MIRACLES MAGIC & MAYHEM

Three days of creative genius
Foreword

Much of the success of the Writer’s Workshops at Jacobs Well Environmental Education Centre can be attributed to Anita Bell, a seven-time bestselling author who retired at the age of 26 in order to write books. She has written both fiction and nonfiction for adults and children and has won a number of awards for her endeavours. Anita has presented at the workshops for several years and each year has held students spell-bound for three intensive days.

During that time the students write their masterpieces under Anita’s guidance and direction. Mostly grade 6, they are drawn from a number of Cluster 6 schools from around the Beenleigh area. Their imagination knows no bounds and for them, trying to encapsulate their expansive ideas in text can sometimes be a difficult task. However, by the end of the workshop they have a basic storyline which they then take home to finesse.

This publication highlights some of the talent that can be found in our local schools and aims to encourage these young writers by providing the stimulus to write under the expert tuition of Anita Bell.

Please enjoy.

Steve Rowell
Principal
Jacobs Well Environmental Education Centre
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MY MOTHER’S MIRACLE
Isabelle Negrillo (Eagleby State School)

Even though my bruises are gone, the memories are still on me.

I wait for the thick cane to hit my exposed skin and I tense, anticipating the pain. I scream and try to keep the flood in my eyes from bursting out of my eyelids, but I can’t... the tears gush out.

“Ruby, help me!” I plead but my older sister refuses. She’s trying to avoid mum. Life is hard in the Philippines. One little mistake and you will be made to hold books kneeling on rock salt with your arms outstretched. This is life up here and I hate it.

Mum and I are working as maids today, like we do every holiday. My mum has dispensed with me and is now pounding my other sister into the wall for folding the towels messily. She is crying in pain. As much as I want to help, I do not dare. I’ll get crushed.

The rice I’m boiling is as hot as the sun, I’m getting burned and my skin is chilli red. Knock, knock, knock, the house owner opens the unvarnished door, “Who are the visitors?” I ask myself as I peer through the kitchen. I accidentally spill some of the rice …I’m dead. My mum is like a meerkat, she can hear anything. Knowing I would be in huge trouble, I ran for my life.

Mum begins chasing me with a broom. My heart is racing a mile a minute. She is at the tip of my heels, yelling at me. I quickly run outside.

Mum stops to collect fire wood to throw at me. I stop to catch a breath. My mother sees her chance, drops the wood and pounces. She grabs my hair, dragging me back inside. The owner of the house is still talking to the visitors, taking no notice at all of the commotion going on behind him. He has heard it so many times before.

Mum pulls me into the toilet and forces my face into the bowel. I struggle but it is no use. I can’t breathe…flashes of white appear before me. I know I’m drowning and try one last effort to splash as much water out of the toilet as I can.

“Ahhhhhh” I finally am able to lift me head and suck in as much air as I can. I start to cough and splutter. I look behind me. Mum is lying on the floor with her eyes closed. It takes me a few seconds to comprehend the scene. Mum must have slipped on the water I had been splashing out of the toilet in the struggle to survive. She is unconscious so I assume that she has whacked her head in the fall. Is she alive? She looks as though she is still breathing.
And then she opens her eyes and stares at me…our eyes lock on one another.

“Baby what are you doing? Oh gosh! You are soaking wet. Let me help you up.”

She jumps to her feet and holds out her hand. Is this a trick? I reluctantly take her hand and she helps me to my feet. We walk out together. She grabs a towel, that she had used earlier to punish my sister and gently begins to dry my hair. My sisters stare at me in amazement. They too have seen this miracle.

From that day on our mother is a different person. She never lifts a hand against anyone again.

Even though my bruises are gone, the memories are still on me.
JACK FOR HIRE
Braedyn Shaw (Eagleby State School)

Foreword
Have you ever had a teacher that you wanted to get rid of? Ever needed someone to stand up to a bully? Maybe you need something retrieved that you lost, or someone stole? Well today’s your lucky day, because I'm Jack for hire, and for the right price, I can do all of those things!

"Settle dooooon class!" said Mrs Eliot.
Mrs Eliot is the strictest teacher in the universe (that's pretty strict). She liked handing out a year's worth of homework every week, eating boogers over lunch breaks, and picking on children for fun during her math classes. Luckily, I only have her twice a week.
"Benjamin!" screamed Mrs Eliot.
"Why have you not finished this week's homework?"
"It was t-too h-h-h-hard," choked Benjamin.
"Too hard... you are a 6th grader Benjamin. I only gave you Year 11 work!"
"I-I-I .... Uh... uh"
"DETENTION!" screamed Mrs Eliot, glaring at Benjamin as he almost broke into tears. Instantly a thought came into my mind. *Give him the card.* I grabbed a card out of my pocked and passed it to Ben. I watched him slowly scan over it. He looked up at me. Slowly understanding dawned and he nodded his head.
It was lunchtime and I was happily chewing on my steak sandwich when Ben approached me with a satisfying $15 worth of lunch money in his hand. I reached for my money, but he stepped back.

"Listen," he said. "I don't want you to knock her out or anything like that."

"How come?" I asked.

"Just get rid of her." He said while handing over the money.

It's Day 1 of Project Get Rid of Mrs Eliot and I'm about to set up Operation: Married to a chair. I've got to sneak around to Mrs Eliot's classroom. I make it to the teacher's corridor and Mrs Eliot's classroom was just in sight. I started sneaking further down the corridor, when the staffroom door opened and someone stepped out.

The person who walked out was old Mr Wilkins, the science teacher. I had no choice but to quickly slip into Mrs Eliot's classroom, hoping that Mr Wilkins wouldn't notice. I ran to the storage cupboards and immediately reached for the glue. As I started towards the teacher's desk, I heard footsteps. I had to hide. I decided to take refuge in a shadowy corner behind some huge boxes.

"Hello?" said a strange voice, "Anybody in there?"

