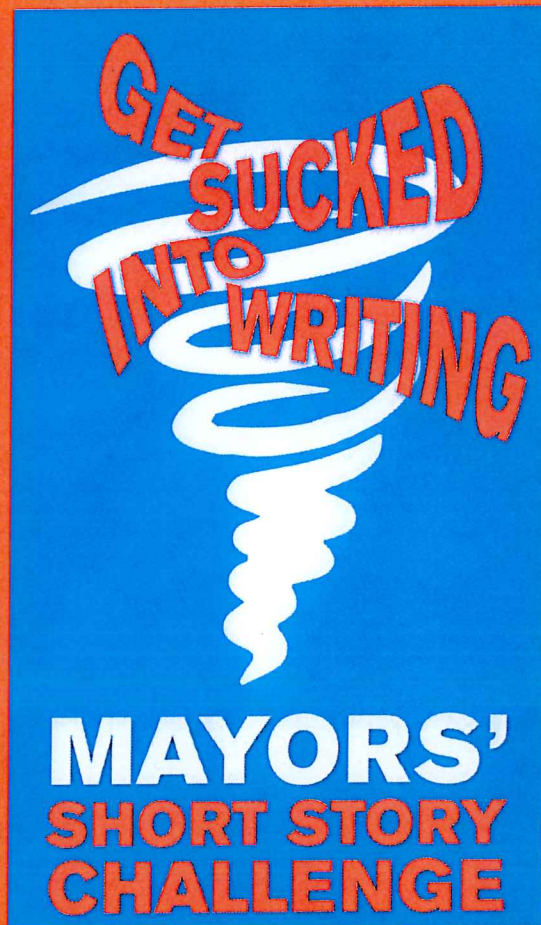


# 2018

## Mayors' Short Story Challenge

Winners & Short Listed Stories  
District Council of Yankalilla



city of  
Victor Harbor



# 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 105 entries were received from across our district.

Thank you to the District Council of Yankalilla Mayor, Glen Rowlands, 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 Big Day  
*Tosca Wobring*

### Years 3- 4 Section

The underwater city  
*Taylor Haywood*

### Years 5 - 7 Section

The Magic of Uluru  
*Emma Fearnside*

### Years 8 - 10 Section

Atticus  
*Ella Riley*

### Overall Winner

The Magic of Uluru  
*Emma Fearnside*

## Category Winner

Tosca Wobring, Year 2  
*The Big Day*  
Yankalilla Area School

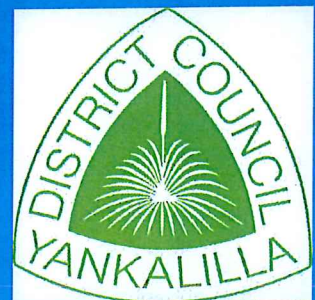
## Shortlisted students

Tosca Wobring, Year 2  
*The Big Day*  
Yankalilla Area School

Jori De Bock, Year 2  
*The prince and the dragon*  
Yankalilla Area School

Paige Paxton, Year 2  
*The Royal Family*  
Yankalilla Area School

Reception to Year 2



# The Big day



Once upon a time there  
lived a queen and her daughter.  
The king had passed  
away at an old age. The  
queen said to her daughter  
to go and get some flowers  
from the garden and take them  
to your dad's grave. But stay  
on the path, she said "OK"  
to her mother. Then she  
did what her mother said  
to do. She tried to stay  
on the path. But the  
flowers were so pretty  
so she had to go get some.  
So she did get some. She  
went so far into the  
woods. When she came back  
she could not see the  
path. She went left  
and she went right. But  
she still could not see  
the path. So she went into  
the forest. She was very  
scared.

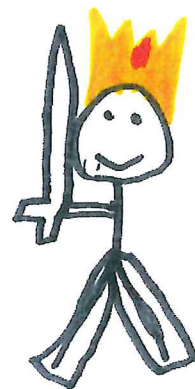
She kept looking for the Parth  
soon she came to a Big  
house. She knocked on the  
door on one side of the  
door, so she turned the  
handle and the door  
just opened. In the  
house were 3 doors  
she looked in the first  
one it was the kitchen.  
then she looked in  
the second room  
was the Bath room.  
then she looked in  
the third room it was  
a Bed room. She saw  
a Big Bed in the  
corner of the room. She  
went to go have a  
sleep in the Big Bed.  
She got in the Bed  
and fell asleep in the  
Bed.

Two hours later she is  
up. a ~~itool~~ person  
serves her breakfast  
in the Big Bed.  
She said to the  
~~itool~~ person "how  
are you?" The ~~itool~~  
person said "Prince  
Nyon." The prince said  
"how are you?" She said  
to Nyon "I am Princess  
Lucy." Prince Nyon  
said "you are  
so ~~buty~~ fall and  
nice." Lucy said  
"why are you here?"  
The prince said  
"I got lost looking  
for a princess to  
marry tomorrow." Lucy  
said "you could marry  
me." The prince said  
yes. I will climb  
up to the top of the  
tree to see the castle.

they went out side  
and they found  
the Biggest tree  
they could find. The  
Prince climbed up the  
tree to the top  
he could see the  
Kingdom flags. he  
climbed down the tree.  
He said to Lucy  
"The Kingdom is  
straight ahead." Lucy  
said "we will go  
there" the prince  
said even if it takes  
two days to get  
there. Lucy said we  
will start now "Let's  
go" finally they got  
there. they said to  
the king and queen  
we are going to get  
married today. + go  
said that is amazing  
so they got married and they were happy



The Prince and  
The dragon



The Prince and the dragon.  
Once upon a time, there was a prince who  
searched for a princess. He went to a  
mountain which was guarded by a  
ferocious dragon. Luckily he found a  
method to get past the dragon but they  
were made of pure gold. The prince went to  
the king and told him about the dragon and

advice then he went back to the  
dragon and told him that he was  
not to be harmed. Then it walked away  
but it tried to leave but could not  
because there was a witch that casted  
a spell on the dragon to kill and burn  
anything in its path so the prince  
went back to the kingdom and ordered  
a knight to catch the dragon. So he  
tried and tried and tried but it's too hard  
one day he got a rope and trapped the  
dragon and trapped it under a cage  
and trapped it for a long long time the  
spell was off in the air and the prince  
married <sup>by</sup> the princess and they  
lived happily ever after.

My Family  
Royal



ONCE upon a time there was a King.  
he was so happy. But he had no one  
to live with. So one day he went  
into the forest, and he bumped into a  
girl that he dreamed of. She was crying.  
He said "would you like to live with  
me?" "yes" anytime "Thank you." My name  
is Blake what is your name? my name  
is Lillianna. Lillianna was so nice.  
chapter 2! Lillianna and Blake got  
married and they had a baby  
called Emma and then one year later  
they had another baby girl called Miller.  
But there was another queen that is  
evil. She came to the pretty castle, <sup>was</sup> called  
Joff. She was so jealous because  
she loves the king called Eric.  
So there was a big fight. Blake  
said to Miller and Emma please go  
to your rooms. "Why did you come  
here? you are so mean. I do not  
want to see you." "because  
I want to tell Blake something!"  
Oh I am going to see him

and Emma. "Bye! Buy go home!  
Jojo you do not deserve me  
I do." She does not, "Ok" "no" "yes"  
it is now! Tell me Who this  
miller and Emma is? "They are my  
kids!" Chapter 3. "They should  
not be your kids!" because  
I am your love." "you are not." Don't  
lie. yes I am be quite and kiss  
me. "No!" "yes!" hey Lillianna yes? "Blake  
come down." here as soon as she  
got down all the stairs. An  
earth quake began. But Lillianna fell  
down and Blake helped her up. But they  
went to the hospital but Jojo  
died. They got the results and  
they were having a baby. So they  
thought they should name it Jojo.  
10 months later they had their  
baby. They named it Jojo they  
are so happy that they have 3  
kids. Miller and Emma are so  
happy. They finally got out of  
hospital and they got Mac  
donalds. Lillianna's husband and  
were so happy.

Blake was so happy that she  
was going for a walk. So Miller,  
Lanna and Blake started a party.  
Lillian got home and was  
so happy. And they lived happily  
ever after.

## Category Winner

Taylor Haywood, Year 4  
*The underwater city*  
Yankalilla Area School

## Shortlisted students

Taylor Haywood, Year 4  
*The underwater city*  
Yankalilla Area School

Charlee Borlace, Year 4  
*Footsteps*  
Yankalilla Area School

Samiah Kuschel, Year 3  
*The small dark castle*  
Yankalilla Area School

Meesha Parsons, Year 4  
*The creepy house*  
Yankalilla Area School

Years 3 to 4



Taylor

## The underwater city

His life was about to get a lot more interesting.....

As the orange sunset appeared there was an 8 year old boy named James in a not so crowded island. James had a boring life and a boring family. His life was so boring. Every day he would get out of his boring bed and his own boring morning routine. After his morning routine then go in his boat he got the Christmas with his name on the side it was carved into the left. His life was boring until one day he decided not to go on his own rowing boat and go scooper diving. He got his flippers on and then asked his mother and father if he could go and scoober dive. And went to the side of the river. His blood was pumping around an around. He thought he was going to explode. Until he did it. He dived into the freezing cold water that made him shiver. He got Goosebumps all up his arms and legs. The first thing he did was look around. Then out of nowhere he saw it. He saw an underwater city. It was made out of wood. He thought his life was a lot more interesting. He was amazed. He was shocked. He wanted to go closer and that is what he did. He knocked on a strange wooden door. The first on the saw. The door squeakily opened as James tried to see who was living there. The person who opened the door had the deepest voice I had ever heard. He must have been a guy then James thought. They said "who are you?" James did not reply. He swam as fast as he could and reached the surface of the river. To the land.

