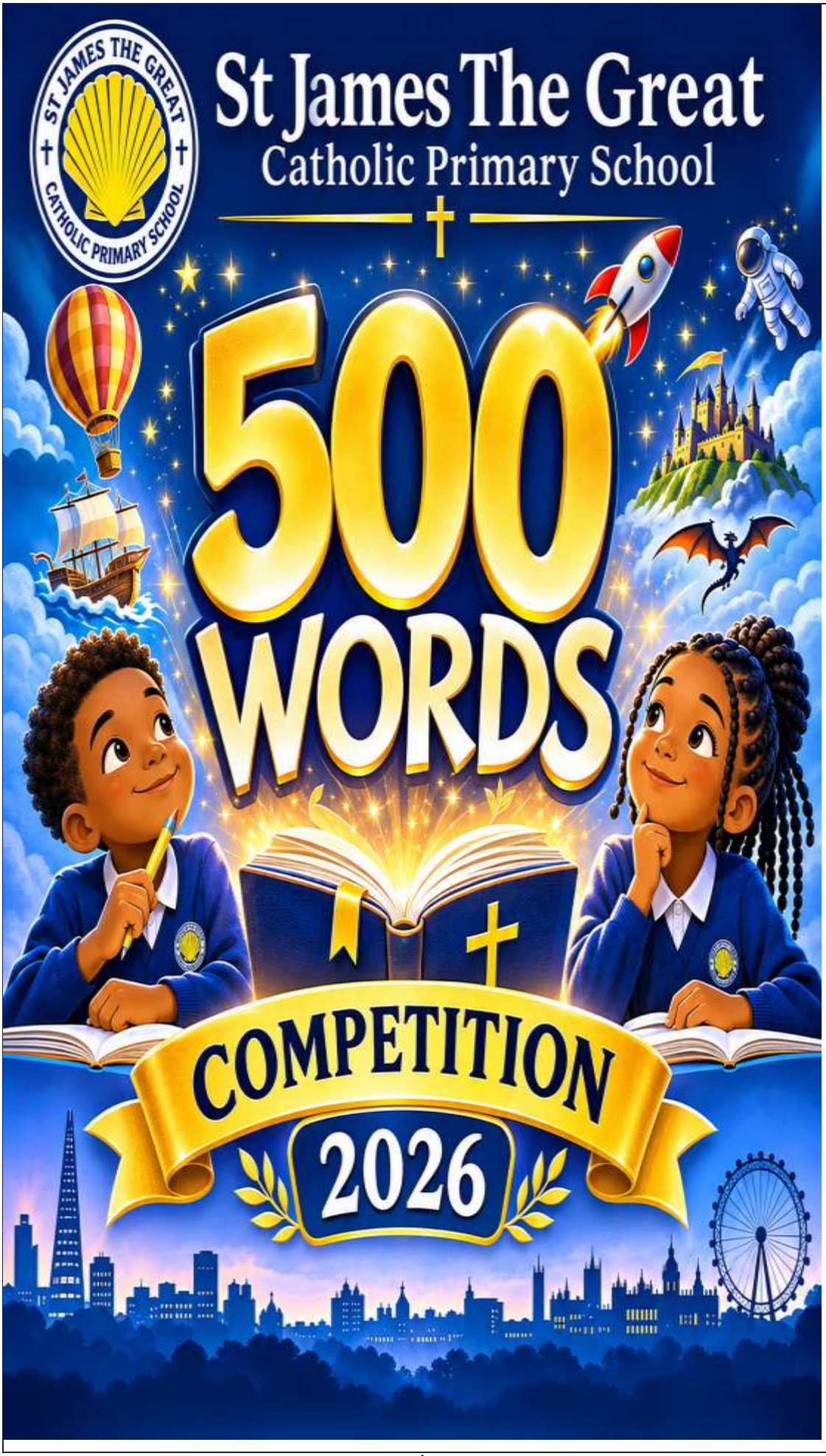

ST JAMES THE GREAT
CATHOLIC PRIMARY SCHOOL
St James The Great
Catholic Primary School
500
WORDS
COMPETITION
2026

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"You can make anything by writing."

