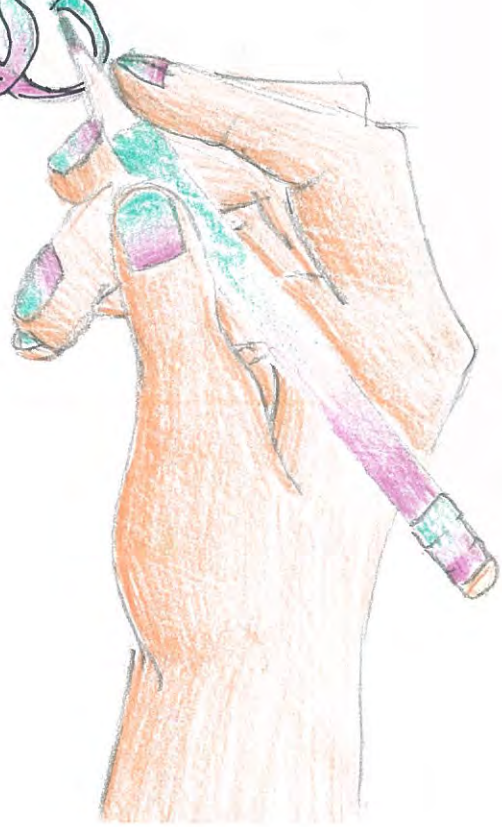
7 Extraordinary Creations



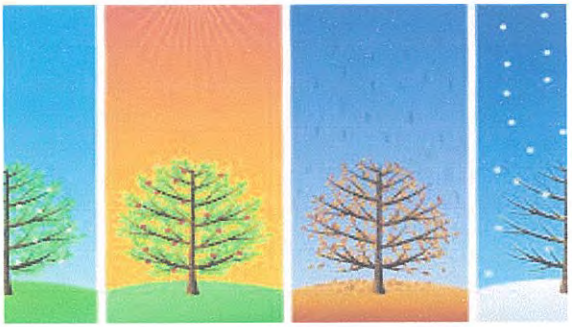
SEASONS

Summer

Autumn

Winter

Spring



SUMMER-Charis

SUMMERTIME

Longer days and
shorter nights,
Darker shades and
brighter lights.
Louder music and
wilder friends,
No need for pencils, no
need for pens!
The parties are turned
up,
The grills are burnt up,
The drinks are getting
drunk up
Everybody is pumped
up!
This time only comes
once a year,
So live it up, don't
have any fears.
Everybody's happy,
and the girls are fine,
You already know, it's
summertime!

SUMMER LONGING

Not just the sun,
It's the memories.
The fun,
The love,
The leaves that sway in
the warm August
breeze.
It's not just the places.
It's the journey
With smiling faces.
And as I look up at this
cloudy sky,
I wish for the freedom,
And the city lights
rushing by.
It's not just summer,
It's the memories that
last.
It's the friends,
The laughs,
The campfires...
And vivid pasts.

A SUNNY DAY

The sun was shining so
bright,
having beaten the
clouds in fight.
We wanted to go out
for fun,
I wish the clouds could
beat the sun.
Evening came and the
sun went down,
We all went for a walk
in the town.
Water was flowing
down the stream,
While I was licking my
ice cream.

Missing the Summer

The grass is so green,
The sun is so bright,
Life seems like a
dream,
no worries in sight
friends and cookouts,
memories and laughs,
good times to
remember,
but how long will it
last
the grass starts fades,
leaves begin to fall,
school replaces
sleepovers,
Oh I'll miss it all

SUMMER SCENERY

I looked outside,
viewing the trees
Sniffing the fresh air,
feeling the breeze
The sun was shining,
very brightly
The birds were
singing, flying, happily
Sweet morning dew
dampened the grass
Small children ran,
having a blast

AUTUMN

Leaves of Autumn

Leaves fall around,
Red, yellow, brown.
Floating delicately down,
In slow arcs,
This way and that.

The light Autumn breeze blows,
A great cascade of colours.
The trees stripped of their leaves,
Leaving only a skeleton.