He was dying to tell someone about this magical magnificent land. He wondered if anyone else had seen this mysteries land. He took off his flippers as fast as a lightning bolt and ran past his boat a tree that his boat was tied onto. He ran to his house and told his parents about the land. They did not believe him. They said that he was just seeing things again and imagining things like they always do. He was furious at them. He decided to tell someone else.



He ran along the river's edge. Then ran to his friend House. His friends name was bob. He knocked on the door with excitement as bobs mum opened the door. James ran into the living room. He saw bob on the red stylish couch. He eating his favorite snack. Chocolate coated caramels. They looked like little drops of chocolate. James said to bob "I just saw the most amazing the most incredible thing ever". He told bob every single tiny detail what he saw. One day James spoke up out of bed. He heard loud cheering and yelling through the window it was the whole town screaming at the top of their lungs hooray hooray. There is another land under water thank you for showing it to us. That night just before James went to bed the river was gone. There was the city all uncovered. All the underwater people were happy they had been no more water than they could go out and play in the sand. All the water got sucked up into the closest island. Very one in the town was so happy that they could have somewhere else to go and enjoy away from home. They all called it the sunken city. It was also the second city on his land.

# Footsteps

My hands are quivering. I have butterflies in my stomach. It is my 1<sup>st</sup> day of school. It is October the 31<sup>st</sup>!!! All I can think of is work. "OK" I sigh. "I am going in" I slam the doors open and..... I can see paper planes soaring above my head. There is gum on the floor. Ewww! That is just gross. I sprint down the corridor as quick as a car and look for the class 7/8A. I pass the class 5/6B when suddenly 'whoosh' a huge gust of wind pushes me forwards and blows my new Math's book out my hands. I chase it down the long, narrow corridor. I step on top of it and I immediately pick it up. I realize that I have created a Big, black shoe mark on my book. I see I big, yellow sign that says "If you ruin your book you don't get another." I stare up at the roof. "Why did today have to be so dreadful...?" I exclaim to myself. "HIII" says a voice behind me. I jump back in fear. "Sorry, I am Zoe" says the strange girl. I reply "I am new here so I do not know anybody"

I walk to my new class with my new friend. "OK everyone take a seat so I can introduce the new girl" says Mr. Parker. My cheeks go red in embarrassment. I feel a shiver up my back like spiders crawling. "OK class this is Emma, Emma would you like to say a little HI" Exclaims Mr. Parker. I gulp "H-Hi" I say as fast as Usain Bolt. I go back to my seat. We do English and Math's (Mr. Parker lent me a new Math's book) and then we go out for lunch. Zoe and I go sit under the biggest, boldest tree on the oval. "So when did you move here" says Zoe. "Well... maybe a week ago" I say with a mouth full of banana. "I used to live in Engla..." The bell interrupts me. Zoe and I walk off to class. We go grab our

Hass books and start a lesson on the First Fleet and Australia. Then the bell suddenly goes. It is the end of the day. I scurry off without even grabbing my bag. I grab Zoe and started to walk home. When I got home I suddenly realized that I left my bag at school. I told Mum that I left my bag at school and that I had to go get it. I go back and get it but I can hear footsteps. BANG BANG!! I peek my head through the side of the door when suddenly BOO!!!! My heart stops. My feet are bolted to the ground. I feel as light as a feather. There is a ghost. I scream at the top of my lungs. "Hold up" says the ghost. "I am just a guy dressed up for Halloween, I am Jasper" "It is Halloween" grabbing my phone to check the date. It is the 31<sup>st</sup> of October. "Better go". I bolt home. And duck under my bed sheets. I feel like I have abandoned my friends "1 day down, only 31 more to go" I sigh.

By Charlee Borlace

## The small dark castle

Many, many years ago there was a little girl called Ruby who went for a walk in the neighborhood with her dog.

Ruby got a phone call from her friend. Ruby forgot that she was holding her dogs leash and accidentally let go of it when she was getting her phone. The dog zoomed into the woods. Ruby chased after her dog and Ruby raced into the woods she panic's because she her dog anywhere.

Ruby keeps looking for her dog. "I see something over there" she whispers. Ruby walks towards it. When she gets there she sees a small dark castle. When Ruby walked to the old rusty door that leads into the small castle she knocks on the door. When the door opens Ruby sees a wizard with a very tall hat. "Who are you?" Ruby asked. "I am wizard Sam with a very tall hat" little wizards came running everywhere." Where is my dog?" Ruby asked. "You will have to solve this riddle" "ok what's the first riddle" asked Ruby. Ok the first riddle is that there was a man at work he was called by the police the police told him that his wife was murdered they told him to come to the crime scene to identify the body when he got there he was arrested for murder why? "That's easy the man wasn't told where his wife was murdered so the only way that he would have known where she was murdered is if he had killed her" very good you may now have your dog back. It's up stairs. "Thank you so much" cried Ruby. Ruby zoomed up the stairs and found her dog. The dog jumped up at Ruby and Ruby took her dog home and Ruby never took her dog for a walk again

## The end

By Samiah

## 🔔 The Creepy House 🔔

I was walking and saw a house which was creepy. I walked and I saw it. It was deep under the ground and it was the scarcest cupboard that I'd ever seen because there was slime all oozing out of it and it was wrecked all over...

I open the door and.....there he was the most hairy, slimmest and most definitely ugliest thing I had ever seen. He was a monster. ROAR! He yelled. I didn't know what to say but when I tried to speak all that came out was 'I I I'.

I ran upstairs and hid in one of the bedrooms. I could hear him coming up the stairs 'THUMP THUMP THUMP' and then I saw it the window. I knew I could climb down the window and run for help but I didn't know how to get down the

door and we heard a roar but it was not a big one it was just a little one. I wondered 'is the monster ok'? I asked myself. Then we walked up the stairs and 'ROAR' he jumped out, we all screamed and one of the police men jumped on the monster and then he saw it was a costume and took the face off. It was our next door neighbor Bob. He wanted to scare me so I didn't come into his backyard. One month later we all get along and we live happily ever after.

Meesha Parsons

## Category winner

Emma Fearnside, Year 7  
*The Magic of Uluru*  
Yankalilla Area School

## Shortlisted students

Emma Fearnside, Year 7  
*The Magic of Uluru*  
Yankalilla Area School

Jaia Fretwell, Year 6  
*"Oh Nothing..."*  
Yankalilla Area School

Kaitlyn Tanner, Year 7  
*The Train*  
Yankalilla Area School

Grace Wakefield, Year 6  
*The Journey*  
Yankalilla Area School

Years 5 to 7



## The Magic of Uluru

Uluru was glowing, like a newly cracked glow stick and the sunset was filled with more colours in it than any other sunset I'd seen before. Everyone stared at Uluru with awe, wondering how something so simple was so magical.

We sat on the roof of the car for hours. Watching. Watching as the sun sank behind Uluru and the wave of colours slowly faded away.

When I touched Uluru a shot of excitement rushed through my body, there was something about this rock, something intriguing. It was a new feeling, a feeling I had never felt before, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

"Emma," my little sister yelled, with the morning sun beaming on her face, "Emma!" she yelled a little louder.

"Huh what?" I replied, lost in my own thoughts "Sorry."

I was lost in my thoughts, oblivious to everything around me. Uluru was magical. I didn't know what was happening, it was like Uluru had a special power over me. "It's a rock, it can't do that" I told myself. I pushed the thought out of my head and tried to distract myself, but the thought was still lurking in the back of my mind like limpet shell.

As we approached the half way point on the walking track, I noticed something glistening in the bushes. "What was it?" I wondered, noticing the rest of my family were walking ahead. Curious, I hesitated then reached my hand into the bush and pulled out the object. "It's a stone," I whispered to myself, disappointed that it wasn't something more interesting. As I looked at the small stone a little closer and realised that it wasn't just a stone, it was a little piece of Uluru. This little piece was different though, it looked as though magic was being drained out of it. I stuffed the little rock into my pocket and hurried to catch up with my family.

To make sure my special treasure was still safe I reached my hand into my pocket and as soon the warmth of the rock came upon my fingers, I calmed down a little. Then I felt something strange, a tingling sensation beginning in my feet and was slowly taking over my whole body. Now I felt light, as light as a feather. I felt as if I was floating then I realised. I realised I was floating! "This can't be real" I told myself and pinched myself just to make sure.

"Ouch" I cried rubbing my arm, "This is really happening, but how?"

My pocket was burning, "The rock!" I thought "it's the rock!"

Scared, I threw the stone away with all my might and I plummeted to the ground. It took me a moment to realise what I had just done. I had thrown the magical rock away. I sprinted in the direction I'd thrown it, determined to find the enchanted piece of rubble but it was gone.

Frantically, I searched through the dead grass, many times. I looked in every bush. I looked everywhere, but still I could not find the magical pebble. Any hope of finding it now, was



fading. I was angry with myself for my stupid actions. In fury I kicked a nearby tree. Instantly regretting my decision as my foot throbbed.

As I turned my head I noticed the sun was starting to set and I wondered how long I had been out. I pulled out my phone to check the time, it was starting to get late so I decided to start walking to the car.

