

JFHS Microstory Contest Entries

1994	1995	1996	1997	2000	2001	2002
2003	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010
2011						

2011

DAY OF JUDGEMENT

Robert Emerson

Year 12 Winner 2011

The scene was horrifying, as if we were part of some kind of brainwashing operation. The head honchos were weaving in and out of the lines we had formed, as if they were seeking out any of those who wished to disrupt our earnest conformity. The air was thick and heavy, as if we were waiting in a courtroom for the judge to deliver our fates. As the barren doors opened up for us, we were about to walk inside when I turned around and calmly asked, "Oh come on guys, the HSC can't be all that terrifying, can it?"

ABSOLUTE HORROR

Tiffany Hoffman

Year 11 Winner 2011

I look at Tori, her face twisted in a contortion of horror. I'm wide-eyed in shock and my palms are sweating. I can't help but scream out for help. Tori grabs my arm, "I don't think we're going to make it!" The next thing I know we're falling through the air with nothing to stop us. Our screams become louder. We grab each other's hand and pray for dear life. A feeling of regret seeps through my body and a tear falls. The ride comes to a screeching halt. Tori turns to me. "That was the best roller coaster ever!"

TORMENT

Bryanna McIntyre

Year 9 Winner 2011

I thought I was dying. My eyes stung and my hands were clasping the water bottle in desperation. One silvery drop fell on the dust. My tongue was swollen from the lack of moisture. I kept going. I had to. My hands and knees were scraped and bleeding. Salty tears were dripping off my chin. The trees moaned in the treacherous wind. I was lying on my back looking up at the sky. Then the sun was blotted out and a figure appeared. I reached out a hand and then clasped it. "That's the last time I'm doing Cross Country!"

KILLER

Alexandra McKinnon

Year 8 Winner 2011

Its masked face staggered towards me. The first few blows should have been fatal, but they failed to weaken him. My heart pounded double time as the fear ran through my veins. His frozen, black eyes held their gaze on mine as he raised the dagger above his head, capturing the night's full moon. I knew what he planned to do. I am not his first victim. As he took the final steps towards me, arms arched back, ready to plunge the dagger deep within my stomach.... I threw off the 3D glasses and ran out of the cinema screaming.

THE ENEMY

Aidan McLeod-Nibbs

Year 7 Winner 2011

I pushed through them as hard as I could but they kept blocking the path, forcing me where they wanted me. I knew that if they managed to do that we were goners. I was so tired. My sweat was flying everywhere. My muscles were aching. I drove as hard as I could as I headed for the little opening which determined our destiny. Suddenly I saw an opportunity. I dragged myself through the pain, past their bodies. Their faces distorted in disappointment as I shot away. I hit the mark. A three-pointer. We had one the AFL Grand Final.

[Back to Top](#)

2010

THE RED BAND ARMY

Abby Iverson

Year 9 Winner 2010

The air was dusty, the children screaming
One would have thought they must have been dreaming.
But dreaming would not be an explanation for such -
A nightmare would sum up the feelings so much.
For grey men came with their red bands ablaze,
The gunpowder and dust made a horrible haze,
The streets were filled with the stench of the dead,
While adults and children were taken from bed.
And even as years pass the memories don't fade,
Shots were shot, and history was made.
People still cry to this very day,
When the Holocaust took their lives away.

TORTURE

Rachele Armstrong

Year 10 Winner 2010

It torments me. It is pure torture, in the richest of forms. It holds my entire body captive, unable to move, unable to breathe. I am held like a mouse in a cage, like prey in a lion's mouth.

I can't move, can't even sanction a scream – it has me trapped by its raw pain, trapped by a true agony.

I must be very strong, like an elite athlete in an Olympic marathon. Like a soldier at war.

I must take one step at a time. I will hold my breath, count to three...and JUMP!!

'Arrgghh!! The water is freezing!!'

CHILD'S PLAY

Erin Coldan

Year 11 Winner 2010

The darkness surrounded him like an oversized jumper: comfortable, yet easy to get lost in. He didn't know where he was, but he wasn't worried. He made a few tentative steps forward, arms flailing about in front of him. He could hear the murmurs of others, giggling as he took yet another stilted step.

Suddenly, dark turned to light. He rubbed his eyes furiously, trying to re-adjust. Blinking quickly, the room came into focus. He was facing a wall, a strange poster attached to it.

Embarrassed, he realised what he had done. The tail was pinned to the donkey's face.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Ashley Hay

Year 8 Winner 2010

First, the sound of guns exploding during the night.

I got up quickly, put my boots on and headed outside to smell fumes of gunpowder. I knew something was going on, so I sat and waited quietly for just one sound.

A whisper. Then, finally, a loud, penetrating echo coming from the distance. Then it hit.

A burst of colours hitting the sky, going in every direction: red, yellow, blue. Every colour you could think of.

Now there was the barking of dogs during the night. I was out there for hours.

But then it just stopped. Happy New Year's!

THE WORST JOB IN THE WORLD

Chelsey Goodsell

Year 7 Winner 2010

The torture seemed to never end. So many of them, and there was only one of me.

I begged them to stop, I begged and begged, but nothing would stop them. Nothing would stop the terror they enjoyed. I was cornered - no escape.

They continued to laugh as they watched me struggle. They were holding me down. They were too strong for me to get up. I cried as there was no escape.

I've tried many times, but there's no hope. They will never give up. They think this whole thing is a joke.

I hate being a pre-school teacher.

DETAINED**Tori Stevenson****Year 8 Highly Commended 2010**

As the bells sounded we all looked on in horror. The guard marched in. He was dreaded by all in this place. Looking us in the eye, he yelled,

'Today, you serve the punishment that you deserve. If it was me who had caught you doing that disgusting thing you wouldn't be here right now.'

He then told us how long we had left. More than twenty-five minutes of this dreaded torture. A punishment we all deserved, but preferred more than the alternative.

Then the bell rang again. We shouted in relief, reaching for our bags. Period eight was over.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS**Maddison Carroll****Year 8 Highly Commended 2010**

You have to stay up very late,
To see the creature that lurks at night.
He's very hard to see, but even if you catch a glimpse,
You won't ever have good dreams.

But if you do get close, all you will feel is dread.
And if you do see, please don't hide under your bed; it'll be
The first place it'll look so just hide in a nook.

When it's gone then you will be safe.
But next year please just leave the cookies and milk on the table because...

Father Christmas doesn't like going to all that trouble.

EUREKA!!**Grace Connell****Year 8 Highly Commended 2010**

It is our turn. We step reluctantly into the small glass box. I try my hardest not to look at my feet, but my eyes creep down to the floor like little ants. I freak!

The whole city is beneath me but we keep flying upward. But then, as soon as get up, we start falling back down.

I feel as if we are going to be smashed to bits when we finally hit the ground. But then the doors open, and we are back where we started again.

'I hope you enjoyed your time at the Eureka Sky Deck.'

FATE!**Harrison Slattery****Year 7 Highly Commended 2010**

The time has come, the horrible moment that I dread every single night. I look to my right. My little brother looks like he is about to cry. I look to my left. My two-year-old brother doesn't know what he's in for.

I gulp what little saliva is left in my throat. Well, it's time to face the inedible. Steam rises high into the air, making this time scarier than ever. I try to say something, but the words are blocked in my throat.

Mum sees the awful sadness in my face.

'Oh, come on, they're just vegetables,' she laughs.

DEATH AND DESPAIR**Brandon Van Dorssen****Year 7 Highly Commended 2010**

Miserable. There's no other word for it. Why did I come here? Of all the places I had to come, I had to come here.

The memories, like knives stabbing into my heart. My heart. My weak, sensitive heart. I can feel tears rolling, trickling down my cheeks.

Death and despair. This is the room where lost souls lie. This room. The room I hold accountable for my pain. Why did I do it?

