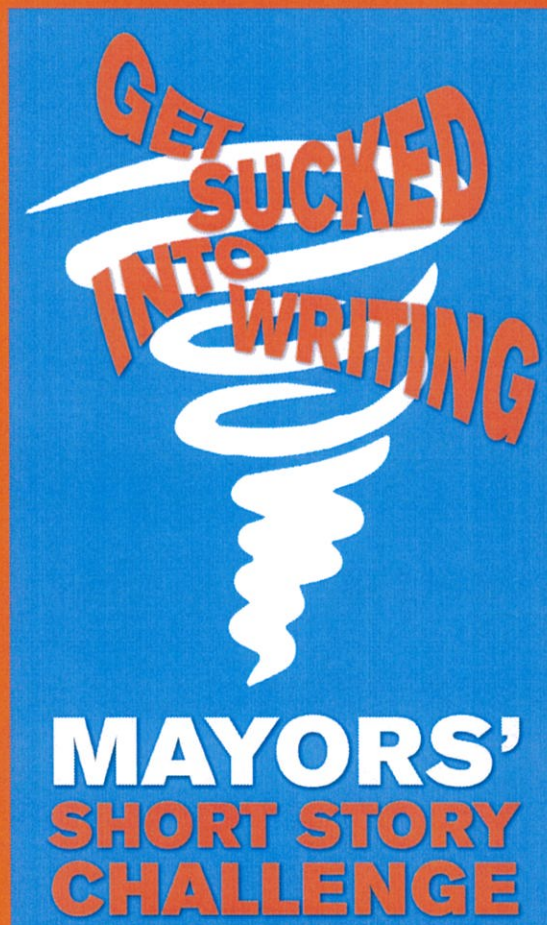


2019

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, 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

Royale Quest
Holly Wheaton

Years 3- 4 Section

The Great Escape
Kooper McArdle

Years 5 - 7 Section

In the heat of battle
Max Agnew

Years 8 - 10 Section

The Strange Scaly Stick
Archie Gibbs

Overall Winner

The Strange Scaly Stick
Archie Gibbs

Category Winner

Holly Wheaton, Year 2
Royale Quest
Yankalilla Area School

Shortlisted students

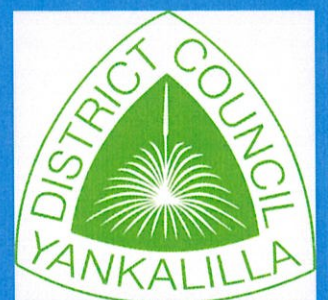
Holly Wheaton, Year 2
Royale Quest
Yankalilla Area School

Lilly O'Brien, Year 1
Happy Birthday
Yankalilla Area School

Jack Borlace, Year 2
The lost guinea pig
Yankalilla Area School

Olivia Hutt, Year 2
Sad monkey
Yankalilla Area school

Reception to Year 2



Royale Quest

Usually (Always!) There were three unicorns Ruby, Star and Rainbow. They ruled their own domains. Ruby's is covered in rubies, Star's is blue with stars every where! Rainbow's is rainbow! One day they were planning to go on a picnic. As they walked out of the palace to Ruby's domain they noticed it was packed with rubies.

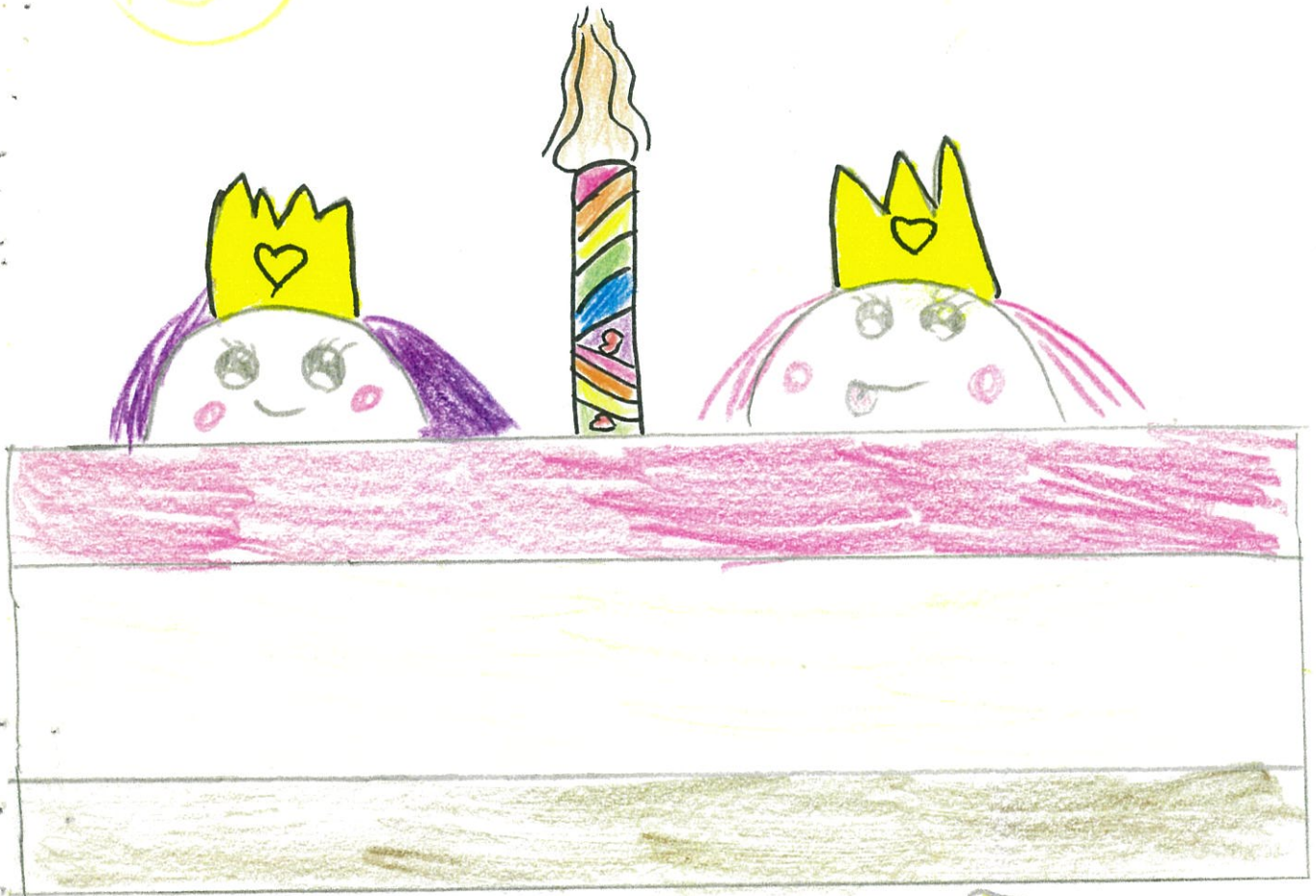
Next they walked through Star's domain. They barely knew where they were going! Then through Rainbow's. When they turned around (gasp) Ruby was gone!

They rushed through Rainbow land and Sunny caught up and said "where are you going?" Star said "we're going to find Ruby." They ran to Star's domain. Then Moon caught up and said "what are you doing?" Rainbow said "we are looking for Ruby." They galloped in search for Ruby.

They finally reached Ruby's domain. They looked every where but no Ruby. They decided to go home and make posters. When they opened the palace doors (gasp) Ruby was here! They were so so happy. They threw a party! Hooray! and they lived happily ever after.