Isobel Breen

Autumn Bonfire

Leaves, leaves, logs and trees,
Stacked in a pile,
All for an Autumn bonfire.

The smoke rises to the sky,
Filling it with a grey cloud.
The subtle crackle of the fire,
Breaking the silence.

The rich aromas of Autumn produce float through the air,
Pumpkin, brussel sprouts and beetroot,
All cooking over the fire.

Isobel Breen

Autumn Fires

In other gardens,
And all up the vale,
From the Autumn bonfires,
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant Summer over
And the Summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

Robert Louis Stevenson

Autumn Birds

The wild duck startles like a sudden thought,
And heron slow as if it might be caught.
The flopping crows on weary wings go by
And grey beard jackdaws noising as they fly.
The crowds of starnels whizz and hurry by,
And darken like a clod the evening sky.
The larks like thunder rise and suthy round,
Then drop and nestle in the stubble ground.
The wild swan hurries hight and noises loud
With white neck peering to the evening clowd.
To neighbouring tree, and leaves the distant crow
While small birds nestle in the edge below.

John Clare

Autumn

The thistle down's flying, though the winds are all still,
On the green grass now lying, now mounting the hill,
The spring from the fountain now boils like a pot;
Through stones past the counting it bubbles red-hot.

The ground parched and cracked is like overbaked bread,
The greensward all wracked is, bents dried up and dead.
The fallow fields glitter like water indeed,
And gossamers twitter, flung from weed unto weed.

Hill-tops like hot iron glitter bright in the sun,
And the rivers we're eying burn to gold as they run;
Burning hot is the ground, liquid gold is the air;
Whoever looks round sees Eternity there.

John Clare

Winter Child - Sylvie Duncan Brebach

Oh, winter child,
Tumbling in the pure
white snow,
With your frigid heart.

Winter sleep - Sylvie Duncan Brebach

Elegant pearly snow,
I lay my head upon the fair riverbed,
It seems that only it knows,
The pain deep within my head.

The silky snow against my cheek,
The frost against my fingertips,
They rays of winter sun, oblique,
Ivory snow tastes good, upon my lips.

My restless heart gently slowing,
As I watch the weeping willows weep,
The arms swaying and flowing,
This is the call of winter sleep.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind - William Shakespeare

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship if feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That does not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As a friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

A Winter Dawn - Lucy Maud Montgomery

Above the marge of night
a star still shines,
And on the frosty hills the sombre pines
Harbor an eerie wind that crooneth low
Over the glimmering wastes of virgin snow.

Through the pale arch of orient the morn
Comes in a milk-white splendor newly-born,
A sword of crimson cuts in twain the gray
Banners of shadow hosts, and lo, the day!

A Dust of Snow - Robert Frost

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of the day I rued

Spring

PETAL

Joan-Paula Conducto

Purple and orange
Even aqua and yellow
These colours, patterns
Are really quite beautiful
Lovely, bright are this flora

My Favourite Time of the Year -
Joan-Paula Conducto

The buzz of the bee,
Could it really be?
My favourite time of the year?

Flowers are blooming,
Animals are dancing,
In spring,
My favourite time of the year.

Those winter days gone,
And a new crack of dawn,
brings spring,
My favourite time of the year.

Children are laughing,
Out the door they come running,
To play in the meadow with glee.

The colours so vibrant,
Now the weather has a fine climate,
Now I know,
It's my favourite time of the year.

Sonnet 98 - William Shakespeare

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

Spring - William Blake

Sound the flute!
Now it's mute.
Birds delight
Day and night.
Nightingale
In the dale,
Lark in the sky,
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.
Little boy
Full of joy,
Little girl
Sweet and small.
Cock does crow,
So do you.
Merry voice,
Infant noise,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.
Little lamb
Here I am
Come and lick
My white neck.
Let me pull
Your soft wool.
Let me kiss
Your soft face,

Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

Unwanted Autumn

Autumn is a type of month
When leaves despair and grieve
The time my best friend died
Was on the first day that fell a red leaf.

