

ISSUE 2014



# MACKILLOP VOICE

*Lead with Courage*



BOOK WEEK 2014

“Do all you can  
with the means  
at your disposal  
and calmly leave  
the rest to God”  
Mary MacKillop

## IN THIS ISSUE

## Note from the Editor

by Pauline Watson

The first edition of *The MacKillop Voice* is designed to showcase the wonderful creative work of our students. The idea of the publication is to give our students the chance to demonstrate what they can do, to in effect give our students a “Voice.”

This edition is designed to highlight our student’s talents and to showcase these to the MacKillop community. Students have worked to the best of their ability in order to earn a place in this publication.

The pieces included are designed to showcase a range of student abilities from year 7 to year 11.

*The MacKillop Voice* showcases a range of creative works from persuasive pieces to narratives, from poetry to personal recounts. All of these pieces have been selected based upon our philosophy of students achieving their own personal excellence.

Much of the student work that features here has also been entered into local and national competitions. Our students have demonstrated a great passion for learning in English and have shown a high level of both commitment to learning and creative talent.

Congratulations to all the students who entered their pieces for publication. Making final selections of articles was very difficult as there were many high level pieces on offer.

It is our intention that *The MacKillop Voice* be published each year with students having the opportunity to showcase their work annually. Your support in encouraging, reading and congratulating our students on their excellent work is greatly appreciated.

It is with great pleasure that we are able to present such a rich array of student work and it is with great pride that we present our students work to the MacKillop community.



### Meet the Student Editors

Students at MacKillop have been given the opportunity to become MacKillop Voice student editors. Works students have completed and submitted have been read and selected for final publication by the student editors.

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### Awardees

Meet the students whose work has been selected for publication in “The Text Generation.”

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## Meet the Student Editors

The student editors were selected based upon their love of English and their commitment to excellence. The students all take great pride in their own work and the work of their peers. The students have worked tirelessly to collect, select, edit and format not only their own work but that of their peers.

A lot of hard work goes into the creation of any publication and *The MacKillop Voice* is no different. The students have really put in a lot of effort to make this a reality.

Congratulations must go to all the student editors who have put in a significant effort to make this publication a success.



*"I love when I can be myself while writing about my feelings and expressing my passion for poetry". Aimy*

*"What I love about creative writing is that you can write down your thoughts and feelings and make it something interesting, weird and bewildering." Carlos*

*"When I write I find the person deep inside of me, a proud confident girl who doesn't hide her flaws and insecurities; and when I look at what I write I see the world from a different perspective." Jordana*

## Congratulations!

Students selected were then placed into a further competition in order to find the best of the best pieces. Awards were then given to students at each year level and within each creative type.

Awardees for persuasive writing include: Kiara Wickham, Alysha Healy and Joel Sobieralski.

Short story awardees were Chloe Dawes, Robert Bull and Carlos Jacinto.

Awards for best poetry include: Ellie Skliros, Jordana Jack, Rylie Berg, Olivia Harding, Jakob Deigan and Matthew Murphy.



In creating the first *MacKillop Voice* we had so many excellent entries we decided to set up the *Voice* as a competition. The works submitted were put through the selected student panel which included a range of students from both middle and senior school classes.

### REMEMBRANCE DAY POEMS

Winners of the Remembrance Day Poetry Competition can be found on

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#### WRITE4FUN COMPETITION

### Congratulations

This year several of our students were selected by the College to enter into the Write4fun competition.

This is a creative writing competition where students can enter poems and short stories. The students who are selected not only receive monetary prizes but have the honour of having their work published.

This year Aimy Scott, Tanisha Kaniarudin, Sarah Spence and Alison Stewart were selected in the first rounds to have their poems published in the write4fun upcoming publication called 'The Text Generation' which is due to be released in March 2015.



Write4fun winners: Tanisha Kaniarudin, Sarah Spence, Aimy Scott.  
Absent winner: Alison Stewart.  
Teacher: Mrs Pauline Watson



*"That crimson red rose, my love, is me. For you have sought without rest, a cure to this fever, at my behest"*

## True Love

by Tanisha Kaniarudin, Year 9

Once upon a time, a time which is forever lost, when the world was gripped in winters coldest, snow and frost.

There was told of an epic tale of treasure great, and of a quite interesting fate. Kings, queens and knights throughout the world had sought the glorious prize.

They had called upon the bravest and the wisest. To seek the stone tower where the treasure grows, the sole existing crimson red rose.

Knights, villains and heroes sought, but all their attempts sadly failed for all their long journeys came to naught. All those who searched for the mythical rose, great woes did unfold unto them.

No one ever encountered the legendary tower that held the mysterious flower. Till all memory of the precious treasure had long died and the crimson rose in forgotten legend did hide.

Agas passed and there was a handsome and kind prince, through royal, of not much consequence. He also pursued an unending and important quest, he wanted, needed, to provide his true love, Abigail, rest.

A life threatening fever had taken his beautiful Abigail, so he and his brave men searched far and wide.

They stubbornly searched day and night to find a cure, or anyway to help her.

The knights on the search had heard a rumour of a flower, a crimson red rose with epic power, so for the rose they sought, across every depth and all mountain peaks.

As Abigail's true love was searching far far away, her weak health continued to decay.

Word was sent to the prince and home he flew, to be by his beautiful Abigail. He desperately prayed that she would miraculously pull through.

As she sat in fevers rage, she had called upon a beautiful Paige.

A forgotten but beautiful story now to pen, as she reached her life's tragic end. When the prince finally arrived he rushed to Abigail's bed, but alas his true love had gone.

He lay beside her and cried till dawn, until he noticed the pages by her side, and as he read her last words he cried. She had wrote of a tale of a long lost crimson red rose, who left all who sought it no repose.



The rose rested in a tower cleverly hidden, where unsuspecting people had ridden.

But upon her stone white grave there grew a single rose of deepest red hue, now this proves that all those tales and legends were indeed true.

While on her death bed she'd solved the unsolvable mystery, she had written "That crimson red rose, my love, is me. For you have sought without rest, a cure to this fever, at my behest. While in this tower I have patiently laid, I thank you for every sacrifice you have made to stay by my side. The rose is a symbol of truest love, which we will forever have even when I'm above" Abigail was then laid to sleep, and all thought out the world did weep.



## Assassin

by Sarah Spence, Year 9

He looked around once again. He was sure he was being stalked by the assassin sent by the C.I.A to kill him. Why you may ask? Well it had to do with his parentage.

His Mum claimed she had gone to America for a summer holiday; it's where she met his dad. And well you can guess what they did considering she only saw him for a summer. This had created him.

And a few years ago his Mum told him the truth about his Dad. Who he was, and what he did.

Well that made him vulnerable, it would hit the network hard. To have one of the top boss' kids die. One of the kids that are supposed to take over the network when his father and uncles became deceased.

It didn't matter what country he went to, they always found him.

He was currently in the Netherlands, a small country. Somewhere he thought he wouldn't be found out till at least for a few months.

As usual he was wrong. They found him within a month's time space.

He could tell the assassin was after him, considering he saw her outside his apartment every day. Normally taking a few glances at the apartment as she walked past the building.

He'll admit that she was good. Any other normal person would not have noticed it. But after the past few years, he could tell when someone was after him.

She had also been walking past the local coffee shop he worked at. He wondered how long it would take for her to try making an appearance in his life.



But he had a bad feeling that this time, she wasn't going to make an appearance. She probably knew how he managed to escape every other assassin.

He needed to escape soon, leave for England. He could fit in quite easily.

He looked back amongst the crowd and saw a heap of blonde curls and that was when he started to run.

It might not have been the girl that had been stalking him, but he couldn't take any chances. That was something he had learned the hard way.

# This is War

by Aimy Scott, Year 8

Many personalities lie between them,  
Many looks of different kinds,  
Many talents in their hearts,  
But are they something that we should be  
proud of,  
Or should we be disappointed,  
Is it love or is it war.

All their fantasies filled in their heads,  
All their dreams coming true,  
When nothing lies between them,  
Their greed comes through,  
They start to disappoint bringing out the war,

Once a hero now a criminal,  
Is it love or is it war.

They steal and put a bad name on us,  
Can't they hold it in?  
People lock themselves in their rooms,  
They cry and cry until they can't cry no more,  
Is it love or is it war.



## MORE AWESOME POEMS

More awesome poems can be seen on

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# Self-Hate

by Alison Stewart, Year 10



*"Why doesn't anyone understand it?  
I see things in a different way.*

*If you saw the world the way I see it,  
you wouldn't be okay."*

Am I an outsider or something? Why do I feel  
so alone?

I have lots of friends and company but I have  
no trust for a single one.

Sometimes I feel like I'm falling, into a deep  
and viral hole.

Sometimes I feel like I'm flying and like I  
actually have a home.

Why doesn't anyone understand it? I see  
things in a different way.

If you saw the world the way I see it, you  
wouldn't be okay.

Your'd be trying so hard to fight it, but you  
will never ever win.

Believe me I've defied it, this mind I'm living  
in.

Revenge is its biggest mercy so surrender all  
your sins.

It'll pierce your veins and watch you bleed till  
your skin goes very thin.

This is proof you're a villain and you're who  
goes to hell.

If you can't handle the truth I'm locked in,  
you're not good enough for my help...



# Remembrance Day Poems: A Loud Silence

by Courtney Austerberry, Year 8

Fading away like the moon in the morning,  
Seeking afar past the peaceful meadow,  
Is the shrill cry of raging war.

Back in time they breathed heavily,  
To the present day they lie still,  
They lose their light in the blistering sun,  
As they fight out of unconditional love.

War is not foreign,  
These men know it all too well,  
As they lie all mangled,  
While they still hold their heads high.

These men aren't lonely,  
Nor blindfolded,  
Or depressed,  
This is war!

As one man drops,  
another pulls the trigger,  
And that passion for his country,  
Becomes a corpses death wish.

The shrill echo has seized,  
And now they lie dead.  
Their last breath is their memoriam,  
furnished by a single grieved rose.



# Australian Heroes

by Jay Sutherland, Year 8



They may not grow old,  
The wounded one,  
Will not stop,  
Sleep will not stand in their way.  
The lost ones,  
Will never be forgot,  
They went down fighting,



Fighting for our country.  
For our rights and our freedom,  
They are known as our heroes,  
Lest we forget.

# Soldier

by Jacob Miles, Year 8

Leave my family

Put on my boots

Find my bag hop on the train.

Off I go to fight

For the ones I love

Off I go to fight

Off I go to fight.

I am an Australian soldier

Fighting for freedom and peace

Fighting for freedom

Fighting for peace.

I feel lonely I feel strong

I miss my family

It's been so long.

Out in the desert for so long

I feel lonely but I feel strong.



*"Off I go to fight for the ones I love...  
I am an Australian soldier Fighting for  
freedom and peace"*

# No Man's Land

by Chelsea Probyn, Year 8

I lay awake at night staring into space.

Thinking about those people thinking about  
those places.

What happened to fighting for our country ?

To fighting for peace ?

Now you're all gone to the land beyond the  
seas.

I still see the blood seeping through your

clothes.

Still see your face as  
white as a fair rose.