C.S. Lewis

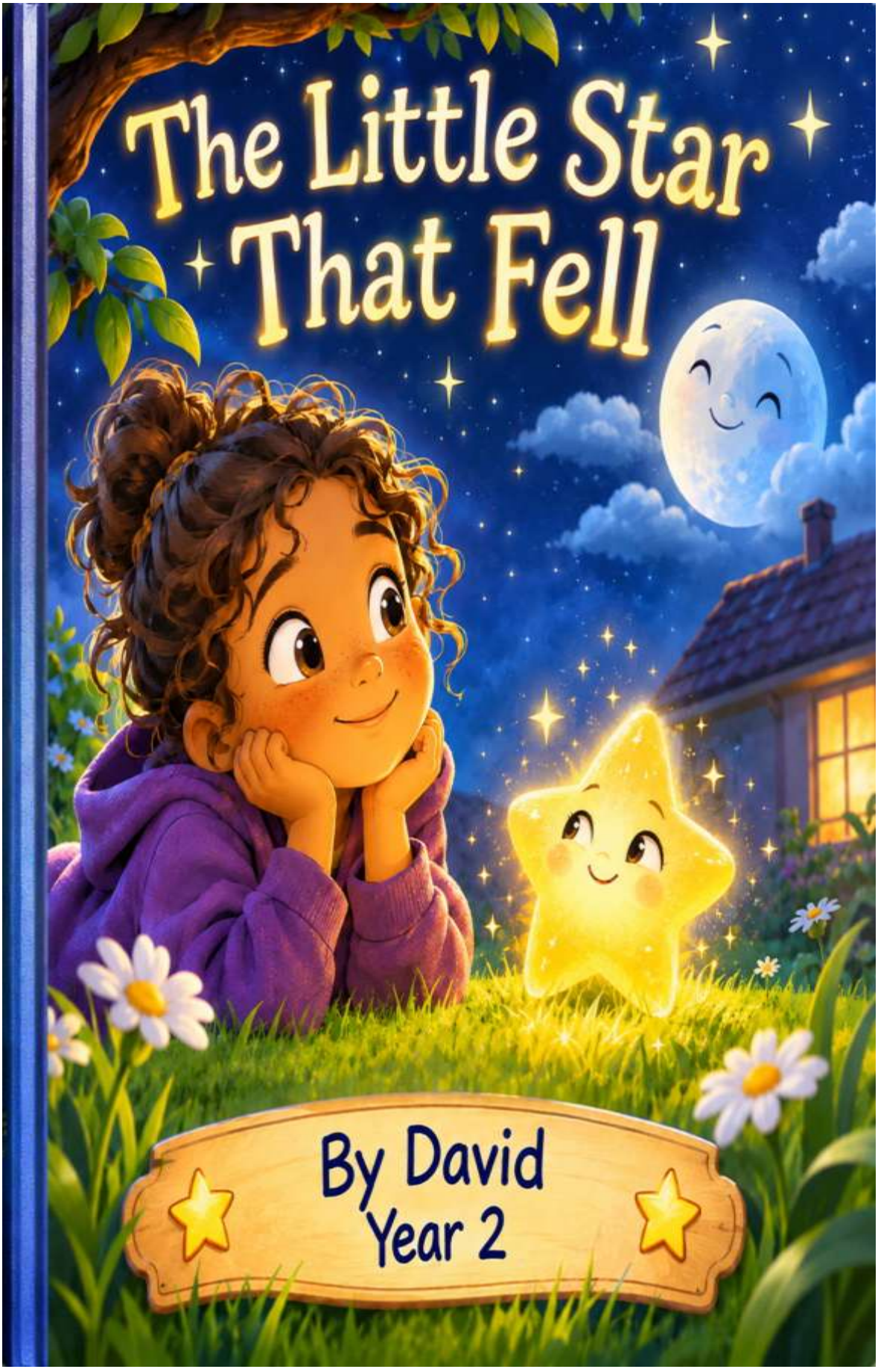
🌟 Special Awards 🌟

🏆 Overall 500-Word Story Champion
Gisela (Year 4) - *Marina and The Island of Song*

🥈 Runner-Up Overall 500-Word Story Champion
Amira (Year 5) - *The Lighthouse That Wanted to Be a Star*

🕷️ Scariest Story Award
Sapphire (Year 6) - An Apocalypse to Remember

✨ *Congratulations to all our young authors. Your creativity, imagination and talent have made this collection of stories truly special.*


The Little Star That Fell
By David
Year 2

The Little Star That Fell

One sunny evening, Lily walked into her garden. The sky was turning pink and gold. She loved this time of day. She looked up at the sky and smiled.

Suddenly, something bright fell past the trees. It landed with a soft little bump in the grass. Lily ran over to see what it was. Right there, sitting among the daisies, was a tiny, glowing star. It was not big at all—just the size of her hand.

“Hello?” Lily said gently.

The star looked up. Its light was a little dim. “Hello,” it said in a tiny voice. “I was chasing a butterfly, and I fell. Now I can’t get back home.” The starlight flickered sadly.

Lily sat down beside it. “Don’t worry,” she said. “I will help you.”

First, Lily stood on a garden chair. She held the star up high. But the sky was still very far away. “Too low,” said the star.

Next, she climbed the old apple tree. Up, up she went. Her feet were on the highest branch. She stretched her arm out. But the sky was still too far. “Still too low,” said the star. It looked a little sadder now.

Lily thought hard. What goes up very high? She knew! She ran inside and came back with a big, bright balloon. It was blue, like the sky.

“Hang on tight!” she told the star.

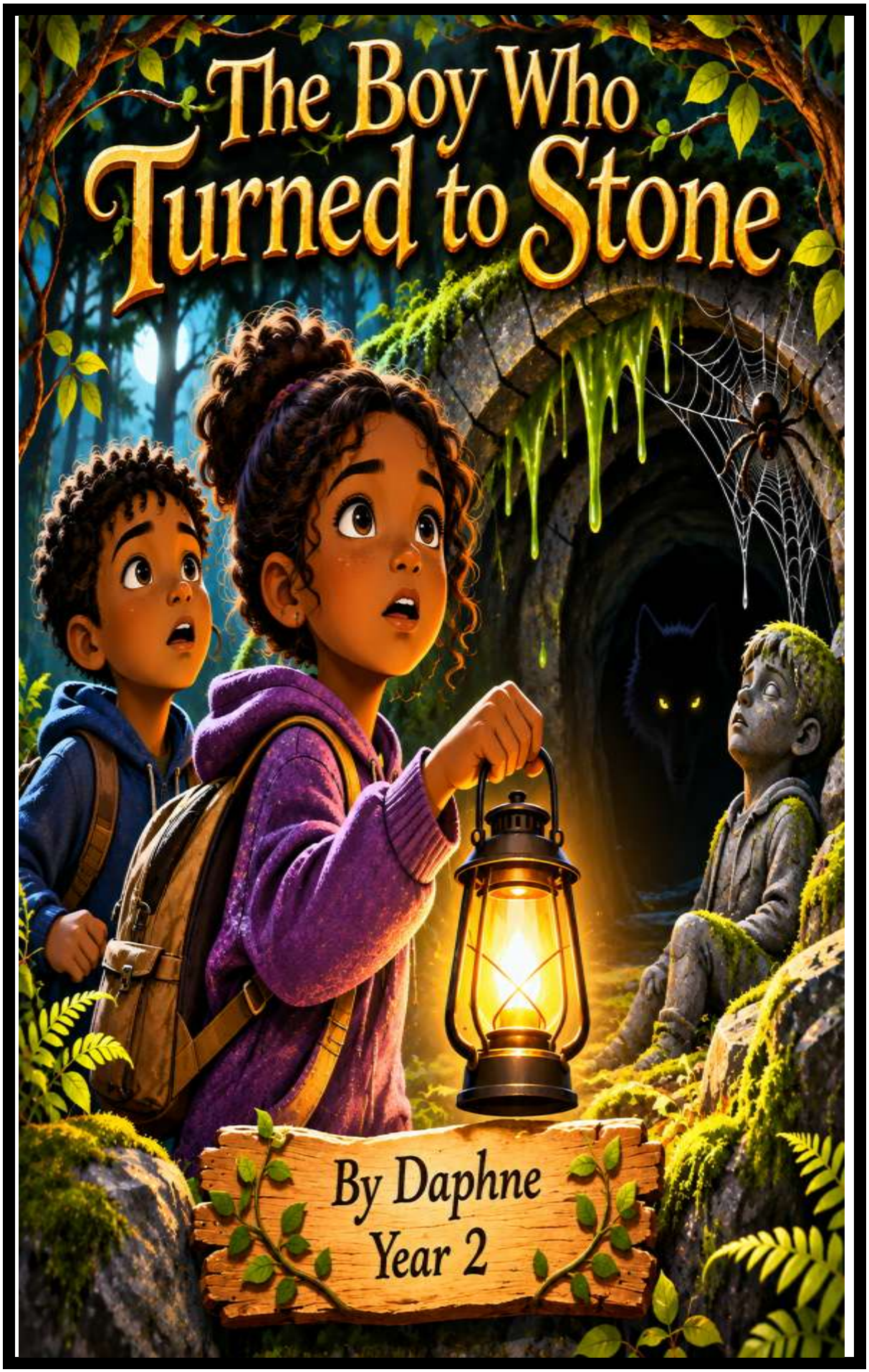
She let go of the balloon. Up, up it floated. But the wind blew it into a bush. The balloon got stuck. Oh no! Lily felt a little upset. The star’s light was getting fainter. It needed to be back in the sky soon.

