

Nothing

Nothing is black
Nothing is white
Nothing is darkness
The absence of light
Nothing

Nothing to see here
You may as well go
If you want me to stop
The answer is no
Nothing

Nothing is everything
Nothing is all
Down the corridor
A never ending hall
Nothing

The end of time
The end of the wormhole
Everything apart
Nothing as a whole
Nothing

Down the vortex
At the end of time
All is broken
But everything is fine

By Peter B

Bad Apple

She woke in horror, as the night froze. Her singing and dancing stood still as a stone, as she came back to reality's quiet stir. Looking around she was still on the rickety street, holding a sign for her begging plead. Life had nothing in for her, life was a game, it didn't matter if it was taken away.

She rose. Shivering in the cold of midnight, as she slowly pulled her blanket looking to see if anyone was nigh. The pulled over blanket revealed a sharp knife, still had the remains of blood from the rabbit she had that very night. She crept slowly through the all, leaving her old torn blankets and clothes behind. Holding the knife as tight as a boa constrictors grip. she thought about humanity, how they left her stranded, forgotten like a piece of garbage.

Soon she didn't even know where she was going. Her sight drew her to the ground miles below, she was climbing MT ebott. "AHHHHH!" screams rang out as she fell down to the bottom of the crack in the mountain surface. "Hey wake up," a soft worried voice spoke to her "Are you... you're going to be ok." She opened her eyes to see a furry face looking at her. His white glistening goat fur, his chocolate brown eyes and his green sweatshirt with two yellow stripes, made her see at ease. "who are you?" she asked "my names Asriel, the prince of underground monsters."

"Asriel what do you mean you won't do it?" it had been a few years since she fell down so everyone called her character "But character," Asriel cried "If I do it I would have to kill you." He seemed like he really didn't want to go through with this "you wouldn't have to," character replied "I'm sick and going to die." Character started to cry "I just want to see the flowers from my village..." she stopped breathing. Asriel knew what he had to do, so he absorbed characters sol.

Asriel went through the forest on the surface, and laid character down at the flower bed in the middle of the village. The sun light beamed through her short cut brown hair. Suddenly screams rang out, villagers grabbed every weapon and cornered Asriel, just according to plan. Asriel soon lost control, Characters soul was controlling his every thought. "kill them," she spoke in his ear "Kill them all." But Asriel did not fight back, he let every human attack him. Character got angrier and angrier, Asriel betrayed the plan to get rid of humanity. "Hahaha..." she laughed phycoly "Since when were you the one in control." "SLASH!" Asriel lay there dead "My name is Chara!" "and you were in my way, Asriel" As more screams rang out, people started to flee "I'll find another person to go along with my plans just watch." Her soul flew into the abyss.

Emma P

INTO THE CAVE!!

I START SPRINTING I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM OR WHERE I AM GOING. THEN I SEE A FAINT LIGHT. IT IS A LONG WAY AWAY BUT I THINK I CAN GET THERE BEFORE THE WEATHER GETS ANY WORSE. I START SPRINTING AGAIN. I'M RUNNING MY HEART OUT. I FEEL WEAK I STOP RUNNING BUT THEN I HEAR IT AGAIN THE SAME POUNDING AS BEFORE. I AM SCARED, THE THING SOUNDS LIKE IT IS ANGRY. THEN I BLACK OUT, EVERYTHING IS DARK I FALL AND I AM STILL....

I WAKE UP. "WHERE AM I?" I SAY CONFUSED. I LOOK AROUND ALL I CAN SEE IS STONE LOTS AND LOTS OF STONE. I LOOK AROUND SOME MORE I CAN SEE THE HORRIBLE WEATHER OUTSIDE. "MUM WHERE ARE YOU." THERE IS SILENCE BUT THEN I HEAR A MUFFLED VOICE. IT IS DEEP DOWN. THEN I REALISE I'M IN A CAVE AND A VERY BIG ONE AS WELL. I GET UP AND START WALKING INTO THE DARKNESS. IT IS WET. VERY WET. I KEPT WALKING AND THEN I STOP MYSELF BECAUSE THERE IS A VERY LONG SLOP AND IT LOOKS LIKE QUITE A RIDE DOWN. I GET ON MY BUM AND PUSH MYSELF TO THE EDGE OF THE SLOP. "HERE GOES NOTHING" I SAY TO MYSELF. I START SLIDING AND IT GOES ON FOREVER. BY LEWIS W.