Everything around me  
always brings me back.

To the booming of the  
gunnery, the day of the  
attack.

But now they are only memories, stuck  
drifting through my head.

And when I look at people, all I see is the life  
we could have had instead.



## GREAT POEMS!

More great poems to be found on

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# Persuasive Writing Tough Love

by Emma Forsyth, Year 8

Why are you crying right now? Did someone tell you the truth about the world? Well tough luck because that's life.

It is appalling how kids are coddled from the outside world in this modern age. Their parents believe that they need to be protected from what we call life. These parents keep their children inside so they cannot eat the dirt or grass. They hover over them so they cannot do or touch anything at all. They do not want to build their immune system by giving them needles because they believe it hurts them too much. Schools give rewards to kids who just have a go, so later in life they believe just having a go will get them a reward such as money. Tough love will give a child the drive to achieve greatness, so they can achieve the praise they want instead of a token for just having a go.

It is just so outrageous the things they do to keep their kids happy and healthy which is just hurting them in the long run. Our immune system is created and strengthened when we are young. Some children do not get that opportunity in life and are now battling to stay alive to live the life they want. This is because as babies they were 'wrapped in bubble wrap and kept inside' so they would not get hurt or catch an illness. Which they have caught one anyway by not having an immune system. Then parents think they are not hurting their child by not putting them through the little pain of getting a needle. This then does not form the protection they need against diseases such as the measles, the mumps, rubella and tetanus. Some people in other countries do not even get the opportunity to have needles to build their immune system or they have AIDS or HIV or their parents died from these diseases and do not get the opportunity to live a healthy and happy life.

Creating a fake self-esteem for kids is just crazy because they are just going to get it crushed later on in life when they do not have their parents to reassure them. Parents need to let their kids fail so when they succeed

they can create their own self-esteem letting them feel really good about themselves when they achieve. Dopamine is a chemical that is released in your brain when you succeed at what you have wanted to achieve. The first time you learn to ride a bike without training wheels you feel so good about yourself. So when a kid achieves a goal by his or her self without their parents they feel good about themselves. Parents try to build their child's self-esteem by praising them when they have just put in the effort or not actually achieving something that great. That creates the problem of when they get to the real world and get a job. Which they have to complete a course but they only put in the effort that they believe is needed to get praise.



## Never Give Up!

by Caoimhe Rafferty, Year 8

A dream whispers softly in your ear it very rarely shouts. Every second of your life you have to wait until you hear that whisper and achieve your dream because that's what you are called to do.

If someone can't achieve their own goal they try stop you from reaching your full potential, they try stopping you from achieving your own dream. You aren't just a special person, there is greatness in you. However, what you do is when times get hard you give up and quit. You have to be willing to fight your way through the hard times because fear isn't bigger than you, you are bigger than fear. The biggest enemy you have to deal with in life is yourself. There is a famous Chinese saying, "If there is no enemy within, no enemy out will do you any harm." This famous saying explains that if you aren't an enemy with yourself, then no one can stop you from achieving your dream.

Most people sit around waiting for their dreams to come true, they wait for the perfect moment, the perfect time or the perfect situation. You got to take that moment and turn it into the perfect time, the perfect moment or the perfect situation. (continued page 9)

### MEET MACKILLOP: BOOK WEEK



### BOOK WEEK WINNERS

A great time was had by all at the book week celebrations this year!



### ALICE

Disney characters from childhood were a popular choice at the book week parade.



### CONSTRUCTION

This year the principal dressed up as a construction worker in honor of all the building works going on.

You got to persevere your dream or you will be working for someone to help them achieve theirs. You most certainly can't be successful until you turn your pain into greatness, let your pain push you from where you are to where you want to be. If you want to succeed as much as you want to breathe, you will be successful and will achieve your dreams. No one in this world can do it for you; you got to do it yourself. If it was easy everyone would do it; however, it's not and if you want it as bad as the other person you will achieve your dreams because you are hungry for success, nothing will feed your hunger more than pursuing your dream.

In order to be successful you must become mentally prepared to achieve your dream, that dream could be to become a famous Olympic runner or maybe even to have a happy family. Whatever the dream is in order to achieve it you must become mentally prepared to believe in yourself. To believe that you will achieve that dream, that you will be the best you can be and won't let nobody stop you, won't let nobody tell you that you are worthless that you can achieve it, because I am here to tell you that there is greatness in you. You can be angry at life for the things you don't have, or you can choose to be happy for the chance to live, for the chance to live your life to the full.

To be successful you ought to be grateful for what you have already, you have to be happy for things that you have in life now. If you weren't happy for things you have in life now, then how are you going to be happy when you achieve your dream. Imagine waking up one morning with no friends, going to school or work just because you have to, imagine not really enjoying the day just getting through the day without laughing, without having a reason to smile, without having a friend to talk to. That definitely would not really be living your life to the full that would just be getting through the day because you have to.

Why should I accomplish my dream? I believe that everyone should accomplish their dream no matter how big or small, because your dream is your own. I most certainly believe that everyone in this world has the power to achieve their dreams and make them a reality, as long as you know what you want in life you can make your dream come true. What stops people from pursuing their dreams are excuses, we believe that we will never make it, we believe that everyone will criticize us. However that's not the case yes maybe people won't believe in you, however that should make you more determined to

achieve your dream to prove them wrong, to show people that anything is possible if you just set your mind to it and believe and trust in yourself, because anything is possible.

## Stop Bullying

by Georgia Hulm, Year 8

Over 3.2 million kids are bullied each year, so today I'm here to tell you that I powerfully believe that bullying should be erased from our schools, work forces and just everyday life. As a person that has been bullied many times before I feel deeply about these situations.

Bullying can happen anywhere and anytime for example at school, on the way to school, in the playground, on trips or camps, on the phone or the internet and at the shops but no matter where you are or what you are doing it's not okay to be a bully or to be bullied. Most people these days are being bullied at their schools. When you get bullied repeatedly you start to lose self-confidence which can lead to students skipping school and missing out on an education by doing this the bully will identify that it is hurting you and they will keep attempting to bully. None of this is to be happening in schools because look at the damage it can do to just one person imagine if the whole school was to be bullied then everyone would feel: Different, Powerless, Unpopular and Alone. Bullying is to be stopped!

People think it's all fun and games when they bully people until someone gets hurt or they get into trouble, what they don't recognize is that it can be horribly fatal. Bullies don't know the stress and hurt that can be caused on their victims and their families. Being bullied can lead to missing school, running away from home which would put much distress on your family, depression, not leaving the house and in the worst case scenario suicide. There are many help lines such as <http://www.kidshelp.com.au/> and <http://www.ncab.org.au/>. This does not cut it though even if there are many helplines and websites to visit bullying should not happen at any time of the day or week. Bullying stops with me!

I'm going to tell you a personal story about how I was bullied. For three years straight I had been bullied constantly by the same people, only just this year things stopped because I took control of how I felt and the

way people treated me. I was talked about by the people that I thought were my friends. The things they would say about me would be the most stupid and little things but at the moment I thought were extremely rude, some days they would make the lamest things saying that my hair looked bad that day, then they started telling me that they didn't like me and that I should go find more friends that actually like me, they also said that I don't deserve anything and that I'm worthless. When this happened I got really sad and I would cry on the way home and talk to my parents saying that I wanted to move schools because I was sick of the way people treated me. The girls started acting really weird when I walked past or when I was in class with them. I thought if I gave it time things would start to work things out but they didn't so I went to a teacher and things got worked out after a while and we became friends again. Don't be someone that waits for things to be worked out over time, if you think things are wrong make sure you stand up for yourself and your friends. Bullying will be stopped, bullying stops with me!

I want everyone to know that I deeply feel that bullying is one of human kind's mistakes and should have never been started. Bullying is a horrible thing and that's why I say bullying stops with me!



## Make a Change

by Kiara Wickham, Year 8

You're stupid, you're fat, you're ugly, and you're not worth it. These are just a few of the many words that can dig deep in someone's heart. Bullying! Stop it! Does it make you feel good to put somebody down or to make someone feel like they're worthless? Do you even think about what you're saying before you say it, do you realise the words you say may make someone want to end everything. Bullying is so common in our lives that we don't even realise that it's happening when it really is. We believe it to be normal, an everyday thing, when it's not. Adults say "They're kids, they will get over it." Or "it will make them stronger and they can deal with it themselves." When in reality it breaks our heart and can have a big impact on our lives forever.

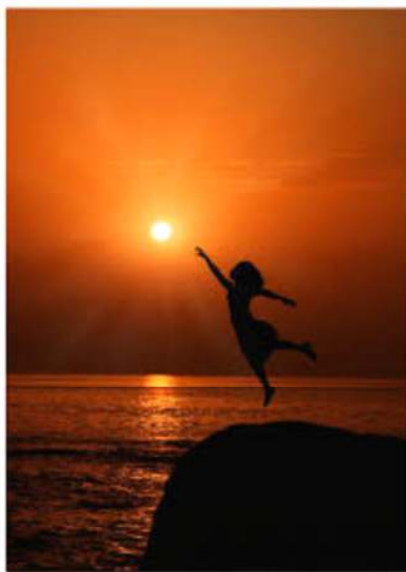
Why should people give themselves to bullies? Why should we let bullies stand all over us? Is it because we're different? Because we're not normal? What makes us different from the rest? What even is normal?

According to recent studies, 58 percent of kids and teens have reported that something mean has been said about them or to them online. Other bullying statistics show that about 77 percent of students have admitted to being the victim of one type of bullying or another. Over 160,000 teens skip school every year out of fear of being bullied while there. Over 10 percent of these kids believe the only way to get away from the harassment is to change schools where they can start over again. Why should these kids be the ones changing when bullies roam around free all over the place?

The harassment doesn't end when you step off the school bus and go home. Cyber-bullying is becoming more common on many social Medias: Facebook, Twitter, Tumblr and so many other sites experience this. Teens of a variety of ages hide behind a computer screen, say whatever they want and don't realise that someone can catch them. 42 percent of teens have been cyber bullied. 80 percent have said they've seen it happened. Bullying takes a toll not just on the victim but the victim's family and even friends. I know some of you reading this have experienced some time of bullying in your life and felt that you're not good enough and thought bad things about yourself.

Telling someone that they're fat doesn't make you any skinnier. Telling someone they're stupid doesn't make you any smarter. It takes one second to say these but a lifetime for someone move on and get over it. We need to start standing up to the bullies who think they can walk all of over us when really they are the ones that are jealous, hurt and angry deep down in their hearts and just want to bring the victim down. We are human beings, just like them. No matter if your religious beliefs are different, if your skin color is different, or whether your homosexual, lesbian or transgendered. If you like playing sports, play sports. If you like reading more than going out to parties, then read all you like. We are all different and that's what makes us unique and special in our own ways. What makes life exciting but mysterious finding out who we are and how we're different from each other.

Bullies don't realise the pain and the suffering these victims go through on an everyday basis. They don't understand or don't care that the victims have the courage to hold it in all day and at home are left broken into pieces. We need to prevent these situations from occurring and make a change before it's too late. I just want to tell any person out there who is a victim of bullying to stay strong, SPEAK UP, keep your head up and don't let anyone's perception change the way you feel about yourself. Always stay true to yourself and know that somebody loves you.



