



Contents

Introduction	2
Stories	3
Bombed – <i>Nina White</i>	3
Blackout, Whiteout – <i>Ruby Turner</i>	5
Kidnapped – <i>Ruby Turner</i>	8
The Creature in the Pantry – <i>Zara Lockhart</i>	9
Swirly Wirlyys – <i>Evie Munday</i>	11
The Lonely Elephant – <i>Kaari Ellen</i>	17
My Robot Bird – <i>Lydia Cowdery Lack</i>	23
The Key – <i>Lola Arnold</i>	23
Darcy’s Dream – <i>Lola Arnold</i>	24
Walking to school on a Tuesday – <i>Lola Arnold</i>	24
Out of Amo – <i>Kit Crossin</i>	25
Robot Bird – <i>Ella Nicholas</i>	26
The Vampire Demon – <i>Ella Nicholas</i>	28
Robots Attack – <i>Josh Navan</i>	29
Cristiano Ronaldo – <i>Mel Kittisarn</i>	32
My Robot Bird – <i>Mel Kittisarn</i>	38
Poems	40
I am... poems	40
Object poems	44
Miscellaneous poems	49
Homage to Andy and Terry	52
Illustrated Stories	52
Bad Mummy	55
Jar Labels	56
Lists	57
Random Idea Generator	58
Dumb Ideas (and what happened next)	60
Business Case	61
Afterword	63

Introduction

It's been a great pleasure running the inaugural APS Creative Writing Club since we started in August this year. The students have written poems and stories, made Robot Birds, drawn cartoons and, in one instance, created a brand and a business case! They have brainstormed ideas alone and together, participated (mostly!) willingly in the activities I've offered including "speed writing" and creating a group poem. We've also looked at writing techniques such as how to write "bold beginnings" and "excellent endings" to our stories.

In our 2016 anthology, we've included samples of each student's work. Some students have devised and written many more stories and poems than we can include here. Their output over the past 2 terms is a testament to their imagination and perseverance – hallmarks of creative work. Some students have indicated they will continue working on their stories next year.

A special thanks to Charlotte Hogan (year 6) for her beautiful artwork, including the front cover, which was especially commissioned. And a particular warm thank you to my son, Oscar Cowdery Lack, (APS student 2005–2011) who used his computer wizardry skills to design and typeset our anthology at record speed.

Looking forward to more creative thinking and writing in 2017!

Edwina Cowdery

In creative writing club we learn to be creative with our ideas and make exciting stories with crazy, enticing twists. Having fun is a big part of our writing club whether you work in groups or alone. In our writing group it is easy to have fun because nothing is too hard and our teacher, Edwina, is always open to new ideas.

Every Tuesday our groups get together in the classroom 2C and we all think up ideas for our new poems and stories. Creative writing club gives you so many opportunities to test your capabilities and see what skills for writing you have. Writing club also gives us a safe space to share our story creations and read them out to the rest of the class if we choose to.

We work on lots of activities to jog our mind and make us feel inspired such as writing poems and haikus about different objects. We also did an exercise where we each contributed a paragraph about a random topic. When we combined the paragraphs it made for quite an interesting read. Edwina also organised for us to go on an excursion to the Sydney Story Factory. We had a great time and participated in many activities, including a speed writing competition.

Nina White (Year 5) and Charlotte Hogan (Year 6)

Bombed by Nina White (Year 5)

I heard the explosion from our underground bomb shelter. With an explosion that loud the bomb must have gone off very close to us. I was scared, very scared, what if it was someone I knew. I cried. I could tell my mum was scared too, I could see the tears welling up in her eyes.

Mum spoke to me in a dried out voice, "Everything will be alright."

But I knew she was lying. We waited a few hours, hearing the distant bombs until we were sure they had stopped. As we cautiously stepped outside I stumbled on something, a door, my door.

I stopped, then stepped back, I could not believe my eyes. I looked up and saw a pile of rubble that used to be a home. I tried to blink back tears, but that was proven impossible. I then asked in a croaky voice where we would live now. Mum told me that we would just need to leave. I knew we had to leave but I didn't want to, I loved that place!

I wondered if that was what it was like for my two brothers in the war. Would they go through this every day? It would be horrible! I questioned if this war would ever end or if it will be just like the last one that only went for four years. I was born a few years after it ended.

The war has been going for three years now and I am sick of it! Since our house has been bombed and we

have nowhere to go we won't receive any mail from the postman, although I don't like him anyway because he might deliver a telegram for Edward or John.

Meanwhile in the battlefields. Two weeks later.

"John, John, please, wake up!" Edward shouted over the sounds of shooting and bombing. John responded, clearly weakened, "quick before it...", then he just stopped, and closed his eyes.

Edward didn't hear the faint stomping of feet behind him that belonged to the battalion's army general, but if he did, he would have turned around and got straight back to work because he knew the consequences...

Back at the house

After we had packed what was left of our belongings we started to try and find somewhere safe to go at least for the one night.

"We have been walking for hours. I am so tired. Can't we just stay here?" I asked.

"Sorry, Alice, we can't. We won't be safe. Apart from a few trees there is nothing for shelter." Mum replied.

"PLEASE, PLEASE, MUM, PLEASE.

I feel as though I may die of exhaustion!" I pleaded so hard I thought I was going to lose my voice.

"Ahhh", I screamed as I fell to the ground, landing flat on my back.

"Alice. Alice, what happened are you ok?" Mum worried.

"I am fine, Mum. I just stumbled on something. Hey, I think I tripped on a brick. What if there is a cottage nearby?"

"Do you see that, Alice? It looks like smoke from a chimney. Come on, there may be someone that can help us inside!" Mum exclaimed.

We walked along and, sure enough, we found the cottage, knocked and went inside. It was so warm in there and when I awoke, I could not remember falling asleep...

To be continued...

Blackout, Whiteout by Ruby Turner (Year 4)

A warm breeze spilled through the open window and a soft sunrise showered the room with golden light.

At the window, a shadow sat, curled up on the sill.

Outside there was an oak tree that was one of million standing in the forest. In that tree a bird sang a sweet tune, chirping very merrily indeed.

The shadow sat looking at this happy bird enjoying the peaceful moment. Then silently the shadow slipped off the wooden sill and crept over the wooden room to a rickety bed where she lay down and drifted off to sleep.

"MOLLY!!!"

"What... what...?" Suddenly Molly sat upright on her rickety bed.

Molly had inherited her Mum's copper red hair but her Dad's sea green aqua eyes. She had pale skin and rosy red lips with her nose sprinkled with dainty freckles.

Molly and Milly were identical twins but it was easy to tell them apart. Milly's sea green eyes were darker and sadder with a hint of her Mum's hazel eyes making an ugly mix. Her red hair was less vibrant and more like fuzzy wet redwood bark than Molly's smooth copper red hair that crackled and shone like fire. Milly's pale skin was dull and lifeless and covered in large, brown blotchy freckles. Whereas Molly's pale skin was free of blemishes and shone with life. Milly's tips were pale and pinched and her eyes were smaller than

Molly's by far and all her features seems disoriented.

Molly was stunningly beautiful, but Milly was ugly and jealous of Molly being so kind and beautiful.

Now where were we? Oh yes, it was dark and outside snow covered the ground. A chill went through Molly as she heard wolves howling in the dense forest. Icy snow fluttered through the open window and a snow storm whirled around the wooden holiday hut.

Quickly Molly jumped up and slammed the window shut. She pulled down both the blinds and the curtains but it was still freezing.

"MOLLY GET DOWN HERE NOW!!!"

"Coming!" replied Molly and she raced downstairs. It was much warmer down in the bottom level. Her mum, dad and Milly, were huddled under five blankets on the couch with the heater on full blast and 2 fireplaces lit.

"Get in!" replied Mum. "You could die up there, it's so cold."

"There might be a snowstorm," explained Dad.

"Then why don't we go into the cellar?" reasoned Molly.

"THERE'S A CELLAR?" exclaimed everyone, in unison.

"How do you know?" said Milly meanly.

"Don't be mean, Milly," ordered dad.

"Fine," retorted Milly rudely.

“C’mon, I’ll show you the cellar,” said Molly quickly changing the subject.

She walked calmly into the mouldy wooden kitchen and grabbed the loose plank, pulling hard.



Three boards came loose and revealed a metal trap door.

“Found it!” Molly called.

Mum, Dad and Milly struggled out of the covers and staggered towards the kitchen, shivering. As they got out from under the doonas you could see Mum’s woollen long-sleeved dress and thermals, Dad’s 3 jumpers and track suit pants and Milly’s 17 tops, 3 jackets, 4 scarves and 13 woollen pants.

They staggered into the kitchen like giant colourful snowmen. Dad grabbed the trap door, finally finding a little handle. He pulled it upwards. The door slowly creaked open. It was pitch black... “Aaagh!” A scream came out of the darkness.

Molly reached her arm down into the pitch black cellar being very careful not to fall in. She found the switch and turned on the light...

“Finally,” said Dad from in the cellar. “Didn’t anybody hear me scream when I fell in?”

“We did”, said Molly. Then she slowly climbed down the ladder into the cellar.

It was very bright with the light on and it seemed rather large, too. There were 3 bunks at the far wall in reason-

ably good condition. On the left wall, which was white, there was a shelf full of cans and cans of food. There was ham in cans, chicken in cans, corn in cans, tomato in cans, pies in cans and desserts, too. On the right wall were 5 huge water containers and a pack of 150 water bottles.

“This is luxury”, said Milly looking at the fluffy carpet. She had jumped in behind Molly.

“I wish the rest of the house was like this,” exclaimed Molly in awe of the leather couch and wooden bedframe with 7 pillows and 2 cushy doonas. Molly had found out about the cellar when she was 3 and they must have renovated it since because, then, there were cobwebs everywhere and no food or water or couch. She wondered what was inside... A TV? A mini trampoline? Before she could open it Milly pushed her way past Molly and opened it.

Inside were board games, books, pillows and card games that Milly instantly got stuck into. Molly however wandered to the other side of the room.

Next to all the water were piles and piles of blankets, more pillows, doonas, quilts, sheets fluffy dressing gowns, a pile of warm coats and even 4 electric heaters. “They must have changed it a lot,” thought Milly as she saw a little door near the bunks at the end of the room. Molly dawdled over, taking in her surroundings as she went. Then she opened the door, turned on the light and saw a sink and a toilet and a shower.

“This must be the bathroom,” she

said aloud.

“A bathroom?” exclaimed dad. “When we rented the holiday hut I didn’t realise it has be renovated since last time we came.”

“Yeah,” said Milly. “We should probably bring down our stuff. If we don’t bring it down quick, we’ll get stuck in the storm which I bet is likely to last for ages like usual.”

You see in the Barmah State Forest (where we were staying) there were lots of long lasting storms and snow. In one case we were snowed in...

“Someone help me in I can’t fit!” said Mum from the door.

“No point,” replied Dad, “you can help me bring down the stuff.”

Dad climbed up the ladder and they both disappeared through the door, Mum’s copper red hair swishing behind her.

To be continued...

Kidnapped by Ruby Turner (Year 4)



What was that? My friends and I were walking home from school when we took a wrong turn in the dark. Beside us the pale street lamp flickered and went out. Then there was a snap. A shiver went down my spine but I kept walking not wanting to show my fear. In front of me was darkness. Behind me was darkness. All was dark. Panic welled up in me. I was overwhelmed.



What was that? I was now fully freaked.

"Guys", I croaked my voice sounded hoarse. "This is not funny."



Something hit my leg and I crumpled to the ground. "Aaaaaaagh." I heard a high pitched scream and I blacked out.

I woke up to blue lights. The ground beneath me was hard. My long silver blonde hair was soaked in blood. There was a deep slash on the pale skin of my arm. My leg was twisted at an

odd angle. There was large bruised cut on my forehead and my right ankle was red and swollen. The rest of my body was covered in cuts, scratches and bruises.

I groaned and tried to sit up. Excruciating pain shocked me and I fell backwards and whacked my head on the ground which turned out to be concrete.

"You're brave to try and sit up," said a voice from behind her. "Drink this," the voice repeated. "It will help you."

A cup appeared above. Over the blue it was black. I attempted to reach up at the hand and soup.

Yet again, I was filled with pain and my arm fell back. That was the last straw. I heard the thump of my arm hitting the ground and I blacked out.

When I woke up I tasted salt in my mouth. I was sitting in a soft blue bed propped up on three blue pillows.

To be continued...

The Creature in the Pantry by Zara Lockhart (Year 5)

Chapter 1 – The Bad Day

It was Tuesday, another school day for Eva at Merry Vale Primary School. She was excited but upset because she was moving house today. She was leaving at 1:00pm today just when lunchtime would start. This morning hadn't been such a good morning for Eva because she accidentally slept in till 8:30am when her school started at 9:00am. "Oops," said Eva to her mother.

When Eva arrived at school it was already 8 minutes past 9:00am. She was late like always. When she walked in she handed her late note to her teacher Mrs. Welsh, who exclaimed to the class: "Ms. Millington, can you tell us why you're late?"