Autumn makes the Earth seem eerie
Eerie and completely haunted
The playgrounds are usually isolated
Isolated and completely unwanted

Autumn sends us chilly winds
Some storms and rain as well!
It sends red leaves flying through
The happy carousel

Autumn cries all day and night
The rain being its tears
We don't know why she's crying
But it may be because of her fears

Autumn is a type of month
That never seems to end
It brings us sadness every time
It'll never be my friend

By Alyssa

Winter

Summer is gone –
It's time for winter
It's time for rain and wind.

It's time to cuddle up in soft blankets
And shiver in bed during your sleep

It's time to eat roasted marshmallows
With a fire at your feet.

It's time to wear thick gloves and scarfs
Because there is no heat.

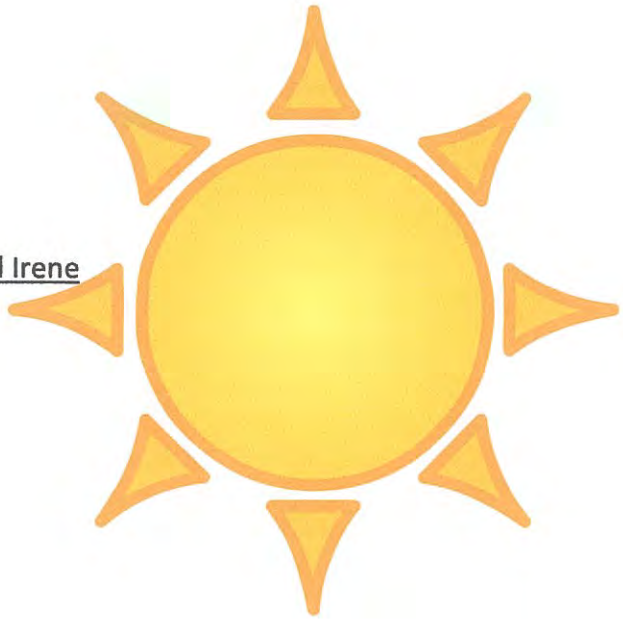
It's time to have snow ball fights
Trying not to cheat.

It's time to press the ice cold snow
Against your rosy cheek.

It's time to take walks in the park
With your friends on your street.

It's the time of year
Nobody would want to miss.

By Alyssa Korotaeva



SEASONS and WEATHER FLANGST by Melissa and Irene

About this chapter

(to the tune of Hedwig's Theme)

There once were some kids called Irene

And Mel who were forced to write

Some poems for some anthology

For their school report marks!!!!

(to the tune of 'Mary Had a Little Lamb')

Mel and Irene had a little

Poem to write, poem to write

Mel and Irene had a poem

The poems are down there!!!

(to the tune of toreador's march)

Mel and Irene had a poem anthology

They chose to give it an epic theme

They decided on season, weather

And you should give it good marks!!

They worked really, really hard!!!!!

TADAH!!!!!!

Summer

Shining sun flashing on sunglasses
The children laugh melting on fire
As they play with a with pure joy
They all are wet as snow plastic pool toy

Their shirts deserted, their swimsuits on
More run to the beach
They play and play, until it's late
And then they lose their speech

The very next day, they lose their energy
From the day before
And then their mother tells them to eat
eat with hands that are sore
-Irene

Autumn

Fall is an eruption
Of leaves and things with disruption
The leaves all mingle
And give winter a tingle
Of brace and to prepare
For colder weather and despair
-Irene

Spring

Spring, the start of life
The new rise up to begin
it's the time of new
- Irene

Spring Longing

I longed for spring

Its warm tingling

It had been cold weather for too long

And I missed the bird's song

The smell of new grass

I liked to pass

But of course I had to wait

But it was never too late

I was always on time

To see the new bells on stores chime

Oh. It was a spring day again.