## Aiming High

by Alysha Healy, Year 8

Over 3.2 million kids are bullied each year, so Lots of people in the world believe that not everything is possible. But that is not true, to some degree. The difference between the impossible and the possible lies in how determined you are. As the famous Walt Disney saying goes, "If you can dream it, you can do it." Doubt and questioning fills the minds of people, especially when achieving high in sports. Phrases like, "I can't do it" or "That person is better than me" runs wildly several times through people's minds, even mine. I am here to tell you why you are better than everyone else, and how you are good enough to win that gold medal.

Some people don't actually realise, but the opportunity to participate in sport is actually a privilege. The people in less fortunate countries just want the opportunity to play a real game of football or basketball, maybe even represent their country. We take too many important things for granted in our lives. Just remember that whenever you are standing at the 100m starting line or singing the National Anthem before a netball game, that there are so many people that would just love the opportunity to be where you are right now.

Dreams and goals are the most important thing in a person's life. You need something to reach for, to strive for in life and sport. Set your goals high, and don't stop till you get there. Yes, you will have bumps and detours along the way, but they are all a part of life. Life would be very boring if we didn't have any obstacles or mistakes along the way, wouldn't it? Here's what I think of a mistake: recognise it, admit it, learn from it, forget it. If you don't have a dream or goal in life, you are just wandering around and not knowing what to do with life. In my opinion, dreams build a person and their personality. Everyone around you, who cares about you, can help you achieve these goals of yours. Put sticky notes around the house or even put paper on your roof, so that when you go to sleep, you are constantly reading them. Anything to make you achieve and believe your dreams can be reached. If you can believe it, the mind can achieve it. Something to just think about: You are never really playing the opponent. You are playing against yourself, your own highest standards, and when you reach your limits or a goal, it is real joy and achievement.



Never giving up is one of the most troubling things the world has to face. When things get hard or people start judging you, you just give up and just wait for things to start happening. Grow a bit of resilience people! Don't let these little things stop you from striving for that Australian Team or gold medal. Take the judgments to your advantage! Just because you fail, doesn't mean you are a failure. Slap the world in the face and tell them that you are better than them and you are going to prove it. Train hard, work hard, and you WILL achieve in life. Just remember that there is greatness in you and if it was easy, everyone would do it. In everything you do, you are going to get nervous and scared, but you know what? Do it scared, take risks in life because not everything you do is going to go to plan. As Usain Bolt quotes, "I remember once, actually the first race I ran, I fell." But he didn't give up did he? He got back up, firmly on his two feet and just believed. Look where he is now, in the Olympics, the fastest man in the world and breaking and making world records. A quote from Michael Jordan says that, "I've missed more than 9000 shots in my career. I've lost almost 300 games. 26 times, I've been trusted to take the game winning shot and missed. I've failed over and over and over again in my life. And that is why I succeed." He is one of the most recognised basketball stars and all he did was kept trying. He NEVER gave up, not once. And that is what I encourage you all to do, in whatever you do. All you have to do is believe in yourself and your dreams, and NOTHING is impossible.

No one else can make you believe in yourself, or never giving up. The only person that can do that is you! You have to make the stand and tell everyone that you can do it! That you, and only you, can tell you what to do and who to be. Yes, sometimes life gets hard and difficult and you don't feel like moving on, but just think about that amazing feeling you will get when you are about to get your gold medal in the Olympics, and everyone is cheering for you and with you. That's what keeps me striving for the best. Just remember that there are so many people that care about you, and who want you to achieve and play to the best of your full ability. So always believe in yourself and believe in your dreams, because nothing is impossible, if you set your mind to it.



## Toughness!

by Shane Buttfield, Year 11

Toughness is often used in sport or other physical activities to describe someone who just seems unstoppable, the kind of person who no matter what you throw at them, how many times they get knocked down or how many times they get setback they pick themselves up, dust themselves off and get straight back into the action. Though rugby players playing on with fractured jaws, cricketers playing on after breaking their hand or a basketball player playing on after suffering a sprained ankle are true acts of toughness, there is no activity as challenging to overcome than dealing with depression.

No matter how many bruises you get or how many bones you break you still aren't as tough as someone who has overcome depression. Depression affects a person both mentally and physically. The mental side often starts with the person often feeling sad, this is the most commonly known symptom of depression, but it's not the only symptom. Another symptom is a feeling of worthlessness, which cause thoughts that you have no purpose, and that your life is not valuable. Hopelessness and helplessness can make you feel like the depression will never

go away and that you shouldn't seek help because there is nothing that will help you. Depression also causes a loss of motivation to do daily tasks and a loss of pleasure or enjoyment in hobbies and activities you used to enjoy.

Depression physically affects people in many different ways. Some people experience a decrease in appetite, which can result in weight loss and can lead to problems such as anorexia and vitamin deficiencies. Others can experience an increase in appetite, causing weight gain and can lead to problems such as obesity, which can cause joint pain and stress on the heart. It can also lead to diabetes, interruption of sleep or lack of sleep and hypertension.

All those broken bones and bruises pale in comparison to the affects depression can cause someone. The old saying "sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me" doesn't apply to someone feeling depressed. If you're feeling like worthless and like the worlds against you, when someone's verbally abusing or teasing you it just makes everything a lot worse, makes you just want to break down and cry.

So as you can see, depression is not just sadness. It can negatively affect you mentally, through feelings of worthlessness, hopelessness, and helplessness, cause loss of motivation and poor concentration. It can affect you physically through changes in weight and sleep patterns. But even though depression can cause you to feel helpless and hopeless, there is always help, and there is always hope.





## Down the Drain

by Joel Sobieralski, Year 11

Imagine a sink. You can put waste in this sink, seemingly inexhaustibly. The waste flows down the sink and disappears, upon doing so no-one is harmed, not the richest man, poorest man, or smallest insect. It would be fair to assume that anyone whom chooses to do so can put their waste into the sink, and have no limit as to how much waste they can put into the sink.

This is exactly how we have been living our lives since the industrial revolution. However we have come to find out a lot about this "inexhaustible" sink. For one it has become apparent that the sink is clogged, and seems to be just about full up. We know that filling up this sink has devastating effects on the entire community, from the rich man, to the poor man, to every creature and plant on this planet.

Surely by now you have worked out that the sink is metaphorical. The sink is our atmosphere so the waste would be greenhouse gasses. But what happens if we do fill up our sink?

Temperatures increase, it is predicted that the average surface temperature on earth will rise between 2 and 6 degrees. This will have drastic effects on the ecosystems, including; melting Antarctic ice, destroying tropical rain forests which can't adjust to the new temperatures, and eradicating

Australia's national landmark, the Great Barrier Reef.

Mass extinction, many animals are not able to easily adapt to the temperature change. Studies, published in the highly respected science journal "Nature" predicts that between 15 and 37% of endangered or near endangered animals will become extinct, by 2050, due to global warming.

Rising sea levels. Global warming will do two things that will cause sea levels to rise, thermal expansion, water masses expanding due to increased temperatures, and melting ice at the poles. The UN has predicted that sea levels will rise 9 meters by 2050. This will wipe whole countries clean off the map, displacing hundreds of thousands of people.

If you were to see a child drowning you would act in order to avoid the death, regardless of how it may inconvenience yourself. However in the case of climate change people continue on their day as if we were not drawing closer and closer to disasters, devastating whole families. We continue on our day excusing it as something that we're powerless to change, or even denying human contribution as a cause at all.

Given the fact that our sink is filling up, can we really put in limitless amounts? What responsibility does the rich man, who can pay for his safety, have to the poor man, who cannot? What responsibility does the individual have to not fill the sink? It has never been so vital to pull together as "ONE WORLD", it may be the only way we can avoid experiencing "NO WORLD".



### MEET MACKILLOP



### Bombing of Darwin

All year 10 students attended the Bombing of Darwin commemoration at the Cenotaph followed up by a trip to the Military Museum.



### Jingili Water Gardens

Year 7 Geography students enjoying the sunshine at the Rapid Creek Water Gardens.



### Judges

Year 10 students were given the honour of being judges for the Catholic Primary Schools Speaking Competition.



## POETRY

MEET MACKILLOP

# Environmental Poetry

by Ellie Skliros, Year 7

Once lush green and vibrant,  
But now dull isolated and smoky,  
As peaceful as an ocean,  
But now as lifeless and empty as a graveyard.

Swoosh go the waves,  
But now no sound is to be heard,  
What once was so youthful,  
Is now not excusable.

Lightning, thunder, rain and wind  
Colours that light the sky,  
From rainfall,  
To rainbow.

A dark cloudy night,  
To a place full of light,  
The dark grey clouds might give you a fright,  
But it will be alright.

A wisp of colour to add to my day,  
In the darkness I now know that I will be ok,  
As long as I remember the image in my head,  
I may safely go to bed.



## Casuarina Coastal Reserve

Year 8 students attended a Geography Excursion at Casuarina.



## Free Dress Day

Students living it up on the SRC run free dress day raising money for charity.



# Hero

by Abbie Morgan-Doherty, Year 8

Struggling to open her glossy blue eyes  
Shivering hands, cold as ice  
Looking down the hectic street  
A flash, a glimpse.

Realisation strikes.

Life is no longer complete.

Sad memories, melancholy moments,  
Sitting lonely as a flower  
In a garden choked by weeds  
Flowers  
Reaching, grasping, seeking brightness

Where there is light  
There is life

Sadness turns to strength  
Despair turns to hope  
Fear turns to courage  
The past becomes a future.

With just that one glimpse  
Of my departed hero  
My soul

My everything.

Continues



## WONDERFUL NARRATIVES

Short Stories and Recounts can be found on

PAGE 20



*"He unites black and white  
To stop racism  
For harmony and Peace"*

# As Good As Adam Goodes

by Adrian Lawrence, Year 8

You'll never be  
As good as Adam Goodes  
He is King Kong  
He is brave and strong  
He is my hero.

He is a famous aboriginal man  
He unites black and white  
To stop racism  
For harmony and peace.

A little red ball he kicks around  
And with that ball  
He is a swan  
Gracious and humble  
Unaware of his beauty

He doesn't drop the ball  
On the field or in life

If you're ever in strife  
Try to be  
As good as Adam Goodes

Arch your neck and look up to him  
Spread your wings  
And fly like a swan.

Let's all be  
As good as Adam Goodes  
He is King Kong  
He is brave and strong  
He is my hero.

# Darkness of War

by Bradyn Ladd, Year 8

What is this thing inside of me?

I don't know  
It tends to feel like a demon; it stabs and  
pierces my blood  
I'm scared of bleeding feelings  
And piercing with stabs others around me  
My veins seizing when this darkness takes  
over  
I am screaming that I'm sorry.  
I am scared of voicing  
My issue  
To other people  
I am scared of the hurt and pain that comes  
just like a boxer in a tantrum  
I'm not as fast as a butterfly and  
There is no way I'll sting like a bee  
This battle inside of me  
That rages every day and every night.  
My mouth acts of its own accord;  
My words pierce like the sharpest sword  
Thrown through me  
Continuously  
And will not stop even though I've enlisted  
for my end  
But this feeling destroys me inside but the  
one thing pain does not know how to do is  
Stop  
When I fall on the ground it waits for me to  
get back up  
So that it can knock me back down then sting  
me more

## Soldier

by Patrick Swain, Year 8

Than ever before.