HAPPY
Birthdays



HAPPY Birthdays



One day there was
a girl whose birthday was
the next day. She went to bed
early and she had a good
dream. She dreamed of getting
a new unicorn.



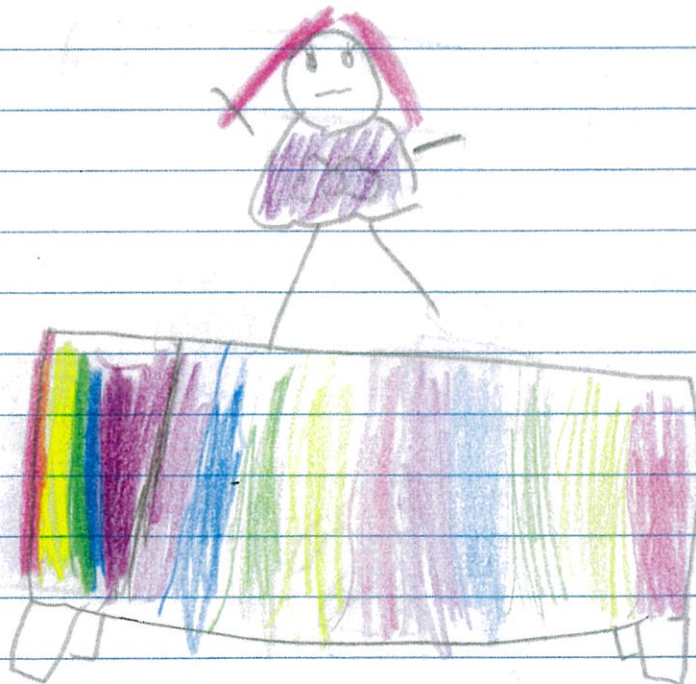
the little girl wock
up she wock up before
anyone else did so she went
back to bed but she couldnt
get back to bed because she
was to excited.



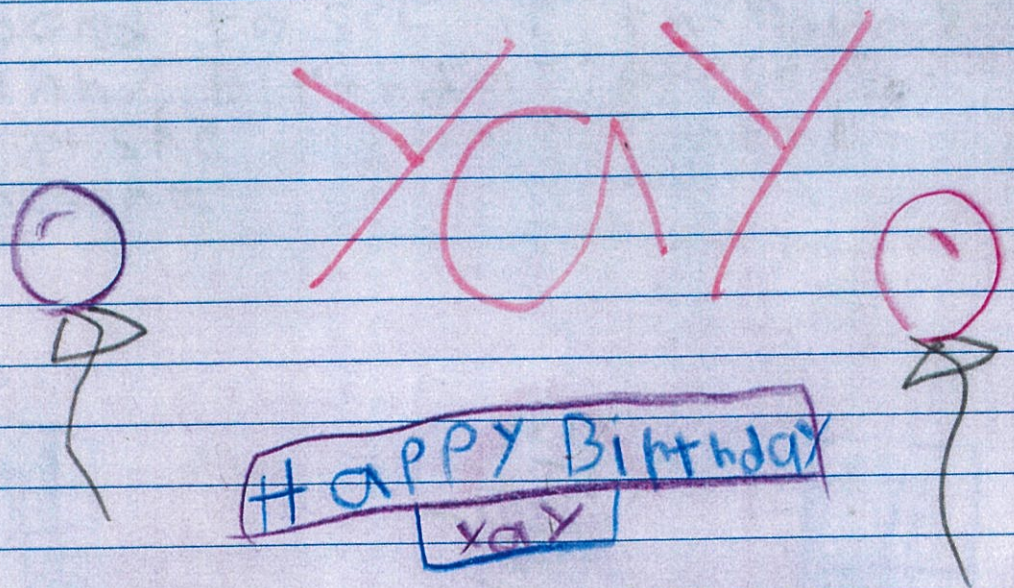
then the little girl
heard something, so she went
to see if zumm one was a
wack. pvrpy one was a wack
but they didn't ~~cook~~ cook
anny Birthday Food so she
looked to see if there was
anny Birthday presents
but she didn't see anny
presents.



and she didn't see
any decorations. so she
sat on her bed ~~that~~ my
of forgotten were my
birthday is said the little
girl.

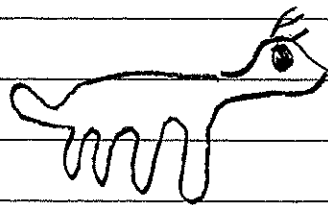


the little girl went
out side. SURPRISE said
the mum and the dad
and the kids.



The lost guinea pig

One day Guinea Pig and donkey walked across a Pond in a Jangle. They found a guinea pig that is only a baby and walked back to the farm. He was crying on the floor. They gave him a bed to sleep on. The Guinea Pig's mum was so sad. She was by a lake and there was a crocodile. The crocodile snapped. She ran away as fast as she could and just got away. Guinea Pig and donkey and baby guinea pig went to find his mum. They found her. Baby Guinea Pig ran to her and Guinea Pig and donkey went home and fell asleep on the couch watching cartoon under pants then they woke up for tea. Guinea Pig and donkey ate on the couch and watched cartoon under pants then went to see baby guinea pig and his mum. They played snakes and ladders donkey won. They had lots of fun outside then went back home and had a nap.



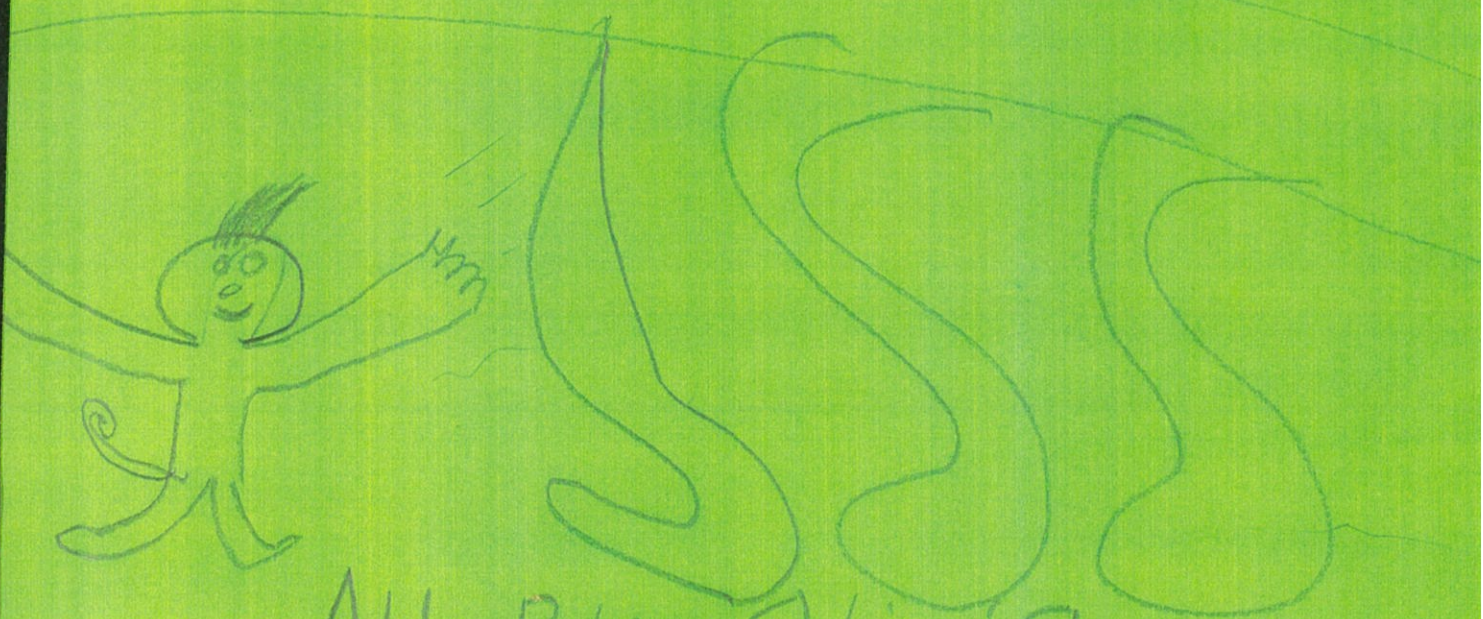
THIS IS DADDY

written by
by Olivia
daddy
by Olivia

MOMMY



HAPPY



ALL BY OLIVIA

Sad monkey's.