The classroom door creaked open and the footsteps were getting louder. I peered through a hole in the box closest to my face. It was Mr Wilkins! If he caught me I'd get two weeks of detention for sneaking into unauthorized areas at break time. He checked the most obvious hiding places and then walked cautiously towards the door. He shut the door and walked away. When the sound of his footsteps died away I came out of my hiding place and began my work. I ran to the teacher's desk and started to smear glue all over Mrs Eliot's chair. Next, I grabbed my zap pen (identical to Mrs Eliot's favourite pen) and switched them around. Finally, I grabbed all of her important documents and hid them in the stationery cupboard. I love my job! When I finished, I ran to the lunch area to tell Ben what I had done. He laughed and gave me an extra $5 for my creativity.

The bell rang and it was now time to see if Operation: Married to a chair would make Mrs Eliot resign! We arrived in Mrs Eliot's classroom and everyone took their usual seats, including Mrs Eliot. As planned, the glue went unnoticed. Next, she picked up the pen and it gave her a zap. She gave a little scream and put it back down. She kept trying to pick it up, but stopped when she got blisters on her fingers.

She was annoyed now. After the zapping pen, she tried to find the class roll, but couldn't because I had hidden it with the other documents!

"Benjamin!" called Mrs Eliot. "Find the class roll now!"
"Uh-sorry Miss, but I don't feel like it." Ben coolly replied.
"YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE IT??" she screamed, "Well there's a list of things that I never feel like doing." She stood up. "Firstly …" she began but was interrupted.

The whole class was hysterically screaming, banging their fists on the floor and crying tears of joy.
"What's so funny?" screamed Mrs Eliot.
One of the students pointed behind her. She turned her head to see what they were all laughing at, only to find her backside had been replaced with a chair.
"I HATE KIDS!!" she roared as she stormed out of the room.

We could hear Mrs Eliot as she walked the corridor, yelling about how she should never have become a teacher, how much she hates kids and how she was going to quit right that moment.

As soon as I got home I threw myself a mini-party. I ate chocolates for hours, stayed up late and played my video games. It was the best night of my life!

I got to school the next day to find all the students rejoicing together. When the bell rang I went to the math classroom with my fellow students, but there was a new teacher's chair and someone sitting in it.
"Hello class," said the voice from behind the chair. As the chair slowly turned around, we saw him. "I am Mr Wilkins."

"Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!"

This may be another job for Jack for Hire.
"Where are my business cards?"
LATU’S NATURAL DISASTERS
Jennifer Semisini (Eagleby State School)

“As if…” Latu walked home laughing, he was thinking about what their teacher had said. She was losing her mind and trying to scare the kids. Their teacher, who claimed to be a psychic, was predicting a titanic tsunami would hit Tuvalu Island.

He was still laughing as he walked in the house. Latu told his mum everything that the teacher had told them. His mum listened with a worried face as she dried the dishes. The television show that she had on in the background suddenly gained their attention.

“We interrupt this program due to an emergency…a tsunami may be coming! The water level is rising. It may trigger a tsunami that would flood Tuvalu.”

Clang! The plate that she had been drying left her hand. It smashed into the floor with a crack. His mum just stared at him in disbelief.

Latu’s dad burst through the door.

“It would hit here because the land is flat. We need to move…now” Latu gasped with fear. But this time he knew it was not a joke. He ran straight into his room and packed his bag. As he ran back to the kitchen he saw his mother had grabbed the photo album and some of their precious family heirlooms. His dad appeared with a bag of clothes.

“To the plane!” Dad ordered.

Dad was a pilot. He flew tourists around the island. As the engine spluttered to life Latu took one last look at his island home. He knew that it may be the last time that he saw it. As it turned out it was.

The tsunami hit Tuvalu and decimated the island. Latu’s parents had kept him from watching the news. However he had heard of the devastation that had occurred on his island home from the other kids at his new school. His family had been accepted as refugees and they had settled into their new life in their new country.

He looked outside his classroom window, gazing at the lush green bush that surrounded the school. Never before had he seen so much bushland. His new home town was nestled deep in the heart of the largest woodland in the country.

“Class…I have some terrible news to share. I don’t normally share this with anyone but I am a psychic. I had a vision…a bushfire is coming and will engulf our town!”
Latu sprinted out of the door as fast as he could and ran towards home. As he wiped the tears of disbelief from his eyes he detected a faint whiff of smoke in the air…
“No Way! Of course you can’t play!” Anita yelled, throwing the ball in her hands.

“That’s not fair. I thought she liked me.” I said to myself as I sprinted past the other students to the garden and sat on the seat. My salty tears dribbled down my cheeks and onto a flower.

When the teardrops struck the petals, something very strange happened. A portal opened. I know I shouldn’t have gone in it but its attraction was irresistible. A zap of lightning struck the portal. I was overwhelmed by fear and decided to go back but the portal had already closed.

I searched through a dark cave and as I turned the next corner, I found a mystical garden. It was lit by warm and welcoming sunshine. As much as I wanted to stay I had to hurry and find a way back before my teacher started worrying.

Frozen with fear I stood in front of a tiny, furry creature that tumbled out of the bush. It was followed by so many more of them. While pointing their little stick weapons, they shouted threatening words to me. They had mistaken me for the evil Queen Veronica. It took me a while to convince them that I wasn’t who they thought I was. One of the fur balls introduced the group as the Giligy Tribe. He explained that they were the last tribe left on the Giligy land. He also started that their Queen Delilah had been captured by wicked Queen Veronica’s army two years ago.

Since her capture the land had suffered greatly from sadness and was slowly dying. Without her unique powers, the portal could not opened and I knew I had to help free her. Happy to have my help, the Giligys wasted no time preparing for the rescue mission.

Veronica’s army was given two options - surrender peacefully or suffer the consequences. Veronica never thought that the Giligys could ever defeat her. What she didn’t know was that this time they had my help and I was a much bigger soldier. After easily winning the battle, the Giligys and I watched an embarrassed Queen Veronica flee the land never to be seen again.

Queen Delilah was delighted to be rescued and immediately restored the land back to its magical self. Everybody cheered and celebrated the victory. I soon realized I needed to go home. The Queen opened the portal and all of my new friends gathered around me to say their goodbyes. Delilah approached me and in her hand she held a golden bell.
“My dear friend” she said, “We all know that your time here was not long enough to enjoy all that we can offer, so have this bell and ring it any time you wish to visit again.”

