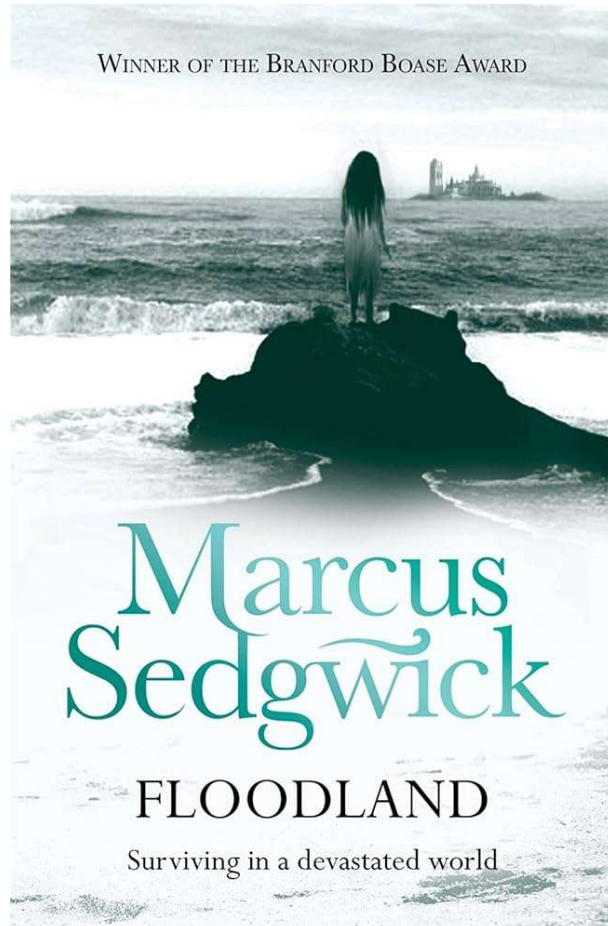


Floodland Narratives



Context

Our English book focus this term has been Floodland by Marcus Sedgwick.

Imagine that England is covered by water, and Norwich is an island ...

Zoe, left behind in the confusion when her parents escaped, survives there as best she can. Alone and desperate among marauding gangs, she manages to dig a derelict boat out of the mud and gets away to Eels Island. But Eels Island, whose raggle-taggle inhabitants are dominated by the strange boy Dooby, is full of danger too.

We have spent time looking at the writer's techniques and how he introduces new characters, atmosphere and settings to us in this dystopian world. As part of our learning, we have been introducing dialogue between characters to demonstrate their characteristic traits and move the narrative along.

Here are our own versions of the start of Chapter 1. We have created our own main character to write about and introduce to characters in the book. Our narratives begin with our character reaching Eels Island for the first time and being accosted by Dooby (the leader of the island) and his gang.

by Falcon Class 2025-2026

Alfie's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

Above Alfie was a gloomy weather. Tears from clouds fell on to his skin. The raft was made of wood, and at the back of the raft was a motor at the end.

Alfie had loads of fuel, because at Norwich had fuel scattered around so Alfie grabbed all the fuel he could.

The gloomy rainy weather stopped

"WO!" shouted Alfie.

"Yes!" Said Alfie with excitement and joy. He'd never seen land in days, hours, minutes and seconds until now.

Alfie stepped out of the raft slowly BANG. Two small children jumped onto him.

"Keep him down," a tall boy said.

"Okay Dooby," a middle-aged boy said.

It looked like the tall one was in charge.

"Let go of him."

"Okay Dooby," the smaller one said.

"AND YOU SPAT!" Dooby roared.

"Okay, okay, okay." Spat said.

"Who are you and what is your name?" Dooby said.

"My name is Alfie," Alfie questioned.

"Please may you take me to that cathedral?" Alfie said.

"Yeah sure." said the smaller one.

"I like your thinking" Spat whispered.

"Thanks" the small one shouted quietly.

There was a hill and a path way to the cathedral. It wasn't clean, it was dirty.

"Password." both of the guards said.

"Stupid guards." Dooby said angrily.

"ABCD" Dooby whispered.

"You may enter." one of the guards said.

"You will sleep here." said Dooby.

"MUNCHKIN!" Dooby shouted.

"Yes?" questioned Munchkin.

"Show Alfie ALL of the cathedral."

"Okay." Munchkin said.

While talking to Munchkin, Alfie seen multiple broken glass, broken walls, broken chairs and broken pieces of the roof falling off.

"Welcome to Dooby's room, we are not allowed to go in his room, please do not go in here." said Munchkin.

"Okay." said Alfie.

Alice's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

Lilai jolted up, underneath her was a half floating wooden raft barely surviving under her weight. The dark mysterious sea lapped and fought all around her. Her old tattered dress itched where it had been patched multiple times in the past. She screamed in shock "help!" she yelled but it was no use, there was no life for miles. Lilai sighed and tears filled her eyes. She felt forlorn because her own parents had abandoned her, left her up to die. Her back drooped. The wind screamed and the sky cried like neither before. Lilai shivered as it was freezing. She looked up in the distance and Lilai could see a grand old Cathedral. She jumped off the sinking raft and swung towards the cathedral fighting against the cold. Finally Lilai's hand felt the fresh cool stones collapsed on the shore.

After giving a sigh of relief and catching her breath, Lilai saw a group of boys a bit older than herself walking towards her.

"Dooby look we have a visitor!" shouted one of them.

