakes everywhere! They drew a dragon, and he came to life and ate all the snakes. "Will you help us find the Mario Brothers?" they asked. "Yes, hop on. my back!" said the dragon.

The mermaids climbed on his back and drew a door in the air. They flew through it and landed outside the Mario Brothers' house. The Mario Brothers invited them inside. "Will you help us build our castle?" the mermaids asked.

They took out their magic pen and drew a door to go home, and they built a beautiful rainbow castle. When. it was finished, they had a big party, and everyone was very happy.

***A story written by Aidan, Lily, Maggie, Torii, Vittorio &
Yaz -Les Hiboux, Miss Sumi's Group
From The Gower School***



***Illustration by Aidan, Lily, Maggie, Torii, Vittorio & Yaz -
Les Hiboux, Miss Sumi's Group
From The Gower School***

My Magic Pencil

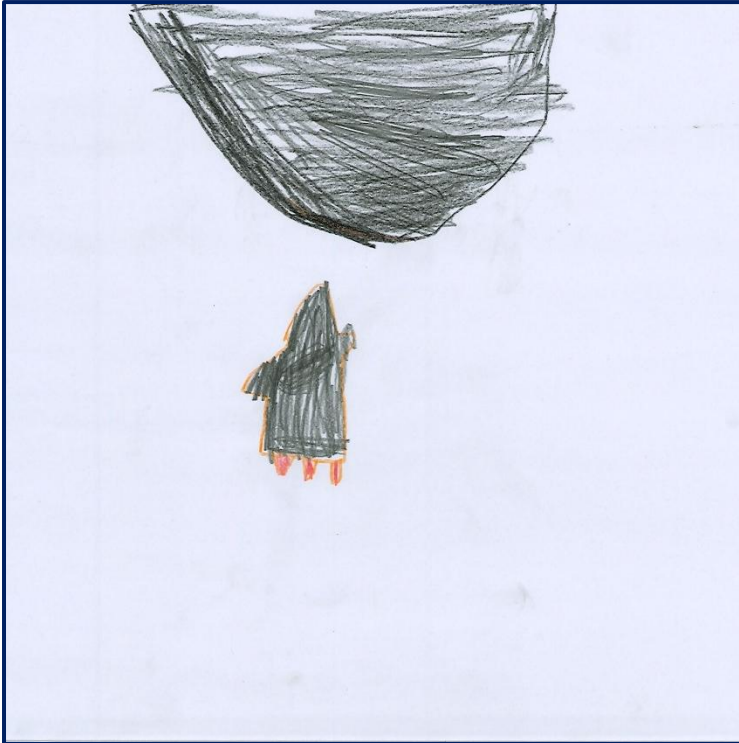
In the dark office at nighttime, lived a purring stripy grey cat called Thomas. After hunting for a quiet mouse, he found a gold key which unlocked the special cupboard in the corner that the workers had been told never to go in. In the cupboard, he found a magic silver pencil which glimmered and sparkled in the dark!

Using the magic pencil, Thomas drew a speedy rocket ship which came to life. WOW! He climbed inside and turned the key to make it blast off to the moon. He felt very excited. Space was filled with shiny and twinkly stars which danced in the black sky. When he arrived at the moon, he stepped out in his silver spacesuit and bounced onto the dusty moon's floor.

Thomas saw a green alien and felt scared so he ran as fast as he could to the spaceship, blasted off and headed home. He did not know how to land a rocket so he crashed landed in the water. A lovely lifeboat came to rescue him and took him back home.

When his family woke up, they knew he had been to the moon because he was still wearing his spacesuit, but how did he get there? But Thomas was fast asleep and purring again after his crazy space adventure and he was dreaming of what he could draw next with the magic pencil.

***A story written by Reception Class
From Thorpe Hall School***



***Illustration by Reception Class
From Thorpe Hall School***

A Pencil in the Plants

Elsie and Hugo were playing in their garden on a warm, sunny day. The soft grass tickled their feet as they played football with each other. They felt happy and calm, listening to the buzzing bees and chirping birds.

Suddenly, something sparkly in the flower bed caught their attention. It twinkled like a tiny star. They looked at each other with wide eyes and felt very curious. Carefully, they reached down and found a shiny, rainbow pencil. "Let's try it!" said Elsie excitedly.

Hugo nodded, and together they drew a pretty flower on a piece of paper. As soon as they finished, the flower shimmered, lifted up, and came to life! Its petals glowed and sparkled in the sunlight. Elsie and Hugo laughed; they felt so excited and could not believe their eyes! "It's a magic pencil!" together they shouted with delight.

Keen to try again, they drew a dotty dinosaur. With a pop, the fun, little dinosaur appeared in the garden! It had colourful spots and a friendly smile. They played together, running and giggling as the dinosaur stomped gently around; Elsie and Hugo felt ecstatic! "Let's show Mummy!" Hugo said.

They ran inside and said, "Look! We can make tea tonight!" Then they carefully drew hotdogs and chips. Just like with their other drawings, the delicious food appeared but this time, Elsie and Hugo were a little bit nervous. What will their Mummy think? Mummy looked surprised, then laughed happily. Soon, everyone was laughing together.