He was in the war  
He fought for our country  
And the safety of his love ones  
And the freedom of his country Australia  
He misses his family  
He misses home and his country  
He misses his family  
He misses his home and his country  
But he fights to keep his loved ones safe  
He will do everything to go home.



*"The sounds of the guns and  
cannons blasting from left to right  
and front to back all day every  
day."*

## My Last Hours

by Georgia Hulm, Year 8

Everything around is unknown to me,  
I'm at a place that is known for  
DEATH.

I am surrounded by people fighting and dying  
and there's nothing I can do about it.

The sounds of the guns and cannons blasting  
from left to right and front to back all day  
every day.

Shrapnel flying everywhere, the pain is so  
intense. Feeling weightless being carried  
away, so many faces unknown to me.

As night falls I look to find familiar faces, I see  
the snow in the background.

A chill takes over my body as I feel the blood  
oozing from my soul.

The lights and sounds start to fade away.

BANG... BANG... BANG.....



## Spirit Still Shines

by Olivia Harding, Year 9

100 Years ago,  
I was making biscuits with my grandmother,  
I thought it had no meaning as I was young,  
As she rolls the dough between the palms of  
her warm hands.

She placed them on the tray,  
Row by row,  
Lined up as though they were soldiers,  
Ready at the front line.

They were pressed together,  
Tight enough so they didn't crumble under  
pressure,  
They were shoulder to shoulder in lines; they  
stood as one with pride.

They fought in the heat of battle,  
Willing to sacrifice everything,  
Held strong for each other with the  
expansion of their hearts and souls,  
As they fell in a blink of an eye.

A sweet scent filled the air and I started to  
see these not as biscuits  
But as the men I was sending them to,  
Heart ache was felt for those,  
Unresponsive beyond the front line,  
My spirit still lives for those  
Who lost their lives.

Those people, those heroes, those fighters  
Are known as ANZACS.

## Ticking Time Bomb

by Rylie Berg, Year 8

Her world is crumbling down, falling to pieces. Life is meaningless and that's just the start.

I'm right by her side as she watches her friends always smiling and lying, she would give anything away to be smiling like that.

Her hearts aching, breaking inside. I can see the pain on her weeping face, yet she still continues to smile but I know its fake.

Her world is crumbling down, falling to pieces. Life is meaningless and that's just the start...

She came to school wearing a jumper, I didn't think it was anything serious.

She had the courage to look me in the eye, the courage to speak, the courage to tell me... that she hurts herself.

I couldn't even speak to her, my best friend! I couldn't speak I was in so much shock, she saw my expression on my face and ran home.

Her world is crumbling down, falling to pieces. Life is meaningless and that's just the start.

She hasn't been at school for 4 days now, I want to be there for her, I'm scared. I am worried, I had this feeling inside me an unshakable feeling, I have to be there for her!

Her world is crumbling down, falling to pieces. Life is meaningless and that's just the start...



## Hate Seeks No Justification

by Jakob Deigan, Year 10

Human beings hating each other  
The same team fighting on opposing sides  
Everyone is a victim, no hiding in the shadows  
Survivors wearily searching, but all that's found is hatred

It's now not only about the blood lost on the battlefield  
But about the cries of the young school boy in the yard  
Each tear as it hits the ground  
Creates victory for the bullies surrounding.

There are no excuses for hating someone  
No matter their skin colour, where they come from, what clothes they wear  
It's UNACCEPTABLE  
Just bullies trying to fit in, ungodly society.

Put down starting wars in each one of us  
Tearing away our souls  
Kindness not able to find its way through  
Evil loathing inside of us.

To trick an unearthed mind into feeling a sense of belonging  
Bullies trying to fit in with other bullies  
We all hate for different reasons  
But there is no justification for what hate and bullying have done to us...





# But How

by Justise Aukino, Year 10

Love is fighting for me

It is a riot

Loud and proud

It is a battle that I am in

But I have yet to see

I thought she was ignoring me

But really she was trying to hide how she felt

I read that paper

Her last ever paper

That was encased in her frozen cold hand

It was frail and soft

Like a newborn

My hands could not be stilled

For I didn't want to see the truth

The words that she left on the page

Had written only seven words

Seven little words

"Forgive me for now I am free."

Now as my tears ran down my face,

Like a river in an unwanted storm

I felt her pain and her heartache.

Now I look at her and see

That elegant golden hair

Pale and grim

Her rose red lips

Are but a smoky grey

As I stared down

Into her coffin



I realize that I did this

I was silent and still

I didn't want her around

I remember the pain in her frown

And I still denied her that simple thing

Me.

And now all I have left is silence

Everlasting sorrow that I caused her to be still

As I walk out the room

I gently gaze back for one last look

And suddenly love is loud

And I ask myself,

"But how?"

## MEET MACKILOP



## Museum

Year 7 students had a great time when they attended the excursion to the Darwin Museum. The dinosaurs were of course an all-round favourite for everyone.



## Casaurina Coastal Fun

Zaria Manton, Rylie Berg and Georgia Hulm having a great time at the Coastal Reserve.



## Year 8

Year 8 students having a great time dressing up for the Book Week parade.

# The Pain of the Past

by Prynzes Dalistan, Year 10

How do I mend a broken heart?  
When my entire world has fallen apart?  
How do I find a brand new day?  
When the one I love has gone away?  
I pray every night,  
That God would give me a time machine,  
A time machine, which would bring me back  
to the past,  
To the past, where I first met you?  
  
I am willing to change everything that day,  
Just to be with you in the future.  
Whenever I think of you, my heart shatters  
into millions of pieces.  
I miss you so much, that I dream of you at  
night.  
The love that I didn't have the chance to  
express  
Always makes me cry,  
Always thinking,  
I should have just told you!  
  
Now, it's already too late!  
Too late because we're not together  
You have your life, while I'm struggling to  
find mine!  
I hope that someday, I'll forget you.  
The pain of the past erased so easily by you,  
I will cry no more for you,  
I too will forget!



## Sores

by Matthew Murphy, Year 10

There's a war going on  
But not one you can see  
It's all in my head  
If you can believe.

One half of me  
Is saying to fight  
But the other says  
To hide from sight.

Some friends ask me  
What is wrong?  
But all I say is  
Move along.

Sometimes I think  
To tell someone  
But then I realise  
I have no one.

I'm always tired  
But cannot sleep  
Although I say nothing  
Not even a peep.

I am losing  
This war  
Of that  
I'm sure.

I'm starting to think  
Of only one solution  
It looks like it's the only  
But is all this an allusion.

I went on a search  
For just one person  
I don't know who  
Or what the reason.

This person I've known  
Before I can remember  
This is my best friend  
But I call her my mother.

She helped me with everything  
And a bit more  
What has happened is over  
But left a Sore.





## The Last Breath

by Zaria Manton, Year 8

I don't need a mask, to hide my smile,  
A crooked grin can go a mile.

I'm a hero with broken wings,  
How can I help YOU fix your things.

You can pack up your bags,  
And run away...  
I'll be here, I'm here to stay.

I can still be strong,  
Maybe... A hero!

But it seems lately I am falling,  
My wings have stopped working.

I'm not sure just what to do,  
You need a better hero,  
When I need saving too!  
I always thought I'd save myself,  
Seems to be the same,  
For everybody else!

Now here I stand,  
I'm sorry I CAN'T save you!  
But you see I'm falling,  
My wings have stopped working!

It's been a long time coming,  
Another chance is all I need,  
To be the best hero I can be



## Roses are dead

by Tihana Kearney, Year 10

Roses are dead  
Violets are crying  
I need you here  
And no I'm not lying

You turn my frown  
Into a smile  
And make me forget  
My pain for a while

But one day you suddenly  
Decided to leave  
And all I could do  
Was beg and plead

In the end  
You still left me  
I don't have many emotions  
I just sit here and bleed

You make me so mad  
With those words that you said  
"You're nothing"  
And "You're better off dead"

I was blinded by love  
But now I can see  
You are a jerk  
Please don't come near me

So the roses are dead  
The violets are crying  
My hatred for your face.  
Is extremely undying

## My War, My Mind

by Jordana Jack, Year 8

Freezing. Melting. Living. Dying.  
All these things are happening right now.  
And the EARTH is still spinning.  
All these spectacular wonders are happening in  
this world.

At this present time.  
Yet here I am. STUCK IN THIS HOLE.

With no way out. And with every  
Second that passes  
Every drop of blood I bleed  
Every tear I shed.

Makes this hole

Deeper  
And Deeper  
And Deeper.

However the true is the hole I'm stuck in, is  
not a real hole.

Yet my mind.

I fight a constant battle every day!

BIGGER then whether to wake up in the  
morning.

A battle of whether to let the demons inside  
of me...

Take control Or  
WHETHER

To fight  
I AM AT WAR.

WITH MYMIND.

It's a battle I never prepared myself to face.

But then I look around at all the wonders of  
this world.

And all the good things that happen every  
day and smile.

"I didn't fail the test, I just found 100 ways to  
do it wrong"-Benjamin Franklin once quoted  
that I know this war will never truly end.

But I see all the happiness in the world and  
the bad things seem so far away.

And now the depths of my hole seem to build  
back up to the surface, and all I need to do is  
climb out.

All has purpose both good and bad.

Now although

My mind is at war

My soul is at peace.





## NARRATIVES

# Mirabelle and the Evil Green Witch of Stonegate

by Emma Forsyth, Year 8

A shrill cry echoed in the mist when an Evil green witch whipped her with extra limbs like tentacles of an evil octopus coming out of her deformed body. When the Evil Green Witch slashed the girl in the face body you could see her face was covered in green gruesome warts.. The roughness of the Evil witches' skin grazed the side of her face when she tried to fight back against her. The Evil witch hunched over her small and innocent body.

I walk past the mirror to fix my long, sherbet hair. My mother calls me for dinner as I look into the mirror, my green, grassy eyes look over my beautiful purple dress, which the seamstress of the castle made for me. "Mirabelle dinner's ready," says my mother, the Queen of Stonegate. She is as elegant as a blue bird, as she slowly sits down on her chair at the long, royal table. I walk into the huge dining room, with cobble stone walls and many chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. When dinner is finished, I drag myself

up the cobble stone stairs of the castle to my room. I drop to my bed as I hear three shuddering knocks at the front door of the castle. I suddenly hear footsteps slowly creaking on every step of the stairs. The bedroom doors handle starts to turn slowly as I jump behind my bed. I shudder in fright. Then suddenly the door swings open slamming into the wall behind it. I get the fright of my life as Garrick the Prince of Duke stampedes through the door towards me. I jump up as he gives me a soothing hug. We walk out of my bedroom into the courtyard, Garrick bends down and picks for me a bright, purple flower, from one of the many beautiful garden beds, and puts it behind my ear with a smile, I smile lovingly back as we keep walking.