"Shut up Spat, I'm not blind," replied Dooby, who seemed to be the leader.

"Munchkin get her!"

"Oh oh okay," stuttered Munchkin. He was small and mouse-like. Lilai was quickly grabbed and brought to Dooby "who are you and what are you doing on Eals island!" he demanded.

"I'm Lilai and what are you doing on Eals island or whatever you call it?" replied Lilai with a smile. Dooby was a bit taken back by this but slapped her in the face for revenge. "I like you" he replied "you're an Eel now, let's go to the cathedral."

"But Dooby, she's a spy I know it," moaned Spat.

"Shut up Spat let's go."

As they walked to the cathedral, Lilai saw that the island was trashed and whoever looked after it did a very bad job. Then they stood in front of a big wooden door. There were two guards on either side of the door. They nodded at Dooby but none of them said a word. Inside was a mess, there were broken chandeliers on the floor and big bonfires made out of chairs. There were cold, hard stone walls and floors. Everywhere Lilai looked she could see groups of children huddling together. A fervour looking round most of the cathedral, Lilai saw that it was just love, pure and plain. Then they stooped in front of a grand door. "This is my room," said Dooby. "Let's go in."

Amber's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

Hailey's eyes nearly closed as her arms started to ache. Sitting in an old rotten boat rowing for her life, she began to have hope again. In the distance she saw a small island. She started to row even faster just to realise when she got there the rain was even worse and there were lots of old ruined buildings including the cathedral that was in the centre that had a broken rough and cracked windows. Rubbing her eyes in disbelief that she had come all this way for it to look like this.

Hailey could hear footsteps getting louder and louder till she heard a branch break. She jumped to see what was behind her but that split second she was thrown to the ground and tied up by a boy who was tall and strong

"You caught her Dooby!" laughed a young girl.

"That was the easiest spy that I have ever caught," replied Dooby.

But now Dooby was holding Hailey the collar with her arms and legs still tied up.

"Spat, Munchkin help me put her in the cathedral!" shouted Dooby.

"Of course," said Spat and Munchkin

Dooby walked behind Hailey as Spat and Munchkin grabbed Hailey pulling towards the cathedral.

"No no please get off me!" begged Hailey.

"Be quiet!" shouted Dooby. Hailey was shaking with fear as they got to the cathedral door.

Standing there they were about to say something until they saw Dooby and then just said.

"Would you like to come in?" said the guards.

"Yes," replied Dooby aggressively. In the cathedral there was lots of glass on the floor because of the cracked windows, so cold that she could see her own breath and broken chairs all over the place, with the ceiling nearly breaking falling on her head.

Bay's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

In the old rowing boat, Lilly fell deep into sleep with exhaustion. She woke up by the cold rain drops falling on her face as the funder was growling. In the distance she saw a ruined old cathedral she was tempted to go but she didn't. Behind her was the grey sea lapping over her feet. She turned to look at the sea.

When she turned round, a group of children stared back at her they looked a year or two older than her. She hesitated to say hi where am i but before she could speak one of the children said

"Get out of here you're not allowed to be here!"

Lilly was traumatised. She tried to get back into her boat but then she heard someone say.

"Spat, Munchkin drag her to the cathedral I, I, I ask her some questions"

He was the leader obviously.

"Spat, Munchkin get the weapons from the case now!"

"Yes Dooby right away Dooby"

"Shut it!" shouted Dooby

Spat and Munchkin got the weapons and dragged Lilly to the cathedral the tall gauds opened the gates of the cathedral.

Spat and Munchkin threw Lilly to the smashed floor. Dooby asked her some questions when she finished he announced that she can join the tribe. That night Sarah stole her mum's pendent in the morning she got in a massive fight with Sarah there was screaming and tackling.

"Give back my mum's pendent!" shouted Lilly.

"Help me!" screamed Sarah.

"There is a rat on top of me!"

"Spat gave this to me now calm down"

"No he didn't now give it back!"

Sofia's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

In the boat, Oceania took heavy breaths. Water dripped down from her eyes. She slumped and groaned because little droplets of water fell on her face. In the distance, she saw an ancient cathedral in the middle of the island. It had broken pillars and broken pieces of glass everywhere.

Oceania heard footsteps creeped behind her. It was like stomping. Before she could react, she got pinned to the ground.

"Oi, who are you?" sneered the Tall one.

"Non- of your business!" Oceania snapped back.

"Dooby she's a spy, im telling you!" exclaimed the mouselike one.

Dooby let go of her, she got back up. Two older girls pushed through.

"Im Sarah, this is Molly, who are you?" said Sarah.

"Im Oceania."

"Let's scrag her!" said the deshevelled one.

"Shut it Spat!" Dooby shouted.

"Take her to the cathedral." ordered Dooby.

They dragged Oceania by the hair, and took her to the cathedral.

As they dragged her to the cathedral, two ugly and dirty boys stood at the gates.

"Password please." requested the guards simulttarealy.

"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM!" roared Dooby.

The two boys opened the gates sheepishly. Oceania got shoved into the cathedral forcefully.

In her mind she thought, she got herself in big, time trouble. In the cathedral, Oceania saw broken chairs, destroyed rubble everywhere and fires everywhere.

Caleb C's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

In the small, old, and rusty boat, Rory's arms collapsed to his waist. His legs almost gave up but he found the strength to use. The rapid racing and scary sea rushed behind Rory with a little shake that sent shivers down his spine. In the center of the island there is a cathedral. The cathedral has broken windows and looks run down.

