

MIS School Book 2024

Each class contributed a section to our book which was written during book week. The classes are shown by the alternating colours in the story.

The Magic Tree

Once upon a time, there were yellow stars hanging from a beautiful tree.

Every night, huge magic eagles flew across the sky and came back with more stars to hang on the lovely tree.

Unfortunately, some of the stars were too heavy, so when it became windy they fell from the tree. While the stars dropped, they released pixie dust into the air. An owl sitting on top of the tree watched with an evil smile.

As the wonderful gold, sparkling pixie dust floated slowly into the air around the tree, the owl began to hoot in surprise when he began to shrink! He became smaller and smaller and his evil laugh got quieter and quieter. Suddenly, he fell through a small hole in the branch. He was sliding down a glittering slide inside the trunk of the tree!

"I didn't expect that!" said the owl.

Just then, one of the magic stars fell through the same hole with a troubling sound. It landed on top of the owl, who then became bigger and bigger, until he got stuck in the hole. While the owl was stuck in the tree hole, the star tried desperately to escape, however the owl caught it and kept the sparkly star under his warm wing. Slowly, the owl gained magic power from the star until...

Suddenly the owl grew ginormous, becoming very strong and powerful. In the blink of an eye, the whole tree burst into pieces.

Branches, twigs, leaves and shimmering parts of the magical tree flew everywhere. Whenever each part of the tree landed, something magnificent happened. Slowly, the parts of the tree began to sprout as new trees! Stars and powdery pixie dust flew around growing saplings, until they were all fully grown, massive trunked trees! The cruel owl looked on in complete wonder.

"I didn't expect that was going to happen!" exclaimed the surprised owl.

In fact, he was quite irritated that the magic tree had grown more powerful than him. Distracted by his own anger, he hadn't noticed that the trees were tangling up as they were growing. Suddenly, he felt a shove from behind. The branches were now twisting around his body, trapping him. Before he knew it, he was stuck.

Eventually, the owl remembered his long, razor beak and sharp claws. At the speed of light, he slashed the branches and flew energetically into the blue sky above. Suddenly, the branches started to follow the owl.

He didn't expect that!

The branches tangled, blocking his way, dragging him back to the forest.

The following night, as the beautiful eagles flew over to the tree carrying enormous bright stars, they were overwhelmed with confusion.

"What on Earth happened to our star tree?" Minja the leading eagle exclaimed.

The crowd of star carrying birds burst into a noisy confused discussion. Galloping, asking, shrugging; their eyes desperately searched in every corner, unable to explain how one tree was now a multitude of trees. The magic tree had become a forest.

"And where are all the stars?" Jinja the eagle second in command shrieked.

"Aaaaaaaaah! Heeeelp!" a voice in the distant forest screamed.

Silence.

Worried and depressed, the evil owl had almost given up hope of freeing himself from the twisted branches of the forest. Slowly as a sloth, the tired owl mustered his strength for a final hoarse scream. "Help," whimpered the evil owl.

In the distance, from far away, Jinja heard the owl's faint cry. "Someone needs our help," said Jinja, "it's time to fly eagles!"

Swiftly, the majestic eagles swooped through the air towards the sound. A whole forest of tangled branches lay before the eagles, like a bulging bowl of spaghetti.

Desperately searching for a way to escape, the owl screeched once more, "Help!"

Having located the source of the cry, the eagles began to rip, tear and claw at the branches of the magic tree which surrounded the owl. Eventually, the branches gave way and the owl flew free.

"I didn't expect that!" said the relieved owl. An evil smile spread across the wicked owl's face as he thought of a plan.

"My new friends," the deceitful owl said to the eagles, "I know how to repay you for your kindness."

"Please tell us owl," asked the eagles.

"Let me help you find your magical tree in this dense forest. I know where it dwells," the owl continued. "All you have to do is go to the very centre of the new tangled forest where you will find your magical tree covered in stars."

Minja, Jinja and the other eagles were hopeful that they would find their tree once more. As one flock, the eagles sped towards the tangled branches of the forest. Dodging, darting and diving; the eagles charged further into the forest.

Unfortunately, ever growing braches trapped the eagles and grasped them tightly. Unable to move, the eagles screeched in horror and struggled to break free from the vice like grip.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha," cackled the owl maliciously. "The power of the stars will be mine!"

However, a small pinch of pixie dust floated up from the trees and into the owl's feathers. The owl began to shrink.

Smaller.

Smaller.

And smaller still.

A faint voice was heard, "I didn't expect that."

All of a sudden, something magical happened. Shimmering, shiny pixie dust slowly floated through the forest, shrinking the great forest, leaving only one tree.

Once again there were yellow stars hanging from a beautiful tree. And every night, huge magic eagles flew across the sky and came back with more stars to hang on the lovely tree...