As I approached, I heard dad yell, "Hurry up, get in the car! We don't want you to catch a cold."

I climbed into the car and shut the door quickly, not wanting the warm air to escape. But just as we were about to leave I spotted the same glistening rock.

"WAIT!" I yelled.

I jumped out of the car and ran towards the special pebble. I knew this was the magical rock, I could feel it. I knew I would be able to learn so much about magic from this small piece of rubble, but I'd have to keep it a secret. I stuffed the enchanted rock into my pocket then ran back to the car and climbed back in.

"What was it?" Jayden asked with a confused look on his face.

"Nothing" I replied, "Nothing at all" as the stone shimmered in my pocket.

By Emma Fearnside Year 7

## ***“Oh, nothing ...”***

*With a swift movement she knocked the pan right over the head making him fall to the ground.*

*Jane had been packing and getting ready for her night away while Jordan was preparing for her night alone.*

*“See you sis, love you,” Jordan said kissing Jane on the cheek.*

*“I’ll see you tomorrow, love you Jordy,” she replied hugging her tight.*

*Jordan had the rest of the night planned, she did some studying for the next exams, then did some laundry and after that she went to bed early.*

*‘Crash’*

*Jordan awoke from a loud crashing sound and quickly jumped out of bed.*

*“Oops!” a male voice whispered.*

*A large shadow quickly scampered across the wall, loud footsteps trudged on the hard wood floors.*

*“Jordan, Jordan!” a low voice whispered.*

*Jordan scattered to the kitchen and grabbed a pan out of the drawer. She quickly jumped behind the couch and peered over to see a tall dark figure stumbling around their two-bedroom apartment like a lost puppy.*

*Bare foot in flannel pyjamas, Jordan leaped over the couch, landed on her feet and with a swift movement she knocked the pan right over the man’s head making him collapse to the ground. She ran over to the light switch and turned it on. Only to see Adam, her boyfriend. She grabbed his hand trying to help him up but he just dropped to the ground. Jordan then pulled him up and put his arm around her neck, he was completely out cold. She stumbled around the room trying to get to the couch. She finally got there and tried to toss him on the couch, but he rolled off. Jordan walked to the carboard and grabbed a blanket and two pillows. She placed the pillows under his head and spread out the rug over his body*

*not even covering below his knees. She checked Adam's pulse and sat holding an ice bag to his head for a few minutes.*

*"Are you ok?" she whispered to his ear.*

*He replied with a soft groan.*

*Jordan took his hand and rested her head on his shoulder. Slowly they both drifted off to sleep.*

*Jordan awoke lying on Adam's chest around midnight and went back to her own bed.*

*The next morning, she was very tired and got up quite late. She woke up to Adam sitting at the dining table rubbing his head.*

*"What on earth happened last night?" he asked looking confused.*

*"Well ... you came over, and it was too dark to see anything so you ... bumped your head on the corner of the cupboard and went out cold," Jordan said making it up.*

*"Oh ..." he said.*

*There was a knock at the door and Jordan ran over and opened it to Jane.*

*"Hey! I would have just used my key but I left them here..."*

*Before she could finish her sentence, Jordan squeezed Jane so tightly that her face lit up like a ripe tomato. She let go and then looked at Adam who was still rubbing the lump on his head.*

*"So, what happened while I was gone?" Jane asked, raising her right eyebrow.*

*"Oh, nothing ..." Jordan replied, flipping her hair.*

*man's*

***The end***

***By Jaia Fretwell 6/7 mayors short story competition.***

# The Train

You are going to his Grandmas house for the Summer Holidays, and you aren't looking forward to it. You know that she has no Wi-Fi, and that she has a back disorder, so you can't go for walks with her either. You're waiting for the train to arrive, while thinking of the dreadful things that will happen in summer break, but when you started to think that her house may be haunted, the train arrives. It stinks in the train like rotten eggs and stale, out of date pie. The train is crowded like a Justin Bieber concert. There are only two seats left on the train, next to an elderly man and a beautiful woman.

You choose to sit next to the beautiful lady, because she is just a normal person, and to you the old man looked a bit suspicious anyway. You notice that she is starting to do her make-up before the train starts to move. Suddenly, the door starts to shut. It is like nails on a chalk board, sending shivers down your spine. The lady finished her make-up and put it in her silver, shiny purse. She has pure blonde hair, golden and wavy. She is wearing an old fashioned hat and dress, black and white checker theme other than her red shoes.

"Excuse me young sir, but what train stop are you getting off at?" the lady asks.  
"I'm Lauren by the way."

"Joseph Cheeseburger. I'm actually getting off two stops from here." you explain.

"Oh great, so am I! Where are you heading off to?" she interrogates.

"Just my Grandma's house, it's very boring there. It isn't ever fun!" And instantly, the train pulls to a stop. "Well, I am leaving. Lovely meeting you." you say. But then you feel someone grabbing your wrist and gripping it tightly.

"You aren't going anywhere." Lauren says violently.

"LET GO OF ME—"and just like that, you got knocked out.

Next thing you know, you are in an abandoned school in RUSSIA!!!

"Where am I? Where did you take me?!" you shout at Lauren.

"Oh fiddle sticks! I forgot the knife! I will be right back. Stay put!" Lauren states.

Tears start rolling down your cheek, because you know that this is the end. You will never see your family again, your friends, and you even want to see Grandma one more time!

You hear a big, loud thud, making you gasp, and cry even louder.

"I want to go home..." you whisper to yourself. "Is this a dream...?" You pinch yourself to find out, but you feel the pain of the pinch. Then you hear a door opening and a lady with a murder knife in her hand.

"Any last words, Joseph?" Lauren asks with a deeper voice than usual.

"No... J-just make it... q-quick. I don't w-want to s-suffer any more than I a-already a-am..." you say, your voice trembling with fear.

Lauren raised the knife above your chest, you look away. Then, a sudden BURST THROUGH THE DOOR, AND DAD CAME IN!!!

"DAD!!! HELP ME!!! SHE'S GOING TO KILL ME!!! PLEASE!!!" you scream.

"It's okay, son. You're safe. Lady, put down the knife, or I'm calling the police. You and your little crew better stop this kidnapping, and murdering children nonsense, or else." Dad says, confidently.

"Okay... okay." Lauren drops the knife slowly.

Lauren thinks that Dad will call the police, but they don't know that he already has. You know your dad REALLY well, so you know his tricks, and that he already called the police.

"How did you find me, dad?!" you ask, curiously.

"Oh, son. That's a story for another time."

"Including the guards..." Dad continues. Slowly, they all put their weapons down. "Come in boys!" and just like that, you see a whole bunch of police come running through the doors, with guns in all of their hands, circling the guards and Lauren.

"EAT YOUR GRANDMA'S POO!!!" Lauren shouts at your dad.

"WHY DON'T YOU EAT YOUR GRANDMA'S POO?!" Dad shouts back, making Lauren gasp. The police yank at Lauren's face, and pull off A MASK!!! Her true identity is.....

**BEAR GRYLLS!**

HE HAS BEEN HIDING IT THIS WHOLE TIME!!! I KNOW!!! MIND BLOWING!!! Any way... the police put him in handcuffs immediately, and he was never seen again, other than his last episode called 'How to Escape Prison' but he didn't succeed...

Anyways, you're safe. Everyone around you is safe, and the way your dad found you, is because when you were little, a tracking machine was injected into your right arm, and they have known where you have been ever since.