GONE

BEEP! BEEP! I woke up to the sudden noise of my loud, irritating alarm clock. I slipped on both my dressing gown and slippers. I slowly and reluctantly walk into the kitchen and open the cupboard. I picked out my cereal, and sat down at the table. I finished my cereal, and as I was cleaning up my mess, I realised that I hadn't fed the cat. I walked into the laundry, fully prepared with the cat's food and toys. I slowly and cautiously turn the laundry door handle, and push it open. Expecting something to pop out at me. I took a step back, realising that she wasn't there. I searched the laundry for her, but she was still gone. I went back into my bedroom and looked under my bed. She wasn't there. I went to the kitchen and searched through the cupboards and draws. She wasn't there. I investigated the lounge room, under the pillows and behind the couch. She wasn't there. I checked outside, behind the big tree and in the bushes. She still wasn't there. I started to think she wasn't coming back. I slowly and miserably returned to the kitchen and put away the cat food and toys. I headed toward the table when I heard a familiar sound ring through my ears. I rush to the laundry and burst through the door. She's here! I pick her up and stroke her lovingly.

Eliza K.

Hand hurting

Goal kicking

Excruciatingly hard

Awesome ball

Makes friendship

Awesome sport

Sweaty effects

Super competitive

Goal diving



lemons

When life gives you lemons,
Don't make lemonade,
Maybe be nice to them,
Just for a change.
They don't like lemonade,
I know that for sure,
So go, take a break,
Or maybe something more.
Lemons are mean,
They don't appreciate,
Use them against themselves,
And show them what you ate.
Soon they will betray you,
Overtake your brain,
Confuse you,
Hurt you,
Fill you with pain...
You are a no-one
Empty,
Nothing,
It's hard, it hurts,
They left you, no, you left them,
What happened?
Was it you? Was it them?
Your alone, and its hard, why?

Your sad and small
Your thinking
you've got no friends at all...
and you're a loner on your own
eating, playing, making on your own.
Some one comes, who is this,
Some one's here, what is he doing,
He asks you, "Come, let's play" you smile
and look up...
"Of course, let's go" you reply with a
wide grin

Sebastian D

Locked In

*James slowly crept through the abandoned hallway as the distinctive noise grew stronger. This did not scare him; instead he was encouraged by his strong curiosity. It was dark and gloomy, the noise became clearer. The boy's heart started to thump like a train on a broken railway. Cobwebs blocked his path but did not stop him. James looked back to see nothing but his past, there was no turning back. **He was locked in...***

*As he continued his journey through the unilluminated hallway he spied a light approaching. James started to run, desperate to escape, wanting to leave and fix his mind. Although James was sprinting at this point, the light or exit didn't seem to come any closer, instead seemed to be getting further away. James was exhausted and halted. He leaned against the suspicious wall and felt nauseous. His mind was spinning; he fell back and landed harshly on the concrete floor. His eyes closed in the slumber. **He was locked in...***

*James wakes up in fear. His tired, blue eyes were scanning room around him. The obscure paintings caught his attention. The paintings were of sad pictures of slaves and servants, being tortured and tormented. He began to fret. He lies back into the dirty wooden bed. Just as his eyes close he hears it. The peculiar voice beyond the door whispered into his ear. The voice was unclear and sounded hoarse. James was shocked. The door creaked closed. Ignoring the horrific sound, slowly James leaped towards the door, attempting to release the door from its immobility. The handle held still. James was still unclear of why he was here, or what he was doing here. James couldn't take it anymore, he stopped in despair, his strength slipped his courage faded. His fear grew bigger; suddenly his heart skipped a beat, and another, and another. And momentarily his heart came to a stop, and end. His eyes awake, yet sleeping. **He was locked in...***

By Donovan.B

My Inspiration

Olympics

It's all about sports. Who strive to get a medal. But of course not everyone's the same. There some who have great confidence and know they can win. There are some who just come to have fun. Obviously there are a few who are a little too confident. So everyone's different but that's a huge part of the Olympics along with the different countries, the people, the cheering and of course the SPORTSMANSHIPS

By: Kate

Night - By Saffron B

Midnight blue
Shining stars,
A silver moon
Reflects on a car
All is silent
All is sleeping
Except for the possum
Perched on a thin wire, creeping
Pitch black,
Not one can see
Apart from the mysterious owl
With its fluorescent eyes
Inspecting the scene
Suddenly, the sun yawns
And rubs its eyes
The moon rests its head
As it watches the sun rise

No one is listening

I was hiking on a mountain with my family on Saturday morning. There was nice weather, and the birds were chirping merrily. My parents and baby sister were skipping along. I, on the other hand, was observing the little squirrel behind the big oak tree. When I looked to see where my family was, all I saw was the mountains, glinting in the sun. I ran. "Mum! Dad! They weren't under the trees, or over on the hiking track. I was lost, alone and hungry. How did they forget me?"