"Oi ! Who are you?" bawled someone hanging from a fin ever green tree.

"I'm im Rory." exclaimed Rory whilst stuttering. More footsteps marched towards his direction. Now there was a gang of four.

"Where are you from?" demanded one.

"Oi i make the questions!" said the first one.

"This is Spat, William and Munchkin," bossed the leader.

"And you are who?" asked Rory.

"Im Dooby what's it to yah?" angrily asked Dooby.

"You talk a lot almost too much," calmly said Dooby

"Take him to the cathedral!" demanded Dooby.

With two hands on both of his arms and one grabbing his collar he was dragged ruthlessly with no mercy. With Dooby marching behind.

"Excuse me, password please?" asked both guards.

"Dont you know who I am!" bawled Dooby.

"Im the leader," followed Dooby again.

"Sorry sir you can head through." sobbed a guard. In the cathedral he could see lots of old footprints, cracked glass, a fire lit with chairs and some other members passed out on a bench. Pillars that look like they are about to collapse.

Caleb W's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

In the old rusty small rowing boat, Tom saw rain in the distance and an island. Tom rowed faster and faster and faster to get on the island. When Tom got on the island, in the middle of the island was a colourful cathedral.

A gang of teenagers appeared from out of the colourful cathedral and were walking to him. When they got to Tom one of them grabbed his collar.

"Who are you?" shouted Tom

"We are the gang of Eels!" shouted back the smallest one.

"No, I mean your names," called Tom.

"Ook I am Dobby, this is Spat and Munchkin."

"Wait, he is a spy," Munchkin whispered in Dooby's ear.

"Let's go to the cathedral," demanded Dooby.

"Before we go, can you tell me the time?" asked Tom.

"I don't know the sun is going down so maybe it's 7 o'clock." replied Dooby.

Tom's collar was grabbed by Spat and he was dragged to the cathedral.

"What's the password?" requested both the guards.

"Do you know who I am?" shouted Dooby.

"Password NOW!" roared one guard.

"No, let me in now," shouted Dooby.

"NO!" said the guards.

So Dooby pushed into the cathedral. Tom saw inside the cathedral. He saw all the colourful paintings inside the cathedral.

Cecily's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

Deep grey clouds filled the sky and Willows boat was sinking so she quickly jumped off and started walking to the nearest place possible she could find. She saw something big in the distance but it would take ages to get there. Willow was left behind when she was 8 on a huge cargo ship, and there was too many people on the ship and Willow volunteered herself they said they would come back for her and they never did. So she's been lost ever since. Her feet were numb and she was out of breath, but the Willow felt excited that she had finally found land. She had huge grey circles under her eyes, and stains on her dress. The ground was disgusting but at least it wasn't flooded like it was back in Norwich.

Willow heard footsteps behind her. She suddenly got thrown to the ground by two tall boys. They looked around the same age as Willow. In the distance she saw what looked like more of them they were screaming so much it was shaking the ground suddenly someone who looked like they could be the leader but he wasn't that much older than Willow started talking to the rest of them "Who are you and why are you here!" shouted the leader "Should we kill her she's obviously from another tribe?" whispered Munchkin "Be quiet Munchkin! I'm in charge!" screamed the leader Suddenly Willow was being dragged by her collar and being dragged somewhere.

Willow was being taken to a large building with broken windows and shattered pillars on the ground and then the leader spoke again.

"Let me in!" shouted Dooby.

"Passcode!" screamed the guards.

"I'm the leader, you listen to me!" yelled Dooby.

"Fine!" screamed the guards.

Dooby, his gang and Willow were let into the cathedral.

"I'm the leader Dooby and you do as I say," said Dooby "and you're one of us now. Agreed?"

"Sure. Wait, what? No! Please!" replied Willow.

"So I guess it's official you're an Eel now and what did you say your name was?"

"Oh I'm Willow and I don't really want to be in the tribe," exclaimed Willow.

"Come on, I'll show you to your room," said Dooby. "Munchkin, get over here! Show this scrappy little girl where her room is!" Dooby screamed.

Charlotte's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

Floating on the murky shore, Mya sat on an old rotting raft where she found old things to make it. When she slowly stepped off the raft into mushy mud, she sighed with relief. Then rain suddenly started to fall down, rain drops clattered on the black sea and grey clouds filled the sky just like someone having a tantrum and they were angry. Mya's hair was once dirty but now Mya just enjoyed it. Then she heard shouting and screaming coming from the cathedral that was in the centre of the island. There were smashed up windows and fallen down pillars, but Mya couldn't see inside so she went to explore.

Whilst Mya was walking through Eels island a gang of 13 to 14 year old boys sneaked up on her. "Oi, what are you doing on our island?" shouted the smaller boy.

"Shut it Spat!" said the leader like boy aggressively.

"I don't mean any harm!" cried Mya.

"Dooby lets scag her," called the bigger one.

"Who are you?" asked Dooby, whilst holding a knife.

"Umm...I'm Mya," Mya stuttered shakily.

Their conversation went on but it kept raining. Lightning was cracking. Thunder was banging. Mya could barley see anymore, it was very dark. "You're coming with us, you dirty rat!" demanded Dooby.

"Where are we going?" asked Mya.

"To the cathedral, let's go!" ordered Dooby.

