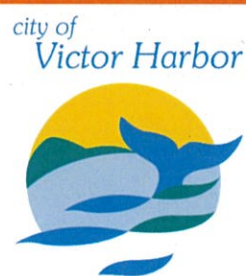
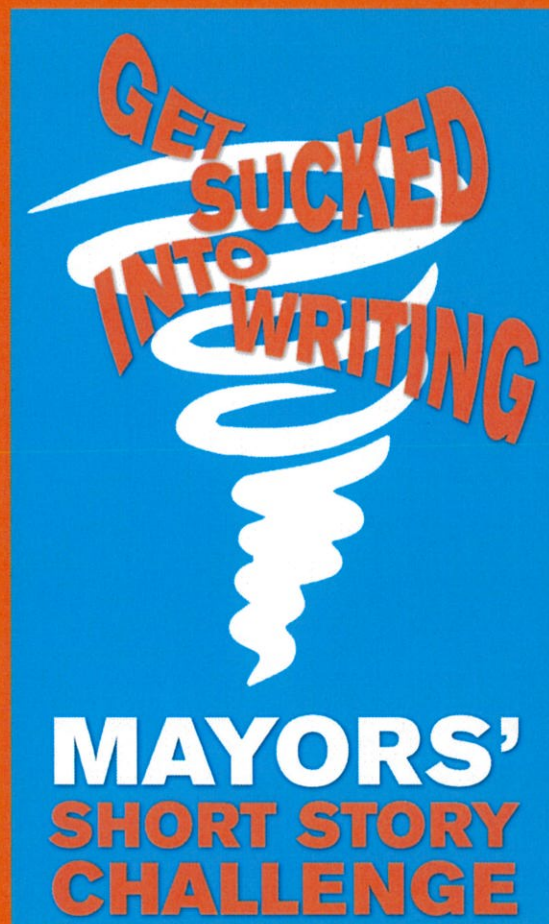


# 2020

## Mayors' Short Story Challenge

Winners & Short Listed Stories  
District Council of Yankalilla



# Mayors' Short Story Challenge

The Mayors' Short Story Challenge is a wonderful collaboration between the City of Victor Harbor, Alexandrina Council and the District Council of Yankalilla and their public libraries to celebrate 'creative' writing. The "Challenge" is held during term two of each year for the participation of school aged children, from reception to year 10. Each year the Mayors' Short Story Challenge gets bigger and better with all councils receiving a significant number of entries this year.

Thank you to all the Principals, Teacher-Librarians, Teachers, Student Services Officers and parents who encouraged their students to enter. This year 102 entries were received from across our district.

Thank you to the District Council of Yankalilla Mayor, Glen Rowlands, Deputy Mayor, Simon Rothwell, the judges and the children for their efforts in "having a go". They have delighted us with their creative and imaginative writing. Without their participation the Mayors' Short Story Challenge would not have been the success it has been.

## District Council of Yankalilla Section Winners

### Reception to Year 2 Section

The bully  
*Lilly O'Brien*

### Years 3- 4 Section

Who got lost  
*Alannah Howes*

### Years 5 - 7 Section

Protector  
*Kooper McArdle*

### Years 8 - 10 Section

The Stones ones  
*Archie Gibbs*

### Overall Winner

Protector  
*Kooper McArdle*

## Category Winner

Lilly O'Brien, Year 2

*The bully*

Yankalilla Area School

## Shortlisted students

Ella Conroy, Year 1

*Once upon a time...*

Yankalilla Area School

Lilly O'Brien, Year 2

*The bully*

Yankalilla Area School

Alice Fearnside, Year 2

*The girls pet unicorn*

Yankalilla Area School

April Bailey, Year 1

*The girl who saved the kitten*

Yankalilla Area school

Reception to Year 2



Ella Conroy  
Ella Onere upon a time there

was a little aeroplane. One day

the little aeroplane was flying  
over a forest. Suddenly, Bang!

crash! the little aeroplane was

falling!!! She fell and fell

soon she crashed. She was

lost in a forest. Later a little

girl and a boy came running

over! "Please help me" asked

the little aeroplane. "I'll try"

said the little boy. He pushed

and pushed until... finally she

was flying! "Thank you" said

the little aeroplane. And she

flew away. The end.

Lilly  
O'Brien

The bully

Once upon a time there was a little girl her name was Alexa. Alexa loved school. She loved the Art and the maths and all the other lessons. But there was only one lesson she absolutely did NOT LIKE it was break time. Because every day each break she would go outside and there would be a Bully his name was Patrick. Each day he would follow Alexa around and call Alexa mean names. And when she went home she was all hurt and said. One day Alexa said to the bully "Please Please stop" She said "you're being very mean. What if someone did that to you? you would be very sad, so would you like to be my friend?" The bully was sad <sup>about</sup> what he had done, so he said "Sorry would you still want to be my friend?" "Yes" said the little girl, so the bully and the little girl were best friends for ever.

ice The girl and her unicorn.

Once upon a time there  
was two best friends. Well  
one is a unicorn named Lilo,  
Daisy is Lilo's owner. One day  
Lilo went to the  
enchanted forest but  
then Lilo fell and then the trees  
were shaken. Daisy was at  
the house and she was worried.  
Daisy ran into the  
enchanted forest and found Lilo  
on the ground with a hurt  
hoof. Daisy rang the vet but no  
one picked up because the  
vet was sick. Daisy tried and tried.  
Daisy rang again, Lilly the vet  
answered. Then when she heard  
the news she came as quickly  
and fixed Lilo the unicorn. (P)

April the little girl who saved <sup>Bailey</sup> the  
little kitten. Once upon a time there  
was a little girl, one night Lilly woke up  
and Lilly saw a kitten from outside <sup>Wrote</sup>  
her window. so Lilly sneaked out side  
<sup>when</sup> she got out side she saw the  
kitten out side on the other side of  
the river. She couldn't get a cross  
the river. Then she had <sup>an idea</sup> a idea. She  
jumped a cross the river and she  
grabbed the kitten. <sup>quickly</sup> then  
she went back to bed with the  
kitten. then she was <sup>fast</sup> fast a sleep.  
then it was morning and she told  
her parents that I saved a kitten.