She then formed a new portal and with a big grin on my face, I stepped through it travelling back to the seat in the garden.
The moon glistened as the Chinese warlord entered the cave.

“Crystal, tell me your husband’s coordinates and I will let you go,” whispered the warlord menacingly.

“Never! You will kill him,” She replied stubbornly.

“Never?” he questioned. “I will make you suffer and torture you until you tell me the coordinates. I have waited long enough. Tell me now!” He slammed his fist in anger. Out of desperation the warlord considered torture as his only option. He went to the icy cold stream outside and filled a bucket with water. He forced Crystal’s head into it, waited thirty seconds, and pulled it back out. “Will you tell me now”

“No never!” Crystal replied defiantly.

“Fine.”

Gasp, splash, gurgle! This time, he held her head under for one torturous minute. Two American soldiers appeared out of nowhere. Each held flour grenades. When Crystal saw them she knew her husband, their commander, had sent them to save her. Before they could act, twenty banana men dropped from the ceiling with peeled bananas as their swords. One of the soldiers threw his flour grenade at them but it was no good and they had to retreat. They reported back to the commander who began preparing an attack for early dawn.

Another American spy reported back to the commander on what he had seen from a tree house in the Kokomo forest. “Sir, I think that the enemy is creating a diversion, they are sending half of their army to the east and the rest to the west.”

However, what the Americans did not know was, what they thought was a diversion was actually an attack and the enemy only used one quarter of their army. So they weren’t as vulnerable as the Americans expected. With no thought the Americans sent half of their army including the commander to the cursed cave to save Crystal and the rest remained at the base.

Not long after the platoon that was ordered to go and rescue Crystal had left, the banana men attacked the American base. The Americans put up a good fight but lost, and the second in command was taken captive. But by that time, the platoon sent to the cave, had reached their destination and had the area under control until the banana men came rushing out with watermelon machine guns trying to move the platoon back. All of a sudden, the banana men sent to attack the Americans arrived.
Then one of the spies set off the traps they had prepared earlier in the week. This killed all the banana men who had attacked the Americans. Then the American soldiers threw ten apple grenades and killed off two thirds of the enemy’s army. Out of nowhere the American Commander ran into the cave to save his wife. This was a mistake, one that could have been his downfall. He still had to get rid of the warlord and he was almost out of apple grenades. He realised that he had to use his martial arts skills that he learnt when he was a young soldier.

“So you think you can defeat me?” said the Chinese warlord.

“Yes!” replied the commander standing confidently.

“Well give it your best shot!”

In a blink of an eye, the commander came flying through the air straight at the warlord’s face. The warlord dodged the attack and punched the commander in the face. The commander fell to the floor with tomato juice oozing out from his mouth and nose. He turned his head to find one of the banana men’s sword abandoned on the floor. So he crawled over to it, grabbed it and stood up behind the warlord. The commander stabbed his enemy with the razor sharp blade and fell onto the floor and died. Then Crystal used super-human strength that she never knew she had, to break the wooden post she was tied to, and ran over to her husband, weeping hysterically but satisfied he died with dignity.
A SHOCKING END
Isabella Tuuialo-Tapu (Mt Warren Park State School)

I have to get this storm finished, Blaze thought as she prepared to throw her lightning. Blaze kept thinking that Rumble, her storm partner, would argue, but she had to be careful every time they created a storm. It took a lot of time. Power lines down on Earth were her problem. If she struck a power line, she would be drained into a power plant, which would use all her power, and cause her to fade away.

“Where have you been?” Rumble growled. “You’re five seconds late.”

“I had to wrap things up at that last storm we did,” explained Blaze.

She always worked her magic long before Rumble made his thunder. As usual, Blaze finished before Rumble, but zoomed to Earth when she heard the cries of frightened humans. She saw a flood rushing towards the screaming crowd. Three of them were flushed away with rain water that the storm makers had sent. What worried Blaze was the fact that if she touched the water, her lightning would turn the flood into a deadly electrical field.

Rumble flew in and scooped them from certain death. They were underwater the whole time and did not know who their saviour was. Most thought Blaze had saved them and gave thanks to her. Rumble’s heart began to swell and beat furiously with jealousy. Rumble was so angry that he kidnapped the humans and waited for Blaze’s arrival. When she came, Rumble made a terrible offer.

“Your life for theirs! Jump on this power line or they die.”

“Why do this?” questioned Blaze with amazement.

“Everything I do, you get credit for it. Now you can actually save them!” yelled Rumble.

Blaze knew what she should do. Without hesitation, she stood on the power line and let it drain all the energy from her body. The humans held captive that day, witnessed her great sacrifice. It was a sacrifice made by one, for many.

After a few days of silence, Rumble realised killing Blaze had erased the most important thing in his life. These days, he seeks out other lightning controllers like Blaze and gladly follows them. He lets them have their lightning flash of glory. Arriving later, his sad rumble echoes the memory of his lost friend.
THE DEATH OF LOVE
Caitlyn Harding (Mt Warren Park State School)

It was the party of the year and even on that cold dark night in 1963, everyone was there. A small, skinny, blonde girl with a big sense of humour strutted into the room. Everyone stared at her. She was not just a pretty girl in a slim red dress. She was the biggest celebrity in the world and every one adored her. Her name was Chloe.

Ten minutes later, the most hated person on EARTH entered the room. Jake walked in with a wicked gleam in his eye. Every one hated him because he was greedy and took what he was not allowed. He was not happy. His eyes had turned from blue to red and his head was red. He was a rude, mean, selfish and ugly person.

Chloe walked over to Jake and whispered, “Get out of here Jake, no one likes you”. They started arguing and everyone stared.

“You don’t have to fight you know,” a person yelled from across the room. They stopped arguing but they were still angry at each other. The guests at the party gathered around them and forced them to change their mood. They danced and sang. Soon Chloe and Jake forgot how furious they had been at each other. For the rest of the night they danced in the rusted old house.

Chloe’s hair still blew in the wind as she left that night with a smile on her face thinking to herself, “I don’t think he is half as bad as I thought”.

She went back to the party venue the very next day but Jake was not there and it was not the same without him. She went out to get fresh air and saw him going across the road. Out of nowhere a car came screaming down the road and hit him.