Then, the most wonderful thing happened. The big, round moon peeked over the rooftop. It smiled down at them.

“Need a lift?” the moon asked in a soft, deep voice.

The moon leaned down—just a little bit. Lily held the star up as high as she could reach. The moon took the star gently in its warm glow. Up, up, up they went, until the star was back with all its family in the sky.

That night, Lily looked out her bedroom window. One little star twinkled brighter than all the rest. It blinked three times. Lily smiled and blinked back. She knew exactly what it meant: “Thank you, my friend.”


The Boy Who Turned to Stone
By Daphne
Year 2

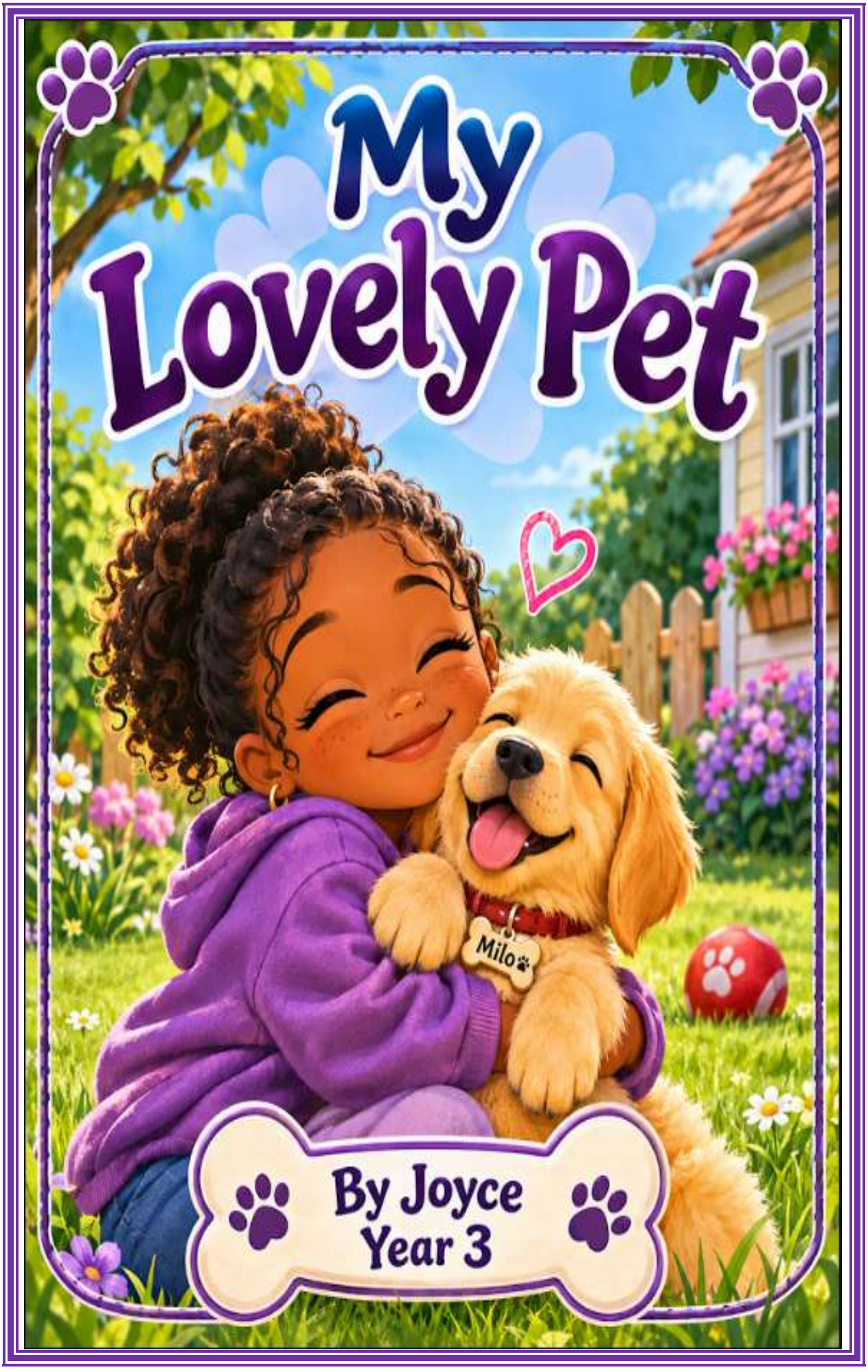
The Boy Who Turned To Stone

Once upon a time there was a little girl in the forest with her brother. She and her brother was walking and walking and walking till they found a tunnel.

It was very dark and it was very scary.

Her brother thought it wasn’t scary so her brother went inside and he saw sticky slime and spiders. He wasn’t scared of anything.

When he was there he saw a wolf but it was just a tree. But it was still a wolf. His sister was calling his name but he did not answer. He was a stone.


My
Lovely Pet
Milo
By Joyce
Year 3

My Lovely Pet

Once upon a time, there lived a girl named Emma who loved animals very much. Her biggest dream was to have a pet of her own.

One sunny morning, her father came home with a tiny golden puppy. Emma jumped with joy when she saw him. “Oh wow, Daddy! He is cute!” she shouted happily.

Emma named him Milo. He had soft golden fur, floppy ears, and a little black nose. From that day onwards, Milo became her best friend.

Every morning, Emma fed Milo and gave him fresh water. They played together in the garden, chased butterflies, and ran around the trees. Milo loved playing with his red ball and wagged his tail whenever Emma called his name.

One afternoon, Emma returned from school feeling sad because she had had a difficult day. Milo ran towards her and gently placed his head on her lap. Emma hugged him tightly and smiled.

“You always make me happy, Milo,” she whispered.

One day, while playing in the garden, Milo heard a tiny bird crying near a bush. He barked softly to get Emma’s attention. Emma carefully looked around and found a little bird that had fallen from its nest. She asked her father for help, and together they made sure the bird received proper care.

“You are such a kind puppy, Milo!” Emma said proudly.