***A story written by Reception Class
From Wilmslow Preparatory School***



***Illustration by Reception Class
From Wilmslow Preparatory School***

My Magic Pencils

Once upon a time there was a school called Dragon Academy. It was a big, huge and colourful boarding school. One day a pretty, black long-haired student called Emma was in a maths lesson with her teeny tiny teacher Mr Crew.

Emma absolutely loved maths but today was a maths test and Emma HATED maths tests. Emma went into her pink and golden pencil case and pulled out a red pencil. But what Emma didn't know was that this pencil was not an ordinary pencil it was a MAGIC pencil.

The pencil jumped out of Emma's grasp and began to draw on the walls, the floors and even teeny tiny Mr Crew. The whole class started laughing at the top of their voices. The children didn't stop laughing and the pencil didn't stop drawing. The louder the children laughed the more the pencil drew. But what the children didn't see was the more they laughed and the louder they got Mr Crew was getting taller and taller and taller until.... He EXPLODED!!!!!!

All the children cheered and there was never a maths test ever again. The children lived happily ever after and Emma kept the magic pencil close by just in case there was ever an English test...

***A story written by Novantee
From Demetae Academy***



**Illustration by Novantee
From Demetae Academy**

The Magical Wondrous Pencils

Once upon a time a nice boy called Peter was walking to school through Victoria Park. Suddenly he finds a golden pencil case laying in the swaying grass. He picks it up and takes it to school. When he arrived, he showed the pencil case to his good friend Sarah. They decide to open it, and they get teleported to magical pencil land in space.

Pencil land was beautiful and sparkly, everything looked like candy floss and sweets. It was so cool. There were pencils hopping around, Peter and Sarah were amazed but confused. While Peter was admiring the sweets, Sarah spotted a blue, shiny castle. She ran over to Peter who didn't quite believe her but then he saw it and he was surprised. They enter a huge hall, and meet the pencil King.

He explains to them, "If you stay here for too long, you will turn into pencils like us. You must find a magic door near the volcano before it erupts. But be careful, you have to pass through the scary forest, and watch out for the evil felt tips." Sarah and Peter set out in search of the door.

They enter the forest and see scary webs everywhere. They hatch a plan to distract the felt tips. As they quietly tiptoe through, they have to be very sneaky and fast. Finally, they reach the door, just as they begin to hear the rumbling sounds of the volcano. They spin and disappear, arriving back into school.

***A story written by Year 1L Class
From Gatehouse School***

The magical wondrous pencils



**Illustration by Year 1L Class
From Gatehouse School**

The Pencils, the Dragon and the Ghost

One calm day, a little girl named Arya was drawing in the garden happily. She had a set of seven coloured pencils. The pencils were shiny and new and with them, she could draw things that were all the colours of the rainbow.

Suddenly, as the little girl was drawing, something strange happened. She realised that the pencils were magic! Everything she drew came to life! The little blobs she had drawn became fluffy, little smiley pompoms. The cute little cat began to purr and a giant donut rolled around the garden.

Then the pencils were trying to draw a baby lizard, but it went very wrong and they accidentally drew a fire breathing dragon! It was humungous and covered in slimy scales. Arya was absolutely terrified; the pencils were scared!

First cheeky golden pencil scribbled on the dragon to try and make him happy and nice but instead it actually made him more angry. Then shiny blue pencil drew some crazy hair on the dragon to try and make the dragon look silly. But that didn't work either.

Finally white pencil drew a spooky ghost to defeat the dragon. The dragon looked at the ghost and started to cry. He was scared.

White pencil had defeated the dragon! All the pencils were joyful and a party started! Arya was happy and she danced with the pencils. The dragon and ghost even joined in too.

***A story by Finley, Arya, Alessandro & Lily
From The Old Vicarage School, Year 1***



***Illustration by Finley, Aarya, Alessandro & Lily
From The Old Vicarage School, Year 1***

The Magic Pencils

One miserable day, the pencils were STILL on the shelf in the old shop. They had been there for one year, and no one had picked them. Then, somebody came to buy the pencils. The shopkeeper was shocked that someone had chosen them. That person was Miss Carver Lea.

Miss Carver Lee took the pencils to school. The children were delighted they had new sharp pencils. Nobody was prepared for what happened next, the pencils had a mind of their own. They jumped out of the children's hands and drew all over everything, including Miss Carver Lea!. She hadn't seen what the pencils had done. "What have you done children?" said Miss Carver Lea. "We don't draw on the walls and floor and definitely not on me!"

"But Miss Carver Lea, it wasn't us it was the pencils!" said the children. Miss Carver Lea was about to say that couldn't be true when she caught something moving in the shadows of the classroom.

"Goodness me children you were right! We must fix this right now!" Miss Carver Lea and the children made a trap. They put sheets of paper all over the classroom and hid under the tables. Pencils can't resist paper! The pencils came out quietly and started to draw pizzas. The children were amazed. Their favourite pizzas magically appeared and the pencils became good. Miss Carver Lea even ate some of the pizza.

The pencils promised they would never scribble on anything again! But for how long?...

***A story by Nehemiah, Tessia, Ruby & Annabelle
From The Old Vicarage School - Year 2, Group 1***



***Illustration by Nehemiah, Tessia, Ruby & Annabelle
From The Old Vicarage School - Year 2, Group 1***

My Magic Pencils

Once upon a time there was a princess called Glinda. That's me! I have a tall red hat and I have a white and brown spotty dog called Dogman. Last Friday at school, I found a magical glittery pencil hiding in my drawer. When I picked it up, it started to shine brightly.