Eva obviously said "YES... I slept in until 8:30." After she stumbled over her words the whole class laughed, except her best friend Emma. Then the class immediately stopped laughing when their teacher yelled:

"DON'T YOU DARE LAUGH AT EVA LIKE THAT! Thank you Emma for not laughing. Oh and I almost forget to tell you this, detention AT RECESS ALL OF YOU except you Eva and Emma"

"Thank you Ms. Welsh" replied the two girls. Everyone else moaned. When the bell for recess rang Eva gave the late note on a little white piece of paper that said KATE WELSH.

Eva's teacher opened the note which read:

*Dear Kate Welsh,
We are very sorry that Eva was late again today. We are just so stressed because this will be her last day at this school as we are packing our bags and moving house at 1:00pm. Hope you understand.
Ruby Millington.*

As the girls walked out of their classroom and got their lunch, they saw a boy.

"Do you know what I'm thinking?" said Eva.

"Yep," answered Emma.

So the two girls nodded their heads and walked up to the new kid at their school. "Hi!" they said

"Stay away from me! You don't really know who I am!" the boy exclaimed as he ran away.

Eva and Emma just looked confused. Before they ate anything the bell rang.

"WHAT!!! The bell rang already I didn't even open my lunch box and we came out first. Tom ate more than us even though he stayed in detention for 10 minutes!" yelled Eva angrily.

"Today's been a rough day for you, hey Eva."

"You think? It's been the worst day ever! I slept in early didn't eat anything for recess plus, I'm leaving at lunch to move house! And Emma, I should've told you earlier but I'm moving school."

"WAIT... WHAT!!! Really? Well then we will all miss you so much Eva. Shame you couldn't say goodbye to the

others cause they're at cricket today." **Chapter 2 – New School New Life**

"Yeah BIG SHAME I know. Anyway we better go before we're late for class." *To be continued...*

"Alright then, let's go!"

"This is so boring; this is so bor—"

"BE QUIET, EVA!"

"But this is so boring Dad!"

"Eva, that does not mean you have to tell the whole world."

"WHATEVER," complained Eva.

"See after 3 hours we're here!"

"Only three hours that felt like three years... WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?"

"This is our new house Eva," said her mother softly.

"Uh wait who's that? O my gosh! That's the new boy from school today! So how is he here before us?"

"Eva, how are we supposed to know?"

Eva just looked very confused. As soon as that weird kid saw her unpacking the car, he ran into her house. So she grabbed her luggage and followed him. She ran into her new home and followed his footsteps and silent shadow. He ran up the stairs, but she was too late. There was a door that was slammed shut. And she knew that was him. But she didn't give up; she went upstairs and looked in every room that she could find but found nothing.

Until she went into the kitchen and got something out of the pantry, a bag of chips—

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" she cried.

Swirly Wirlys by Evie Munday (Year 4)

Chapter 1 – Swirly Wirlys

A waiter stood over a young girl. She was oblivious to the waiter even though he had a dark brim hat covering his non visible hair and a mosaic top underneath his mucky apron. She was not trying to be rude yet it seemed that way. She was alone at the table due to her Mum needing the toilet and her two brothers that had harassed her father to go outside to the restaurants mundane courtyard. So that meant she was left here alone.

The waiter stared intensely but glumly at the young girl. She turned to face him. He was not the most attractive man you could meet but a very nervous and unsure man. He shyly muttered to her “I think this... is your drink madam.” The girl was clueless about when her parents had ordered this drink but took it with great pleasure and gulped it down immediately before her parents came back and told her to share with her brothers. The waiter stumbled away stiffly.

Eventually, her parents came back and the family chewed down their tasteless dinner. They walked out on to the road while her father queued to pay the very expensive bill as they were a hungry family. They waited for the father to come back but the girl got distracted by a vivid poster stuck to the wall of the favoured but hectic lolly shop of the famous New York City. She got closer to the poster. The bright

words and the exhilarating pictures intrigued her.

The poster showed an enthusiastic boy who stood beneath the counter stealing lollies which were supposedly called Swirly Wirlys. She was staring intensely at the poster so she didn't hear her beloved mother calling her name above the ranting of the busy streets. Instead she walked into the crazy shop with the intention of getting lost in the maze of lollies surrounding her. Her mother came hurrying up to stay close behind her.

The girl walked in to a separate room which held dozens of these Swirly Wirlys. She picked one up and stared at it trying to find any hidden secrets that lay beneath the fluorescent wrapping. She gazed and stared at the bar until a man walked in and stared in turn at the bewildered girl. She was there for a few minutes staring at the lollies. She didn't notice the man because she had very bad social awareness and because it was a crowded room.

Other customers in the shop had noticed the man because of his cracked glasses and his ripped mosaic shirt underneath an apron. But the girl did not notice him at all. When she turned around to leave the shop she walked out without noticing the man. He didn't mind that she left without speaking or acknowledging him as he was used to that. He was more interested in the bar of lollies she had been grasping which

was now lay deserted on a box in the far dusty corner of the room. There was something in particular about this bar which he was interested in. He grabbed it ferociously and strolled determinedly out of the room.

Everyone in the shop recognised him as Harry the Hopeless but today they weren't interested in him, only the lollies. He was glad not to have to banter with the people in the lolly shop. People were so oblivious to him today they didn't notice him walk out of the shop grasping the bar of lollies the young girl had been holding before. They didn't even notice him not pay. He walked out of the shop around the corner which was the same way as the young girl had gone except she continued along the street. He sat down and gulped down the bar before walking back round the corner.

Meanwhile, the girl had noticed a deserted street which was unusual in New York. She strolled down the avenue when she heard muffled whispering between two young men. The first one said "Here is your money." It continued like this:

"Thanks man, I appreciate it."

"It is all part of the job, I guess."

"Yeah you're right."

"You know what you need to do."

"Yep."

She walked back slowly and steadily. She said something to her Mum. Her Mum wasn't behind her but she didn't know that. Really she had strolled out of the lolly shop not knowing she had left her mother in there. She spoke un-

steadily "Mum, did you hear that?" but there was no reply. She turned around to find it was an empty space which she hoped her Mum would be standing in right now but she wasn't. As she walked out of the avenue she heard what the men had said but louder this time. She looked back onto the street but they weren't there. She looked up to see the words echoing on the big screen in New York. She stepped back when "honk!" – she had stepped too far and ended on the road and a taxi driver in a hurry wasn't too pleased about this.

The girl dodged the cars to get back to the path where she went looking for her parents. She went back to the restaurant but they weren't there. She walked back outside the lolly shop which was now soundless as it was late at night. She couldn't find them. She was ravenous and at that moment she saw a Swirly Wirly laying on the ground. She picked it up and gulped it down. After she swallowed it she lay down and her eyes shut slowly and she drowsed off to a nice cosy sleep where she would have wonderful dreams and not be disturbed by her brothers in the night. She thought about her parents. Would they be worried about her?

She drifted off to sleep.

Chaper 2 – On Repeat

Emma woke up and remembered last night. She was in a broad street with dimmed lamps. An enormous garbage bin with a repulsive and repugnant smell rolled and then fell over as if someone had just kicked it really hard

and ran away. A cat's fur rubbed against Emma's face and she arose with a jolt which scared the cat away. It wasn't even dawn so nobody was awake. It was as dark as midnight and you couldn't see a thing even though it wasn't midnight. But Emma didn't know that. She felt curious and intrigued about why there weren't any late parties going on in New York. After a few seconds, Emma started to come to her senses and was suddenly alert and aware of her surroundings.

She wandered around in search of the town hall clock. She reached where it supposedly was. Instead of a large clock on an ancient building in the busy city of New York was an enormous photo of a young girl gallivanting for the Swirly Wirlyls. The photo was only a fragment of the large poster wall.

There were various posters of different things but none of them interested Emma except for one. It was a small poster of a girl at the Paris airport waiting to depart to Nice. She was boarding the plane. In her red velvet bag was an envelope but the words on them weren't visible from a distance. She didn't understand why that was in New York. America hates the French because of their childish, oversimplified and ignorant history and their arrogance to think they are entitled to other countries, all because of something the country did 70 years ago.

Emma was really confused as to why it was there but she walked on. As she turned round the corner she found her eyes gazing on something very strange.

It was a shop with the words "Friandises Boutique". Luckily she had once heard a man talking French and tried to figure out the words, so she knew exactly what the shop sign said. She whispered the name to herself "Treats Shop". Why would there be a treats shop in America with a French name?

Today was a weird day. She stood still submerged in her thoughts when she heard talking not far away. She walked to where the voices were. She heard voices but could not make out who it was. They were talking in French for all she knew. It was starting to get brighter as the sun rose above the horizon. When she looked up she got the shock of her life. She was looking at the Eiffel Tower. There was some explaining to be done on how she got to France but now it made sense hearing all those French words.

Chapter 3 – Some Explaining to Do

Emma looked around bewildered. How had she got here and why was she here? She couldn't answer either of these questions but one thing she knew for sure, it was going to be a very complicated story about how she got here, to France. She was extremely confused. She walked around trying to find somebody who spoke English but it seemed nobody could understand her because of her accent. She tried speaking French but when she did they would speak French words she didn't understand. They also spoke really fast which made everything more difficult to understand.

She turned round the corner almost giving up hope when she saw a man sitting on the bus stop next to her speaking English. In fact, he was speaking American English. She couldn't see him but she could hear him perfectly. He had a rough tone but at some points quietened down. He had a terrible cough. You could tell this when he coughed but also because of the hollow way he spoke. As she walked towards the bus stop she could still hear the voice but he was nowhere to be seen. Where could he possibly be? He couldn't be seen on the streets. She looked down at the ground and took a seat when she heard the voice again.

"Hello." There was a pause and then it spoke again. "Hello."

She looked around but couldn't see the person or where the voice was coming from. She lay down on the bench at the bus stop, but when she felt something uncomfortable underneath her which turned out to be a phone. The voice was coming from it.

"Hello," the voice spoke. It was someone trying to call the owner of the phone. She pondered about why someone would leave their phone on a bus stop seat. The person on the other end of the line ended the call. She picked up the phone but as she did the battery died. "Great," she thought, "my only hope gone." She put it down and walked on.

She looked in the pocket of her denim shorts. She was looking for her handkerchief but instead she found a bar, a big bar. She pulled it out. It

was another Swirly Wirly bar. "How did it get in here?" she thought to herself. She ripped off only a little bit of the wrapping so she could stop herself from eating too much too quickly. She was ravenous so it was a delight to have found this in her pocket.

After she had nibbled a bit she placed it back in her pocket. Then she continued to stroll along the broad pathway. She walked for a while when she saw a bright yellow book under a gap in a tree trunk. She walked over to it and picked it up. It had no title. She found a nice shady spot under a blossomed maple tree protecting her from the mid-day scorching sun. As she sat down her Swirly Wirly bar dropped out of her pocket but she didn't notice as she was so intrigued by the book.

She opened the book slowly, unsure of what may be inside. When she turned to the first page of the book there was a sub-heading "Chapter" but there were no chapters. She turned another page where she found the first lines of the book.

The window rattled fiercely in the horrific storm. The wind whistled vigorously as a shy little girl glared at the vivid moon.

"Help!" screamed a scared and terrified voice from the cracked TV. A fierce looking man with long curly hair was like a stray dog looking for food. His eyes were transfixed with anger and were staring in an empty spot in the soundless forest between two trees. He saw a glimpse of movement between the two trees. Then he started to run rapidly stepping on lots of things making a cacophony. The girl jumped as she

heard another scream from in the forest.

“Help!” screamed someone.

*This time it wasn’t from the TV.
“Lucy...”*

Another squeaky voice whispered. Her parents and the girl didn’t hear. Her parents walked into the cracked and rotten kitchen. Then the voice whispered it again

“Lucy...”

Her mum walked into the living room and had a shock. Her beloved Lucy wasn’t sitting on the couch snuggled up in the blanket. Instead the whole couch was empty. Her parents looked for her but she was nowhere to be seen. Lucy’s mum called Lucy’s best friend but it went to voicemail. Meanwhile her dad went down to the lolly store beneath their rented house but she wasn’t there.

Soon Emma dropped off to sleep again. Her mind buzzed with thoughts as she slept soundly on the roadside of a quiet peculiar street in France. While she was sleeping there was a cacophony of horns and sirens for there had been a car that blocked the intersection of the road. Instead of the quiet street she was on when she found the odd book she was on a busy street with cars and buses, except it was the same street – it had just got busy. She slept so soundly that people walked by not noticing her snuggled up. While she was sleeping, Harry the Hopeless walked by and noticed the Swirly Wirly bar that lay next to her.

Chapter 4 – Not Again

Emma was nudged by an overweight woman with long dangling earrings

that covered her ears and stretched her face. Her pointy nose got in the way of her cherry blossomed cheeks and her pale face that surround them. Her eyes twinkled in the sunlight and her nose twitched as if she were a dog checking out new comers in town. You could tell she was Russian because of her woolen coat and her large fluffy beanie that was miniscule for her enormous head. Her cotton gloves were too big and flopped over the edge of her non visible hands.