I called, but no-one was listening.

By Eunice W.

Mao's Last Dancer

Awe-inspiring

Determined and achieving

Reaches dreams

My idol

Always inspiring me

Reaches goals

Perseverance through the hard times

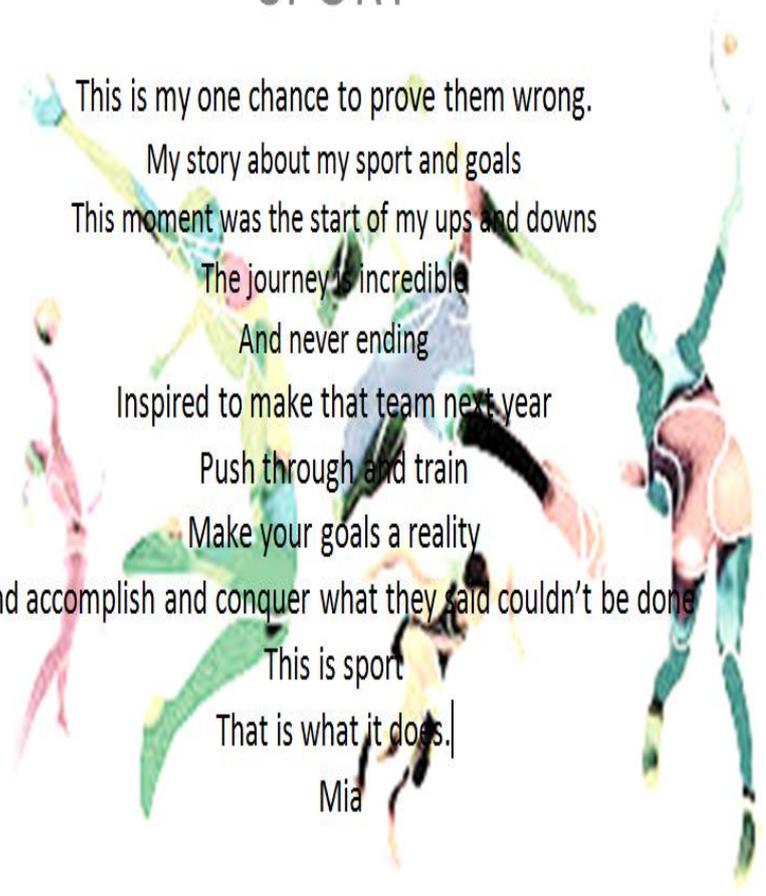
Hardworking

An inspiring story

By Arjan J 6/5J



SPORT



This is my one chance to prove them wrong,
My story about my sport and goals
This moment was the start of my ups and downs
The journey is incredible
And never ending
Inspired to make that team next year
Push through and train
Make your goals a reality
And accomplish and conquer what they said couldn't be done
This is sport
That is what it does.
Mia



The Olympics Poem with a Twist

Thrilling performances

Sensational achievements

Colourful crowd

Erupting stadium

Cheers soar

Pressure pushing

Hearts drumming

Striving to be golden

No success

By Charlie L.



Sleeping

Peace and balance troubles no more

Freedom from the world anything can happen

Want nothing, receive nothing

Want all, all will come

Contemplation, Concentration

Cerebration, Consideration

Replenish energy, ready for the next day

The greatest treasure

Sleep

Leon

The Author

When a child finds a spark of inspiration or perhaps an idea they can do a few things but very rarely do those children decide to take that idea a bit further..... 'Okay kids it's time for the spelling test.' Mrs Wiggilybottom sang in her annoying voice so I did the usual, stared out the window and wait until the day was over. Then it happened. reason I stuck my hand in the air school work can I write a book?' the whole class looked at me like I was absolutely insane, someone whispered loud enough for me to hear "Who's the new kid." What a life. The teacher told me to go ask the principal because she was "very busy" aka doesn't care. So I stormed out. I was doing this for a better name. I knocked on the door at our principal's office, and started telling her my idea. After a bunch of persuading, Miss Dollycooras finally let me write my book. At lunch I went to the Lab and went over to my favourite computer the one in the back corner and began to write I always start writing before the title. I don't usually do well in English so I didn't want to embarrass myself. I had to read it out to the school. That was part of the deal. I did have an idea for this book. I started with one letter. Then one sentence. Then a paragraph and by the end of the day my hands were freely flowing and words spilled out of the now unlocked chest onto the page. The next day I came back to my position and finished off the last few touches. The title. I needed a title. I had a light-bulb moment. I wrote down a few words. They said *The Author*

By Stephanie K.

