STORIES FROM 6TH HARROW

October Half Term Writing Challenge 2026



A Word for Our Young Writers

We wanted to run this writing challenge simply to give you something fun and creative to get stuck into over half term - a chance to let your imaginations run wild and share some great tales with the rest of the group, all while working towards your badges.

And you certainly rose to the challenge - we loved reading your stories. Each and every one has a fantastic ring to it, and there is some real talent here for tall tales, exciting adventures, and funny plot twists.

Thank you for giving up part of your half term to write. We are really proud of you for putting your stories together and you have all done brilliantly.

The 6th Harrow Volunteers



The Unforgettable Nightmare

By Aarya S (Cubs)

The Unforgettable Nightmare - By Aarya S (Cubs)

Olivia and James both live in Cong village where it lies next to a mysterious forest. It was a dreary grey day so James and Olivia were cramped inside doing nothing. They both lived their lives as poor, impoverished children, living in two bungalows, side by side.

The following day Olivia woke up nice and early, ready to tell her dad something important.
'Dad, I need to ask you something important as ever!' moaned Olivia.

'What is it?' Dad said with a curious grin on his face.
'The thing is, I want to go to the forest.' Olivia replied with a sheepish grin.
'No way, NO WAY! you don't understand that there is a lot of danger out there!' Dad answered.
'But dad-' Olivia groaned.
'NO, you are not going!' argued dad.
Olivia went to her bedroom feeling upset. 'Why can't I go?' Olivia thought for a second.
Meanwhile, James was having hashbrowns and beans. He was watching his mum gardening.
Oh, then he remembered something important!
'Mum, can I go play in the forest?' James asked hopefully.
'No way, it's super dangerous!' Mum roared.
'But...' James cried.
'Don't argue with me!' Mum had a disappointed look on her face. James felt sad.

When James and Olivia went to their rooms, they secretly texted each other:

James - Hey are you there?
Olivia - Yes I am. Do you want to go to the forest?
James - Yes but my mum won't allow me to go!
Olivia - Then lets make a plan!
James - Shall we go at night?
Olivia - NO! I am afraid of the dark, we will go at midday.
James - Pack stuff like torches and bottles of water!

James quickly and carefully packed his small drawstring bag. James had packed enough for him and Olivia but heard a knock on the door.
'James are you okay? Sorry I shouted!' said Mum.
'It's okay mum I can't go to the forest anyway.' murmured James.
Mum walked away and continued on her gardening. James thought very hard and tried to find a solution to escaping. After a split second, he jumped out his bedroom window and saw Olivia behind her bungalow. They both ran through the vibrant meadows where the flowers were begging for water because it was a hot day. Finally they had found it. Their dream. The forest!

The Unforgettable Nightmare - By Aarya S (Cubs)

When they entered the deep forest, they heard a lot of howls as it was windy. The trees were covering the sunlight. Olivia was afraid of the dark so she held onto James. When they were in the middle of the forest the howl was right behind them and when they turned around, there were a pack of bloodthirsty wolves that were white in colour!

'AHHHHHHHH!' Olivia screamed.

Suddenly, Olivia and James woke up in a cold sweat and realised that the forest near their home was not abandoned! There was NO scary things! Guess what? It was all a dream! James said gloomily to Olivia, lets never go in the forest.



The Secret of Brighton Cave

By Adam F (Scouts)

The Secret of Brighton Cave - By Adam F (Scouts)

“Come back!” I heard Mum scream. “You're too far out!”

But we were having the time of our lives out there! “Race you back to shore!” Connor yelled, bobbing up above the waves before diving deep under.

“No fair!” I shouted back. “You got a head start!”

By the time we finally reached the sand, Dad was waiting for us. “Right, you two, change and dry yourselves,” he said. “The quicker you get ready, the quicker we get dinner.”
We changed into our dry clothes in an instant. As we folded up the beach umbrella, I looked up the hill. “Let's go to the fish and chips place,” I suggested.

We walked up the hill to David’s Diner. The guy behind the counter looked exactly like a pirate. He had long, black curly hair, a massive bushy beard, and a huge scar right above his left eye. We grabbed our fish and chips and headed out to eat on the pier, where we spent the entire time fighting off a relentless army of seagulls.

We made our way to the seaside house we were staying in. “Ok you two, a cup of hot chocolate and off to bed,” said Mum sternly.

“Can we go stargazing from the balcony,” I asked.