- Irene

The Hurricane

It was a hurricane of small

That swirled so brightly

Within the leaves they call

And the leaves swirl

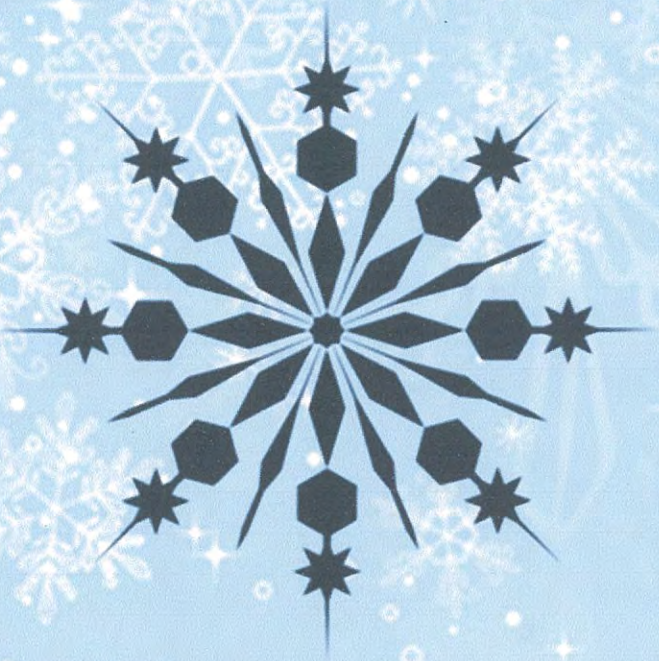
They were still the next day

With no trace of the day before

It was most enjoyable yesterday

Then the night falls

- Irene



Was it there?

I stared at the cold wall, looking, looking

Then stared at it again, waiting, waiting

I had met her that day, trembling, trembling

And she said "Let's meet up here!" smiling, smiling

But she never came, so I walked away

Then I saw her, so we talked the day away

She said she was the winter, grinning, grinning

I said I was the summer, laughing, laughing

Then she choked back tears and said 'Bye Summer'

- Melissa

THE SNOWFLAKE

It was winter and the snow fell

It fell heavy yet light

One snowflake touched my nose

And then melted out of sight

When I looked again,

There was no snow at all

It had all melted

So then I ran and smiled, leaving my li' shawl

- Melissa

The bitter winter breeze

Chilling the cold bones of all

It makes way for Spring

- Melissa

Storm

The fog falls heavy over misty mountains
The trees are withered and gnarled
The cold dense forest, overgrown
Darkness the lightning carved

The rain is falling, mingling with tears
They both run down her face
It's cold and wet and dark outside
But she has no better place

-Melissa

Snow

The snow drifts gently over sugared peaks
The skiers wait in line
The snow falls heavy over frosted wasteland
Some brave go off to die

The white sea closer, closer, comes
Surrounding from all sides
The white sea higher, higher, goes
Drowning in the white

Spring doth come, the ice thaws out
The snow begins to melt
And with it's absence so is gone
The bright red blood that spilled

-Melissa

The Senses

Sophia Tran

Rain

The pitter patter of the droplets on the roof,
Soft at first, then loud.
It is above my head, and as I close my eyes,
I hear the storm coming in.

It's the voice that hums to me in bed.
The tune sings quite high
As it hits the gutters, the drains, the panels,
There is a crescendo as the storm roars on.

Then then the rain ceases
To just a soft cooing gentle sprinkle,
And my evening lullaby yawns
And slowly sings me to sleep.

Sophia Tran

Autumn's Petals

Orange angels of nature,
Their wings stretched out wide
Gently, gracefully,
They fall through the sky.

Single leaves they are,
Tumbling out of their trees,
Until one falls upon the other,
The fluttering autumn leaves.

Sophia Tran

The Dead Bird

'Is it quite dead?'
They asked, gravely,
Tenderly holding the dusty feathered body
In dirty, gentle hands,

'Will it come alive again?'
Asked the younger,
Caressing the neat grey-green feathers,
Unfolding the tiny claws.

'No. We must bury it,'
Said the elder,
And scooped a grave in the dry earth,
Neat, and bird-small.

'I must be sure,'
Thought the younger
Quietly uncovering the small corpse again;
But it was quite dead.

Sylvia Hodgkinson

Hot Food

We sit down to eat
And the potato's a bit hot
So I only put a little bit on my fork
And I blow
Whooph whooph
Until it's cool
Just cool
The into the mouth
Nice.

