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Dear bloom,

Remember when I told you I was gonna meet the fascinating author, Melvin Burgess, well this is what happened ...

At school

5 minutes before lesson finished Miss Aduwa let me out early so I met up with Lamy and Alyssa in the maths corridor. After that we went to the canteen and ate an early lunch. (I had a tuna and sweet corn sandwich, with a caparison drink). Next we went together to the library (the meeting point) and met up with the rest of the students who were going and Miss Knight (the librarian) and another teacher whose name I forgot.

After, then making our way to Dulwich Library by bus, my heart was thumping. This was gonna be soo fun!! I was actually meeting a professional writer!!

In the Dulwich Library meeting room with other schools

Melvin Burgess. I thought he would be a bit boring and lifeless but he was completely the opposite. Explaining how he started to write / how a first teacher told him his stories were rubbish and dragged down his spirits. While his second truthful teacher was encouraging and extra nice saying his stories were fascinating and they are!!

He expressed how many times he kept trying to get published and finally got lucky. Then he read a bit of his story. `The cry of the wolf`:

It's about a secret tribe of a wolf family that are in hiding and one day a famous hunter came and boasted about having hunted all animals to extinction. And one day a silly little boy tells the hunter about the secret wolf tribe that was supposed to be extinct. So, of course the hunter went to kill each of those poor wolves one by one. Now there were only two wolves left, a mother and her young cub. Now cornered in a vacant shed the hunter takes aim at the

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mothers head and shoots... did the young cub survive???(He never told us what happened next).

After that he told us a chilling story of how each night when he really wanted to scare himself *he would place his hand deep under his bed in the middle of the night and pretended a skeleton with measly few scraps of flesh on it would silently shadow his but never touch him ...*

Now the scary part comes... (We knew we were gonna jump but we jumped anyway) and as he would slowly push his hand just an inch more the skeleton would come closer and closer until suddenly it grabbed Melvin and pulled him under the bed , at that point Melvin shrieked " BOO !! " And we jumped with both spine chilling fear and pure jokiness (if that's even a word).

Oh bloom he's so gentle and funny. We then asked him questions on his career and lifestyle and not once did he look up and feel even a bit self conscious. He just let his answers flow and spoke naturally with confidence and pride.

It was a wonderful day!

Yours lovingly

Zee xxx