Continued Story Writing

(d stream)

P1d

On a stormy day, Harry, the talking car, was driving to meet his friend. Harry was green all over with blue and white stripes on his sides. He was driving fast because he was in a rush…

P2d

Harry was desperate to get to his friend Thomas and to race him on a new track. When Harry arrived, Thomas was already there waiting for him at the starting line. By now the weather had got even worse. Thunder and lightning crashed in the sky and gale force winds blew through the exposed track. In all their excitement Harry and Thomas took no notice of the weather and started to rev their engines. Torrential rain bouncing off the car windscreens made it almost impossible to see. The engines revved louder and louder as the light changed, red, amber then green. Thomas and Harry sped off like a bullet out of a gun. They were racing neck and neck when they approached the first bend. As Harry cautiously slowed down, Thomas sped up and spun off the water soaked track. A crash of thunder was heard followed by the crash of Thomas as he skidded off the track and down an embankment…

P3d

Harry didn’t notice! He kept on racing and didn’t want to look back in case it made him slow down. He went round the whole track thinking that Thomas was right behind him! When Harry got to the finish line he cheered thinking he had won the race but when he turned around to see where Thomas was, Thomas was nowhere to be seen. Harry was puzzled. Harry decided to go and look for Thomas. By this point the weather was at its very worst. The rain came down in sheets and the wind was blowing furiously. As Harry came to the first bend again, he slipped on a puddle of oil. This put Harry into a spin. Finally he stopped. He was now facing the wrong way. As he went to turn around he noticed a light coming from off the track. Was this Thomas?

P4d

The light was getting closer. Finally he saw what was coming. It was a truck with Thomas in the back! It sped past Harry and was flying around the track. Thomas was crying for help. Harry revved the engine and sped off after the truck. He went round the next bend and saw that Thomas had managed to escape from the truck. All of his wheels were burst and all of his fuel was gone. He was in a terrible state. Harry didn’t know what to do. He thought he should speed up and find the truck to see who had captured Thomas, but that would leave Thomas all alone. It was getting dark. ‘What would a good friend do?’ thought Harry.

P5d

Harry paused – his head told him to go after the truck but his heart told him to stay with Thomas. He knew what he had to do.

Without hesitation he rushed over to see if Thomas was alright. Thomas was mud splattered and in a complete state. Harry didn’t know what to do. “T..T…T…Thomas” Harry stuttered “are you alright?” “Help me!” whispered Thomas in desperation. Suddenly Harry remembered that he had a phone in his boot so he called for a tow truck to come and help them.

By now the storm was raging and it was pitch black. Thomas and Harry were alone, waiting for what felt like an eternity. Harry and Thomas were nervous – was the tow truck going to come? Just as they were giving up hope they saw something away in the distance.

As the lights came closer to them they could see the shadow of a truck. Thomas and Harry felt a huge sense of relief. “Help, help” they roared desperately together. When the truck parked up beside them Harry had a sinking feeling inside – he recognised the truck …

Before they knew it Thomas had been loaded onto the truck. As quick as lightning it sped off into the distance and Harry was once again alone on the track suspicious of the speed at which the tow truck had sped off. Without a doubt, Harry, filled with worry, chased after his friend.

Suddenly Harry heard revving behind him – he looked in his wing mirrors and saw a gang of trucks behind him. Before he could catch his breath Harry realised that he was sandwiched between the tow truck and the gang. What was he going to do?

P6d

As he attempted to drive faster to evade the gang, another truck suddenly pulled out in front of him to block his path. Looking from side to side, Harry saw the trucks closing in on him like two charging rhinos. Noticing this, Harry slammed on his breaks, which emitted an ear splitting screech! He skidded trying to slow down, however, the trucks being bigger and heavier, couldn’t brake as quickly and collided, smashing and crashing against each other. Harry spun around 180 degrees and raced off in the opposite direction not even stopping to look back. After a couple of miles he glanced backwards to see nothing but darkness and knew he had escaped the gang.

