

Friendship - by Milana (aged 7)

Many moons ago there was an old, ugly troll who lived in a glittering cave. The villagers that lived nearby could hear strange noises every morning and every night because the ugly ogre was always angry and cross. He was as stinky as a skunk and had horrible, yellow teeth but the most terrible thing about the ogre was he was stealthy and sly!

One evening one of the villagers called Mrs Maracoon decided to go into the dark, damp cave and ask the ugly old ogre what was the matter. Mrs Maracoon grabbed her bag and filled it with treats and water for the old ogre. Off she went into the gloomy cave.

When she arrived she stopped and could already hear the noises of him being angry but when she opened the door he was actually crying! Mrs Maracoon said, 'What's the matter?' and the ogre said, 'I don't have any friends'. Mrs Maracoon was terrified. She had never heard anyone say that before so she said, 'I will be your friend.'

The ogre scooped her up and gave her a big hug. Finally Mrs Maracoon took the ogre to the village but the villagers were afraid. 'Don't worry the ogre is kind!' They all had a party at the end of the day to celebrate and they lived happily ever after.