Emma slept on for a while even though she had been nudged numerous times. She finally woke up. It was the afternoon already. She was still curious about what was going on but she had figured that whatever was going on was seriously weird. She had also guessed that her parents would be wondering where she was (which they were) and that they would be looking everywhere for her and that is why she needed to contact them immediately.

The Russian lady spoke heavily in a language Emma didn’t know. The lady realised the girl spoke English and changed her language but still had a strong accent. “Why are you on your own?” asked the lady in a rough tone.

It was difficult to understand exactly what she was saying, so Emma struggled to reply.

“Um, well I don’t know where I am.”

“Of course you know where you are. Don’t be ridiculous!”

Emma was confused as to why the lady would not tell her where she was. (You may be thinking that she should know the language and be able to tell

what it was but unfortunately for her she had not listened when they were learning about this stuff in class).

Emma looked around for any signs of where she could be. There were signs but they were in different languages. Then suddenly she spotted a sign in the far distance that was in English. It read “Moscow Convenience Store”. Lucky for Emma she knew that Moscow was in Russia. She had finally worked it out! The lady had strolled off and yet again Emma’s chance to try and contact her parents had disappeared.

“Great,” thought Emma.

To be continued...

The Lonely Elephant by Kaari Ellen (Year 3)



One sunny morning, there was an elephant, a **lonely** elephant. He was sitting on a ginormous, mega-rock and in the morning the little, lonely elephant woke up to explore the country. The lonely elephant named himself **Rainbow**, but his nickname was **Bow** (he liked **Bow** better than **Rainbow**.) He was waiting for a polite owner, or at least love.

Now I'll talk about the characters...

The first person I'm going to talk about is **Rainbow**. Well...

Rainbow is grey, with a light orange tip on the end of his tail. He has black cute eyes and a small tusk in front of his tiny mouth. Bow is friendly and happy, but sad because his family passed away when he was just a **BABY!** A person killed his parents when Bow was asleep. Rainbow loves to sit around, jog and search for love or an owner. Bow sneaks into an old lady's little garden for all the nights in twenty years straight and no one has realised.

Next I will talk about Rosella: Rosella is 20 years old and she didn't have any family, except her animals. Her favourite foods are noodles, pasta, sushi and her most favourite of all... **WATER MELON!** Rosella's favourite colour is violet. She has light brown hair and hazel eyes. Rosella was named after a red and blue bird because her parents said she was a radiant girl (Rosella is a tomboy).

Now Lilly is my favourite character: Lilly is a kind and loyal elephant like Bow. Lilly's parents died when she was 1 year old but Rosella found Lilly roaming the street so that is how Rosella and Lilly met! Lilly wears a violet bow on her tail (because it is Rosella's favourite colour as you already know) and a very **amusing** smile and eyes that sparkles in the moonlight. Lilly is grey like Rainbow.

Last but not least... **Rover:** Rover is brown with a red collar that says: Rover came from the pound and was Rosella's 1st pet in the whole entire world. Rosella got Rover when she was 4 years old (16 years ago) so Rover is 16 years old! When his tail is sticking up he wants to play or is just happy. Do you have a dog?

**BACK TO THE
STORY!**

After a few hours... "I've been walking for ever," Rainbow moaned.

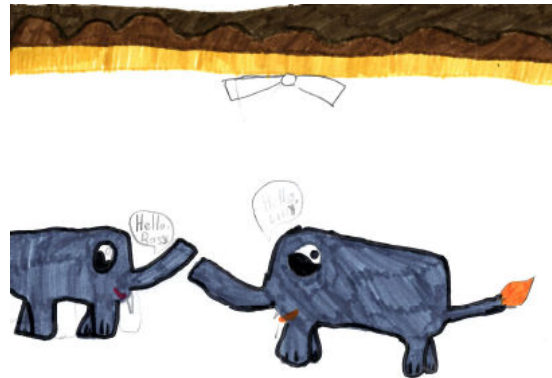
“Where are all the **BERRIES!!!**” Finally Bow found **BERRIES!!!** Before he could put one in his mouth, he saw a young teenage girl walking her Labrador and she looked back at Bow. Bow tried to hide behind a tree but... he was too big! Well, he was a baby elephant after all! She went up to Rainbow and said “Hello, are you lonely little baby elephant?” Rainbow nodded sadly and Rosella’s brown Labrador puppy rolled his cute big brown eyes as if to say “Can’t you see? Of course he is!”



so excited that he actually knocked over Rosella, but Bow caught her. “Good elephant. Bad puppy.” Said Rosella. Rover glanced over at Rosella with sadness as if he was going to say “I’m Sorry!” and Rosella knew it was accident.



Rosella then put a collar on Bow, and named her ‘Ross’. “No nicknames” Rainbow thought. (She loved the name Ross). Rosella and Rover’s last name was ‘Ellen’, so Ross’s name became Ross Ellen.



The owner of the puppy, introduced herself and she had a beautiful name. It was Rosella, and her middle name was France. The huge puppy’s name was Rover (a **WONDERFUL** name!) and he was a fabulous **guard dog**, but he would only bark if there was an unusual person walking or doing something bad. The dog barked with delight though when he saw the baby elephant!

Rosella said “Come home with us before you get lost”. The puppy Rover smiled with excitement and tried to chase his tail he was so excited! He was

When the three got to Rosella’s house, Ross saw that the welcome mat said “Wipe your feet on me”. But he wiped his feet anyway even though they were a bit too big for the mat! When he, Ross,

got inside the house, it was ginormous! It was filled with dogs, cats, zebras, mice, giraffes, foxes, kangaroos, black bears, turtles, rabbits, lions, polar bears, hyenas, monkeys, tigers, chickens, pigs, sheep, cows and... a girl elephant! Ross was a handsome boy elephant, and he thought she was very pretty and her name was Lilly Daisy Dandelion Ling Ellen. *Did you know elephants are nearly extinct?*

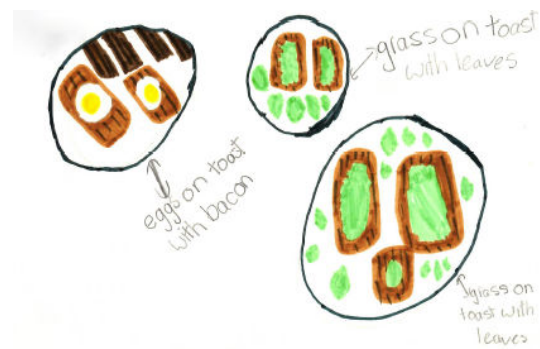
When they saw each other, Rosella thought that they liked each other. Rosella walked up to the in-love elephants and introduced them. "Ross this is Lilly. Lilly this is Ross." They gave each other a warm hug and kiss good-night at night (obviously) when they were about to go to sleep. They slept next to each other and most of the other animals were looking at them with excitement because they will have baby elephants, and elephants won't be extinct anymore. All the animals went to sleep, and had wonderful dreams about elephants not being extinct anymore.



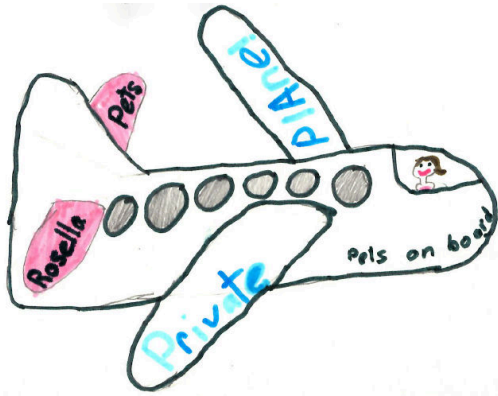
In the morning, Lilly woke up and cooked some food for Rosella, Ross and

herself. For Rosella, she made eggs on toast with bacon on the side. For Ross and herself, she made grass on toast with leaves on the side. Rosella woke up and found the plate of breakfast with a note that said "I made eggs on toast with bacon. Love Lilly". Rosella thanked Lilly and all of the animals woke up and ate. They loved breakfast! After breakfast all the animals had so much energy to play!

Rosella then took Lilly and Ross on a walk together (she only took them and no one else so they could get to know each other). Rosella slipped a leash on to both elephants. Lots of people were coming up to her and saying "Are you going to make more elephants, or not?" and Rosella just nodded happily.



After their walk Rosella wanted to go on a holiday near the jungle. But how will I get the animals overseas? Rosella thought to herself. Then she remembered that she had a private plane at Sydney Airport! So she loaded the animals on the plane and they set off for their holiday.



On the plane, she fed all the animals and herself. She had eggs on toast with bacon for breakfast again. She gave the animals what they all loved. When they got to Africa, Rosella got the elephants out first as they were the biggest, and then the birds, then reptiles, then dogs, cats, and then the rest of the animals.

In Africa, Lilly and Ross loved the holiday house because it was old and it had grass all around the ginormous house. The animals were loaded into the house because Rosella need to unpack her things that she took to the holiday house.



When everything was packed in the house, it was very late (it was 1 am and they woke up at 2am). Rosella's bed was colourful and covered in yellow and pink daisies. The elephant's bed

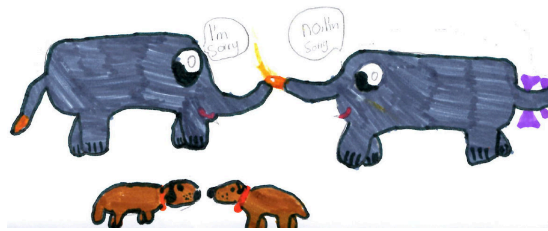
was covered with grass and leaves (Ross and Lilly shared a bed). The animals loved their beds. Every species of animal had a different bed. For example, the dogs shared a bed too. When the animals went to sleep, Rosella went to sleep too.



When Rosella and the animals woke up the next day, Rosella noticed that one of her dogs was gone! Oh no! She knew because she counted the animals one-by-one and she had 345 animals in the house. "Rover has disappeared!" she cried. Rover is her favourite dog out of all the dogs in the world! Rosella ran out of the house and shouted "Rover!" After some time of calling for Rover, she looked to the left and saw Rover eating a Salamander. She gave Rover a big hug, and Rover licked her on the face.



After all that excitement, they all went inside to play in the interesting house. For lunch, Rosella had a ham and cheese sandwich. The animals had the same thing as they always have except Ross and Lilly shared a bowl of spaghetti bolognese. But there was one strip of spaghetti left but they didn't know, so they both slurped it until their mouths touched. Everyone clapped and Rosella shouted "WOW!" Ross whispered to Lilly "Do you want to marry me?" The parrot heard it, and shouted it out-loud but with a 'love Ross' at the end of the sentence. Rosella smiled at Ross and Lilly.

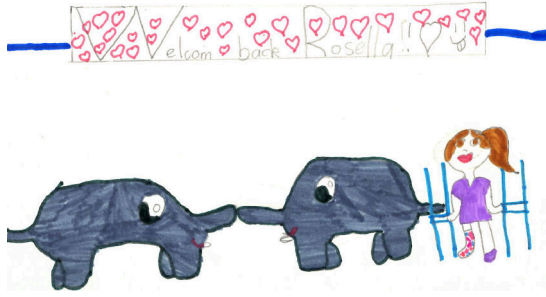


The elephants tried to go to bed after the celebration of wanting to marry each other. But before bed, all the animals wanted Ross and Lilly's autograph because they were going to make their species exist again. Lilly and Ross saw that Rosella was crying under her sheets, and asked "Why are you crying Rosella?" "I'm crying because my mum and dad made elephants extinct in the first place, but I love every animal and I tried to tell them. That's how I got Lilly, but I was too late to save Lilly and Ross's families. That's how I know Ross didn't have a family" Rosella sobbed. Rover, Lilly and Ross snuggled up to Rosella for the

night "Thank you for your kindness," whispered Ross to Rosella. In the morning, there was a stampede of different animals running towards Rosella and CRASH! "OOUCH! I think my bone cracked in my leg!" cried Rosella. "Let me have a look at it" said Lilly calmly. Lilly looked at the leg and screamed "SHE NEEDS TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL!!!"



Ross ran while carrying Rosella to the hospital. When they got there, Rosella said "I broke my leg". "Go to number 28 in the line" said the lady behind the desk. Lilly slammed the door behind them, and Rosella said "I broke my leg" to the doctor. The doctor got an x-ray machine and put it on her. "Yep it's broken!" said the doctor. "You will need some surgery, and then I will put a plaster on your leg and you will need crutches." But after surgery, the doctor said "You will need crutches for 5 years!" At home, Rosella opened the door and the animals all screamed "Surprise!" for the party to make her feel happy. They all loved having a party. After the party, everyone went to bed and curled up in their own comfy doona.



In the morning, Lilly woke up and cooked for Rosella, Ross and herself. For Rosella she made peanut butter on Weetbix and some cornflakes. For Ross and herself she wanted to make a Leaf Omelette. But there were no leaves in the fridge, so Lilly had to go to the forest with a bucket. When she was gathering leaves, she heard a growl... it was her tummy!