Whoosh! Suddenly Dogman and I were whisked away to a place made of glittery stone. We had arrived in Stone Land.

"Wow! What a sensational place!" I said. Tall stone towers sparkled in the sunshine and shiny rocks covered the ground. Dogman sniffed the stones and wagged his tail happily.

Suddenly, a huge scary zombie stomped out from behind a stone wall. "Grrr! That pencil is mine!" he groaned. He snatched the pencil and waved it in the air. Flash! A spell swirled around us and we were whisked away again, this time to the hot, green jungles of Brazil.

The zombie laughed and tried to turn the jungle into zombies. Dogman and I quickly hid behind a big tree.

Just then, Harry Potter appeared. "Stop right there!" he shouted. He chased the zombie through the jungle. Zoom! Swish! With a powerful spell, the zombie dropped the pencil.

I grabbed the pencil and whoosh! Dogman and I were safely back at school. And we all lived happily ever after.

***A story by Year 1B Class
From Parsons Green Prep School***



***Illustration by Year 1B Class
From Parsons Green Prep School***

The Pencil Elf

Everybody knows about Father Christmas, The Easter Bunny and The Tooth Fairy but nobody knows about me.

I am The Pencil Elf.

For thousands of years I have been delivering my magic pencils around the world. I remember leaving a pencil for a boy called Roald in Cardiff. As soon as he held his pencil, he began to write a story about an amazing chocolate factory and a little boy who went to visit it.

I also left a pencil for Eric in New York. As soon as he held his pencil, he began to write a story about a hungry caterpillar who just couldn't stop eating.

I'll never forget about the pencil I left for Julia in London. As soon as she held her pencil, she began to write a story about a scary monster with purple prickles all over his back!

Have I ever left a magic pencil at your house?

If I haven't, don't worry, because I have a secret that I have never told anyone before. My pencils are not magic - They are just ordinary pencils.

The magic comes from inside the person holding them! So, if you ever find a pencil at your house, pick it up and start writing.

You might just have a magical story inside you!

***A story by Year 1 Class
From Salterford House School***



***Illustration by Year 1 Class
From Salterford House School***

My Magic Pencils

It was a sunny Monday morning when a new boy came into our class. Everyone stopped and stared. The teacher smiled and said, "This is Peter." Peter whispered, "Hello, my name is Peter," he looked shy.

After lunch, Peter felt braver because everyone had been friendly. He wanted to show something he got for his birthday. He held up a shiny pencil and said, "This is my magic pencil!" We all wanted to draw with him. We decided to draw animals. Peter drew a guinea pig. Then something crazy happened. Peter's pencil started to wiggle... then it zoomed around the room! We screamed and ran to the teacher. "STOP!" she yelled. She told us to stop being silly because pencils don't dance. She stuck all our pictures on the wall, and soon it was home time. Peter went home smiling.

The next day, when we walked into the classroom, we gasped. Books were ripped, paper was everywhere, the superstar chart was on the floor, and the teacher's chair had bite marks! Peter looked at the wall and said, "My picture is gone!". Then, we heard nibbling. "AHHHH!" everyone shouted. A guinea pig was chewing the table leg. Peter said, "That's my guinea pig! My magic pencil made him real!"

We decided we wanted to keep him. We built him a cosy hutch with hay, a tiny bowl, and a blanket. We named him "Nibble" and took turns feeding him and giving him gentle strokes. He became our special class pet.

***A story by Les Etoiles de Mer
From The Gower School, Year 1***



***Illustration by Les Etoiles de Mer
From The Gower School, Year 1***

The Day the Words Quit

Once upon a time on the first pages of a boring, battered book there lived a lovely teacher called Mrs Varrier who was feeling a bit down in the dumps. No-one had read her beloved story for a long time so the pages had faded and the words were smudged. There was no colour, no imagination and no happiness left inside.

One rainy day Flora was rushing quickly to get to school (she was very late) when she didn't notice that her pencil had sprung out of her pocket and rolled straight into the book.

The quiet, scratching noise caught Mrs Varrier's attention and she clambered through the derelict pages and was surprised to see the mysterious pencil. "Where did you come from?" Mrs Varrier muttered quietly (mostly to herself because she was talking to a pencil). To her astonishment the pencil replied.

"I have rolled here from Flora's pocket to help make your story great again. All you need is imagination and to try your best!" Instantly it bolted into action and was soon scrawling pages and pages of sentences (not forgetting the full stops and finger spaces) creating the most magnificent story.

Mrs Varrier was flabbergasted but amazed. Her story had come back to life with the help from Flora's pencil and a little sprinkling of magic. Within hours the wondrous creativity of unknown adventures had drawn children in and it ended up happily living again in a bookshelf in 2V, being read by children every day.

***A story by Class 2V
From Thorpe Hall School***



***Illustration by Class 2V
From Thorpe Hall School***

My Magic Pencil

It was a boiling hot day but I was bored! At the bottom of my long garden, I suddenly saw something glowing behind the bushes. I went to investigate. It was a rainbow pencil. I picked it up and drew a door covered in animals. Miraculously, the jungle door came to life and opened.