Mya got marched forcefully to the cathedral, two hands on each arm whilst Dooby had a sword making sure she didn't escape.

"Password!" requested the guards standing at the cathedral doors.

"What password, do you even know who i am?" screamed Dooby. So the guards quickly opened the rotting doors to the cathedral. When Mya and the gang walked into the cathedral everyone looked at her with a dirty look on their faces.

"What is that rat doing here?" whispered a girl to her friend. The cathedral had cracked ashly floors and smashed up chandeliers.

"I'm going to leave now!" said Mya.

"No you're not, you're staying with us, freak!" said Dooby angrily.

Darcie's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One -Then

In the vintage, rusty rowing boat, Amy layed down as rain droplets fell on her face. As she crawled out of her boat, she felt the wet mud soak onto her hands. When Amy got out of her boat, she heard lightning from behind her as she saw the ancient run-down cathedral, that had vines growing on it, in the centre of the island as the sea lapped behind her.

Amy heard rustling from the bushes and suddenly three messy, thin boys jumped out and pushed her to the ground.

"Who are you?" asked the smallest one.

"I...I'm Amy and I...I just got here from Norwich," she answered.

"Dooby come here!" exclaimed the taller one.

"What Spat?" Dooby shouted.

"I found a spy!" spat retorted.

"No I'm not a spy," mumbled Amy.

"Take her to the cathedral now" ordered Dooby

With one hand on each of her shoulders, Amy was dragged quickly to a pair of metal gates. In front of the gates were two tall and scrawny boys guarded the entrance with wooden and rock spears.

"Password?" asked the guards together.

"What do you mean password?" yelled Dooby.

"We don't know !You might be a spy," replied one of them giggling.

"Don't you know who I am?" commanded Dooby.

"Sorry Dooby you're through," laughed the guards.

When they were in, Amy saw shattered windows, bokeh chairs, a fire in the middle and a chandelier on the floor. Because of the fire it was very smokey.

Eva's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

Evie collapsed with exhaustion on her raft. Then she carefully stood up her weak body and found herself on a small scary island. Suddenly Evie felt rain coming down quickly with thunder and lightning then the sky started to go a dark grey. Since she was so tired all she could think of was complete fear Evie backed up a bit shaking then loads of thoughts came rushing through her brain like what is going on am i ok ohno this is scary. This got her terrified tears gushing out her eyes Evie thought it was the biggest regret of her life because it was like her life depended on it. Then she looked at her raft made of a couple planks of wood with vines attaching them together with plastic bottles on the bottom to make it float, then sat down for a while.

Evie stood up to a scary boy staring at her with two smaller boys behind him. Then the tallest boy in the middle yelled "Oi why are you on my island im Dooby i am the boss around here"

"Oh ImEvie I came from.. Norwich." spluttered Evie.

"I dont know anyone here." said Evie trying to catch her breath.

"Spat Munchkin, get here now" growled Dooby .

"Oh no" said spat shocked .

"She's a mess who ever that girl is she needs to leave" said munchkin disgusted.

Evie started shaking again and said "I better get going then sorry"

"NO" she must stay!" shouted Dooby .

"Take her to the cathedral" "Now" and drooped Evie to the floor.

Evie tried to squirm out of spat and munchkins hands but they had put hand cuffs on her .

Then they hit the cathedral with two guards at the door

"Hi guys we got a visitor let me in" said Dooby speaking to the guards.

"Password"asked the guards."

"What do you mean password when since have we had a password anyways im coming in move" said Dooby aggressively.

Evie had entered the cathedral then all of a sudden it was really smoky of burning chairs in the corner of the cathedral. She felt a bit off and almost passed out in spat and munchkins hands Dooby led the way then stopped and showed Evie where they slept for the nights .

"So do you want to stay the night do you want to stay for the night Evie?" asked Dooby surprisingly being polite.

"But in the morning your off" said Spat.

"Yes definitely" replied munchkin and Dooby.

Evie looked up at the cathedral and certainly did not want to sleep there because there was smoky air and cracked pillars smashed stained glass windows. It was horrid.

Hannah's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

As the dark noise sky rumbled, Jessie's boat arrived. Her boat was moldy, old, small and a big chunk of the boat was falling off. Jessie stumbled out and hid her boat under a tree with leaves on top. Once she did that she gave a sigh and a yawn then she saw a broken cathedral in the centre of the island. Jessie was slowly falling asleep as her shoulders slumped down and couldn't focus. Also, she couldn't tell if she was in a dream or not.

Then Jessie heard footsteps from behind it was getting louder until she felt breathing on her neck. She turned around and saw a gang of boys that looked like they never seen a tooth brush in there life. One of them (clearly the leader) pushed Jessie. She fell to the ground as they said.

" Dooby what should we do with her?" asked the smallest.

" Be quiet Munchkin! Who are you and where did you come from?" shouted Dooby.

Jessie tried to crawl away but she was stopped by one she hadn't seen yet.

" I'm Jessie and i came from Norwich. Please don't hurt me," replied Jessie in fear.

" should we take her to the cathedral?" Munchkin questioned.

" Yes," replied Dooby in a weird voice rubbing his hands together " Get her Spat Munchkin grab her!" shouted Dooby.

Spat and Munchkin picked Jessie up by linking arms and brought her to the cathedral. They dropped Jessie.

" Get in now!" yelled Dooby while pushing Jessie. In the cathedral a bunch of people were staring at her. Jessie saw benches and slept on the floor.