And there's my brother
He's doing the same
Whooph whooph
Into the mouth
Nice.

There's my mum
She's doing the same
Whooph whooph
Into the mouth
Nice.

But my dad.
My dad.
What does he do?
He stuffs a great big chunk of potato
Into his mouth.

Then
That really does it.

His eyes pop out
He flaps his hands
He blows, he puffs, he yells
He bobs his head up and down
He spits bits of potato
All over his plate
And he turns to us and he says,
'Watch out everybody –

The potato's very hot.'

Michael Rosen

Smells

Why is it that the poets tell
So little of the sense of smell?
There are the odours I love well:

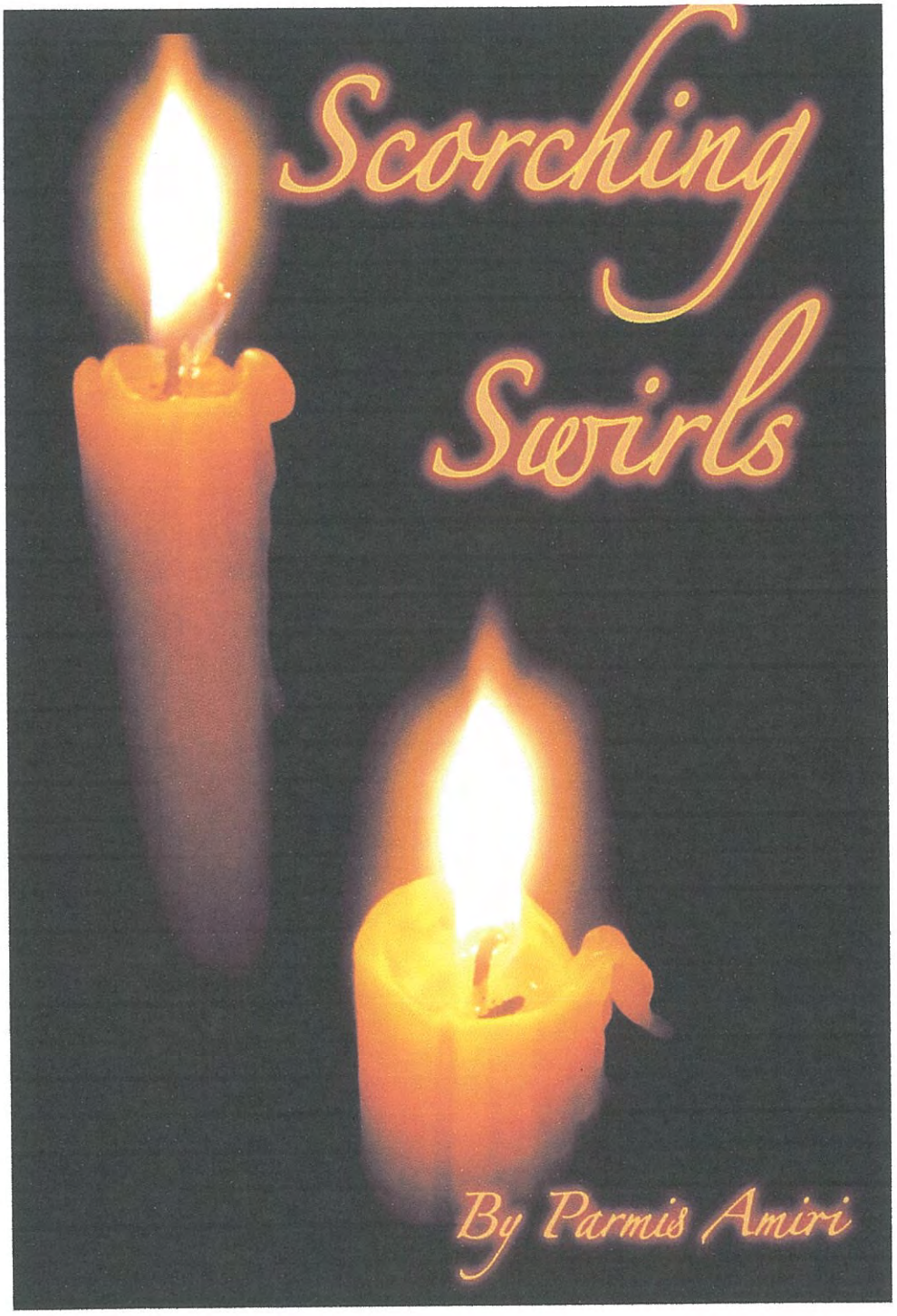
The smell of coffee freshly ground;
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;
Or onions fried and deeply browned .

