



# The Path

*Ashlee Perry, Nine Years Old, Eden Hill Primary*

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful girl called Megan. She asked her mother if she could go for a walk all by herself. Her mother replied, "only when you have done all your chores." "I have finished all of them," answered Megan. Megan's mother wanted to know why Megan wanted to go out for a walk on Saturday, when she should be relaxing. Megan told her that she and her friend, Tiffany liked to go for a stroll together. Her mother said she could go for half an hour. So Megan left the small white and grey kitchen, and went to her small pink bedroom for her green watch. She grabbed her watch from the blue desk, and went back to the kitchen. "I have my watch mum." "Okay I will take you to Tiffany's." They both left the kitchen, and Megan took her lack jacket off the hook on the back of the blue door, and put it on. Then they both hopped into her mum's grey and white retro car, not forgetting to put their seat belts on. Julie, Megan's mum started the car, and off they went to Tiffany's house and arrived ten minutes later. Julie locked the car, and Megan ran up to the door and pressed the buzzer, while Julie was still walking up the steps. Megan could see a shadow walking to the brown door. A person opened the door, the outside light shone on the person. It was Tiffany. Tiffany was excited to see Megan, and told her that she had just got home, not long after her mother. Tiffany's mum Ally, invited Megan's mum to come in and have a cup of tea. The girls ran off to Tiffany's room to play and talk in the huge room. Megan knew that the closet was the size of her house, and the large bed was so bouncy. Tiffany took the lead from an old brown box by the door. She clipped the lead to Hippy's collar, and she and Megan set off on their walk. They came to a strange looking path, but walked on, suddenly they noticed that they were in a forest. Megan saw a sign that read, Keep going and find life???

"Oh no! Mum will kill me if we don't get back soon," said Tiffany. "Someone has put the sign there to scare people," she added. "Okay but let's keep on going. I want to see if there is a life," said Megan. "Alright let's go," agreed Tiffany. So off the girls went. Soon they found a beautiful valley with magical creatures, and lots of magical things. Then suddenly the forest disappeared, and they realised they didn't know how to get back home. "Are you lost? Do you need my help?" Asked a girl. "Yes please," they answered together, explaining that they were not from the area. The girl introduced herself, telling them that her name was Emily, then the friends told her their names. Emily said that they had to walk to the Kingdom of Magic, and for them not to worry, because she was allowed to enter there. She told them the kingdom was far away and that they would need hover boards, and they would have to dress like the magical valley people. The girls thought it sounded like a lot of fun, and were happy to go along with Emily. Emily snapped her fingers, and they were dressed in beautiful pink clothes. Soon the hover boards appeared, and the girls jumped on them and tool off. The wind blew their hair, if felt good. They arrived half an hour later, landing in front of large double doors. The blue doors swung open and they walked inside to find a big red button. "That's what we need. Just one press and you are home," said Emily. "Thank you so much for your help Emily," Megan and Tiffany said, and ran to the button, waving to Emily as they pushed it. The girls found themselves at Tiffany's front door. The pink dresses had disappeared and they were in their normal clothes. As they opened the door, Ally greeted them with a concerned voice. "Where have you been?" "You have nooooo idea," said the girls. "You wouldn't believe us if we told you," they giggled. Megan and Tiffany couldn't stop giggling it had been such fun.



# The Scratched Furniture

*Christel Slockee, Eight Years Old, Eden Hill Primary*

Reigan felt the scratch on the furniture. It felt rough, and you could see it. Reigan panicked.

“Oh no! Mum is going to be so angry!”

She tried to fix the scratch while Mia played with some string and other toys. Mia was Reigan’s kitten, she had short, soft fur which was black, and her whiskers were white. When Reigan stroked her she felt as soft as a doonah. She had bought Mia for \$5.00, with her birthday money.

Reigan put sticky tape over the scratch, to hide it, but it was no use. When her mum got home, she said, “What have you done to the furniture?”

“Mia scratched the furniture.”

“You know she is not allowed on the furniture. Mia has to stay outside.” Reigan felt sad and worried. The house that Reigan had her mum lived in was big and pretty. It had lots of rooms and was old. It had a small garden with lots of plants. There were frangipanis and roses in the back garden. The roses were pink, white, red and yellow they all smelt amazing, like perfume. The frangipanis had flower petals which were yellow in the middle and white on the outside, and they smelt lovely too.

When Reigan and her mum were having dinner, they had a chat and Reigan came up with a great idea. The idea was, that Mia could go outside through the landry, if they had a cat-flap in the laundry door. All the other doors could be closed so she couldn’t come into the rest of the house, except Reigan’s room. She also wanted to put a cat-flap in her bedroom door, so Mia could be with her during the night, and Reigan’s mum happily agreed to the idea.

A few days later the cat-flaps came, it took the man two hours to put them in. It took Mia two weeks to learn how to use them. Mia never scratched the furniture again, and Reigan and her mum were very happy about that.