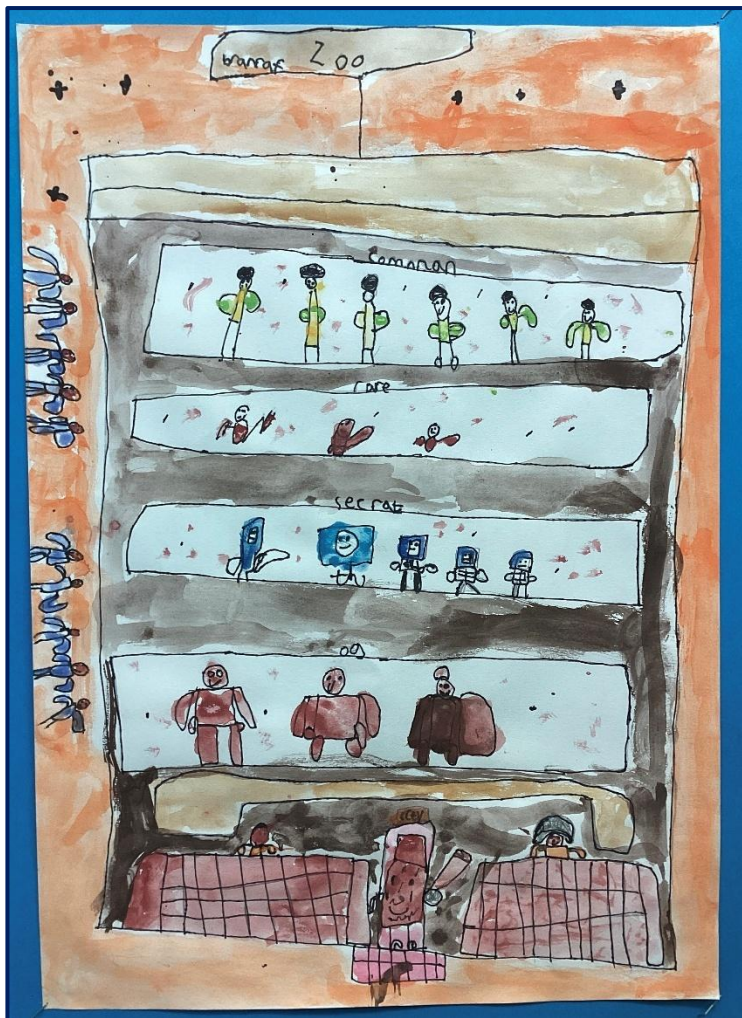
Curiously I went to examine the portal. I saw some mysterious animals, an elephant with monkey arms, a lion with goat horns and a zebra's tail and a strange phone animal. I was confused! The more I looked around, the stranger things became. The bizarre animals seemed to be living in an orange zoo.

I turned around to go back home but I saw the door disappearing. I was so worried. Then I had an idea, maybe I could draw another door. I tried, but the pencil wouldn't let me. I had to get creative. Perhaps I could draw a plane to take me away from this peculiar zoo.

As I started to draw my plane, the giant hedgehog came charging towards me and stole my pencil! What am I supposed to do now? Unexpectedly, the hedgehog buried the pencil and walked away. That was weird!

Luckily, I followed the ginormous, sneaky hedgehog and saw where he buried my pencil. I ran towards it and began digging rapidly. I was thrilled to find my pencil so I finished drawing my plane. I got in my plane and flew back home. What an adventure!

***A story by Prep 2
From Wilmslow Preparatory School***



**Illustration by Prep 2
From Wilmslow Preparatory School**

The Magic Pencils

One wet, rainy day, Fred was looking for something to do. He was bored; the weather was miserable. Curiously, he went searching for something to do. With a creak, he opened an old, dusty cupboard door. Inside, there was a box glowing like a diamond. Fred opened the box and was excited to find some shiny, new pencils. Suddenly, Fred knew what to do, he was going to draw.

Fred sat down with a smile on his face and started to draw a volcano, as he was drawing something unexpected happened. The pencil began to glow, the room faded away and Fred began to spin around. With a wobbly feeling in his tummy, Fred closed his eyes and he felt hot air on his face. As he opened his eyes, he saw a bubbly, bright orange volcano in front of him. Strangely, it looked exactly like the one he drew. A thought popped into Fred's head, "Am I being teleported to wherever I draw?". He decided to test out his theory, he started to draw a jungle.

Suddenly, the volcano began to fade away, the pencil began to glow and Fred began to spin. A raindrop landed on his head and as he looked up, he saw an expanse of tall, rough trees. In the distance, he could hear squawking, whooshes and monkeys chatting. As he turned his head, he saw something slither past him slowly. A snake!!!! He quickly drew his home and was teleported back to safety.

***A story by Form 2
From St Wystan's School***



**Illustration by Form 2
From St Wystan's School**

My Magic Pencils

Pink: It's kinda boring here. Just, waiting, more waiting. I've been here for nearly 2 months and my diary is like my best friend. I am proud to wear my official badge of the Scripting Club!