It was nearly lunch time in the beautiful tropical jungle. A family of monkey's were busily preparing their food for a feast. They swung from vines to trees to the far side of the jungle to have their food. The dad monkey asked the baby monkey for a race "Yes," cried the baby monkey. The dad monkey was too fast for baby monkey because he had long legs and a long tail. Baby monkey sadly got lost. monkey's family noticed when they left monkey so monkey's family went back to search for monkey. monkey's family searched and searched. monkey's family climbed the trees and looked and suddenly they found her. monkey was in the bushes, very scared.

Category Winner

Kooper McArdle, Year 4
The Great Escape
Rapid Bay Primary School

Shortlisted students

Kooper McArdle, Year 4
The Great Escape
Rapid Bay Primary School

Flynn Hutt, Year 4
The Power Stones
Yankalilla Area School

Royce Williss, Year 4
Cinder the magic dragon
Rapid Bay Primary School

Tosca Wobring, Year 3
The chick and the wolf
Yankalilla Area School

Years 3 to 4



THE GREAT ESCAPE

Kooper McArdle

One day in a universe very different to ours, there was an evil spirit possessing an all-powerful immortal king of all might. The evil spirit wants to imprison all-powerful immortal king so no one can put him in the worst cutthroat, cruel enchanted prison for the strongest of all alien monsters, evil gods and spirits. It's the most inescapable prison in the one thousandth galaxy. It's impossible to get in and out. Many great warriors have travelled galaxies to defeat the spirit and regain peace in the most beautiful galaxy in the universe.

Anyway, we are not here for a lesson in galaxies, we are here to learn about spirits. We are here to learn about the heroic god who was born to defeat evil and set things right. His name is Eli. He was the born the same night as a god dragon who became his best friend and helper. The dragon's name was Jewels, and he was a combination of earth, fire, water, air, energy and mystical powers.

Eli and Jewels grew up on a different galaxy. They were always together and together they were almost unbeatable. Their teamwork was incredible and together they explored different planets and developed their battle skills.

Eli and Jewels spent years training and learning new abilities to help them defeat the evil spirit. They had tried before but they were almost imprisoned. They were only saved from becoming dessert for the evil spirit by using their transportation crystal.

After the defeat, they returned to their secret training place, a place that the sacred gods spent 200 years making. Eli and Jewels trained extra hard for their next battle, as they knew it would be the greatest battle in history.

Eli and Jewels decided that the battle would take place on their birthday. They trained hard as they knew it would be the deadliest battle ever. As the battle drew nearer, they trained even harder. They trained up to 23 hours a day. They knew they were strong and that their powers would give them a better chance than the last time.

As the day got closer, the heroic duo became very excited for their battle. They were as excited as a snake that had been given a hundred mice to eat, so excited their heads nearly fell off. At the same time, they felt scared and nervous too, as they knew the evil spirit was a very formidable foe.

The day arrived. Their birthday present were magical crystals that were very rare and powerful. They prepared themselves for battle and then flew full speed towards the palace.

They knew they had to be careful so they snuck around the back to the secret entrance.

They checked to see the coast was clear and they headed to the battlefield. To their surprise, the evil spirit was waiting for them! Eli and Jewels knew it was now or never, it was time!

The battle began. Eli and Jewels were well prepared. They used a combination of their weapons and magical crystals. The evil spirit was a strong opponent and managed to fend off their attacks. The evil spirit had a trick of his own up his sleeve. He had a secret dragon that he unleashed. Eli and Jewels knew they were outmatched so they quickly teleported themselves out of the way of the dreadful beast. Eli and Jewels found themselves deep in the dungeons of the castle. There they heard voices in the distance. Eli and Jewels approached carefully, unsure of what they would find. They followed the voices and found it was a secret cell full of all of the evil spirit's prisoners. They freed them all and together, they devised a plan to capture the evil spirit once and for all.

Together they all returned to the battlefield. The evil spirit was unprepared for such a big army of opponents. He tried using his fire power, but Eli blocked him with water. The evil spirit then tried to get his dragon to help, but Jewels took him down with his birthday crystal powers. The evil spirit was hopelessly out matched. Eli then cast the most powerful spell of all. The evil dragon could not escape and was captured and sent to the Peach Blossom galaxy, where he remained for eternity.

It was gone Eli and Jewels returned triumphantly to their home planet. The freed prisoners were so grateful for their help that they returned with them to be their allies for future battles. They knew that the evil spirit would never bother anyone again, but that there were other evil forces ready to take his place.

THE END

THE POWER STONES

Long ago there was an army of mythical creatures called titan devils. Titan devils are evil creatures that look like people, but they are red with 2 horns on their heads and giant tails.

They destroy worlds and conquer planets with the power of magical stones. The stones have every power you can dream of. One day a traitor stole the power stones and snuck away to hide them on planet Earth.

Many centuries passed. There was boy called Harry who lived in a small town with his uncle and aunty. Harry was sad because he was always bullied because he did not have a mum or dad. The only thing he had to remember his Mum and Dad with was a special stone his parents gave him.

One day Harry was so sad that his mum and dad died he threw the special stone against a wall in his bedroom and the stone began to glow and showed a map. The map showed the locations of three other special stones like Harrys. Harry was surprised and excited, he began to wonder if he was supposed to find all of the other stones?

Harry decided he needed to set off on a journey to get all the other stones. Harry snuck out at night with his stone and followed the map to a rocky valley. He climbed through a gap and saw a temple under a bunch of rock and went in. When he went in his stone started to glow and a giant creature came at him. Harry threw the stone at the creature which turned to stone and dropped a power stone. Harry picked up both of the stones and they melted into his hand and he gained power.

Out of the corner of his eye Harry saw two flying men appear called Fearless Flynn and Master Max. They said "you made Earth unstable." Harry snapped his fingers and the earth was stable again. Then he teleported away.

Fearless Flynn and Master Max researched the legend of stones and found that they contain great power and one weakness. The weakness is the titan devils venom. The heroes decided they must find a titan devil. Flynn said "I heard a tale that they destroy worlds." Max replied "remember in the book it said a devil could be found in a cave on mount Buru". "Let's go said Flynn".

Three hours later they arrived at the mountain and found the cave entrance. They entered the cave together and saw a devil straight away. "Ah!" devil

yelled "are you trying to fight? Come on not you too?" said the devil, everyone thinks I'm bad, but I am just bored with nothing to do and no one to play with."