“Yeah please, you can actually see the stars here, unlike the city,” replied Connor.

“Fine, but your dad and I are going to sleep now. You must go to bed before 9,” Mum explained while brushing her teeth.

“We will,” we said while rushing out to the balcony.

“Woah, there are so many stars,” whispered Connor as he gazed up into the dark sky.
“Yeah, so much more than in Lond—”

“Matthew, look, what’s that?”

Coming from far away was a faint flickering light. “That can’t be a star, it’s coming from that cave!” I exclaimed.

“I think it’s Morse code,” Connor said. “Someone might need help, let’s go.”

The Secret of Brighton Cave - By Adam F (Scouts)

“Sure, let's go to the mysterious light in the middle of the darkness. That sounds perfectly safe,” I retorted.

“Don’t be scared, it will be fun.”

Despite my pestering, Connor sprinted towards the cave, which meant I had no other option than to follow him.

“Shush,” I whispered, “I hear voices.”

We crept behind a large rock. There were 3 tall men gathering near some small rock pools inside the cave and they had some heavy bags. They seemed to be smuggling something! “I’ve seen that guy before,” said Connor. “It’s the guy from the fish and chips place.”

He was right, I would recognise that scar anywhere. Suddenly, a blur of brown dashed between my feet. Connor shouted and tripped back. “Who’s there?” bellowed a gruff voice.
I was about to speak, but Connor put his hand over my mouth. “PC Connor at your service. I’m the head of the police here at Brighton, and may I ask what you three are doing here?”

All three of the men shot up. “Run!” exclaimed the fish and chips man.
They rapidly sprinted along the coast, disappearing into the darkness. “Can’t believe they fell for that,” I whispered.

Under the rocks were large bags of stolen jewels. “These must be the jewels that were stolen from the museum!” Connor exclaimed.

And also lying in the corner of the cave was a tiny brown mouse. “That must have been what ran between my feet!” I exclaimed.

“You nearly got us into a lot of trouble there, little brown mouse,” Connor said.

“Now let’s get back to the house and ask mum and dad to inform the police,” I said while running to the house.

“I can’t wait to tell my friends about our seaside adventure!” Connor shouted.



A Present Untouched

By Dylan T (Scouts)

A Present Untouched - By Dylan T (Scouts)

Twas the night before Christmas: shops flooding with parents frantically searching for presents, nothing out of the ordinary. Traffic built up till all that could be heard were the honking of horns from those who just got off their shift, making last second preparations for the big day, Christmas of course. By this time, all the children were sleeping, all but Henry.

Curiosity got the better of our young lad over here, he pondered about the mysterious present. Y'know, the one that sat under the tree every Christmas, same present every year, exact same spot, stood there as if it was waiting for something, or maybe someone. Always on time, never missed a Christmas, it just seemed to appear, then vanish the very next day.

He glanced at the clock.

11:58

Best he got some sleep.

A long day awaits him…

Christmas morning had arrived; birds chirping and a stunning view outside yet to be admired. Henry shot out of bed and bolted downstairs straight to the Christmas tree, way before anyone else had even thought of waking up. The tree was decorated extraordinarily well compared to every other Christmas; some attention to detail here and there couldn't hurt a wallet too much. And as always, presents stuffed under the tree like sardines in a can, reaching nearly to the other side of the room. All this was cool and all, there was one thing that really caught the attention of Henry, the mysterious present - every year it sat there, no attention dragged towards it, but why? He was around an hour early, yet he decided to just have a quick peep into the present, surely no one would realise that the gift had been tampered with. He unravelled the bow tie with one pull of the ribbon and took the lid off the box, the moment of truth! He peered inside to the sight of… a piece of paper?

On the paper, it read:

“There's a world to be discovered
Still a lot to uncover
Underneath the leaves
Is a dimension for those who believe
Going through the wall
There is a small hole
There lies an adventure

A Present Untouched - By Dylan T (Scouts)

Different from any other”

Well that's odd, not a toy in sight inside of the box, just a lonely piece of paper sat atop a small part of cardboard that bulged upwards - he didn't think much of it. As said in the note, he crawled under the tree, yet he didn't seem to find any hole, all there was, a wooden door with a keyhole, the door wouldn't budge. It was abundantly clear the door needed a key of sorts.