# The Magical Guitarist

*By Zeth Everingham, 9 years old, Tuart Hill Primary School*

In an ordinary family house, in an ordinary town, something unusual was about to happen. The shed door was opening and shutting, and making a loud sound. Peter went to see what was happening. He walked into the shed, which was dark. Peter was too lazy to switch on the light. He looked around and saw that something was glowing, it was a guitar case. Peter was surprised, so he took it inside and showed it to his family. They asked him what it was. "Well it is a guitar case. That's all I know!" he snapped at them. Peter then snatched the guitar case and raced to his room, slammed the door shut and locked it. He didn't want to share the secret. The guitar case was black with spider webs all over it, when he looked closer he saw a bright green light shining out of the cracks. Peter was amazed and confused. This didn't happen in real life. He quickly opened it with no care whatsoever, not worrying about what might be inside. As he lifted the lid his eyes sparkled, and a massive smile covered his face. Inside the guitar case was a beautiful, shining Mexican guitar. The body of the guitar was milk white, with a blood red border. There was a strange symbol carved into it, two circles with a thunderbolt attached. The light was fading away, and slowly disappearing into the unusual symbol. Peter felt surprised, shocked, but excited. He nervously reached out to touch the guitar, and as he was doing this he noticed that his body was shaking. When he took the guitar out of the case, it stopped glowing. He held his left hand on the neck, and his right hand held the base. This was how his teacher had showed him to hold a guitar. Peter felt embarrassed as he remembered how useless he was at guitar lessons. He started to strum and was amazed that it sounded like professional playing. A strange sensation slowly crept over his body, it seemed like it was coming through the strings. He strummed again, and once more, with every strum, it felt like he was being reborn. It felt incredible, because before this he was a useless player, now he felt legendary. As he played, he thought of which notes to play, but soon realised, he didn't have to think because his fingers moved confidently to the notes. It sounded breathtaking.

Peter was so impressed he stopped playing, and thought of how he was going to be rich. Greedy with excitement, he clapped his hands with so many pleasure that he went red in the face. He could travel overseas, buy lots of stuff, like a cool car and a mansion. His life was going to change forever. In one short year his life did change. He recorded his music onto CDs, and they became number one hits, and he made a lot of money. He played beautifully without even trying or having to practise. People looked up to him and were inspired by his fantastic finger movement. He loved being adored by people. In his old life, he hadn't been noticed, because he was a nasty person. Now that he was famous, he enjoyed being respected and appreciated for his talent, and liked it that people treated him really well. But as time went by Peter felt more and more guilty. He was a fake who lied every day to his fans. It was the feeling of worry in his stomach that made him feel dreadful. So one night when he went on stage, he nervously picked up the microphone and, looking at the thousands of excited faces, he knew he had to tell the truth. A year later, Peter sat on his bed looking down at the worn out guitar in his hands. He still felt ashamed when he thought about playing the magical guitar. So much had changed since that last night on stage. The crowd had shouted out with anger, he had lost all his money, and many friends, but at least his family still loved him. Peter strummed his old guitar, it didn't sound like the magical one, but not too bad. He was going to lessons once a week, he had decided to learn to play a real guitar. He was going to try and be even better than before, it was the only way to say sorry to his fans. Peter locked the magical guitar away in his closet, and threw the key in the ocean. No one would find the key ever again, and neither would he. He had learnt a lesson. You must be true about yourself.



# Countenance

*By Amelie Delamare, 12 years old, Tuart Hill Primary School*

The gunshots cracked loudly and there were shouts of, "Get them out," echoing through the empty streets. The entire place was in lockdown, and there were sounds of running feet clumping down the street. My name is Ivy Green. When I was born the earth started coming to an end. My mother always said that while she was giving birth to me, people were doing bad things. Namely unloading nuclear bombs onto defenceless countries as a show of dominance and power. My younger sister, Bess, often commented that I remind her of a Christmas ornament, with my green eyes and long, curly red hair. My mother and father said I was unforgettable. Sadly, they are gone now, killed by the rebel alliance. Bess and I live with our aunt, Nadine, whom we call Naddi. She and Bess look alike with porcelain skin and long black hair. We live on the fault line, outside the city, the poorer part of the district. I am wearing what I wear every day, an old army shirt, speckled with dirt. Well worn, scuffed sneakers, and faded jeans, holed at the knees. All bought from the op-shop. Because of the shortage of food, every week we are given rations. I took the only money we had left, and went to pick up our rations. As I walked to the town hall, I passed the bakery. I gazed longingly at the cakes through the shop window, and wished I could buy one to take home to Bess. Bess was four years younger than me, but she sometimes acts as if she was five years old. I forced myself to keep moving, when I reached the city square, I lined up to receive our rations of potatoes, tomatoes, flour, rice, salt and mince. Eventually I reached the front of the queue, where the gruff, grumpy man doling out the rations was. "Name!" "Ivy Green," I answered. "Here you are." He shoved the package at me, and ticked my name off the list, and shouted. "Next!" "On my way home, walking through the endless streets of dirty grey houses, I noticed a sliver of light coming from one of the many overflowing rubbish bags filling the streets. I stepped forward to take a look, I heard a click and was thrown violently off my feet towards some dirty white doors. A flash of light, and I was blinded. The boom rang in my ears. I picked myself up, and hurried towards home. I was partially deaf from the blast, and what was why I didn't hear the click of the gun as a person snuck up behind me, the gun was raised to my temple. "Freeze. If you move, I will shoot!" Panic swept through my body. "Turn around, now!" I turned around slowly. He was dressed all in black. Jeans, a sweater frayed at the edges, and dirty sneakers. His accessory, the shiny metallic gun, was being held to my head. Without warning he grabbed my arm and dragged me into the nearest house. Our footsteps sounded loud as we stomped through the house to what must have been the living room. "Get in the fireplace!" I did as I was told without hesitation. He blew the dust off a hook and pulled it down. I assumed it was for hanging a candle on. But then I heard a whir and everything went pitch black. The fireplace seemed to be travelling down, deep into the earth. When it stopped, a deep, slow voice instructed me to get out. I got out, soot billowed around me, covering my face. Suddenly, a blinding white light was turned on, I winced as my eyes adjusted to it, and a vision passed b

