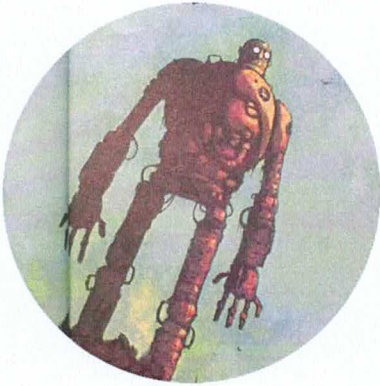
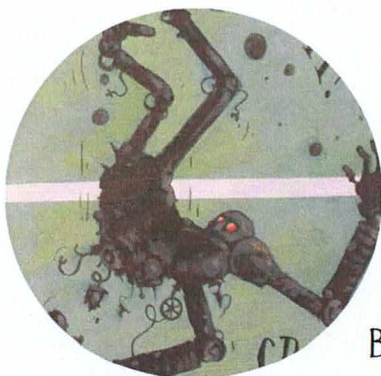
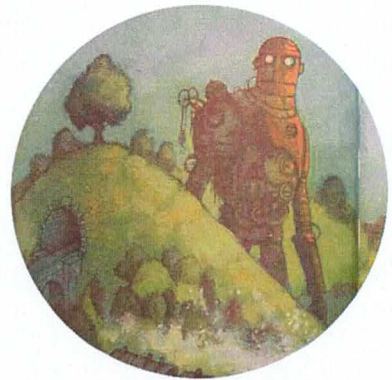


## The Iron Man by 3SB



The Iron Man peeked. The Iron Man peeked very slowly. The Iron Man peeked slowly and patiently. He saw flapping from the birds as they circled in the clear, colourful sky. The Iron Man was as towering as Big Ben standing tall in London.

Where is his family? The answer we don't know. Where does he live? The answer we don't know. Where was he made? The answer we don't know. His eyes beamed out in the night. They were bright, deep and staring. His arms reached up to the clouds – long, rusty and clanking.

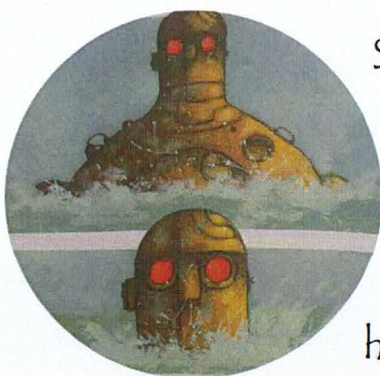
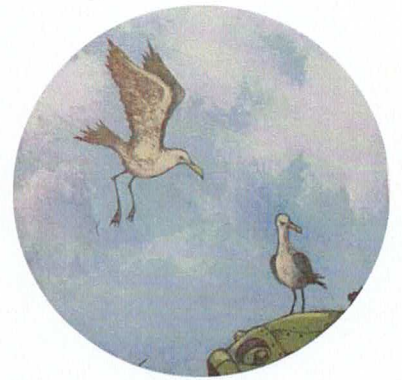


Like a melody playing in the night, the waves begged the Iron Man to come closer to the edge of the cliff. Toppling, twisting, turning, the Iron Man fell down the rocky cliff. Crash! Bang! Boom! Splat! Sand to sand, wave to wave, water to water he settled. Rock pool to rock pool, shells to shells, grass to grass he landed. Ledge to ledge, shard to shard, pebble to pebble he crashed.



Stop. Frozen. Nothing. As the Iron Man slowly opened his eyes he took a glimpse at the shining moon on the dark, blue sea. He saw stars twinkling and crumbling rocks in the distance. Feeling horror, broken, cracked and loneliness he realised he had shattered and smashed into pieces. Sensing his despair, the wind whispered words of encouragement, the stars smiled down on him and the crabs told him some jokes.

The Iron Man felt blue, isolated and devastated by what had happened. 'Oh no! What a shame! Why did he do that?' chatted the seagulls. 'We will help you' they called. Foot to ankle, ankle to leg, leg to back, the Iron Man was pieced together. Pin to tin, staple to sheet, bracket to bolt, he began to take shape again. Copper to nickel, iron to rust, steel to corrosion, the Iron Man is now finished and done.



Strolling slowly into the dark, scary sea, the Iron Man wanted to find out more. He was pushed forward by the crashing, diamond blue waves. Out of the corner of his eyes he noticed a silver fish was bolting away from his wet feet. As his head was pulled under the water, he was astonished by synchronised movement of the fish. He marvelled through the delicate seahorses and the crystal clear coral.



The Iron Man thought no one could see him. The Iron Man thought he was alone. The Iron Man was wrong. There was a boy who had seen everything. Hogarth couldn't stop thinking about the Iron Man. Who was he? Was he just dreaming? Is he a robot? Even though he was extraordinarily excited and happy, he was scared. Creeping carefully into the night, he knew he needed to be a detective and find out more.

Hogarth glared. Hogarth glared cautiously. Hogarth glared cautiously but slowly. He heard owls hooting, twigs snapping and the wind rustling. The wolves big, hairy tummy rumbling was as loud as a thunder storm booming on a cold, wet night. Hogarth, who was petrified, looked into the distance.



A hunting mist smothered. A magical, mysterious fog gripped. A spooky fog fell from the sky. His torch beamed on the enormous trees. As he looked up in the sky, his torch highlighted the moon. It revealed footsteps on the ground. Above him was a bat gliding quietly in the air. A squirrel was squeaking on a tree. A fox was crawling in the long grass beside the bushes.

He followed the trail of light out of the forest and there in front of him was a scrap yard. It seemed colossal and Hogarth was shivering because it was gigantic, he was petrified.

Bang! Crash! Crunch! Hogarth turned ... THE IRON MAN. 'Is this the end? Will he eat me?'

he wondered to himself. Bolting through the damp, deep forest, he felt a shadowy coldness looming above his head ...



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