Max said "we need your venom to protect the power stones." "ok" said the devil and spat in a jar then he walked away feeling sad. Max and Flynn said "you can come with us" the devil said "yay". Together they set off to find the kid with the power stones. They tracked a strong energy signature, and found him in a volcano.

Harry saw them arrive and came up to them and said "hello". Flynn Max and the devil got ready to fight!

Harry said "why do you want to fight me"? Flynn said, "you are gathering the stones to destroy our planet!" "Harry said who told you that," "I just followed the map on the stone my parents gave me".

"These special rocks glow when I get my rock close to them". "Do you know about these rocks they are very powerful?" Max said "Yes, we researched them a lot, they hold the power to destroy worlds and were used by an ancient army of devils for thousands of years".

Harry said "the last stone is here in the volcano, but the guardian is a lava monster, and is too hot to get past"

The devil interrupted "I speak lava monster language let me talk to him "

“He is just in that cave over there go in and you will see him”. They all followed the devil in to the cave. Once inside the monster appeared he looked straight at the devil and “said “ah you have returned my master”

“does this mean your old army has found us”! The devil was shocked and began to remember his past he was the traitor who had hid the stones but had wiped his own memory after hiding the stones and creating the guardians to protect them. He suddenly realised that with all the stone together again they could now be found by the devil army. He quickly told everyone what he had remembered. The lava monster shouted something and the devil told everyone he said “the army is coming”. The devil had a plan he said “when the devil army arrive in their ship the lava monster would go through the top hatch and melt on the core, while Harry, Max, Flynn and the devil would distract the boss and have him fly over the deep blue sea”. “If they got this right the ship would stop working over the ocean and the whole army would drop in to ocean Devils could not survive water” and the plan saved the earth.

THE END TO BE CONTINUED

WRITTEN BY FLYNN HUTT

Cinder the magic dragon

Chapter 1: the giver of life

There once was a dragon named Cinder and he had magic powers. His magic scales glittered many colours: pink, purple, red, orange, blue, and gold. Cinder brought life to his home, a cave hidden behind a raging waterfall. Tall pine trees towered over the pond that was full of all sorts of creatures, great and small. Every morning, Cinder would flap up to the top of the waterfall and wake up his home with his magical song that scared away evil spirits. If Cinder was never born earth would be overrun by evil spirits. Cinder is known as the giver of life.

Chapter 2: the realm of evil

That night in the realm of evil, the spirits were having a meeting, talking about how to take over earth for good. "We will never be able to take over earth with Cinder there." Hissed one of the evil spirits. "The giver of life." Snorted another evil spirit. "I have a better plan." Said a mysterious voice. "Who's there?" Whispered an evil spirit. "I am your key to taking over earth."

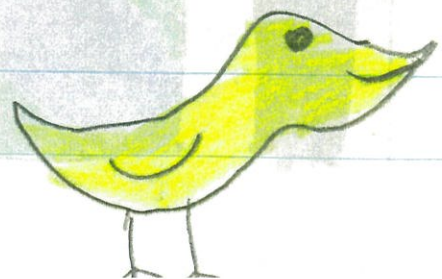
Chapter 3: big trouble

That night when Cinder was sleeping, the evil spirits gathered around his cave. "Where is he?" one evil spirits said. "In the cave you idiot!" said destroyer. Destroyer was the leader of the evil spirits. He was the mysterious voice on chapter 2. "Let's get him!" yelled destroyer. They all charged in and seized Cinder, and before he knew what was happening, Cinder was in a prison cell at the realm of evil!

The chick and the wolf



Once upon a time there lived a little black chick called Lilly. She was a very smart chick and she loved to walk in the fields. One sunny morning she went out to a field that she had never ever walked in before. But she got lost. Later she was far out in the field. Then she saw a big black and hairy wolf so she ran away. Then they fell in a deep hole together. Then later that same day they became friends and they helped each other out of the very very deep hole. Then the wolf told the chick where the exit was. When she was coming out there was a different wolf. He wanted to eat Lilly. Then the kind wolf came out of nowhere and grabbed the mean wolf and threw him on the ground. After that the mean wolf never ever tried to eat a chicken or chick ever again. They all lived together.



Then they all walked home together. The next morning they played lots of games together. At lunch time Lilly had wheat and the wolf's had meat from the shop. Late they went for a walk. They had a lot of fun today. Then they went to bed. In the morning they went to wolf's house and played tag. Later that same day they had lunch.



Lunch was their favorite food to eat. It was crushed wheat and mince from the shop. When they finished their food they played hide and seek in the dandelions. Finally they went home to their parents and played every weekend.

THE END !



Category winner

Max Agnew, Year 7
In the heat of battle
Yankalilla Area School

Shortlisted students

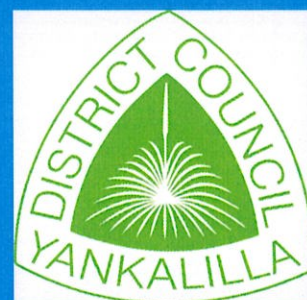
Max Agnew, Year 7
In the heat of battle
Yankalilla Area School

Chloe Brice, Year 6
Escaping
Yankalilla Area School

Katie Jones, Year 6
Frederic Aaron
Yankalilla Area School

Della Williss, Year 7
August 27th, 1840
Rapid Bay Primary School

Years 5 to 7



In the heat of battle

I ran, faster than ever before as the pellets zipped past my head into the dirt behind me, ripping it up like a lawnmower rips up grass. I ducked frantically behind a tin crate. Immediately, the crate began to get hammered by a volley of pellets. I sat there for a few seconds to regain my breath. Once the firing ceased, I peered over the crate and surveyed the land around me. I saw one of the enemy crouched behind an old sheet of metal with a slit in the centre jutting out of the ground like a jagged tooth. Another two were in the bushes on the other side of the dam, firing on my allies that were bravely throwing themselves at the enemy defences.

Suddenly a pellet whizzed over my head. "This is getting irritating!" I muttered to myself angrily, so I leapt to my feet and ran once more, firing from my hip as I bolted down the tiny hill to a sheet of metal, identical to the one my foe was currently sheltering behind. I slammed my body into the cool surface of the metal, panting from exertion, but it wasn't over yet. I raised my visor and wiped the sweat from my brow. I slid the barrel of my gun through the slit in the metal and peered through the sight of my rifle, watching carefully for any signs of movement,

I saw my adversary sliding his barrel through the slit in his sheet of metal. BANG, BANG, BANG!! I shot three rounds at him in quick succession, but none hit. I fired more shots and the enemy returned fire. My arms were beginning to ache from holding the heavy rifle aloft for so long. "This is it!" I thought to myself. So I shut my left eye and took a deep breath in and on the exhale, pulled the trigger. BANG! The pellet hit my target square in the head, his body lurching back from the impact.

I wasted no time in running towards his resting place. Once I had reached him, I scanned the bushes for the enemy. No one, so I crouched and moved quickly, weaving my way through the trees until... CRUNCH! I turned around slowly to face the barrel of an enemy rifle pointing at me, inches away from my face. And at the end of it a red visor. I swung my own gun around, but I was too slow. BANG, BANG! The shots rammed into me like a train. I fell to the ground. "You got me there!" I gasped in between deep breaths of cool air. "Thanks!" he replied helping me up. I wiped the red paint off my visor and walked out of the great arena, already excited for the next round of paintball!