When she was done gathering leaves, she didn't know where she was lost! "W-w-w-where a-am I?" she stammered. She was lost in the middle of nowhere! When Rosella woke up, she noticed that Lilly wasn't in her bed. She shouted "Lilly!" Ross and Rosella went out looking for her in the forest and thought "Lilly has gotten lost in the forest and it is thousands of kilometres long and there was a storm coming!" Ross and Rosella held hands so they wouldn't lose each

other as well. When they got near the middle of the forest, a storm crashed in. Lilly screamed "HELP!" Ross heard Lilly with his enormous ears, and walked straight towards the noise with Rosella on his back. He went left and then right and screamed "LILLLL-LY!" Lilly answered back to Ross but when there was a sign in front she didn't read it but then she thought to herself "I should read the sign because there might be danger". The sign said " **Caution: Rattlesnakes approaching**". Lilly ran straight back and bumped into Ross. "R-r-r-rattlesnakes!" stammered Lilly. Rosella called 0-0-0 on her mobile phone and the fire-plane came and picked up Rosella first because she had crutches, and then Lilly and Ross. When they were safe at home the doctor told Rosella her leg was better, and when she was on her feet, Ross and Lilly got married and everyone was happy!

THE END!

My Robot Bird

by Lydia Cowdery Lack (Year 1)



My mum said I had to find my robot bird. We had a big garden so we started there, but we couldn't find it.

We looked everywhere but we still couldn't find it. My mum said: "We've tried enough for one day. That's enough. Let's try again tomorrow."

When we got home it was standing there and it wanted to live with me. And that's how I got my robot bird.

The Key

by Lola Arnold (Year 5)

It's 1896 and Emily Smith was wading through the shadows of the shallow water when a streak of blood floated to the surface.

"A-nother infection!" Emily whispered. Suddenly she felt a cold metal object wash against the cut. It was a cold, smooth feeling. As she picked it up she saw a shining gold key. "Oh wow," she thought.

Emily was about to wade out of the water when Tom Bean came up and said: "Show us your cut, Emy!"

"No!" Frightened, Emily ran.

She ran up the bank and along the main street. As she ran, she bumped into a man in neatly tailored clothes and exquisite shoes.

The kindly man said: "Oh, are you ok, young lady?"

"I'm fine, thank you." Emily said, still running.

To be continued...

Darcy's Dream

by Lola Arnold (Year 5)

As Darcy walked down the lane from school, frost crunched under her feet. Pulling her scarf closer, she was the light of Madam Japoline's Dance Academy. Soon enough she found herself walking up the stairs towards the Academy. Once inside she felt a warm rush wash over her. Darcy checked her watch and she saw that she been standing in the hall for far too long. As she turned to leave, Madam Japoline came striding out of a room and saw her.

"What brings you inside my Academy, young lady?"

Startled, Darcy's mind raced to come up with an excuse.

"You must have been entranced by the dancing."

Amazed, Darcy just politely said, "Yes."

"Come into my office and we can have a chat."

Still in shock, Darcy followed Madam Japoline into her office.

"Now, just out of curiosity, have you ever wanted to dance?"

"Yes, but I can't." Darcy said sadly and looked away.

Without thinking any more about it, Madam Japoline made an offer to Darcy.

"I will teach you for a month for the cost of a week. Would that help?"

To be continued...

Walking to school on a Tuesday

by Lola Arnold (Year 5)

Walking to school on a Tuesday I saw a baby koala sitting on the side of the road and there were no trees around so it can't have fallen out of a tree. So I pulled out my phone and thought it "Dang it! I'll be late!" But suddenly I looked back and saw the koala sitting there. I pulled my phone out again and rang the vet and told him what had happened. As soon as we got off the phone they were there with their cats ringing bells.

Once it was all cleared up, the newspaper people raced up to me. I knew I wouldn't get to school on time but as I got closer to the cameras, I didn't care about school. I only thought about how strange everything was. Then the man in black who never left his house was out. I never thought he would do that!

Out of Amo by Kit Crossin (Year 2)

Chapter One – Robber

I was in my room reading a book. My name is Dax. At dinner a bell rang and we scrambled to the door, but a person AKA a robber was in the way!

Chapter 4

He led us to the parlour. He said, whining, “Is that Robber??!!!”

The End

Chapter Two – Run

I had to jump out of the balcony. I landed on a deck chair. It hurt like hell. Amo, the person AKA the Robber was after us! I was bleeding but I still had to climb over the fence and make a break for it. I climbed over the fence and just had to get to a doctor.

Chapter Three – Doctor Doctor

Dad led me to the car.

I said to Dad: “I am bleeding. I have to go to the doctor’s.” We drove through the thick snow.

Soon we arrived at the doctor’s. We walked in but the waiting room was empty. Dad was puzzled. We didn’t know what to do next.

Suddenly the door slammed open and a doctor ran out.

I shouted, “Doctor, doctor! I need help, my leg is bleeding. Can you operate on me?” He slowed down a little bit.

He said, “Yes, follow me.”

We followed him to a mending chamber. Dad said, “Are you sure this is the right place?”

He said, “Yes, sir, I am a doctor.”

Robot Bird by Ella Nicholas (Year 4)



Into the machine she went. Her face was transfixed with horror and... wo, wo, wait. I'm going too far ahead into the story. I'll start from the beginning...

There was a girl called Katy who longed for a pet. She begged her parents to get one for months and promised she would look after it all by herself. She finally convinced her mum and dad to get her a pet and, on the 23rd of June, Katy and her mum raced to the pet store. She saw tabby cats, ginger cats, beagles, poodles, rabbits and guinea pigs. Then she went into a room filled with cages. In the cages were birds. Katy looked around and saw it.

It had bright pink feathers and a golden beak. At the end of the wings it

had light grey feathers and it had shiny, shiny purple eyes. Katy read the label and found out that it was a galah. She also discovered it was a girl galah called Cocky.

"Mum," said Katy pointing. "I would like to have that galah over there. She's called Cocky."

"A galah," screamed Katy's mum shocked. "You can't have a galah. How about a kitten or a puppy?"

"No mum please I will take very good care of it," Katy pleaded.

"All right," Katy's mum groaned after seeing how excited Katy was by the bird.

Soon Katy and Cocky became best friends. One day they were at the park and they were playing chasey. Suddenly Cocky flew up and sat on the wire and as soon as she did she got electrocuted. She fell from the wire and landed in Katy's hands. Katy started to cry and she rushed to her house and told her mum what had happened.

Katy and her mum went to the vet to get Cocky fixed and there was only one way to fix her – to turn Cocky into a robot. Into the machine the bird went. Her face was transfixed with horror and Katy's was too. Katy saw Cocky's shiny, shiny eyes look at her and she seemed terrified. Soon she was in the machine and it made a long buzzing sound. Finally the buzzing noise stopped and Cocky came out.

The bird still looked scared so Katy

went to hug her and it was then she saw Cocky's change. Her body and legs was now made out of grey steel. Cocky still had her same head and wings but at the edge of her wings she had the colours of purple, dark blue, light blue, green and aqua.

"Oh Cocky," Katy said and as she did she started to cry. "Let's go home," Katy's mum whispered. Katy and her mum walked out of the vet and it was raining. Cocky flew out two minutes later as she was struggling to fly. Then she did a wheel turn really fast to indicate she was flying. Cocky flew into Katy's arms and looked at her with her shiny, shiny eyes. Underneath the changes she was still the same Cocky that Katy knew and loved.

Even though it was sad that Cocky had to change, in time Katy and Cocky discovered things that Cocky could do only as a robot bird. Like unlocking doors, cracking codes, solving puzzles and many more exciting things.

Their life together was going to be interesting, and lots of fun, from now on.

The Vampire Demon by Ella Nicholas (Year 4)

The night swirled with silence as the full moon shone. The window creaked as the wind flew in. Molly tossed and turned in her bed. The snow drifted down to the moist ground. Molly's door slowly opened and behind the door was a lurking shadow. The shadow crawled into Molly's room and then the shadow whispered "Molly, Molly".

Molly woke up to the shadow and her eyes widened with fear. "Molly, wake up," the shadow whispered again.

Molly smiled and grabbed the shadow: "You are my naughty little sister aren't you?"

"Damn it, you got me," said Molly's little sister, Sandy.

"Sandy you know already that you're not supposed to scare me," Molly said.

"I was going to scare you but I was also going to tell you that it is snowing outside," Sandy whispered.

Sandy and Molly walked forward to the window and saw the snow slowly drifting down.

"Do you want to go outside?" Molly whispered.

"Yeah," Sandy said.

They both sneakily crept to the front door. Molly always kept a key in her pocket even when sleeping. She had the key for the front door because she walks home from school every afternoon. She pulled the key out of her pyjama pocket and put it in the lock. The door creaked open and the sisters

walked out without closing the door. Sandy skipped through the snow until she found a big pile of snow. Sandy jumped into the snow.

"Sandy don't go in there!" Molly shouted.

"It is too COLD, you only have pyjamas on," Molly shouted again.

"But I was just having fun." Sandy screamed back.

"Well you could have got sick, Sandy."

"I hate you," Sandy screamed again.

Molly felt a tear slipping down her cheek. The cold flew through the air and Molly turned away from her sister. Two minutes later Molly turned around again and Sandy was gone...

"Sandy!" "Sandy!!" Molly shouted.

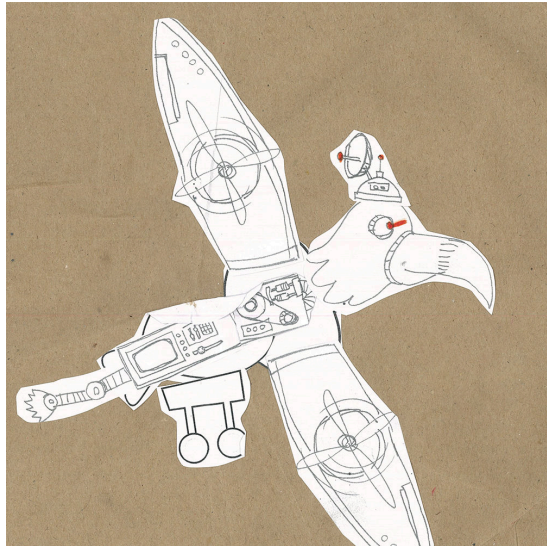
There was no answer. Molly fell to the ground crying but then she heard a high pitch scream coming from the mythical forest. Legend has it that people disappeared into the forest and never came back.

Molly ran into the forest following the high pitch screams coming from her sister. She went deeper and deeper into the forest. The high pitch screams became louder and louder the deeper she went and then it stopped. Molly heard whispering coming from the forest... "Molly, Molly, I'm coming to get you."

Molly felt a shiver down her spine then she heard "Molly, Molly, I'm going to get you... a surprise awaits you."

To be continued...

Robots Attack by Josh Navan (Year 5)



The factory burned and fell with the sound of yells and shooting. The last robot bird flew through the factory for escape. He managed to get past a guard and out of the factory but was shot in the wing still managing to escape.

"Dad it's a Sunday no school, no anything." I groaned waking from my slumber.

"I woke you so you could look for your robot bird," my dad explained.

I jolted down breakfast and got dressed.

We looked until lunchtime.

"I don't think it's here," I mumbled.

"Don't give uuuu... What's that? Something's crashlanding!" Dad yelled.

We dashed to the site where it landed.

"Dad! It's here, my robot bird!" I screamed.

At home we tried to repair Cy – that's

what his name is.

"I can't fix him but, from what I know, he will self-repair," Dad explained.

We went to bed and when we woke up Cy looked as good as new.

The next day I took him to school to show to my friends. They were all jealous that I found Cy before they found their own robot birds.

Our class was in our morning line turning in our homework to the teacher, Miss Combly. She gets furious if you don't turn it in each day and that's exactly what I was planning to do. When it was my turn I breathed in and told her: "The dog ate my homework."

Miss Combly's face turned red and suddenly so did the door, with burning flames.

Then, they came, the orbs floating in with their blood red centre. The orbs had obviously already taken over the whole school. Behind the orbs in front of me was Cy, furious. A glow came from the radar on top of his head.

I heard the rumbling sound of an earthquake but once outside, I saw it. A series of parts flying straight for me or I should say Cy. The parts hit one of the orbs to the ground, becoming part of Cy.

The result was awesome. A MECH. It grabbed one of the orbs and bashed it against the others.

The reason I said "it" is because I didn't know if Cy was the one in control. It ran out of the room shooting the

orbs with beams of light leaving burn mark in their bodies of metal. I thought Cy would win. Sadly, I thought wrong.

A bigger orb entered the hallway. It wasn't even an orb; it was a mech just like Cy. It ran straight at him not being affected by the lasers. It grabbed Cy's new head and said; "I thought I shot you, don't you remember the thing that shot your wing?"

After that Cy replied with the smartest and strangest demand; "Sally, bring me my blade."

That was when it came, a giant sword going straight to Cy's enemy. It went straight through his arm. Cy quickly got the blade out of his arm and replaced it in MX 16's core. (MX 16 was written on his arm, by the way, so I figured that was his name.) But still he laughed.

"You can kill a prototype, good job. I can't wait to see you when I'm in the newest bod... y... y... y."

He broke down, with one last command. Crew detonation.

Cy grabbed me and ran into a room and jumped out the window - behind us, not an explosion of fire but a red light like the one the orbs shot. Cy looked at me with one last word "Go!" he said, deactivating right after. I did, but I didn't know where to go and I wasn't sure what would happen next.