" Welcome to hell," sneered Dooby.

" It's a cathedral." whispered Munchkin. Everyone in the cathedral stood up.

" Now you're a part of the Eels tribe." spat told her.

" Welcome" Dooby and Munchkin agreed.

Isabella's Floodland Narrative

shards everywhere from shattered windows. She wasn't loving it but it was what she had to live with. She had a bad feeling about this....and she knew that none of this was good.

Chapter One - Then

On the water, Thalia's eyes drooped as she slumped down in exhaustion resting on the rotting edges of the raft. She hesitantly stumbled off as she felt her feet sink into the damp sand underneath her. Then her eyes suddenly darted around landing on an old derelict cathedral in the centre of the island. It had smashed windows and one of the towers were destroyed. She observed the trees surrounding Oak, Burch and one willow tree on the far end by the shoreline. A murky, colourless sky lingered over her head, as the harsh gloomy waves clashed against the shore.

Suddenly she heard the snap of a stick breaking as she rapidly turned around. Her eyes locked on a group of boys about a year older than her. Their clothes were tattered and wrecked, as their hair was knotted and uncut. They were thin and pale, they looked like they hadn't eaten for days. Thalia started at them, as their eyes glared back at her with a hint of frustration.

"Who are you?" questioned the smallest one.

"I-I'm.....I'm...." stuttered Thalia.

"You better tell us or we'll scrag you real good!" snarled the tallest one, as he seized her by the collar of her shirt.

"I'm Thalia.....I-I'm from Norwich you see..." she responded hesitantly. The boys tugged on her arms until she fell to the ground.

"From over the water hey.....she's lying Dooby! I know she is!" snapped the shortest one again.

"Shut it Munchkin!" exclaimed Dooby. He crouched down in front of Thalia and gazed at her with a puzzled expression.

"I...I'm telling you the truth! I swear!" she stated as her whole body began to tremble.

"Take her to the cathedral!.....she is one of us from now on," announced Dooby as the boys clutched onto Thalia's arms.

They dragged her by her arms making sure that she stayed silent. She lifted her head upward as they stopped in front of two large, wooden doors which seemed to be the entrance to the ancient building. There stood two guards just a bit taller than herself, they were scrawny and their hair was tangled.

"Password," one of them asked sarcastically.

"Password! You want a lousy password from me! Don't you know who I am, you idiot!" yelled Dooby with rage in his eyes. The guard quickly knew he shouldn't have said anything at all and bowed his head down. The other one swiftly opened the door revealing the inside of the wrecked cathedral. Thalia looked around taking in every detail. There were broken statues and spiraling staircases that were falling apart. She collapsed to the ground in exhaustion as the cold stone made her legs sore. The floor was cracked and there were glass

Izaak's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

The old creaky boat was about to break. Toby saw the ancient Cathedral. He got out of the boat as he stumbled in the water. When Toby got up his head ached wildly as he yawned.

"What are you doing here?" shouted an angry voice. Toby looked in front of him to see a boy who was wearing torn - up clothing.

"Calm down, Dooby! He might not be a spy." the eldest man said quietly. Dooby commanded William "Go and get Spat and Munchkin!"

Two dumb looking boys dragged Toby lazily to the cathedral. "Go faster!" shouted Dooby. "We're trying!" replied Spat. with a horrified look on his face while Munchkin snuck down like a mouse. He came up to the cathedral door.

"Password?" the guards said simultaneously. "What do you mean 'Password'?" You know me!" angrily shouted Dooby as his face was red with danger. The doors opened and inside of the massive cathedral was a lot of ash and broken windows.

"Do you... live in this?" asked Toby.

"No, but this is your new home." said Dooby.

Oh, great! Thought Toby. it was so filthy and it was in a horrible state.

"Follow me!" said Dooby calmly.

"Alright, Alright!" Toby whispered to himself. Like something was about to happen . . .

Jasmine's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

Tears from the clouds descended onto Thomas's face as he stopped rowing. He dragged himself onto the once golden shore. Sweat poured down from his face, and he was out of breath, for he had searched for almost 2 hours. His hands buried themselves in the littered, stony sand. He looked up, and upon a large hill, there lay a gargantuan, dirty cathedral. The stained windows were broken, the picture in the picture no longer appeared human. The walls were no longer clean stones that once glistened in glory. Thomas had been so hypnotized, he hadn't noticed the seaweed that latched onto him, or to hide his boat which was still floating. After grabbing the wood on the boat, he hid it as best as he could behind an evergreen tree, tall and thin.

"Hey, it's a spy!" Thomas flung himself the other way, an uncomfortable feeling rising in his chest. A trio of squalid, unkempt boys were coming towards him. As they got closer to Thomas, he realised how thin they appeared. "What are you? Pigs?!" The tallest shouted, he had brown, menacing eyes. "Nah, reckon he's Cats, frantic to get out the water," Another smirked, who appeared as if he had rid of many's lives, holding a blooded pike. "Move it, Spat." The tallest shoved Spat away. "So? What are you?" Thomas attempted to think of something, but he was too spooked, so decided to try to redeem himself. "I don't know what you're talking about!" Thomas blurted out. "Hey! Don't even try to play dumb with us!" The third, and shortest hissed. "Munchin's right," The tallest sneered. Thomas was determined to persuade them. "I came here, with a boat! I had searched for a long time, so please, spare me!" He pleaded. The tallest's face softened a bit. "Fine." Spat looked flabbergasted. "But Dooby! He might be lying-" He was frowned into silence.