By Max Agnew

Escaping

The hot water and soap hit my skin. I rub the bruises that I had just received, it's painful trying to clean myself. There is a small pile of blood trickling down my leg and gathering on the tiles. At least this time no glass was thrown. Even if everything around me is spinning. I can't keep letting this happen to myself. I need to escape or inform the police. I can't though can I, he's threatened to harm my family. Nothing can happen to Bella. I made a promise to mum before she died. I turn the water off and dress my wounds.

I ask Jet if I can go out for lunch. "No. I don't trust you not to tell anyone. Plus, people would ask what happened and I can't have that happening." replied Jet.

Great. I'm a prisoner in my own home. I decide to go into the kitchen for some ice to soothe my pain filled body. The ice numbs a swollen lump on the back of my thigh. I then go camp out in the back lounge room so that I can avoid Jet and not be invariably injured.

Why is he such a bad person? Everything started off fine, he was prince charming. Kind, caring, loving. My dream guy. Until I had accidentally knocked his red wine all over his \$30,000 suit in front of his boss. That night I was knocked unconscious with my eyes swollen shut. I have been hurt ever since. He made me promise never to tell anyone otherwise he'd go after my family. He enters the room and his fist is raised. Threatening me.

"Please, don't hurt me! Can you please tell me what I did wrong?" I say.

"Everything." he responds.

His fist hits my head and I'm asleep.

When I wake up, I have a pounding headache. I need to leave. I need to get some help. I'm racking my brain for a possible escape without capture. That's it! I will try to get out while he's sleeping. I'll spike his dinner with sleeping pills. Just enough for him to be in deep sleep. I will then run to the police station and tell them everything.

"I'm going out. The doors and windows are locked inside and out. So you can't get out but still, no funny business." menaced Jet

He slams the door and leaves. About time, I think. Hopefully he'll be gone for a few hours. I'll be able to eat something now. Jet's one for skinny girls, so he doesn't let me eat much. I race to the kitchen to scoff as much food as possible. I first grab a bread roll, so it's gone in seconds. I then put toast in the toaster so that I can make smashed avo on toast. While waiting, I go to make a coffee. The avo melts on my tongue, it's magic. It's such a simple meal that I crave every day. I next go for a packet of chips. All these carbohydrates I only dream about until he leaves. Within minutes my cravings and stomach are fulfilled.

Time to find the sleeping pills. I search through all the hidden medicine cabinets to see what sleeping pills I can find. Luckily, it doesn't take long to find some. I come across some called "Stilnox." The side effects read. "***Sleepwalking, driving motor vehicles, and other unusual behaviours whilst apparently asleep.***"

Well, he usually eats dinner at 7:30, and it's 6:15, so he'll be expecting a home cooked meal by me, even though I'm not allowed to eat it, I can just eat lettuce, carrot and tomato. I'll make dinner at 7:00. I grab the tablets, so that I can grind them down to a powder and put them in his food. BANG! BANG! Even just making that noise I'm scared. I grab a zip lock bag so that I can hide the powder in that. Nooo! His car is pulling up in the driveway. I grab the bag and put it underneath my beanie. I then quickly put everything away and run upstairs to the bathroom so that I can put the tablets back. Just as I come out of the bathroom, he walks upstairs.

"Good to see that you didn't try anything silly. I'm glad to see you stayed, you know you love me." Jet says. God he's naïve, I think to myself.

"Of course I wouldn't of left!" I reply, in a compassionate voice. A fake smile is also added for realism on my behalf.

"I want dinner at 7:00 tonight, I need to work late tonight."



"Okay, I'll get on it." I just try to act normal so that he doesn't get suspicious. This sets back my plan. The minute he hops into bed he should be asleep. I go into the kitchen and decide to make spaghetti Bolognese. It doesn't take long to make. The table is now set and I reach for the powder so that I can pour it into his glass of wine.

"It's ready!" I yell up the stairs to Jet. I start to make my plain salad so that he doesn't suspect anything. He's now sitting at the table, so I walk over there to join him. Yes! He's drinking the wine like a greedy old pig. I remain silent while eating. We both finish our meals and he finishes his wine, and leave without saying anything to one another. I grab the dishes so that I can clean them, as well as having an excuse to avoid him.

A couple hours pass, and he looks to be getting sleepier and sleepier. He finally says that he'll go to bed. I need to wait a little while until I can safely get the keys off him. While waiting, I grab my phone, jumper, socks and shoes so that I can run to the police station to tell them everything. By now, it's 10:00. Time to put this plan into action.

I creep into his bedroom and search through his draws. Yes, yes! I find the keys easily. I grab them and run downstairs. The door is in my grasp and I can taste freedom on my lips. A chilly breeze welcomes me outside. No matter the weather, I'm always glad to be able to go outside. I close the door quietly so that I don't wake Jet. I think I made the right call by giving him a double dose.

Halfway there, I here footsteps behind me. I look behind and see that it's Jet! No! How could that happen? I cross the street and bolt, I can't run as fast as I would like because of my last injuries. He crosses too. He's not shouting, which is very odd. The police station is so close. Jet is now out of my sight. I open the door and collapse on the ground.

Police surround me and instantly assume why I'm there. Of course they guess right, a domestic violence case. I spill my guts about everything. They stand there in disbelief, one comes over and hugs me. Another one grabs food from the fridge. BUZZ! A call comes in. A lady comes over and says, "Was your abuser called Jet Branch? There's been an accident. He was hit by a car and had been reported to of sleepwalking. It looks like your troubles are over, he's gone."

I just start crying. Tears of happiness, tears of relief. My life can go back to normal.

If only every domestic violence case ended with a happy ending.

Frederic Aaron

A plump young man with short dark hair, a crooked nose and piercing blue eyes stared out at the sunset lost in his thoughts and feelings. It was only when he started to shiver that he looked down at his watch and, realising it was getting late, shuffled through the snow and up to the house that sat on the hillside, opened the door, and stepped inside.

"Is that you Frederic?" called his mother from the kitchen.

"Yes mum" he yelled back in a low, grumbly voice.

- He stomped up the stairs and into his room, greeted by a loud, happy, booming bark from his German Shepherd with no name. He flopped onto his bed and slowly fell asleep.

He woke with a jolt, it was morning, his alarm clock was ringing in his ear. He reluctantly stood up and moved slowly towards the door. He headed towards the kitchen, his shoulders squared. Fred sat down at the table and gulped down his cornflakes. As the sun began to rise he yelled goodbye to his mum and walked out the large, oak door. He strode with confidence towards his car but when he stepped in and started the engine, an overwhelming sense of anxiety flooded through him. Hands trembling, he clutched the steering wheel and slammed his foot on the accelerator and, heartbeat rising, he rumbled off through the mist.

When he arrived at the police station his nerves rose. *I have to get out of the car* he thought to himself *I don't have a choice*. As Fred opened the car door and slowly stepped out he felt a sudden burst of confidence. He stomped toward the police station, his head held high. It felt like it took eternity to get to the door but when he did he walked inside with a fresh wave of anxiety, but confident all the same. He strode to the reception desk and waited. Around him were a bunch of surly looking men sitting in hard metal chairs, waiting. He announced his arrival with the man behind the desk and sat down with the other men. A voice from somewhere behind the counter called out "Gregory Hilton" and a tough looking man with vibrant orange hair stood up shakily and followed a cop into the next room.

It felt like hours had gone by when the man behind the counter finally called "Frederic Aaron".

Frederic dragged his feet towards the room led by a rather skinny man who looked quite gloomy. When they reached the room Fred was told to sit in another cold, metal chair. A different cop sat waiting in a chair on the other side of a small steel table. *Wow he looks like he's all about business* was Fred's first thought. As he sat down the cop went straight into conversation.