Lilly put the kitten in the bath  
then she took the kitten out of  
the bath and Lilly grabbed a  
towel. Then she said "what  
name could it be?" And Lilly said

Angela

Engla! and the next day Lilly and  
Engla got up they went out  
side and they played chasey  
together. Then Lilly had to

leave and Lilly went to the  
shop. It was <sup>christmas</sup> CRISMIS so

Lilly got <sup>Angela</sup> Engla a jacket to  
keep <sup>Angela</sup> Engla nice and warm.

so then Lilly <sup>caught</sup> caught the  
bus. It took a long time  
to get home. ②



## Category Winner

Alannah Howes, Year 4

*Who got lost*

Yankalilla Area School

## Shortlisted students

Holly Wheaton, Year 3

*The pretty princess*

Yankalilla Area School

Elyse Jeffrey, Year 4

*Love in space*

Yankalilla Area School

Hunter Fretwell, Year 4

*The alert*

Yankalilla Area School

Alannah Howes, Year 4

*Who got lost*

Yankalilla Area School

Years 3 to 4



## The pretty Princess!!!!

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess, named Grace. Princess Grace lived with her father and mother, King Charles and Queen Ruby. The princess had a dragon named Crystal and a unicorn named Scarlet. Princess Grace was always happy as a princess. She never wanted to change that.

One day she started to wonder what was waiting for her outside the castle. She knew her parents would never approve. So, in the dead of night she slowly lowered down her bed sheets out of the window. Carefully she began to slide down. As she approached the gate she saw outlines of the guards. When she got to the gate she realized they were asleep. Grace gently grabbed the key, but nearly jumped when the guard turned over and murmured in his sleep. Soon after walking for what seemed like hours, she found an Inn and stopped to get some rest. As she wondered into sleep Grace thought why her parents would hide this from her. This town was perfect really.

In the morning the princess continued walking until she found a quaint little café with delicious finger buns. When she exited the café, everything went black. When she woke Grace discovered she was dangling dangerously over a pit of fire breathing dragons. Suddenly a dark figure slowly approached the flickering fire light.

“Who are you?” Grace asked, sounding very outraged.

“Ah, you don’t remember me” said the voice. He started to yell, “I am your grandfather! I want the throne, so I will kill all heirs to the throne. I am starting with you!” he bellowed. Grace didn’t know what to do; she was trapped in the hands of her evil grandfather. Now look what has happened she thought. She should have never left the castle. This was going to be the end of Princess Grace, heir to the throne.

Suddenly a handsome prince with a bejeweled sword burst into the room, causing the sunlight to flood into the room. The Crystal and Scarlet burst into the room with loud uproar. As soon as Crystal saw Grace she leapt up and grabbed the cage, breathing fire on the chains. The dragon carried the cage with every ounce of strength it had. Thank goodness they came when they did, she thought. She was so close to those dragons she could see their red and

orange scales glinting in the firelight. "SCARLET!" shouted Grace happily, "thank goodness you came." Suddenly Crystal roared in agony as the hooded man cut her leg. Crystal shot a flame into the air calling the other dragons to come and fight with her. Without warning, a stranger appeared to help them. Together, they snuck up on the evil grandfather and seized him. She shouted at him, "Run away and never come back!"

Then the helpful stranger spoke, "by the way name is Prince Andrew."

"I'm Princess Grace." said Grace nervously. And so, the evil grandfather was banished from the kingdom, and the princess and prince lived happily ever after.

By Holly

Elyse  
Jeffrey

# Love in space!

Once upon a time there was a Abyssinian cat called Miskit, Miskit was a beautiful cat that loves space a lot! There was also a pug called Guppy, Guppy was loyal and very protective over his owners, he loved space more than anyone!!! One day an astronaut was looking for two people to enter the spaceship. There was a big round jar full of pieces of paper with people's name on it to enter the spaceship. Two lucky people got chosen... **Miskit and Guppy!!!** Miskit and Guppy said goodbye to their family and friends, when they were finished saying goodbye, they set off on their adventure to space. Miskit and Guppy got along very quickly. They were talking about how **AMAZING** space was! They also forgot they were even on the spaceship! The bad thing was... they were fighting about who likes space more! The captain of the ship (who was a white cheetah called Sirah) said to Guppy

and Miskit if they wanted to go out for a float. They both were so excited. When they both got strapped up, they hopped out of the spaceship and FLOATED! But Guppy was too interested in the weird blue planet than floating around and having fun. Miskit slowly floated to him and said "what's wrong Gupp?". "oh" said Guppy. "that blue planet over there... do ya see it?". "yesss?" said Miskit "I've never seen it before... have you seen it before? Misky?" said Guppy with a confused look, "ahhhh no... I have not seen it before in all my space life". Said Miskit. "how about we play a game of tag? Ain't that fun?" "ok sure, that sounds fun". But when guppy turned around he saw that Miskit was floating away and that she was screaming "HELP!!!!!!!" "MISKIT!! HOLD ON IM COMING!!!" said Guppy, very worried. Guppy floated over to the spaceship as fast as he could. He said to Sirah that Miskit was floating away from the ship very fast! Sirah turned the ship towards Miskit. Sirah and Guppy had the most worried face in the hole world when they realized that Miskits breathing pipe was cut off so she only had 1 minute to

breath or else she will not survive... Guppy was crying so much, but they got to Miskit just in time. When they pulled her in the spaceship her eyes were closed... and filled with tears. "What is going to happen to Miskit? Is... is this the end???" Guppy said, with tears running down his face. "We have to get to earth as soon as we can, were only a few thousand kilometres from earth so we may make it in time" said Sirah. "or if we don't... she might lose her life...". When it was only 5 more minutes left from earth to wear they were. Guppy ran his hand down her arm, until it got to her hand... he held her hand tightly and said "your going to be alright Miskit, I... I lov..." "were here Guppy..." said Sirah. Once they got out the spaceship, there was news reporters every were... blocking there way and talking to them about how the space was. Guppy said "STOP!!! LET US THROUGH... please?" everyone moved out their way. They ran to the hospital and the doctors put Miskit on a hospital bed. Then Miskit's eyes started to open, Guppy was so surprised that she made it and he hugged her and Miskit said "I love you to". Miskit smiled and closed

her eyes again, Guppy had to go home because he couldn't stay for long. He said to Sirah "take care of her... please" "don't worry I will, go home now" said Sirah. "ok" said Guppy with a tear running down his face. THE NEXT DAY. When Guppy woke up he heard his door bell ring. He went to open the door and guess who it was... MISKIT!!! Guppy hugged her as tight as he could and said "i.. I missed u Miskit and... and I love you..." "I love you to" they hugged each other as tight as ever. TWO YEARS LATER. Dun dun dundun... just to clarify, they got married.

