

**Countess Gytha**  
**World Book Day 2026**

**Story Chain – A story created by sending each preceding paragraph to the next class to continue the story!**

Once upon a time there was an owl called Rocket. He was an author who liked to read and write stories. He had brown, fluffy wings and a white face. He was clever, kind and funny, but sometimes he could be very sneaky.

Rocket lived in a very special oak tree house. He enjoyed writing on his magic desk which overlooked the enchanted woods. He could see treetops, winding rivers, snowcapped mountains and woodland friends playing in amongst the bluebells.

On Friday morning, Rocket set off on the Story Trail towards Gytha's Glen. He could hear the twittering, cheerful bird song and the fresh, shivering wind blowing against his feathery face. Unfortunately, he realised he had lost his hand-drawn treasure map somewhere along the dusty, winding trail. He was worried and terrified at being alone. He did not know where to go next! What if he was lost forever?

Looking at the ground, Rocket spotted a trail of footprints imprinted in the mud ahead, and he decided to follow them. As he followed the footprints, he ventured further into the forest and began to see more wildlife. He sighed with relief and a smile spread across his face. He could ask the animals where to go to find the treasure!



“Hello there!” exclaimed Rocket, “do you know the direction I need to go to find the treasure?”

“What treasure?” growled a bear ferociously.

Rocket felt scared and disappointed that the bear didn't know what he was talking about.

Suddenly, a hedgehog appeared from a prickly, emerald hedge. “The treasure is in Gytha's Glen.” he replied, “just follow this compass east and you will find it.”

Taking the compass from the hedgehog, Rocket went on his way. ‘East,’ he thought to himself, ‘Which way is east?’

Finally, after hours and hours and hours and hours of walking, past the treetops, the winding rivers, the snowcapped mountains and fields covered in bluebells, he found what he was looking for: the treasure chest. Without taking a moment's thought, he lunged towards it.

Excitedly, he pried the chest open. His mouth dropped. A shimmer of gold reflected off his eyes. The more he looked at his prize, the happier he became! He couldn't believe he had found it.

Books, books and books. He found books about adventure, books about mystery, murder-filled books, books that made him laugh, books that made him think, books that made him jump behind his sofa in fright, books that he could relate to, books with animals, books about friends, non-fiction books, books that made him sit on the edge of his seat, books that he could not put down, no matter how hard he tried, books with pictures, and books that made him think about the hedgehog that had helped him along the way.

And that was when he realised, he could share this wonderful treasure with all his friend and that is exactly what he did.