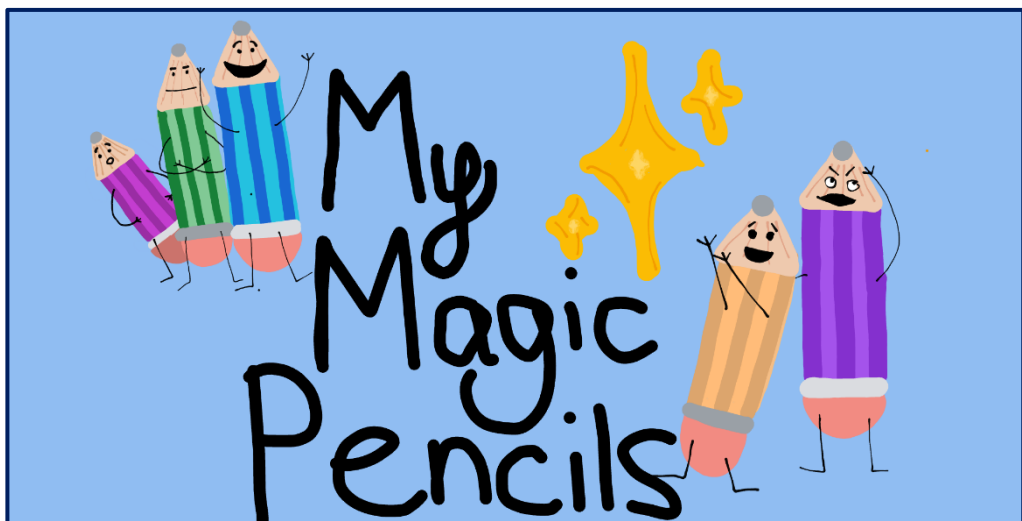
Green: I remember when we first arrived here, the truck pulled up, a pool of light flooded into the crate as we were carried- rather roughly- into the building. "Here we are, your finest pencils from Crayola factory, London." said the delivery man in his deep, rasping voice. "Cheers Tom!" called a man with drooping brown hair and a pointed mustache. He placed us gently on a high-shelf.

Orange: Oh no! Jenny's here. Her sticky lolly-pop fingers grasp you in her palms and you might end up in her mouth. She is a creature of the Pens (They live on the other side of us.) Pens are our enemies, and I swore to Mummy that I'd never go near them. She's approaching the box, I can feel her breath. Ugh!

Blue: Her sticky fingers have now gripped our box. To the till... Paying... Out the door! AAAAAAA! Oh mother of sharpeners, it's glacial out here, us pencils do have feelings you know, JENNY! At least I have my friends.

Purple: These revolting humans have no manners! I want to be at home with my glitter wrap and special label. It's not fair, she stole my sparkle and my gracious title: Queen of Pencils! I mean, the housing of pencils is extremely mistreated.

***A story by Y6 G -C
From Copthill School***



***Illustration by Y6 G -C
From Copthill School***

My Magic Pencils

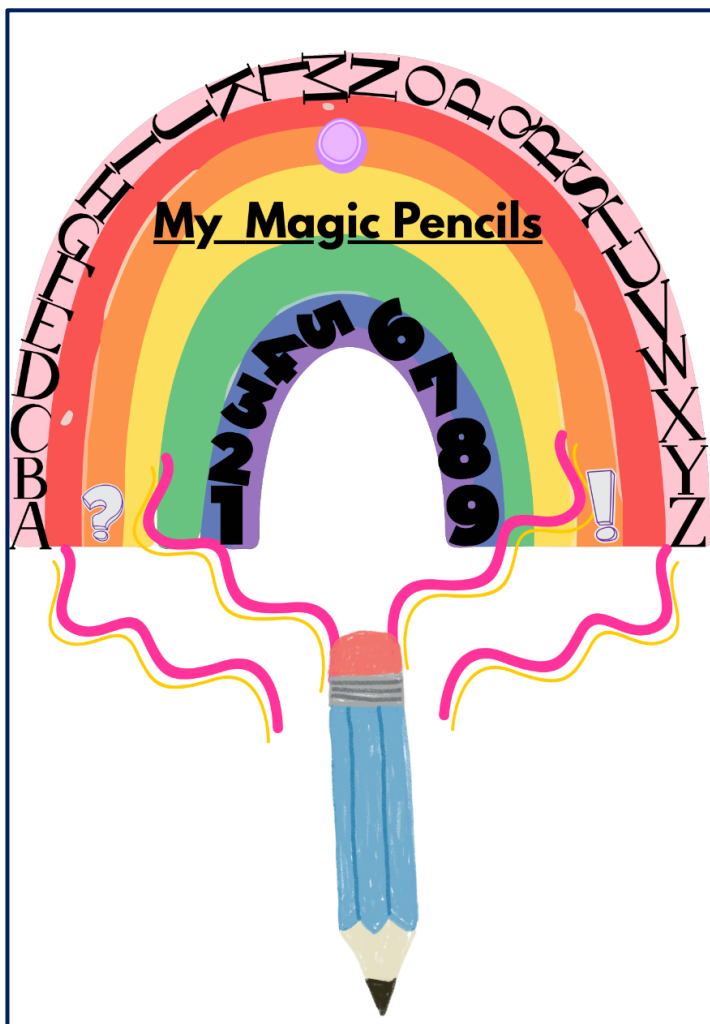
Most children go to school not knowing how to write, but that's in year 1. It's not as common for an 11 year old girl attending year 6. Well, it's time to introduce you to Louise, a small refugee who wears pigtails and normally red.

She's new to England, she's new to school, she's new to everything - except her pencils. They came in all colours. But she didn't care about that, what she adored most was their golden ink which seemed to glide over her page. But there was something she didn't know about them.