The End

Kaitlyn Tanner

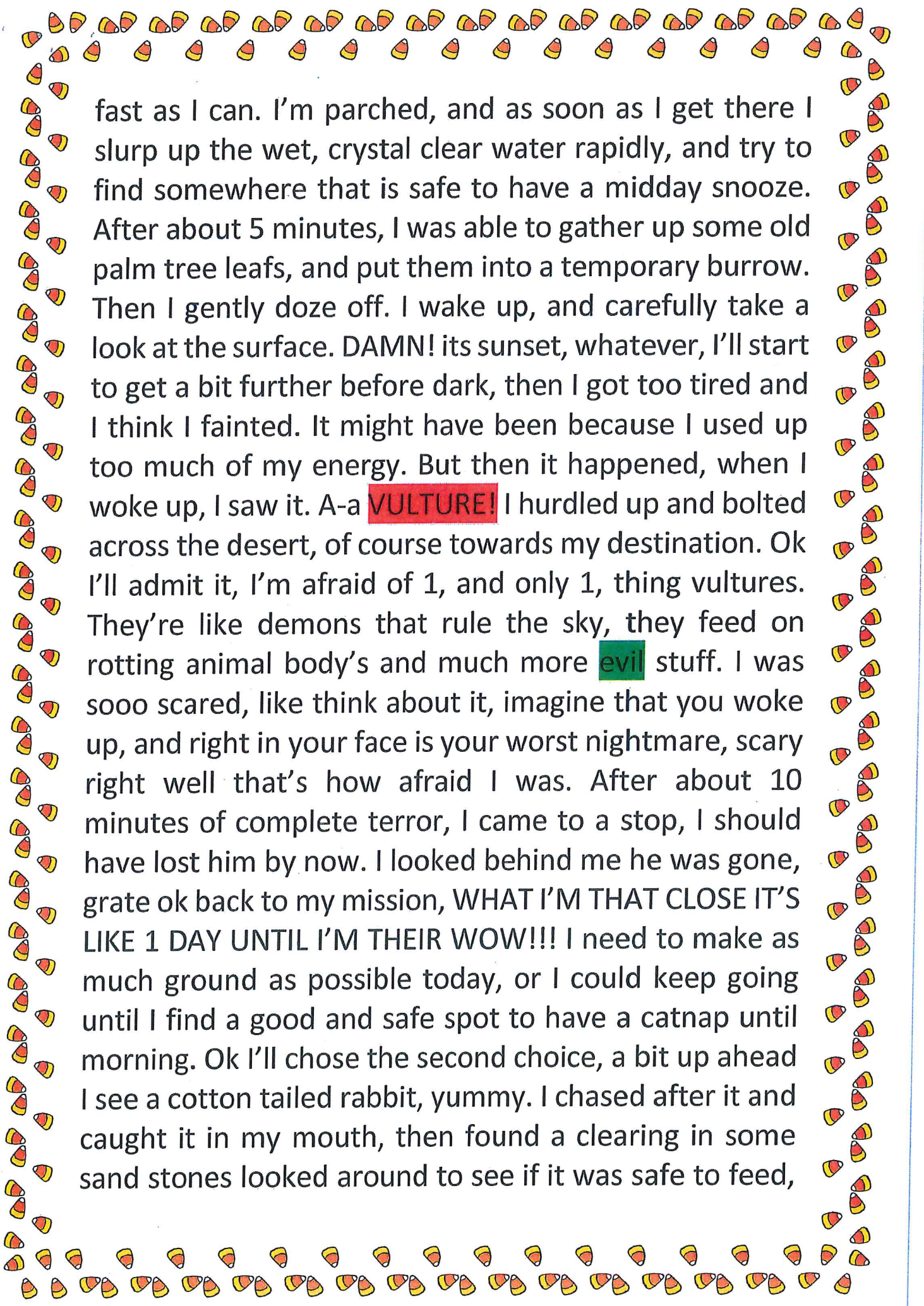


# The journey

Slowly and cautiously, I raised my small, curious face above the ground, just as I did every morning. My shiny, black eyes surveyed the scene in front and around me, checking that the coast was clear for the start of my breakfast expedition.

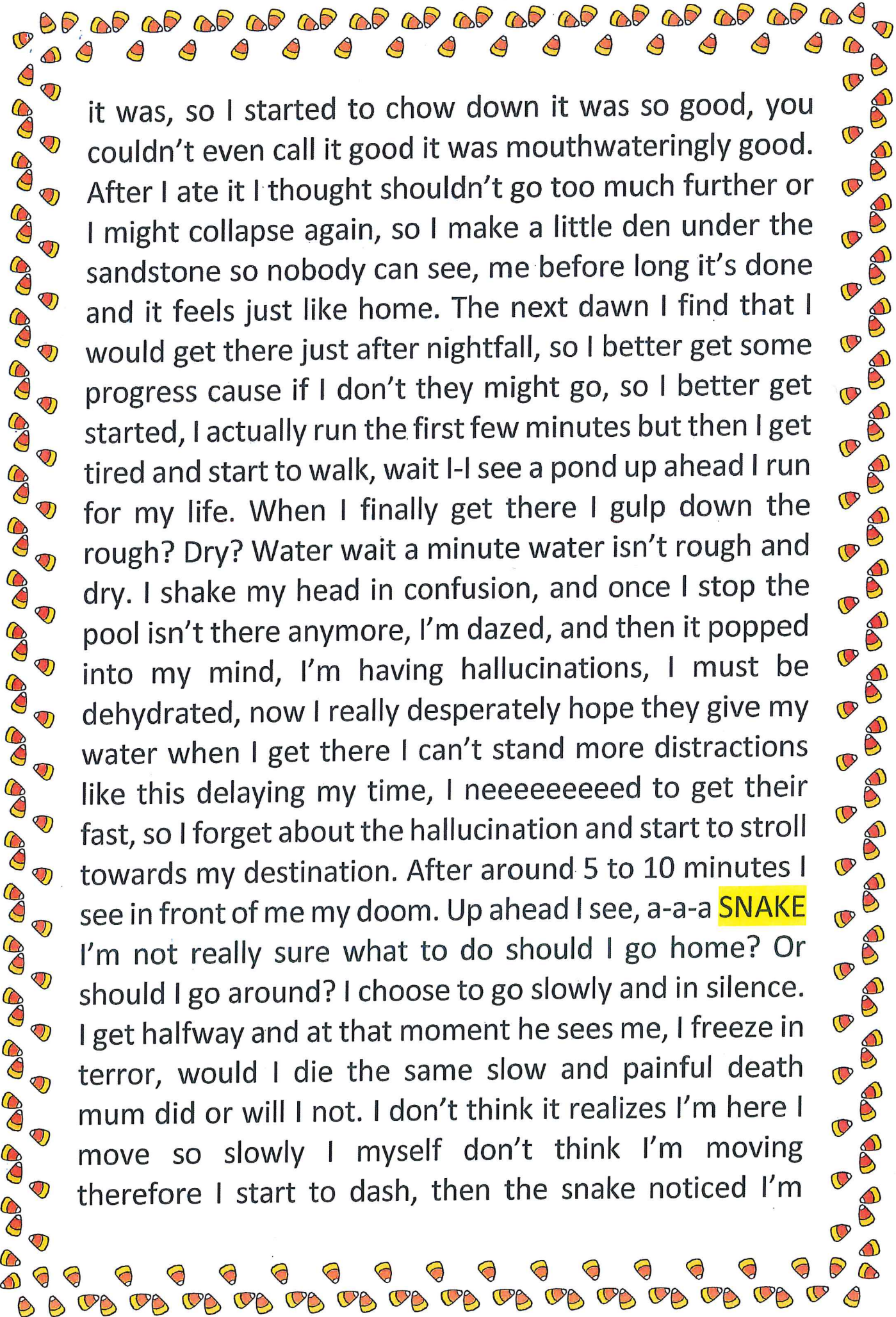
Suddenly I saw it, sitting there, right over the hills in the distance, my eyes widened and transfixed on the sight I saw in front of me and my jaw dropped open in astonishment. Was it really there? Were my eyes playing tricks on me? Is it a hallucination?

I had to run NOW, before someone else finds out about it, before anybody notices it's there. I scampered out of my burrow, I came out so fast I tripped over my own fluffy, little feet and fell onto the red, hot desert sand. I quickly recovered and started to jog, I can't sprint the entire journey. Oh, by the way, I'm sandy, and I'm a Fennec Fox. I have no fear and I'm 2 months old, and no I'm not running away from home! My mum died from poison when I was 4 weeks old, a snake attack, long story. But I've grown strong since then and have been hunting and catching kangaroo rats and other worthless animals. But let's concentrate on the journey ahead, oh up ahead there's a-a waterhole, YAHOO I start to run as