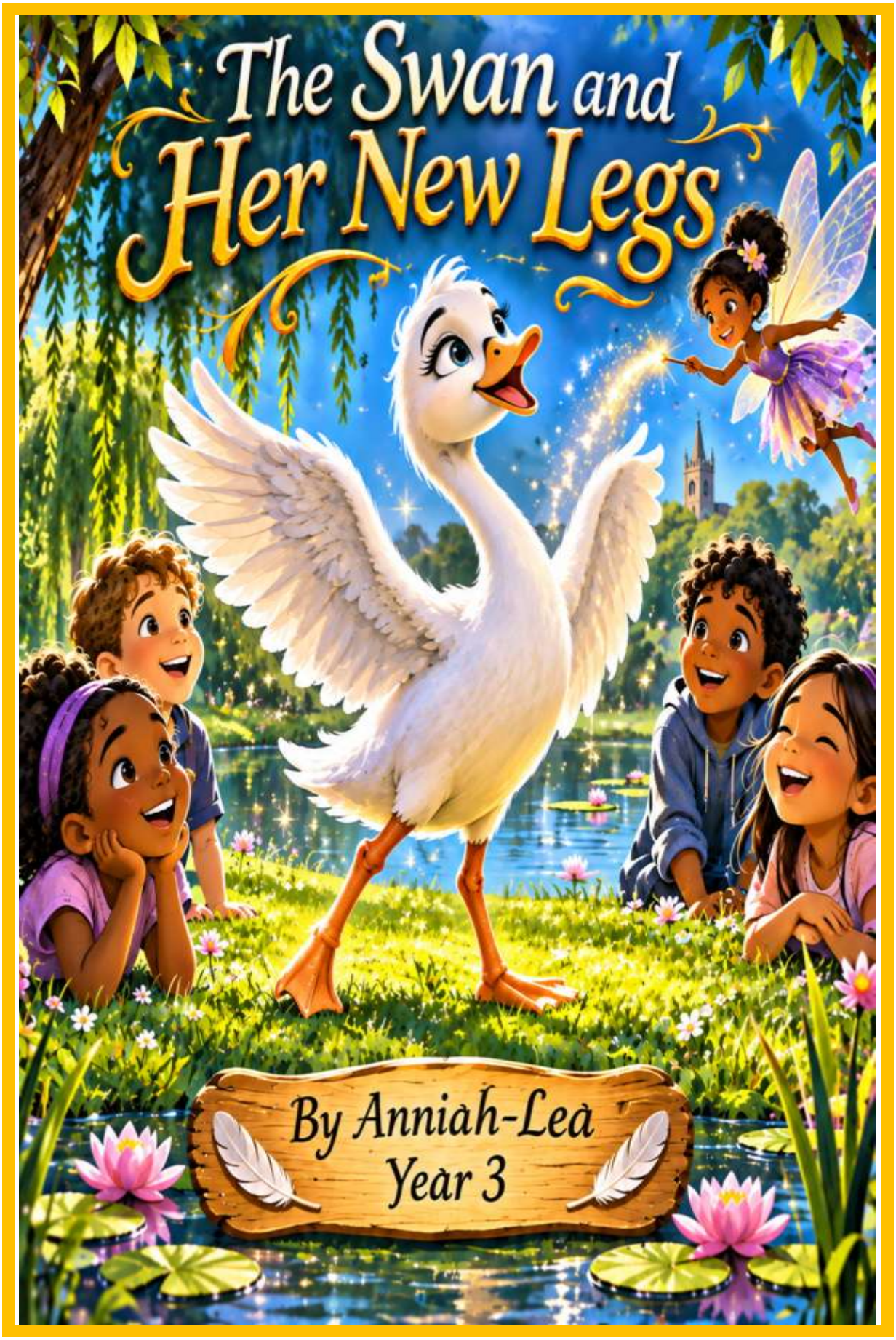
As the days passed, Emma learned that having a pet was not just about playing. It was also about responsibility, patience, and kindness.

Every night, before going to bed, Emma hugged Milo and whispered, “You are not just my pet. You are a special member of my family.” Milo wagged his tail happily and curled up beside her.

From that day onwards, Emma and Milo shared many wonderful adventures, filling their home with laughter and love.

Moral: Pets are our loving companions. We should always treat them with kindness, care, and respect.

The End.


The Swan and Her New Legs
By Anniah-Lea
Year 3

The Swan And Her New Legs

Once upon a time there was a beautiful, white, fluffy swan whose only wish was to have legs like the children who played near her pond.

There was also a fairy who lived in the evergreen tree, and one day when the fairy flew across the pond, her potion fell right onto the fluffy swan. Then the swan felt legs growing inside of the water. So she was able to play with the children.

Then she carefully climbed out of the cold, majestic water. At first, she didn't know how to use them. A little girl teaches her how to use legs.

Then the swan said, "Thank you!" Then after the swan asked, "Can I live with you because I don't have a home?"

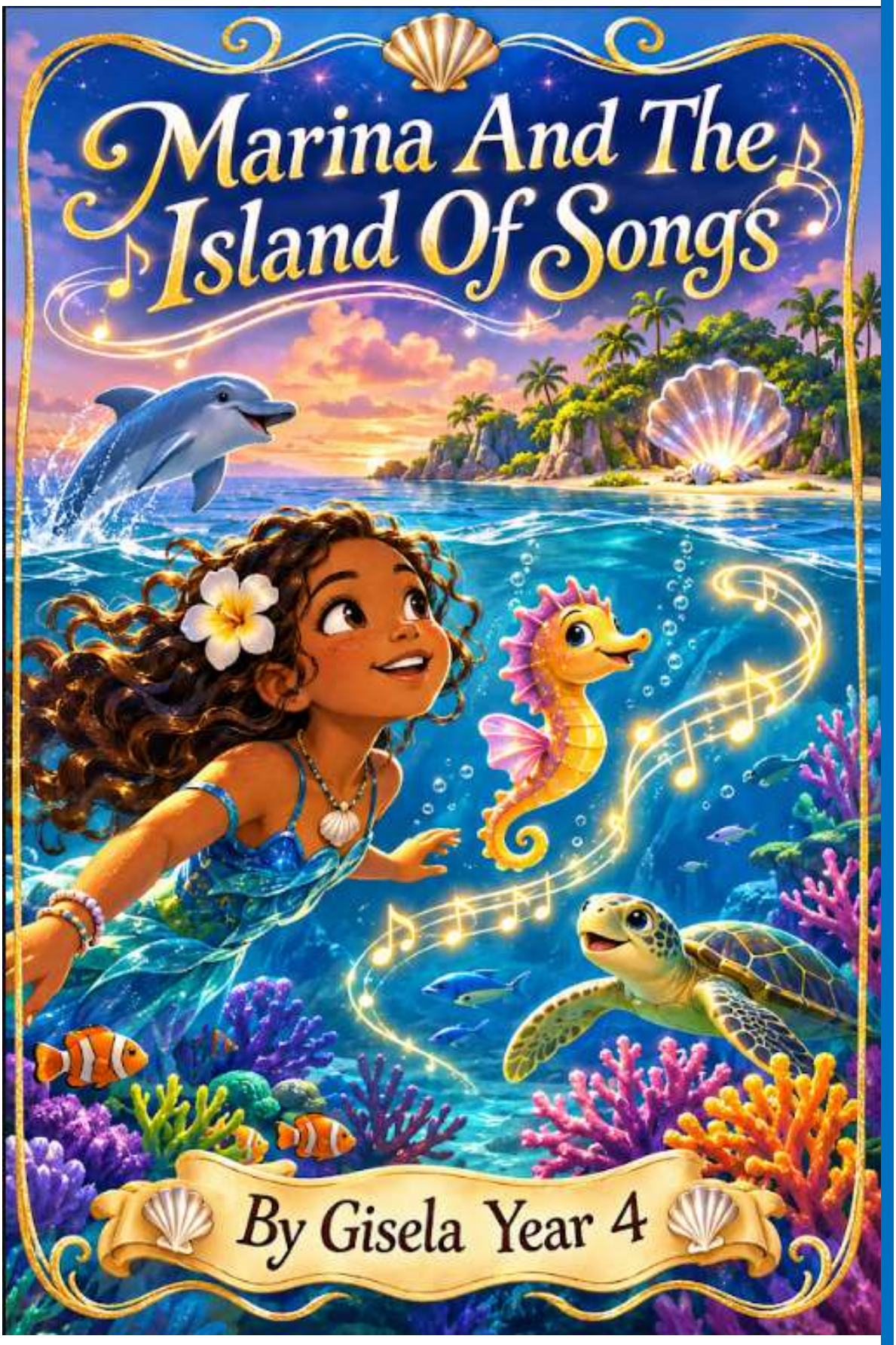
"Of course you can come," replied the girl. After the swan went to her house and the girl explained, "You can sleep in my room. I have a bunk bed."