It was now pitch black and Harry was terrified at the thought of what had happened to his best friend. Regardless of this fear, he knew he must do something to save him! Decisively, Harry changed course and drove back to the last place he had seen Thomas, the crash site. Suddenly, Harry spotted a series of oil puddles leading off into the distance. He followed them until finally they led off the main road along a narrow, uneven side street. The street was dark and gloomy, with graffiti along the derelict buildings. The lampposts flickered ominously. Harry crept nervously along the road jumping every time he saw a shadow. As he approached the end of the street, a terrifying structure appeared out of the gloom. The silhouette of a giant claw reached down and scooped up a rusty pile of metal. Glancing around at the piles of battered cars, he realised that he had arrived at a junk yard and knew deep down that Thomas was in there somewhere…

Primary 7d

The towering carcases of cars and vans, that looked as though they were hundreds of years old, towered above him. The distant screech and grind of rusty metal collapsing reached his ears and he was sure he heard a distant shout. Turning abruptly, Harry headed in the direction of the commotion but as soon as it had started, it ceased. An eerie silence fell over the yard and Thomas gulped. “He must be here somewhere,” He thought. Harry searched row after row of scrapped cars but found nothing. “What on Earth am I going to do?” He muttered under his breath. “THOMAAAAAAS!” nothing. “THOMAAAAAAAS! Where are you?” He hollered at the top of his lungs. Suddenly a groan met his ears. It came from a nearby crate. Harry rushed over as fast as his aching wheels would carry him. “Thomas, are you in there?”

“Yes, I’m here.” Said a faint and weak voice. “I’m locked in. The gang leader has the key.”

Harry knew at once what he must do. He must face the gang! But how? He was only one small car and they were a force to be reckoned with. Creeping silently in-between piles of scrap metal, Harry searched for the gang. Suddenly in the darkness he heard faint laughter and the distinct sound of revving engines. Following the ominous sound, Harry prepared himself for the fight of his life. The gang had congregated by a warehouse. A menacing metal crusher glinted in the background.

“Did ya see how weak he was?”

“Yeah! What a woose!”

The gang laughed together. Harry felt a wave of anger. How dare these cars talk about his friend like that! From a nearby warehouse appeared the shadow of something monstrous. Harry squinted to make it out. From the doorway emerged wheels, the size of which Harry had never seen, eyes like a demon and a steel body with menacing red paint. Harry knew it wasn’t going to be easy but above his bonnet he could make out the steel hand of one of the cranes used to move old cars around the yard. With his entire might, Harry jumped and caught the mechanical claw. He swung through the air like a bat, crashing straight into the leader. His aim was accurate and he sent the monster truck spinning backwards towards the teeth of the crusher. The force was enough. He was caught in the ferocious car eating machine.

“NOOOOOOOOOOO!” Screamed the gargantuan truck as he disappeared from view.

Harry turned, expecting to fight the rest of the gang and find the key. Instead he noticed a funny look on the cars’ faces…

“I can’t believe you did that,” Muttered one.

“That was awesome!” Exclaimed another.

“We’ve been living under his terrible rule for so long.”

“You’ve just saved us mate!”

Harry realised all at once that this gang were not mean at all. They were simply living in fear of a big bully!! Harry asked them if they knew where the key was to free Thomas.

“Yeah, it’s here,” said one of the cars, handing Harry a gold key. Harry sped to the crate to free his friend and tell him all about what had happened. Thomas couldn’t believe the story and thanked Harry for being such a fantastic friend. As the gang, Harry and Thomas left the scrap yard behind they chatted about their next race, which would definitely be on a sunny day. They agreed to look out for one another every time they drove anywhere.

The leader of the gang carried on his life as a much safer object…he was recycled into parts for toy cars. He now spends his days zooming around gardens and living rooms, not causing anyone any grief.

THE END.