Adventure with a Dorito

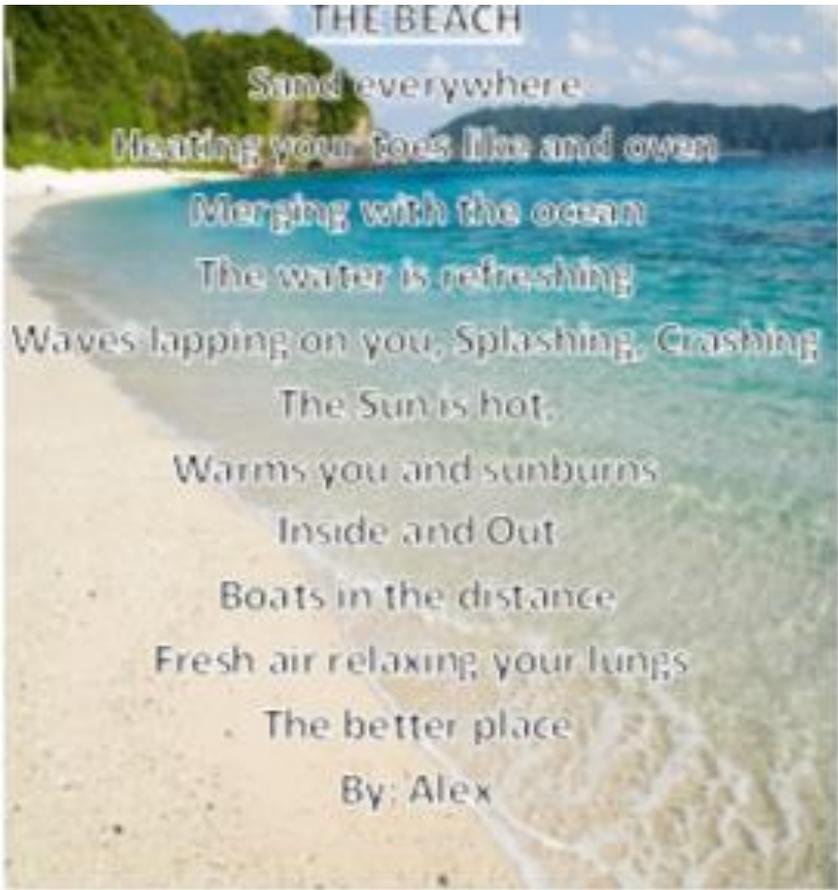
Hi, I'm Dorito and today I will tell you one of my adventures. So I was at Coles sitting on the shelf and I saw someone coming down the aisle, I was nervous, I didn't want to get taken by the person; the kid looked fat and greedy. He was approaching the chips and myself and all my friends, and he looked at us licking his lips. That was a close one! I said, but Bob got taken by that greedy kid and I am depressed now! So for the rest of the day we were sad, all 50 of us. The next morning someone else came, no sorry a whole group of kids down the chips and sweets aisle. They came to us and we were taken and dumped into a trolley and taken to a mysterious place called a checkout as the people said. Then we were taken into a truly fast thing called a car. When we arrived to the "house" we were chucked into a "cupboard". Life was boring for the next 10 seconds all we did was sit there, it was like prison. That night we decided to make a move out of this place that smelt like Coles because there was so much food. We got out of the cupboard and saw an open window about 30cm off the ground. We had to jump up as high as we possibly could to get out. I jumped first it was quite easy. I ran as fast as I possibly could all the way to the road. We ran all the way to the next "house" and then the next until we got to the end of the "street". Then we probably went past about 15 streets and we arrived at Coles but the door was obviously locked. So we had to find another way in. We wondered around the "building" looking for an entrance. Then we found an unlocked "door", so we went into that "door". It was very dark inside Coles, but we managed to find our aisle and go back onto it. The next morning, we hid on top of our aisle so we wouldn't get taken away. Our life was much better after that, no one took us, and we laughed at all the chips and everything that got taken by all the people.

So that's the end of one of my adventures, I hope you enjoyed it. Next time I will tell you another one of my adventures.