In the evening they went to sleep and her mum knew but she didn't mind at all if a beautiful, white, fluffy swan was there. The next day they had breakfast then went to the park again and the swan saw her siblings then used the fairy dust to change back.

The swan said, "I will see you again!"

The girl cried and shouted, "I will never forget you!"

And they lived happily ever after.


Marina And The Island Of Songs
By Gisela Year 4

Marina And The Island Of Song

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Marina who lived in a small house by the sea. She was eight years old, had dark hair and a laugh so joyful that even the seagulls seemed to want to copy her. Marina was curious, brave, and dreamed of discovering all the secrets of the ocean.

Every afternoon, her grandfather told her stories about a hidden island that only appeared when someone needed help. According to legend, in the centre of the island there was a silver seashell that could bring music back to the sea.

One morning, while Marina was collecting seashells on the beach, she found a tiny seahorse trapped among some seaweed.
“Please help me!” begged the seahorse.

Marina carefully freed him and placed him in a quiet rock pool.

“Thank you so much,” he said. “My name is Coral. I need your help. The Island of Songs has lost its melody and the sea animals are worried.”

“What can I do?” Marina asked.

“We must find three special sounds: a genuine laugh, the song of a brave creature, and the whisper of a promise.”

Marina agreed without hesitation. Coral guided her to a little boat and together they sailed towards the horizon.

First, they arrived at a cave where a family of dolphins lived. One of the baby dolphins was trying to jump, but he always fell on his side. Marina began making funny faces to cheer him up. The little dolphin burst into laughter, and his giggles were so contagious that everyone started laughing too.

A golden bubble appeared from that laughter.

“We have found the first sound!” Coral cheered.

Next, they sailed towards a dark coral reef. There, they found a turtle trembling with fear because she had to cross a very strong current to return to her family.

“You don’t have to do it alone,” Marina told her. “We’ll go with you.”

Marina and Coral swam beside the turtle and began to sing as she moved forward. Her voice was gentle but so strong that the current seemed to become calmer. A tiny blue musical note appeared from her song and floated above the water.

“That is the song of bravery,” Coral said.

Finally, they reached the island. In the centre, they found the great silver seashell, silent and covered in sand.

Marina placed her hands on its surface.

“I promise to listen to those who need help, protect the sea, and remember that even the smallest voice can make a difference.”

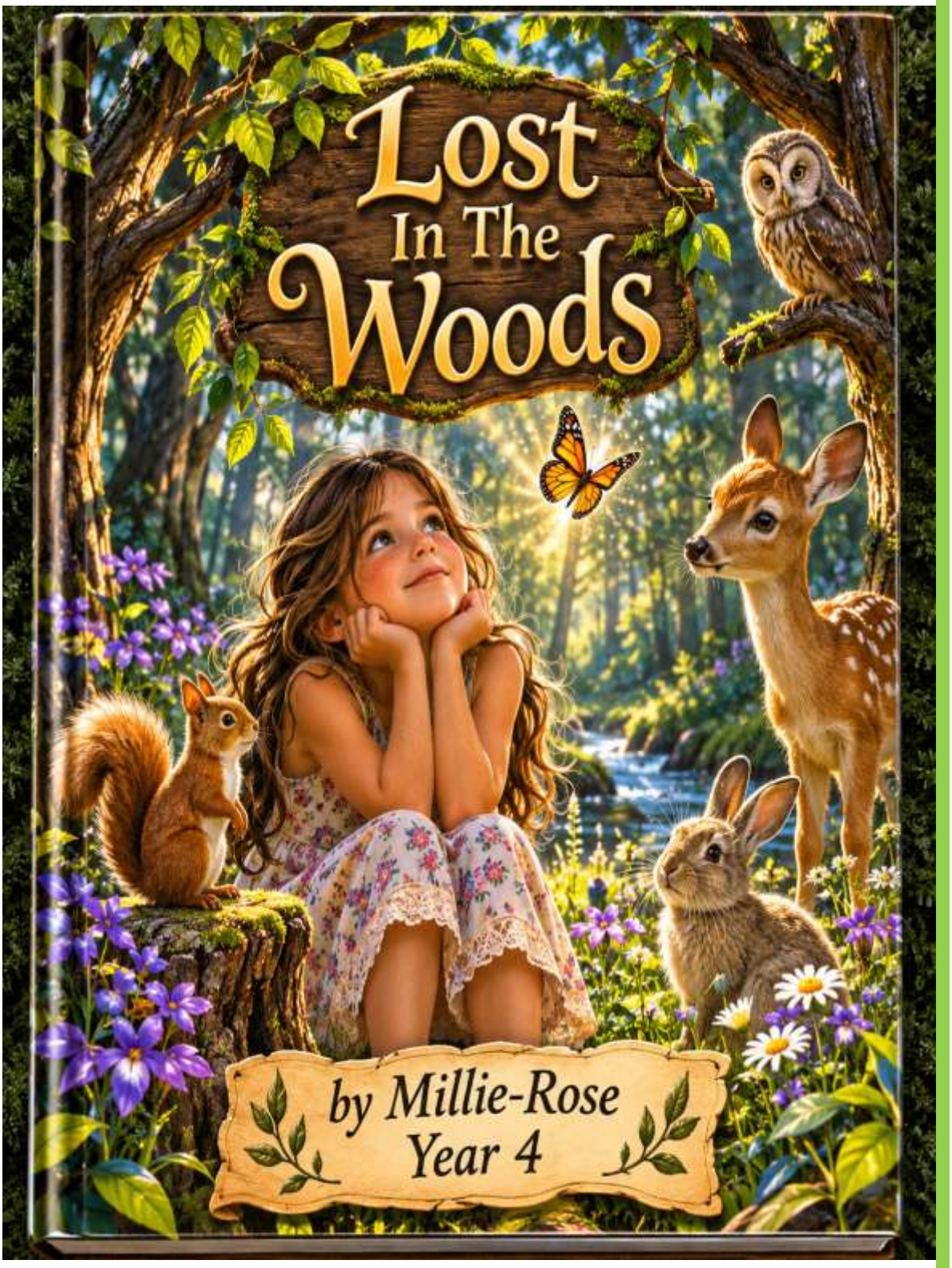
Her promise turned into a sparkling whisper that entered the seashell. Suddenly, the golden bubble and the blue note joined the whisper. The seashell began to glow and released a sweet melody across the entire island.