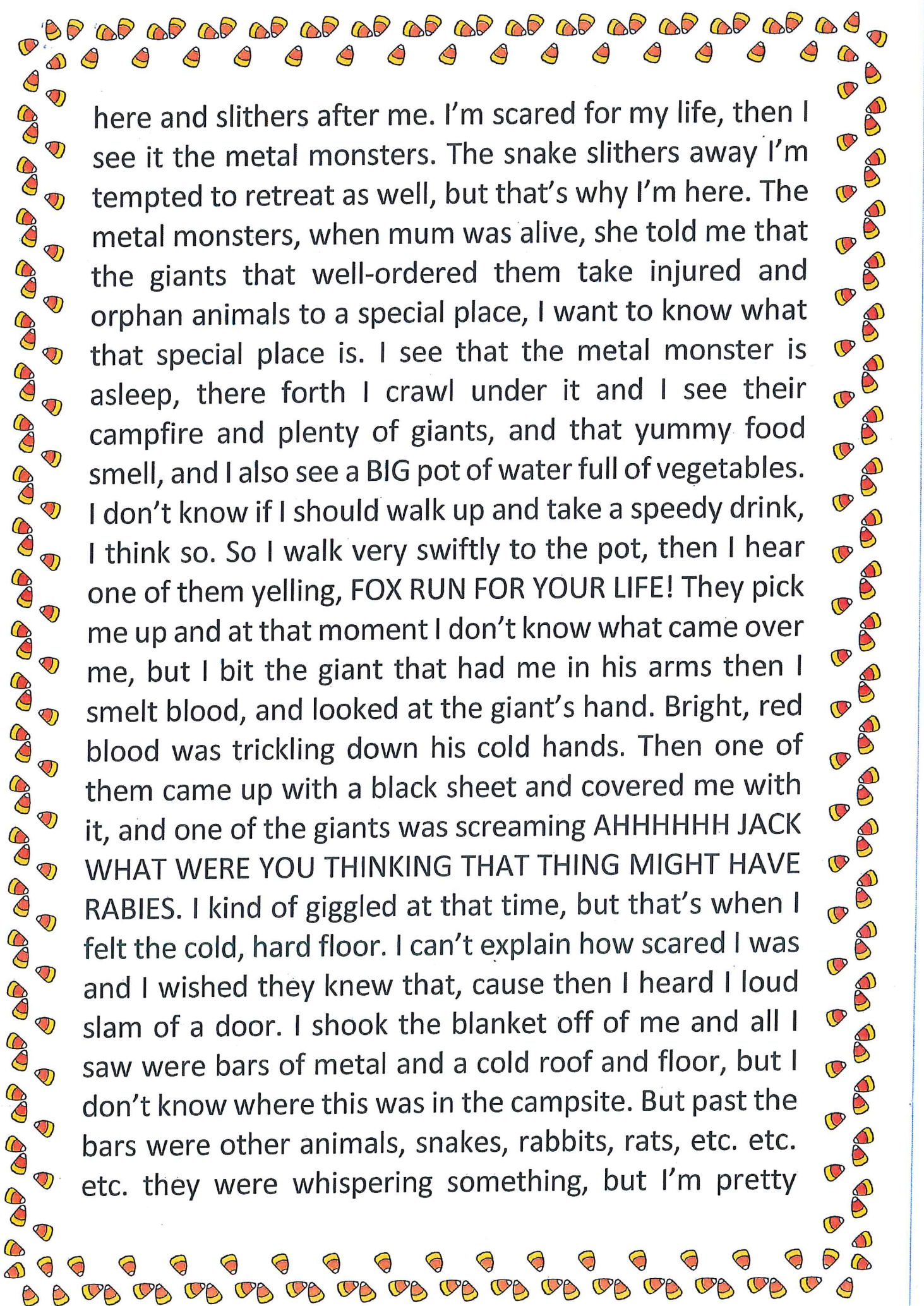


fast as I can. I'm parched, and as soon as I get there I slurp up the wet, crystal clear water rapidly, and try to find somewhere that is safe to have a midday snooze. After about 5 minutes, I was able to gather up some old palm tree leaves, and put them into a temporary burrow. Then I gently doze off. I wake up, and carefully take a look at the surface. DAMN! its sunset, whatever, I'll start to get a bit further before dark, then I got too tired and I think I fainted. It might have been because I used up too much of my energy. But then it happened, when I woke up, I saw it. A-a **VULTURE!** I hurdled up and bolted across the desert, of course towards my destination. Ok I'll admit it, I'm afraid of 1, and only 1, thing vultures. They're like demons that rule the sky, they feed on rotting animal body's and much more **evil** stuff. I was sooo scared, like think about it, imagine that you woke up, and right in your face is your worst nightmare, scary right well that's how afraid I was. After about 10 minutes of complete terror, I came to a stop, I should have lost him by now. I looked behind me he was gone, grate ok back to my mission, WHAT I'M THAT CLOSE IT'S LIKE 1 DAY UNTIL I'M THEIR WOW!!! I need to make as much ground as possible today, or I could keep going until I find a good and safe spot to have a catnap until morning. Ok I'll chose the second choice, a bit up ahead I see a cotton tailed rabbit, yummy. I chased after it and caught it in my mouth, then found a clearing in some sand stones looked around to see if it was safe to feed,

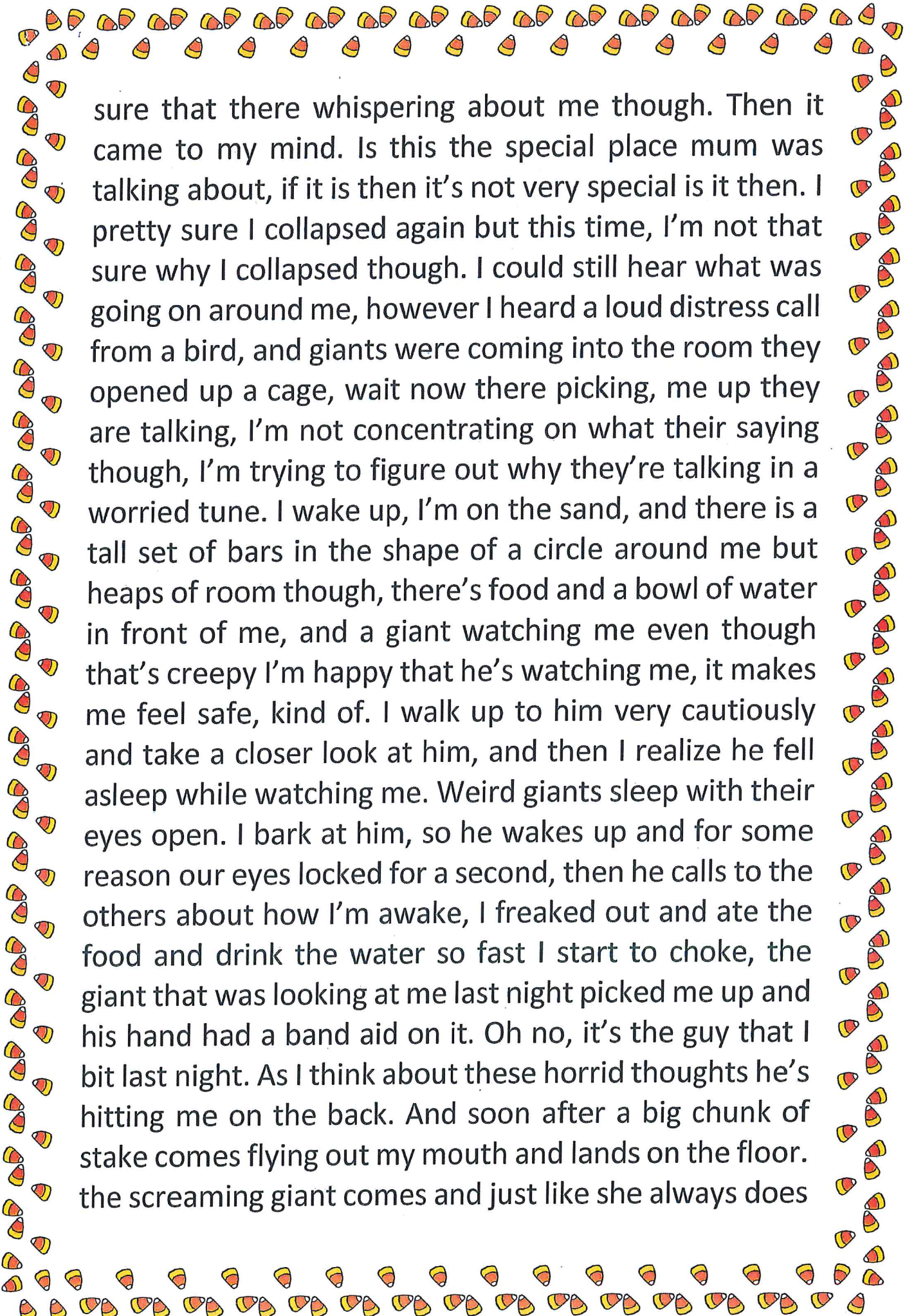




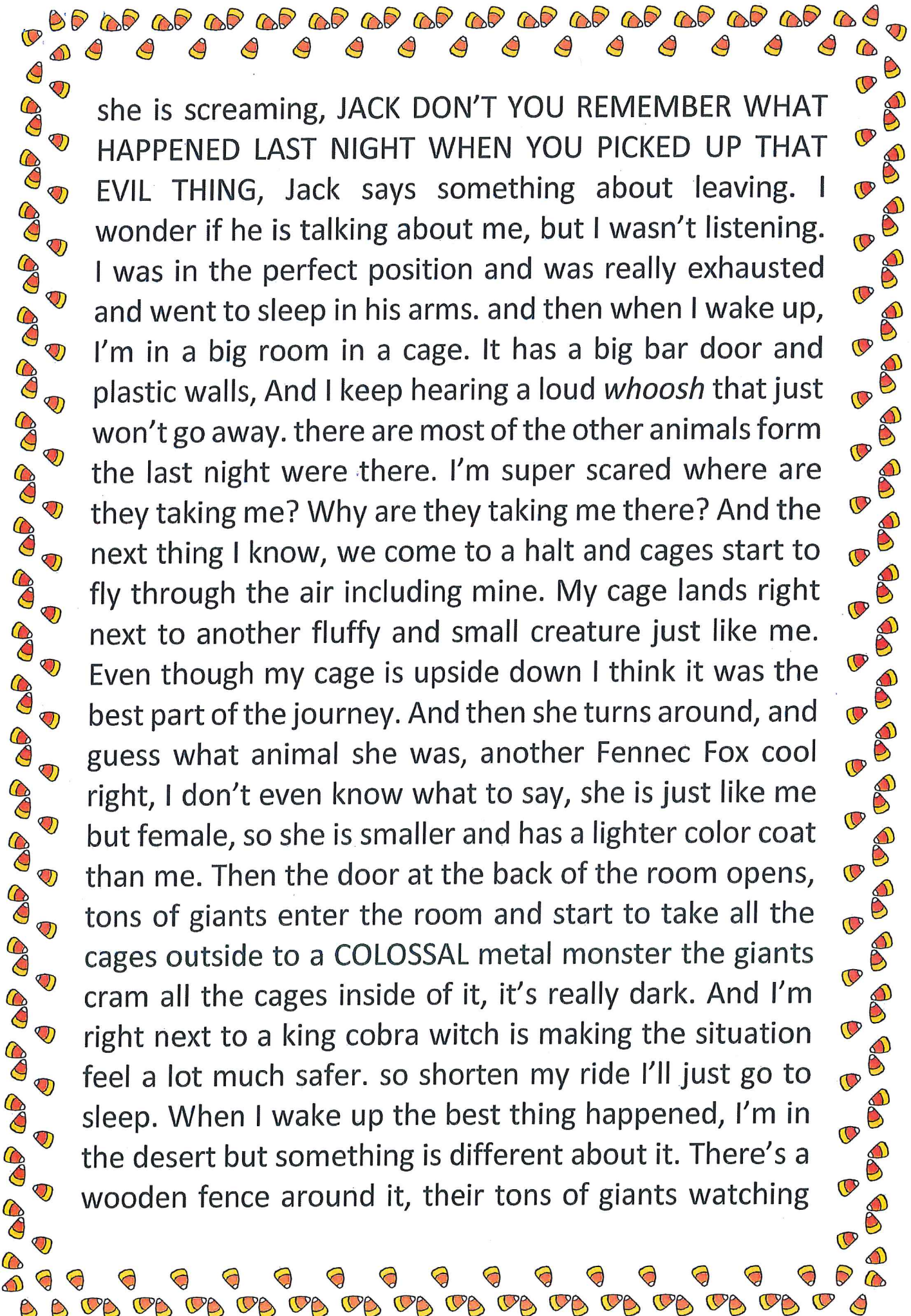
it was, so I started to chow down it was so good, you couldn't even call it good it was mouthwateringly good. After I ate it I thought shouldn't go too much further or I might collapse again, so I make a little den under the sandstone so nobody can see, me before long it's done and it feels just like home. The next dawn I find that I would get there just after nightfall, so I better get some progress cause if I don't they might go, so I better get started, I actually run the first few minutes but then I get tired and start to walk, wait I-I see a pond up ahead I run for my life. When I finally get there I gulp down the rough? Dry? Water wait a minute water isn't rough and dry. I shake my head in confusion, and once I stop the pool isn't there anymore, I'm dazed, and then it popped into my mind, I'm having hallucinations, I must be dehydrated, now I really desperately hope they give my water when I get there I can't stand more distractions like this delaying my time, I neeeeeeeeeed to get their fast, so I forget about the hallucination and start to stroll towards my destination. After around 5 to 10 minutes I see in front of me my doom. Up ahead I see, a-a-a **SNAKE** I'm not really sure what to do should I go home? Or should I go around? I choose to go slowly and in silence. I get halfway and at that moment he sees me, I freeze in terror, would I die the same slow and painful death mum did or will I not. I don't think it realizes I'm here I move so slowly I myself don't think I'm moving therefore I start to dash, then the snake noticed I'm