One day she woke up with an abrupt feeling of loneliness and isolation. Suddenly, her pencils slowly rose to their tips on her desk. They began to write a rainbow of letters, numbers and grammar, showing her an easier way of remembering. But as she watched, the ink began to slow to a stop and the pencil fell back to its position on the desk.

She gathered her things and set out on the rainy trek to school with her pencils in hand hoping they could help her in English. When she reached the main building, she decided to write a story about how her pencils had shown her everything to do with writing. Slowly, the pencils began to work again dotting and editing the mystical tale about their powers. She completed the story, titled it 'My Magic Pencils' and walked up to her teacher, who read it with wonder and excitement on her face.

***A story by Y6 L - N
From Copthill School***



***Illustration by Y6 L - N
From Copthill School***

My Magic Pencils

One rainy and miserable day, Teddy was in his new house exploring the attic. Suddenly there was a crackling noise and sparks coming from underneath the attic window, in an old box. Teddy investigated the strange sounds. Teddy opened the box and to his surprise he discovered a walking, talking, magical pencil.

"Hello, my name is Ethan, I'm your new friend!"

Teddy had been feeling very lonely in his new neighbourhood as there were no other children to play with. Teddy and his new pencil friend went exploring. They explored the woods and found an old, deserted cottage.

Then Ethan started to twinkle again and said, "Let's go on another adventure!" So off they went to the village where they found the doughnut shop. Teddy spent his pocket money on a chocolate one for himself and his pencil pal had jam. They went to the cinema to see The Minions Movie and had some popcorn and sweets.

Teddy and Ethan went back home in time for dinner. Teddy didn't feel lonely anymore, now that he had a friend. But there was more magic to come. Whilst Teddy slept, Ethan magically wrote down all their adventures for Teddy to read at school.

After Teddy read their adventures to his new class, all the children wanted to be Teddy's friend. He made many new friends but his best friend would always live in his pencil case.

***A story by Ethan & Teddy, Y3 - 1
From Gatehouse School***



Illustration by Ethan & Teddy, Y3 - 1
From Gatehouse School

My Magic Pencils

One day in the ocean, a whale was eating krill and accidentally ate a boring old pencil and that old pencil was never the same again. A few hours later, the whale's blow hole got stuck, the pencil was jammed, it finally came unstuck and then it went speeding toward the beach.

On the beach a boy named Gerald Robinson was sitting by a sandcastle, about to put a flag on the sandcastle, when the pencil from the whale became a flag instead!

Gerald took the pencil and looked at it then decided to draw a sandcastle with a perfect flag. Suddenly as he finished, the castle came to life. When he went back home from the beach, he started drawing,

Sneakily, he was trying to keep it secret but his brother, Oxen, saw and he was jealous. That night, Gerald was sleeping and Oxen secretly tiptoed into Gerald's room and snatched the pencil off the bedside table and hid it from him.

In the morning, Gerald was searching all over his room for the magic pencil and saw Oxen drawing with a pencil that had a mysterious green glow just like the magic pencil.

"Oxen NOOO!" but it was too late.

He had begun to draw dragons, dinosaurs and immediately the house began to rumble and the house got destroyed into pieces, chaos began to spread around the city. You couldn't turn a corner without a blast of dragonfire or footprints.

WILL GERALD SAVE THE WORLD?

***A story by Griffin & Dash, Y4 - 2
From Gatehouse School***



Illustration by Griffin & Dash, Y4 - 2
From Gatehouse School

My Magic Pencils

I grabbed Alo's leash, my sweaty hands brushing against the rough leather. I could feel the sweltering heat pushing against me and the thick air choking me.

As we entered Central Park round the corner, I walked to the benches to relax. There, sitting on my special bench, where nobody ever sat, was a man. He was old and wrinkly and quite skinny but somehow charming. He had a velvet book and was holding a hazel pencil with a golden tip. I stared at him with wide eyes.

I tilted my head to the side and observed. The elderly started to draw a beautiful scarlet tanager, I knew it was one because I'd studied birds and my mum was an ornithologist.

Almost immediately the bird came fluttering out of the book and into the sticky heat. It chirped. The man then raised his finger and the bird perched on it; then it flew back in the book and became a picture once more. I was speechless, as if I'd jumped out of my skin.

"Sir, what you just did was-." I couldn't find words.

He smiled but didn't say anything, he just simply drew my face on the pages.

Unexpectedly, Alo pulled hard on the leash, and I let go in pain. He rushed to a tree and barked at a squirrel.

Relieved, I turned back to the man.

He had vanished. Only a sheet of blank paper and his pencil where left on the bench.

***A story by Salome, Y6 - 3
From Gatehouse School***



***Illustration by Salome, Y6 - 3
From Gatehouse School***

The Problematic Pencils

Hi I'm Harriet Gilling and I've got a story for you. Last week I tried to do my homework and in a click of the fingers everything went wrong. It started with my little sister who stole my pencils. A chase began. The dog joined in. I shouted and then CRASH! Pencils everywhere. Juice everywhere. Homework ruined.

I went to bed frustrated. Next morning I was ready to try again but I noticed that my pencils had been put away and my homework was done. I asked my family if they had done it. No one had.

I was certain no one had been in my room. Who could it be? The answer was far from what I ever could have imagined.