Key to the Core

Sprinting through the jungle, Jake and his crew couldn't wait to complete the first challenge. They could sense danger surrounding them. Rapidly they all stopped when they heard a rustling noise in the shrub. Nothing moved. The silence was deafening.

Gustavo N



THE BEACH

Sand everywhere
Heating your toes like an oven

Merging with the ocean

The water is refreshing

Waves lapping on you, Splashing, Crashing

The Sun is hot,

Warms you and sunburns

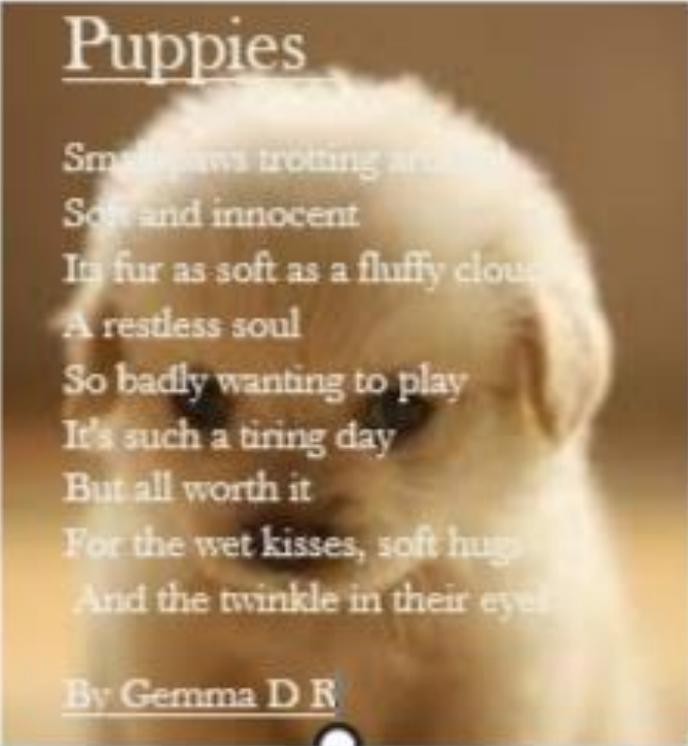
Inside and Out

Boats in the distance

Fresh air relaxing your lungs

The better place

By: Alex



Puppies

Small paws trotting around

Soft and innocent

Its fur as soft as a fluffy cloud

A restless soul

So badly wanting to play

It's such a tiring day

But all worth it

For the wet kisses, soft hugs

And the twinkle in their eyes

By Gemma D R

The Deep Green Amazon

“Where am I?!” Mark shouted as more of the chemical is injected in his veins. Dizziness nauseated him as tiredness attack at his hurting brain. He was struggling to keep his eyes open as every few seconds his views would fade to black.

He could see green lots of green fading as if he were buried in stacks of grass. He could hear something like an engine motoring away in the distance on a dirt road. He looked to his right and could see an army truck moving in the distance away from him. Maybe they were the reason he didn't feel right as if he were dying. His brain hurt too much to concentrate but he managed to infer that a scientist was in the truck, by seeing him wearing a lab coat through the window of the truck.

*The scientist was holding something in his hand it looked like a needle, yes a needle! His surroundings were very green it was unnatural how green. It was as if the world around him was illuminated. It, it was like he was drugged. They must have stuck the needle into him and whatever was in it, he definitely wasn't immune to it. All of a sudden **everything faded to black...***

Mark woke up to see black. He could hear crickets' chirping meaning it was late afternoon to night and it seems like he had a roof of some sought over his head as he couldn't see stars and everything was black. His leg was in pain as if it had been scratched by three sharp dirty paws. He heard a distant roar as if someone was snoring. Then he realised he was in a bears cave. He sprinted away from the roar wondering how he could've moved there when knocked out. Then the thought stumbled to him, he was the bears dinner. He was running so much he didn't even know he was out of the cave. He looked up to see an amazing majestic sight of beautiful glittering stars.

By now after all that running Mark's shoes were aching out his feet so he was forced to take them off. Unaware of where he was he felt the floor with his feet. It was tarmac that was weird. He must be on a road. He stood on the side of the road putting his thumb out and waiting for a car.

The end

Anthony B

Sophie Dixon and The After School Adventure

He had the choice to save or destroy the world. The dark room clouds his mind. Searching, endless searching..... until, he finds the perfect girl. Sophie Dixon, she is courageous and she has heart. Yes, he thinks, perfect. He finally speaks in his old, raspy voice. "I, the eternal wizard Merdea, make this girl into the weapon that could save or destroy the world!!!!" the ground shakes as he finishes his spell. Lightning strikes inside the room. He sits in his chair and says quietly, "The fate of the world rests on her shoulders." The cloudy room becomes too misty to see the glowing red eyes of the wizard.

