

STRANGER SAGAS 2026 - WINNERS

YEAR 7

The Open Book

By : Florence

A book lay open on the table, its pages worn and yellowing. There were no words on the page, nor on any of the others.

A bird of brilliant blue swooped low, hypnotised by the pages that were now flickering back and forth as though blown by a breeze.

Darting closer, the bird sang sweetly and the movement abruptly stopped. Slowly, words and symbols emerged in gold script.

Moving closer, the bird's wings brushed the edges of the paper.

Suddenly it vanished, drawn in, leaving only a blue feather floating down.

The book flipped to its cover, revealing the word ([#]#[#]).



STRANGER SAGAS 2026 - WINNERS YEAR 8

By : Saisha

For months, the artist locked himself in the attic, painting a masterpiece to secure a wealthy marriage alliance. His sister, who funded his ambition through gruelling factory shifts, was forbidden from seeing it.

One night, driven by curiosity, she slipped upstairs and pulled back the heavy canvas sheet.

The portrait wasn't of a noblewoman — it was a grotesque, blue-tinted caricature of herself, her eyes wide with terror.

Before she could scream, a heavy hand gripped her shoulder from the dark.

The artist smiled, whispering,

"Perfect. Hold that exact face for the next eight hours while I finish the background."



STRANGER SAGAS 2026 - WINNERS YEAR 9

By : Samiha

The house inhaled when it rained. Water seeped through the walls, carrying the scent of damp earth and wilted roses.

Mother said it was settling. I knew better than that.

On the eve of my thirteenth birthday, I discovered a narrow door hidden behind the nursery fireplace. Inside, hung thirteen funeral dresses. Each bore my name. Each was stitched to fit a girl one year older than the last.

Beneath them, rested a small silver locket containing miniature portraits. My face gazed back from each one. The oldest was dated tomorrow.

Below, Mother began sharpening a carving knife for supper.