efore me. I made out two figures, one sitting the other standing. The one sitting was an old man, with a white beard, he was wearing a grey coat. The standing one was a girl, a petite, redhead looking extremely nervous as I walked towards them. I was ready to run, posed on the balls of my feet. "Who are you? What do you want?" My voice had risen with panic. "We are not your enemies. We have to warn you." The bearded man said, in a gravelly voice. It was the same low voice that had told me to get out of the fireplace. "Warn me about what?" They shot a nervous look at each other. Then the girl spoke, she explained that they were the rebel alliance, and that my parents had belonged to the alliance, and how unfortunate and sad it was that they had died on a mission. She went on to say that my aunt is a rebel and working with them. "I know this may come as a shock to you, but you have to believe us. You must flee the city. Go to the country!" "Why do I have to go to the country?" I replied. I was utterly confused, I didn't know what to believe. "Sixteen years ago," the old man explained, "the President bombed the city trying to stop the rebels from overpowering the government. Now it is going to happen again, the President plans to drop bombs tomorrow." He told me that they had promised my mother and father that they would take care of me. I looked at them coldly. "So it's true?" "Yes all of it," he answered. The old man searched my face, he seemed to be looking for some sort of emotion. I asked him if my aunt knew about this. He said she did. All at once there was a bang. I heard a far away shouting. "They've found us!" The old man said, fear flickering in his eyes. "Go now!" yelled the redhead. "What about you?" I asked. "Don't worry about us, just go. There is a back door, use that." As I raced down the stairs, I looked back trying to see them. As quick as they had appeared, they disappeared. Then I heard the third bang, something gave way above me. I quickly burst through the back door. Blinded by the sudden sunlight and gulping in polluted air, I remembered the old man's words about leaving. I took off down the road, forcing my tired legs to move. I sprinted home in record time, rushing through the front door, yelling and screaming at Bess and Aunt Nadine to pack. They were already stuffing things into suitcases. I raced to my room and gathered a pile of my dirty, old clothes. I grabbed a suitcase and started to feverishly pack. Bess looking small and lonely in one of my old cast off tracksuits was suddenly standing at my door. "Ivy, where are we going?" It was best that Bess didn't know the truth, so I told her that we were going on a holiday. She hoped that it was to be the seaside. I explained that we were going to the country. With all the packing finished, that night we made our way to the station and boarded the bullet train. Bess slept, her head on my shoulder, as we sped along the train tracks towards our new life in the country, the sound of bombs fading away behind us.



# Wolf Spirit

By Abigail Hunter, 12 years old, Bassendean Primary School

*Dedicated to my best friend Tildy. She has a wolf soul and will go on a great adventure in life. She has also learnt how to move on after a death of a loved one.*

An eagle soars across the chilled sky. The sun slowly rises, spreading light across the tree tops. The pine trees grow strong and tall, sparkling waterfalls splash against the rocks, falling to a river. The water sprays drops of water on the face of a girl. A girl grown up amongst the wild. Living with the untameable spirit of the free wolves, roaming the cold forest. A girl wild and free, with a flaming soul, who searches for adventure. A girl who can understand the animals she shares a soul with. A girl like no other. Her brown hair curled with the cold water. Sitting near the river and watching the first light of day shine on the spraying waterfall, was her favourite thing to do. All the colours in the world swam through the river and reflected in the girl's curious green eyes. She never knew the name her parents gave her, as her first years of memory had disappeared. She gave herself the name, Tildy. The name seemed to suit her, when she first awoke near the forest edge, seventeen years ago. Now something is missing from her life in the nearly empty forest. She doesn't know what it is, but there is just a small feeling in her heart that has grown and grown. Wolf howls stretch over the forest, the howls call for Tildy to return to her family. She runs, wind flowing through her hair. She feels as if she could run until she reached the edge of the world. She reaches the clearing where five familiar faces greet her. Alpha, a pure black wolf, with scars of battle: the pack's leader. Patches, whose fur is splatted with black, white and grey patches. Patches is always watching Alpha, he wants to follow in his brother's footsteps and become strong and brave like him. Korra, white with three markings on her head. She is wise, the only adult female in the pack, and is Alpha's mate. Fang is playing with her mother's tail, the youngest pup, and so different to her older brother, Omega. Fang looks more like Alpha, she is playful and brave, but in a reckless way. Omega looks more like Korra, he is timid and worried, and scared. These are the wolves that took care of a small young girl who got lost in the forest. Tildy looks around at everyone and Omega isn't the only one who looks worried today. "What's going on?" Tildy asks in a concerned voice. She is answered with scared whimpers: Patches approaches Tildy, then runs off. The girl follows at a fast pace and notices that Patches is leading her to the lookout. Something is coming, she thinks. Patches and Tildy look towards the bright horizon. She notices on the smooth blue ocean, that there is a large log with a strange white patch, sailing with the wind and heading for the shore. Tildy hasn't seen anything like it. It moves with speed and it looks like animals are running around on it and shouting.