Jake was cold and could not feel his legs. Chloe ran to him. She was screaming and crying. Jake was afraid he was dying and that no one loved him. She told him that she loved him and held him in her arms.

Chloe called for the police and ambulance but Jake died before they arrived. Chloe was so sad that she couldn’t take any more and she stepped in front of a red car. She was in great pain but before she died she said she wanted to be with him forever and always and that for her, his death had been the DEATH OF LOVE!
THE VISION
Ben Mathison (Mt Warren State School)

Water from the rising tide was seeping into his rancid battle wounds. The veteran stumbled to his feet and slumped off the beach, now ankle deep in water. He was a Russian soldier and had been dreaming. Disturbing visions about a deathly war had been playing on his mind ever since the end of World War 1. The veteran’s name was Sergeant Dragunov, a loyal soldier to the Russian army. After an accident in World War 1, visions of an even more gruesome war had compelled him to warn his Russian countrymen. However, at that time in Russia nothing got past the King. Sergeant Dragunov’s plans to warn Russia were foiled when the King ordered the veteran to his royal court.

"Are you the one poisoning the minds of the citizens of Russia with this fantasy war?" boomed the King.

"Yes your majesty," whimpered the veteran. "But you see, I had a vision-

"Oh, so you had a vision and that makes it alright does it?" interrupted the King. "You are hereby sentenced to 5 years imprisonment or until you admit this is all a plan to frighten Russia."

"I will never admit anything that is untrue," stammered the veteran.

The King’s diamond eyes felt as though they were piercing straight through the soldier. "Five years imprisonment it is then.” Judgement was passed and the King’s guard carried Dragumov out of the court and into prison. The prison cells were full of criminals. The old veteran hugely disliked being surrounded by unlawful people.

"So, you think you’re better than us?" growled one of the toughest-looking members of a prison gang.

"Yes," replied the veteran, rather bravely.

"Why’s that?" roared back the criminal.

"I've done nothing wrong!" groaned the prisoner.

Most of the criminals felt sorry for him, believing he had been unjustly imprisoned and they left him alone. Two years after his court case, Sergeant Dragunov was considering giving in, when a short bald man dressed in a suit came running onto the palace’s balcony. Sergeant Dragunov saw this through a hole in the cell wall.

"Today is a very tragic day - King Nicholas has died. Nicholas’s younger brother has stepped up to the mark. He is the new king. Long live King Louis.”
The listening crowd applauded as a bright, bubbly King Louis strolled out onto the balcony. As the new king gave his speech, the veteran began to feel a gleam of hope. The very next day King Louis visited the prison and stopped at the veteran's cell.

"I've heard rumours about you Mr. Dragunov, can you tell me about your vision," the King's voice had a soothing tone.

"Well I've had a vision of a war even worse than the one only a few years ago," explained the prisoner.

"You were imprisoned for that?" the King requested.

"Yes your majesty," the prisoner replied.

"Well, I see no fault in you. Go and please forgive my older brother."

So with that the prisoner was led out of the prison and into the fresh air. The crisp air felt sensational, but Sergeant Dragunov wasn't going to waste his time feeling the air. He was going to continue with his original plans, to warn Russia.

However, after all his efforts, still no one believed him. He didn’t let this discourage him and tried warning the people of Russia for many of the years that followed. He continued like this until ultimately he left Russia disappointed but in the knowledge that at least he had tried.
DEADLINES OF DISMAY
Paige Tunstall (Norfolk Village State School)

“Bye guys, thanks for the movie. It was great,” called Roxy to her friends as they left. On her way home Roxy had to walk through a gloomy forest. In the moonlit forest she saw a mysterious, stumpy creature. Initially she thought it was a dog, but as it came closer Roxy changed her mind. It looked too alien to be a dog.

“Ha ha ha my name is Doctor Aliopia and I am from the planet ZooZooBa,” proclaimed the creature proudly. Roxy was so astonished at hearing it speak that she almost fainted.

“Do you know where my planet is?” exclaimed Dr. Aliopia.

“No, I have never heard of your planet before,” replied Roxy.

Dr. Aliopia was furious and bashed his fists against the ground. “Well you are going to find a portal to my planet in no less than one hour and thirty minutes. If it is not found by then, I will put a curse on you which will destroy your future!” he protested.

Roxy was convinced that he meant what he said so she started searching immediately. She looked under and over, left to right but no portal was insight. An hour had passed by and still no sign of a portal. Dejected, she sat down next to a crystal clear lake, took a sip of water and started to cry. A single drop of her tears fell into the lake.

Where her tears touched the water a mysterious portal began to form. With only seconds left to spare, Roxy ran back to inform Dr. Aliopia.

“Ah just in time!” he exclaimed and before Roxy could say anything further, Dr. Aliopia disappeared in a flash of light. Roxy was overjoyed and continued her journey back home. When she got there, she told her mum all about the alien and her unusual experience.

Her mum smiled and said, “If only you were that fast tiding your room!” Roxy made her way upstairs to her bedroom. Looking out the window she saw a distant spacecraft rise into the air above the lake.

“I’ve just discovered aliens really exist and my mother still wants me to tidy my room!” she laughed.
Dr NUNYA'S LAST LIE
Courtney Dolan (Norfolk Village State School)

“Help! Help!” screamed the alien. “I’m being chased.” The alien didn't know what to do. He couldn't hide or go anywhere. He had been chased before, but this time was different. He was being chased by Dr Nunya one of the most hated scientists of all time.

She earned her name,'Nunya', because whenever someone asked what she was doing, she would reply with, “None of your business!”

Dr Nunya was chasing the alien because she hadn't seen a creature like him before. Most of the other aliens she had seen had decapitated heads but this alien was perfectly intact. Dr Nunya thought it was rare and unusual.

The alien still had no idea why Dr N was chasing him so he stopped and asked, "Why are you chasing me?"

Dr Nunya was astonished that the alien could speak English and at first she didn't believe it. When Dr N stopped running all the flies came back over to her.

"I just wanted to be friends," replied Dr N. (She was lying).