WHOOSH!

The waves began to dance, the corals regained their beautiful colours, and thousands of fishes emerged. The whole ocean seemed to be singing!

Coral smiled with excitement.

“Marina, you have discovered that the most powerful music is born when someone helps others.”


Lost
In The
Woods
by Millie-Rose
Year 4

Lost In The Woods

Once in the foggy, dark forest was a little, quiet cottage. There was a kind, helpful woman that had two sons and one daughter. The daughter always was doing chores while the sons were always playing.

Nearby there was a river with clear blue water, with loads of sea creatures. After the long, hard working days the girl, who was called Stacy, often relaxed by the river and most of the time she reads her interesting book. Time to time when Stacy was very quiet she could see colourful fishes swimming in the river.

The two brothers were called Jack and Jacob; they were twins and older than Stacy. Most of the times Stacy's brothers were very mean and unhelpful. While Mum Lucy was working very hard to provide for her children, the boys never done the chores their Mum said they would, just make Stacy do it all the time.

One day Stacy was by the river and she saw a beautiful butterfly. She followed it deeper in the woods to the most amazing field full of magnificent flowers. She picked so many flowers for her mum. Then she realised that she lost her way home. She began to cry and she was very scared.

She sat down next to an oak tree. She was cold, hungry and very frightened. Stacy was wearing a summer dress yet the day was warm; however, evenings become colder. The sun was coming down slowly and the day was coming to an end.

Suddenly, ‘Bump!’ Something hit her head.

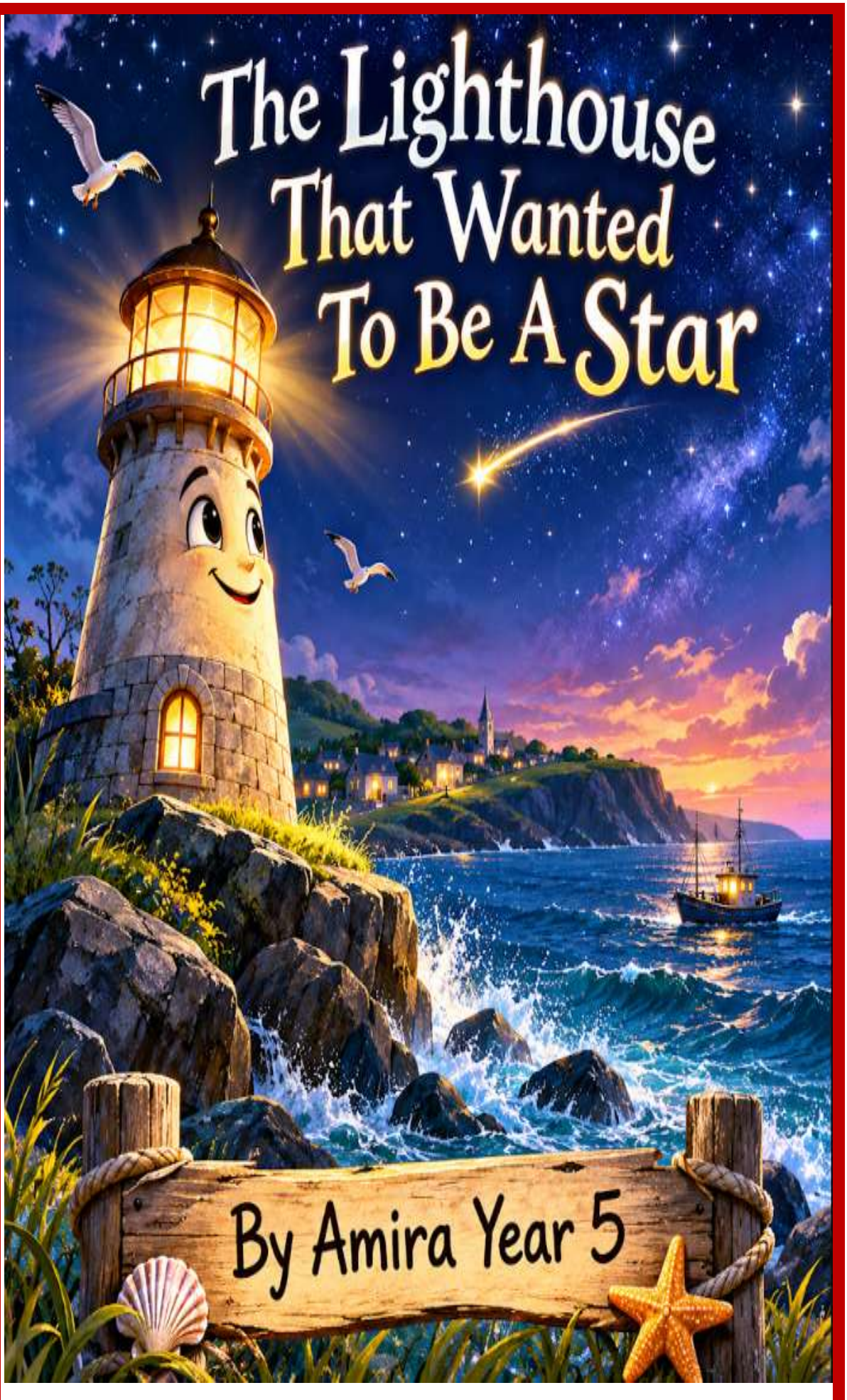
She looked around but she couldn't see anyone. Then she looked up and she noticed a ginger, fluffy tail which was a squirrel playing with acorns. Suddenly the squirrel went down the tree to find the lost acorn. Stacy wanted to help. At the beginning the squirrel didn't want to come near Stacy but instead was busy looking for the acorn.