Tildy races down to the lookout rock. She is running faster and faster towards adventure. Her mind races with curiosity, she has to see what this thing is and why it is here. Standing on the lowest branch of a pine tree, Tildy watches the animals come to the sandy beach. At a closer glance she sees that the animals are tall and stand on two legs. Just like her. She hears yelps of excitement and looks down to see Fang racing around. Excited to see more animals like her. But what if these people are dangerous? Thinks Tildy worriedly. She jumps down to quieten Fang. Tildy is also excited to see more people like her, but she notices that one of them is showing signs of aggression. He looks angry and excited all at once, and the others seem to follow his every move. Perhaps he is the leader of the pack. We should leave, Fang and I could be in danger, Tildy is thinking. She calls Fang. That night Tildy hears shouting coming from shore. "Gather your guns! Did you hear those howls? There are wolves in this forest! Hurry up slackers, I want their fur." The leader bellows. Tildy was right to take notice of her concerns. These men are dangerous and they want her family dead. The men march into the forest with their weapons at the ready. Tildy runs as fast as she can, she has to warn her family. She comes to the clearing. "Alpha! Alpha! We are in danger!" Tildy cries urgently. "There are bad men coming to kill you." Alpha growls and gathers the others. Korra grabs Fang and hides her in the cave. While Alpha barks orders to his pack to defend their home the wolves run out to battle, Alpha in the lead, with Patches and Korra right behind him. Omega follows slowly, scared and cowering. Tildy can only hope that her family will survive. Gun shots fill the air mixed with loud growls. Alpha attacks the first man, he goes for the weakest first. Omega trips men over while Patches delivers the final blow. "Captain, help!" One of the men screams. The captain turns and aims a shot. "No!" Tildy yells and races up to the man to stop him. She sees Patches lying on the ground, a large mass of blood is staining his fur. He had jumped in front of the bullet to save his brother. Patches is whimpering in pain. Then silence, he is dead, he has sacrificed himself. But the captain is also dead. Alpha managed to sink his teeth into the man's neck and the captain's last breath gave Alpha a feeling of justice. A life for a life. The wolves and Tildy will live on, and live the way Patches would want them to: happily.

REST IN PEACE PATCHES.





# The Mystery of the Pencil Case

*By Mansi Malik, 9 years old, Tuart Hill Primary School*

Rosy opened her pencil case and heard soft giggling, and she was confused. She tipped out her pencil case and saw one leg wiggling on her pink pencil. She tried to pull the leg out, but as she pulled, the pink pencil turned red with anger. Rosy screamed with shock and dropped the pencil. It quickly ran under her bed mumbling to its self, "Why did I get caught?" When Rosy looked at the other pencils they were sitting together planning to save their pink friend. Then the textas jumped off the bed and ran off without the other pencils. The eraser and the sharpener held hands and jumped off the bed too and followed the textas. She needed to calm down, so Rosy decided to take a shower and try and forget about what was happening. When she returned to her bedroom, she saw that her drawers and closet were open, and there were texta marks on the floor. Rosy screamed in horror. "What a disaster." At the bottom of the closet she saw her white shoes in a mess. The textas had scribbled all over them in red, black, blue, green, orange and purple. When she opened the door wider, she saw them busy scribbling and they were shouting and arguing about whose turn it was to draw on her pretty white sandals. She was so cross, she yelled at them, and the textas scattered in fright, and climbed up her clothes to hide. At the same time the pencils were in the drawers. All the red pencils were running around the bottom of the drawer flicking hairclips out, and breaking Rosy's bracelets. In the drawer above, the green pencils were opening lipsticks with dirty hands, then they opened nail polish and spilt it everywhere. Their feet were so slippery with polish, it was hard for them to walk. Meanwhile the rubber and the sharpener were exploring in the bathroom. The rubber looked in the shower and accidentally slipped and fell down the drain, which was full of scum and hair. "Yukk," both of them cried. They made a hair rope and tried to climb out, but fell back down. The second time they succeeded but they were covered in mess, so they stood under drips of water to get clean.

Suddenly the soap and the shampoo fell from the shelf with a crash, giving them a big fright. They looked for a human, to their relief, no one was there. The pencils, feeling a little anxious, were still-hunting for the pink pencil. The sharpener and the rubber were in the bathroom also investigating.

Suddenly, one of the green pencils shouted out that he had found the pink one. They all climbed up on the bed and lifted up a pillow, the pink pencil was lying there. They all hugged each other with happiness. When Rosy came back into her bedroom she grabbed her textas, they tried to run away, they shouted and wiggled, but Rosy caught them and shoved them into her pencil case. Then she found the pencils and gave them a wash, and when she picked up the sharpener and rubber she saw that they were covered in hair, she had to wash them too.

Then she tipped them all into her pencil case. Suddenly her mum came in and looked around and seeing the mess, she shouted at Rosy. "What have you done Rosy?" Rosy tried to explain that the pencils, textas, sharpener and rubber had made the mess. But her mum didn't believe her, and she stomped out of the room slamming the door. Poor Rosy had to clean up the mess on her own. Finally, when Rosy had cleared up the mess that she hadn't made, she went and talked to the pencils and the others. They all hung their heads and apologized for all the mischief they had done, but explained that they were only looking for their friend, the pink pencil. "I forgive you, but you mustn't do it again, and that is a warning," said Rosy. Rosy became friends with them all. When she took her pencil case to school, she showed her friends, they were surprised by her story and felt a bit jealous. The next day, a reporter from Channel 7 came to interview her about the talking pencils and the naughty textas, rubber and sharpener. Rosy's story was on the Channel 7 News, that night. Her mum was overjoyed and so proud of her. The story went around the world and Rosy got over a thousand likes on Facebook. She became famous.



