

Leverstock Green Book

Reception

It was a bright and sunny World Book Day, and Jemma had decided that this year she was going to dress up as a pirate. She carefully placed her captain's hat on her head, tied on her eye patch and picked up her pet parrot, Polly, who squawked happily from her shoulder.

"Ahoy there!" Jemma laughed, practising her best pirate voice in the mirror.

All day long she read exciting pirate stories. Her favourite was "Captain Abdul's Little Treasure". The brave captain sailed across stormy seas, followed secret maps and searched for hidden gold.

By the time Jemma finished the story, her eyes were shining with excitement.

"I'm going to be a pirate captain too! Call me Captain Jem!" she declared.

But then she stopped and thought.

How could she become a pirate captain?

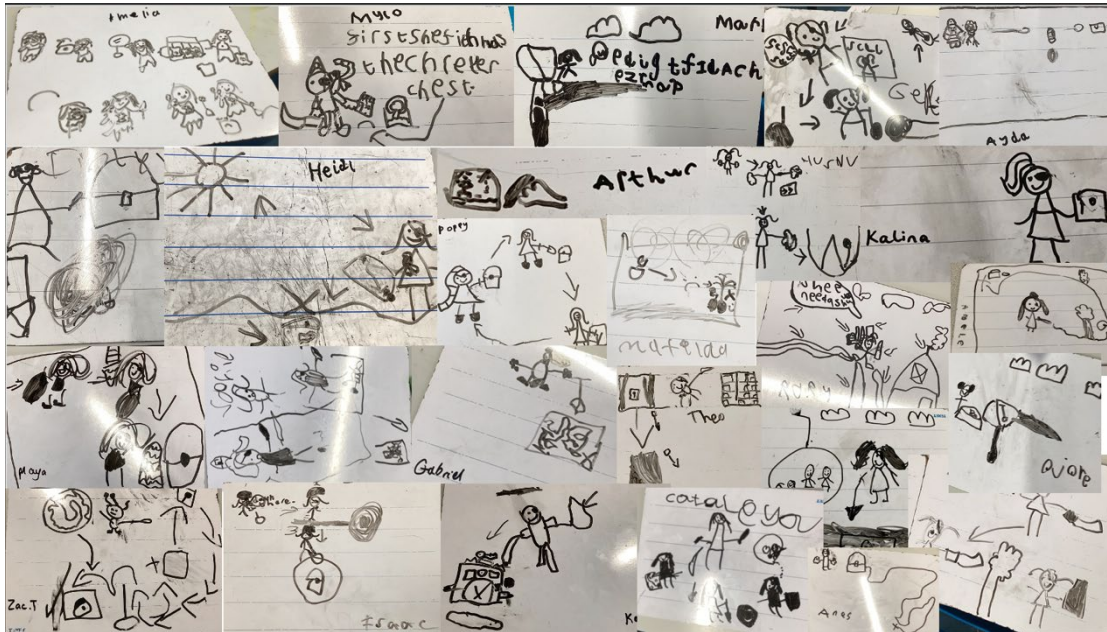
She didn't have a ship to sail across the sea.
She didn't have a crew to help her hunt for treasure.
And she certainly didn't have a treasure map.

Jemma sighed and looked at Polly.

"What am I going to do now?" she wondered.

Polly flapped her wings and gave a loud squawk, as if she had an idea...

Year One



“SQUAWK! Map! Map!” Polly chirped.

“A map?” Jemma said, tilting her pirate hat. “But where would we find a treasure map?”

Polly hopped from Jemma’s shoulder onto the school playground.

She started tapping her beak on the concrete by the sandpit in Reception.

Polly nudged her head towards a shovel resting against the fence that led to Year One.

“You’ve remembered the old tale of the Leverstock Pirates!... Mr Ryan told us there are still some treasures buried under ground,” Jemma gasped.

Polly squawked proudly.

With that, Jemma began digging.

And digging...

And digging...

Until... her shovel hit something hard. It made a sound like metal hitting wood. Gemma knew all about this because she had studied materials in Year One Science.

Polly and Jemma peered into the hole they had dug,

“Could that be...? Surely not, a...a...treasure map!”

Jemma slowly picked up the treasure map and carefully examined it. She instantly recognised the location the map was showing her... it lead to the Year Three classroom.

Jemma began her search for the treasure in Year Three but the bell had rung for the end of break and she couldn't be late for English! She rushed back to her classroom as fast as she could and sat down next to her friend, Liam.

Out of breath, Jemma whispered into Liam's ear, "Do you want to be in my pirate crew?" Liam turned to face Jemma trying to hide his excitement. "I've found a big, sandy treasure map and I think it's really special," she continued smiling.

"Ah ha, pirates," Liam whispered so he didn't get caught by his teacher. "Of course, I do!" Liam shouted out.

"Sshh," said the teacher.

"Oops," said Liam "Sorry."

Jemma looked around her to make sure no one else was listening. "Meet me behind the buddy bench at lunchtime and I'll bring the map," she whispered. Jemma and Liam watched the clock waiting for lunchtime.

Year Three

Finally, the clock struck twelve. Everybody ran to the playground, pleased that they could exercise and play with their friends. Jemma and Liam met at the buddy bench and discussed what their plan would be to get the treasure.

“Let’s go back to Year Three and find the treasure,” Jemma said to Liam, with a sly look on her face.

“OK that sounds like a great plan,” Liam replied.

They decided to enter through the classroom door because they knew it was unlocked and Mr Ryan was at “Simmons” with Mr Lemonade.

Jemma crept in first and signalled for Liam to follow. “Let’s split up,” she whispered. “It will make it quicker to find.”

Liam looked around near the lockers and Jemma surveyed the bookshelf. She even removed some of the books. Nothing.