The girl loved all animals and she was very gentle with them. With both hands Stacy found many more acorns and put it in front of the squirrel. The clever squirrel noticed that Stacy was sad but very friendly so the squirrel disappeared for a while in the woods. She returned with her wild friends which was a deer, bunny and a very clever owl.

They all saw Stacy crying so the squirrel jumped on Stacy's lap and cuddled her. The bunny and the deer observed that she doesn't do any harm to the animals. The owl knew that she was lost so the owl made a sound to get attention. Then the squirrel with her wild friends saw they started walking back to the woods with Stacy.

While walking Stacy heard her mum calling her. Stacy was delighted to see her mum but when Stacy turned around her new friends were gone. Stacy told her mum about the adventure and gave her the beautiful flowers from the field. Her mum was really relieved that she was safe at home.

THE END


The Lighthouse That Wanted To Be A Star
By Amira Year 5

The Lighthouse That Wanted To Be A Star

Oliver, an old lighthouse beside a small village, spent his days surrounded by seagulls and waves, and his nights guiding ships with a golden beam. After a century on the rocky cliff, he longed to escape.

Every evening, he gazed at the sparkling stars. “They’re so lucky,” he whispered. “They can travel anywhere, while I’m stuck here forever.” He dreamed of floating through space, visiting planets and exploring the ocean.

One evening, dark clouds swallowed the sky. WHOOSH! Wind howled like a hungry wolf. CRASH! Enormous waves battered the cliffs as thunder rumbled and rain hid the horizon. Suddenly, Oliver spotted a fishing boat tossed by the waves. The sailors struggled to control it.

“They’re going to crash!” he cried, turning his light towards them. But his golden beam flickered. His old lamp was failing.

“Please, a little longer!” he begged.

Just then, a shooting star appeared between the clouds. WHOOSH! It streaked across the sky like a diamond. “Why are you so worried?” it asked.

Oliver explained, sharing his dream of travelling through space. “You think life is boring because you never leave,” the star replied. “But think of the lives you’ve saved. Your light gives lost people hope. That makes you special.”

Oliver remembered the ships he’d guided home and the families reunited. He couldn’t travel the universe, but he could make a difference. “I won’t give up!” Gathering his remaining strength, he shone brighter than ever. FLASH! His beam pierced the darkness, reaching the boat just in time.

“Look! The lighthouse!” a sailor shouted. CRASH! Waves battered the boat, but the sailors reached safety. By sunrise, the storm had passed. In the village, families hugged the returning sailors, and everyone praised Oliver’s bravery.

Later, a young girl whose father had been aboard placed a handmade star beside his door. “You saved my dad. When I grow up, I’ll help people too,” she said. Oliver glowed with warmth. For once, he wasn’t wishing to be elsewhere.

That night, the shooting star returned. “Do you still want to travel through space?”

Oliver looked at the peaceful ocean. SPLISH, SPLASH! Waves lapped the shore; village lights twinkled.

“No,” he replied. “I’ve realised I don’t need to be a star to shine.”

From then on, Oliver never wished to leave. He guided ships through the darkness, knowing even the smallest light could make the biggest difference.

The End.


Don't Jump
By Anna
Year 5

DON'T JUMP

The wind howled and screeched as I was ready to jump. "This is it," I thought, barely able to think straight through the constant howling of the wind. I was so nervous at the thought of jumping that I checked my parachute six times already. Now was the seventh.

I won't lie. I... I almost didn't jump. I was on a helicopter, ready to jump, but then I froze. My body just locked up. All the memories flooded back at once. The thought of what happened last time still gives me chills.

I was with my friends. It was my first time putting on a parachute, so I waited for the instructor to teach me to put it on. I was the only one without my parachute on yet. But no one knew that. Or no one saw that I didn't have one on yet. My friend got pushed down and she was so scared that she grabbed my leg and pulled me down too. The instructor jumped down and grabbed me just in time. He saved my life. Now I wonder what would have happened if he didn't save me by jumping.

This time, I was alone. 'No one to save me now, I guess.' I muttered through gritted teeth. 3. 2. 1.

If you wonder how I got here in the first place, knowing that the same thing could happen again, read on.

I went here because I heard some rumours about some cursed wind. Yeah, yeah, that sounds stupid. Whatever. Continue.