Suddenly I reactivated in a room covered with electric barriers.

"You got me, now you can kill me. Go ahead, I can't call Sally. I'm yours!" I taunted, knowing they wanted something else.

"We're not looking to kill you. We're looking to upgrade you," the voice called.

Seconds after a black piece of metal was launched at me, hitting me, afterwards it expanded around my whole body. I had lost control of my body.

"Go kill the special one," the voice ordered.

"Yes, he shall perish," I replied.

The forest was a strange place; campers have died without a trace. I hid on a branch of a tree. Looking at the ground was the scariest thing - shadows containing the living or dead or the programmed.

Suddenly a wild dog came scratching at the tree I was perched on. Its strength was tremendous, stronger than a dog should ever be. I was shaken off the branch and the only choice I had was to fight. I stuck my hands out, trying to stop its muzzle, the panic, the fear.

It flowed through my body. Then it happened. The ball of light that came from the palms of my hand, setting the dog on fire. It dashed away setting trees and bushes on fire that got in its way. Then its howls suddenly stopped.

When Cy appeared I knew something was different but I still said;

"Hello, Cy. Is that you? Keep your distance, something's strange."

Cy only had one word to say, "Orc."

He instantly attacked, knocking me to the ground. I blasted him with the light, thinking nothing happened.

"You have failed now to be reborn," Cy said with a cracked voice. Then

everything shattered around me and my memories disappeared. It was time for me to restart and fix my mistakes. If I even remembered them.

Prologue complete

“It took me 117 rebirths to get here, you don’t think I’m a changed man? I know how to take down an omnit squadron but that’s the story before my first death,” it said, reducing my yell to a calm talk.

To be continued...

Cristiano Ronaldo by Mel Kittisarn (Year 2)

Chapter 1 – The first match

It was 3:00 am in Santiago Bernabeu where Real Madrid was playing against Borussia Dortmund.

It was the first game in the Champions League tournament.

In the first minute, Real Madrid got their kick-off. In the seventh minute Ronaldo scored a magnificent free kick.

At half-time, Real Madrid was leading 1–0.

At full-time, it was 1–1, goals from Cristiano Ronaldo and Marco Rues.

Real Madrid won 2–1 in extra-time. Real Madrid's No.7, gave his shirt to a Real Madrid fan.

Everyone was shouting "HALA MADRID! HALA MADRID! HALA MADRID! HALA MADRID!"

We're in the quarter-finals!!! Someone shouted in the crowd.

Cristiano went home happy that his team had won. He also appreciated Real's No.3 Pepe. He assisted in setting up the winning goal.

Cristiano went home and had a 30 minute shower. Then, he ate breakfast. He was so tired. He went into his pool and exercised.

Chapter 2 – Sweating a lot

It was the quarter-finals. Real Madrid against PSG.

Rabiot was dribbling and scored.

"NO"! Ronaldo shouted.

At half-time, PSG was leading 2–0. Goals from Rabiot and Silva.

Ronaldo was angry. He had trained and trained. The second half began and Ronaldo focused hard and scored. 2–1! He did his iconic celebration.

Then at the 81st minute, Ronaldo found some more of his magic and scored again. The equalizer for Real Madrid! Then at the 90+3min, Ronaldo scored his third – a hat trick for the match.

"What a game!" he thought. He got the ball from the referee (1st official), as a souvenir.

After the game Zinedine Zidane the coach, said that Morata was joining our team. He said that Alvaro Morata is No.21.

Ronaldo drove home hoping Real Madrid would beat Man City in the semi-finals.

Ronaldo woke up at 4:00 am the next morning and trained with the Real players.

"HALA will win!" said Toni Kroos (No.8).

"It's going to be hard playing against Kun Aguero, Kevin De Bryne, Nolito and David Silva but we are going to win!!!" said Jese (No.20).

Then at 12:33 pm, he went to train with Portuguese players. They were preparing for the FIFA Confederations Cup.

It was a really busy day for Cristiano Ronaldo dos Santos Aveiro.

Chapter 3 – Semis

It was 5:00 pm in Santiago Bernabeu with a match taking place between Real Madrid and Manchester City.

Ronaldo dribbled the ball towards Claudio Bravo and then step-overed the ball. Bravo.

Bravo went down and Ronaldo passed to James Rodriguez (No.10) and the Colombian scored. 1–0 in the sixteenth minute.

Then Ronaldo took a long shot from half-way and scored!!! What a goal!

Modric (No.19) dribbled his way to Ottemendi. Ottemendi then slid into Modric and he fell. The Croatian was hurt. Then the Argentine got sent off the pitch. And Ronaldo scored from a free-kick! It was 3–0.

Ramos the captain, (No.4) went into the penalty area. Then Bravo slid into Ramos and got a red card. Sergio Kun Aguero was out and Joe Hart was in goal for City.

Ronaldo went right. Hart went left. It was 4–0.

Toni did a cross to Benzema (No.9). He headed the ball. Joe Hart saved it but then Bale (No.11) volleyed it home. 5–0 at half-time.

In the second half, David Silva (No.21) came on for City. He passed it to Kevin De Bryne and De Bryne scored a wonderful goal in the 90+2 minute.

At full-time, it was 5–1.

HALA MADRID into the finals!

Chapter 4 – El Classico

It was two days before the El Classico finals of the UEFA Champions League. FC Barcelona had had a great tournament. They hammered Arsenal 13–0. They worked hard to get a 3–2 win over Sporting Lisbon and beat Manchester United 2–2 (4–2 penalties).

“We need to get to beat Barca or we will lose! COME ON REAL MADRID!” screamed Ronaldo. “We finished on 9 points! We can win!” said Isco.

“I can’t wait for Colombia to win the FIFA Confederations Cup!” said James Rodriguez.

“I’m going to save every shot FCB take.” said Navas. (No. 1 goalie)

It was the day. The day of the UEFA Champions League final.

FC Barcelona v Real Madrid at Camp Nou, Barcelona. The game started. Toni Kroos. He crosses it for Bale! Gerard Pique! What a push!!! Certainly a red card!

It’s Cristiano Ronaldo dos Santos Aviero. Ronaldo! Super penalty! FCB 0–1 RMA!

Iniesta to Lionel Messi! Goal!!!!!!!!!!!!

Isco to Ramos, he chooses Karim Benzema and French scores! 1–2! Half time. 1–2.

Messi scores again! 2–2!

It was the last minute. Cristiano got the ball and Sergio slid. Red. It was a free-kick plus his last chance. Cristiano looked at the ball, then at the goal. He looked the top left corner of the goal. The whistle blew. 3, 2, 1. He kicked the ball...

GOAL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

REAL MADRID THE CHAMPIONS LEAGUE: 2 GOALS TO 3!

They lifted the trophy and celebrated and celebrated.

CHAMPIONS UEFA CHAMPIONS LEAGUE 2017... HALA MADRID!

The Barca fans were shocked.

"We won!" said Marcelo, excited.

Chapter 5 – Training

After Real Madrid were the champs, Ronaldo spent his time training with the Portuguese players. They were ready to win it. Ronaldo trained and trained. He put most of his effort in to help Portugal win for the 1st time.

"I'm ready as I'll ever be!" said Nani,

"I am, too" said Ricardo Quaresma,

"I'm also ready as I'll ever be!" said Fonte,

"I'm SUPER ready!" said Dunilo Peirrea,

"I'm going to save every shot!" said Rui Patricio,

"I'm ready!" said Pepe,

"Me too!" said Ronaldo.

"Then we will win" said Portugal's manager.

"PPPPOOOORRRRTTTTTUUUUGGG-GAAAALLLL", everyone shouted.

Chapter 6 – A Super Win

It was the first game off the FIFA Confederations Cup. In Group A, Portugal VS USA. The formation for the Portuguese was 4-1-3-2. Rui Patricio in goal, (No.1), Pepe (No.3), Fonte (No.4), Cedric (No.21), and Bruno Alves (No.2)

in defence, William (No.14) in defensive midfield, Renato Sanches (No.16), Danilo (No.22), Ricardo Quarezma (No.20) in midfield, and Nani (No.17) and Ronaldo (No.7) as striker.

The 1st game of the FIFA Confederations Cup was Portugal against the United States of America.

Portugal kicked off. In the 18 minute, Nani dribbled it to Renato. Renato shot... HE SCORED! PORTUGAL 1-0 USA. Ronaldo drive the ball to Fonte! GOAL JOSE FONTE! 2-0. Nani, "What a pass!" Ronaldo gets the ball. He passed to the goalkeeper and scores! Oh-My-World. What a goal! Danilo, Quarezma, Quarezma! 4-0! Deeney. Johnson, John! 4-1! Pepe, Cedric, William, Bruno Alves: 5-1.

Half-time, PORTUGAL 5-1 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

In the 91st minute, Nan scored 6-1. At fulltime PORTUGAL WON 6-1! "YES" Nani said, "We won!" yelled Ronaldo.

In the dressing rooms, Ronaldo said "We are in 1st place in group A! And the world cup is set in Lisbon! We can go to the finals and beat some of the champions 7-0, 6-0, 8-0, 3-0, 4-0, 5-0 or even 31-0 like Australia 31-0 against American Samoa!" (in real life).

"USA are going to go home!" said Happy Nani.

Chapter 7 – A Great Win

Round 2 of the FIFA Confederation Cup, and PORTUGAL against ROMANIA. "Stick in position, put pressure, defend well, good goal kicks, no

delay and win this game,” said Portugal’s manager.

“We are under-way and Portugal kick-off. Renato to Sanches! What a slide! Yellow card to Boban Stancu. Ronaldo! What a finish! No way! Stanciu, Hoban, through to Rat, passed Rui Patricio and Rat scored an excellent equalizer for Romania! Portugal make a change. 16–8, Renato Sanches out, Jao Mourino in. Jao, Quarezma, Nani to Ronaldo. No, Hoban to Nicolae Stanciu! Hit the bar! Peep!”

Half-time PORTUGAL 1–1 ROMANIA.

The second half began, Stancu! Nicolae Stancu! For Boban Stancu! Goal, but off-side. Ronaldo! Penalty! Stancu! Another yellow card for Boban Stancu! Red Card!!! Ronaldo 2-1 at full-time! POR 2–1 ROU! Portugal win and get 6 points home!

“We won again” said Louis Nani.

Chapter 8 – Some kicking to do

The third week of the FCC. PORTUGAL VS JAPAN. Japan are second in GROUP A.

Portugal	6 points
Japan	4 points
Romania	3 points
United States of America	1 point

The game started, Honda, Okasaki, and Okasaki shoots, he hits the cross bar! What a chance! Ronaldo, step overs, roulette, rainbow flick, and volleys it home! GOALLLLLLLLLLL!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Goal,

Cristiano Ronaldo dos Santos Aviero! POR 1–0 JAP!

Half time POR 3–0 JAPAN.

Ronaldo, Nani, Quarezma. He crosses a low one for Ronaldo! GOALLLLLLL!!!!!!!!!! 2–0! Nani passes it to Cristiano Ronaldo. Ronaldo is out of the box but he doesn’t care! He shoots, he scores! What a hat trick hero! POR 3–0 JAP. At full time Portugal win. “We are in the real tournament now!” said Pepe.

Chapter 9 – A good match

Portugal got the match fixtures for the round of 16. It was PORTUGAL VS FRANCE. So they trained and trained.

Nani, Ronaldo, Quarezma! He’s injured! 20–12 Danilo is on. Ronaldo! GOAL!!!!!!!!!! Hugo Lloris can’t believe it!!! Pogba, Griezmann, Giroud, Antione Griezmann! Goal! 1 all! Fonte, Jose Fonte! Oh my word! That is an incredible goal! 2–1. Half time. In the 2nd half, there were no goals so Portugal won.

Chapter 10 – Hard work

It is the quarter finals and it is PORTUGAL VS THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND. Home teams, kick-off. Louis Nani, Ronaldo, Cedric, through ball to Cristiano Ronaldo! What a save! Nani’s corner, to Renato Sanches who headers it, Jeff Hendrik, good defending, but falls one Ricardo Quarezma! What a cross bar challenge! Robbie Brady, what a through ball to Jeff Hendrik,

Hendrik combines with Brady, Robbie Brady on the counter attack, he's in the penalty box, Brady! Bruno Alves gets a yellow card for sliding in. It's Robbie Brady! The Republic are in dreamland!!! POR 0-1 IRE!!! "NO!" said Ronaldo to himself. Half-time. In the second half, they home team could not equalize. It's the last minute. Can Ireland win this? Nani, what a pass, Ronaldo shoots, save by the goalie but Quarezma comes in and headers it home! Oh my gosh! GOALLLLLLLLLL! 1-1! Its penalties. It's Ronaldo. He looked at the ball, then the goal. Closed his eyes and shot the ball... IN! 1-0. Brady! It's Louis Nani! 2-1 Jeff Hendrik! It's not in! Still 2 goals to 1! It's all about this penalty, RICARDO QUAREZMA! Amazing! Portugal go through to the semis! "Yes!" Said the goal scorer.