Take him to the cathedral." Dooby had ordered his gang. Thomas was later marched to the ancient cathedral where two rather scraggy boys with rusted pikes stood guarding the door, neither had a smile on their face. They opened the door, clearly intimidated by Dooby's presence. Thomas was aghast by the sight. There were other people, but they looked like sticks sitting. There were untamed flames, with remnants of chairs and other various items the cathedral must of contained in the past. As Thomas glanced down, he realised the floor was covered in dust and dirt, the tiles appearing ash-coloured, with some also broken. There was a torn book, which looked like it had crawled over there, and it's pale emerald green cover seemed to be screaming. Dooby had turned to Thomas so spontaneously that he had jumped. "Hope you get comfortable here, because I want you for something." Dooby said as he headed out the door to the cathedral. Thomas didn't dare speak, and he just wanted to go home.

Jomi's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

In the derelict boat, Conrad plummeted down, his body motionless due to countless rowing against the current of the sea. As he crawled out of the boat, he spotted an unstable cathedral in the distance. Gloomy clouds filled the air as fierce winds blew and droplets of rain tickled down the side of the boat. The fearful sea grew bigger as it absorbed the rain, then lightning came so he had to go to the cathedral.

Conrad heard rustling leaves behind him, he turned around and saw a trio of grubby children with makeshift weapons approaching him.

"Get the spy!" yelled one of them.

"Dooby come quick!" shouted the other.

Dooby pushed Conrad to the ground and pinned him to the outer wall of the cathedral.

"What are you?!" bellowed Dooby "Cats or pigs?"

"Umm ... What? I'm Conrad and I'm not from here."

"He's lying Dooby!" shouted the small boy.

"I can figure it out for myself, Spat!" replied Dooby "Take him to the cathedral!"

With two sticks poking him in the back, he was directed to the ancient-looking doors of the cathedral. Two ragged looking boys stopped Conrad with anger in their eyes.

"Password?" asked one of them.

"What do you mean, password?!" roared Dooby

"Password accepted." said the first guard. "The password is 'password'." Said the second.

Dooby growled and pushed them aside then he pushed the door of the cathedral....

Maddie Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

In the boat, Skyler's head was rocking back and forwards, under her eyes had big, dark circles. Ahead of her was an island and in the center was a cathedral. At this point, her hair was blowing against the wind. The cathedral was massive, but it had broken windows. Skyler slowly got out of the boat, checking if nobody was there.

Skyler heard the bushes rustling from a bush about 30 metres away from her. Three boys with messy hair appeared from behind the bushes. "Hey you!" said the short one.

"Me?" asked Skyler

"Yes you!" replied the leader.

"Should we take her in to the cathedral, Dooby?" "Yes!" replied Dooby.

Two boys grabbed her arms and Dooby pushed her back. "Hey, get off me!" Skyler shouted, with a struggle. She was quickly marched to the cathedral. Two guards said to Dooby

"Password, please."

"Don't you know who I am?"

"Sorry, Dooby."

"You better be!"

"Let me in the cathedral."

"Of course." Said the guard quietly.

They entered. Inside the cathedral the cathedral was broken glass every where old rotten benches old moldy food that run out off date in 1999 skinny children.

Millen's Floodland Narrative

"Oh yeah, that's the other William. He is quite crazy, so don't listen to a single word that man says." whispered Dooby to William. Although William didn't want to believe him, he knew that he would be stuck here for quite some time with people like this.

Chapter One - Then

In William's filthy, rotten boat, he lay down on the boat floor as he reached a strange island. He watched the clouds cry. William had just enough strength to keep his body functioning due to the strong sea. Seagulls flew just out of reach of the small bit of land as William looked up at the island. To his surprise, people were already inspecting the boat. "What is this... thing?"

William jumped up from his seat. It was a gang of three irresponsible teenagers not much older than William.

"Be careful, it could be a spy!" called out the most normal looking one.

"It's an obvious spy, Spat." murmured the tallest. He seemed to be the leader of the clique.

"Go on, then, let's scrag 'em if they don't start talkin'!" purposely yelled the smallest.

"Oh, I - uhm- am William," he stuttered. William knew that stopping here was a bad thing to do now, but he would've died of exhaustion if he had not stopped. All he had to do was agree with everything they say, right? "A;right, ya spy. My name's Dooby, see? And we're the Eels, see?" suddenly blurted out Dooby.

"Ooh, and I'm Munchkin!". Spat did not say a word.

"Anyways, we know you're a spy!"

"Oh, no- I'm not a spy—"

"Shut it, you. . ." Dooby didn't know what to say. He couldn't actually prove that William's a spy. He had started to wonder if there were others, and if they were kinder. "Shall we bring him to where we scrag 'em all?"

Dooby, instead of saying "yes.", pointed to the cathedral.

"The cathedral? But he might be a spy!" said Munchkin paranoidly.

"I told you— I'm not a spy!" shouted William. Dooby pointed again.

"Fine, fine, lets risk all we own being taken, then?" murmured Munchkin to himself.

William had been pulled out of the boat very violently and quickly. Spat and Munchkin knew he was extremely tired, so the potentially evil duo made him drag himself to the cathedral door, with them behind- just in case he tried to make a run for it.