# The House Next Door

*By Elena Momirski, 11 years old, Tuart Hill Primary School*

I heard a noise outside, I peeped through the white curtains and saw that there were new people moving in next door. I could only see boxes being carried but I couldn't see the new neighbours. It was like they were invisible. The house had been empty for a while, it was always dark and a bit gloomy. So it was great that there was going to be a family living there. I hoped they would be nice people so we could become friends. The people who lived there before were very secretive, they never seemed to go anywhere, just stayed in their house. I tiptoed outside, eager to see them. As I tried to spy on the new neighbours, I tripped over a huge rock and flew head first into a bush. My long hair got stuck in its branches. I pulled at my hair, trying to release myself, when I got free, leaves were stuck in my hair. I think it must have looked like I had been electrocuted! My house is new, and full of light, it looks like it is full of happiness, because it is painted a beautiful bright yellow. It is very different from the rundown old house next door, I have a tree house in my backyard, it has a great view into all the neighbours' yards, especially the one next door. That day I was wearing black shorts, sneakers and a plain white T-shirt. I had binoculars hanging around my neck. I was dressed in jungle style clothing, and I was ready for anything. My friend Ruby came over, she is a smart, adventurous and funny girl. I have known her for about ten years. She wanted to unravel what was going on next door. I told Ruby that we could get a better view if we went outside and climbed up into my tree house. What we saw was their dog, not a normal dog like mine, it looked like it was metal, and it had a weird collar. The collar was gold with a little black box fixed on the side. We thought the box might encase a microchip, and wondered what it did? It seemed like the dog was controlled by someone!

My dog was fluffy, cute and really lazy, his name is Fluffy. No comparison to the weird dog next door. As well as my binoculars, I also had a bag around my neck, it contained my diary which I always carry with me. I was writing down all the mysterious things that were happening next door, and when I finished I went to put my diary in my bag, it slipped out of my hands, through the branches, bounced on the fence, and fell down to the ground next door. I jumped down from the tree house, and shouted out to Ruby to keep watch. I had to get my diary back, because it contained every adventure that I had experienced with my best friend, Ruby.

I couldn't see my diary anywhere, I went into a panic. What if the neighbours found it and read it? Then I saw the dog near the house with my pink diary in his mouth. Lucky for me the dog's battery went dead, and he couldn't move. The diary dropped to the ground, and I rushed over and grabbed it. I climbed back over the fence, and up into the tree house. Ruby couldn't speak, she looked like she had seen a ghost. I waited a while until she was not shocked. Then she said that I was climbing over the fence and she saw a person in black clothes taking the dog inside. Who was this person in black? Where did they come from? I wanted to know, but I was too frightened to go back down. The next day I woke up to sunshine, and I was determined to find out about next door. Ruby came over in the morning and we had breakfast in the treehouse. While we ate I saw a robot dog walking up the path. Suddenly Fluffy ran under the fence into the neighbour's place. Ruby and I jumped over the fence and we rushed after him, we ran as fast as we could, we needed to save him. Fluffy and the robot dog started to play. Then a man, dressed in black, appeared. As he came through the door, we saw his face. He was an older man and he spoke to us. "Hi, you have a beautiful dog. I always wanted a real dog like that to keep me company. I could only have this robot dog because I lived in an apartment. What is your dog's name? I have been living on my own for a long time, and it is so nice to talk to someone. I am sorry, I haven't let you talk. So what is your dog's name? Sorry, I forget things quickly." I told him about my dog, how long we had him, and of course his name. After only a couple of days, we all became friends.

The man came over for afternoon tea, and he always bought a tasty treat for Fluffy. Since our neighbour had never had a real dog, my parents and Ruby and I thought it would be nice to get him a little dog similar to Fluffy for Christmas. Fluffy and his dog could play together and we would all be happy neighbours forever.



# The Reunion

*Jasmine Whitehead, 10 years old, Woodbridge  
Primary School Students*

In another dimension in the universe, there was a village full of elves, and a smart King who was a wizard. King Eric owned a crystal cave that was protected by giant butterflies. The King was very protective of the cave because his Queen had planted a special seed to make the crystal cave grow. Sadly Queen Mary was cursed by an evil witch called Anjelica. Anjelica was jealous of the King and Queen's love for each other, so she melted Queen Mary into a crystal. Her spirit was trapped in the cave, but the King could still hear her and see her. King Eric was heartbroken that she was trapped, but felt confident that he would eventually get her out. The King spent days and days making potions to break the spell. He felt so sad about his Queen, but happy in the knowledge that one day he would save her. Meanwhile Anjelica was creeping through the vines and trees to arrive at her secret cave. She used a voice activating system to get in. Her cave was lit by thousands of fireflies. Anjelica busied herself making a spell to see what the King was up to. "Booga Wuga Bobedo, show me what the King is about to do," uttered the witch Anjelica. She looked into her green bubbling pot of liquid, and saw the King in his crystal cave experimenting with the sparkly, colourful cave experimenting with the sparkly, colourful crystal. The witch was so angry that steam came out of her ears and her face turned red with frustration. She thought angrily that she must stop King Eric from saving Queen Mary.