It's lucky I survived. Death and despair.

They showed me no mercy. I feel his spiritual presence. It's horrible, it's painful, it's despair.

It's Room Twenty-three.

SIR LANCELOT**Beth Docker****Year 7 Highly Commended 2010**

My first thought is that he's faking it. How can one of the greatest warriors ever be dying? Huh, he can't fool me, I think. But Sir Lancelot does not make a sound.

Oh, my God, I think. This is really happening. Sir Lancelot is dying. But....but he can't be! We've done everything together, ever since he became a knight.

I run my hand over his head. And think of Guinevere! She'll be devastated when she finds out. Lancelot tried to speak, but can only manage a whimper. Poor Sir Lancelot.

I will miss my guinea pig so, so much.

INTERNATIONAL SPY**Kaine Junek****Year 11 Highly Commended 2010**

I sneak up to the first row of vegetation. I dance past the pond and around another gardener. I dodge a guard, skip down a path, and then jog past some kids with ice-cream. I have the target in my sights.

Oh no! The shot is not good enough! I pace down another row of vegetation, tiptoe past another guard, turn left...and damn!

A wall, a dead-end! I turn around, determined to get my target.

I run down another path. There! I have the target in my sights.

CLICK!

There it is, kids. The perfect picture of the Taj Mahal!

MY FIRST**Alister Taylor****Year 10 Highly Commended 2010**

As I first lay eyes on her I fell in love automatically. She was the prettiest thing I'd ever seen. We went to many places together and always had a wonderful time.

I can remember the first time we went out. We sat there by the lake for hours upon hours. There were so many things I learnt from her, mainly through mistakes.

I always thought I'd have to be gentle with her, being my first, but we went hard and fast. I was just a kid and I didn't know any better.

I'll always remember my very first car.

BRAVERY**Lachlan McIntyre****Year 9 Highly Commended 2010**

The enemy, resolute and unflinching, stood staring into the distance. I took my position, sabre drawn and sharp. But somehow it knew I was bluffing. Could I summon the courage? Would I have the guts?

He sat there with his green clad army, challenging me, daring me to take him on.

A battle cry rang out across the fields as I charged my foe head on. Yet he never moved an inch.

A vicious four-pronged attack was enough to see him captured and beaten, but not a word he spoke.

Now to finish the job. Eeaarrgghh!

I hate brussels sprouts!

IF I JUST SAT STILL

Chloe Fellows

Year 9 Highly Commended 2010

If I just sat still. Maybe I could get away with it. Maybe everything would be okay.

I could try and run, but it was too fast. It would hunt me down and shoot me dead. I couldn't do anything but sit there in a cold sweat, trembling uncontrollably.

They say your life flashes before your eyes when you're about to die. Well, my life was definitely flashing, and I was freaking out. This was it. This was my time.

I sat there, watching, while my little sister danced around the room with the plastic dinner set in her hands.

THE TOWER

Lachlan Pringle

Year 9 Highly Commended 2010

The tower looms above me. The big, old, wooden doors open. I enter. The bottom level of the tower is less scary than I thought. There are only weak monsters which I slay with ease.

I ascend the stairs, where an equally easy monster attacks. I rest for a moment to gather my strength. Only two more levels to go.

The next room presents a challenge, but I still punch through to the final level. This monster is a really tough one. I use all my health potions. It's almost dead, and...

'OK guys, laptop lids down,' says Mr Grover.

AT WAR

Mr Harper

Staff Winner 2010

Hiding, running, jumping, watching behind, looking out for the enemy he knows is there somewhere.

In front, movement.

Changing to shotgun, bullets fly about his head, the hot wind swishing past his ears.

Shooting at an enemy, not concealed, shot one missed, shot two takes him out.

Spray of blood across the environment, no scream.

Running up hill fast, breath agony.

Pursued by firing enemy, bullets swishing by like bees in a flowering mango tree, cover behind a slimy rock.

Unseen, a bullet finds its mark, spraying blood he falls from a great height, dead.

Spawning, restart.

Busted!

Detention Lunchtime.

[Back to Top](#)

2009

ON THE INSIDE

Cameron

Year 9 Co-Winner 2009

It's a tough world. It's a cruel world. It's a dog eat dog world. Anyone who disagrees is kidding himself/herself. The socio-economic divides are obvious here. The poor, the middle-class and the rich have their own defined areas.

The poor to the east, the rich to the west, and the middle-class to the north and south. The middle-class are lucky. They are not involved in any social wars. But they take sides.

The rich and the poor fight regularly for 'tough' supremacy. I am poor. I used to fight. But jail time changed me. Being on the inside taught me something about being on the outside – don't!

THE BEAST

James

Year 9 Co-Winner 2009

I was terrified but I kept my face calm and tried to stare down the Beast in front of me. It didn't work. No-one could hold out against this beast of anger. It's will might as well be law, but laws can be broken. I kept that thought in my head and prepared myself. Attack, and try to break through to the door behind? No, it was too strong.

Stealth? No, she already had me and she might know if I tried to sneak out.

That left one option, and it was low.

"Pleaseeeee, may I go to the movies, mum?"

THE UNKNOWN NIGHTMARE

Joseph

Year 10 Winner 2009

My face froze. I screamed my head off! I tried to run for my life, but I was pulled flat to the ground with an irresistible force! I was squashed like a bug!

I screamed, I kicked, I punched. I was losing strength every second, less oxygen was getting into my lungs.

I turned my head. I saw a blurry figure with long blonde hair coming towards me. I tried to move but I was weak. Horrible, wet lips touched my mouth! Then the force released me and ran away.

"That's the last time I am playing Spin the Bottle!"

THE GREAT BANQUET

Keiran

Year 11 Winner 2009

The solid rock keep served as a shield against the masses. A parade of food lay before me. Coloured uniforms marched in order, alongside floats of meat. Steam radiated as the intense aroma permeated the senses.

I grasped the crisp drumstick in one hand and mashed potato in the other. As I devoured, I gave no heed to the juice that dripped down. At the head of the table sat I, in fine orange garb. King!

Rising from my throne, I exited the chamber. The door clanged shut, and I sauntered down the colonnade.

My attendant proclaimed, "Dead man walking".

LONG DEAD AND LONG REMEMBERED

Rory

Year 12 Winner 2009

As soon as I saw the first knife, my thought was of foul disloyalty. There was a hesitation between the men. Who was going to make the first attempt at finishing me?

The first knife pierced my skin, then the rest came like dominoes falling, no hesitation anymore. Like a pack of wild dogs they hacked my body.

Slowly, alone, dying, I fell on the steps, soaking in blood. I tried to speak out, yet my body wouldn't permit it. Then slowly he drove the final blow, creating a hero long to be remembered. Brutus and Julius Caesar.

THE DUEL

Josh

Year 8 Co-Winner 2009

My opponent circles me. I circle him. He lunges at me, sword drawn. I block his stroke and thrust. He parries my stroke and knocks me to the ground. He puts his boot on my chest. I grab his boot and twist his ankle. I jump up and grab my sword.

I feel the adrenaline surging through my veins. I swing my sword and hear it clang against my opponent's shield. I cleave off his head and drive my sword into his face.

"Please insert \$1 to advance to the next level."

Sam kicks the machine and runs out the door.

TORTURE

Chloe

Year 8 Co-Winner 2009

This was torture, pure torture. The words came out of her mouth like stabbing knives. This was it, I just couldn't take it anymore. It was so horrific, I just couldn't bear it. Was she trying to kill me? I was locked in. Trapped! Surrounded by people, enduring the same pain. This was mass murder!

Their horrified faces glimmered. The screeches! The sound of chattering teeth. It was unbearable. I couldn't take it for much longer. This was torture. Then, there it was. What we'd all been dreading.

The maths textbook landed on my desk with a thud. "Oh, no!"