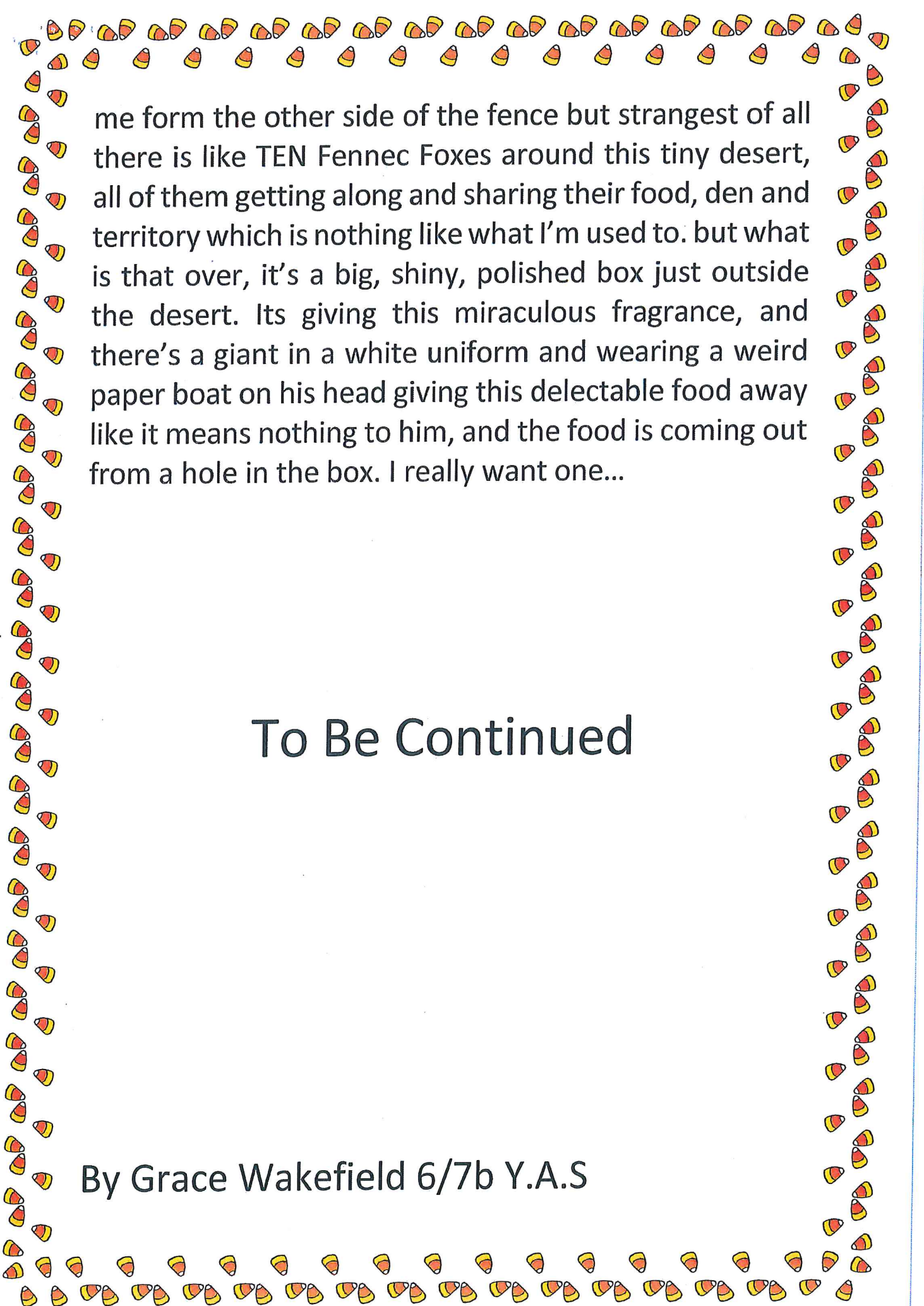
here and slithers after me. I'm scared for my life, then I see it the metal monsters. The snake slithers away I'm tempted to retreat as well, but that's why I'm here. The metal monsters, when mum was alive, she told me that the giants that well-ordered them take injured and orphan animals to a special place, I want to know what that special place is. I see that the metal monster is asleep, there forth I crawl under it and I see their campfire and plenty of giants, and that yummy food smell, and I also see a BIG pot of water full of vegetables. I don't know if I should walk up and take a speedy drink, I think so. So I walk very swiftly to the pot, then I hear one of them yelling, FOX RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! They pick me up and at that moment I don't know what came over me, but I bit the giant that had me in his arms then I smelt blood, and looked at the giant's hand. Bright, red blood was trickling down his cold hands. Then one of them came up with a black sheet and covered me with it, and one of the giants was screaming AHHHHHH JACK WHAT WERE YOU THINKING THAT THING MIGHT HAVE RABIES. I kind of giggled at that time, but that's when I felt the cold, hard floor. I can't explain how scared I was and I wished they knew that, cause then I heard I loud slam of a door. I shook the blanket off of me and all I saw were bars of metal and a cold roof and floor, but I don't know where this was in the campsite. But past the bars were other animals, snakes, rabbits, rats, etc. etc. etc. they were whispering something, but I'm pretty



sure that there whispering about me though. Then it came to my mind. Is this the special place mum was talking about, if it is then it's not very special is it then. I pretty sure I collapsed again but this time, I'm not that sure why I collapsed though. I could still hear what was going on around me, however I heard a loud distress call from a bird, and giants were coming into the room they opened up a cage, wait now there picking, me up they are talking, I'm not concentrating on what their saying though, I'm trying to figure out why they're talking in a worried tune. I wake up, I'm on the sand, and there is a tall set of bars in the shape of a circle around me but heaps of room though, there's food and a bowl of water in front of me, and a giant watching me even though that's creepy I'm happy that he's watching me, it makes me feel safe, kind of. I walk up to him very cautiously and take a closer look at him, and then I realize he fell asleep while watching me. Weird giants sleep with their eyes open. I bark at him, so he wakes up and for some reason our eyes locked for a second, then he calls to the others about how I'm awake, I freaked out and ate the food and drink the water so fast I start to choke, the giant that was looking at me last night picked me up and his hand had a band aid on it. Oh no, it's the guy that I bit last night. As I think about these horrid thoughts he's hitting me on the back. And soon after a big chunk of stake comes flying out my mouth and lands on the floor. the screaming giant comes and just like she always does



she is screaming, JACK DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU PICKED UP THAT EVIL THING, Jack says something about leaving. I wonder if he is talking about me, but I wasn't listening. I was in the perfect position and was really exhausted and went to sleep in his arms. and then when I wake up, I'm in a big room in a cage. It has a big bar door and plastic walls, And I keep hearing a loud *whoosh* that just won't go away. there are most of the other animals from the last night were there. I'm super scared where are they taking me? Why are they taking me there? And the next thing I know, we come to a halt and cages start to fly through the air including mine. My cage lands right next to another fluffy and small creature just like me. Even though my cage is upside down I think it was the best part of the journey. And then she turns around, and guess what animal she was, another Fennec Fox cool right, I don't even know what to say, she is just like me but female, so she is smaller and has a lighter color coat than me. Then the door at the back of the room opens, tons of giants enter the room and start to take all the cages outside to a COLOSSAL metal monster the giants cram all the cages inside of it, it's really dark. And I'm right next to a king cobra witch is making the situation feel a lot much safer. so shorten my ride I'll just go to sleep. When I wake up the best thing happened, I'm in the desert but something is different about it. There's a wooden fence around it, their tons of giants watching



me from the other side of the fence but strangest of all there is like TEN Fennec Foxes around this tiny desert, all of them getting along and sharing their food, den and territory which is nothing like what I'm used to. but what is that over, it's a big, shiny, polished box just outside the desert. Its giving this miraculous fragrance, and there's a giant in a white uniform and wearing a weird paper boat on his head giving this delectable food away like it means nothing to him, and the food is coming out from a hole in the box. I really want one...