By Elyse Jeffrey



# The alert

It was a hot sunny day at the beach. There was a boy named JACK. He was swimming in the water. There was a big wave and he was pulled under the water. Luckily we was able to kick to the top. He could not work out why he was pulled under. An alert went off. Jack thought that must be for a tsunami. Jack swam as fast as could to the shore. He thought to himself, how am I going to get out of this ?

Finally he reached the shore. No one was on the beach. Mum and Dad were gone! Where were they? Jack knew he needed to get to higher ground . He saw his mum and Dads car close by. He ran to the car and tried to start it. Luckily he heard the engine start. He drove to higher ground which was at a two story shop. If we was going to survive himself he needed food. He stole two soup cans. He was wondering what to do next.

Right then the wave hit! It destroyed everything and there was water everywhere. The shopping centre he was in stayed together. He was ok!!! The next problem was getting back to his family. An idea come into his head. Go to the roof Jack, he said to himself. He got onto the roof. Just as he thought, a helicopter came. His mum and Dad were in the helicopter!! They had come to save him!!! This was the scariest day ever!

The End.

By Hunter Fretwell



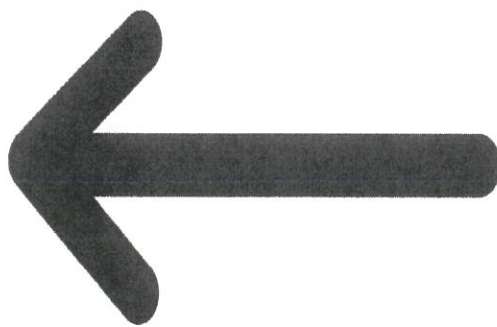
# Who got lost

Author: Alannah Howes!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Once upon a time there was a tiny girl and everyone called her little Mia. Mia had dark brown skin, light strawberry blonde hair and she always loved to wear her small pink dress. She was 7 years old. Mia lived in South Africa but she was just coming down to Adelaide so she decided to go to Monarto zoo. First, when she got there she saw a beautiful place with big open space for all the animals and lots of paddocks. She didn't have any parents so she had to make money by herself. She went straight to the lemurs and porcupines first to watch them get fed big pieces of juicy orange carrots. Next, she went on the bus and saw some more animals rhinos, Endangered horses and Ostridges. When the bus had stopped every one had got off the bus but she was to slow and the bus driver went to the next stop. Mia was in the bus and she was so scared she was shivering. She felt the bus stop and she got off

without the bus driver looking and then BANG!!!!  
When she got off she found herself in a paddock full of Tigers. A Tiger came up to her and she thought it would hurt her but it just licked her face she was so confused. But then she saw a sign that said orange tiger's harmless likes little girls. She was so relieved. But she still did not know where she was or what to do. "waaaaaa" she burst into tears but she knew that she had to be brave and find the way back to the lemurs and porcupines cage. Mia quickly ran through the tiger's paddock, cut through the Monarto garden and then at that very moment she saw the porcupine trainer that was feeding the porcupine carrots earlier on. The trainers name was Mary. Mary had beautiful white skin, lovely black hair and a cute red bag. Mia went up to Mary and said "excuse me I am lost could you please help me." "ok I will help you little girl" Mary said in a lovely voice. "Thankyou" replied Mia. Mary took Mia back to the porcupine's cage and she was so happy that she hugged Mary and said "thankyou so much if I didn't find you I might of been lost for the whole day." Mary said "where are your parents

your mum and your dad” “I don’t have any” She said. “I have a great idea” said Mary “I can adopt you and we can be a really good family” “Of course” Mia cried “I would love that” so Mary brang Mia back to the cage and they stayed there for the whole day until Mary stopped working and then Mary went to the police station and filled out a sheet that said Mary could adopt little Mia. So they went to Marys house and set up all toys for Mia’s and from this day they were a family. Even though they still sometimes visited Africa to see her old friends.



little Mia

## Category winner

Kooper McArdle, Year 5

*Protector*

Rapid Bay Primary School

## Shortlisted students

Royce Williss, Year 5

*Elves vs Aliens*

Rapid Bay Primary School

Abby Kirkbride, Year 7

*Escape from the train*

Yankalilla Area School

Kooper McArdle, Year 5

*Protector*

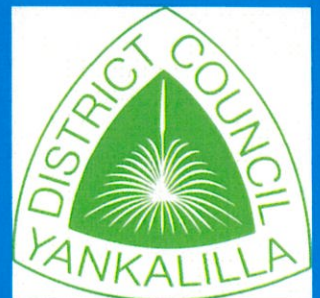
Rapid Bay Primary School

Ash Ransom, Year 7

*The dragon..*

Yankalilla Area School

Years 5 to 7



# Elves vs Aliens

By Royce

A long time ago in a land far away, known as Zarzaratin, there was a mythical forest full of magical creatures and tall, ancient trees. Amongst them was a small, elf village. One of the elves was sitting on a mossy log reading a book. He was eleven-years-old and wore a leather tunic. He had short brown hair and had stubby horns on his head. His name was Ivan. Sitting next to him was a small deer, listening to him read the book aloud. Suddenly, the deer jumped up and started to sniff the air. "What's wrong?" Asked Ivan. The deer just stood there for a minute and then bolted for the bushes. Ivan looked around, looking for what had scared the deer. He heard a loud, whirring sound, and a huge triangular object appeared in the sky. It hovered over the village, and cast an eerie light over it. Before he knew it, it started to suck everyone in! Ivan ran. He ran and he ran and he ran. He didn't stop until the sun went down.