"Go on, ya slowpoke!" yelled Spat. William tried his very best to go faster, but ended up going slower.

"Anytime before curfew, am I right?" whispered Munchkin to Spat. Dooby waited impatiently at the open cathedral doors.

"Come on!" Dooby yelled. Spat continued giggling as Munchkin kept poking William with a pike. At last, they finally got in.

"Alright, William. Welcome to hell." muttered Dooby. The place was no better than the outside of the place. Everyone in the broken cathedral locked their eyes on William, and after a bit, continued their buisness.

"Hello!" said the oldest looking.

Roma's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

Michael arrived at the island, feeling really tired with heavy eyes and also being quite nervous. A heavy mist hung around Michael and he saw the broken cathedral in the center of the island. He was too exhausted to go anywhere so he just waited for something.

Michael woke up to someone grabbing and shouting "Who are you!"

Michael stuttered, "My name is Michael and I just got here and I mean no harm."

A smaller one picked up a piece of shattered glass and gave it to the one who was holding Michael and the smaller one whispered "kill him Dooby", Dooby replied "No lets see how far this spy will go"

Michael was being dragged somewhere and he finally asked

"Where are we going"

"You'le see" replied Dooby

In the distance Michael saw the the massive, broken, rusty cathedral

"Is this where we are going?" asked Michael while pointing at the cathedral

"Yeah" said the smaller one

"Well can you guys at least tell me your names please?" asked Michael

"My name is spa oi shut it spat My name is Dooby" said th one clearly in charge

"Im spat" said spat

"And I'm munchkin" said the quiet one.

And before Michael could notice they were already at the small wooden doors of the broken cathedral Dooby kicked the doors open and Michael saw broken tiles cracked windows and worst of all a massive hole in the roof.

Rory Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

In the kayak ,Jack laid in the rotten, rusty boat on the shaw line. Jacks eyes were drooping down with exhaustion. As Jack poked his head out of the boat, he felt dips of wet drawling down his face. He then realised the mammoth crusty, derelict cathedral in the distance. the cathedral had smashed windows and falling down pillars all around it.

Jack could hear footsteps crawling up on him, they then started to get closer. Jack's stomach started to get butterflies in his tummy. He then pivoted round and then noticed a gang, who were all wearing tatty clothes and tangled hair. "oi who are you?" asked Dooby.

"Uh...uh my name is Jack and I have just kayaked here," stuttered Jack.

"He could be a spy!" said the little one. the gang then threatened him by pulling out a knife from their pockets. "Shall we take Dooby," asked the mouse-like one.

"This is my gang, stay away!" yelled Dooby.

"Shall we take him to the cathedral?" asked the tatty one.

"Yes, take him now," demanded Dooby.

With one hand Dooby dragged Jack by the ear to the cathedral .He could feel the warmth of a stinky breath hitting his head. They then got to the cathedral which has two massive, scary guards standing still by the front door. "Oi, who said ya could come in?" shouted the guard. "What do you mean, I'm the leader!" responded Dooby.

He then got thrown in the cathedral by Dooby and his gang. When Jack took a good look at the place, he was amazed by the destruction people had made. The cathedral had cracked ceilings and windows with fallen down pillars. There are broken chandeliers on the floor, and some even hanging by a thread. Jack then nearly passed out by all the smoke trapped inside.

Sohum's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

In the worn down canoe all Jason could see were dark storm clouds through his droopy eyes. He was in complete darkness and there was no land to be seen for miles but then Jason realised he was on the shoreline. His mind had drifted off so much he couldn't think about anything. Jason jumped out of his rotting canoe and then he saw it a massive dilapidated cathedral with all of the glass panes smashed into smithereens so there was shattered glass everywhere with a smoking chimney

Jason figured that he wasn't alone on this run down island. His ears must have deceived him until he saw them... three shadowy figures staring at Jason. The tall one grabbed a piece of broken glass and threw it at him it just about cut his thigh

"Dooby, who is he?" asked the tall one.

"How am I meant to know Spat"

"All I know is he ain't Eels!" exclaimed the scraggy one.

"Shut it, Munchkin!" Screamed Dooby "Should we show him the living quarters?" asked Munchkin.

"yes we should because he ain't no spy or he would know about the other gangs, answered Dooby

"Follow then! Exclaimed munchkin.

"By the way I am Jason," Jason proclaimed. There were starved teens everywhere and food from the 1800 everything wooden was rotted the roof was falling apart.

"Spat fetch me that bottle of water" Dooby screamed.

"Okay" spat answered scardily

"Munchkin show our guest around,"

"Fine Dooby," answered Munchkin angrily.

Theo's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

After nearly eight hours of rowing, Rex finally spotted land and slumped into the back of his rotting boat, closing his eyes. He must have drifted off because suddenly Rex felt a jolt and his eyes snapped open, seeing, for the first time, the crumbling walls of a cathedral. He saw a rock formation in the shape of an arch and thought it would be a good place to hide his boat. Rex staggered onto the wet, brown sand and clumsily dragged his boat under the arch, just as water droplets started to trickle down his head.

Rex decided to find a way into the cathedral but as he turned a corner... Whack! He flew to the ground. Three thin boys with torn clothes and greasy, tangled hair, emerged from the shadows.

"Get him!" yelled the middle one who seemed to be the leader, but Rex was too quick for them. He leapt on to his feet and was able to trip both of them up with his own leg. Now the leader was advancing on him.