We don't talk the whole time until the moon shines high in the sky. "I have to go now into the forest to fight off beasts that haunt this kingdom," Garrick says, with bravery as he holds my hands.

He told me once that he wants to help everyone who is in harm's way, because when his mother died she died from a monster that he could have stopped and put his life at risk, if he wasn't so self-centred. So every time he puts his life at risk for someone else he is slowly repaying back his mother's death. He walks off into the distance back to the castle as I walk further away. I am now just at the brink of the dark and eerie part of the castle. I am really curious of what is in the mist. I walk into the mist and up the stairs of a tall tower. As I skim my hands along walls, they start to get closer together. I hear beautiful singing and start to walk towards it. A beautiful lady is sitting in an old chair creating origami fairies. I walk towards the dark, enclosed room, as I sit down on the chair next to her, I feel the cobs web coming closer from all the corners of the room. She seems really friendly.

As I sit there watching her she offers me origami, as I put my hands out she wraps her rough hands around my wrists with a tight grip. I am too stunned to scream, as she turns into a ghastly monster that has extra limbs like the tentacles of an evil octopus coming out of her deformed body. She drags me out into the mist, it is too dark to see as I finally let out a shrilling cry, that echoes in the mist all around me. (continued page 21)



Death lurks in every of the part of the mist. When she slashes the side of my face I can see her green gruesome warts on the side of her cheek. As she grazes the side of my face I can smell the stench of flesh, blood and guts lingers in her breath. As I am fighting back with all my might I see a shadow sneaking up behind this evil green witch. Suddenly I am released as this witch is pulled back and thrown aside.

Garrick pulls me up with his strong arms and lays them around me. As I smell him, he reminds me he still has an evil green witch to destroy. They fight each other with strong punches and kicks I follow them up the steps of the tallest tower in the castle. Garrick takes control and has the evil green witch on the edge of the balcony. The sounds of high pitched screams of the evil green witch deafen my ears as Garrick pushes her over the edge to her death. "Will you please promise me that you will not take something from someone you do not know" Garrick says as he puts his arm around me as we walk slowly back to the castle.

## The Gift

by Alysha Healy, Year 8

CRACK! I suddenly wake up to the loud crack of lightning as it hits a tree. I cast a nervous glance out of my window and see a tree in the nearby forest burst into flames. "There is something very strange about that forest." I think to myself as I continue to stare at the orange glow. Over the past 2 weeks, 5 trees have been set alight all by a lightning strike. "Everyone knows about the rumors about the monsters in the forest. Maybe it has something to do with them." I think nervously. Soon the fire had been extinguished and I nervously go back to sleep in the castle that I have lived in all of my life. This is an old and unique castle and has won many battles in its time. This irreplaceable castle is surrounded by a spooky and dark forest. Legend has it that the most evil of monsters live in that very forest and that the monsters get very angry at the royals because they kill all of their food. I, Princess Claudia, am the most beautiful of them all with my beauty and kind heart. I am gentle and dainty on my feet and everyone loves me. I have long chocolate coloured hair, eyes the colour of an emerald and tanned skin.

The day after the latest lightning strike, I got sent by my father, the King, to deliver a message to a nearby castle. The only problem is that I have to go through the dark and spooky forest to get

there. I cannot disobey my father, but was very scared all the same. I glance in the mirror to check that my large cloak with a hood looked good, and I anxiously took my first steps into the forest. After a few minutes I hear a rustle in the leaves. I uneasily glance over my shoulder, but see nothing. It happens again, and I yet again see nothing. Suddenly, I feel a light tap on my shoulder and quickly turn around, ready to run. But no, it was only a very small person with a huge cape drooped over their head. They put their hand in their basket and pull out a beautiful flower. "May I sell you this flower?" The person asks with a very rough and cracked voice. "Yes, oh yes please! This is the most beautiful flower I have ever seen!" I exclaim in reply. I take the flower from the person and put it behind my ear and carry on my way to the castle. Behind me, but I don't see, the small person smiles an evil grin.

"Thank goodness I'm back! That took so long." I just returned from delivering the message and the sun is just about to fall behind the horizon. "Dinner's ready!" My father calls from the dining room. I hang my cloak on the rack and head into the dining room to eat.

After an hour of eating I head to bed as I am very tired. I place the beautiful flower, which has not withered yet, on my bookcase. I change my clothes and look in the mirror to tie up my chocolate hair. My bed feels comfy under my back as I lie down and slowly fall asleep thinking about the flower.

In the morning, I wake up feeling very strange and stiff. I rub the sleep from my eyes and open them, staring at my hands. The only problem is that they weren't hands, they were webbed hands!



I try and fail to get out of bed and I realise that everything is HUGE! I really start to panic now and scream for help. My brother, the prince, hears me and hurries to my room. He checks everywhere for me, but he can't find me and he calls my name with his manly voice, "Claudia, where are you? I heard you scream and came running." I hear this and reply, "Alexander, my dear brother, I am under the covers of my bed." At this, he hurries to my bed and throws off the covers and I can finally see him. "Alex, I was so scared. I don't know what happened... and why are you staring at me like that?" I exclaimed. His mouth is gapped open like a fish and his eyes looked enormous. He says nervously, "You, you are a FROG!" I don't believe this one single bit and walk over to the mirror to prove it. I scream so loud at the sight of me, it is hideous. I am about the size of a pea and am covered in slime! I turn around staring at the greenness of my body. I start to cry and look up at my huge brother with such orange hair and bulging muscles. I ask him, "How did this happen?" He is still staring at me like I am some monster and he finally replies, "Did you go into that dark and spooky forest yesterday?" I reply, "Yes and I bought a beautiful flower from a very kind person." "What did that person look like?" He asks timidly. "Ummmm, I don't know. They were very small and had a cape over their head." "Maybe we should go and find this lovely person that you bought that flower from." Alex suggests. "Okay, sure, but why?" I respond. "You'll see." Alex said.

Back in the forest I am, but in the shape of a frog this time and on a mission, but I am not sure why. I am sitting on Alex's shoulder looking out for the small person and guiding

him to where I saw the person last. We get to the spot and have a hard look around. Suddenly, out of nowhere the person appears in front of us and takes off their hoodie. I gasp as I see the most hideous creature ever. Two monstrous horns are poking out of its head, like antennas. Red eyes stare at me with anger and its nose is the size and shape of a pear with a wart on the tip. His body is covered with yellow slime and a trail of slime follows the monster everywhere. The huge feet and hands, for its small size, have enormous claws pointing out from each toe and finger. The smell of rotting flesh lingers in the air and flies swarm around this hideous creature. "Surely this isn't the person I saw yesterday." I think horribly to myself. Alex has drawn his sword and is pointing it at the monster. It says to me in a wicked voice, "Did you enjoy your little surprise my sweetness?" I am so angry I could burst. I start yelling at her, "How could you do this to me!" "Well this castle has been killing all of our prey for as long as we monsters can remember." The monster says

you!" The monster quickly grabs me from Alex's shoulder before he can do anything and starts running. I squirm under the monsters tight grip and start yelling for Alex. I see him sprinting is fast as he can to save me, with his sword in his hand. That is the last thing I see and everything goes black.

I wake up in my bedroom. I don't know how many days it's been and I just want to know what happened. I slowly sit up and wipe my face with my hands. I realise that my hands are normal again! I feel my hair and legs and realise that everything is back to normal. I am normal again. I glance up and see Alex walk into the room. "Alex, how am I normal again? What happened?" I ask. He replied "Well, when you blacked out, the monster wasn't looking where they were going and ran into a tree! I took the opportunity to slice its heart out and take its life. At this moment, you started to change back into a human again. By killing the monster, I broke the spell of the flower! I carried you all the way back to the castle and it has only been a few hours since." I listen in silence with utter shock. "You are my hero! I never should have taken that flower from the monster." I just realise that I kept the flower. I look at the place where I put it, but all I see is a pile of ash. I say to my brother "That should never happen to anyone! Tell father that I would like all of the animals to be put back into the forest so that we can live in harmony with these monsters." "Consider it done." Alex says and walks out of the room. I gaze into the forest and think, "I'll never take gifts from strangers again!"

in its rough voice. "So I created a flower that could turn you into a frog so the King would come begging me to turn you back. I was going to ask him for all of our prey back in exchange for you. For that all to work, I need

we can live in harmony with these monsters." "Consider it done." Alex says and walks out of the room. I gaze into the forest and think, "I'll never take gifts from strangers again!"



## Whispers

by Tamarah Hayward, Year 10

"Charlie," his mother Angela yells down the hall. "Don't make me count again" she continues while Charlie runs down the hallway away from his mother. His long tanned legs trying to keep up with the rest of his body. "It has been two days Charlie," Angela calls after Charlie, despite his ignorance. She continued to walk after him down the hall; she knew he would tier soon.

Charlie's hazel eyes were focused on the white walls. His eyes slowly wondering up and down them. His hand hard on his chest while he pants for air, it seemed so thick to him. His eyes focused in on the familiar dark shadow on the wall. Charlie began questioning himself, why was it back again?

"Got you," Angela says as she scopes Charlie's tiny weight into her arms. "You need to have a bath tonight Charlie," she tells him firmly, Charlie had lost tonight. Declaring defeat as his mother carried him to the bathroom. She pushes the door with her shoulder and strolls to the bath. Placing Charlie into the bath fully clothed, she begins to pull of his plain red t-shirt over his head.

Anglia throws the shirt into the corner of the room, near the wash basin. "I am going to check on your brothers. I want to see you bathed when I get back Charlie," she leaves the bathroom knowing full well that Charlie knows how to do the bath on his own.

Charlie takes his pants off and throws them into the corner with his red t-shirt. He sits down in the bath and reaches over to the cold silver taps and twist the hot water tap. He quickly backs away to the end of the bath not wanting to be anywhere near the small white drain

The warm clear water running into the bath quickly becomes freezing cold. Charlie's steady heart rate drops rapidly. Charlie tries to back away even further knowing what was coming next. The water was now covering his feet. With a small pop, a thick murky green liquid converts the clear cold water. His heart rate continued to fall, his heart itself felt like it was in his stomach.

"Charlie," a voice whispers. The voice turns Charlie's blood cold, and his skin pasty white. Why is this happening again? He questions himself. He had though he got away with it.

"I will not leave, not with you." His voice although he through was firm was shaky and laced with worry. Charlie was terrified of the whispers.

"Charlie," the voice whispers again.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Charlie takes hold of the black cotton towel behind him. He willed himself to hold on as tight as possible. He wasn't going without a fight.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

"No," Charlie screams. "I will not go with you," he says to the whispers.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

It was here again, the chills vibrating down Charlie's spine didn't even begin to show his fear. It was after him and he wasn't sure he could get away this time. The short blond hair on Charlie's legs and arms rise; goose bumps, Charlie's hands were trembling. He fought hard to breathe the tick air surrounding him.

He could hear the soft steps of his mother's feet on the timber floor boards.

(continued page 23)



She was getting closer but Charlie didn't believe he could hold on any longer. Angela walks through the door a few seconds later and sighs as she looks at Charlie's dry body. She pries Charlie's hand off the towels and pulls him out onto the soft brown mat. She wraps the warm towel around Charlie's freezing body.