**To Be Continued**

By Grace Wakefield 6/7b Y.A.S

## Category winner

Ella Riley, Year 10

*Atticus*

Yankalilla Area School

## Shortlisted students

Ella Riley, Year 10

*Atticus*

Yankalilla Area School

Lahna Parsons, Year 8

*Cattle show*

Yankalilla Area School

Kyla Barnes, Year 9

*Kyla*

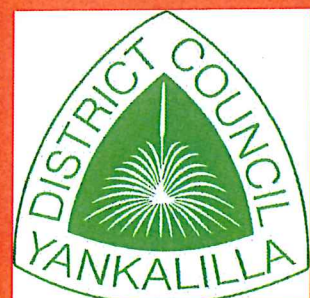
Yankalilla Area School

Katie Ryan, Year 9

*Music stories, drumsticks and broken pics*

Yankalilla Area School

Years 8 to 10



## Atticus

*Atticus always knew he was different to the other kids. He was always treated differently by teachers, students, other students' parents and even his own parents. And it wasn't necessarily in a bad way. They were just a little more gentle with what they said to him, almost as if they were to trigger something in Atticus should they say the wrong thing. It was as though everyone knew what was wrong with him, except him of course.*

The sun rose with a slight crisp feel to it and the air was chilly. I could smell bacon and eggs coming from the kitchen. This was weird. Mum never made me breakfast, especially bacon and eggs. It must either be a special occasion, or an apology. What for though? I hope I didn't have to go to dad's. I jumped out of bed, chucked on a shirt and a pair of trackies and went to discover what the special occasion was.

Mum had everything ready; the table was all set, and the smell of bacon lingered throughout the hallway. "What's the special occasion, aye Mum?"

Mum replied in a surprised tone "Atticus, can't you remember?"

"Remember what?" I asked cautiously.

"You're going to your father's. The summer holidays start tomorrow and you're at his for half of them and it's a long four-hour drive, so I thought I'd make you a solid brekky. And you better get packing!"

You could tell that she tried to sound cheery as she spoke.

"Shit" I murmured under my breath, my heart sinking.

Once I'd finished breakfast I reluctantly began to pack. Each piece of clothing that I put in my bag made me feel more and more angry. "He doesn't even love me"; that's something I've told myself since I was eight, ever since Dad decided to get up and leave six years ago one cold stormy morning - not a morning I'd like to remember as clearly as I do. I picked up my bag and dragged it down the hallway, pretending dramatically it was too heavy to carry. Mum snatched it out of my hands and threw it onto the porch outside. She gave me a pointed and direct look, both hands on her hips. She sighed and shook her head at me. "C'mon bud, it's only for a month and a half. It'll fly right by and I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself." She marched towards the car and I trailed after her.

I threw my bag of clothes into the boot, slammed it, opened the car door, hopped in, and slammed that too, all in frustration.

The only thing that I liked about the long, agonising four-hour drive, which started from our island town and deep into the mainland, was looking out over the ocean as we headed towards the massive bridge connecting these two worlds. Sometimes the waves from the ocean would crash up to the road and sea mist would engulf the car. Whenever we travel this way I pretend that I'm controlling those waves; I manoeuvre my hands around and it appears to me that I'm controlling the movement of the waves.

As we drove, the clouds darkened alarmingly. Wind howled uncontrollably. Large heavy rain drops peppered the car roof, sounding like bullets. This was not your typical summer weather! The roads were slippery and every vehicle in sight kept swerving to try and stay on the road.

Soon enough we arrived on the bridge, but the waves were crashing from one side to the other and there was no way the car would make it through. Suddenly mum gripped the wheel; she gripped it so tightly her knuckles went white. She threw the car back a gear and attempted to speed through the swell and whitewash.

The fourth wave of every set was the largest. The wave would clap and smash against the bridge and completely clear our car. When we reached a certain distance along the bridge, the traffic was banked up bumper to bumper, and everyone was fleeing their cars.

"We have to get out!" mum demanded with a shaky tone to her voice. She burst out the car and started running. I didn't move. I sat in the passenger seat with my seatbelt still on, frozen. Turning back to me, she thrust her head into the vehicle.

"Get out of the bloody car Atticus! You're going to get yourself killed! Don't be so stupid!" She yelled as she tried to keep her footing on the bridge.

Nobody had ever spoken to me the way my mother just did. I wasn't sure how to react.

Suddenly, I felt boiling anger welling up inside my body. I clenched my fists so tightly that there was no more blood circulating into my hands and they began to turn white; my face - a bright flaming red. I threw the car door open and burst out. The winds grew stronger, the waves grew higher and I grew angrier.

Through all of the rain, fog and sea mist I saw a huge set of waves start to build, moving at a rapid speed. I ran for mum. She was frozen, staring blankly at a giant wave heading ominously forwards, about to consume everything in its path. She couldn't budge. I tugged on her arm. Pulled and heaved. Still nothing. Still a motionless, empty face. It was too late to run now; the wave was here and bigger than ever. I threw my arms up in the air above my face and manoeuvred them wildly as if I were forbidding the wave to move further forward.

The most extraordinary thing happened. The wave, almost over our heads now, stopped. Just stopped. Dead. As I lowered my arms, it shrunk down. The sun shone through the clouds, the rain stopped. The waves had become the smallest ripples.

*"So" thought Atticus. "This is why I'm different to other kids. And for sure, it isn't necessarily in a bad way either!"*

Ella Riley

999 words



### Cattle show-short story competition

My fingers were freezing and my teeth were grinding together it was 4am in the middle of winter. My mum made me get up, she always acted like a headless chook a week before the big show. I kept trying to tell her "she'll be fine, she doesn't need any more work!" but mum didn't agree. Mum always replied with "a few days- that's all it takes and all your hard work will be lost". But of course I didn't listen. I waited till mum and dad went to milk the dairy cows and ran straight back into my warm cosy bed. As per usual I didn't sleep for much longer, I woke up to the sound of Sally bellowing.

I always adored Sally ever since she was a new born; it was like love at first sight. Every hour of every day, I was always washing, walking or just telling Sally secrets. But after spending every day with her got tiring. I needed a break, but mum wouldn't let me especially not a week before the big cattle show.

As I was putting my boots on my cold feet the phone rang, I thought to myself for a split second 'the phone never rings'. It was my nana Sherly! After a long chat with my nana, I ran faster than a lion after its prey down to the dairy where my mum and dad were just finishing off the last cow "MUM, DAD! I just got off the phone to nana Sherly, she invited me to come stay at her place for the rest of the week!"

With some begging and pleading I managed to push my parents to the point where they had to say yes. I quickly ran up to the cattle yards and said goodbye to Sally, grabbed my gear and jumped in the car at the drop of a hat. It was pretty silent for about 20 minutes till dad broke the silence with "what about Sally?" I was silent. I sat there thinking what could happen? I was only staying at nana's for the rest of the week. I mean 4 days- how much harm could that do?

As we rolled in the long twisty drive way, I saw nana waving. I said good bye to mum and dad, unpacked my bag and went into the kitchen to tell nana all about Sally and how she's going. The 4 days went by faster than I could blink. It felt like only yesterday I was waving goodbye to mum and dad.

The ride home went pretty fast. We pulled into my drive way, as per usual nana came inside to have a cup of tea with mum and dad.

I was just about to have a big old bite in a piece of mum's homemade banana cake when I remembered about Sally. I didn't know I could run that fast. I ran through the shed, scooped a cup of grain in a bucket grabbed a halter and sprinted down to Sally's pen. She was down by her water trough, when she stuck her head up to look who was opening the gate. I shook the bucket of grain as I usually do. But the only difference was she didn't come running- she looked at me as if I was a stranger. I tried to approach her to put the halter on. But she ran away. I stood there puzzled for about 5 minutes then I stumbled back up to the house, falling through the door with disappointment all over my face. "Mum, dad you were right. Sally wants nothing to do with me. I shouldn't have gone to nana's house. Now I will never be able to go to the cattle show" I said with tears rolling down my cheek but then mum

opened her mouth and said "maybe it will be good to take a break this year and focus on your netball or something else". I was not expecting mum to say that.

Night came and I couldn't get to sleep. I kept think about Sally and the cattle show. I've never won the cattle show. I've always been runner up and I finally thought this was my year to really shine. At that moment I jumped out of bed -it was 10 pm. I put on about 3 pairs of trackies, 4 shirts and 2 jumpers, run out the house with a torch and headed straight down to Sally's pen. I worked and worked and worked, the cattle show now only 1 day away. 9 hours went by and I finally got Sally back to the way she was. This time I didn't run up to the house. I walked like a snail. My legs were sore and my arms were aching. I slammed straight into my warm cosy bed glad that all my hard work was complete.

It was the next day we loaded Sally into the trailer and left for the cattle show. I ended up bringing home a supreme Champion award. I was so proud of all my hard work!