TIANANMEN SQUARE

Meg Year 7 Winner 2009

It was a still day in China. The birds were hushed and the sun was hot. There was sweat dripping from my brow. The mood was gloomy.

I held an important position within the Chinese government. Sometimes the pressure was unbearable. I could hardly take it! It's be a day to remember.

As I stood there considering my next move, I saw them. They were huge! They were intimidating. They were powerful. The pressure was on for me to complete my mission.

What was my mission?

To clean, fit and replace the globes in the street lights of Tiananmen Square.

BIG FOOT

Lily Year 7 Highly Commended 2009

I knew they had been coming. I knew they'd been waiting, I knew the war was about to begin...I heard the army tanks grumbling outside the house. I knew they meant trouble.

I heard gunshots firing, people screaming in pain, and a mother's soft, fear-stricken voice saying, "We have to go...now!"

She grabbed my sister and me, and we went down into the cellar...

Then I saw a giant foot...That couldn't be right! Yes, it is!! It came down and squashed every single person!

"Aren't you a bit old to be playing figurines?" asked my brother Billy.

BIRTHDAY BASH

Tyler Year 7 Highly Commended 2009

They're here, they're there, scratching at me all the time. I don't think I'll make it out of here alive. I'm getting scratched all the time. Thank God it's not biting me!

It's all over. I'm not gonna make it. This is where I'm going to die. Crash! Boom! Bang!

This is it. The beast is coming in for the final blow. I've got to do something.

Just as it is about to hit me, mum calls out for dinner. Yes, we're having chicken and I walk out of my brother's room wondering why, why did I buy him some wolverine claws.

THE BIG RACE!

David Year 7 Highly Commended 2009

Starting up my engine for the big race, someone screams "Go", and I floor it.

The adrenalin of it all!

First gear, heading up to second gear. I am coming second! The sweat is coming off my hand! I'm in third gear now, now up to fourth!

I am coming first!

I look at my navigation unit. There are only two corners to go until I reach my destination. Finally I see the finish line. There it is!

I am reaching speeds of up to 300mph!

Then I hear a man yell, "Get out of the showroom!"

ENHANCING CODE

Emily Year 8 Highly Commended 2009

My fingers are shaking uncontrollably, my whole body trembling under the pressure. My forehead was coated in an incredible amount of sticky sweat. I force my hand up to the dial, looking down at my palm for the enhanced code. I was nearly drowned in sweat.

I start pressing the code. This is my last chance to get it right. I press the final digit. It's all quiet...alarms start screeching, bright lights shining everywhere. I run for it.

No...the entrance is blocked.

"What are you doing with my diary? You will never guess the password!"

My sister fumed.

THE WAITING GAME

Erin

Year 10 Highly Commended 2009

My partner and I lie on our stomachs in the overgrown grass. Binoculars to our eyes, we wait for the target to arrive. According to our previous observations, he should be arriving any second...now!

"I have a visual. The eagle has landed."

Our target strolls around; he's probably waiting for someone. Sure enough, a woman arrives with a package.

Predictable!

She hands him the package and starts to retreat. Suddenly, the two flutter away. Something must have startled them.

"Ah, well," says my partner, "What do you think?"

"Dad, it's boring! There's nothing exciting about bird watching at all!"

ACRYLIC PAINT

Melissa

Year 11 Highly Commended 2009

Dense and cold, the thick substance creamed over my face. It penetrated deep, down, down into my pores, pressured by the menacing strands pressing it forcefully over my sensitive skin. My body was being enveloped; slowly and fully, swallowed. I shivered. The light was growing dim and blurry. My breathing was short and shallow; my lungs being pressed and clogged. Air was scarce. I was being smothered. My gasps for breath were limp as I slowly, hazily slumped into vacant, black unconsciousness.

When I finally came to, my skin felt dry, stiff and hard. I was a canvas painting masterpiece.

END'ATERM SCHOOL SIK BLUES

Mr Harper

Staff Co-Winner 2009

Tom he's in the canteen
Mixi'n up the pie n' sauce
I'm on the lunch walk
Thinking bout the beach n' stuff.
Man in a trenchcoat
Casual teacher walkin'
Hat down lo don!
Never though about the fire hose.
That kid is really dumb
Always chew'n gum
(harmonica solo)
Homework been torn
Garden fulla' thorn
Look out kid it's something you did
Mick knows when and now
You're throw'n it again
You better run down to loser lane
Looking for a few friends

Kid in toon skin cap with
A big thing wants
Eleven mother drinks
But you only got juice.
(harmonica solo)

THE ARCHAEOLOGIST

Mr Griffith Staff Co-Winner 2009

A black plastic bag bulged with a collection of urban treasures. Proud of his daily discoveries, he carefully sorted each artefact into his treasury of finds.

“Precious. Worth a fortune!” he thought.

Another urban ‘tell’ site loomed in the dark distance. Lately, excavating his relics was proving challenging to this aging veteran of urban heritage.

It was the joy of the ‘hunt’ that mostly motivated him. Searching the city’s stratigraphy, he’d built up an Aladdin’s cave of ‘gems’.

“All under lock and key,” he gloated.

Suddenly he spotted two gold coins. Fear; then faintness swamped him.... ‘Old Hobo Found Dead!’

[Back to Top](#)

2008

WRITING

James

Year 9 Co-Winner 2008

He was yelling at me, ‘Get some words down on paper!’ The expectation of the people I know sometimes clogs up your mind until it just stops working. Nothing was there. I just couldn’t think. I wish the words would just flow and I could get rid of this stupid examination.

Adjectives, verbs, nouns, alliteration. What to write? What to write? The eternal glare of two piercing eyes looking at my pen scratch down some feeble lines. Because of the haste it was written in, it was almost illegible.

This describes just some of the hardships in writing a microstory.

A GAMBLER'S LUCK

Joseph

Year 9 Co-Winner 2008

I looked at the roulette table for my lucky number: three. I pushed my pile of chips into place. I gave the signal to the dealer.

She spun the wheel. It got faster and faster till the numbers became blurry. She threw the ball in the opposite direction. It bounced up and down like crazy.

The wheel started to slow down, so I crossed my fingers, bit my tongue and closed my eyes. Then there was silence. I opened my eyes very slowly.

'Yeaah! HaHa! I won! Yeah! How much did I win?'

'Ten matchsticks,' said my jealous older sister.

A FATAL TWIST

Matthew

Year 10 Co-Winner 2008

I'm surrounded. There is no way to escape. My location is lethal. I'm in a minefield, surrounded by enemy soldiers. Crouching down low, I begin to prod the earth. Any wrong move will be a death sentence.

It is a long and exhausting night. I'm thinking about my family, my wife, how I'm going to get out...

Being a microstory, you probably expect a twist to the ending, right? I could say that I'm playing a computer game, or cleaning up my room, or better still 'it was all a dream'. But there will be no twist to this story...

EXPOSURE

Melissa

Year 10 Co-Winner 2008

The curtain slithered aside, revealing the room's contents. I took a step, but deathly cold silence broke my thoughts. I wanted to hide, escape somehow, but everything was open. I could not get away.

Exposed and self-conscious I stood confused and humiliated. What was happening? Silence. Exposure. Uncovered. Revealed. My mind was swimming every which way, spinning around, as if in a blender, trying to find any answer, any solution, any escape.

Longing for darkness, somewhere to conceal myself, I twitched. Then shaking with fear, my mind went blank. No escape. My first time on stage was something like that.

GUITAR HERO

Rory

Year 11 Winner 2008

The crowd is screaming, screaming my name, chanting for me to come on stage. I can hear them from way backstage.

I nervously strum, thinking about every note I'm going to play – and hope! Hope that I hit every single note correctly. My hands and face are dripping sweat.