Just then they had the shock of their lives. Mr Ryan and Mr Lemonade came through the outside door and Miss T came through the other one. “What on Earth are you doing in here?” Mr Ryan said with confusion written all over his face.

Jemma knew she couldn’t tell Mr Ryan the truth. She needed an excuse and she needed it now.

Year Four

“W...w...we are just looking for our coats because it’s cold outside!”

Liam replied nervously.

“YES! OUR COATS!” screamed Jemma.

Mr Ryan responded by telling them to hurry up! But nothing escaped Mr Lemonades’ eye. “But Mr Ryan! Haven’t you noticed? They already have their coats on!” barked Mr Lemonade in a commanding voice. “So what are you really up to?”

“Erm, we wanted to stay out of the cold,” spoke Jemma.

Mr Lemonade immediately shouted “You lying, snivelling, little toads! To “The Chokey” for the both of you,” he sneered.

Luckily for them and unbeknownst to the adults, the Chokey was still ‘out for delivery.’ Without a moment to lose, Jemma and Liam whisked themselves off to the Sunshine room to complete their consequence. It turned out to be a blessing in disguise, as a few moments later there was a knock on the Year 3 classroom door, from Amazon delivery. He had a flat pack delivery with the words “Chokey” typed across it!

“How on earth were they going to get the treasure now?” Liam sighed and started to feel utterly dejected whilst completing their slip.

“I’m sure something will come up. We will find another way!” Jemma responded positively.

Just then an urgent message was going around all members of staff from The Head, Mrs Burgess. The message read:

All teachers to the staffroom immediately. New consequence has been delivered. Volunteers needed to construct ASAP!

Liam’s face turned white with fear. His heart started to pound in his chest like a drum in a marching band. He knew exactly what that

meant, especially as Year four had been reading Matilda and he had seen Mr Lemonade getting very excited, talking to other members of staff about a new method to punish those badly behaved kids.

All of a sudden, Jemma's mood changed. The realisation hit her like a bolt of lightning. If the teachers are all going to be in the staffroom, would that mean the Year 3 classroom was empty?

Year Five

Her face lit up and she grabbed the map from her pocket. Liam and Jemma set off carefully, searching as they tiptoed sneakily through the school. They crept quickly through the Library, where they could see the rough silhouettes of the teachers through the blurred window of the staffroom door. The menacing sound of nails being hammered into the wood was undeniable, and they could make out the shadow of Mr Lemonade striking each one.

Time was running out and they burst through the Year 3 classroom door, relieved to find it was empty and dark. Liam dived to the floor, searching hurriedly under the desks as Jemma began scavenging her way through the teachers' cupboard.

"There's nothing here!" she whispered with frustration, "Surely the map wouldn't lie?"

"Wait... This looks weird," Liam hissed from underneath Mr Ryan's desk. Jemma dashed over and they were both huddled, in the shadows on the floor. Despite the lack of light, they could clearly see that a small patch of the carpet was a slightly different shade of blue, and a small corner - of what looked like a panel - was curled up. Liam pinched it between his thumb and finger, looked at Jemma and she nodded. He began to pull.

At first, the carpet stayed stuck. But after a little resistance, it began to slowly peel back and reveal an old, dark, copper panel with a mysterious handle set into it.

"Is that...a...a door?" stuttered Liam, worriedly looking to Jemma to tell him that he was wrong. Jemma was stunned and couldn't find words, so she simply nodded. She reached out her hand and twisted the old, rusty handle gently. It moved smoothly and the door creaked open. A waft of musty air rose up from a dark staircase that spiralled

underneath the classroom. Both children knew at once, they had to go down.

Jemma went first, bravely stepping onto the top step and Liam followed closely behind her. He ran his hands down the cold, damp walls to try and find a light switch – but his fingertips only found sticky cobwebs. At the bottom, the air felt cold and damp. There was a dripping sound and Jemma could see her own breath as she panted with fear. What would they find within the darkness?

Just then, they heard heavy footsteps on the stairs above them. They looked back and the light from the classroom above showed a shadowy figure was making its way down, towards them.

“Oh children, what a shame to find you here trapped in this cellar,” said a familiar voice. Liam gasped as he realised he knew who this was. The figure cackled and it echoed through the cellar, as the tall, shadowy teacher slowly stepped towards them into a ray of dim light, bringing Mr Lemonade’s face into view. Jemma could see a silly grin plastered onto his face. “Well you do find yourself in quite the predicament,” Mr Lemonade threatened, as he showed them the treasure map and lit the bottom corner with a match.

Year 6

Liam and Jemma watched in horror as the map started to burn.

However, Polly decided to take things into her own claws and with a squawk, flew up from Jemma's shoulder and swooped toward Mr Lemonade, with her claws at full extension.

Mr Lemonade screamed as Polly's claws made contact with his eyes. He shrieked and dropped the map as his hands flew to his face to stop Polly's claws doing any more damage. Jemma leapt forward to stamp on the map and put out the flames.

"What is going on down here?" said a voice above them, as the intimidating figure of the Head Teacher, Mrs Burgess appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Stop making all that fuss! Mr Lemonade," she said.

"But they hurt my eyes!" fussed Mr Lemonade.

"Oh, I am sure that it is nothing, go to the Sunshine Room and get a wet paper towel to put on them!" Mr Lemonade left, embarrassed and stumbling as he walked.

"As for you two," she continued, "Go back to your classroom and tell your teacher that I will see all three of you in my office, tomorrow at break time".

Jemma and Liam scuttled out of the cellar, without saying anything else.

Mrs Burgess picked up the remains of the treasure map and looked at it for a while.

"I have been looking for you for a long time....How soon can I go wild in the Harrods Chocolate Shop? – to begin with anyway."

THE END