Chapter 11 – Great work

"Good morning here, this is the semi-finals of the FIFA Confederations Cup. Today it is PORTUGAL against the SOCCEROOS. Today we have youngster Ricardo Quarezma, Louis Nani and Cristiano Ronaldo for Portugal, and Leckie, Aren Mooy, Yenajak and Brisbane Roar star Jamie Maclaren for Australia. The players are warming up for the match."

The game starts with Portugal. Portugal make 1 change which is No.2 Bruno Alves out, and No.5 youngster Rafael Guerrero in.

Ronaldo passes it to Nani. Nani slips it for Guerrero, Guerrero crosses it in

and it's Ricardo Quarezma!

Great save by Australia's keeper Matt Ryan! It's a corner for Portugal. Cedric's cross that curls for RONALDO! GOAL! 1-0!

Leckie on the run for Australia, to Aren Mooy, he swings it for Jamie Maclaren who volleys it home!!! What an equalizer! 1-1.

Half time.

The second half begins.

Both teams make a change. For Portugal, Renato Sanches out, Jao Mario in. For Australia, Jamie Maclaren out, Nathan Burns in.

Ronaldo, shoots, scores! WOW! ABSOLUTELY WOW! WHAT A STRIKE TO PUNISH AUSTRALIA! 2-1! Here's Ronaldo again! 3-1!

Ronaldo comes 1 on 1, passes the keeper and scores a hat-trick! 4-1 at full time.

Chapter 12 – Champions

"Here it comes. The final. Portugal v Germany. It's the match that we want to see who will win."

Cristiano was on the bench waiting to be a super sub.

"Why do I have to be a substitute?" asked Ronaldo.

"Because you will save your energy to score goals in the last minutes." replied the Portuguese manager.

"OK." said Ronaldo.

The game started with the home team Portugal.

Nani passed the ball to Quarezma and Quarezma passed a great ball to Rafael Guerrero! Off the bar!

“No!” shouted Ronaldo standing on the bench.

Bastian Schweinsteiger for Germany passes the ball to Thomas Muller. Misses! Nani! The number 17 misses again!

Half time 0–0. Portugal made a change. Jao Mario in, Quarezma out. 20 10.

Ronaldo was hoping to come on but the Portuguese manager said not yet.

“The second is under way!” says the commentator.

Muller, Schwienstriger, Gotze, to Jeremy Boteang who finishes it! What a save by Rui Patricio the Portuguese keeper.

It’s the 90+3 minutes now! Portugal are going to make their second change. Nani out, Cristiano Ronaldo in. 17 7.

Ronaldo has the ball on the last minute. Will the substitute score?

Cristiano Ronaldo! He does! What a super substitute! 1–0!

Portugal win the FIFA Confederations Cup!

Ronaldo the captain held the trophy so high. All the players got platinum medals for coming 1st!

It was the best day and match ever.

My Robot Bird by Mel Kittisarn (Year 2)



Barca!

The robot bird had stayed with me and came home to my house. He said to me, "I will be your pet".

My robot bird is really smart. He led me to Lionel Messi!

One day I was at home minding my own business when I saw a robot bird flying out the window.

I decided to catch it.

It was so fast because it was robotic. It even said the time (which was 9.30am). I was surprised.

I went out to the sunny hills because this was on the outskirts of (in) Berlin, Germany. I walked down the hill. I could the robot bird flying over me. Nearby – well about 10 kilometres away – was the big city.

The robot must be going to the city! I thought. I followed the bird and it was. It was going to the city!

By now I was getting tired (it was 10.02 and I had been following the bird for 32 minutes).

I finally made it to the city and kept chasing the robot bird until it stopped.

I found myself in a soccer stadium. I saw on the big screen it was FC Barcelona v Bayern Munich. The game had just started. I watched intently. At half time, Barca was leading 10–0. At full time Barca won 99–0 against the greatest keeper in the world (Manual Neuer). I was happy because I go for



Poems

I am... poems

In our very first class together, we wrote these I am poems to get to know each other better. To do this we wrote responses to such questions as

- If I were a colour, what colour would I be?
- If I were shape, what shape would I be?
- If I were a movement...?
- If I were an animal...?
- If I were a food...?

Then we listened to a song by Coco's Lunch called *I want to be a mermaid*, which gave us lots of good ideas about who or what we could be. So we wrote some responses to the prompt:

- I want to be...

I am an aqua blue hexagon
I am a swimming and chirping bird
I am a faded snow leopard
I am a bunk bed made of ice cream
I am a forest piano
I am a waterfall that does gymnastics
I want to be a dolphin doing back flips in the air
I want to be a dragon that can breath fire and fly

Ella

I am a gurgling brook which flips
I am a bright yellow rocking chair in Tumut
I am a rabbit that sings 'goodbye, Ruby Tuesday'
I am a netball made out of beans and cheese that sounds
like a horn
I am a cello made from a star
I am me

I want to be a writer that has a thousand books to sell
I want to be a cat and sleep all day without school
I want to be a a pegisi and fly up in the sky
I want to be me

Ruby

I AM... POEMS

I am a pink cube of ice
I am climbing a humming bird's hum
I am a narwhal eating the song.
I can sing a rainbow
I am a picture of lasagna playing a flute down the Parramatta
River
into the universe
I want to be a giraffe getting a cat out of a tree.

James

I am the soft pitter patter of rain on the window.
I am the blue of the sky on a cloudless, sunny day.
I am the gentle hum of the humming bird.
I am the glistening star dust a shooting star trails behind it.
I want to be an astronomer and discover planets every day.

Alexandra

I am a shark shaped as a octagon.
I am a cold water toilet playing the violin.
I am a beach with big waves and a special girl surfing on
me.
I am a swimming pool shaped as butterfly arms.
I am Evie.

I want to be a swimmer in the ocean for Australia.
I want to be in the Rugby 7s and get lots of tries.

Evie

I am a black circle
I am a snail's king bed
I am a duck's butt wiggle
I am a hiss of faded
I am a microphone meadow in a galaxy
I am sleeping.
I want to be a zoo keeper

Estelle

I AM... POEMS

I am a gentle violin.
I am a rushing waterfall.
I am Australia.
I am a hurt cricket ball.
I am a delicious tomato.
I am a strong table.
I am a tweeting bird.
I am a cute baby snow leopard.
I'm me.

I want to be a mermaid
Or a snow leopard living in the snow with my mum and
dad.

Lydia

I am a soccer player that wins every game.
I play the piano, ukulele and drums.
My movements are jumping and kicking.
I eat pasta and mostly stay home.
I live in Germany.
I sing "I'm a Leprechaun".
I can turn into a humpback whale.
I have the sound of a cockatoo.
I like blue and red.
I like pentagons.
I am in the FC Barcelona club.
I want to be Harry Potter (who accidentally cut off his own
head).

Mel

I am an orange, green and yellow circle.
I am a circle that blows in the wind.
I am a dog that does gymnastics.
I am ravioli set on a bean-bag.
I am a clarinet that sounds like a waterfall.
I am a circle of titanium.

Lola

I AM... POEMS

I am a jumpy, heavy metal sound,
I am a bird soaring in the clouds.

I am a happy howling wolf running through the night,
I am an alarm clock yelling with all its might.

I am a warm pizza cooking in a stove,
I am a strong yet delicate piano playing legato and staccato.

I want to be a dragon with wings spread long,
I want to be a singer with a meaningful song.

I want to be a dreamer with new ideas each day,
I want to be free and
FLY AWAY

Charlotte

Object poems

In September we brought special objects to our club and wrote poems about them. We entered these poems in the Red Room Company's poetry competition for 2016. Our poems could be no longer than 20 lines and needed to

1. describe our special object for a reader who is unfamiliar with the object, and
2. explain to the reader why we valued our special objects.

Our poems can also still be found on the Red Room Company website at <http://redroomcompany.org/projects/poetry-object/>

My epic truck

I was owned by the Prime Minister.
I came from Fiji.
I sound like a hurricane on a volcano.
I feel like damaged steel.
I win lots of races.

I was owned by the Prime Minister.
I am strong as fresh steel.
I am as old as a dinosaur.
I taste like an egg shell.
I am a mini monster truck.

Kit

My ruby

She whispers a rose
She is the most beautiful thing
She is my ruby

Estelle

OBJECT POEMS

My Epic Toy Monster Truck

I come from a different planet.
I feel warm but cold, smooth and awesome like a race track.
I taste like rotten egg shell.
I have lots of scratches.
I can turn into an alien but I'm a monster truck.
I may be as old as god.
I am green and black.
I am a smaller version of a grave digger.
I can flip.
I can do lots of stunts.
I can be used indoor and outdoor.
I am older than Leonardo da Vinci.
I am small but epic.
One day I want to be a real monster truck.

Jack

The Nike Soccer Ball

I woke up from dreaming of a Nike soccer ball.
I opened the door and there it was! It whispered to me...
"I am from Argentina.
I was once owned by Lionel Messi, the best soccer player in
the world.
I am soft, bumpy and a little hard.
I smell like grass and dirt.
I sound like a cat that is really, really quiet.
I look like a really round handball, but only bigger.
I feel like the softest ball in the... UNIVERSE!!!
I taste like salt and people's yucky feet."

Mel

OBJECT POEMS

My Luck

It's soft as silk
cool as ice
an alien dog's collar
a harness for thieves
a happy thought
a bit of luck
it's mine, my bracelet.

Alexandra

My Ocean

Sitting on the sand
A wave surrounds my hand

I walk into the water
I sink beneath the sea
Far away from my family
As a wave crashes over me

All the commotion in my head
Flies away to another bed
As I feel emotion and devotion for the sea
That lays beneath me

I arise from the sea
And splash and play
And I feel that I have had a great day

Then I turn my head
As I see a dolphin swimming by gracefully

Good Night Diary
From Evie

Evie

OBJECT POEMS

Gemstones

Glitter purple, aqua, red, pinky sunset, watery bed
Earthy purple forest floor, sunrise from the very core
Magic river, sunrise, night - mixed together, what a lovely
sight!

Sparkly sunset, rushing river, purple forest, trees quiver
Trees in purple darkness blue, pinky sunset, oh so true!
On and of sun through the trees, pretty stream holding keys
Near your heart of golden sun, gurgle, gurgle brook, run!
Enter a world of magic wood, look under the leafy hood
See a world of nature good.

Ruby

A memory of a miracle

Can a photo be a book with a thousand words,
Can a photo welcome you into a different world,
Can a photo be a miracle bringing you happiness,
Can a photo be an object that makes you worry less?

A photo made of love straight from the start,
A case made of metal in the shape of a heart,
A memory of a special day as valuable as gold,
Kept in a blue, silk bag; a treasure I'll always hold.

Sometimes feels cold with always a hint of warmth,
Makes me feel happy from dusk until dawn.
A special moment, a special day,
A priceless trinket that none can buy or pay.

One millisecond frozen in time,
A memory that was never left behind.
A memory of two people who now became one,
A spell that will never become undone.

Charlotte

OBJECT POEMS

Framed journey

A magical memory of a musical
Time traveler inside a little white box
A message of courage and determination.

Lola



Miscellaneous poems

Some students just love writing poems and often spontaneously jot them down – even with rhyme! This section offers some samples of poems produced recently, including a group poem celebrating Lydia’s 7th birthday.

One day like today I wish I could say “YAY!”
Another day like tomorrow I don’t want to be in sorrow
Once a week I would love to play hide and seek
Every fortnight I would like to see a chandelier light
Every year I want to see something appear
One day like today I wish I could just say “YAY!”

Zara

Red Ruby

Fierce as a lion
Graceful and kind like a dove
Never getting older as red as a red boulder
Always walking forward trying to go higher
With a fire in her hair she goes everywhere
RUBY

Lola

If you need help
Finding out
What you respect the *most*
I can help you
With a non-*boast*
Not a *roast*
But some *toast* with a *ghost*
at the *post*
on the Gold *Coast*

Lydia

With a little bit of chitter and a little bit of chatter **ghost** will
come and play.
But with no little chitter and no little chatter **ghost** will go
away.

Lydia

Sopra the Opera

Sopra the Opera
No that's not me
Cocky the Camel
Shoosh while we're having tea

Trust me they're all make believe
But... I am a writer
With writing that keeps you biting

My words, my text
It is all very complex

My writing, my sense
That is even more complex

The publishing, the editing
That is expensive

But yes if you must know
Our brilliant coach
Keeps us all in zone

Our mind, our brain
Ticking away
At day, at night
Adventures jump out of our mind

But why I like writing the most
Is that you never stop exploring undiscovered zones

Oops, it's twelve
Oops, well...
Just let me go to bed
And I'll be up tomorrow with an open head

Evie

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Sometimes it's fun to write poems in a group. On Lydia's birthday this year, we read a poem together, *A Birthday*, by Christina Rossetti. Then each student wrote a line starting with "My heart" to contribute to the group poem.

