

GREEN ARTS CENTRE MITCHAM

STORIES OF OUR STREETS WRITING COMPETITION

THE BALL AT MORDEN HALL

One mysterious morning in the beautiful Morden Hall Park, me and my friends were playing football and kicked the ball behind a huge sturdy oak tree.

When I went to retrieve the ball, I found it was hovering! I panicked. I don't know what to do. In my panic, I brushed against the ball and ZAP! I was travelling through space and time.

Even though I knew I was scared, I couldn't help but admire the beautiful starry sky.

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