The sun started to rise again so to prevent people in passing vehicles seeing them, the alien decided to go with Dr Nunya. When the alien reached Dr N's lab, he realised that the putrid scientist was actually a really bad person. The alien tried to escape, however the scientist noticed the escape attempt and rushed over with a needle. Unfortunately Dr Nunya slipped on the alien's goo and accidentally stabbed herself with the needle. This gave the alien a chance to escape and return to his home on the planet Zibbydabbydooda. Once there, he told all of his friends about his adventure to the planet Earth.
MACROSCOPIC MAYA
Imogen Bishop (Norfolk Village State School)

Maya opened her eyes and the world blurred into sight. Had the Earth grown larger or had she shrunk? A black crow cawed overhead as the dusk turned a more scarlet hue. Animals fled into their homes and a bone-chilling breeze seeped through the garden, once overgrown but now eerie and lifeless. Spiked ivy slithered across the hard ground, strangling any living thing that dared to be in its path. Maya stumbled towards a surviving patch of shrubbery just as a Munchop lunged towards her intent on making her its next meal. She crawled under the shrub, its leaves hiding her from sight.

After some time, the only light was from moonbeams streaking through the foliage. She turned, her eyes followed the light. The back of a leaf was stained by some blood red lettering. Tiny Maya read the words, her heart thumping louder than her small voice.

"Brave traveller," she whispered in pure fear. "In this place everything feeds from your fear. You can only escape by gaining the trust of others. Once you have their trust, they will help you acquire the objects you need. The feather of the crow symbolises the animals that will help you to finally leave here. The root of a Munchop will allow all the plants to grow providing them with everything they could ever need or want." The last line read, "May my body rest in peace".

A small stick marked the shallow grave beneath the shrub. Maya hid, wrapping herself tightly in leaves. Eventually, her eyes sealed shut and she slept.

Sunlight poured onto her eyes. She opened them and jumped to her feet. She was still very tiny and the world around her seemed greatly enlarged. She crept out from under her hiding place, treading carefully.

The same black crow was still perched on its nest in an old tree. She remembered that a crow feather was mentioned in the writing on the leaf and she decided to try and steal one. All she needed was an animal that could climb that tree. A squirrel, which, in this strange world was much larger than her, popped out of a hole and dashed away.

"Stop, please!" she cried softly not wanting to alarm the other creatures. The squirrel stopped in its tracks and waited for her to speak again.

"You can understand me?" she asked in surprise.

The squirrel nodded in agreement. After some discussion Maya convinced it to climb up to the nest with her riding on its back. On nearing
the nest, she grabbed a crow feather and, as quick as a flash, raced back down the tree with the squirrel.

“Thank you” she said to it as it crawled back into its hole.

She held the feather up to the sun and studied it. The feather started to glow and rose up into the sky. Beneath the feather a plant, a sapling now, sprouted through the hard ground. The clouds drifted away and the birds flocked into the skies. She gazed up in amazement, and then looked down with despair, remembering the second part of the writing from the day before.

“The root of a Munchop,” she murmured. “I need to find the root of a Munchop.”

By the third day in this large mystical world, she was still alive but all was not complete. She needed a root of a Munchop to escape but the only thing that could go near the Munchop was the dreaded spiked ivy. How do you earn the trust of a plant like spiked ivy? She decided to give it something it loves, fresh water from the Luring Stream. Sadly, anything that hears the Luring Stream’s song will be lured to the bottom of the stream and drowned. With this in mind, she crept down to the stream covering her ears with leaves so she could not hear the stream’s babbling song. At its banks, she scooped up some water in an empty seed pod and walked back, careful not to spill any of the precious liquid. By the time she reached the ivy, the sky was once again turning into a scarlet dusk. She quickly poured the water onto the plant. Within seconds, two tentacles shot out and wrapped themselves around her head. She felt her thoughts being moved around as if the plant was reading them, finding out what she wanted. The ivy unwrapped its tentacles and reached into its leafy heart to miraculously bring forth an aging piece of the Munchop root. Maya took it and held it up to the sun but this time nothing happened.

“Feathers come from a bird and a bird flies,” Maya thought out loud. “Roots come from ground so…”

Maya put the root carefully down on the ground and it started to glow. A little way to the east another sapling grew into a blooming plant. The rock-hard ground turned and churned changing into a soft, nutritious, healthy soil. Grass and new plants sprouted and began growing. The greenery started to spread as far as she could see. A flower bloomed before her eyes and a portal of deep blue opened up. This was the portal that would take her back home. She turned to wave farewell to all the animals and the plants and leapt inside the portal.

All she could see was shimmering waves. Then her vision cleared and she was home! But something was wrong. Just as in the world she had just
left, everything was so big and she was so small. She was indeed back on planet Earth but she was still micro-sized. What was she to do now? What new challenges did she have to overcome to get back to her proper size? What new adventures did she have in store? Watch this space. Macroscopic Maya will return!
WINDSOR FARM
Isabel Sammes (Ormeau State School)

Deep in the lush green country farm in England, set on the rolling hills is Windsor Farm. The farm has hundreds of bright, white, woolly sheep. Their fleeces are sold for lots of money in town and spun into wool at the woollen mill. The farm is very, very old and the owner is Farmer Bill who loves working with his sheep. Farmer Bill is married to his wonderful wife Hilda, but they have no children.

They do, however, have four horses that are treated just like children. Pegasus is a handsome chestnut stallion; Betty is a pretty, grey mare; Crystal is a little filly foal and then, there is Rodger, the wise old draft horse. All the horses lived together in the top paddock, which overlooks the lush green fields where all the sheep graze.

In the afternoons, Farmer Bill takes his truck loaded with feed up to his horses. The horses have a race to see who can be the first to the gate to meet Farmer Bill. Pegasus being the stallion could easily win every time but knows it wouldn’t be fair. So he lets the others beat him and this keep the race fun. Sometimes Hilda will come to help and she will give each horse a nice groom and brush. Farmer Bill also checks their hooves. Every Saturday, Farmer Bill and Hilda head into Windsor and buy groceries. They buy enough to last them a whole week. Farmer Bill goes to the produce store to also buy feed for the horses. One Friday just after Farmer Bill and Hilda left, Rodger saw a mysterious, black truck driving up the road towards the sheep paddock.