"I... I... think I lost it..." panted Ivan as his eyes darted around. He rested at the foot of a tall tree, when he heard a rustling noise in the bushes nearby. "Who's there?!" called Ivan loudly. There was more rustling and a tall figure strode out of the bushes. "Who are you?!" asked Ivan. "I am Captain Holdonna - Great Wizard and Captain of the Elven Army," boomed the wizard. "What are you doing here?" Ivan asked again, very confused. "It's not safe here..." said the wizard. "That thing in the sky took everyone from my village..." Ivan yelled, "...can you help me?" "I can," said the wizard. A dragon swooped down from the sky. It landed on the ground with a THUD. "Hop on!" yelled Holdonna as he climbed onto the dragon's back. Ivan reluctantly climbed up. His stomach lurched as the dragon took off.

*A little while later...*

BOOM! Crash! The dragon landed at the mouth of a large cave. Ivan and Holdonna climbed off. "Good girl, Starbeam," Holdonna whispered to the dragon. A fire crackled away inside as Ivan and Holdonna sat down beside it. "Do you know what attacked my village?" asked Ivan. "...Aliens! Aliens attacked you," replied Holdonna, "They are trying to take over Zarzaratin." "The Elven Army have been fighting back against them in secret," he said. "Elven defences are gathering at Buntar Bay, where we believe the next attack will take place tomorrow." "Are you going?" asked Ivan. "Yes, I am" said Holdonna. "I'm coming too," insisted Ivan.

The next day, Ivan and Holdonna rode Starbeam to Buntar Bay. The water-elves stood on the beach, arms linked, with their backs turned to the water. Holdonna told Ivan to find a safe lookout. He climbed a huge tree and watched the familiar triangle appear in the sky. He looked to the water-elves, who were performing a spell. A huge bubble appeared around them, forming a defence line. The triangle deployed spaceships that landed on the beach and let down their ramps. Aliens poured out and started shooting at the bubble with laser guns - but the bubble just absorbed them. The aliens marched through the bubble and came face-to-face with the elves. The elves pulled out their swords and lead the attack. It was an angry battle, and the aliens were clearly a strong force and were gaining ground, fast. But the elves had a secret weapon.

Ivan turned to the cliffs above to witness Holdonna wave his staff, muttering to himself, and slam it down. He sent shockwaves through the ground that threw the aliens off their feet and ended the battle.

Holdonna returned home with the surviving elves on Starbeam. The aliens surrendered. The elves taken from Ivan's village were returned and the war was finally over.

## Escape from the train

Its dark I'm alone. I wish I had someone to hold me and keep me safe but I don't. Alone hiding in the corner of the basement starving as I haven't eaten in three days. Why did he have to be such a bad person? Mama said there was a bit of good in everyone. But then again, she's dead.

What's that, I can hear the ear-piercing hiss of a Nazi war plane. I cover my head and hope for the best when suddenly. BANG! CRASH! The ceiling starts to cave in, the rubble and dust falling from the ceiling suffocating me, I can hear the horrifying screams of people coming from miles away.

As I stumble out of the basement into the streets struggling to breath from all the dust and rubble in my lungs, I see the most heart-breaking thing. People. Lying on the cold hard cobble of the streets, helpless and defenceless. Some dead. Why I wonder. What is going through their minds to make them think its okay to kill and destroy thousands of pitiful, powerless families. I can't take this anymore. These evil vermin Nazis have killed my family, destroyed my home and taken away everything I love.



I'm standing alone in the middle of the street. it feels like standing in the middle of a battlefield. When all of a sudden, I feel a cold muscular hand on my shoulder, that sends a shock wave through my body. To afraid to turn around. I stand there thinking about all the possibilities of what could happen. It could be the hand of a Nazi soldier coming to take me away. It could be a bandit there's a lot of them going around at this time stealing food from defenceless people. For a second, I think it could be my mum and dad here to take me back home and reassure me that everything will be okay, but then I come back to my senses and realise that's impossible, they're both dead.


I slowly turn around to see a tall man towering over me wearing newly polished leather boots and the Nazi uniform. I start screaming for help but not long after I stop as I realise no one can help me I just have to accept defeat. Before I know it, I'm being chucked in the crowded mouldy rotten carriage of one of the transport trains heading to Auschwitz. As soon as I hit the floor of the carriage the putrid stench of unwashed bodies and human faeces hits me .As I regain my balance and rise to my feet all I can see if hundreds of helpless people squished together with no more than a centre meter in-between them.

With no ability to move I stand still as a statue at the front of the carriages for what feels like hours., until I notice something different at the back of the carriage. I begin to push through all the people, and within seconds I'm at the back of the train. I kneel to take a closer look, what I see shocks me.

I thought these carriages were made to not be able to break out of, yet I had just found a loose panel in the walls. This was a miracle. Now all I need to do is find out a way I can escape as quickly and quietly as possible before the guards figure out.

I'm in the train, sitting, contemplating if this is a good idea and adding up the chances of me failing and getting shot, which to be honest are high. I decide to take the risk and go for it. I loosen the wooden board slightly enough to see the outside to see if I was able to jump out, and as luck would have it, it was perfect I saw a beautiful luscious green paddock with a small forest of trees up the top. I wait until the guards aren't looking then I begin to wiggle the board enough for me to squeeze out through. I peak my head out once again to check if this is possible, looking down terrifies me, but I decide I had to do this, it was my only chance of freedom. I steady myself, take a deep breath and jump. As I hit the hard rocky ground a huge wave of relief flows through me.





'I made it' 'I'm still alive' I think. But its not over yet I'm not safe yet. I regain my balance and book it up the hill dodging all the bullets being shot. BANG! A bullet flies past my head just missing me. As I make it to the top of the hill I hide between the bushes.