I was sitting on my bed and out of nowhere a baby pencil appeared. "Hello, you forgot to put me back in your pencil case and now I'm lost!"

I sat staring in shock. The pencil was talking. "Can you help me please?"

I held out my hand softly and the little fella hopped on. "Hang on, was it YOU that did my homework?!"

"No, it was all of us" I suddenly realised... my pencils were magic!

I took the little guy over to my pencil case and unzipped it. Lots of pencils flew out saying thank you. "No thank YOU" I said, "You did my homework!" From that day, my pencils have helped me whenever I have been in trouble. Even at school. But that's another story!

***A story by Imani, Aveah, Iman, Henry & Florence, Y3
From The Old Vicarage School***



***Illustration by Imani, Aveah, Iman, Henry & Florence, Y3
From The Old Vicarage School***

Darkio and Pencilette

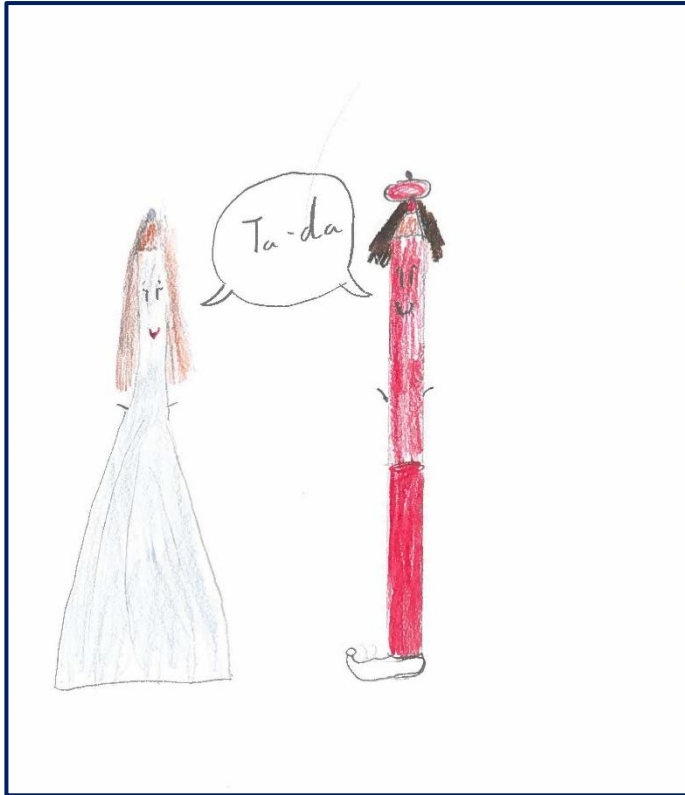
Once, there were two pencil families who hated each other because they were different. One family was dark and the other was light. Within those two families were two pencils, Darkio and Pencilette. "You should NEVER mix your colours," said their families. One day, the two pencils accidentally bumped into each other. Their families' beliefs told them that the other pencil was bad, but they soon discovered that they could be friends. They had many things in common. They excitedly told their families.

"Guess what?!" exclaimed Pencilette. "I need to tell you something," explained Darkio. "I found a new friend from the other side!" they both said. "You can't see someone on the other side!" shouted their families "and that is that!" Both pencils were frustrated that their families wouldn't let them see each other, but they predicted that their families wouldn't allow it. So, they had arranged to meet in secret.

Darkio and Pencilette met and began to draw. Together they created a masterpiece! People began to gather around the artwork. They had never seen two pencils from different sides make one picture. The two pencils families appeared. Darkio and Pencilette were worried, but they needn't have been. Their parents realised that the two brave pencils were right all along.

"What a spectacular sight!" the families said. "We're sorry we stopped you from being friend's because you were different. You've shown us that being different is beautiful" From that day all the colours drew incredible art together in harmony.

***A story by Violet, Kayphan & Elodie, Y5 & Y6
From The Old Vicarage School***



***Illustration by Violet, Kayphan & Elodie, Y5 & Y6
From The Old Vicarage School***

My Magic Pencils

On a rainy, Monday morning it was Joey's 8th Birthday and he had been dreaming of getting a gaming console. "Happy birthday, Joey!" Mum and Dad exclaimed.

"Here Joey, we've received some pencils from Uncle Jimmy for you," Dad said.

"Thanks," Joey said through gritted teeth.

He darted to his room; thinking that Uncle Jimmy should have known him better. He was very despondent. Frustrated, he threw the pencils into the bin, unveiling his ungrateful self. He jumped into his bed, tears streaming from his eyes, hoping that what had just happened was a dream. Suddenly, the bin was dancing. Joey spun round, curious, wondering what the mysterious sound was. Trembling with terror, Joey slowly lifted the bin lid. **BOOM!**

As he lifted the lid, he saw the pack of pencils bursting with colour making himself unaware of where he was. After a long, hard, 5 seconds of rubbing his rainbow eyes, they were filled with disbelief. There lay one innocent pencil ready to be used. Hesitating at first, Joey flipped his emotions to his brave self. Taking deep breaths Joey picked up the pencil and decided to draw.

His fingers ran away from him and before he knew it, there on the page in front of him was a gaming console. It was glowing magically. "How did this appear in front of me?" questioned Joey in incredulity. Before he knew it, he was rushing down the stairs to spread the word.