The alarm beeps loudly in her ears. She groans. "Wake up, Sophie!" A loud Irish voice comes from the hallway. "Yes, Dad." She moans. She stands up and walking through her pink bedroom with posters of One Direction, through the bland hallway, into the small kitchen.

Hugo B.

Robots

Human equals taking over
Present body, Artificial intelligence
Liquid brain, Coded memory
Solid bones, metal frame
flowing blood, hydraulic fluid
no electricity



Michael D 6/5J

The Deep

"SPLASHHHH!" Johnny woke up with a bang. He didn't know where he was or what had happened, all he knew was that he was stranded in the ocean with no land for at least 5kms. Although he saw a buoy about 50 metres away.

He started making his way to the buoy. He was about half way when he noticed a movement in the sea beneath him, he started to panic. Vigorously splashing, concerned to find out what was beneath him. His worry seemed take over him, all he knew what to do at the time was stress, A LOT. He started swimming to the buoy as fast as he could. He looked like he was doggy paddling from the stress he was under. He felt another movement under him, this time it rocked his whole body, he was under an immense amount of freight. He jumped up onto the buoy letting out a huge sigh of relief.

After what had felt like an eternity has now ended. He looked around the buoy vigorously in search for a flare gun and a radio cell phone. To his luck, He found a flare gun, some wood, a plastic sheet and a knife, but no cell phone. He was extremely disappointed but didn't let that get him down. He only had one chance, one flare, one shot.

He aimed the flare gun at the creature's head, blood pumping heavily through his veins. He took a deep breath and braced for the shot. The sound of the shot ricochets off the water for miles and miles. It was the loudest sound he had ever heard. Johnny had seen terrible things, but nothing not nearly as bad as this. He suddenly fell backwards from the shock of the scene. He started feeling dizzy and sick, but there was no one to help him. All he had was a knife, an empty flare gun, stranded on a buoy with some wood and a sheet of plastic.

Although, In Johnny's sight was a fishing ship! He was screaming at the top of his lungs. No reply was returned. But that was the least of his problems! There was a flash of shining silver beneath him... AGAIN! Somehow this creature had been struck directly with a flare gun, and it had still not knocked out the creature! "BAM!" The creature had made a sudden movement smashing the buoy making Johnny suddenly tumble off the buoy with a jolt.

He then lay face to face with the unidentified creature. The creature was circling him vigorously. Johnny took a deep gulp preparing for the damage. He struck the creature square in the nose with all his might. Soon after the creature returned with a snarl and started swimming straight towards Johnny with anger driving out of itself. Johnny braced for impact. But to his surprise was scooped out of the water! He lay out of the water in a fishing net, barely touched by the creature. He was tremendously excited and happy. The fishers must have seen him and brought him to rescue. In his hand was a reminder of the creature, it's tooth. He kept it with him for the rest of his life and thought of it as a reminder to never give up.



Samuel B

My Chance

I am ready,

Taking little leaps then floating back to Earth,

This is my chance,

My time in the spotlight,

To be the best.

I know the audience is cheering,

But all I hear is silence,

Butterflies flying furiously inside me,

When I leap, they leap.

I scan my eyes around their anticipating faces,

What feels like hours have passed,

I will never achieve my destiny without this,

So I jump.