"do you deny that you robbed the city's bank?" he said as though this was an everyday thing for him. "no" Fred said strongly.

"do you believe it was the right thing to do?" the cop asked.

"no" Fred repeated.

"why did you do it?" said the cop with some curiosity.

"I don't know" Fred said sadly.

"do you agree that you should be charged and should face the consequences?" asked the cop as a final question.

Fred thought for a moment on this question but decided to answer honestly.

"yes" he said finally.

After the cop wrote something on an official looking slip of paper and confirmed something with another cop, he strode back into the room and told Fred that he would be charged with 5 years of imprisonment and would be fined 4000 dollars. After the cop informed him that his prison time would start in precisely 15 days, Fred was allowed to leave. He walked out the front doors towards his car and got in. as he turned the key a small grumbling noise issued from the glove box. He ignored it. 5 minutes later he heard the odd grumbling noise again, but this time louder. Fred was incredibly worried by the third grumble and he sped up. By the time he got home the noise was ear bursting. Even when he got out and slammed the door he could still hear the weird noise.

Fred stood there gathering his courage. He slowly opened the car door and reached out for the handle to the small glove box. He opened it and peered inside... it was the most revolting thing he had ever seen in his life. It was small, scaly, slimy and round. It had huge jagged teeth and tiny, furry ears. As its evil-looking red eyes stared into his, his mind cleared of all his thoughts and worries and he found himself in a dreamy state but not quiet asleep. It was peaceful and quiet and he didn't have a worry in the world. He faintly saw the weird little monster hop past him but didn't care. It felt like there was no rivalry, no problems, not on single issue in the world, but of course as any person with common sense would know that that was a lie and just as Fred felt that nothing would ruin this moment of bliss he heard a piercing scream from what seemed like miles away.

He slowly lifted his head, and saw his mother standing a small distance away. At first he didn't know what she was screaming about but then he saw the small beast on the ground. In that short period of time it had grown twice the size. It was still no bigger than a bowling ball but obviously came as a shock to the sweet, old lady. As she screamed Fred's eyes flickered to the side of the car for a moment he thought it was a dodge ball or some other variety of toy but then it turned around and he saw a glimpse of its ugly face before it scampered towards the house. Fred heard yet another growl and span on the spot. Hundreds of the beasts were circling in on him. He stood staring for a moment then, coming to his senses, ran towards his mother. He jumped over the growing circle of monsters and grabbed her arm. Together they bolted to the house not looking back. When they got inside and slammed the door they heard the growling growing louder by the second. They were trapped, they had nowhere to go and no one to call. Fred could tell that more and more beasts were joining the already massive crowd. There was no way out...

August 27th, 1840.

“Let’s go” yelled Mama.

The family raced out the door as quick as they could, hopped into the car and zoomed down to the pier. They dashed onto the massive boat. The boat let out a loud toot, then chugged off. Remi and Vivienne watched as their home drifted away. Their little cottage somewhere in France was up in flames as well as all the other houses. They could hear the faint gun shots from the war going on. Vivienne was five years old, she had soft brown hair in plaits and deep blue eyes. Remi picked up his favourite book that his grandpapa had given him. It was about animals and nature. Remi was seven years old with short scruffy brown hair topped with his lucky explorer hat. The family gazed out at the ocean until the boat stopped suddenly the family was tossed to the ground.

The whole boat was in panic, people were racing around. Poor little Vivienne was separated from Mamas clutch.

Remi screamed “Viv!”

The boat was quickly filling up with water. There was a huge puncture in the side of the boat. Mama was nowhere to be found so Remi grabbed Vivienne and held her tight as they braised the icy cold water.

When Remi awoke he found himself on a sandy beach.

“Mama, Papa, Vivienne” screamed Remi. He scrambled to his feet. There was no one and nothing anywhere. Remi was all alone, stranded on a lonely beach.

5 days later...

Remi was starving. He hadn’t had any food besides a few small, sour berries. The days were dragging on and Remi didn’t know how much longer he could live there. The waves were crashing ferociously as Remi started to doze off then suddenly, he spotted something bobbing around in the water. It was his lucky explorer hat. Remi raced into the water and grabbed his hat and put it on even though it was soaking wet. Remi instantly started to have hope and thought that he could live here with the materials around him. So Remi set to work to build a spear. By the time Remi had finished his spear the sun was setting and Remi was eager to try it out, but then he wondered “was there even fish in this part of the ocean”. He had to try. He waded out into the water and sure enough there was three massive fish. Remi had a shot at one of the fish but failed to spear it. Luckily the other fish had stayed around. Remi aimed

at the second fish but missed again. This was his last chance; he held the spear tight in his hands and stabbed the fish with all his strength.

'Yes!' screamed Remi in delight.

Remi had caught a fish and it would last him a few days before he would have to find some more meat. Remi carried his fish back to the beach and laid it out on the sand. Then he remembered he had to build a fire, but he didn't have any idea how to build one. He wandered into the rainforest for some sticks to start his fire. He placed them in pile and put four in a tepee shape two on either side of the fire and put a big stick across the top so he could cook his fish. Then Remi remembered a time when he and his family had a campfire one night and how his papa had used two rocks to light it. Remi gathered two rocks and set to work. The moon was shining bright and high in the sky by the time Remi had finally got the fire alight. He stabbed the fish with the stick. While he was cooking his fish a little grey wallaby cautiously hopped around the fire. Remi picked up some berries and held his hand out. The wallaby hopped slowly over. He looked at Remi and then at the berries then carefully took a berry, nibbled it and then hopped off.

The next morning Remi woke up to see the little wallaby again. Every day the wallaby stayed longer and longer. Remi even named the wallaby after his sister Vivienne. Eventually the wallaby became his pet. Vivienne went everywhere with Remi just like his sister did. One morning when Remi was collecting wood he spotted a little aboriginal boy. They stared at each other for ages not making any sound or noises. Then the boy took off at full speed.

1 week later...

Remi had a full camp now with a fire his spear and even a hut. Remi was catching his next meal. There was a big red cray fish and Remi wanted it. He used a net that he had made with a stick and some vines. He scooped down and caught it. Remi was getting the hang of beach life. He cooked it on top of his fire until it was ready then he cooled it down and tried to crack it open on a rock. From a distance there was someone watching him. Remi had no idea how to crack open a cray fish. The little boy carefully approached Remi and took the cray fish and cracked it open easily. Remi handed the boy a bit of cray fish. He ate it then sat down next to Remi. Remi and the boy had a long chat. He found out that the boy's name was Jarrah and he lives in the bush just behind the beach. Remi showed Jarrah his pet wallaby Vivienne and told him

about how he got here. Jarrah told Remi about his family. Then Jarrah had a great idea.

“Why don’t you come and live with me and my family?”

Remi thought about it for a while.

“I’ll get back to you on that” he said.

The next day Jarrah came back.

“Have you thought of what you will do yet” he asked.

“Yes I’ll come with you, as long as Vivienne can come as well” Remi said

Remi, Jarrah and Vivienne walked through the bush until they reached the Jarrah’s family. The next few hours were crazy. Jarrah had to convince his family that Remi was safe. Once they were convinced Remi went around meeting everyone.

Jarrah then asked

“Can Remi live with us?”

Jarrah’s dad thought then asked his mum.

“Okay but if he becomes a danger then he is gone.”

Remi was stoked he had a home and a new family. He learnt heaps of skills through the years and he and Jarrah stayed best friends forever.