Rodger said to the other horses, “That’s odd, I have never seen that truck here before.”

“Neither have I. Something isn’t right,” replied Pegasus.

The big black truck stopped at the main gate near the sheep paddock. A rough looking man got out and opened the gate to let the other driver pass through into the paddock. The four horses galloped down the hill and stopped at their fence which had a gate leading into the sheep’s paddock. Rodger cried “These men are going to steal our sheep, we must stop them!”

The men had a working dog that started rounding up the sheep towards the truck.

Pegasus said” I will zoom into town to get Farmer Bill.” Straight away he galloped down town jumping the fences with ease.

The men had loaded lots of sheep into the truck. It was nearly full.
Betty said to Crystal, “You’re little. Can you reach your nose under that latch to open it?”

“That’s easy,” said Crystal. With that, she lifted it up and it opened.

Betty said to Rodger “Quick! You go stand on the ramp of the truck so they can’t close it. I’ll gallop and chase the men.”

Crystal chased the dog who thought it was a game and started playing. The two men didn’t know what to do. Every time they wanted to get near the truck, Betty would chase them away, rearing up as she did.

Pegasus had galloped and galloped towards the town, and finally reached the market place. Everyone started pointing and waving towards the horse. Farmer Bill and Hilda heard the commotion and saw their Pegasus standing and neighing loudly. Farmer Bill raced over with a bucket of water for Pegasus.

“Something is wrong with the farm,” he said. “You go fetch the police, and I’ll take Pegasus back with me in our truck.”

Once Pegasus was in the truck, Farmer Bill sped back to the farm. Hilda went to the police station and jumped into a police car with two police officers. The police car raced off with its lights flashing and sirens blearing. Farmer Bill drove into his farm where he saw the big black truck parked in the sheep field trying to steal his sheep. Although he was annoyed and a little bit scared, he couldn’t help but laugh. All his horses were going crazy.

Betty was chasing after the two rough men and Crystal was playing with their dog. All this time Rodger was still standing firmly on the ramp of the truck.

The police car came speeding into the paddock. The two police grabbed the men and put handcuffs on their wrists.

The sergeant said, “You’re both under arrest for stealing sheep.”

They put them both in the back of the shiny police car.

“Well done Bill,” said the Sergeant. “We’ve been after these two for a long time.”

“I’m just very lucky to have my special horses,” replied Farmer Bill.

That night Farmer Bill and Hilda gave their horses lots of feed, some hugs, several pats and a very special brushing.
GOT YOUR BACK
Charlie Hanrahan (Pimpama State School)

Crash! The door of the abandoned warehouse flew open. Two young policewomen, armed with guns, burst through.

“Freeze!” the taller policewoman announced.

An armed criminal standing inside the warehouse lurched forward swinging a baseball bat. The tall policewoman ducked and weaved gracefully. She came around behind the criminal, while the other policewoman distracted him. She drew her Taser and pulled the trigger.

“Lucy, why did you do that? I had him!”

“Sorry” Lucy murmured.

“It’s alright, let’s put him in the car and drive him back to the station. You did well for your first mission but you didn’t have to Taser him!”

They jumped back in the car and started driving. It was Lucy Pittas’ first police assignment and she was a little excited.

Not long after hitting the road they were once again placed in harm’s way. A car exploded through a fence ahead of them. It had flickering flames bursting out of its engine. Lucy’s partner stomped on the accelerator, rocketing after it. Both cars screeched around bends and turns before coming to a halt. Lucy’s partner leapt out of the car and started firing shots at the driver. His car screeched completely around and drove straight at her … WHAM!

“No!” Lucy screamed. The car sped off leaving Lucy and her dead partner on the side of the road.

“I swear revenge on crime forever!” Lucy cried. She slumped into the car, dragging her dead partner with her, and went back to the station to report what had happened.

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Beep! Beep! Lucy woke to the early morning sound of her alarm, pulled on her boots and jacket and jumped into her car. Today was the day to find her partner’s killer. After four hours of driving she found tyre tracks leading off the road. She followed them back to an old burned down ruin where she found the killer’s car. Lucy had her gun at the ready as she crept inside. She peeked around a broken brick wall and saw the evil murderer with a prisoner at gunpoint. She crept in stealthily and swung a crippling blow to the criminal’s skull causing his whole body to jerk back.
He staggered and fell on to his hands and knees. Lucy pulled her gun and aimed at the criminal’s bruised face. Her finger tightened on the trigger but she just couldn’t fire. It wasn’t in her nature. She ran over and handcuffed his wrists. The poor man that he had held prisoner had already escaped off into the street. Lucy shoved the beaten criminal into her car and they drove all the way back to the station.

Even though Lucy had taken her revenge on the killer, she never stopped going after criminals. She hunted down killers, terrorists and psychopaths. Despite her dedication and being honoured with the position of top policewoman, she never lost her passion to solve the most difficult cases and see crime eradicated.
THE SNEAKER  
Hannah Butturini (Pimpama State School) 

“Oh no!” I screamed.  
Staring in my bag, I had expected to see my iPod but it wasn’t there. Just then I heard another scream next to me. It was my best friend, Jamie.  
“Samantha, Samantha!” she yelled. “Look in my bag. My new phone is missing.”  
“My iPod is missing also,” I said. “Maybe we should look through our bags again to make sure.”  
We searched our bags for 10 minutes only to find our lunchboxes, hats and some books. At that moment the bell went. As we walked into the classroom we heard another scream. This time it came from our friend Poppy.  
“Where’s my laptop?” she screamed.  
Jamie and I looked at each other and went straight to our teacher, Mr Castello. We told him about the missing things but didn’t get a very good reaction. He just shrugged his shoulders and told us to go back to our seats. We did as he asked but we weren’t going to let it go. We were going to solve this case.  
That night we came back to school and entered through the main gates dressed in black. We had come to find out what was going on. We crept up to Mr Castello’s office door only to find out it was locked. Luckily I had a whole heap of bobby pins in my hair. So I took one out and picked the lock. We entered the room. Everything looked normal until…..  
“Samantha, take a look at this,” Jamie whispered. “It’s a secret hatch.”  
I peered over the desk. “What’s in it?” I asked.  
“Your iPod, my phone, Poppy’s laptop are all here with a whole heap of jewellery.”  
“WOW!” I said, but before I could take a look, something else caught my eye.  
“Jamie, get over here. I have found a secret door.”  
Even though Jamie was a bit reluctant, we opened the secret door and immediately heard a voice coming from one of the rooms. We crept into the room and saw Christopher Nixon A.K.A ‘The Sneaker’. He had stolen all types of things from around the world. He seemed to be talking on the phone so we took a sneak peek around the corner. When we turned back to where Christopher was standing, he was gone. We tippy toed across the room.
where we found a cupboard door which we opened quietly. We stood there in shock, looking at someone (or something) sitting inside.