I glance down at my jet-black guitar, the guitar that has made me a hero, a rock legend, the most famous guitarist who's ever lived! All the girls love me, the guitarists all want to be as good as me.

Then my brother appears. 'Stop dreaming! It's only Guitar Hero'.

GONE WILD

Lauren

Year 8 Co-Winner 2008

Oh no, it's happening again!

'I told you not to let her have it,' screamed Megan, my older sister.

Up the walls, onto the couch she goes. Past the television, into my room and... BANG! I run in, only to see her standing there, staring at the floor.

'My guitar!' I roar.

'I'm sorry,' she says, flying out to the lounge, and into mum and dad's room. Straight onto the bed. Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. Down and...CRACK! I run in and tackle her.

'Get the ropes,' I scream to Megan.

I'll never give my little sister Red Bull again.

THE URGE

Tyler

Year 8 Co-Winner 2008

I have a secret. I'm a serial killer. I've had the urge to kill since I was young. Tonight I must kill.

I enter the pitch-black room. Time is of the essence. The taste for blood is driving me. I slink into the kitchen. Nothing interesting – knives are worthless to me. I don't take pleasure killing with knives.

I swipe the fridge door open. 'Ah ha!' Proof my victim was here. The radio station talks of a serial killer.

I turn and jump on my victim. He gasps his last. Light floods the room.

'Fluffy, another mouse! Good boy!'

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

Du

Year 7 Co-Winner 2008

I needed backup! Boom! There goes one. Boom! There goes another. I was going across the enemy's ground and throwing grenades into their bases.

I was going real fast and throwing grenades into each one, but I was now nearly out of grenades. I only had a couple left. I threw my last grenade into the last base before the next turn around the corner.

As soon as I released the grenade, I saw my dad. No! What was my dad doing inside the enemy's base?

The grenade landed just in front of his feet.

'Ah, today's paper. Thanks son.'

TORTURE!

Rebecca

Year 7 Co-Winner 2008

"I'm so sorry! I don't know what happened. But what I want to know is why! Why are you torturing me? Can't you see I am dying here, or don't you care?"

Every day you torture me. In the morning and the afternoon you do the same to me, your target! No-one else! Just me. Today torture, tomorrow death!

Just let me go home to a warm, crackling fire and not out into the cold. Tell me why you won't stop torturing me. Now!"

"I'll tell you why. It is because you forgot your bus pass again. Now get walking!"

LIFE AND DEATH

Adam Year 7 Highly Commended 2008

Oh no, this could be the end.

'But I don't want to die. I'm too young!' I yell.

Nothing happens. Yes, I'm not dead yet, but I don't have much time so I'll have to act fast.

Arrgh, no, it's too late. Is this really the end for me? Then all of a sudden I can't breathe and I'm blown off my feet. Down, down into the darkness I fall until I'm dead.

'Nooo,' I yell, and then keep chanting the same word... 'Why?'

Then I hear my sister say, 'Jeez, calm down, you've still got another life left.'

TATTOOS

Jayden

Year 7 Highly Commended 2008

A little girl was with her mother in the supermarket. She saw a man in the aisle. He had tattoos all over his arms and down the side of his face and neck. He was looking at the shelves and deciding what to buy. She stared at him for a long time.

Then she remembered what had happened to her when she'd used her favourite textas to draw on her own arms and face and legs.

She turned to her mother and said in a very loud voice,

"He will be in a lot of trouble when he gets home!"

IT'S ME

Tahlia

Year 8 Highly Commended 2008

Stepping into this mysterious room, I can see the tools that a psychopath would use to murder their victims.

Now I can hear someone drilling. Making the latest torture tools, I think to myself. I can smell burnt wood.

BANG! The door slams shut. My heart pounds with fear. I have no idea what to do. I can feel tears rushing to my eyes. I want to cry, to let it all out and scream...but I can't, my body won't let me.

I hear a voice...

'Hello, love,' dad says.

It's then I realise I'm in his new shed.

THE PRICE

James

Year 8 Highly Commended 2008

I'm terrified! Petrified! What am I going to do? I've got no choice about it anymore. It's too late to turn back now.

I try to tell myself that it won't hurt, but I know it will. Dad seems to know what I'm thinking and takes a firm hold on my arm. He says something to try and reassure me, but nothing he says can stop me knowing the truth.

I can already hear the loud squeals of the machine and the evil scratching of the tools. A shrill scream comes from behind the dreaded door.

I hate the dentist.

SINGING SENSATION

Erin

Year 9 Highly Commended 2008

I was ready.

I had practised my performance thousands of times; now it was my chance to show the world what I could do.

I took my place on stage, and the murmurs of the audience became a deathly silence. The music began and I started my performance, just like I had rehearsed.

All was going well until people started shouting something at me from their seats. At first it was just a muddle of words, but as I listened more closely, the words became clear.

‘Hannah! Stop wasting water and get out of the shower. Lovely singing by the way.’

IT'S WAR!

Robert

Year 9 Highly Commended 2008

Blade in hand, I ran towards Ares, his minions jumping in the way. But I disposed of them one after the other.

‘Stupid idiots,’ I muttered to myself.

I continued running towards Ares, disposing of more minions in the process. He saw me and threw a fireball at me. I evaded it just in time.

I reached him and said, ‘Ares, you will pay for what you have done!’

I leapt up and thrust my blade deep into the heart of the god of war.

‘Adam, can you stop playing god of war and clean up your room?’ yelled mum.

THE GREAT CHASE!

Sally

Year 10 Highly Commended 2008

Sirens are screaming, cars roaring after me. My foot pushes down hard on the accelerator. Dodging and weaving through traffic. Red light! I have got this far, I cannot surrender.

The petrol gauge is signalling empty. What have I got myself into? The cop car still chases me. Hot on my tail.

Nearly there. I grind the gears as I drive erratically through the town centre.

The fuzz backs off. It's my chance to make a break for it.

Just as I put the car in a higher gear....Damn! I have run out of coins. Game over!

THE ORIGINAL CONCEPT

Mr Harper Staff Co-Winner 2008

Late night, the author sat at his desk staring at the screen of his computer. The thoughts would not come. The ideas were in his head, he knew it, he had done it before.

He thought of a rabbit chased by a girl down a hole into a fantasy world. But it had been done before. A scientist creating life from dead tissue and limbs. It had been done. A desperately revengeful sea captain. No, no, no!

Was he really there, or was he just an apparition of himself, a disembodied brain, writing in a competition for no prize anyway?

ALL IN VAIN

Ms Steel Staff Co-Winner 2008

Crisply starched sheets support me firmly, bier-like in my utter exhaustion. Others bustle around on apparently urgent errands – me unnoticed, alone with my inner turmoil.

My last days were a frenzied, futile struggle against the inevitable darkness of yet another failure, release engulfing me on my solitary return to shabby rooms, echoing, cave-like.

With exquisite disinterest, I ponder the rich, red fluid seeping out steadily, my remaining life's energy drip, dripping away, out of my expertly opened arm.

Exultant, liberated from the binding shackles of life's pressures, I execute my long-laid plan. Donating blood's good for the soul.

[Back to Top](#)

2007

MY GLORY

Tahlia Year 7 Winner 2007

There it was, my big chance. Its brown eyes. I can hear laughter but I try not to let it distract me.

No, nothing can get in the way of me and this beast. Swinging backwards and forwards, this is my moment of glory.

The little smirk on his face makes me eager to get him. My heart is pounding with rage. I feel like I'm trapped. I'm stuck, wanting to run away.

Suddenly, someone grabs my arm. I can't see, they're spinning me around. I'm feeling very dizzy. I hear a loud voice,

"Hurry up and hit the piñata!"

PICTURE PERFECT

Breanna

Year 8 Winner 2007

I watched as the blue, immense waves roared towards me. The glistening yellow sand invited me warmly to embrace its calming effects.

