

**Shivani's writing: (NB)**

Irritated, Miss Trunchbull stormed into her office with a girl whimpering behind her. The girl started to shake like a leaf and cowered behind her small, trembling hands. Miss Trunchbull slammed the door closed. It was a dark room as the walls, floor and even ceiling were painted deep green. All the windows were boarded up. Miss Trunchbull's desk, which was very messy, was in the centre of the dark, murky room. Threateningly, the annoyed headmistress walked behind her desk and picked up a large stick.

"Now, child," Miss Trunchbull snarled, pointing her muscular finger at the poor innocent girl, "You were speaking during a test." The girl, who was half crying, nodded. "I am very sorry to do this but..." Miss Trunchbull said sarcastically, pretending to cry, "It's the chokey for you!" But when she said this, the sarcastic tone was gone and instead she cackled it out as if she were a witch.

Miss Trunchbull marched behind her desk but she stopped at a door, which looked nothing like a door the girl had ever seen before. It was very narrow and was painted raven black (the girl figured out that it was the chokey). Large, threatening nails were sticking out of the door. As if by magic, the door swung open. "Go on, hurry now, I don't have all day," Miss Trunchbull said, gesturing to the chokey. The girl stopped and looked into the hole in the wall that was the chokey. "Is it safe?" she asked. Miss Trunchbull looked angrier than she had ever been before. She turned as red as a volcano "Don't speak back to me young lady, or so help me you will be in there for a whole month!" Miss Trunchbull snapped.

Legs like jelly, the girl stepped inside. Miss Trunchbull got the stick and slapped the girl's small, thin wrist. "That is what you get when you aren't disciplined in my school!" Miss Trunchbull cackled evilly. Suddenly the door slammed shut...

**Joshua's Writing: (JP)**

With hands trembling like an earthquake, Alfie emerged from the gloomy shadows into the dim light created by the dusty, ancient chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Suddenly, he saw the outline of an incredibly tall, slim creature which sniffed the air as if looking for prey. Miss Root!

Like a vulture stalking its food, she gazed down at him with her endless, death-black eyes. Alfie was frozen to the spot, he was terrified. He tried to swallow, but his mouth was as dry as the Sahara Desert. His fingers tingled with pins and needles and his heart pounded like an old bass drum.

"Hello, child," she creaked, sounding like an old door in need of oiling. "I've been expecting you."

Alfie knew he should run, but it was like he had been lassoed and was being pulled towards the shabby dentist's chair against his will. There was nothing he could do to escape, he was helpless.

As he reached the dentist's chair, it was like he was lifted up by an invisible force and dumped onto it. The last sound he heard before the unimaginable began, was the clunk of the metal cuffs slamming round his wrists and ankles.

"Open wide, child," sang Miss Root.