By Claudia

Jenny Papas

Exceptional dancer

Leaping through the air

Beautiful story told

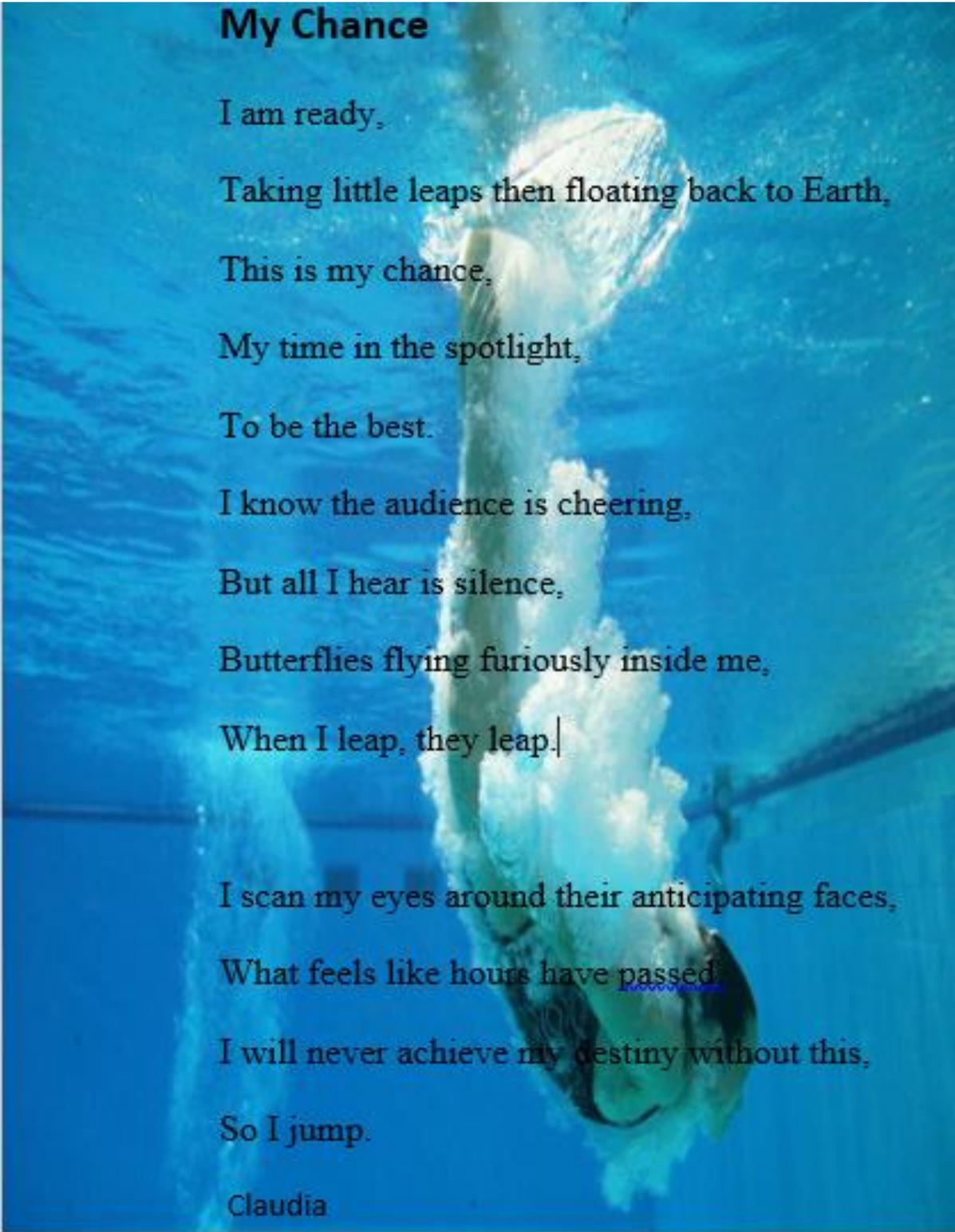
Spine-tingling performance

No Audience

By Liv A



My Chance

A photograph of a diver underwater in a blue pool. The diver is upside down, with their head near the surface and legs pointing downwards. They are wearing a dark wetsuit and a diving mask. The water is clear and blue, with some bubbles visible around the diver. The background shows the pool's structure and some lights.

I am ready,
Taking little leaps then floating back to Earth,
This is my chance,
My time in the spotlight,
To be the best.
I know the audience is cheering,
But all I hear is silence,
Butterflies flying furiously inside me,
When I leap, they leap.

I scan my eyes around their anticipating faces,
What feels like hours have passed.
I will never achieve my destiny without this,
So I jump.

Claudia

THE FIRST STEP

Hugo B

The roar of the crowd was heard from 10 kilometres away. This is what he has been waiting for his whole life. The bus slugged through the evening traffic in Sydney, 2000. "Are you ready, Mike?" asked his friend confidently. He was obviously shaking as well. "I was born ready." replied Mike. "The first one is always the hardest. But, trust me, it's always the best." explained the blonde confident man. "Yeah, I trust you, Mike said, "look we're here." "Right people," said the bus driver in a strong Australian accent. "See you guys later." The athletes got off the bus and entered the stadium. "Okay, people, let's go, we're on now," said the flagbearer. "ANNNNDDDD USA," screamed the loudspeaker in the stadium. The stadium exploded with cheers. Mike felt this moment was the best day of his life. Mike's name was Michael Phelps. He never knew he would go on to win 23 Olympic gold medals.