Category winner

Archie Gibbs, Year 8
The Strange Scaly Stick
Yankalilla Area School

Shortlisted students

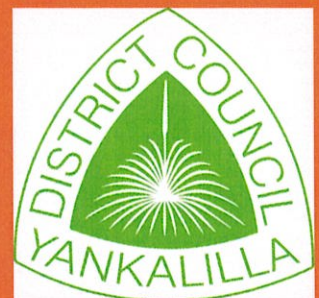
Archie Gibbs, Year 8
The Strange Scaly Stick
Yankalilla Area School

Caitlin Bowen, Year 8
Thread of despair
Yankalilla Area School

Jackson Galpin, Year 8
The Silence of Battle
Yankalilla Area School

Emma Fearnside, Year 8
Exchanged Figures
Yankalilla Area School

Years 8 to 10



The Strange Scaly Stick

Part one, The Hunt

I stared intently at the strange creature in the grass, building tension in my flexible spine, waiting for the perfect moment to pounce and eat this anomaly. I flung myself forward, flesh-tearing claws raking through the air, falling onto the scaly rope of cold-blooded food. Suddenly, a stinging pain flashed through my eyebrow, startling me into releasing my crushing grip on its spine.

When the small human and the semi-large human came home, I tried to tell them about the animal that I fought. They didn't understand any of my facial expressions. The little one petted me, as he always does.

I like my humans, because they always obey my orders. The only thing they ever have done wrong is getting the dog. THE. DOG. IS. EVIL. FULLSTOP. The dog chases me around when I am outside, preventing me from hunting all the tiny creatures. The dog doesn't bite me, or hit me, because I would rip out its eyes if it did. But it makes loud noise, though.

Inside the human den, when I was eating dinner from my plastic tower, I felt a strange sense of nausea, forcing me to eject my dinner onto the rug. The large human then sent me outside, into the darkening landscape of the valley.

In the shadowed tall grass, I searched for the creature, but it had disappeared. I prowled my hunting grounds, seeing if there were any small creatures, but I was unsuccessful.

Because they had come to terms with their evil deed, my servants let me in again. I found my sister on my favourite spot. O, the fury! I charged at her, flipped her on her back, and whacked her spine. She started screeching and swiped at my face. I hissed, lunged at her leg with my jaws, and bit on her limb very hard. I always won when I fought her, because I was stronger and knew the places where she hated being struck. A few blows later, she ran away. I sat on my favourite spot, and all was well. Or so I thought...

End of part one.

Part two, The Sickness

When the two larger humans were getting ready for sleep, they noticed my eyebrow swelling. They fussed over me and made their strange noises. I knew they meant well, but I couldn't not feel overwhelmed.

Terrifyingly, at human waketime I couldn't move my body. I was getting very frightened because I thought I was dying. Looking back, I probably was. The small one fussed over me and started making sad noises.

Anxiously, they put me in the cat box and started driving me to the vet. The healer contemplated my face and eyes, shining a strange light into them. He then put a stick up my dirt-hole and then peered at it. I was very upset. He made a noise then the small one started making lots of sad noises.

Painfully, the vet shaved and cut my paw, then stuck a tube in it. He also stuck lots of shiny sticks in me. I couldn't scratch the humans for hurting me, I couldn't run away, I couldn't do anything at all.

I stayed there at the vet for seven light times. When the humans took me home, my sister hissed at me. I was very weak and I was in a hard stick box, so I did not fight her.

I stayed weak for a long time, in the basket, barely able to move my paws. It was horrible, but it was much better than being at the vet. My food was a moist, squishy consistency, and the humans had to push it into my mouth so I could eat. I was covered with warm cloth, so I should have been comfortable, but it felt like every part of my body was being chafed raw from the inside.

Thankfully, I was fully recovered after eleven light times. I could fight my sister, run around, and eat my food without help. The sickness was a horrible experience that has changed me enormously. Never again will I be the innocent little cat chasing butterflies. No, I am now a cruel, calculating hunter, now, all prey should tremble when they hear my name, Sharp-Claw-Never-Die-Mottled-Pelt-Lord-Of-Humans.

By Archie.

Thread of Despair

One by one the needles pierced our skin, thread looping in and out, in and out as if your grandmother were patching up your favourite overalls. Blood trickled down our pale, lifeless skin as we were sewn together like felt. The last thing I remember was the excruciating pain. Immense agony as I fell into unconsciousness.

I awoke from my painful slumber, an agonizing pain shot through my body, piercing sirens were echoing in my ears and my vision was a blur. A hiss escaped my gritted teeth. I looked around, only to notice rusted metal bars, my heart rate quickened. I shot up, wanting to escape, but my thoughts were cut off when I heard the soft weep of a stranger next to me. I looked over to see the source of the cry, but instead I noticed stitches.

My arms were stitched to... people? My eyes shot open, my lips began to tremble, this had to be a nightmare. I closed my eyes shut, and squeezed them as hard as I could, hoping this nightmare would end, but the sirens kept ringing in my ears, only this time louder, and the sobs of the unknown person next to me got harder, sounding more strained, as if they had been crying for a long period of time. I opened my eyes and scanned my surroundings, somebody was sewed to my other side, but they were still dead to the world.

Where our arms were connected, our skin was tender and red, dried blood littered the stitches which were sloppily done. I heard footsteps, the person to my left must have too because their sobbing came to a halt. My vision was still blurred but from what I could see, a green figure wearing a large scientist-inspired coat was walking towards us. It looked down at us and let out a haunting laugh, it sounded gurgled, as if the person who had committed this horrific act was inhuman.

"What is this, some kind of sick joke?" I asked, resentment and discomfort evident in my voice.

The individual let out another inhumane chuckle.

"No." You could hear the smirk behind its voice.

"Some petty experiment?" I spat.

The person kicked the cage we were locked inside like caged animals. At this moment I realised this creature should not be messed with.

"All you need to know is that you're here forever now." The strange creature walked around us and flicked the light switch on. With a click, the room was lit up, and I could now see the creature's appearance. It had what looked like elf ears, a large devious smile that I could still not forget to this day, its eyes were reptile like, and it had bright green skin, almost a neon green. He was terrifying to look at.

An unsettling silence filled the air.

"Make sure to get some rest. You have a big day of testing tomorrow." It finally spoke.

Testing? The creature flicked the light switch off again, and walked out of the room, slamming the door shut. I let his words repeat in my head for what seemed like an eternity. What did he mean 'testing'? I was deep in thought when an idea came to me.

"Let's escape tonight." I said

The people stitched to me seemed eager. Agony resonated throughout our bodies, but we were desperate to escape this living nightmare. Silently, we searched for an opening in the cage. It was our "lucky" day

because the strange beast had forgotten to close the lock. We escaped quickly, but now where do we go? The room we were in had no windows, gloom filled the chamber. Walking out the door was a big risk in case anyone saw us. But it was a risk we were willing to take to get home to our families.

The person to my left carefully opened the door. I felt a sharp twinge in the stitches at my side as he reached for the handle. The person to my right gave the all clear. The hallway was deserted. Not a soul was there. Our hearts raced at the prospect of freedom. We were going home tonight.

We stumbled out through the long hallway, feeling the struggle of our new found enigma. Tied together, it was as if we were in a three legged race, a race we were all desperate to win. The huge glass walls were more like windows, and outside it looked like an empty void, like the night sky. The view was beautiful, until I realised where we were. Stars were scattered around us, and in the distance, Earth.