The surrounding palm trees swayed spontaneously in the gentle wind. The sun was right above me, shining on me, tempting me to the water.

I could see the polished white boats bobbing on the glistening water, far ahead of me. I breathed in the never ending freshness of the air around me.

The wind blew a lovely salty scent past my nose as I looked longingly at the beach. 'Hawaii beaches. Book your ticket now,' the postscript read.

RICH AND FAMOUS

Matthew

Year 9 Joint Winner 2007

The famous writer walks onto the stage in front of screaming fans. He tells his fans about the new book as the crowd screams and chants the author's name.

As he concludes his speech he goes and sits behind a desk. One by one the author scribbles his untidy signature on the front page of his newest book.

After signing, the author gets dragged around by the media...

'So, what's it like to be the richest and most famous author in the world?' a news reporter asks.

'Dylan, the microstory contest is due in a couple of days, stop day-dreaming!'

RENOVATIONS

Jemma

Year 9 Joint Winner 2007

Dark shadows stretch across the grass like the long, spindly arms of a wrinkled old man. The wind cuts through my dressing gown like razor blades, dancing with the long, elegant branches of trees.

I hide. They couldn't find me, not this time. Their glinting, shifty eyes watch as I crouch behind the camouflage of dark. I take a chance and move swiftly, trying to stay hidden.

'Aahhgggh!' I fall like a sack of potatoes.

I see light. They hover like kids around fizzy drink. Moths. I scream. I close my eyes.

'Dad! When are we getting an inside toilet?'

THE TASTE OF VICTORY

Susie

Year 10 Winner 2007

The race is about to begin. I'm ready for it! A few seconds of stillness and then I'm off. Go!!

I'm first out of the blocks and around the bend. Surging ahead of the pack, I'm in the lead. Down the back straight, alone and out in front.

Around the last bend, almost home. I'm flying! I can taste the victory!

But out of nowhere someone cuts in front. Oh no! I shouldn't have counted my chickens before they hatched.

I'm almost there. It's neck and neck! I'm stretching, reaching....Yes! I got it!

The last hotdog at the school canteen!

FALLING!

Tahleigh Year 9 Highly Commended 2007

ARGHH!! I'm falling! I can feel the wind in my face. I'm slowly falling to the cold, hard ground. Goodbye world...wait, I'm going back up. YAY!

I can see the beautiful night sky above me. Slowly climbing up and up and up....oh no! ARGHH! I'm falling back down again! Someone near me screams. Someone help me!

I'm crashing down to the ground....woah! I'm going upside down! My hands are shaking. I'm sweating. I'm going back down again. ARGHH! I'm slowly coming down to the ground....yes!

I've finally stopped. Hooray! Thank God that roller-coaster ride is over!

MY BIGGEST LOSS

Rachel

Year 9 Highly Commended 2007

I had been enjoying life. Then, the ringing in my head. The end was coming! I buried my cold, white hands in my teary eyes. I couldn't believe it was happening.

So many questions were running through my head. Why me? Why right now? What would happen next?

Maybe if I played dead then I wouldn't have to continue. There was so much I wanted to do. So many people I wanted to see. I had taken my freedom for granted.

I never really knew that I had and now it was gone.

Lunch time was over, time for Maths.

SWIMMING FOR GOLD

Joseph

Year 8 Highly Commended 2007

I walked into the swimming stadium and the fans in the crowd cheered for me and for the other swimmers. We all got upon the starting blocks. The starter yelled, 'Ready! Set!' Then 'Bang'.

All the swimmers dived in and swam as hard as they could. The swimmer beside me was getting ahead! I strained my muscles and gasped for air.

I passed him, and then touched the end of the pool. The crowd jumped up, yelling as loud as they could. They went crazy! I raised my arms and whooped.

'Honey, wake up – you just wet your bed!'

TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD

James

Year 8 Highly Commended 2007

In Brazil on the most famous strip of beach in the world..Cococabana!
In wild Canada, the picturesque Rockies totally amaze with stunning beauty.
I freeze in the hustle and bustle of Moscow, Russia.
The Berlin Wall where pieces are bought for a hefty price.
To France where the Eiffel Tower lights up the night sky.
In Malta at the Blue Grotto, swimming in a turquoise Mediterranean Sea.
To India where twenty-five million people live in Mumbai's slums.
To the Savannah in Mozambique to see stunning African wildlife.
I wish I could travel the world instead of looking in an atlas.

DEAR MUM!

Amber

Year 8 Highly Commended 2007

Dear Mum,

Today I cleaned the house, but I broke all the plates when I was emptying the dishwasher. And Nan came round and took me out shopping for the day (oh, and you now owe her \$56).

And when I was cleaning I lost your \$100,000 ring (I haven't looked for it yet, so you can when you get home).

Little jack has gone crazy because I keep forgetting to feed the little monkey. And when I went to fill up the bath for Waggs the dog, it overflowed.

from Barbie

P.S. Have fun on your holiday in America.

FIGHT TO THE DEATH

Phillip

Year 7 Highly Commended 2007

I picked up the blade. Four hand spans of fine steel.

‘Engarde!’ my opponent cried.

I came in running. We clashed, parried, jabbed, sliced, dodge rolled – we were in a dancing loop of thrusts and lunges.

We fought for only minutes, but it was an amazing fight. Eventually I disarmed him, and his sword spun through the air.

‘Dead, and you will burn in the depths of Hades!’

‘Never’, my opponent cried, bringing out a dagger.

‘Ha!’ I laughed, but he threw the dagger at me and lunged again for his sword. I threw my own and impaled him.

‘Great take, Phillip.’

PEACE!

Ethan

Year 7 Highly Commended 2007

‘Boom, Boom, Boom.’

‘Shut Up,’ I yell. This noise has been going on all night.

I have a really great idea. I grab my CD player, a rubber band and my MP3 player. Now what?

I put my headphones in my ears and strap the rubber band around my head so the headphones don’t fall out, and then turn it up full bore. I lean over and turn the CD player up full bore as well. I can’t hear my heart anymore. At last I can finally get some sleep.

‘Bang! Bang! Bang!’

Who was that? Oh no, my brother!

DOOFK'TSSS DOOFK'TSSS DOOFK'TSSS

Mr Harper

Staff Winner 2007

The mechanical repetition got to him, why had he started it in the first place? Who was it that said this was a fun factory?

Cycles of sound repeating ad nauseum, all through his waking life. But he had come back – day after day – night after night.

Red lights flash, green lights hold, repeating the pattern over and over. The bench shakes and the vibrations course through his spine.

Friends talk with a loud shout in the ear while the sounds of his life go on, the lights – the lights – on-off-on-off, factory, nightclub? Factory or nightclub?

[Back to Top](#)

2006

MURDER

Harold

Year 8 Winner 2006

The man stared at me with large, round, brown eyes. I angrily grabbed a nearby blade and thrust it heavily into the man's throat.

But this gave me no pleasure, so I proceeded to gouge out his eyes quickly and skilfully. Yet still he grinned back at me with that silly stare.

The people around me gasped as I sliced the knight's leg with a scraper and deposited the contents on the floor without any sign of remorse. I then stood back to admire my job.

"Hey, nice lino print you're making," commented my teacher. "Now you can clean up."

THE BREAK IN

Steven

Year 7 Joint Winner 2006

I quietly sneak around the corner of the dark house at night to get to the back door, get my tools out and go to work.

"Click." I hear the door unlock. I quietly sneak in and gently put down my gear, tiptoe through the kitchen and into the lounge room. I approach the bright Christmas tree. Oh no! I hear footsteps...it's a little girl. She walks down the stairs, rubs her eyes and turns on the lounge room light.

"Oh dear, I'm sprung," I whisper to myself.

The girl lifts her hands from her eyes and softly moans... "Santa?"