“It’s, it’s our our….TEACHER!” yelled Jamie.

“Shhhhh,” I whispered. “We have to be quiet.”

“Why isn’t he moving?” Jamie asked.

I pointed to a cord connected to him.

“Because he is a robot,” I said.

“A robot,” Jamie said. “Samantha you have finally lost it?”

“But it all adds up. Things being stolen from the classroom and the only one allowed in there at lunch time is Mr Castello,” I said. “Also it was a bit odd that the teacher didn’t care about the missing things and there’s a cord connected to him.”

“Hide” said Jamie “he’s coming back”. We hid under a desk.

Christopher Nixon (The Sneaker) came into the room and sat down at another desk.

“Let’s sneak out,” Jamie whispered.

“O.K. let’s go,” I agreed. We were about to crawl away on our hands and knees when we were interrupted.

“Stop right there,” Christopher said. “You’re not going anywhere.”

He took hold of us and before leaving the room, tied us up.

“It’s times like this I wish I had my phone,” I sighed.

“Samantha you’re a genius. My phone is in my pocket,” Jamie said. “Get it for me please.”

I leaned over, picked it out of her pocket and gave it to her. She dialled 000 and told them everything.

“The police will be here in 5 minutes,” she said. Then an idea popped into my head.

“Hey Jamie, do you know that nail file you always carry around?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she said. “Why?”

“Well the rope is thin so we could probably file through it,” I said.

When we finally finished filing through the rope, Christopher walked in.

“How did you untie the ropes,” he asked.

Just then the door was flung open and police came running in. Christopher jumped out of the window on to a zip line. Police tried to grab him but The Sneaker got away again.
PANIC STRICKEN
Chloe Vlamis (Pimpama State School)

Bella silently crept through the tall grass when she noticed a dim light that flickered in the darkness. The light was coming from deep inside the forest. Hesitantly, she crept towards it. When she got closer, it completely disappeared. She was terrified. Luckily she had brought a torch, which she used to guide herself through the narrow paths of the forest. The leaves on the dead, stick-like trees were wrinkled like an elephant’s skin.

After walking for some time she tripped and tumbled to the ground. Bella took a few seconds to realise what had happened before she picked herself off the ground. As she stood up, she heard leaves rattling and branches cracking. She looked to see where the noise was coming from and quickly tracked it down to a squirrel playing in the treetops.

The squirrel scurried down the tree, and sat watching Bella from the leaves on the forest floor. Bella kept her distance from the unusual creature. The squirrel seemed to be pointing in the direction of the light that had reappeared in a small hole in a tree. As she inched closer, the squirrel told her to climb the tree and hide in the hole. Bella was very hesitant but followed the squirrel’s directions. She crawled up the tree with the squirrel following closely behind. When she got closer, she was sucked into the hole and was taken into a ghostly land where witches prowled and ghosts glided through the air. Bella was taken into a dark room where she could barely see. She heard a loud voice that echoed through the whole room. A witch floated into the room.

The witch stated that she would not be able to leave until she worked out the secret code for opening the hole that had trapped her. The witch hovered out of the room, fading into the distance. While Bella was sitting on the cold, hard floor, she spotted a tiny piece of paper out the corner of her eye. She ran to it and opened the piece of paper. On it was written the secret code to open the hole. She jumped up and down with excitement, ran over to where the hole had been and entered the code. The hole slowly opened and she crawled straight through. She never entered the forest again and from that day on lived a very happy life.
ENCHANTED REVENGE
Kenya Crellin (Windaroo State School)

Two girls, Sam and Sarah, strolled through the beautiful enchanted forest. Purple frogs jumped into crystal ponds. Birds chirped and green llamas munched on scrumptious grass. Sam had always been jealous of Sarah because she was rich and an only child. She also owned a pet unicorn named Zoe. Sarah had also been secretly jealous of Sam because Sam had two sisters and a pet llama named Madison.

“Hey, Sarah, there’s your house up ahead,” said Sam.

“Oh, yeah, let’s have a race there,” replied Sarah excitedly. “Ready! Set! Go!”

They were sprinting at top speed when Sarah slipped in a pile of llama droppings. Sam didn’t see Sarah slip and kept running until she reached Sarah’s house. Sam really liked Sarah’s pet unicorn and new dress. The dress was beautiful, yellowish white and flowery patterned. The unicorn was fluorescent pink. Sam decided that maybe she could steal the dress and Zoe the unicorn. She quickly grabbed the unicorn and the dress and ran through the back door. Sam knew that stealing was a most terribly wrong thing to do and that Sarah would probably never forgive her. Despite this, she didn’t care. She was happy because she had what she always wanted.

Sam knew this happiness wouldn’t last and indeed it did not. The very next day, Sarah’s unicorn, Zoe, trotted over to Sam while she was trying on the stolen dress. Every time she tried to put the dress on, the unicorn poked her painfully with its horn. Sam’s llama, Madison, also didn’t agree with what Sam had done and followed her around spitting on her in anger. Sam soon discovered that having a unicorn and wearing a stolen dress that had been spat upon by a llama was not all that she thought it would be. It was as if Sarah was taking her revenge through these enchanted animals... a very enchanted revenge.
BAD WEATHER  
Chloe Russell (Woongoolba State School)

I stared at my script for tonight’s weather report but I was thinking of my old school days. Caroline had been my best friend since the age of 5. She had been the one school friend who always made me laugh. That was until Miranda moved in. Miranda had convinced Caroline that there were finer places to be and superior people to be with. Caroline had ditched me and treated me as if I were invisible.