'I'm safe' I think to myself. Well at least for now.

# Protector

By Kooper

There was a young sorcerer named Eli, who had become the leader and protector of his planet when his father, the master sorcerer, had passed several years earlier.

Eli had chocolatey brown hair with deep blue eyes with a blue silk robe and green pants.

Eli lived in a distant realm, many light years from the solar system we know. His planet was named Jalenor (After a legendary sorcerer from thousands of years ago). The planet was inhabited by a group of wizards named Jalenorites, who lived in the deep, luscious, green forests and jungles that covered most of the planet.

Eli possessed many unique talents and abilities that only his bloodline could lay claim. Since his father's passing, he was the sole protector of all Jalenorites, who depended on him for their survival.

Life had been awesome on Jalenor, until disaster struck one icy, winter's day. Eli was collecting wood for the fire, to keep him nice and cosy, when he saw mysterious cracks appearing rapidly in the ground right before his eyes. Eli had been dreading this day ever since his father warned him about this uncontrollable disaster. His father had told him before he passed, that Jalenor would one day self-destruct, and when it did, it was his job to rescue all Jalenorites and transport them to a new planet.

Eli knew he had to act fast. He quickly sprung into action. He sounded the alarm for all Jalenorites to assemble at the assembly area. A few hours later all civilians had assembled before their leader.





The dragon had struck in the dead of night, while everyone was sleeping. It had swept down from the sky and smashed a hole in the castle walls, I was one of the guards on duty that shift. I heard a scream coming from the other side of the castle, drew my sword and started running to the source of the noise. As I arrived, I saw a huge dragon blast Geoff, the other guard on duty, with scorching flames. When the flames stopped all that was left of Geoff was a blackened skeleton, then the dragon turned its beastly head to me and growled. It lunged at me and my head bashed against the stone wall so hard that it put a dent in my helmet, I raised my shield as flames turned its surface red-hot. I leapt to my feet and charged at the huge reptilian beast; sword drawn. I buried my sword hilt deep into the dragon's flesh, it bellowed and took flight into the dark night, knocking me to the ground in the process. By then everyone in the castle had woken and were staring aghast at the wreckage of the wall and the smouldering remains of Geoff. I was helped to my feet and taken to the physician's office to get treated for my wounds.

The next day I was asked the details of what happened the night before, I told them all about the dragon, and how it killed Geoff. They then got me a horse and supplies and told me to go to the dragon's home, deep inside the volcanic mountain of Mt. Callos, far beyond the borders of civilisation, kill it and bring its severed head back as proof of my victory.

After a few days of riding I was pretty sure that I was being followed, so I set up my camp and went to bed armed. At around midnight I heard a hollow howling sound that seemed to be coming from all around me. I crawled out of my tent and jumped to my feet. My camp was surrounded by undead rotting corpses missing various limbs and body parts, they were armed to the teeth with clubs, swords, crossbows, and axes. Everything the horrible creatures touched turned black and died. They howled and charged at me, I drew my sword and braced myself to fight the monsters. The first one reached me, and I shoved my blade into its gut, I span around and bashed the pommel of my sword into another creature's head. Then there was an ear-splitting scream and I fell unconscious. When I woke up all the creatures were gone but the black spots on the ground and trees were still there so I knew that the monsters had been real, I reached to my ear and they were bleeding from the scream. I packed up my camp and continued on my journey.

A few days later the trees were no longer green but black and charred as I had now left the furthest reaches of civilisation and entered the lands of the undead. I could see the massive black volcano rising out of the land in the distance. When I finally reached the base of the volcano, the trek got infinitely harder as I had to leave the horse at the bottom because it could not get a grip on the rocks and dirt. When I was about a third of the way up the volcano, the temperature suddenly jumped to over forty degrees. I got to the top of the volcano and looked over the edge into the burning pool of lava. I picked up a large rock and chucked it into the lava, the second that the rock touched the lava the entire surface of the pool erupted into a shower of molten rock. From the shower of magma, the dragon emerged wings spread, blasting the sky with fire then it hovered in the sky and glared right at me. The dragon was huge, I knew I couldn't kill it with just my sword so I started strategizing, I looked to my right and saw a huge round boulder on a stone ledge. I ran to the ledge as the dragon landed and the ground shook under its weight. It leapt towards me and knocked me to the ground, it opened its mouth to breathe flames into my face, but I raised my sword and shoved it through its jaw. It yanked the sword from my hand and roared. I jumped to my feet and climbed up the to the ledge and stood behind the boulder waiting for the dragon. Then suddenly it landed right behind me and grabbed it with its mouth and threw me into the air, I landed and there was a sickly crack of my leg breaking. I crawled to the boulder and leaned against it I peered around the edge and saw the dragon running towards me and the boulder, when I thought the dragon was in position I pushed against the boulder and pushed with all my weight. The boulder started rolling and fell off the ledge

right onto the dragon, the boulder cracked the dragon's spine and its whole body twisted at an unnatural angle. I climbed down from the ledge and over to the dragon's head as it took its last breath and its eyes glazed over. I pulled my sword from the dragon's jaw and started sawing at its head, when I was finished, I rolled the head over the edge of the volcano and watched it roll to the bottom. When I made it to the bottom of the volcano, I tied the head to the horse and began my journey back home. I wasn't challenged on my way back by any enemies, maybe because I had killed the dragon. When I got back to the castle, people rushed over to me to help me to the physician so he could treat my wounds.

## Category winner

Archie Gibbs, Year 9  
*The Stone ones*  
Yankalilla Area School

## Shortlisted students

Archie Gibbs, Year 9  
*The Stone ones*  
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Years 8 to 10



## The Stone Ones

Archie Gibbs, Year 9

Word Count: 1111

The Illuminati was experiencing a dilemma. After many years arduous research, they had animated a gargoyle. As a control method they had given it a thirst for engine oil, a resource easily controllable. Because it gargled oil, it was known as Gargloyle. From the second it gained consciousness, it had been an ill-tempered and resistant creature, with a mind of its own. Now, it had escaped, and was seeking revenge. Because of this menacing situation, the Illuminati had to resort to drastic measures to ensure their plans came to fruition.