The Games

Anantha waited, she gripped the bar with her life. The shiny sequins on her sactard glistened in the delicate light.

Raman arched his back to avoid the pole. The sweat on his shirt dripped as he jumped more each try.

Lithia battled against the currents desperately. The oars in her hands were slipping as each stroke continued on.

Emend hit the ball with force. His hand and feet turning red from the heat of the beach and the whacks from the ball.

Willina drew back the arrow with steadiness. Her hands and feet were shaking from the vibration of the target.

Peted kicked the ball forcefully. His shoes smelt of dirt and the ball as he ran around the stadium.

Rita jumped on the board several times before flipping into the water. Her swimmers stretching from the force.

These are all story's and different aspects of life. The crowd and nimble in the same spots.

If you are observant and if you really see you will know of a story a story of you and me it has twists, wines and losses the games and the fun times this magnificent story is your life. It stretches and yawns in mysterious ways and it lets surprise stay that way. The games are a hurdle one more surprise it bends your story it makes your life.

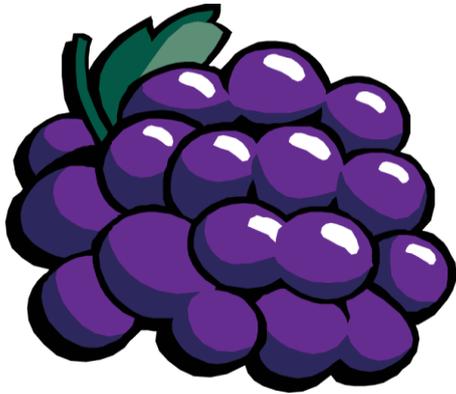
Elisha M

The Grape Adventure

By Aria N

Hi fellow fruits. Today I'm gonna tell you a story, probably the scariest story of my life. It all started on a Monday, National Grape day. National grape day is the day that the first grape was born. His name was Alexander the Grape. Anyway, I was talking to my friends about this REALLY pretty apple that I kind of have a crush on. But then just when I was going to make my move on her, this GIANT thing reached down and kidnapped me!! They took me to a place I think was called a "Cheque out?" And then they swiped me in this weird red light and it made this super loud beeping sound. After that the big screen said that I costed \$3.99. I think they made a mistake though because I personally think that I'm worth \$4.00. Right after that, they put me into a huge plastic bag and walked right out Woollies!! This is probably the scariest part of the story, so if you don't like scary thing you better not read this. They slammed me down in the back of the car then drove off to the place I wish I never went to. When they took me out the sun hit my grape eyes. They placed me into a bowls with a bunch of holes in it then saturated me with ice cold water. When I dried off I looked to my left and saw a huge, giant butter knife. I thought I was done for, but then the best thing happened to me. I slipped off the table and rolled under the fridge. That's where I am today, and I'm still waiting for a rescue party... actually I've been waiting for a rescue party for the last 2 years. I'm starting to doubt they're even going to come for me! And unfortunately that's where my story will end. So thank you for reading my grape adventure.

The End



DANCE

The thrill of dancing on the magnificent stage

The adrenalin gushes through my veins

Fright of messing up

Fright of being blamed

What could I do?

I am human

My heart beats in my rib cage

My stomach ties into a knot

As I walk on stage

I feel a breeze of relief

As I hear the beat and get into the groove

My fears surf away

I can hear the crowd cheer

I can hear them say

“ Your dance is wonderful”

The crowd had magnificent smiles like a field of sunflowers

I drew a radiant smile across my face

A smile isn't only contagious it comes in many ways

By Ziaa

In the Dark of the Night

My mouth felt like sandpaper. My hands were sweating. Suddenly the crowbar weighed a tonne. I stared at the house window, my own reflection glared back at me. The dishwater brown hair, the freckles, a 16 year old girl in a black out-fit. I sighed, took a deep breath and raised the crowbar....

I stared in dismay at the smashed glass on the floor. How could I have thought I could steal from the richest tycoon in town? But I had to complete my mission. Now, where was that safe?

My hands shook as I took the money in my gloved hands. I grinned. Wouldn't my dear old brother be shocked to find all his money gone. I scribbled a note and left it onto his now-empty safe.

'Happy April Fools'

By Olivia B.

In the Dark of the Night

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'Happy April Fools'

By Olivia B.

Michael Phelps

The black marlin of the pool

Not even Brian Shaw can hold his Gold

Skilled and talented he's got 23

Max s