The fragrance of a fumy pipe;
The smell of apples newly ripe;
And printers' ink on leaden type.

Wood by moonlight in September
Breathe most sweet; and I remember
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,
The balsam of a Christmas tree,
These are whiffs of gramarye...
A ship smells best of all to me!

Christopher Morley


Scorching
Swirls
By Parmis Amiri

Consequences

Glowing feathers of pure heat
Never the same
Their embers small suns piercing darkness
Evidence that the spark of a mistake
Can burn the forest of one's life.

Finally Free

Finally I breathe in the air that isn't tainted by your words
Walk along the bushes that are unharmed from your flaming footsteps
Your passionate and daring character isn't welcome in this city
Oh, how much I enjoy a sky clear of the smoke of your breath

Burn of a Truth

Every lie I ever told
Was supposed to make me better
It was brush stroke
On the canvas of my existence
Forming a life far too perfect
Painting someone I could never be

Each lie was a veil that hid the truth
A curtain I must never touch
All I said became controlled
Making sure no truth was revived

Trapped in my cage, built by my lies
A spark bloomed in the dark
It ignited an agonising flame
Burning my flesh and any thought of untruth
Scars were left behind along with scorched fabric
Reminiscent to never to go back
To a life full of lies.

All within me

There is water in my eyes
And fire in my heart
Do you want a drink?
Or a spark?

Heavenly or cursed?

I look at it breathing in air and exhaling smoke
Each flicker licking at the ash covered wood
I wonder
Is this a flame that purifies the soul
or one that will scorch me in hell?

Similar

Both existence have no meaning without air
Each of us powerless without something to consume
We both come in different shapes, size and colour
Metals such as gold and paper like bills
Makes the monster within us bloom

In my wake, I scar my world
Trees I destroy, skies I pollute
And it doesn't behave different to me
Forests we both massacre for wood

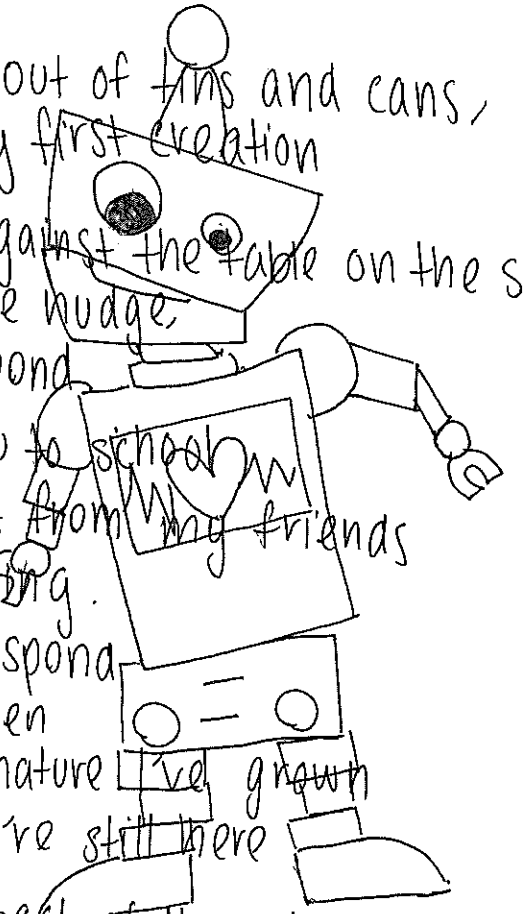
And now I stare at the blazing hands
That reach out to grab the stars
How difference are we really
The human and fire we are

Ashley Song
Bethany Tam

LOVE matters

~ don't take things for granted

No Response



I made you out of tins and cans,
my very first creation
I lay you against the table on the shed,
gave a little nudge,
you didn't respond
I took you to school
acknowledgement from my friends
I was hoping.
You didn't respond
Years since then
more mature I've grown
and you're still here
Just at the back of the shed
With great strength I pulled you out
I took one look
I realised with no response,
all you needed was my love ♡

Bethany Tam

NO DOUBT.

