



Ellie Dalby L4, Lower school Medal Essay winner 2011,
based on The Pied Piper of Hamelin
The Boy Who Was Left Behind



Suddenly, without any explanation the tall and grassy mountain-side closed, fitting back together perfectly as if it were a gigantic puzzle piece. Then it went silent. Everyone was confused and didn't know whether to think it real or not. It really was a gigantic puzzle but with a big piece missing.

On the other side of the River Weiser, mothers were crying and fathers were shouting but no matter how long or loud they cried for, it didn't seem to make a difference. All the children had gone, vanished off the face of the earth with no knowing of where they were or how they were. It was a big mystery.

Then, just as everyone felt as if there wasn't any hope left in the world, there was a thud followed by another thud, then another coming from the mountain-side.

"It's just another rat!" shouted the Mayor, putting on his tall black hat. Everyone stared at the Mayor so desperate for him to be wrong but they knew he was right.

"No look!" said one of the Mayor's guards. "It's Tim, the lame one!"

Everyone gasped. It turned out that there was hope left in the world after all. Tim was wearing an old brown pullover with a dirty white blouse underneath. They all ran to Tim and began asking him questions but Tim didn't reply. He hesitated and looked at the desperate parents. Tim was just as confused as them.

"Tim, are you alright? We've been worried sick!" cried one of the ladies running over to hug him. He pushed her away. "Tim?" she gasped. "What's wrong? Where are the rest of the children?" Tim shrugged, his eyes focussing on one spot. Then Tim let go of his crutches and stood still without even going off balance or falling over. This was surely impossible for a lame boy to stand without his crutches. What was going on?

He began stumbling forwards with his lame leg pushing people out of the way. People began whispering to one another.

Tim stood facing the mountain-side. He knelt on the floor and picked up a stick lying nearby on the grass. He held it firmly in his hands and began drawing the most bazaar pictures in the mud. Then as if out of nowhere, it began to rain and as Tim drew on the mud he began humming a tune. Everyone looked at him with tears of fear in their eyes. Firstly, all the children were led out of Hamelin by a Piper, next Tim started walking but he was lame so this surely could not happen and then he began humming tunes and drawing weird and nonexistent creatures in the mud. He drew horses with wings and dogs with huge, wide smiles. He drew the mountain-side opening wide and children skipping merrily inside then he drew a lame boy stuck outside of the mountain with a question mark above the lame boy's head. Everyone was trying to get him to talk but it was just no good. He would just stare at them and then just carry on humming and drawing. Then he began to write letters which then turned into a word. The word "*Promised.*" He looked long and hard at the word and watched the rain wash it away.

"He promised me!" Tim shouted from the top of his voice. "He promised me!"
"Who promised you?" everyone asked. As before Tim didn't reply he just began humming again.

Tim dropped the stick he had been drawing with which was covered in wet and sloppy mud. He began stumbling forwards again and then he pointed at the tall and grassy mountain-side probably hoping that it would open up again. He stamped his feet hard on the ground and shouted.

"You promised me Mr. Piper!" He turned around and looked at the wet, cold and worried parents still crying hopelessly for their children. Then Mrs Blake, the English teacher ran forward and grabbed Tim's hands.

"Tim it's alright, you're safe now. You don't want to follow Mr. Piper. He's mean and evil and now because of him all the children have gone."

Tim's face began scrunching up as if he didn't want to hear a word more. He struggled to get free of Mrs Blake but he was too weak. He looked at her with his wide, blue eyes and then gave her a hug. He gripped tightly on to her dress as if he was too scared to let go. His wet hands left small, wet hand marks on Mrs Blake's red dress. "Now let's get you home before anything else happens to us all," Mrs Blake said holding his hands tightly.