"Come on Dooby!" shouted the small mouselike boy, still on the floor. Rex and Dooby broke into furious frail, all kicks and punches but Dooby kicked Rex to the ground again.

"Let's scrag him!" sneered the medium sized boy.

"No! He could be of some use to us," replied Dooby.

Then he turned to Rex and said "Is that your boat?"

"Yeah, it's called Endurance, I just rowed across from Norwich," answered Rex.

"Take him to the cathedral," commanded Dooby.

The entrance was guarded by two tall boys holding pikes (not the fish, the type of spear).

"Password?" asked the guards simultaneously.

"You idiots!" barked Dooby, "don't ask your leader for the password!"

"Ok Dooby, sorry Dooby," they both stuttered, and they opened the massive, rotting wooden doors.

"Spat! Munchkin, keep an eye on it for me. I've got business to attend to," said Dooby. The sight that met Rex's eyes was horrific. Small children huddled around smoky fires, splintered pieces of wood and ash littered across the floor, broken, stained glass windows lined the walls, and worst of all was the smell. It was like a mixture of manure and rotten eggs.

"Better find a place to sleep, curfew will happen in a moment!" said Munchkin.

Wilf's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

A grim, thick fog covered the sea like a carpet as a boat with an exhausted traveller slowly made its way towards the island. As the boat got closer and closer to the island the traveller could finally make out the shape of a large building. When he hit the shore Willburt slumped down on the back of the boat letting out a big sigh of relief. As he lay motionless thinking about the large building, cries and shouts came from the building filling his ears. At that moment he jumped in shock as a gang of wild children about the same age as him charged at Willburt. They weren't as fast as him but they were holding weapons. Quickly without thinking, Willburt jumped into the nearest bush.

As he hid Willburt could hear the gang quickly closing in on him. But then the sound of tramping faded and Willburt cautiously crept out of the bush. At first he thought he was safe but then he heard rustling behind him. He turned round and then the smallest of all three jumped out and dug his long pointy nails into him. "Dooby i got him now what?" said the small mouse sized one.

"Yeah, what know Dooby." asked a small frail boy.

"I don't know yet but keep him there!" shouted the tallest one. He was clearly the leader.

"W..w..who are y..y..you?" questioned Willburt "What do you want with me?" said Dooby.

"We are eels." replied Dooby.

"No, what are your real names?" asked Willburt.

"Why do you need to know spy!" shouted the smallest one.

"I'm not a spy, you got it all wrong!" screamed Willburt.

"Fine I guess we will take him to the cathedral immediately!" demanded Dooby

Slowly the small boys released Willburt and lifted him to the cathedral. Outside the gates were two tall boys wearing old ragged clothes. The boys were much much taller than him and they were holding makeshift weapons that looked like they would fall apart at any moment.

"Afternoon Dooby." said one of the guard.

"Whos this?" questioned the other guard.

"Found him by the shore think he might be a spy." answered Dooby.

"Makes sense." responded the guard.

"Now open the gates immediately!" shouted Dooby.

As the guards opened the gates Willburt suddenly got pushed from behind so he began to walk into the cathedral. As he walked, there were clusters of people in corners and as many little gaps as they could find. There were fallen pillars, random chairs everywhere with missing chair legs and a thick layer of dark smoke that filled the cathedral which was supplied by the small campfires scattered around and everyone in the cathedral were children except from one old man alone in the corner. Then he realised how long he was going to be there.

Zara's Floodland Narrative

Chapter One - Then

As dark clouds filled the sky, Daina laid motionless at the bottom of her boat. Trying to manoeuvre her heavy body out of the boat, she was confused. This wasn't the mainland. Starting to walk forwards away from the boat she could hear the raindrops meeting the surface of the sea behind her. Looking around she saw an old rundown cathedral in the center of the small island. Although Daina was confused she knew one thing there was a storm brewing in the distance.

All of a sudden Daina heard something coming from the side of the cathedral. Stepping to go back to the boat she bumped into someone. As she turned around, Daina saw a boy only slightly older than her.

"Oi, who are you?" he shouted angrily.

"I'm, I'm Daina," Daina mumbled, scared out of her skin.

Coming over were three more members of what seemed to be a gang.

"Who's this, Dooby?" asked spat.

"It says it's name is Daina" Dooby said jokingly.

As she sat in the mud from when one of them had pushed her in. She could see that there were three boys and one girl.

"What are you then?" questioned Sarah.

"A human," replied Daina in confusion.

They all laughed loudly.

"No, what tribe are you cats, pigs, horses?" shouted Munchkin.

"Tribes, what tribes?" answered Daina.

"She's Messing with us!" claimed Dooby. " take her away, get her out of my sight!" screamed Dooby.

Being dragged by the colour of her old raggedy dress, Daina couldn't help but let them take her away. She was too tired. All of a sudden everything went black...

When she woke up she was tied to an old pillar in the rundown cathedral she saw earlier that day. As she looked around she saw cracks in the ceiling and walls. Bursting through the doors Dooby came in.

Starting to shout at her he said "come with me!"

Without thinking she got up because she had untied herself almost straight away. When she was out of the cathedral she saw guards who let Dooby out straight away like he was really important. Around the corner were they first met.

"Is this your boat?" questioned Dooby

"Yes it is" answered Daina,

"Okay, you are one of us now," Dooby said with a grin.

"Were the Eels" Munchkin told her "welcome to the Eels tribes" Munchkin shouted.