'Play with the dolls,
the cars aren't for you'
I doubted myself
I looked around at the other girls
we looked the same
But I knew inside was much different
It didn't feel right
So I doubted myself
The day I let my feelings out
I thought it would be relieving
But I was deceived by the cliché
'Ew, you like girls'
It felt like someone just confronted me
with all my insecurities
I doubted myself
But who was ~~to think~~
that everything society said was the best thing for me
who was I to think
~~that~~ my own decisions ~~wouldn't affect~~ my happiness
I had enough
For the first time ever,
I had no doubt.

Bethany Tam

ONLINE POEMS

Bethany Tam
7X

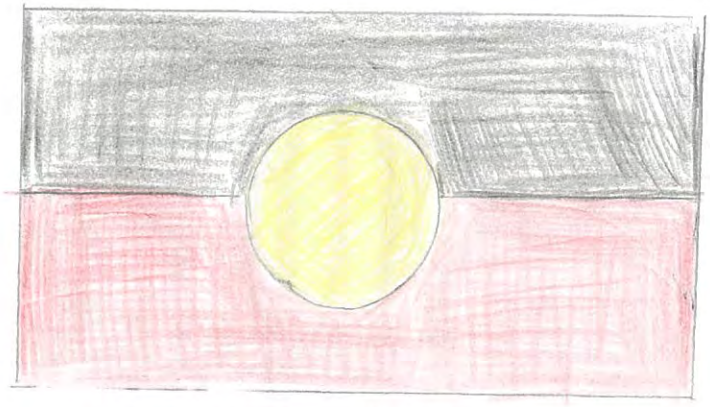
He wants to say I **love**
you. but keeps it to goodnight
because love will mean some
falling and she's afraid of
heights.

Your life still **matters,**
Even when you're gone.
Even when you think it doesn't
Love around you stays strong.
Many hearts beat just to feel yours
beat too.
Every deep breath you take,
Fills up someone else's lungs.
As much as it does to you.
Your life still matters,
No matter where you go.
And if you stay,
It will continue to **grow.**

Anyone can come and go,
But true friends will
stay with you **forever**

SORRY ~ ASHLEY SONG 7X

I am sorry for everything.
I'm sorry that we took your land. I wish we could give it back
I'm sorry that we took your children. I wish we could give them back.
I'm sorry that we put you to slavery. I wish we could give you your freedom back.
Thank you for Australia. Thank you for this place. You will always have a place in my heart.
Sorry is just a word. Sorry might not fix everything, but it is a start.