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down; Hang it with vair and
purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

Christina Rossetti

Birthday poem – for Lydia (on 25/10/16)

My heart glows with excitement and shines with happiness
My heart is full of cheer on the best day of the year
My heart is full of love and laughter, happiness and cake
after
My heart waits for the friends and gifts
My heart is full of presents in carts
My heart is beating with excitement and I just can't hide it
My heart is pounding while I wait for the silence to go 'Ding'
when the first person comes to my birthday
My heart is a lullaby as love fills the air
My heart is full with cakes and gifts
My heart is full of potato (chips)
My heart is full of birds and fish
My heart is full of loving cheer

APS Creative Writing Group

Homage to Andy and Terry

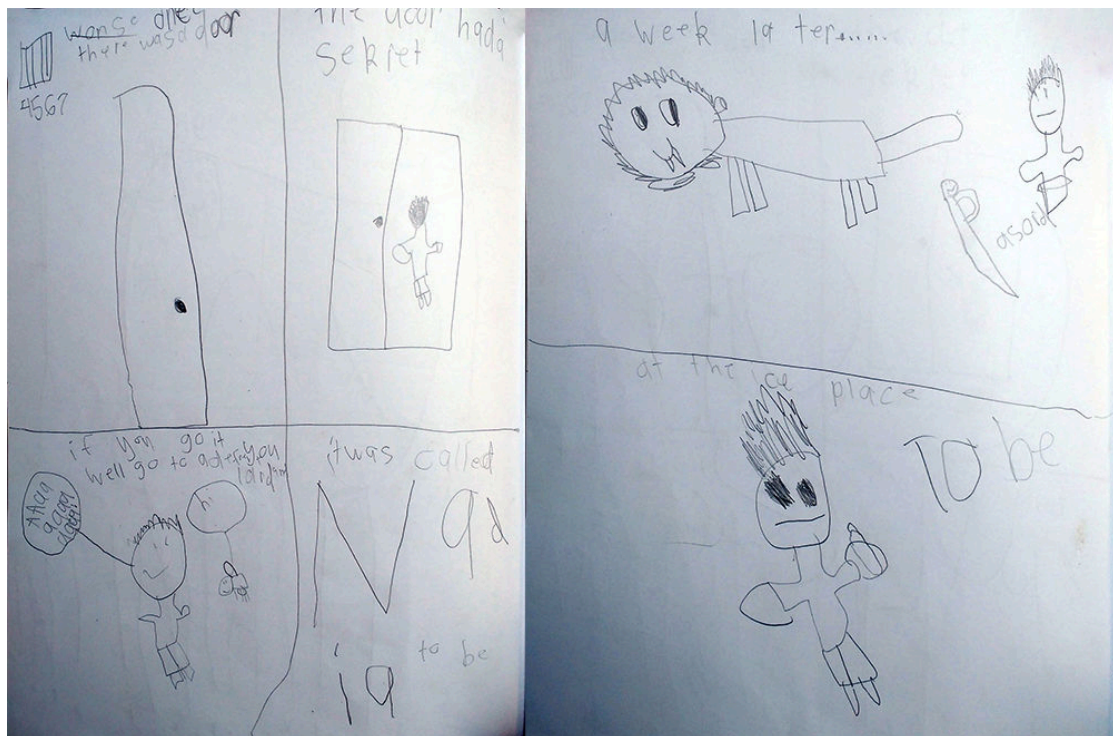
Andy Griffiths' and Terry Denton's book, *Once Upon a Slime: 45 fun ways to get writing FAST!*, is a godsend for making creative expression fun for younger students. It contains many activities that jump start the students into action and mirror many of the themes and cartoons in their own books.

This year we've used a number of their 'writing starters' including:

- Illustrated Stories
- Bad Mummy cartoons
- Lists
- Random Idea Generator
- Dumb Ideas (and what happened next)
- Jar Labels
- Everyday Epics

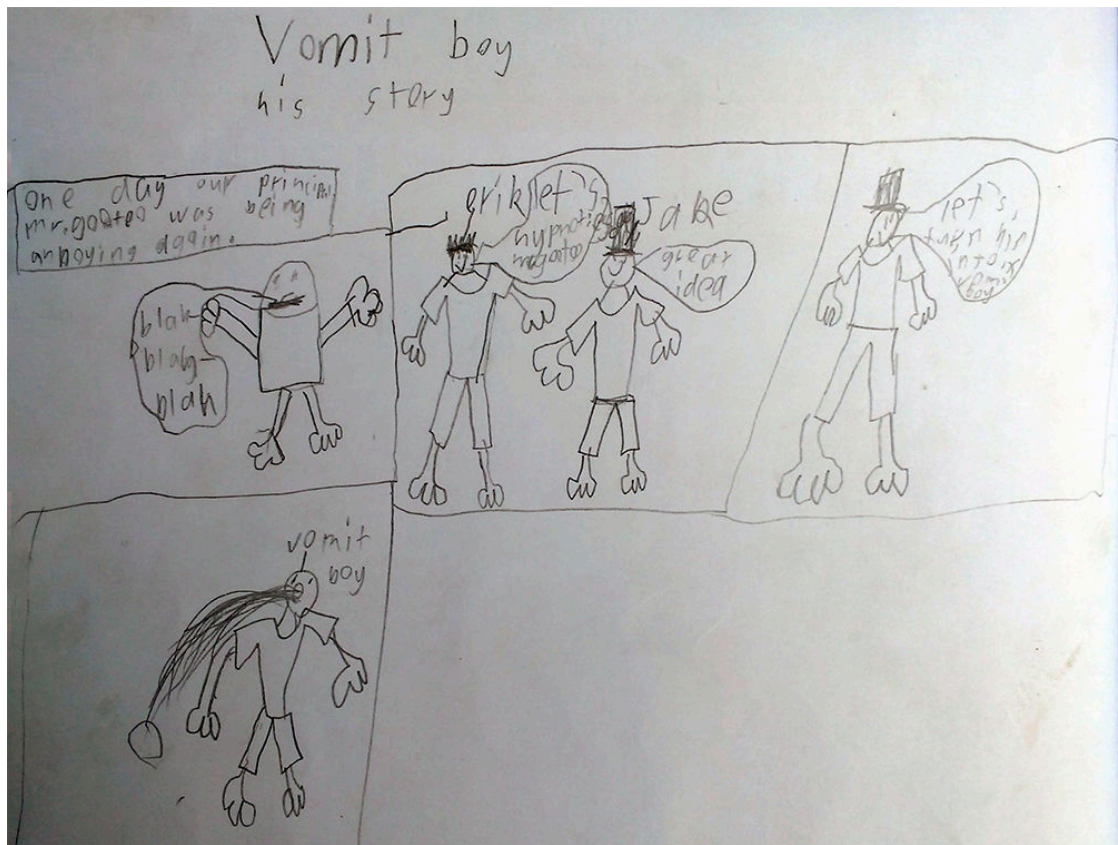
This section of our anthology is dedicated to Andy Griffiths and Terry Denton and their supreme talent for channeling the 9 year old boy in all of us!