So the witch cast a hypnotising spell on one of the elves. The elf was forced to go and tell the King that an emergency was happening in the village. The King fell for it, and followed the elf, leaving his precious Queen alone in the crystal. A random butterfly saw what the elf was up to and flew off to get one of the King's guards. The guard butterfly saw the witch creeping up to her cave. He quickly flew down and captured the witch. Meanwhile the other guards shadowed over the village and grabbed the King to safety.

The King banished the witch and forced her to undo the hypnotising spell. It wasn't long before the elf was back to normal. The King was so protective of his village, that he put a force field around it. Now King Eric had time to make potions to get his Queen out of the crystal. One morning the King was woken up by a light shining in his room. He saw that it was a glow from the cave. When he got there, his science equipment was showing him the ingredient to get the Queen out. King Eric was so excited, finally he was going to release his Queen, and see her again. He slowly pored the potion onto the crystal and, POW, a shimmering light glowed like a beautiful, striking rainbow, it shot out of the cave which was now colourful and gleaming.

Then the Queen Mary shot out of the crystal and came to life. The King cried with happiness, and they went back to the castle. The Queen was happy to be going home and to be back with her King.





# Six Reasons Why

*By Matilda Weaver, 13 years old, Maylands Peninsula  
Primary School*

The package arrived at 8am Monday morning. Frowning, I glanced around for the deliverer, then knelt down to see who the parcel was addressed to. It was for me. I found scissors, and began cutting through the tape, I tore at the last bit and pulled back the cardboard flaps. Inside, neatly arranged, were 7 DVDs, and 2 cards. One card had my name, "Tully," the other, "Mr Morris," and English teacher at my school. I grabbed the card addressed to me and began to read. Dear Tully, You may be wondering why you have received these seven DVDs. Trust me, soon you will know. Six DVDs, for 6 people, and each DVD tells one reason why I killed myself. Gasping, I stepped back from the box and dropped the card. Oh my God, I thought, and I felt my jaw tighten as I tried to stop my tears. I felt very hot and I knew my face was bright red.

Reaching down I picked up the card, and placed it on my desk, I didn't want to look at it. Then I pushed myself to read further. So yes Tully, you are one of the reasons. Your DVD's number 5, but you have to watch each one in order, starting with number 1. It's important for you to watch them all, so you will understand. Lots of love Tully, Bella Mason I blinked away a tear and put the card down on my desk. I held my face in my hands and cried. Tears dripped down my face. I was a mess, I grabbed a tissue and dabbed at my tears, then wiped my eyes. If my parents were to come by, I didn't want them to know that I had been crying. Turning to my laptop, I opened it up, picked up the first DVD, opened the cassette, and slotted it in. I ran to lock my door so my parents couldn't disturb me. I sat back in my chair, plugged my earphones in and opened the movie player. Bella is on screen, she is sitting on a chair, and then she speaks to the viewer. Styles Burmen, Mr Jackie-Mc-Hottie. The most popular, hottest and the most idiotic boy at Washington B. High School. When I first arrived at WBHS I knew what I would get. I was pretty and no I'm not stuck up, it's just how it is. However I didn't expect the cat calls to start so soon. I got glares from the girls, and the boys looked me up and down, checking me out. They teased and whistled. You Styles, were the one who slapped my bottom, smiling slyly.

Classes were hell for me, the boys trying to get me to sit next to them. Notes were passed around in classes, about me, you were the ring leader, Styles, and always smirking. And you made sure I saw the disgusting comments on the notes. I was made to feel like a piece of meat.

I didn't understand why you were so mean. I eject the disc roughly and grab the next one. Bella is on her bed reading a magazine, she looks up and starts speaking. You, Rye Wood, full-time nerd and class A-jerk. Styles picked you to do his dirty work. Isn't that so, Rye? I saw you Rye, outside my window. I realised you had been taking photographs of me for an age. There were ones of me coming out of the shower. Me in my pyjamas, sitting on my bed. Of me doing my homework. You Rye are an A-grade Peeping-Tom, and I know you worked for Styles. I hope you rot in hell Rye. I am in shock. I am wondering what on earth is on number three. I press play. Hello Lydia Willson, Miss popular. I'm just gonna say it straight. You are the biggest bum who has ever lived. Your jealousy was unbearable.

You are a good looking girl, but you couldn't bear it that some said I was better looking. So you took it out on me and made me life crap. I hate you for that. I take a deep breath, and pull out number four. Bella is sitting on an outside Bench with her dog next to her, I think it is her dog. Scott Tennant, my ex-boyfriend. I can't believe I dated you. Yes, you were a good kisser but you were a cheater. How could you. You cheated on me with Lydia, Lydia Willson who hated me. Damn you. Thanks a lot.

Apprehensively, I picked up number five. My heart was beating. Tully, Tully, Tully. Where should I start? Let me start with asking, why? Why did you do that, why did you stand me up? I felt a connection between us and you were the only one who was kind to me. We were going on a date, I was excited, but you didn't show.

I waited for three hours. It was cruel, because you actually had at the time given me hope, and then you smashed it. Why couldn't you keep our date? I stopped the DVD, and burst out crying. I hadn't stood her up. My grandad died and our family was in mourning for days. Still sobbing, I ejected the disc and slotted in number six. Mr Morris, the best English teacher ever, but the one who doesn't listen. Let me cut to the chase. On the last day of my life, I was crying in the corridor, I wanted someone to help me.

