



**REWRITE THE STORY!
CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST
SEMI-FINAL
6TH FEBRUARY 2013 14:30-16:00**

SCHOOL:

Team members' names

.....

.....

CLASS:.....

NUMBER OF ENGLISH CLASSES PER WEEK

9 th YEAR	10 th YEAR	11 th YEAR	12 th YEAR	13 th YEAR

Your teacher's name:

EVALUATION SHEET

	Score	MAX
Creativity		15
Vocabulary		15
Storyline / Coherence		15
Use of English		15
TOTAL		60

.....
The signature of the evaluating teacher

.....
The name of the evaluating teacher in block capitals



1ST CATEGORY

Students who have less than six English lessons a week

Dear Contestants,

Welcome to the *Rewrite the Story!* contest held by Ferenc Mérei Institute of Education and Career Counselling.

In the 90-minute semi-final you are asked to write a new story of **150-200 words**. The contest starts at 14.30 and finishes at 16.00.

A teacher of your school and a panel of judges, who will be assessing many aspects of your writing, will evaluate your text and sort out the best-written ones to take part in the final.

Good luck!

Lucia Kákonyi
Educational Consultant

TASK:

Read the story and make up a new one with the same characters on the same spot. It should be a creative and coherent story of 150-200 words. Use your imagination! **Please keep the word limit!** (Do not write 10% more or less than the word limit.) Feel free to choose the style of your writing. It can be funny, dramatic, scary, etc.

You can consult your dictionary if you wish.



Genie-us

'If you want to marry my daughter,' said the king, 'you must prove yourself worthy of her hand.'

'Anything!' cried the poor young man. 'I love the princess, and I will brave any peril for her!'

The princess stood behind the throne, crying. 'Right then,' said the king. 'You must climb to the top of the Ice Mountain, and fetch the magic lamp that a wicked rival stole from me.'

'I'll do it!' the young man declared and rushed from the throne room.

The king chuckled. 'That's fixed him! The cheek of it - poor as a church mouse, and weedy too, and he thinks he's good enough to marry my daughter!

Well, he won't be back!'

The princess was still crying.

The young man might have been poor and weedy, but his love for the princess gave him courage. He struggled up the freezing, slippery slopes of the Ice Mountain. And he found the wicked rival's hideaway, where the magic lamp was hidden. (Luckily, the rival was away at the time.) Holding the lamp, he wondered what sort of magic it could do. You were supposed to rub magic lamps, weren't you? Well, then . . .

He rubbed the lamp. And—WHOOSH! A cloud of purple smoke burst out, and a genie appeared. The genie was tall and handsome and proud. He said, 'Who are you?'

'I'm a poor young man who loves the princess. And when I take the magic lamp, with you in it, back to the king, he'll let me marry her,' said the young man happily.

'In your dreams!' snorted the genie. He reached out and grabbed the young man.

'I've been in that lamp for a hundred years, and I'm fed up with it! So you can take my place—in you go!'

And with another puff of smoke, the young man vanished into the lamp.

The genie picked up the lamp, grabbed a magic carpet that was rolled up in a corner, and told it to take him to the palace.

'I've brought your lamp,' he announced as he strode into the throne room. 'It isn't magic any more. But I am. And I claim your daughter's hand in marriage!'

The king looked at the genie. Tall and handsome, and magic, too! 'That's more like it!' he said, and turned to the princess, 'Daughter, this is your future husband!'

The princess stopped crying. 'Oh, goody!' she said. 'I was so afraid I'd have to marry that poor, weedy creep instead!'

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