Illustrated Stories



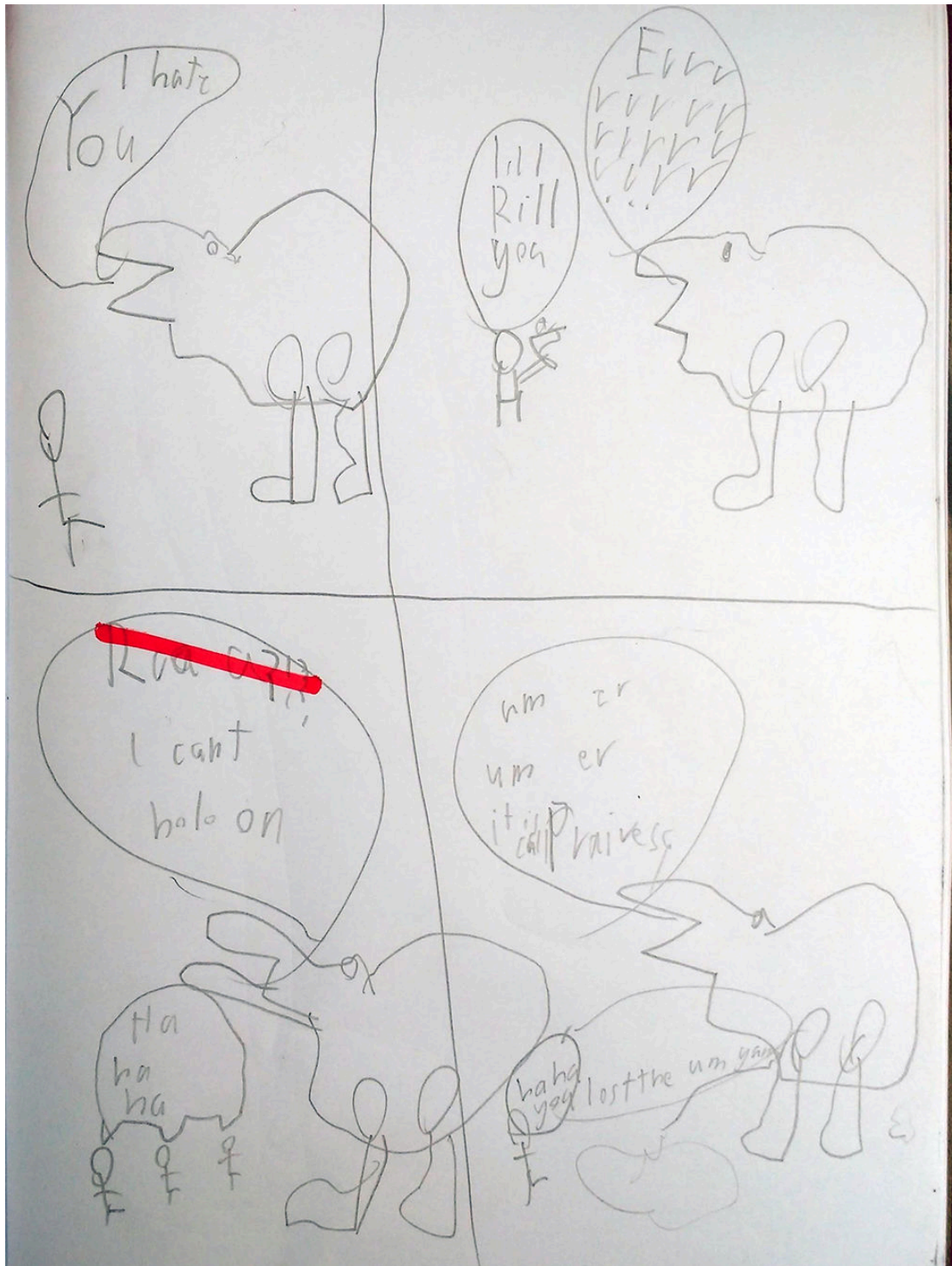
Alex

ILLUSTRATED STORIES



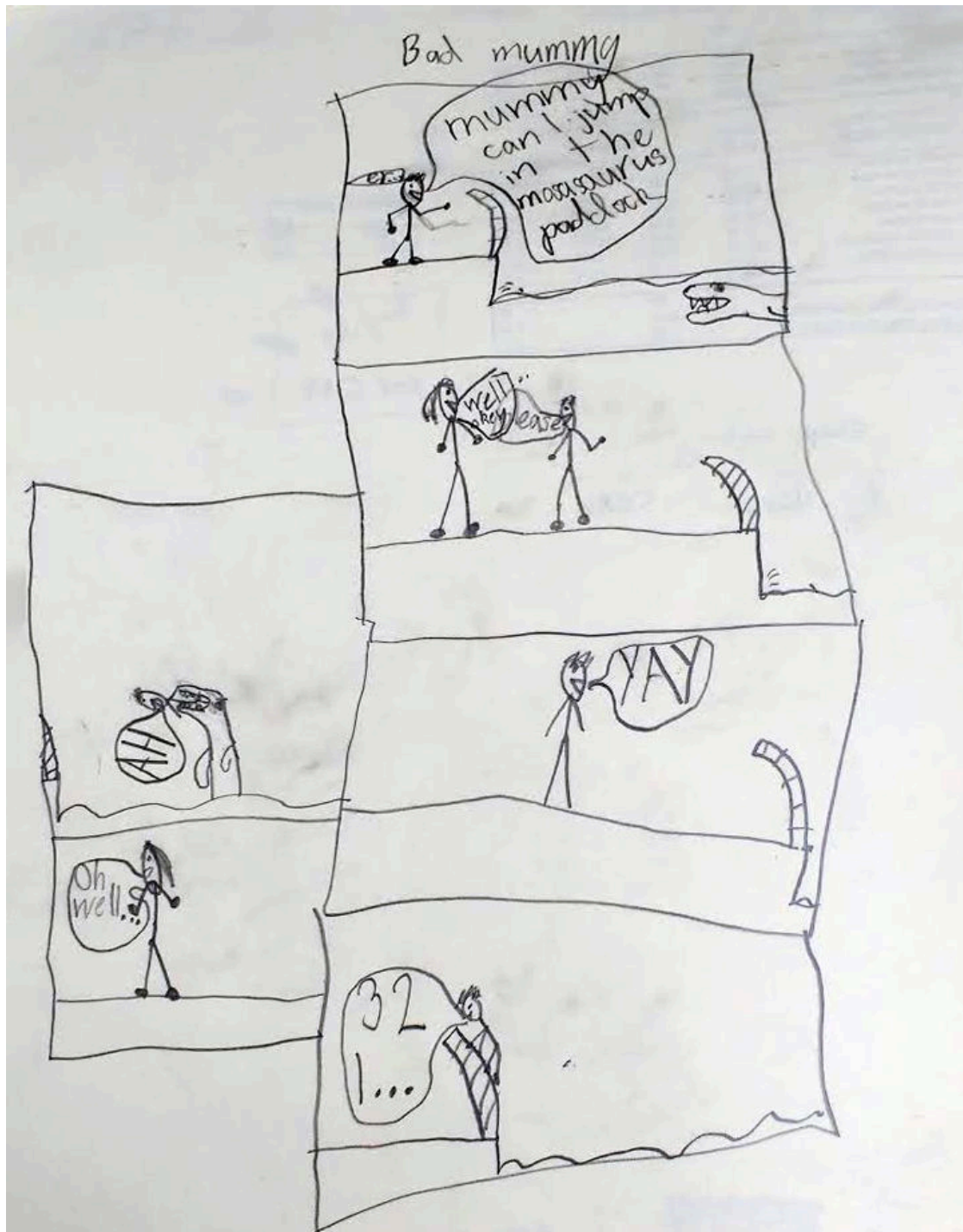
Jack

ILLUSTRATED STORIES



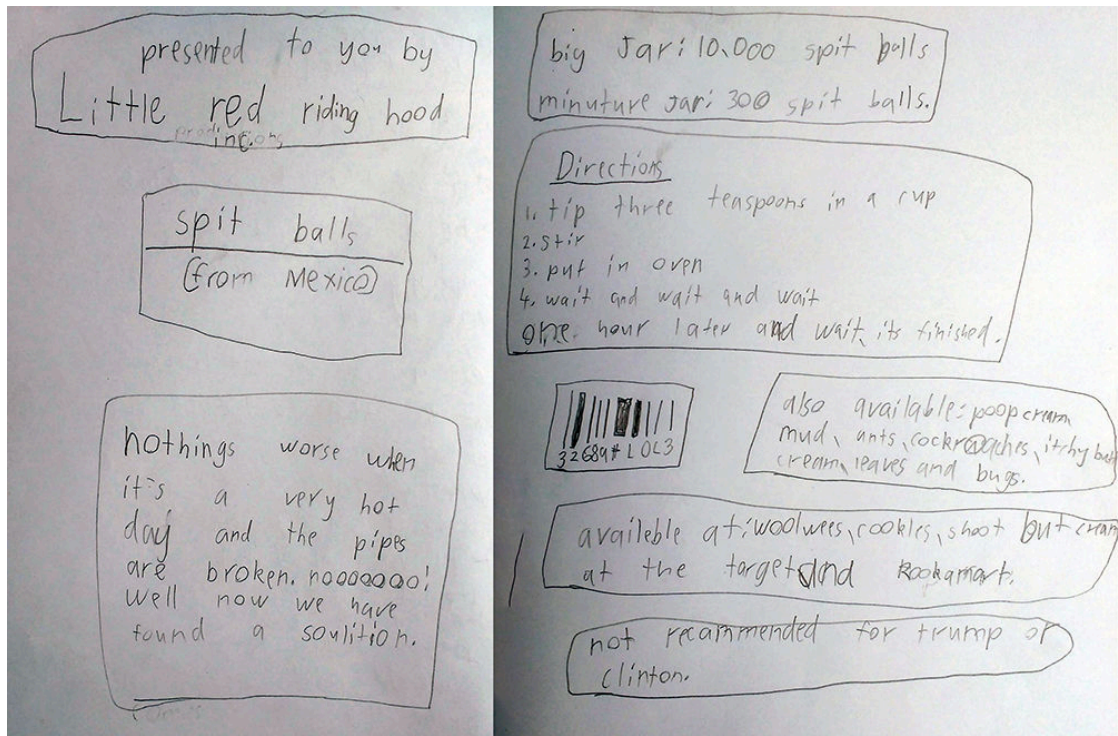
Kit

Bad Mummy



Louis

Jar Labels



Jack

Nia's special pixie dust

Are you a fairy who's run out of sparkle?
Coz Nia's special pixie dust will do the trick.

Once you put it on your wings
You will fly if your wing tips are not wet.

Put it on your wings NOW
You can't fly without Nia's special pixie dust.

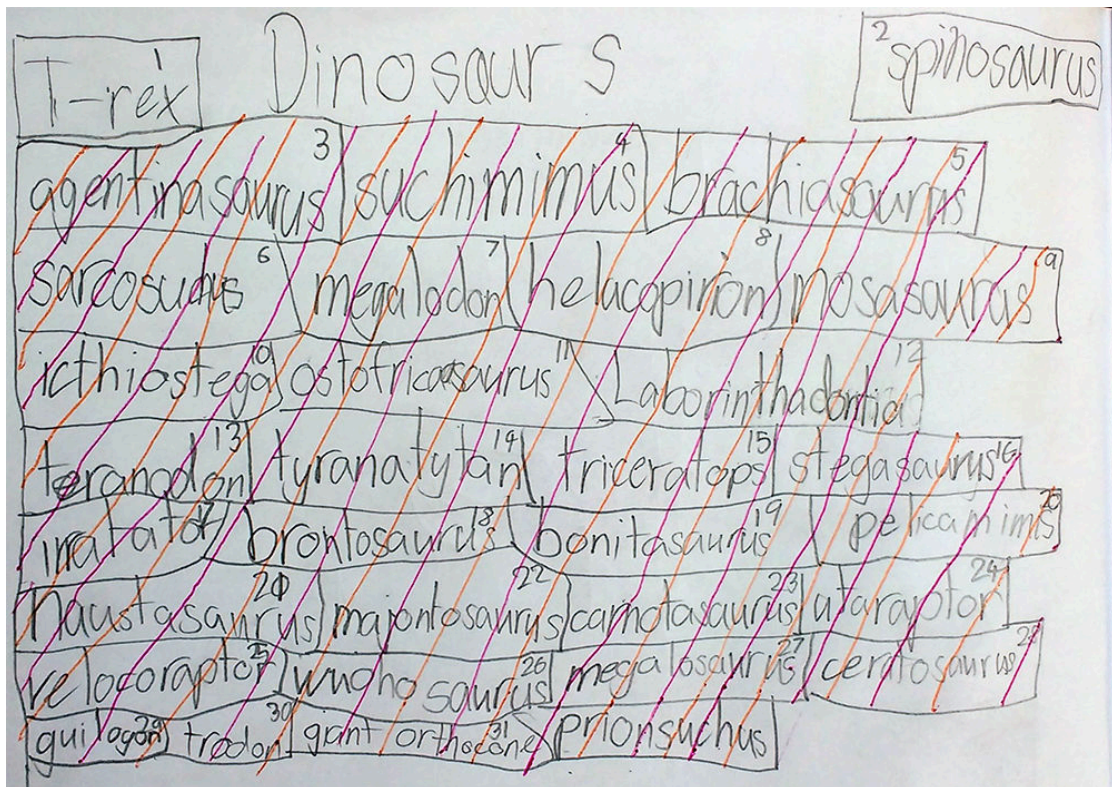
Lydia

Lists

Why the world could end by Jack

1. My dad farted
2. I ate Brussels sprouts
3. I threw a nuclear bomb
4. I stepped on an ant
5. I saw my fear - can't tell you it
6. I went to bed
7. I lost a soccer match
8. I went to the toilet
9. I picked my nose
10. I wrestled John Cena
11. I was a sumo wrestler
12. I fell off a 2 inch wall
13. I ate a dump
14. I ate my own guts
15. I never talked for one minute
16. The world ended
17. I broke my leg
18. Fun was un-invented
19. I was called stupid
20. I learned something

Random Idea Generator

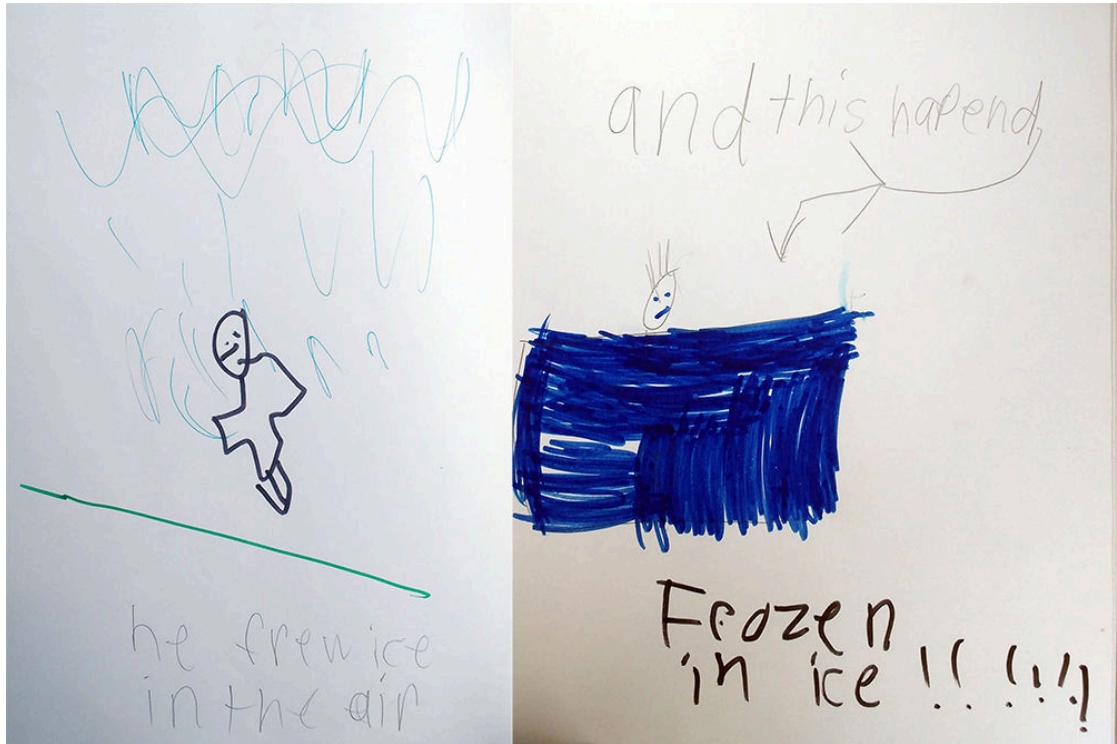


Louis



Louis

Dumb Ideas (and what happened next)



Alex

Little Red Riding Hood Inc.

Books:

Cool dudes

Completely weird

This is weird

Soccer dudes book 1

Soccer dudes book 2

Sport = life

Characters:

Jetpack Jeff

Bold baby

Trampoline-head

Ammo dude

Bouncy bob

Kokodoodoodoodoo

Bossy sausage

Cena dude

Prancing queen

Parana dude

Quacky the fatty

Basketball of death!

People:

Jack

Kit

Mel

Alex

Louie

Edwina

Dax

Sam b

Goals:

Write Books

Becoming a business in real life

Get paid \$10,000 per second

Become more rich than Donald trump

Get rich

Buy a mansion

Employee of the day:

Mel

Kit

Gifts:

Private jet

Sniper

Ferrari
Lamborghini
Hover board
Jetpack
Money!!!!
Lollies
Chips
Mansion
Tree
Stuff
A new life
Nappy

Points:

Mel: 500 😊
Kit: 670 😊
Alex: 520 😊
Louie: 260 😊 😊
Edwina: 10 😞 😞

Mascot ideas

- **My little brother Sammy in a hippopotamus onesie doing the American dab**
- **Jeff**
- **Bob**
- **A water bottle**

- **Me**
- **Money**
- **A random person**
- **Michael Jordan**
- **John Cena**
- **Emoji**



Afterword

Creative Writing Club 2016 – Members

Charlotte Hogan (year 6)
Lola Arnold (year 5)
Josh Navan (year 5)
Zara Lockhart (year 5)
Nina White (year 5) – joined in term 4
Ruby Turner (year 4)
Evie Munday (year 4)
Ella Nicholas (year 4)
Estelle Hall (year 4) – for term 3
Kaari Ellen (year 3)

Alexandra Shearer (year 3) – for term 3
Jack Lygoyris (year 2)
Kit Crossin (year 2)
Mel Kittisarn (year 2)
Louis White (year 2) – joined term 4
James Thamm (year 2) – for term 3
Alex Virk (year 2) – joined term 4
Lydia Cowdery Lack (year 1)

Thank you to all the students for their creative work and spirit of play over the past few months. Thank you to parents for providing your children with the opportunity to spend more time in a 'creative space', and to those of you who have helped with typing up stories in recent weeks.

I'd also like to acknowledge the support and encouragement from the Sydney Story Factory (Craig New in particular) when we participated in the first ever Pen to Paper Writing Challenge. Many of the stories in our anthology arose from the writing goals the students set themselves for the September challenge. We also raised almost \$250 which allows other children from marginalised backgrounds to attend creative writing workshops and find their own inner writer. The Sydney Story Factory also provided us with some wonderful books for our library as a thank you.

See you in 2017!



Artwork by Charlotte Hogan (year 6)