By Lahna parsons year 8- 2018

Kyla

*Whispers and distant screaming filled the hallway as she walked. The floorboards creaked under the weight of her foot. The girl kept searching through that never-ending hallway but as far as she walked the screams kept getting further, quieter. Almost like the screams were running and the whispers were chasing after her.*

Lightning flashed, the storm grew louder. Ingrid Harley rushed into her room and slammed shut her bedroom window. Her carpet was soaked and the potted plant that sat on her windowsill would soon drown. Ingrid sighed, falling to the floor.

Ingrid's mother's scratched, red car pulled into the driveway. The girl anxiously sat in her room, the window fogged up as she breathed. Downstairs the door banged and glass bottles made a loud clink as they were not-so-carefully placed on the floor. Ingrid held her own hand in the other as they started to shake.

"Ingrid! Get down here and help me with the shopping!" Her mother yelled up the stairwell.

Ingrid knew what the word 'help' meant in this household. After a few seconds she stood up and walked to the door. Her mother yelled once again and Ingrid started running down the stairs.

"Don't run! If you fall I'll have to hire someone to get your stupid blood out of the carpet."

"Sorry, Mother." Ingrid said, wearily.

She put away the bottles of wine that her mother didn't even bother to have a special cabinet for. They just sat on the counter every day for Ingrid to see.

"Did you buy me any food to take to school?" Ingrid called out while searching through every last bag.

Her other muted the TV and sighed, loudly. "If I didn't then it clearly wasn't on the list."

At the bottom of a shopping bag was the list, written in bold, blue and pink letters was 'Food for school.' Once again Ingrid would have to empty her bag for any change.

The old grandfather clock in the dining room chimed at 10PM, the wind howled and the TV was playing some old game show. Nothing was quiet. Ingrid tip-toed down the stairs, all the lights were off the only light was coming from the TV. Ingrid's mother had passed out on the couch already, as she did every night, the colours from the TV flashed on her face. The wind and rain died down, Ingrid turned off the TV, and now everything was silent.

Ingrid walked past the coffee table, tracing her finger along the framed picture of Sara, Ingrid's younger sister. She was only five; she would always be five. Ingrid wandered back upstairs. She stood in the doorway, staring into an empty room while squeezing Sara's stuffed rabbit. Ingrid hated this empty room; it always seemed to be screaming at her. Sometimes Ingrid swore she heard screams but when she came to find out where they came from they sound had faded into the distance. This time the screaming didn't come from the room; it came from the hallway. Instead something else was in the room, a whisper.

"Ingrid."

Ingrid didn't move or turn around to face the voice. "Yes?" She responded.

Kyla

"I'm hungry."

"I know, sweetie. I know."

"Mum didn't make dinner again."

"She hasn't made dinner since you died, Sara."

Ingrid turned around, Sara wasn't there. It was silent again.

At the other end of the hallway was a large shadow.

"Why are you out of bed? Stop talking to yourself." Ingrid's mother demanded.

Ingrid stood still, too petrified to speak. Her mother turned on the light so Ingrid could see her face, it grew angrier as Ingrid continued not to move.

"You ungrateful child, do as I say!" She yelled as she stomped towards her daughter, grabbing Ingrid's wrist and throwing her to the floor of her bedroom.

The door slammed shut. Ingrid crawled back into the corner, too scared to look away from the door. She listened to her mother's footsteps go down the stairs. After a few steps Ingrid could hear her mother tumbling down and screaming in fear. The sound of the screams got further away as she fell. Cautiously, Ingrid tip-toed over to the door so she could peek through. Lying at the bottom of the stairs was her mother's unconscious body, blood spilled from her forehead. Giggles echoed through the hall, like the laugh of a little girl.

It was Sara, she started whispering things to Ingrid again. She was getting closer, louder until the little girl's whispers turned into yelling.

## Music stores, drumsticks and broken pics.

Butterflies filled my tummy as I stepped onto the stage, my three-best friends by my side. Today was the day we would be noticed by the world.

I was stepping through the doors of the Westfield music shop. I saw the walls filled with stringed instruments; rows upon rows of records down the centre of the room and at the back sat a wall full of drumsticks, cymbals and a cherry red drum kit. I walked round the room looking at the different guitars, basses and ukuleles. Then I spent an hour looking through all the records only to find five that I liked, Bleach by Nirvana, AM by Arctic Monkeys, Stark by Cherri Bomb, Wasting Light by Foo Fighters and Led Zeppelin II by Led Zeppelin.

A boy standing across from me was looking through the last row of records. He looked up at me and said, "You look like you'd be a drummer."

I glanced up at him and said questioningly, "A what?"

"A drummer," the boy said with enthusiasm. The boy was wearing an Iron Maiden shirt and blue jeans. He had medium length, wavy, brown hair and was an average height.

I replied with, "I've never played an instrument in my life."

"Well, we are standing in a music store. There is a drum kit right there; you might as well have a go," he said with just as much enthusiasm as before.

"Ah, I don't know," I replied unsurely. But he handed me a set of sticks and motioned for me to sit on the stool behind the kit. With me sitting behind the kit, he told me to do a simple groove snare, bass, snare, bass, bass. Which was very easy, and I got it first go. Then he told me to do an array of different grooves which I found very easy to do as well.

"Sorry, it's 6pm and we have to close for the night, but you're welcome to come tomorrow. We open at 10am," the store manager said to us.

We both got up, thanked the store manager and walked out.

"So, meet me here tomorrow at 10am," the boy said in the light of a street lamp.

"Sure," I said and went to walk off, but we were both going in the same direction.

"Oh, you live this side of town as well?"

"Yeah," he said with a bit of a laugh, "So, I never asked your name."

"My name's Harlaurina, but everyone just calls me Harlow. What's your name?" I replied.

"Pleasure to meet you, Harlow. I'm Miles... I don't have a nickname," Miles said.

As we walked down the foot path I said, "Well, I live down this road, but I'll see you tomorrow at the music store."

"Okay, see you later," Miles responded with a wave and I waved back.

For the next six months every day, Miles and I went to that same music store at 10am 'til 6pm on weekends and 5pm to 6 pm on weekdays. Until I could afford my own drum kit, it lived in my parents' garage and everyday our newly-formed band, The Dollar Llama, would play there. Our band had 4 people - Miles on lead guitar and vocals, Charli on backing guitar and vocals, Flynn on bass and vocals and me just playing the drums, as I lack singing skills. We all now worked at the music store on Saturdays and often got gigs at the local pub. We were a group of the happiest 17-year olds you could ever come across.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> of August, 2010, our lives were changed forever when Dave Grohl walked into the Westfield Pub where we were playing. After our set was done and we were packing up for the night, Dave Grohl came and tapped on my shoulder.

## Music stores, drumsticks and broken pics.

I turned around and he said, "Your band's really good. It reminds me of a mix of Nirvana and the Red-Hot Chilli Peppers with a bit of Alice and Chains thrown into the mix."

I replied with a nervous, "Thank you," as standing before me was my favourite drummer.

"So the plane with the band that is opening for us has been delayed. I was just wondering if tomorrow night you guys would be available to open for us," Dave asked.

I exclaimed, "Yes, we can open for you tomorrow."

"Okay, thanks. What's your number so my assistant can send over all the details?" Dave asked. I gave him my number and continued packing up.

I turned to Charli, Miles and Flynn and said somewhat calmly, "I got us a gig for tonight."

"Oh cool, where?" Charli replied, slightly hesitant.

"Not completely sure where, but we're opening for the Foo Fighters. Dave Grohl's assistant is texting me the information tonight," I answered.

"OH MY GOSH!" exclaimed Miles.

"THAT'S AWSOME!" yelled Flynn.

"Really? You're just messing with us. Nice joke, Harlow," Charli said frustratedly.

"I'm not joking Charli. We have a gig opening for the Foo Fighters tomorrow night," I said convincing her. Ding! My phone screen lit up, I had just received a message.

I read aloud, "Hello, Harlow. I hear Dave has asked your band to open for the Foo Fighters and wanted me to send you the details. The show starts tomorrow at 5:30pm but we would like you there at 1pm or earlier so you can set up and will be ready for sound checks. It's at the showgrounds, 1875 Port Road, Westfield. Thank you for filling in this spot. We can't wait to see you there."

"Believe me now Charli?" I asked triumphantly.

"I suppose so," Charli sighed.

The next few hours went past in a blur of excitement. We had all woken up at 5am so we could make sure we were ready. We had the set list planned and arrived at the showground. We had set up and gone through the sound check. Then, everyone started to fill the oval in front of the stage. 800 people were watching as we heard the words, "You're on in ten."

Butterflies filled my tummy as I stepped onto the stage, my three best friends by my side. We introduced ourselves and started to play. We did a cover of ACDC's – Thunderstruck, Nirvana's - Smells Like Teen Spirit, Red Hot Chilli Peppers – Otherside and Guns N' Roses – Sweet Child O' Mine. The crowd loved us and by the second song, my nerves had well and truly gone.

After the show, Dave's assistant got a concerning phone call. The opening band whose plane had been delayed quit. Dave Grohl was furious. Then he walked over to us and said, "You guys have just got a full-time paid job as our opening band. If you don't want to do it, contact my assistant." Then walked away.

Of course, we took the job and we have now been on tour for three months. We've loved every second of it. We now have a record deal and after the tour we will be working on our debut album. I wonder what we should call the album.