***A story by Y6 Class
From Parsons Green Prep School***



**Illustration by Y6 Class
From Parsons Green Prep School**

My Magic Pencils

"Mayday! Mayday! We're going down!" shouted the pilot. They were going to crash. Fred, Jack and Violet were terrified. The plane was banging from side to side, screeching and scratching through trees, when, suddenly, crash! There was only darkness.

When. Fred, Jack and Violet woke up, they seemed to be the only survivors. They crawled out of the plane and they smelled something pleasant. They walked through a bush and saw an old, towering temple in the jungle foliage. They walked deep into the temple and found a pencil that had a note stuck to it. Fred ripped it off and read it aloud "consequences will happen if you pick up this pencil". But they picked it up anyway.

Soon, there was a rumbling sound and boulders started rolling down a hill in the temple, and Fred said, we may as well enjoy the last seconds of our life by drawing." So, they drew a wall in mid-air, little did they know it was coming to life. Bang! The boulder hit the wall. The three children were shocked! They decided to run when they saw a wall of poison ivy. Fred knew what to do, so he picked up the pencil and drew a bridge. They walked over it and ended up at the back of the plane. Now, they started to draw hearts to revive the people who died in the plane crash; however, they were zombies! They drew wands and casted a spell to kill them.

***A story by Kiki, Max U & Max V - Les Aigles Imperiaux
From The Gower School, Group 1 Form 3***



***Illustration by Kiki, Max U & Max V - Les Aigles Imperiaux
From The Gower School, Group 1 Form 3***

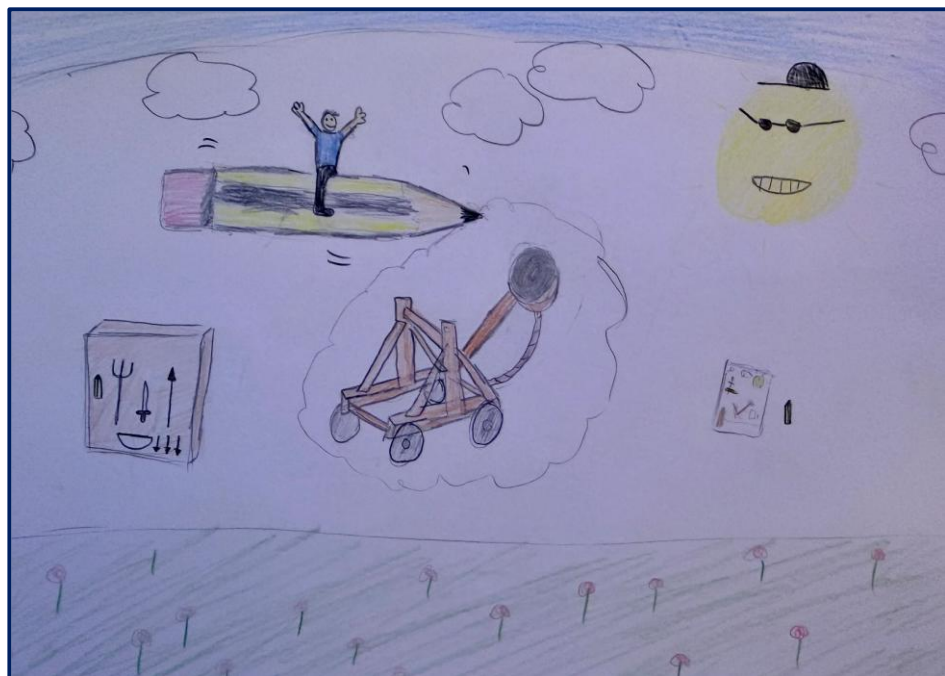
My Magic Pencils

This is the story of a gladiator called Ben, and the greatest battle of all-time. This is how the story unfolded. One day, in the great gladiator arena, Ben was faced with an impossible battle. He was against Aqualarius, the greatest of all time.

The morning of the fight, Ben lay in bed, worrying about how he would be crushed to smithereens. When he got to the stadium, the crowds were roaring like lions, but he felt a sense of solitude. As the iron gates swung open with a deafening screech he stepped forward into the arena to choose his battle weapon. The choice of weapons was: a battle axe, a sword, a spear, and a minuscule pencil. Aqualarius chose the sword, and he picked the pencil, which he didn't know was magic. "Ha! You going to threaten me with a pencil?" Aqualarius laughed.

The bell rang and the fight began. Aqualarius charged, sword in front of him. Suddenly, the pencil swung to life and started to draw a huge tawny catapult and a flint boulder... Soon when the pencil was half done it ran out of graphite! Then Ben ran towards the crowd, and made a man who was drawing them drop a pencil sharpener. Ben picked it up and sharpened his blunt pencil and then the pencil sprung to life again and finished the catapult. Ben pulled the trigger, and the boulder flew into the air and immobilised Aqualarius and that means Ben won the greatest battle of all-time.

***A story by Ori & Henry, Les Rennes
From The Gower School, Form 5***



**Illustration by Ori & Henry, Les Rennes
From The Gower School, Form 5**

The ISA offers a variety of arts events and competitions, in the visual and performing arts both in-person and online, designed to be inclusive for all students.

These events provide opportunities for students to express their creativity, receive feedback from experts, and showcase their artistic talents.

To find out more about the ISA programme, please visit our website:

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