THE PERFECT OPPOSITION

Breanna

Year 7 Joint Winner 2006

As the picture perfect girl walked up the pathway with the boy of my dreams I almost fainted. With her blond wavy hair and pearly white teeth, she would make any girl green with envy.

They stopped, she wrapped her arms around him in a deep embrace and said, "Have a great day, sweetie."

"I will," he replied.

The bell rang. She moved towards him. I tried to do something but it was like I was stuck. I couldn't believe it! Oh no! Here they go. Phew, only a peck.

"Love you," said the mysterious girl.

"Love you too mum."

TAKING A WALK

Sophie

Year 9 Winner 2006

I step out into the open, out from behind the safety barrier. It's so tense it feels like you could cut the air with a knife. I feel like I'm frozen.

I start to walk, every footstep making my heart beat faster than the one before. I hear the shots coming. The sound is deafening. I can feel sets of eyes staring through their scopes, watching my every move. Recording it.

I stand tall, promising myself I'm not going to fall.

I finally reach the end and smile. A cheer goes up!

Not bad for a first-time Versace model.

Sally's microstory that has the longest microstory name ever, and the microstory that has the word microstory in its title the most times ever....microstory, microstory.

Sally

Year 10 Winner 2006

Children arrive these days and act like they own the place. We never behaved that way when we were their age.

We were never so disrespectful and rude towards our elders. We may look old, but we've got spirit.

We may walk slower than you, and we may have more wrinkles than you, but we've been here longer and have more experience. And we've got the brains to prove it.

So next time you're thinking of racing past us, or calling us names, remember we're veterans, we're mature and we're smarter than we look...even if we're only in Year Ten.

NOT ANOTHER THUMP!

Kelly Year 9 Highly Commended 2006

Something thumps against my door. Not again! God please give me just one day without a fight to the death! I mean, I know I'm special, but I'd give it all up for just one normal day with myself, mum and dad.

THUMP! THUMP!

I sigh. And without having to fend off an attack from that stupid villain! Is that too much to ask?

THUMP! THUMP!

This ends now! I throw open the door.

"Ram that car against the door again and I'll ram it down your throat!" I screech at my arch nemesis, otherwise known as my little brother.

BOO!

Sean Year 7 Highly Commended 2006

I walk up the dark, dusty corridor. I stumble on something. But I can't see anything. I open a door. I come to a dusty, dim-lit lounge room with moth-eaten couches. And a broken TV with a human bone!

Not just one bone but a whole hand! Argh! My hair catches spider webs. I panic. I run wildly into another room.

Walking around in this scary, freaky looking house I think I've found a staircase. Great! So I slowly walk up it.

Then I see.....a monster!

'Hey kid, it's closing time, so get out of the spook house!'

COMPLETELY ALONE

Matthew Year 8 Highly Commended 2006

On the fifth night, after many long hours exploring the rough seas, the fierce winds whipped round the sails and the waves pounded against the ship. The storm was terrible! This was no time to be at sea. Completely alone and kilometres from safety.

Looking about with wide eyes, the captain noticed a large, terrifying wave approaching towards them at full speed. This wave was too wild; the current was too strong.

The ship overturned and started to sink.

"Hurry up!" shouted his dad – Peter jumped. "Get out of the bath. Stop playing with your ship."

"Yes dad!" said Peter.

INTO THE DEEP

Tim Year 7 Highly Commended 2006

I dive into the deep. I slide across the floor and stop against a wall. I see people moving around me, but I stay in the shadows so no one sees me. I carefully crawl across the slippery floor.

I look up only to see something come flying at me from above. I roll, and screams erupt all around me. I turn and see the object that was swung at me hit the ground.

It looks like a handbag. Behind it I see my goal...a round object. I grab my ball and dive out of the girls' toilets. I'm safe!

THE ESCAPE???

Lanna Year 7 Highly Commended 2006

Dodging frantically around the darkened objects scattered across the floor, Sarah seized the doorknob.

Desperately fighting an unsuccessful battle with the securely locked door, she finally gave up.

Searching in vain for a source of light, the high-pitched evil laugh which had sent her into this fugitive-like run sounded closely behind her.

Stumbling violently on a weird piece of unknown equipment, Sarah was sent sprawling into the middle of this strange, mysterious room.

Terror pounding in her ears, she was paralysed as she felt the hot, putrid breath on the nape of her neck.

"Have you finished the dishes yet?"

HYSTERICAL!

Emily Year 7 Highly Commended 2006

I gaze around me as I enter the room. I look at the solemn expressions upon every student, fear and anxiety in their eyes, sweat slowly dripping down their foreheads.

Poor Jimmy Hatcher has his head down, sobbing, screaming, "I want to go home!"

I'm confused. My friend whispers two words of horror in my ear. My throat tightens. My hands turn to sweat.

Mrs Drac's eyes gleam. Her reddish brown hair seems to go a fierce orange as she opens her mouth. Brown and yellow cracked teeth form into an evil grin as I give a scream...

"Maths test!"

MEOW!

Robert Year 7 Highly Commended 2006

I was shivering! I was in the Antarctic.

Suddenly I heard a roar off and to the left. It was growing louder with each breath I took.

It looked like the ice was moving.

Suddenly I was jumped, and what jumped me was a great, white snow leopard.

Wasn't there anyone around? I tried to push the cat off me but it was too heavy. I tried again and again, and finally managed to force it off.

I looked around for a place to hide. There was nowhere!

"Dylan, what are you doing out in the cold with the cat?"

NUMBERS

Austen Year 7 Highly Commended 2006

Numbers are mean. Watch out for them. They're on the attack. Everywhere you go numbers are there. Always ready to pounce!

Take Thirteen. It's nasty. Most unlucky. It's bound to follow you. If you give him a chance he will attack.

But One is the worst. Have you ever met One for real? Well, you don't want to. It's self-absorbed...

"What the....!?! What's that? It can't be! It's Two, my partner, closing in on me!"

Then I run into Thirteen, roaring. It has a thundercloud above it. It strikes me! Ahhhh! What???

I was at home doing my maths homework.

SNOW MOUNTAIN

Ross Year 7 Highly Commended 2006

I'm climbing up the snow-covered mountain. The snow is extremely thick, and I feel like I could fall straight through it. I'm almost at the top.

Finally I get there, the top at last. I stab my flag into the snow but it only makes the snow weaker and I'm falling straight down. Arrggghhh!!!

I'm alright though, the snow at the bottom of the mountain broke my fall. Something is coming! It's huge, white and hairy! It's coming closer!

It's the Abominable Snowman. I'm doomed, doooooomed!

"Stop playing with your mashed potato and just eat it....and stop screaming!!" shouts mum.

[Back to Top](#)

2005

THE PERFORMANCE

Paul

Year 9 Highly Commended 2005

It was the big night. My first big performance.

I rushed to get ready, fitting my new G-string. Then the show started and I went in hard at first. I started building up a sweat.

The crowd cheered...they wanted more! But then, suddenly, my G-string snapped and left me in painful agony.

I threw the G-string into the crowd and tore offstage with tears of pain in my eyes.

I sat down, shattered. But the crowd was chanting my name. They wanted to see more, so I decided to put on another G-string.

Out I went, and lifted up my...guitar.

THE DIVORCE

Joseph

Year 8 Highly Commended 2005

The pain, the heartache. I lay on my bed, thoughts racing through my mind. I could hear Mum and Dad arguing, screaming at each other.

I was really worrying. Could this end our family? Tear our lives apart forever? Would I go with Mum or Dad? Where would we live?

I crept out of my bedroom door to find out what was happening. They were yelling louder and louder.

I'd had enough! I flung the livingroom door open and bellowed "Stop it!".

They turned around, and it was then I noticed they were playing a wrestling game on Xbox.

DÉJÀ VU!