Gargloyle walked glumly through an abandoned shopping centre, the last light of day filtering through the ruins, he found a filing cabinet lying among the debris. Swearing profusely in irritation, he sat down to read the documents. He quickly discovered two things; there was a secret organisation known as the Illuminati planning world domination, and the same secret society had stolen all the engine oil in the world. "For the sake of bloody stone! What shitheads they must be! I'm gonna rip their puny little gargoleist heads off their feeble shoulders! They shall learn to fear my name." the stony grotesque with a head of a goat blasphemed. Even angrier than before, he set out to find the Illuminati and teach them a lesson.

Gargloyle scoured the internet to find information about the Illuminati. Most of his searches were unsuccessful, but he eventually found irrefutable evidence suggesting the Illuminati was based in the Galapagos Archipelago, on the island of Isabella. "I've heard they have big tortoises there. I hope tortoises are oily!"

Soaring high above the clouds, through abandoned streets, Gargloyle made his way to the Galapagos. His path brought him to St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. There he found an agent of the Illuminati attempting to animate a gargoyle there. He apprehended the agent with the intent of learning the ways of raising gargoyles. "The gargoyles must be mine to control, and no-one else's. Teach me the secret ways!" He roared in fury, "I must create an army of gargoyles to call my own!"

The Stone Army of Gargoyles soared toward the volcanic isle of Isabella. Made of granite, they were extremely hard to defeat economically. With basalt arms, and obsidian wings, they were a fearsomely ugly sight. The residents of the islands trembled in fear as the grotesque horde whirled in the sky. Gargloyle, the Grand Commander, was the first to land. "Today, we reclaim our engine oil! Our only food! Our only sustenance!"

With an almighty crash, natural stone- shaped by man, broke through stone formed by human ingenuity. Stone feet cracked floor flooded with cold, dim light. Snarling faces looked this way and that. The Illuminati was about to pay.

Gargloyle strode into the cramped underground office, wide stone wings obliterating the polished doorframe, cold hands grasping the list of leaders, cool grey eyes widening in shock at the name Donald Trump. In that moment, Gargloyle realised the whole truth of the conspiracy. The Illuminati was already in control. All they needed to do was initiate the war. He strode out of the office. After a quick address of his troops, to reveal the nature of their enemies, they continued on their road to battle.

Suddenly, huge tremors rocked the island. Choking dust fell from the grey concrete ceiling. The gargoyles carried on their grim march to war. Although his stony heart was fluttering in a very un-stone-like fashion, Gargloyle knew that he had to set an example for the other gargoyles.

With a casual grin on his face, Donald Trump picked up the phone leisurely, expecting good news. "Mr. Trump, we have a problem. Isabela is under attack from an army of gargoyles. Should we resort to deadly force?"

"I've told you before, Dmitri, we need to concentrate on making the world flat again! Don't let anything interrupt our plans!"

"Sir, what do you mean? I do not understand!"

"Blow them out of the freaking sky! Pump 'em fulla' lead! Make em wish they'd never been carved!"

"Yes Sir! For the name of world domination sir!"

Surprisingly, the gargoyles did not encounter any patrolling soldiers for most of their confusing journey through the labyrinthine underground fortress. It was only in the inner chambers that they encountered their first battalion of resurgent troopers. "Attack! Rip them to shreds! Don't mind their directed energy weapons! They can't defeat us!"

Even though the malicious Illuminati's high tech weapons were rigorously tested, they failed in one major way against the gargoyles. The deadly weapons needed to target an object with a high water content to successfully discharge, making them useless against the stone gargoyles.

Successfully terrifying the villainous soldiers away, the gargoyles stalked into the main chamber of the complex. A huge contraption, resembling a huge mound of cables and other electrical components, filled the space. A computer screen showing the earth with green lines of latitude and longitude was positioned on the side of the room. Dmitri, a man of middling age, strode confidently toward Gargloyle, black toupee sliding around on his head.

"You're too late, friend, we've started the process, the world is to become flat again. I commend you on trying, but you can never stop the Illuminati," Dmitri admonished clearly, pronouncing every syllable in a cultured Oxford accent, at odds with his daggy street clothes.

"We must succeed. We must stop your plans. We will succeed. We will stop your plans," came Gargloyle's impudent reply.

"You won't." Dmitri stated simply.

Gargoyle knocked Dmitri out in irritation, then attacked the massive, whirring device. With granite claws, and andesite teeth, the enraged gargoyles tore it apart. Due to the repetitive tremors caused by the flattening of the earth, the massive underground fortress was falling apart, so the gargoyles fled in terror, bringing a cringing, squeaking Dmitri along for the sake of humanitarian justice.

*Two Months Later...*

Gargloyle had surrounded the White House. The last remnants of the American Branch of the Illuminati had fled there, and the military had risen up against the worldwide threat. Gargloyle stormed into the luxurious entrance hall, hot metal whizzing through the air all around him, screams of dying people ringing in his ears. He did not flinch when the grenade exploded right in his stony face, did not even flinch when a tank shot him in the cold, hard knee. He was indomitable.

The mahogany door to Trump's office slammed open, shards of dark brown wood humming through the air. Gargoyle strode through the gaping hole, stone fist rising high in the air. It was said afterwards that Trump never recovered.

## The Plague

By Max Agnew

A dark mist hung close to the streets of Averndale, rats and stray dogs ran amok, black crosses were painted on every second door, signalling the death brought by the sickness. Edvin strode alone through the abandoned streets, a sack resting over his shoulder, carrying all his material possessions. He wore a worn tunic and patched pants held up with a makeshift rope belt, his intelligent green eyes searched for a building, *the* building. Finally... He found it, his old house.