"Charlie you need to take a bath tomorrow, not just sit in it." Charlie turns his head and looks into the tub, nothing. No thick murky green liquid, it was completely empty. How was it empty, he saw the thick murky green liquid with his own two eyes. Angela picks up Charlie up and carries him to his room. She dresses him and tucks him into bed. "Good night Charlie," she says pulling the blanket up over him. Charlie clenches the blanket in his hands and lays solid like a log.

"Charlie," a whisper comes again. Charlie sits upright in his bed, his heart beat increases, the air around him becomes thick again, he breathes long and slow trying to get the air. Panting and gasping for air Charlie looks around him, the black shadows were back. However this time there was more than one, he couldn't count them they just kept coming.

Charlie tries not to look at the black shadows that were now surrounding him by paying attention to his hands. It didn't work, he was slowly becoming black. Just like the water in the bath earlier. He was becoming the black shadows.

"No, help! Mum, please mum, Angela help me."

"It's too late now Charlie," the voice whispers. "You are one of us now," the voice continues to whisper. Charlie looks at himself; he really was one of them. He was a black shadow now.



## Banshee

by Carlos Jacinto, Year 8

'Banshees aren't real' the little girl screamed at her mother. 'Don't say such lies or you will be cursed' the mother pleaded. The house filled with deadly silence as a shrill cry from afar replaced the cold silence on a winters night. 'What was that?' the little girl cried in panic. 'It's here' the mother cried in sudden fear. 'Wha-' as the little girl about to speak every window keeping the coldness out shattered into a million pieces from an ear shattering screech, the door that was once there was destroyed revealing a dark creature that only nightmares can show. It radiates coldness and freezes its surrounding with cold-death frost. Darkness surrounds its very image, its ragged clothes hugged its flesh that are bones as it lays its hands forward to the little girl's mother and froze her before her very eyes with one touch striking the little girl with such indescribable fear. The little girl tremble in fear of where she stands as the bony witch tilted the little girl's chin up and spoke with such an ill-sounded voice matching with its screeching cry from before 'You don't believe in Banshees you say?'. 'No' the little girl replied as she tremor in fear. 'Do not say such lies because I am a Banshee and I curse those who speak lies' she said to the little girl. The creature of pure darkness hovered above the little girl and its whispered unknown words as the little girl that had a beautiful young face was now replaced with a similar face to an elephant, her nose and ears that were once small were now getting larger. 'What is happening to me' little girl cried in horrible fear for even though she didn't know what she looked like she felt it. The being that turned her into this monstrous creature disappeared in cold puff of smoke as her mother screamed behind her.

Beautiful decorations, colourful garlands of flowers surround the village that surround the Haverhill Castle. People gather around the town square near the castle entrance where the royal guards stood as still as a statue from the castle stairs from top to bottom. The crowd cheered as they open the majestic door that revealed the handsome prince wavy hair as dark as mahogany, paired with midnight dark blue eyes. The prince walked down to meet the cheering crowd. 'The town's people yelled out words of pure joy with along the lines of 'Happy 18th birthday prince Levente'. The prince walked through the crowd people thanking them. After the midnight feast celebration of the prince's birthday his father, the king has sent him on a quest he's been dreaming to do at a young age.

Since he was little he had heard rumours and stories from a forbidden book about a terrifying creature, a witch that curses people that lie. He left the castle grounds with his horse with a white coat of skin and long blonde hair with him, he ventured through the dark forest supposed to be leading in an abandoned village. Fear and bravery fought each other in his mind. A tiny breeze of frosty wind sent his body tingling in a sense of danger making his horse back away from where it originally stood.

Suddenly out of nowhere strange creatures, animal like with human features appeared. The prince panicked for a second not knowing what to do but cleared out his mind and decided to fight back. He pulled out his sword out of his sheath revealing a long glistening sword. He made his way through



the crowd of creatures slicing his way out blood splash from every angle. He found a clear path leading to another forest and steered his horse towards it and trotted away.

A fog cleared away his vision from the abandoned dark village. He scanned the forest with care and watched every detail of the forest. After a few moments something caught his eyes a loud somehow like crying of sorrow he tried to figure where the sound was coming from, the sound lead him through the thick white fog and in the short distance he saw a cave and steered his horse closer to the source of the sad sound. He entered the cave with caution barely breathing from the surrounding thick white fog, guiding his horse inside. He went deeper in the cave and every step he took meant danger could await his life, its darkness never made it better. As he went further into the cave he saw a shining light, orange like a lamp that casted a big shadow over the wall of the cave. He had a hint of fear in his mind but curiosity was the feeling that mostly took over him. He walked through the cave's rocky floor silently as he approached the creature. What he saw was strange never looked alike from the creatures in the village, it was somehow like human but had the features of an elephant big ears long nose, small eyes and a tiny mouth but it was a girl. He took a step closer to the creature seeing its hideous somehow fascinating features. The prince thought for a moment about the rumours that surrounded the place but was never claimed to be real but seeing before his own eyes he knew this was a curse of the Banshee.

The creature suddenly noticed him. 'Who are you?' it spoke dryly but had the voice of a normal girl. 'I am prince Levente of Haverhill and was sent by my father to kill the Banshee' 'the prince spoke to the creature. 'No you must leave now the Banshee will curse of those who lies, you are never going to defeat her she's heartless and cold just like this place' she said in abrupt shock. 'Suddenly they heard a piercing sound from the distance. The girl panicked' 'Prince, hide behind the rocks with your horse. 'The girl ordered her. The prince did as he was told. The girl continued crying as the Banshee was nearing the girl. From the light of the lamp, it casted the shadow of what the creature is, it was tall and had long bony hands and fingers, it was a terrifying sight seen by the prince, it reminded him of someone. 'I saw blood shed in the village, do you know any of this?' 'No' the girl replied. 'someone is after

me but the only way to defeat lie is with the truth' 'the witch spoke to herself. He was perplexed by her words. The witch left the dark cave leaving a trail of chills.

'You can come out and leave 'the creature ordered the prince. The prince came out behind the rocks and spoke' 'I am not leaving I know how to defeat her' 'how? There is nothing you can do but escape'.

'escaping wouldn't solve anything; we will go and find her now 'he spoke bravely.

The prince had a plan. She took the girl out of the cave with his horse wandering the menacing and grotesque place for the Banshee.

After the long-time of searching the abandoned dark village they came across the Banshee menacingly wandering along at the destroyed architecture of the dead. The prince used the fog as a disguise but deep red eyes appeared floating in the air and out the mist came out a long wavering figure. The prince froze terrified with the unexpected. The Banshee swung her long ghoulish hands towards his direction and caught him by the neck.

'Who are you? 'It's shrilling voice filled his sensitive ears and he cringed in pain. 'I am the prince and I'm here to defeat you. 'she cackled menacingly' 'The only way to defeat a lie is with a truth'. Her words gave him a mysterious flash back, he knew what it meant and yelled nearly out of air' 'I am your son. 'The witch froze in his words and the witch, the girl and everything began to be wrapped in a mysterious light .The prince was blinded and its shining rays sent him tumbling backwards. The lights began to fade away; the thick fog creating darkness that once surrounded the place was replaced by light by the sun that shined brightly above the village. Something surprised him that laid before his eyes it was a woman covered in thorned out clothes that wrapped around her body. And long brown curly hair that covered partly her face revealing two midnight blue coloured eyes and next to her was a girl laying on the ground with long blonde hair and cerulean coloured eyes, she was beautiful.

The prince found out that the woman was the queen, his mother and told him the story of how she left one winter night and got cursed. The prince took with him the queen and the girl back to the castle and when he returned the king organized a feast to rejoice

the queen's surprising return and the prince's wedding.

## Elizabeth's Sacrifice

by Chelsea Probyn, Year 8

I could feel the magic coursing through me, making me stronger, better and even more powerful. I had never felt like this, nor had I ever wanted to punish someone so much. I glared at the burn mark on Annabel's cheek, her delicate features and big brown eyes were looking back at me terrified. I turned towards the girl in front of me, she who had tormented my sister.

"You even dare think that you can get away with taking your sick pleasures on your young princess, who has shown only kindness."

As the girl was frantically looking for escape, my anger overtook me. In my most deadly voice I whispered "I think that you deserved to be punished." Without warning, I grabbed her arm, I didn't know what I was doing; I just knew that she needed to suffer. Her eyes which were closed from her crying, flew open in surprise, she let out a strangled scream and doubled over gasping. When she stood back up the iris of her eyes were pure red, her skin had become an ashy grey colour, she had transformed into a gargoyle type creature.

She turned towards me, knelt and spoke in a raspy voice, "Master, I am at your service."

"I want you to make sure that Annabel is safe, but stay out of sight and you will report to me at the setting of the sun each day." At my command, the creature bowed, grew a pair of scaly stone wings and flew off. Annabel staggered toward me, looking deathly pale, she gasped "Elisa what have you done?" before fainting into my arms. I needed to return to the castle to tend to her and try and grasp what had just happened.

The next few weeks went by in a blur; Annabel was resting most of the time. Mother and Father were running out of healers and still had no answers for Annabel's weakening state. It was Hunter, my brother, who I was most wary about. He was avoiding me and was always conferring with his fellow knights. I had a feeling he and his companions were watching me, but I had other things to worry about. (continued page 25)

I had gotten more reports from the creature as the weeks passed of people committing crimes, and each time I caught them out, I would feel the marvellous power flowing through me, turning them each into a stone creature. The power was addictive, I felt invincible and I couldn't stop.

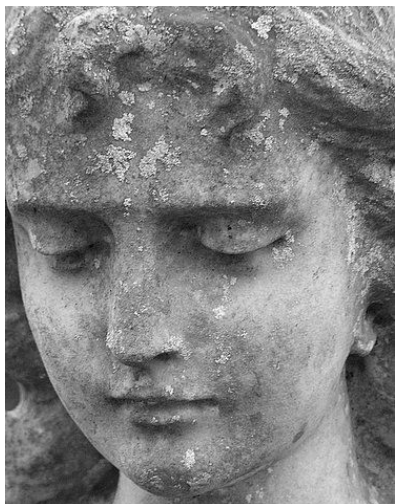
I couldn't wait to share my joy with Annabel; surely I would be able to cure her illness. As soon as I entered the room, she huskily said to me, "It's killing me Elisa." I was momentarily confused. I could see her whole body was shivering, and her once beautiful hair was grimy and sweaty, sticking to her sallow face.

"What is killing you Annabel? Please tell me."

"Elisa, it's what you are doing. You need to stop; you're draining all my power, each time you visit me, you drain me of my magic, and then go off and change people. You have to stop." When she said those last few words, I dropped her hand and stared at her dumbfounded.

"But how- I don't -- what?" The realisation of it hit me and I started to back away from her; I needed to go away, far away. On my way out of the castle I thought someone followed me, but I couldn't see anything through my tears, so I stumbled to the nearest horse and rode away to the only place I could think of that would be safe, the forest.