“That precious little princess,” I muttered to myself. I wanted to get even.

It had come to me in the middle of the night. I sat bolt upright, remembering that all of our embarrassing childhood videos were still stashed in a cupboard somewhere. That night I planned to get retribution and humiliate Caroline. She deserved to suffer as much as I had. Rummaging through dusty boxes full of memories from the past, I had come across my ammunition. A DVD labelled clearly - ‘Best Friend Caroline’. The smirk widened across my face as I shoved the DVD into my bag and headed off to work.

“This will make an interesting addition to the news tonight,” I murmured. Later that evening, I sat back to watch the weather report...the report that I had recorded. As the pictures rolled across the screen, I began to feel ill. My legs started shaking. My heart began to pound. I felt the blood drain from my face. Something was wrong with the video I had submitted.

“How could I be so stupid?” I yelled at myself. “Is that really me?” I stammered.

It had been careless of me not to check the DVD! Instead of a video of Caroline making tonight’s weather there was an embarrassing video of me. I had accidentally picked up the wrong tape.

“I’ll be the talk of the town. I’ll never be able to show my face again. My life is shattered.”

I had experienced all kinds of weather in my life but this really was a ‘bad weather’ forecast.
CRYSTAL CLEAR CRIME
Dannii Mathee (Woongoolba State School)

It was cold, dark and eerie, and the smell of death hung in the air. Jeff crept into the graveyard. In the darkness he stumbled into a cave that had formed at the entrance to an abandoned mineshaft. His eyes couldn’t adjust to the inky blackness and he tripped again, this time falling into the mineshaft and tumbling down into a hidden world - a magical, secret place.

This new world was awash with tiny pixie people and mystical, mythical creatures. The sweet scent of sugar filled his nostrils. Inside an enormous tree stump, was a crystal clear pond filled with diamond-encrusted fish swimming clockwise. Jeff thought for a minute that this might be a perfect spot to hide.

A twig snapped. His eyes widened with fear. Surely the police wouldn’t find him here?

“Hoot…Hoot…”

“Oh, thank goodness, it’s just an owl.” He opened his clenched fists to check on his precious Rainbow Sapphire gemstone. “Finally I have you in my reach. If I keep this place hidden, I can come back later when the police are off my trail.”

Down at SADS (Secret Agent Detective Society) Tredixu Van Snichal was painstakingly investigating the theft of a famous gem stone. The gem was known for its powerful rainbow magic. Tredixu had discovered a stream of clues that had lead him to the old cave by the graveyard.

Van Snichal made his way to the cave. It didn’t make sense, the cave was blocked up. He was just about to leave when he stepped on a spring-latch that opened a small hole into the cave. Slowly and carefully he crawled inside. It was too dark for Tedixu to see. He fumbled around in his coat pocket for the flash light he always carried and turned it on.

To his stunned surprise he found himself in a mineshaft that had been abandoned a long time ago. He looked around and found two skeletons. Both were decaying and rats covered them like rancid furry coats. As he looked further, a flowery land with valleys of colourful flowers began to emerge from the darkness. While exploring this strange land he spotted Jeff and dived for cover. It was the thief! He had found him!

Tredixu spied on Jeff and followed him to see where he had hidden the gem. As he followed, he saw something land on Jeff’s back. It was a butterfly! Unknown to Tredixu, Jeff had a massive fear of butterflies. When he was a small child, a butterfly had landed on his nose and he had been
terrified that it might bite him. The fear had remained with him ever since. He felt that same terror seize his body now and he screamed a blood-curdling scream.

While Jeff was busy screaming, Tredixu found the crystal pond and saw the gem at the bottom. He dove in and snatched the gem. He then watched wide eyed as a huge gust of wind suddenly blew Jeff up into the magical, night sky. As he watched, the clouds parted and the moon shone through. A beam of moonlight reflected from the gem, striking Jeff, the diamond thief and turning him into what he feared most...a butterfly!

Tredixu watched the scene unfold. Then clutching the Rainbow Sapphire tightly in his hand he ran out of the cave and away from the secret land. Fluttering along behind him was a delicate, little insect - an insect that looked strangely like a butterfly.
THE COURAGEOUS CAPTURE
Bailey Appleton (Woongoolba State School)

It was very dark. The moon and stars were covered by a thick fog. Even the animals of the neighbourhood were silent. Robert Zac had eaten a delicious, roast-chicken dinner and was going to bed when the phone rang. He wondered if it was his Mum calling from work. A twelve year old genius, Robert had been involved in the solving of three international crimes. His mum often worried that he ‘worked’ too much for a child.

Robert picked up the phone. He should have known that it wasn’t his mum. It was the police! They were asking if he could help them capture the evil mastermind Electric Head and his crew. Robert hung up, declining their request.

The next morning the police phoned Robert and asked again for his help. This time he relented and said yes. After Robert sharpened his pet mouse’s claws (his mouse’s name was Squeakles), they both snatched their gadgets from the bench and set off to the police station. As they walked past the tomato shop, Electric Head and his crew jumped on them from the top of the building. Robert and Squeakles were overpowered. They tried to fight their way out but Electric Head and his crew knocked them down. Bundled up and unconscious they were then taken to Electric Head’s secret hideaway.

When Robert awoke he was tied up with rope. Electric Head asked him what the lock code for the police station was. He said he didn’t know what they were talking about. (Robert knew the code was 552 but he wasn’t going to tell.) Electric Head and his crew weren’t watching Squeakles who sneakily chewed through Robert’s ropes. While Electric Head was distracted with something else, Robert, now free from his ropes, made his escape.

Robert told the police everything. He asked if they had more high-tech gadgets because he had dropped his. The police didn’t have anything to give to Robert due to his age, but they reluctantly offered a tomato slingshot. He said he would take it. He went back to Electric Head’s secret hideaway and launched an all-out attack. The villains were blinded by the tomato slingshots, giving the police time to round them up and take them to jail.

After all the excitement, Robert went home to get some sleep. The case was solved.

His head had just hit the pillow when the phone rang..