Sally

Year 7 Highly Commended 2005

I woke up right on time this morning. I was having breakfast and then I was ready for school. I had time to watch television. This was a first.

So I flicked on the switch and tuned in.

'Hi, sweetie,' Mum chirped.

'You're up early,' she remarked.

'Thought I'd get an early start,' I replied.

'That's a change,' Mum answered.

Something weird was going on. Mum was too happy or something. Then she started chuckling to herself.

I decided to just ignore her and enjoy my television time. Mum then raced back in and said, 'It's the weekend, silly Sally.'

MURDER

Harold

Year 7 Highly Commended 2005

I try not to scream as the lady turns with a large, shining object in her hand. Looking around, I find that there is only one option left to me; quickly turning I look for an escape route.

Seeing only one path, I take it, and run past the woman and through an archway.

The gathered people look surprised as I run past. One of them yells out, but ignoring him, I continue to escape through the window. Out of the corner of my eye I see the woman leaning out...

"Look here," says the nurse, "it's only an injection."

GOOD MORNING

Jesse

Year 9 Winner 2005

It was a sunny day in mid March 2004. Birds were chirping, school children were on their way to school, elderly people were up and walking their dogs or getting their paper.

The milkman drove past and gave me a rare smile. The leaves on the gum trees were green and glittering in the morning sun, making the morning dew fade away.

The mailman on his mail run rode his motorbike past me, looked at me, and then handed me my mail very carefully.

I walked back inside, and to my surprise discovered I had no clothes on. Major embarrassment!

IN THE TRENCHES

Jesse

Year 9 Winner 2005

I was in the trenches. Shrapnel going everywhere.

'Bang.' A shell just exploded...and then another. I was in D Company, 9th Platoon. The Turks were riddling our sandbags with machinegun fire. And if I stood up, I would be dead.

My brother had already been killed by the Turks. He was a scout. He had helped us get this far, and without him we would have still been lost.

'Bang.' Another shell just exploded. If it hadn't been for my wife I don't think I would have made it this far.

'Daniel, put away those toy soldiers. It's dinner time.'

[Back to Top](#)

2003

WORST ENEMIES

Michael

Year 8 Winner 2003

I feel like an enemy.

I look up, and stare into his glassy gaze.

He pokes his tongue out at me, and I realise that he has his tongue pierced. Ooh, he's such a rebel.

The way he looks at me, I kind of know that he doesn't like me. The scars on his face tell me that he's been in a few fights and brawls.

I also see the blood trickle down his face and onto the bumpy ground below.

"Oh, my God, are you alright?"

"No, not really, I've just been bashed."

"Who by?"

"By people like you."

RUN

Sally

Year 7 Winner 2003

They are swarming at me from every direction, screaming like devils.

Everywhere!

I'm scared. I gotta get outta here.

Too many of them.

Throwing things at me.

Escape!

Where?

Anywhere.

Run. Hide.

They're chasing me. Screaming at me.

"Help!" I yell.

They're still screaming.

They've got a hold of me.

Let go! Somebody help me, save me.
Run!
That's all I can do.
Let me go.
They're dragging me down, lower than low.
I've gotta be freed.
Let go.
I'm nearly there, in the safety of my bedroom.
Luckily, my little sister's birthday party only happens once a year. Phew!!

BREAKFAST

Tom

Year 9 Winner 2003

Curried eggs and baked beans were a bad combination for breakfast. The egg got blown off the wall. What made matters worse was that it was on the edge of a cliff.

The egg whipped out his yellow phone and called the castle. The king was on a skiing trip at the snow so one of the king's men answered the phone.

The king's men came and fixed the egg with jam – which took a long time.

“Michael, stop playing with your breakfast and clean up the egg and jam off the floor. Is that a king in the sugar?”

[Back to Top](#)

2002

PIN HEAD

John

Year 8 Winner 2002

All lined up like a platoon of soldiers ready to fight the impossible. Battle trenches on either side.

Our only defence is the gunner's aim.

He stands, poised, lining up his shot, ready to fire. Even if we get knocked down those guys above us will defend our reputation - for we always come back for more.

The deadly cannon ball, that lethal bomb, comes at us faster and faster, spinning the whole time.

We're facing the impossible.

I hear the rolling, I see it coming towards us like a ball of fire!

“STRIKE!”

And Michael bowls a perfect game again.

[Back to Top](#)

2001

A KNOWN STALKER

Daniel

Year 9 Winner 2001

I ducked around the corner. I thought he saw me. I wasn't sure.
I took another look around the corner.

Not too far away he was standing there, looking at me. I stared into his deep brown eyes - I was in a trance. It was so intense.

He looked as though he had a deformed face - it was so ugly, but I continued staring. I took a step forward, and with no delay, so did the stranger standing before me.

Like a tracker beam he pulled me towards him.

"Daniel, what are you doing in front of that mirror?"

HEARTBREAK AND SEPARATION

Hilary

Year 7 Winner 2001

I could not believe it. I didn't think he'd do it. Here I was bawling my heart out over the kitchen bench. As he walked into the room, there was an awkward silence. He brushed past me. I'm going to miss his scent. I shouldn't have done it. Why is he leaving? What happened to us? Is this the end?

I sank my head in my hands, wiping the tears, and watched him pack.

He looked up. Our eyes met. He hurried past.

"Don't go!" I sobbed, grabbing his arm.

"I have to, mum! It's my first day at kindergarten!"

THE MONSTER IN FRONT OF ME...

Rhiannon

Year 8 Winner 2001

The monster in front of me growled as its eyes glowed an angry green.

I could smell its foul, sour, disgusting breath as it washed over my face - moist and warm.

Gathering every ounce of courage, I yelled loudly at the hideous beast to try and show that I was tougher than it was, although I knew I was not.

But I knew I also could not think like that. I had to rise up against my fears and show it who was boss. I ran out.

God, I hate detention with Mrs Williamson. It just ruins my whole day!

BANG, BANG, YOU'RE DEAD

Felicity

Year 10 Winner 2001

When I woke the next morning all I could remember was being hit over the head with a large, round object. I was fully awake. I noticed that my feet and hands were tied up. Then I heard footsteps coming my way. Suddenly the door flung open and a tall dark man with a mask and overalls approached me. In his right hand was a gun. He started talking to me about how I should die - fast or slow. Then he put the gun to my head and said,

“Bang, bang, you’re dead...”
Cut, cut! That was excellent.

[Back to Top](#)

2000

IN THE JUNGLE

Hannah

Year 7 Winner 2000

I’m walking through the jungle. It sure is a mess. Soft leaves and vines cover the ground, trees are scattered all around, leaving no light. It feels like eyes are watching me, waiting, staring, sucking the life out of me. Strange shapes are leaning over me. Where am I? It’s a very strange place. Wait, what was that? Someone, or something, is standing over me. I hear a click, brilliant light surrounds me; I’m in my room. There’s mum! She’s not looking too happy. There’s murder in her eyes.

“Hannah, clean up your filthy room this instant.”

Yep, real murder!

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

Christopher

Year 9 Winner 2000

Their assault began. They sent an innocent looking woman to infiltrate our base. We were out of ammo, so I motioned to my troops to dive for cover. The woman was getting closer. That’s when I saw a civilian walking stupidly around in circles. I jumped up and tackled her, landing perfectly behind the cover. But I was too slow. The woman saw us. Then I heard a knock at the door.

“Let me up!” demanded my mum. She got up and answered the door.
“Nooooo!!!” I screamed as the door opened.
“Hello,” said the woman, “this is Avon calling.”

SAVING PRIVATE BILL

Ben

Year 8 Winner 2000

“Help me, somebody help me!” A lone soldier was besieged in an old house by six enemy soldiers. He could hear them laughing. Either one of them had cracked a joke or they were laughing at his plaintive cry for help.