Once I had gotten away from the village, I got off the horse and started to cry on the forest floor. How could I have not noticed it before? I was killing my own sister. I heard something through the rustle of the trees; I looked up through the messy curtain of my dark hair, as the familiar black stallion came into view I saw my brother.



As Hunter dismounted his horse, I noticed he was wearing armour and had his sword swinging casually by his side. He walked slowly towards me, with a menacing smile on his face. "Hunter what are you doing here?"

"Well sister, when you started turning people into stone demons, I knew I had to do something. And yes I know all about your wicked powers, my knights have kept me well informed, but when I overheard that you were the killing Annabel I knew that I couldn't let that happen." When he said this I suddenly realised that he and his knights had been the ones following me all this time.

"Elisabeth you are no longer my sister, but a wicked beast who must be slain. I will not have you destroy Annabel for your thirst of dark power, prepare to die beast."

Just as Hunter was about to swing his sword one of my creatures carrying Annabel appeared in front of me "Hunter, stop! You can't do this, I will not let you kill her". she was still looking sickly, but her voice was strong and confident.

I knew then what I had to do. Stepping between my siblings I grabbed the hilt of Hunter's sword and plunged it into my chest. Hunter stared at me bewildered, as I gasped and collapsed to the ground. Hunter held me close as Annabel rushed toward me calling to me as if she was in a tunnel far away.

As I felt my last breaths approaching I whispered "Hunter, forgive me, you have done no wrong, please take care of our family. You will become a wise and generous king in your time. Annabel, you have always seen the goodness in me, I must be free of this darkness consuming me and I sacrifice my life, to save you and our family."

## Taylor

by Chloe Dawes, Year 10

just select the shape and then use the up and down arrow keys on your keyboard to nudge

I sat in Clarissa's car silently, as did everyone else. The only sound that was heard was the sound of the car's rattling engine as if the car itself could feel the sadness and loneliness the rest of us felt. The car pulled to a slow stop at the front of the funeral home, I sat there unsure whether I wanted to get out of the car or run away and hide for the rest of my life. I opened the car door with shaking hands, my whole body was shaking like a rattle snake, and I shut the car door hesitantly. We walked inside, everywhere there was crying people, every corner of the room there was crying. My head started to spin I was shocked, everyone was wearing colourful things, because Taylor only liked colourful things. The room was spinning faster I felt like was going to faint the memories with him were too much for me to handle. My vision started blurring and my head started hurting, I didn't want to be here, I wanted to be alone, alone to cry. But the memories wanted to be heard wanted to be re-visited again and so that's what my mind did.

The sun was bright, so bright and hot I could feel my pale skin burning as the bright light reflected off of the trampoline. Taylor sat there staring at me as I stared back, a hint of a smile played on my lips. Tiah's backyard was green, green grass and green trees everywhere, it was pretty but not as pretty as the brown in Taylor's eyes. Taylor's lips were so perfectly shaped, I could slowly see and feel Taylor moving in closer towards me, he was only sitting a iPhone 4 distance away from. He lent all the way in, I could feel his breath against my face, the smell of frosty mint was all I could smell. I closed my eyes, the softness of his lips against my own felt like small soft kittens. He kissed me softly at first, gently as if not to hurt me, and then slowly he kissed me harder, the kiss intensifying. My first kiss, Taylor was my first kiss, the kiss came to a stop, and we just sat there staring at each other.

Colour, colour everywhere. People in colourful clothing were crying, chocking on their own tears. A man walked out of the funeral home wearing a very comfortable looking tuxedo and suit.



He looked very distressed as he stood there, the people crying around me went quiet and the small sobbing was all to be heard as the man spoke "Taylor Luck is ready to be viewed" he looked like he was about to faint, but I guess every human would look like that when they are about to bury a teenage boy. The man walked off and it was no longer silence and sobbing but wails and loud cries of why's and this can't be. I couldn't feel happy. My life had just been turned upside down. Taylor one of my best friends was gone, I struggled on a daily basis as it was to survive and now I was completely gone. I felt wrong, I felt sick to the stomach. I still couldn't cry, I still couldn't grasp the fact that he was gone. Everyone was lining up to view him, to see Taylor one last time. Clarissa and I walked along in the line, I could feel her crying non-stop but I couldn't focus on her all I could focus on was the memories that kept resurfacing.

The day was slowly warming up, a slight breeze in the air. The sun was bright, slowly burning my skin, the other students laughing and running around as they please. I could feel my phone buzzing in my pocket, the vibrations echoing through my body like an earthquake. I quickly checked it knowing my friend Clarissa wouldn't be ringing me unless it was important as she knows I go to a strict school. The girls bathroom was quiet, not a sound to be heard. I answered my phone "hello?" There was crying, Clarissa was crying? Why? She doesn't cry? She is a strong girl. "Chloe, it's Taylor, he killed himself" my heart stopped beating, the world stopped moving around me, I was frozen, frozen in a moment I wanted not to be true. My phone fell from my hand smashing on the ground; I dropped after it, falling to a heap on the ground. I was struggling to breathe, my mind couldn't cope with what I had been told, my body couldn't function, I couldn't even cry. I sit there frozen on the bathroom floor not thinking not staring at anything just a blank canvas that is numb. As I sit there motionless my emotion slowly ticks through to me, the pain hits like a giant rock smashing into my bare skin leaving me raw. The numbness wasn't leaving, my body was limp, I couldn't even think, nothing was coming through to me clearly. I was rubbed raw and reeling. And I couldn't cope anymore.

I could feel someone tapping me, Clarissa was tapping my arm to bring me back into focus, it was our turn to say goodbye. My arms were shaking, I couldn't walk properly anymore, I was like jelly, wriggly sad jelly. We walked through into the room, I could hear

sad, angry sobs and it made my stomach churn. We walked further into the funeral home viewing room, I could see the casket. I stopped, my legs hurt, and my everything hurt. Clarissa pulled me further into the room, we could see right into the open casket. The shape of a human body lay in the casket under white small cloth covering half of the body. I didn't know what Clarissa was doing but I walked right up to the casket, I could feel her lingering behind me. I looked straight into the eyes that were closed; I knew exactly what colour and whose eyes they were. The suit he was wearing was a perfect fit, his eyes looked as if he was sleeping in a dream he will never awake from, and his mouth was shut in a straight line as if to show he was resting the way he wants to. His beautiful hands were pale, not just a pale as if he hadn't been in the sun for a while, but a pale that wasn't right, a pale that was ghastly scary. Taylor. My beautiful Taylor, his hair was brushed just the way he always wore it. I waited, waited for his chest to rise and to fall, but it never did. I waited for him to breathe but it never came. He looked peaceful, looked asleep. The only thing that made me realise he wasn't asleep was the pale of his skin, and the bruises around his neck, the discolour, all different colours. Bruises on his neck and his face made me cry. The tears came down, no stopping them, they fell and they fell. They wouldn't stop. Seeing him lay there not moving not even breathing, was my undoing. He was gone, he was truly gone and not coming back. I cried, I wailed to myself. He was gone, he was an angel now. The memory of that day haunts me. I've never been the same.



## Don't Talk to Strangers

by Jordan Sisto, Year 8

I thought it was over; I struggled to take a breath, the air was becoming thinner, my lungs felt heavy and I found it difficult to stay awake. Staring into his dark eyes my heart shattered, could this be my last minute on earth?

It was a cold winter's morning; I pulled my coat over my shoulders and left to the morning markets. Waving to my mother I grabbed my basket and left, I remember her call out faintly "don't leave with strangers", I wonder away without even considering what she had said to me. The walk to the village was a long journey along a bumpy road.

As I approach the village markets, people trying their hardest to persuade me to buy their produce, grabbing their essential I attempt to find my way home. After half an hour my legs become to get weak and I become very tired. I can feel the sun rays heat burning my neck, just as my vision was getting blurry and I was seeing black dots a cart and horse pulled up, it looked just like my mother and fathers' horse and cart. "Oh sweetie, you look so tired, why don't you get in the back and I'll take you home", without even thinking I climb into the back of the cart and fall asleep.

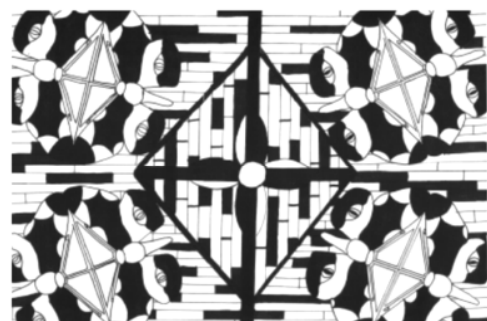
When I wake up my hands are knotted together with rope. Looking around I see nothing, I'm in a dark room, and slowly in the darkness I begin to see an outline of a body. Walking closer and closer to me I start to feel fear filling my body, "Lily what a pleasure to see you again" a deep husky voice says, it's a familiar voice... "Connor? Is that you?" I ask with a hint of fear in my voice. A light flashes on I begin to see where I am, it's a basic empty dungeon with just Connor and I in it.

(continued page 27)

MACKILLOP ART



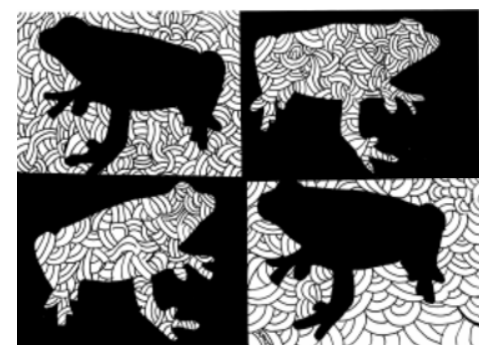
Butterflies



Black and White



Fish



Frog

"What do you want with me?" I scream squirming around trying to get out the ropes, "I want your love, and if I can't get that you will never leave" Connor demands standing over making me feel uncomfortable. "Don't even try to escape because it's only going to be bad for you" he warns sternly. Ignoring him I squeal and squirm trying my hardest to escape. "I warned you" he shouted, marching over to me and untying me, at first I didn't understand what he was doing but then I realised when he pushed me to the ground and started hitting me. Pleading for my life I beg that he stops, after much begging he stops and leaves me on the ground sore, crying and starving.

The next morning Connor wakes me up before sunrise, banging pots and pans in my ears screaming at me to get up. Peeling my body off the cold concrete I look up to see Connor peering in dark eyes over body, "get up...now!" he picks me up off the ground and throws me against the wall "I told you to get up!!" he screams, stuttering and tears rolling down my cheeks I get back up. He shouts for me to go back into that room and stay there.

Hours go by no food, no water, nothing, eventually its night I'm too afraid to yell out for food, I'm scared he is going to hurt me again. It feels like it's been days since I have eaten, soon enough Connor comes out with a plate of food. I jump up excitedly I'm starving looking down onto the plate I see a potato "are you kidding me" I yell in frustration "A potato!! I starving hungry and all you give me is a potato!!" realising what I have said I begin to panic apologizing quickly hoping he wouldn't lash out at me. Slowly walking up to me Connor grabs my face and begins hitting me throwing me to the ground over and over again, kicking and punching me I plead over again for mercy asking that he will stop hurting me.