He diverted his attention back to the box.
Perhaps there was something pushing the cardboard up, he thought to himself, could that be the key to the locked door? He tore open the cardboard at the bottom of the box and was blinded by a beam of light emitted from a shiny, golden-looking key with patches of rust after being trapped in the box for so long. He carried the key back over to the door, it had a slight heaviness to it as if it were made of titanium, it sank Henry’s hand down. A rush of anxiety ran through his body, what could this door lead to? He fit the key into the lock and turned, slowly.

Lo-and-behold, CLICK! The door creaked open. He peered inside and saw a… WOOSH!
He was flung through the door and to what felt like another universe.

He swiftly stood up to the sight of… A CANDY LAND! Candy canes spiked above the ground like fence posts, rivers of chocolate meandered all around the area, the ground made of a multitude of chocolate and sweets, as if it was piled into a Halloween trick-or-treat basket. This was a child's dream! He indulged into handfuls of treats till he couldn’t anymore, it was just too much, each bite was like heaven, Henry tried to savour each and every one. Not even a dent, the land stretched for miles. It was only when he looked back, he realised the door that led him into the land was sealed shut, it wouldn’t even budge open. Henry tugged harder at the door, but it was of no use, it must’ve been sealed by something, or maybe someone. Well, while he was here, there was no harm in exploring. There was a giant castle made of pure cake, the doors were already wide open. Actually, you could feel the royalty of the castle just off the doors, it had intricate designs carefully carved out of some of the finest chocolate around, enough glazing the doors, he had to arrive back before he was noticed to be missing. He took a few steps inside and was immediately greeted by a man.

“Henry? I’ve been expecting you, come inside!” he announced, “take a seat.”
Henry cautiously sat down on a stool shoved into the corner of the castle.
“Every year, a child finds this present; this year, it was you.”
Henry felt a sense of gratification.
“Most people simply ignore it, but your curiosity has led you here!”
The man grabbed a bag full of toys hung on the wall.
“Here, take this.”

A Present Untouched - By Dylan T (Scouts)

The man handed him the sack of toys and the same bright key he found in the present.
“Oh, uhh, thank you very much sir,” Henry replied.
The man continued, “Set off on your way, you wouldn’t want people worrying about you, would we?”

Henry proceeded to leave the castle, doors slamming behind him, the bag draping along the ground. The bag was slightly heavy, and large: but nothing he couldn’t handle.

He made his way through the endless fields back to the door he came from. Yet again, he inserted the key into the keyhole and it clicked open: darkness was all he saw from under the tree.
The door was wide open, and just in time too. From the other side of the door, he heard his mum shouting his name,
“Henry!”
He clutched the sack tightly. His foot touched the house, then the other; he was finally back home…



Ghosts Do Not Knock Twice

By Kayan M (Scouts)

Ghosts Do Not Knock Twice - By Kayan M (Scouts)

Without hesitation, a fine, young man, dressed in a posh suit named George, entered the threshold of Lorraine Castle in the cold city of Manchester. Inside the huge ancient castle, the red curtains on all the windows blocked the moonlight while a chandelier hovered above the dusty staircase. All corners had cobwebs hanging off the ceiling, with a cold eery sensation.

An old custodian was standing behind the reception desk reading an ancient book, which he held in his frail hand.

“What you doing ‘ere?” the old man rasped, looking up from his creased and weathered book.

“I am here at Lorraine Castle to stay in the Red Room,” explained George, wiping away the dirt from his shoes on the dusty floorboards.

“Don’t you remember what happened twelve months ago?” croaked the old man.

“Why do you think I came? I have lived twenty-seven years and I’ve yet to see a phantom,” explained George. “I heard lots of things about this place and hoped my dreams come true to see this legendary phantom.”

Emerging out of the shadows behind the desk, a small, weathered woman said with a croaky voice, “If you need help during the night…. We shall not come,” she handed George the key to the red room, “I warn you, god will not walk alongside you in that place,” said the old woman with hesitance and fear.

George shrugged and said, “I shall now retire to the room, and I will see you on the ‘morrow,” smirked George.

“Perhaps!” said the old lady, looking at the custodian behind the desk, with a warning, “All who leave have no words to explain their ordeal.”

He went to the red room, he stood at the threshold of the room, “So this is the red room,” he mused. The velvet curtain swayed left to right letting the dim moonlight shine on the dusty marble floor. He went to sit down on the dusty chair and said, “This doesn’t look very red to me.” He soon found himself nodding off.

Suddenly George felt a shiver down his spine which woke him up. “By Jove! Has it been three hours since I came.” He stood up quickly and looked around the room. Without warning, a candle flickered towards the alcove.