Edvin walked briskly over to the door, which thankfully did not have the black cross painted upon it. He grasped the brass knocker and rang it against the wooden door thrice, but to no avail. Edvin began to panic, he rang again, more desperately this time, thunk, thunk, thunk! The sound echoed through the empty streets. Again, no response. Panicking, Edvin thought, "Where could she be? Is she even in there?" He looked around for another entrance and remembered....the window! He ran to the front of the house and looked up to his old bedroom window, an old rusty drainage pipe ran down from the roof, he would climb that.

Grasping the pipe with both hands, he began to push himself up with his feet until he arrived at the window, his youthful agility aiding him greatly. The floorboards creaked underneath his worn boots. Strewn across the floor were all the mementos of his past life, discarded like unwanted toys. Edvin picked up the closest object and reminisced, a small wooden horse. Memories of lazy days spent playing with his toy soldiers imagining himself as a knight of the realm. He would never imagined himself like this. He placed the wooden horse gently onto his bed, the blankets tattered and destroyed by moths.

Edvin slowly began walking through his house, picking up items that reminded him of his childhood as he continued the search for her, his mother. He stopped in the bedroom, his mother's bedroom, and remembered, his father's sword! Quickly Edvin ducked underneath the bed and grasped the handles of the old wooden chest, it was still locked. Edvin began kicking at the top of the chest, slowly splintering the wood. He slid his knife from his belt, prying the wood off the top, revealing a leather scabbard and a simple steel hilt wrapped with leather, the pommel forged to depict a wolf's head.

Edvin carefully slid the sword from the scabbard, gazing with wonder at the magnificent but simple piece of craftsmanship. Putting the sword back in its scabbard, Edvin smiled at his fortune. They had not taken the sword! He attached the scabbard to his belt then continued his search of the house. Night came and as expected Edvin had not found his mother, so he decided to rest. Edvin collapsed in his old bed, quickly drifting into a deep sleep. His dreams filled with the memory of last time he saw his mother...

"Edvin, Edvin!" he felt his mother shaking him as she yelled at him to get up. "What is it ma?" Edvin said groggily, rubbing his sleepy eyes with bottom of his palms. He looked at his mother and saw great distress on her face. "They are here," she whispered. Edvin's mother

rose and ran out of the bedroom frantically shoving items into a knapsack. "Who are here mama?" Edwin asks, beginning to panic. Ignoring Edwin's questions, Edwin's mother tossed him the bag and said, "Run, run out the backdoor and don't stop running until you reach the main gate, once there tell Markos that I sent you, he'll know what to do. I love you young one, now go!" she yelled that last part, pushing Edwin towards the door.

Edvin knew Markos as his uncle, on his father's side. He ran to his backdoor and opened it, fumbling with the handle. As he closed the door, he heard the front door slam open, Edwin hit the ground running. He dashed through the alleys, nearly vomiting from the exertion, until he reached where the alley met the main street. He stopped there, bending over, his knees panting. Edwin heard the faint sound of boots hitting the cobblestone, footsteps! He turned around just in time to see a fist flying through the air towards his face, he felt a flash of pain, then nothing, just darkness.

Edvin stood on a rooftop overlooking a gruesome gathering. A dozen or so people were standing around a single pyre, where three people were being burned. "Death to those who carry the devil's curse, for they are those that sin!" A single man in white robes and a mask with a crow like beak's powerful voice carried out into the surrounding buildings, bouncing around and echoing. "For we who are without sickness are free of sin!" the man continued "for too long our kind has committed atrocities of great sin! For too long we have strayed further and further away from our God!"

Edvin was suddenly enraged at the hypocrisy of this "priest". He descended the building and strode through the crowd, trying to near the "priest". The priest seemed to notice the newcomer, "Ah my child, tell us, are you a saint or a sinner?" Edwin reached the front of the crowd and stepped out into the square and replied, "I think nothing of myself other than that I am fortunate to be one of those alive".

Edvin could sense the priest grinning under the mask, "A wise answer my child" Edwin then asked his own question, "What did these people do to deserve such a horrible death?" pointing at the charred corpses on the pyre. The priest answered, "From their barbed tongues that spat falsehoods, they would have had us believe that the plague originates from a rodent's bite, rather than God's anger at our sin, so by order of God, we cleanse them!" the priest yelled the last part of the sentence, causing the crowd to cheer their agreement. As Edwin was never a boy of faith, the answer the priest gave him repulsed him, solemnly he asked, "Who were the condemned?"

The priest cocked his head inquisitively, "What brings upon this question my child?" "I am looking for a woman, her name is Everly Stroude," replied Edwin. As he said, this the crowd fell silent. Slowly, the priest said, "this woman you speak of is one of the cleansed," a look of grief passed over Edwin, swiftly followed by anger. In one swift movement he had drawn his sword from its scabbard and plunged it deep into the belly of the priest. The silence that had fallen over the crowd was suddenly replaced with outrage as they stormed towards Edwin, eventually pushing him into the warm embrace of the fire.



## THE RACE OF MY LIFE

Saturday morning was cold and brisk. All of us packed into the big, rusted, old bus and headed for the race. I'd had a terrible sleep, listening to my father yelling at the TV, ordering me to grab him another beer. But I do not mind when he does this, as at least he knows I exist. But I'm not here to think about my father... Suddenly it hit, I am here to race! I felt a sudden chill shoot up my spine as we arrived at Kirby Park. I felt nervous. I stood up and could feel my legs shaking badly. I had the chills. In my stomach there were countless butterflies just swirling around creating discomfort deep inside. I felt queasy and needed to find a restroom seat. I ran my rough hand through my greasy brown hair. I managed to get off the bus somehow. I noticed another bus with a panther logo. It was St Joes, our rival school. "Morning losers!" cried a cocky voice. My team watched nonplussed, as they walked off laughing.

Under the shade of a large oak tree, we sat in a circle, as in every other race, to demonstrate our team unity. I started stretching, and could feel my muscles sore and tight. It did hurt when I was trying to move my feet. I noticed I had missed a spot when shaving my legs prior to the race. I glanced over to the crowd and found my parents, my mother, cheering me on proudly, my father's stern face scanning the area. "Come on Jobe, you can do it!" I heard my mother shout. *'I'm only warming up; I haven't won the race yet.'* I thought. Then a cocky voice from behind, "You stretch like my Granny, and she's 90, and a woman!" I escaped to the toilet to avoid more taunts.