It's been weeks since I have seen the outside world, I have bruises and scars all over my body and I don't think I can live through another beating. Today was the day I would finally try and escape. When I'm in the kitchen cooking Connors breakfast I plan to smash the window and run out. SMASH!! The window breaks

Connor comes running into the kitchen I climb out and begin to run, but I'm not fast enough Connor is getting closer to me chases me into the woods. I begin to slow down as I have lost Connor and can no longer see him in my sight, as I'm walking through the dark mysterious forest I hear rattling in the bushes I turn around nothing is there, I continue walking through I hear the rattling again it is getting closer and closer.

Connor pounces out of the bushes onto me. "OUCH!" we land on the hard rocky ground, "I told you, you couldn't escape from me" he whispers in my ear, putting all his pressure on me he starts hurting me again. I thought it was over; I struggled to take a breath, the air was becoming thinner, my lungs felt heavy and I found it difficult to stay awake. Staring into his dark eyes my heart shattered, could this be my last minute on earth? I see a sword sticking out of the bottom of Connors pants I instantly panic, a million thoughts rush into my head 'is he going to kill me' 'why?' Looking around on the way back I see a horse with a village man on it, I scream out for his help trying to run towards him, Connor drags me down to the ground and covers my mouth.

Biting his fingers he squeals, I jump up and run towards the man on the horse, panting and out of breath I approach him "help, me, he is coming, please" out of breath I plead for his help, begging that he will help me. "Where is this man who is coming for you?" he asks in a deep husky voice, "I'm here!" Connor shouts pulling his sword out of his back pocket. The village man jumps off his horse and grabs a knife out of his pockets, they approach each other and their weapons begin clanking together, each trying to hit each other.

Eventually Connors sword flips out his hand and lands on the ground, he is weapon less and can't do anything to save himself, the heroic village man begins walking closer and closer to Connor, soon Connor is lying on the floor blood all around him and not making a single noise or movement. Thanking the village man, he returns me to the village and to my family. My mother runs outside and grabs me, "I told you to NEVER go off with strangers" she says sternly "but I'm so glad that you are back home and safe" she says squeezing me tightly.

2014

# Diary

by Jordana Jack, Year 8

My name is Elizabeth I am seventeen, and this is my story/diary of the last days of my life. Small things to know before you read this; I'm not a cancer patient like Hazel Grace in *The Fault in Our Stars* (though it is an amazing book), or for any other kind of sickness like that unless you include anorexia and anxiety. More you should know is that I could have handled things better at some stages in my life, I may have not been around for some of the stuff that happened in this story but I know it happened, and that this is my story and I don't care what anybody else thinks; because like it or not it's never going to change!

Tuesday 8:45 am: ok I can do this, just get out of the car and look confident no matter what happens.

Guess it's time to face the music, first step get out of my car and pretend like no one else is here, at school on a Tuesday morning; I get out, straighten up my top and walk to my locker and get my books, see Caitlyn and her followers make a sharp right turn and BANG\*. Hit a locker door, as I come back to reality I hear her say "stupid loser" as if her smirk is burning into the back of my head. After they walk away I hear someone picking up my books as if they are trying to get my attention even though I'm looking at them. Who is it though and then I hear him say "better luck next time" as he hands me the books and runs down the hall to join the group of guys that Caitlyn likes to think she owns. "Better luck next time" what does that even mean? Then I realize who said it Brody, the only guy who dares to say anything to me (apart from Quwozzy my roommate and best friend) because he seems to be the only one who isn't under Caitlyn's rain; it also seems that the only thing he ever says to me is "Better luck next time"

Tuesday 9:15 am: lesson 1 world history, today's just going to be filled with joy because some idiot thought it would be grand to have world history for a whole week. All of the teachers thought it would make it easier to work on our projects for some stupid competition; funny thing is we don't even know what our "projects" are or who we are working with. GRRRRR COULD SCHOOL GET ANY WORSE!

!!!KILL ME NOW!!!

Boy, I love this class, not! I mean I do love world history, just not when the class has Caitlyn and every one of her stupid followers! When I get in to the class I sit in the front row on the desk closest to the window, I love sitting here because the sun just seems to beam down me; and I feel like an angel. I also sit there because it's right next to my best friend Quwozzy. Our teacher Mr. O'Neil walks in and starts writing on the board, and I start feeling wet things flying into the back of my head and I know the same thing is happening to Quwozzy because he started drawing in his book, he does that when he's frustrated. God damn it I know exactly what it is, it's bloody Jayden blowing stupid spit-wads at us again, straight away Mr. O'Neil turns around probably because he can hear Quwozzy's pencils scratching the paper really loudly like nails on a chalk board. Before Mr. O'Neil can open his mouth though I hear someone come out with "Grow up! Jayden", Quwozzy and I whip our heads round to see who it is; and Jayden replies "Come on Brody, it's Quwozzy the gay and his assistant Lizbeth the loser!" That's when I cracked; I stormed to the back lent over Jayden's desk and start screaming in his face "Lizbeth!

Lizbeth I cannot believe you still think you have the right to say that, you haven't had that right since we were 14, in grade eight, and I naïve enough not to realize how much of an". Just before I get to calling him every name under the sun, and punching him right in the middle of his fat stupid ugly face someone pulls me back and I much as I try to fight it there pretty damn strong.

Plonk\* my butt lands on my seat and I look up and see Brody he comes out saying as always "Better luck next time" but then continues with "and P.S Jayden's a loser he follows Caitlyn like a puppy dog but he's still my best mate". Now he's sits at the desk behind me, and starts pulling all the spit wads out of my hair. While he does that Mr. O'Neil is explains that the project is to find things that our high school has in common with things or people in history, and that we are working 1 groups of three; after that he says "you now have one minute to find your group of three. GO!" Once he says that Caitlyn in a sweet and innocent voice like she's flirting as hard as she can says "Brody come on your in my group". Brody replies "nah it's ok, I going to go with Quwozzy and Elizabeth if that's ok with them", Quwozzy tries his hardest to contain his excitement and answers "yeah all good with



me, Lizbeth what do you think"; I shrug and say "ok as long as it's all good with you Quwozzy". Quwozzy says "then it's settled welcome aboard", "well looks like we have our first group down here at the front" Mr. O'Neil says while he writes our names on a piece of paper. Just as he finishes writing down the names of the other groups the bell rings for break, Quwozzy and I say goodbye to Brody as he walks off with Jayden

Tuesday 10:30am: thank god it's break!

During break we sit in front of Quwozzy's locker as we always do on break considering it's right next to mine. All of break Quwozzy can't contain his excitement about Brody being in our group, I however am kind of worried because Caitlyn has been devil eying me all break. The bell goes and we all head back to class and just as I walk in Caitlyn shoves me into the door frame.

Our group decides to focus on dictators for our project and how we have that one person in our high school that's a bitch and a dictator (Caitlyn). We spend heaps of time researching, taking notes and planning out our project and caught up that we don't realize lunch is about to start; we pack up everything and when the bell rings head out. (continued page 29)



Quwozzy and I eat lunch out front of our lockers and talk about the project and what our title could be, and Quwozzy comes up with heaps of different and creative names like: Now and Then, Have we even moved forward in time, and a heap of other ones. Quwozzy seems really excited about this which is great for him and I'm kind of excited to and Brody's a really nice guy and he's a little cute.

Quwozzy goes to the bathroom near our lockers to wash his hands, after he goes in Jayden stands in front of the door and Caitlyn walks up to me, so I stand up. She say in a threatening voice "What do think you're doing Brody is mine, and you need to keep your filthy hands off him!" I reply back in the same tone "Caitlyn you don't own him, and he chose to go with Quwozzy and me probably because you're mean!" Straight away three girls grab me and drag me to the bathroom covering my mouth, they throw me to the ground and start kicking and jumping on me in their heels. As Caitlyn walks in I see that she has spikey heels on which hurt 100000000 times more when she starts kicking. "Lizbeth I'm coming, hold on Lizbeth" Quwozzy keeps screaming, the first bell goes and they all leave; Quwozzy comes running in his falls to his knees saying "Lizbeth are you ok oh god there so much blood, Lizbeth can you hear me! LIZBETH!" I reply back in a croaky voice "I can't move". "Ok Lizbeth I called ooo an ambulance is on its way, everything is going to be ok just don't close your eyes" Quwozzy says in a calm voice so I don't freak out.

I don't know much of what happened with the ambulance and all that stuff; however Brody did apparently kick Jayden's ass and there no longer friends, and that he stood up to Caitlyn for himself, me, and Quwozzy as well. Also Quwozzy pressed charges on Caitlyn and her followers including Jayden because he's the closest thing I have to family. (My parents died when I was 14).



I got out of hospital and Brody came to visit he said "Lizbeth I'm so sorry, I heard them talking but didn't realize". I told him that it wasn't his fault and he asked what my injuries were and how the doctors fixed them, and I rambled on for ages about them and what the doctors did; then all of a sudden Brody came out with "Lizbeth I LOVE YOU!", and then he kissed me. Straight after Quwozzy came in and said it's time to take your meds and get some rest, Brody said "yeah I better get some sleep to", (something else I didn't know Brody moved into the spare room in two days) lent down and gave me a hug and I whispered back "I love you too". Quwozzy gave me the pills and a hug, and went to bed as well I fell straight asleep.

Friday 8:00am: get up follow normal morning routine, plus taking meds and Brody.

I'm up and ready to go to school and then my phone goes off BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*, and I see a text from Caitlyn: Can't wait to see u at school neither can Jayden were just dying to show you how much we love community service!!! P.S wearing my spikey heels today just for you xoxo. My head starts spinning and I feel dizzy, I see a container of pills on my bed side table and pour every last one of them and Quwozzy and Brody walk in to my room to help my get down the flights of

stairs; and them I hear them asking questions like Elizabeth how many did you take, can hear me and they are screaming keep your eyes open don't go. Quwozzy speaking on the phone and Brody's shaking me to get me to stay awake, but I'm slowly drifting off. The next thing I know I rise from the dead with a gasp for air and find myself in a surgery room, a few minutes later I was in a different room with Quwozzy and Brody they went on and on for hours about all kinds' things and how they were so happy I was alive.

#### 4 DAYS LATER

Tuesday 9:15 am: lesson 1, time to stand up to Caitlyn myself!

I walk into class Brody and Quwozzy behind my shoulders and stop right in front of Caitlyn and her followers, and look her right in the eye. "Heard you tried to kill yourself loser, as Brody would say better luck next time" Caitlyn remarks smirking at the same time, I immediately start laughing and she says "what's so funny loser?" "It's actually more sad then it is funny, because you think your so cool and likeable" I reply. "But I am cool" Caitlyn says in a concerned voice I say "you see though Caitlyn if you were cool and likeable you could afford to be nice!" I then walked away and sat in my angel seat and Brody and Quwozzy followed.

You see I did die, but I came back a completely new Elizabeth; and what I said to Caitlyn just happened to make a perfect title for our award winning project on how dictators are everywhere.



"Do all you  
can with  
the means  
at your  
disposal and  
calmly  
leave the  
rest to  
God" Mary  
MacKillop



MACKILLOP  
Catholic College