You walked down the corridor, I was sitting against the wall. You were in a hurry, you glanced at me and quickly walked on. You didn't ask me what was wrong. I wanted you to stop, you could have, but you didn't. I needed help that day. Slowly I gather the DVD's, 6 reasons. With tears rushing down my face, I put the discs into the box. And notice the seventh one. I put it in the laptop and press play. You have watched the six reasons, now number seven will tell you what to do. Mr Morris I want you take this box to the police, after everyone has watched the DVDs. If you look at the bottom of the box, there is a note with all the information you need to find my body. The screen went blank. Dumbfounded, I stared at the screen. Bella's body had never been found. She had left a note to her parents. I sat silently sobbing. I knew what I had to do. Three months later, Styles was suspended for a month from school. Rye spent two months in remand, it turned out he had been doing a lot of perverting around the neighbourhood. Lydia was expelled for her bullying, many other students reported her deeds. Mr Morris moved to another school. Scott was named school disgrace, he is now at another school. I have a baby sister, Olivia, my parents are happier. They are supporting me through my grief. When all the stuff came out, everyone avoided me, but all the gossip soon faded into the background, and I was forgotten.

One day I was walking along the corridor with my head down, hurrying to the library. Suddenly I collided with a body, I looked up into the prettiest green eyes ever. But they were rimmed with red, she had been crying, this new girl. "Sorry," she murmured, picking up her books, she then stood there shuffling her feet. "It's fine. My name is Tully." "I am Zhara." "Would you like to walk with me? I am going to the library too." She smiled a beautiful smile.

Nodded yes, and slung her bag over her shoulder. I wasn't going to let it turn out like it had with Bella. Not this time. No way.



# The Lemonade Stand

*By Nathan Kollar, 9 years old, Embleton  
Primary School Students*

My Nanna is 53 and has lived in the same house all her life. She wears reading glasses when she reads which she loves to do. Her favourite colour is violet and Violet is her name. My Nanna loves the lotto and often has scratchies in her bag, along with her script for her medication, sugar for coffee and the keys for her car. I visit my Nanna once a week, ever Wednesday, we go for dinner because we don't feel like cooking. It is great because Wednesday is my homework free night. When I go there it smells good and I love to run my hand over the wall. It feels so smooth. It makes me happy to spend time with my cousin Ryan who lives with my Nanna. I do things with Ryan like playing on the computer, bouncing on the trampoline, helping each other with things we are stuck on, mostly maths, and having fun playing handball. I have lots of toys to play with but I usually play computer games. When Ryan and I want to get out of the house we go out the back. My Nanna's yard has a trampoline, and a little shed that Ryan likes to call the Nightmare Cave because of all the spiders that live there in the backyard. Nanna also has three small lemon trees from which we pick lemons to make juice. One day Ryan, Nanna and I decided to have a lemon squash stand just outside her house. Nanna found she only had \$12 in her bank account, and she needed more money for the groceries. It was my idea to hold the lemonade stand. Ryan and Nanna built the stand out of the spare wood from Ryan's old bed. Ryan got out all the ingredients while Nanna picked the lemons.

There were lots. I made the lemonade. I have known how to make it since I was four, so I was the expert: sugar, water and lemon juice. We got heaps of cups from the cupboard and we took everything down the street. We used a cracked piece of wood to make our sign. \$3 for a cup \$5 for a bottle \$10 for a large jug We waited half an hour, that's 30 minutes for our first customer. It was Flare and Claire our next door neighbours. They wanted lemonade and food. But we didn't have any food. They got angry and almost smashed our glass cups, but Ryan and I caught them before they smashed. They left without anything. The next customers, neighbours again, two doors down for our stand, Calvin and Julie. They are always going to the shops in their funny car with a chicken on the side. Calvin and Julie came over for a drink. They took a big mouthful, almost half a cup and a sour look came over their faces. They swallowed really quickly and ran away without saying anything to us. I thought they looked like they didn't like the taste of it so I had a mouthful to check that it was okay. It was disgusting! I knew straight away that Ryan had given me the salt instead of the sugar. I was angry. I yelled at Ryan and Nanna said that it was clumsy of Ryan. We closed the stall down because it was too late to make lemonade. The next day we set up the stand again, but no one on our streets was home. We took it down and we didn't sell lemonade anymore however we did make \$15 for Nanna from our very first two customers. We still pick Nanna's lemons off the tree but we use the juice for Nanna's delicious morning pancakes.



# Yugi's Adventures

*By Charlotte Artemjeu-Raaats, 0 years old, West Balcatta  
Primary School*

Yugi wondered what it was when she heard a loud snap as she walked through the woods. She was out hunting for stones for her rock collection, and she was using a long stick to clear away the brown leaves which had fallen from the tall trees. Her long hair kept getting caught on the low branches as she searched the ground. She had chosen to wear her long grey skirt so she would blend in with the colours of the dark woods. Snap! "There it is again," she whispered. "Aaaaooowwww." She looked straight ahead to find what had made the noise, but couldn't see anything. Then she walked forward and saw a ray of sunlight shining through leaves, and there on the ground, partly hidden in a small pile of leaves by a little ball of grey fluff. It moved and Yugi jumped back, startled, but she was a very curious person so she tip-toed towards it to get a closer look. As she did, she noticed that some of the leaves were red, and that the fluff was actually a ball of fur. It uncurled and revealed a cute little face, it was a tiny wolf cub. It was so adorable, she just had to pick it up. It was then that she noticed that the red on the leaves was blood. She bent down to gather up the bottom of her skirt to make a bag to carry the cub.