Ghosts Do Not Knock Twice - By Kayan M (Scouts)

“That was odd, there wasn’t any wind,” George thought to himself. He started to walk towards the dark space. Outside in the night sky the thick clouds covered the moon, reducing the temperature in the room. He shrugged and said, “Just the usual Manchester weather,” as he returned to the old chair. One by one each of the candles extinguished themselves while shadows danced across the walls creating a dark silhouette like it was a real person.

Fearfully he got up out of his chair and ran towards the door, he scrambled looking for the doorknob but could not find it. Darkness fully filled the room. A shiver ran down his spine. Out from the darkness a cold, liquid covered hand held him back.
The custodians heard a faint scream that faded away.

“We got two of ‘em now. You know what is going to ‘appen now,” the old man shouted, while running out of the castle.

A few months later, the custodians had accomplished their lives and passed away. Soon after, a detective came (from London) to Lorraine Castle to figure out what happened to the man who wanted to see a phantom. When he got there a younger man was sitting at the desk and the Detective asked him,

“Good afternoon, sir, I am here to talk about the murder that happened a few months ago,” stated the detective.
Suddenly, the young man said, “By the way my name is George,” and sprinted away.

A few minutes later, the detective interviewed some villagers and all they said was the man made a mistake even going to Lorraine castle.

But one man said, “Are you sure that there was anyone at the Castle cause the two custodians who owned the estate died shortly after George died.”

The detective's heart shook, as the man who was there had said his name was George.
He quickly realised that he met a phantom, so the detective went to a church and told the priest what had happened. The priest said, “You better be careful because once you see something from the unknown weird stuff will happen to you.”
The detective had a train booked to go back to London; however, he never made it back home…



The Creaking Floorboards

By Shayna M (Scouts)

The Creaking Floorboards - By Shayna M (Scouts)

The antique grandfather clock in the hallway of the old Manor House struck midnight. Its heavy, loud gong echoed throughout the house waking 13-year-old Aria up. She looked towards the windows to see that the storm had arrived. The rain was so violent as if they were bullets hitting the windows. The lightning was bright and flashing, waking Aria's little sister, Hazel, up. She comforted her then eventually went back to sleep.

It was 3am, the devil's hour, Aria heard a long, sinister creak from upstairs. This made her curious as no one could go upstairs as it was locked off a decade ago. She knew as she had read about the house a few days ago and the history behind it.

Aria slipped on her nightgown, put her slippers on, grabbed a torch, and started to walk towards the noise.

The hallways were chilly and dark. She looked around the hallway trying to find which stairs go to the top floor. She was walking around trying to not wake anyone up from their sleep.
She finally reached the stairs. But it was blocked off, how could someone be up there if it has been blocked off. That was the only staircase leading towards that floor. Aria just thought she might have been hearing things. She started to walk back to her bedroom when suddenly there was a loud, deafening bang coming from the place she just left.
She decided to follow the sound and try to work out how to get through.

She looked around feeling if there were any keys or secret buttons she could use. She started to notice a small, ominous blue glow coming from the distance. It was fast and started to get bigger each time. Aria's heart started beating quickly. Questions kept flooding her head; what was it, why and where did it come from, what would happen to her. She tried to call out but nothing came out. All she could do is watch.

“Aria?” the thing whispered in a familiar way.
“Yeah?” Aria cried, “Who are you?”

The light started to come closer. It was her dad.

He had asked why she was up and why she was on the other side of the house.

She explained the noises she had heard from the top floor, and how it woke her up from her sleep, so she decided to find out what it was. Her dad was now curious on why it had come from the top floor. He too was woken up from the noise and decided to work out what the sound was. He could not get in so he looked to see if there was a key also.
There was no key!

The Creaking Floorboards - By Shayna M (Scouts)

Aria then realised that there was a bookshelf near to the stairs to the side and wondered if there was an entrance like one of those mystery/detective films. She doubted if it would work but decided to test her theory to see if there was a secret lever which would reveal something. They decided to pull out each of the books until one book pulled them into a room that they have never seen before.

It was the stairs which led to the top floor.

The creaking had continued to start again but this time there was a strange smell. It smelt like expired cake. They reached the top and saw a mysterious figure in the distance brewing something.

Creak.... The figure looked around.

Aria let out a big laugh, it was her mum trying to make a sweet-smelling candle. Except it did not work out well!