Realisation dawned. We were not free, we WERE trapped inside an empty void. The empty void of the universe, and there was no way of getting back home. We were stuck here together, forever in despair.

- Caitlin Bowen

The Silence of Battle

The solid lead projectiles whizzed past me as I dashed for cover. In the distance I heard a light whistle. Boom!! I was knocked to the ground. I couldn't stand up. I looked down, and to my surprise.....

Previously:

The year was 1941, September the 13th, roughly the third year of WWII. I was only 19 when I joined the American army. I started as a private and was in the reserves and training for only 1 week before I was sent off to war. I was assigned to the front line, like most soldiers for good reason –to replenish the troops since most frontline soldiers were mowed down by German gunfire.

The boat ride was long and sickening. When we arrived in Berlin, I was quickly forced into carnage on the battlefield. Lethal bullets flew by and more and more marines dropped. It was a horrific sight for all of us to take in. Luckily, the US Marines managed a bit of a push up the hill and found refuge in a Cliffside trench. Most of the soldiers who'd arrived before us were strewn on the dirt, now stained red.

All through the night it was the same, the air was filled with gunshots and the foul stench of death. I thought of the impending devastation if an artillery strike were to hit us. The number of casualties would be catastrophic. The devil cannon had already taken so many lives and it would claim a lot more.

The next morning, we scrambled out of the mud where we slept and armed ourselves. We were commanded to march up the hill and take on what was left of the rebellion. More and more American soldiers were arriving on boats. More and more bodies were hitting the floor. We had to take the hill or we would fail this whole operation.

The Silence of Battle

We braced ourselves up against the wall, we were positioned and ready to charge. "ON COMMAND WE WILL CHARGE!" the Sergeant yelled, "CHARGE!". I ran as fast as could. I wasn't the fastest but I didn't want to be. The fastest soldiers were mowed down by German gunners and by the time the Germans reloaded we were there. We killed at least 30 of them. I remembered when I encountered my first German on the battle field. I looked him straight in the eyes and tried to pull the trigger. He was the same age as me and I couldn't bring myself to do it. Someone else had to kill him for me. This was the one memory I had and it's the one that haunts me the most to this day.

We slaughtered and captured the rest of the German soldiers in the front lines and set up a base camp. Our numbers rapidly dwindled; there was only a handful of men left. I was part of the last handful from my platoon, which also meant the next few pushes on the Germans would include me in the very front. I wondered whether I would see my family again, my little brother, my mother and my dad.

In the early morning, the air was crisp and silent and I had a glimmer of hope. At 10 am the German artillery rained down as the German forces started to rush at us from the trenches. "STAND TO!" the platoon commander yelled. We braced ourselves for impact and fired back. The charge was on us, bullets whizzing dangerously close, artillery firing in our direction. The light whistle of artillery and motors filled the air.

BOOM!! I was knocked to the ground and lost all feeling in the lower half of my body. I looked down and I couldn't see my legs. The sight of blood pouring out of the wound made me faint. In my mind, flashes of memories of my dad and mum appeared. I thought, "This is it, I am dead, no more, it's the end of the line....."

The Silence of Battle

Days later:

I awoke to discover my family crying in joy. Confused, I freaked out. What had happened? Where was I? I looked down to relive my nightmare. I had no legs but somehow I was alive. Most of my mates had died. The fact that I was alive, was a miracle. A blessing from the angels.

Years later I have a wife and 2 children as well as 5 brilliant grandchildren. I have PTSD and have to sleep in a separate room as my wife. I drink and smoke the pain away. All the children in my street call me 'crippled' and call me names but they don't know what I've done for this country. And they never will.

Written by
Jackson Galpin

Exchanged Figures- By Emma, Year 8

Superglue was coating my hands, at least that's what it felt like. Also, my skin felt slimy. The world looked much larger through the glass. Wait...glass. I was trapped. I could see my bedroom through the clean walls. My heart started to beat hysterically; my eyes widened in horror. I was trapped... in an enclosure. Not just any enclosure, my pet frog Gorf's enclosure.

I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the glass of the crystal-clear walls. To my surprise, I was florescent green, and I had a bobble head, like one of those toys that rock their oversized heads back and forth repetitively. My head started to spin, and I felt dizzy. Confusion filled my brain. Without warning I flopped down on to my pet frog's favourite rock with a thump, and my eyes half- closed. I don't even know if frogs are able to faint, but I had just fainted!

The eyelids covering my gigantic black, shiny eyes, struggled to open but as soon as they did, they were blinded by the bright red light warming the terrarium. I instinctively snapped them shut again. I groaned expecting the groan to sound like 'ribit' and was shocked when it didn't. I was barely able to recognise the words emerging from my amphibious mouth, but I could just make out the, 'Oh my'. This was more than strange. This was baffling.

I darted my eyes across the glass tank, searching for an escape route. With no sight of any, I was about to give up. But out of the corner of my bulging eye I saw a gap. A gap just big enough for a frog to squeeze through. No wonder Gorf kept escaping. Slowly, I began to hop towards the opening, tripping over my gluey webbed feet, multiple times on the way. After a struggle, I finally made it to the opening and poked my sticky foot through. With much difficulty my body and finally, my enormous head followed.

I assumed my body would sound like a frog when trying to speak and my suspicion was confirmed when my body yawned sleepily whilst stirring under the bed sheets. I couldn't let my family see me like this, speaking like a frog. I panicked but soon calmed myself with three deep breaths. It struck me; I came up with a genius plan. Secretly, I praised myself for coming up with such a brilliant idea.

I went continued with my mission, gradually leaping over to my body. I hopped in to my body's mouth and waited quietly for human self to wake. I only had to wait a few minutes, when my body jolted up right and crawled out of bed. It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Now I understand why mother gets angry at me. I peeked through the gap between my two front teeth. I hated that gap.

My usual daily routine was boring. I was boring. I forced my body to the bathroom. I hopped out of my mouth and allowed my super glued feet to freely stick to my toothbrush.

Hanging off my body's face, I brushed my body's teeth as I convinced myself that I wouldn't let this froggy dilemma ruin my day.

After my two-minute timer sounded, I jumped back in my body's mouth. Controlling my body, I exited out of the bathroom door, heading towards park behind my house.

Walking along my usual trail, I heard my friend Matilda call out to me.

'Hey Lola, wait up!' yelled Tilly.

I forced my body to speed walk.

'Wait up!' Tilly called again.

I turned my human head around, still clinging to the inside of the dark cavern. Matilda was rushed towards me.

Tring to escape I walked backwards and my body stumbled on a large stone wedged in the soil. I couldn't stop myself collapsing. Everything moved in slow motion. I was falling, with my body.

SPLASH! I tumbled out of my human mouth. I couldn't breathe. Frogs can breathe underwater right? I tried to figure out the breathing technique other frogs must use. My eyes opened wide. Furiously I waved my feet about, trying to keep myself up. Is this the end of me? Will my body remain with a froggy brain and voice forever? So many thoughts were running through my brain distracting me from my goal, not drowning. My energy was rapidly being drained out of me. I sunk. Everything went black.

I woke the next day, in my own bed. Nervously I inspected myself. First my arms. They were there! I was back in my own body. Was it just a dream? Scratching my head and running my fingers through my hair. It felt damp from falling in the pond. This confirmed that my froggy adventure was reality. I peered out of the window, to discover everything was ok. I checked my alarm clock, it was 5pm, my usual wake up time. Everything was definitely back to normal... except, my pet frog was nowhere to be seen.