

TOITOI

STORY SEARCH



Write a story inspired by Phoebe Leenhouwer's incredible artwork in Toitoi 10.

Send it to editor@toitoi.nz and include your name, age, school and a parent and/or teacher's name and contact details with your submission.

Submissions are due on April 13, 2018.

We will publish the best story in Toitoi 12 with additional illustrations by Phoebe.

#TOITOISTORYSEARCH

THE RUN

Dong went the bell for the start of the race,
So I set off at a very good pace.
I ran down the track with my heavy pack,
Speeding off, no time to look back!

I pumped my legs as I had rehearsed,

If I kept this up, I'd come first.

The woods were dark and the shadows loomed,

They weren't far behind or so I assumed.

Thud went my feet on the slippery ground,
But then I heard another sound.
I wondered what, 'til I saw those jaws,
And those dark, hairy, muscled paws.

Whatever it was didn't want to play,
I screamed and tried to run away.
It followed me so I ran astray,
My heart thudded fast as I started to pray.

Off the track and into the trees,

My hair streaming in my self-made breeze.

My eyes full of hair, my bag filled with rocks,

Weighing me down like concrete blocks.

I let it go crashing into a bush,

A dark paw swiped and gave me a push.

The trees made faces and I tripped on a lace,

Would I ever get out of this dark, scary place?

My mind played tricks as I rolled to one side,
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.
Mouths and eyes in trees everywhere,
Then I was smothered in long dark hair.

In my mind a scream, in the air a howl,
A cloud of stinking breath — foul!
But wait! I know that smelly breath!
Rover — is that you? Not a creature of death?

"Get off, you clown. Am I glad to see you!

But now I'm lost. What shall we do?"

He bounded away and barked at me,

"Let's go home now, Rover" I plead.

But he's looking up and that's when I see Something jumping from tree to tree...