Across the field I heard a voice boom, "Racers to the starting line!" I felt the butterflies resurface. I felt the saliva in my mouth rapidly vanish. My mouth was drier than the Sahara Desert, I had never lost a race before. Surely this would not be the day. My folks were here, and I must make them proud, especially father. My whole life I have put up with his disappointment, the least he could do is acknowledge me as a human! I started to question myself. "What if I didn't train hard enough? What if I am not ready? What if we lose?" "What I let them down?" I did not need to worry, I always win; running is the only thing I am good at. I kept thinking about my father, he was always lurking in my mind. I was sick of thinking about my father, I feel under-pressure, like I need to prove something to him...

I shook myself out of my negative world and got ready. My knees were bent, and I was ready for the crack of the gun. The wind whistling was the only sound in the entire park. "Scared, Loser?" said the cocky voice. I gave a look of disdain and ignored him. I slowly allowed myself to dissolve into my own small world. I was the only human being in this world. No Father, no nothing, not a single worry in the world. There were no fans, no people and no other runners. Just me. In this happy, quiet, peaceful zone, I let go of all the nervousness and pressure that was building up inside me. I was ready to run my heart out. Bang! The gun went off.

The runners all started at a very fast pace. I could feel the ground under my feet, the grass wet with dew. We set out on a steep hill. The ground was slippery, and it was difficult for my feet to keep a solid grip. As I took on the hill, I could feel my calves and thighs burning. This tingly, burning feeling got worse and I just wanted to stop running. Yet even though the pain was building, I kept going. I hit the top of the hill, and was on the flat field. Next came a narrow, gravel lane, lined with screaming fans on both sides of the track.

People were leaning over the fence, screaming. "Faster, faster, you're almost at the back of the pack!"

"Better pick up the pace there, lad!" I envisioned my father sitting there, glaring at me. He was shaking his head and then walking away. Back in reality, I felt my legs move faster, my green eyes narrowed, and my arms started to become cogs in a machine, going flat out non-stop. I kept running. The runner next to me was breathing heavily and I found myself motivated by the sound of his feet crashing against the ground. As we passed the rough, flat road, my mind started wandering away from the race, the cheering fans and everything around me. I began to wonder if this pain would actually be worth it.

As I came over the top of the hill, I caught a glimpse of the finish line, maybe a kilometre ahead. During training Coach told me to keep the pace until the final 200m. But I was so far behind I needed to catch up. I took a deep breath in and held it for 8 seconds; a technique I had learnt, and then I ran. I ran like I had never run before gaining positions like Usain Bolt. I moved from 13<sup>th</sup> to 3<sup>rd</sup> in only 200m, with only the final 800m to go.

Again, I heard heavy breathing behind me. A quick glance and I recognised the bloke, it was the Cocky Voice from before. Suddenly I felt the urge to win, to beat this private school boy, to bring him down. He began to build up his speed, he was on the verge of overtaking me. I looked at him and then toward the line – there were no runners in front of me! The cocky boy and I led the pack with 300m to go. He started tugging on my shirt, and then he violently jerked it, causing me to tumble over.

Angrily, I found my feet and sprinted to the finish line. I caught up again, we were neck and neck. 100m, 70m, 50m, 30m, 10m. *'This will be a photo finish.'* I thrust my head forward to give me the extra few centimetres which could be vital.

We both looked at the main official, who was with other officials. He looked at his stopwatch and turned on the microphone. "And the winner is..... Freddie Cruise from St Joes!" There was a roar from the crowd. I felt sick and I sank to my knees. Another official strode over, whispering information, whilst looking at me. The official cleared his throat." Due to a disqualification, the winner is Jobe Watson from Port Pinchin High School!" I began to cry, a bunch of my school mates picked me up and started to throw me in the air. I saw m mother crying and clapping, and I looked to her right and I saw my father, clapping and smiling too. I had finally done it. I had made him proud.

By Nik Ellin

Year 9

the steady movements of the water something broke the surface out of the corner of her eye. "Stacy, stop for a minute." She said. "Finally, a proper break!" Stacy said as she stopped rowing and pulled her oar into the raft. "Can I have some food please?" She asked Mary. But Mary didn't answer. She was staring at the water around the raft. There was something moving down there. "MAAAAARRRRYYYYYYYY IM HUNGRY!" Stacy yelled. "Stacy, shh!" Mary whispered back. Stacy was quiet. "What is it, Mary?" She asked with a hint of fear in her voice. "Shhhh." Mary replied still looking out into the watery nothingness. They sat there in silence for awhile and then. GURGLE. Mary looked over at Stacy. "I did say I was hungry." Stacy said. Mary chuckled the bag of food at her then turned to look back in the water. Whatever it was it was now gone. Mary looked back at Stacy who was rummaging around in the bag.

"Where are the chips?" She asked. "There are none." Mary replied. "NO CHIPS!" Stacy yelled. "Stacy, just eat some of the dried apricot, you like those remember." Mary said calmly. Stacy grumbled about having no chips and continued digging around in the bag. Half an hour later, after their little break they kept on moving towards the hill with the town hall on it. The "Thing" in the water left their mind and they kept on rowing.

They were at the edge of the hill with the town hall on it. The big building was still intact. And there were voices coming from inside. Survivors from the flood! Mary sighed in relief, they were going to be ok. They kept paddling towards the building, faster and faster till they were almost at the flooded steps. But then. FLASH. As Mary opened her eyes the world around her came to life. She slowly sat up in the shallow pool she was laying in and looked around. She was soaked to the bone with water. She sat in the muddy water and looked around. She sat in a flooded fenced off garden with. There were tattered rose bushes and the remains of once beautiful sunflowers. She looked up into the sky and saw the leaves of a gorgeous willow tree that enveloped around the garden. Her eyes were misty with tears. It was all a dream.

by Charlotte S. 20