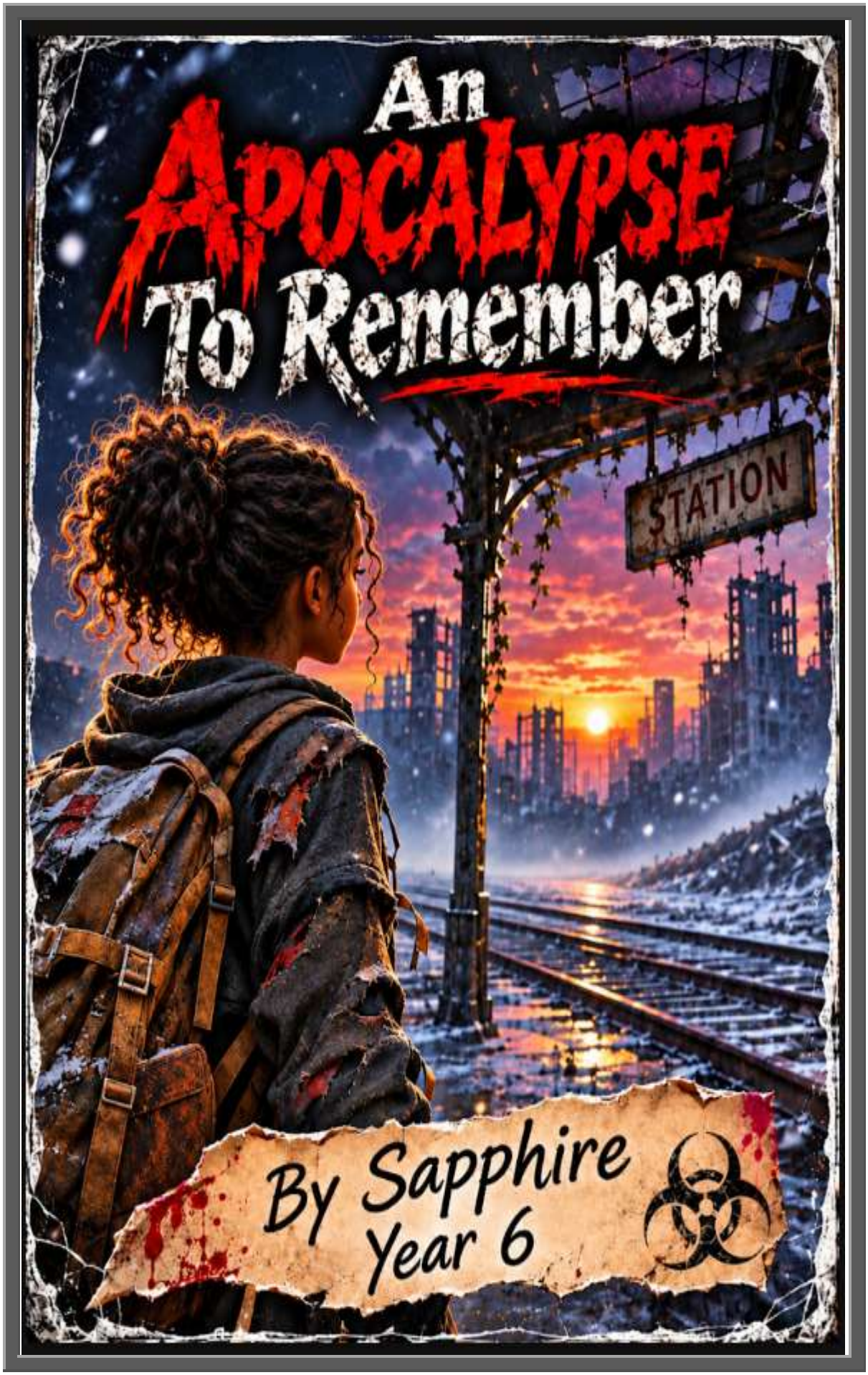
3. 2. 1. I JUMPED. I didn't notice that while I was daydreaming, the wind around me grew louder and stronger by the second. Suddenly, the wind surrounded me like a heavy blanket of pure dust. I say dust because it had a faint tinge of black to it, but as it swirled and locked me in place, it blended together into a dull, hazy grey. It was in the shape of a ball. It was more... oval than like a sphere. I screamed as loud as I could, but no sound came out. I was trapped with no way to get out. 'The rumours were true and this is how I die. Great. Just great. At least this is a cool death...?' I thought while a knot of anticipation formed in the pit of my stomach. 'What will it do to meeeee!!!!!!!!!!' I barely managed to blurt out before vanishing in a cloud of smoke. If you just walked by, you would think no one was ever there.

I found myself in a completely other world. Things were floating, some objects were dancing. It was crazy.

Hi. The person who just wrote this was my sister, I think. I don't know how this was written though... It's my sisters handwriting but that's impossible.

She went missing 2 years ago... We still haven't found her.

The last I remember of her was a faint scream that was muffled by some howling and screeching wind.


An
Apocalypse
To Remember
STATION
By Sapphire
Year 6

An Apocalypse To Remember

One morning, I woke up however it was snowing. Flakes of snow softly sprinkled along my windowsill and softly puffed across the glass like tiny clouds. As I stretched out of bed, something green flashed before me. I flinched. The shock almost gave me a heart attack.

Until lunchtime, I swam through my day with a storm of questions. I only stopped thinking about it when I heard the news. Supposedly, someone was bitten by a zombie. A recent video showed them morphing into a zombie. Once the news stopped, I paced across the floorboards, which were cold against my bare feet. I had to leave now. I grasped a jacket and flew outside. My teeth clanked together and I shivered as I slid the thin coat over my arms. The white blanket crunched beneath my feet, my skin ran cold, I couldn't feel my fingertips.

When I finally reached the station, crowds of people brushed past as I rushed after them. As I got to the platform the train left. I strolled out of the station with gloom on my mind but to my horror the city was rotting into a precarious minefield.

Forgotten streets laid hushed; skeletal trees stood without a spine, dust and leaves scraped against the fractured concrete with a brittle touch. Shattered glass spread across the streets like butter and abandoned cars sat parked on the road.

I stepped onto the sidewalk. Without warning, the sinister aliens emerged from nearby bushes staring at me. I glanced back, gritting my teeth. They edged closer and I dwindled back onto a jagged surface. Wood scratched at my back. I siddled on the wall and ran for my life.

I skirted around a sharp corner and bolted. All of a sudden, a zombie came careering towards me. I dodged it but tripped over a rosewood box. Faintly embedded in the interior was 'WAKE UP'

"What?" I enquired.

While on the ground, a pursuer glitched the chance to seize me. Another tried to weld me into a wall. Fragments of bricks spilled onto my hair, and a lethal predator pounced.

“Get off!” I caught a putrid whiff of a distinct fragrance. “Please don’t kill me,” I gasped, “and don’t spit on me.”

The fire grew as the whole gang of zombies encircled me. This was my end. Their leader chewed on my exposed foot and I prepared myself.

Then…

I woke up.

It was all a dream.

What a life saver!


Paw Twins
By Yemaryam
Year 6

PAW TWINS

✦ A story of two bears ✦

Part 1

Karissa and Assirak - the cutest twin bears ever - shared the same pawprints. They ate together, played and hunted together. When they became older, they grew closer. Assirak, the brother of the two, was thirty-five minutes older than Karissa.
Many of their cousins couldn't tell them apart as the whole family had the same appearance. Except, from their personalities, Karissa was normally bullied because she was an easy target and shy. She only showed her true side towards her brother. He was the only person saving her from the bullies. Assirak was the lively one finding friends anywhere he looked. He would make sure none of his friends were the bullies of Assirak! Normally, he would include his sister. Until everything changed ...

Part 2

A tornado came, killing their parents. They were filled with grief and it was so much that their personalities switched (Karissa is now outgoing and overprotective as Assirak is now shy). He lost his spark as she gained it but they both never forgot that tragic day. Bears, assuming they were bullying Karissa, bullied Assirak. They thought it was funny that the bullies thought that. It was kinda their inside joke. Of course Karissa would have stood up for her brother; they were literally twins. Karissa would be the one who included her brother in every single game she was playing with her friends. She would tell her friends everything that happened and they comforted her. She chose to become outgoing to hide her tears but everyone knew. Her brother was shy as he showed his emotions but very quietly. They didn't have parents to look up to or any older/younger siblings. They were the only people who brought each other up again and raised each other.
They lived their incredible lives together forever.

The End