Before she placed the baby wolf in her skirt sling, she checked it all over and noticed that the blood was coming from its paw. She found that the poor little thing had a thorn, she pulled it out and wrapped the cub's paw in her scarf. "It will be okay," she whispered, trying to calm it down. She started to walk home slowly hoping not to frighten it even more. As she approached the opening of the woods she saw her tiny brown house, a blue car was parked in the front drive, it was her Aunty Lucinda's. Yugi opened the front door and walked into the hall.

"Mum, Aunty Lucinda, where are you?" "We are in your room, Yugi," her mum called out. She went into her room where Aunty Lucinda was lying on her bed.

"What is wrong?" Yugi asked in a concerned voice. "A couple of days ago at work one of the dogs bit me really badly on my ankle. Your mother has offered to look after me until it heals. You are not to worry it will be better in a matter of days. But Yugi what are you holding in your skirt?"

Yugi told her mum and Aunty Lucinda it was a wolf cub that she had found injured in the woods, and that she has named it Sherbet. Her aunt got very excited and stretched out her arms, and asked if she could hold it. Yugi told her Aunty Lucinda to be careful of its paw, and explained how she had taken out a thorn. Her mum and Aunty suggested that they keep it until the paw was healed. Yugi squealed with delight and rushed off to get a box and a soft blanket to make a bed, and toys for it to play with. In the morning Yugi stretched out her arms and yawned herself awake. When she went into the kitchen her mum asked her what she would like for breakfast.

She decided on cornflakes, which she always has, and her aunt said she would have the same. Then her aunt said that she would need some help at work because of her ankle. Yugi said she would love to help out, and rushed off to put on her uniform.

Woofs, meows and chirps were the noises that greeted them when they arrived at her aunt's work. "Wow, there are a lot of patients today," said Yugi. As she looked around she became aware of something sniffing the back of her legs, she looked behind her and there was Sherbet. "What are you doing here girl?" You must have snuck into the car when we were not looking, you naughty cub." Aunty Lucinda decided that Sherbet could stay and join the other animals, because she thought it would be a good opportunity to give her a proper examination. Tired, but happy after a long day, Yugi and her aunt were just about to leave the veterinary surgery when Yugi felt a tap on her shoulder, she turned and saw that it was the head vet. She told Yugi that she had been a great little helper, and asked her if she would like a job at the vets. Yugi squealed with excitement.

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. I would definitely work here. But I have to go to school." "Of course you do. The work would only be on weekends." So it was settled, and as they got into the car Sherbet hopped in and gave Yugi a big, sloppy lick all over her face. She laughed, and hugged her, and said to her aunty that she thought the little cub had made this happen. Yugi jumped up and down with happiness. "Ooooh, ooh, I just can't wait to tell Mum all about it."



# Chamber

*By James Guanzon, 11 years old, Embleton  
Primary School Students*

My grandma told me to wake up and take a bath because my family and I are leaving the Philippines. I got up so quickly I hit my head on the back of the bed. I felt very excited about meeting new friends and learning new things in another country. My grandma cooked my favourite food called 'Bitter Gourd with eggs' I am so lucky to have such a beautiful grandma who likes to take care of me. We are going to Australia but I feel a bit sad because I'm leaving the most beautiful mountains, and the bird's lovely singing. I like to see them and hear them when I wake up in the mornings at my grandparents. But when I get to Australia I will feel happy again. I brought my favourite book, 'The History of the World,' with me. I want to learn new and amazing things and learn about Australia. There was a janitor at the Perth airport who asked me how I felt, and I said I felt a little bit crazy and I nearly tripped up the stairs. There was no smoke in the Perth air, but it was so cold. I first met Chamber at the front door of our house, she's my neighbour. She comes from New Zealand, she is 10, has curly brown hair and is funny like Mr Bean. We like to play tennis together but there is one thing that annoys me about Chamber she thinks I am her servant. When she wins paper, scissors, rock she makes me get her soft drinks and prepare her favourite food called fried banana. She sits lazily on my favourite massage chair playing with my coolest play station. But she is a good friend and we have lots that we do together. After six months of living next door to Chamber, my mum told me that we were going to our new house. I will miss Chamber, even her laziness, because I really like helping her.

I will miss other friends too. It reminds me how I miss my grandma and grandpa. They were always there for me and helped me in every way. I miss my grandma's wonderful soup. Missing people is hard. A good thing is I learnt to play football which Mr Collie taught me how to play. I am happy here at this school because I have teachers that I can always trust, and he is so funny in the class room. Quinten is my new friend who is from New Zealand. Quinten likes to play rugby he is always playing and he is good at it. I asked him to teach me how to play, and he completes my day when he shows me how. Quinten has a different voice, his voice makes me happy and we like to share food in class. Quinten gets very angry when people tease him, but we are good friends and I know I can trust him. I am so lucky that I came to Australia as a kid because my mum can buy me presents. She bought me a new xbox and my favourite games Minecraft, Assassin Creed and Batman Arkham Origins. I hugged my mum so tight because it was my dream to have these things. I thanked my dad too because he bought me a bike so we can go riding together on Sundays. Coming to Australia has been peaceful and good because there is no fighting here and you can work hard. I like to read and learn about Australian history. I bought an ANZAC book because I didn't know what ANZAC meant. I will learn many more facts about Australia, and look forward to reading and learning and having a good life.