God, he thought. Why can't a man shelter in an old house without being attacked and besieged by six enemy soldiers hiding in the undergrowth?
And now he needed to pee. Great!
Suddenly he heard a yell.
“What are you lot doing?”
The cavalry. Mum.

[Back to Top](#)

1997

THE BIG BATTLE

Jarrold

Year 9 Winner 1997

Over my rifle sight I could detect the rustling of branches and the distinct snapping of small twigs from the boots of enemy soldiers. I knew my gut feeling wouldn't let me down, for some reason the timing of the enemy attempting to penetrate the perimeter of our defence area was exactly as I predicted.

The training we had carried out would seem like a picnic compared to the battle that was about to unfold against the well armed troops of the enemy.

I was just about to pull the trigger when I heard a loud roar, “Tea's ready boys”.

THE HUNT

Heather

Year 8 Winner 1997

I looked through the leaves of the bush and saw the grounds, bathed in moonlight. I was cramped and chilled to the bone, lying deathly still. I couldn't move. That would be fatal. He would get me.

My heart raced and every muscle was strained as I heard his foot steps coming... then going.... then coming. I caught my breath as the torch beam cut across the twisted shadows of the night, and landed on the bush.

The slightest intake of breath, this was my fatal mistake. He would get me now. I was done for....
“Spotto Tess” he called.

KILLER

Carly

Year 10 Winner 1997

It's devastating. Those terrible sounds repeating through my head, over and over. Not five minutes ago I was safe and secure in my everyday surroundings. But now, being tossed in the milky rapids. I try in a frenzy to avoid my fate. My friends are all gone. Soon it will be my turn. It is inevitable. It will kill me too. This is the beginning of my end. the rapids descend, I fall into the dark, damp chasm. I will welcome death, if it comes quickly. Those dreadful sounds are coming. "SNAP, CRACKLE, POP". The cereal killer bites again.

WOMAN'S REVENGE

Lauren

Year 11 Winner 1997

Henry V111 lay in bed, bloated and enormous, sipping the gruel that his wife, Catherine Parr had brought him. It had a faintly bitter flavour and he frowned, hurling abuse at Catherine and his physician until he sank back exhausted.

He felt himself drifting, nothing stable except the sudden deadly pain in his stomach. He saw the ghosts of old wives and mistresses around his bed: Jane who died in childbirth, Catherine of Aragon in exile, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard still bloody from the axe. But as he watched the faces settled into one: Catherine Parr, and she was smiling.

I SMILED TO MYSELF

Kylie Year 9 Highly Commended 1997

I smiled to myself as I walked up the street in joy that I'd just completed my latest piece of artwork. I stopped, suddenly remembering that I'd forgotten my staple gun, so I headed back in the direction of the school. When I got there it was deserted, like any normal school after the home bell had rung. Luckily somebody was still there so I could get in.

I turned the corner into my room and there was my teacher standing, gripping the staple gun like a pistol. As I tried to scream he whispered, "Did you forget something, Ashleigh?"

SHARP SHOOTER

Adam Year 8 Highly Commended 1997

He was in range. I could see the Prime Minister walking quickly to his escort. I took a deep breath and raised the scope to my eye. He was in my sights now. I adjusted the sights making sure the crosshair was lined up with his head. I was so nervous. I could be spotted easily behind these bushes.

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. But thinking of what this could do for my career made me stay. Suddenly, the Prime Minister yelled out "Hey get that man out of here". I was dragged away.

"Damn photographer," he said.

SEARCHING

Kim-Lee Year 10 Highly Commended 1997

It wasn't the first time I'd been here or done this. Somehow, though, it was different, and trudging through the darkness alone I became scared. I knew what I was looking for, but was awfully worried that, if it wasn't found, I'd never live it down.

I rummaged around in the bleakness. Still nothing. I looked over my shoulder at a sound I thought was coming from behind me.

"Hey, you two! Settle! That's enough 'Murder in the dark' for one night, I think," came my mum's voice, as she flicked the switch, and the room was bathed in light.

THE TEST

Rebecca Year 11 Highly Commended 1997

The car swerved sharply to the right, mounting the kerb as it sped around the corner, sending a spray of garbage cans flying across the road. The car continued its path of destruction, demolishing young trees and frightening elderly pedestrians before coming to a halt.

It reversed down the street before nervous onlookers, and straight through a red light, narrowly avoiding disaster. The car moved at high speed toward the town quarry, coming to a sudden, tyre-screaming halt with centimetres to spare before the drop.

The driver turned to her slumped passenger with a sweet smile.
"Did I pass?"

[Back to Top](#)

1996

THE GETAWAY

Kate

Year 7 Winner 1996

I crept into the room. Even a single sneeze could make the avalanche fall. I froze. All of a sudden, I didn't feel alone. Was there someone or maybe something else in the room with me? I looked around. There didn't appear to be any one about. Even more quietly than before I continued on my journey. Creak, creak, creak. These floorboards were really noisy! Almost there, I thought to myself. As I turned the corner, a breeze flowed through a window. There she sat, on the lounge chair, thinking, waiting and watching. Oh no! "Kate," she said sharply, "do the dishes!"

[Back to Top](#)

1995

MY FRIEND THE GHOST – BASED ON A TRUE EXPERIENCE

Year 7 Winner 1995

The afternoon was warm. I was rummaging through my schoolbag for a snack. A man gets hungry after double PE. Oh man! I'd accidentally brought home my mate Bryce's sport shirt. Never mind, I could ring. Forgetting my guts, I dialled. An old woman answered. Bryce's granny, maybe. I asked for him.

Her shaky reply suddenly took the warmth out of the day.

"Bryce hasn't lived here for 120 years."

My hair stood on end. Things clicked. Very weird things. Like the day after school he'd said "Gotta Go!" and I'd distinctly seen him jump the fence into the cemetery....

THE SCARE

Daniel

Year 8 Winner 1995

I woke up with a start. It was the middle of the night. The wind was howling and the rain was thudding down on our tin roof. I sat up and slowly started to get out of bed. The lightning flashed and lit up my room. I could see everything: my TV, my phone, my cupboards.

I got up and headed towards the door. I opened it and walked out. From the corner of my eye I picked up a dark shadow creeping towards me. I froze. The shadow crept up and rubbed against my leg.

It was my cat!

DISASTER ZONE

Adam

Year 9 Winner 1995

It looked as if a hurricane had hit the place. I had only left the place for a couple of days. There were papers lying scattered on the ground, old children's toys, some with heads ripped off, others covered in what looked like red blood.

There were food scraps scattered everywhere, graffiti on the walls, dead and alive insects littering the room, a wall of cobwebs filled with giant spiders, smashed windows and in the middle of the room was an upturned bed. I felt a cold, hard, icy hand on my shoulder.

"Clean up this room now!" yelled mum.

BROTHERS IN ARMS

Melanie

Year 11 Winner 1995

Mark and John were brothers. They always fought. They were in the room arguing. Mark was older than John, but John was the rascal. John had just got out of jail and was trying to repay his debts.

“Don’t give me that rubbish, how you’ve just got out of jail, John.”

“Just give me a bit more time, I’ll be able to pay you back the \$200.”

Just then their mum walked in.

“I wish you two could grow up.”

As she walked out the door, Mark rolled the dice across the board. He got six. He landed on Mayfair.

[Back to Top](#)

1994

NURSERY CRIMES

Eloise

Year 11 Winner 1994

I looked down from the top of the wall. The wind whipped around my head and tears ran down my smooth cheeks. The bleakness of my life engulfed me. Trembling, I finished the note and took one last look. Then I was falling, falling a great fall....

Lieutenant James of the King’s Cavalry surveyed the scene. The shattered remains lay everywhere. Sergeant Oswald brought him the note. James read it and then decided to discard it. Terrible business, couldn’t let this out to the children. So he began his famous cover-up report “Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall....”

[Back to Top](#)