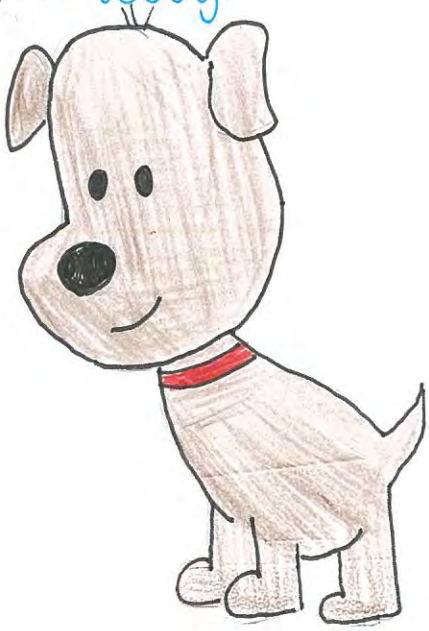


SORRY

LONG LOST FRIEND~

ASHLEY SONG 7X

He was gone. I had lost him. My best friend.
He was with me for 10 years.
And he left me in a matter of minutes.
People who say that diamonds are a girls best friend, had never owned a dog like mine. Bobby had left me. He was gone forever and I knew I would never be the same or act the same. I had nothing. I lost Bobby and I lost all of my happiness. You are so lucky. Be thankful for what you have. I will always be thankful for what I have. Even though my Bobby is gone, I will always try to be happy with what I have. I miss Bobby but I love the world that I am able to live in because right now, someone is kissing their baby on the head for the first time and someone is walking into a French bakery and deeply inhaling, and someone is dyeing their hair the colour of the sky, and someone is going on a road trip with their best friend and is going on long walks at midnight and you are reading this but you are alive and you are okay, and you will be happy. I will never forget Bobby. I will push through all the pain and I will always have a special place in my heart for my little Bobby.



Do not forget your friends
at all, for they pick you up when
you fall. Do not expect to just
take and hold. Give friendship back,
it is **pure gold.** ♡

ONLINE POEMS-

ASHLEY SONG 7X

A **baby**
makes love stronger,
the days shorter,
the nights longer,
savings smaller, ♡
and a home **happier.**

Family isn't always
blood. It's the people in your life
who want you in theirs; the ones
who accept you for who you are. The
ones who would do anything to see
you smile and who **love you**
no matter what. ♡

OH WHAT A FEELING

Angela Moon

Happy

by Angela Moon

As the stars shine brighter

My smile grows bigger

I get bouncy and bubbly

I can't stop moving around happily

The world seems wonderful

Everything is so colourful

I can't stop laughing and laughing

That my stomach ends up hurting

I don't get angry at small things

I happily help people with their problems

It feels good to be happy

Sad

by Angela Moon

The sun hid her face in the clouds

She didn't want the world to see her cry

Her teardrops burned holes in the horizon

She lost her desire to shine

Angry

by Angela Moon

The magma is slowly rising up

From deep inside the earth

The pressure is rising up

The magma is rising up to the crust of solid rocks

It explodes

I can't stop

I feel sorry for other people

They get injured because of me

I can't control myself

Everyone's in pain

All my fault

I try to stop

I can't

I have to seek my revenge

Then I can stop

Lonely

by Angela Moon

I want to make friends

Everyone seems to run away

I feel like running away

I wish that people can appreciate who I am

But people don’t seem to

I give up

I just want to go somewhere

Where I can find peace

And gather my thoughts together

I like to think positively

Maybe being lonely is good

No one will know my secrets

No one will know my mistakes

No one will know about my embarrassing stuff

Thinking positively makes me happy

But I feel sad straight away

I feel like disappearing

No one will even care anyways

Jealousy

by Angela Moon

I don't want to imagine you and her

hands intertwined

walking together in the dark concrete jungle

while I'm left alone on these cold dirt roads.

I can't imagine how you could ever

love a girl like me

that looks upon your past

with such jealousy.

And you wouldn't imagine

how one look in those eyes

makes me gravitate towards you

and forget those times

when you were

with her

Passions by Kavya Ramakrishnan

Music

Music is my escape

When I have a bad day

It gives me a way

To clear the thoughts in my mind

Music of so many kinds

When i'm feeling down

It turns my mood around

Every song I sing

Freedom to me it will bring

Gives me a light

On the darkest of days, I have no might

Thank you for bringing joy to me

Through music

Art

Splashing paint

Watching my worries faint

Expressing myself upon a wall

As they all watch in awe

My mind gets clear

From all the things I fear

And I feel relief when a make a model

When I draw a picture

Art my passion

Sport

Victory when I score a goal

Sport in my soul

When my team is together

We could play forever

Running past the players as they charge at me

Tactic is the key

Using my racket to hit the ball

Or just practising upon a wall

Sport giving me energy and a sense of freedom

Dance

We dance for laughter

We dance for tears

We dance for madness

We dance for fears

We dance for hopes

We dance for screams

We are the dancers

We create the dreams

-Albert Einstein

Elizabeth Yoong

How do others see you?

Her

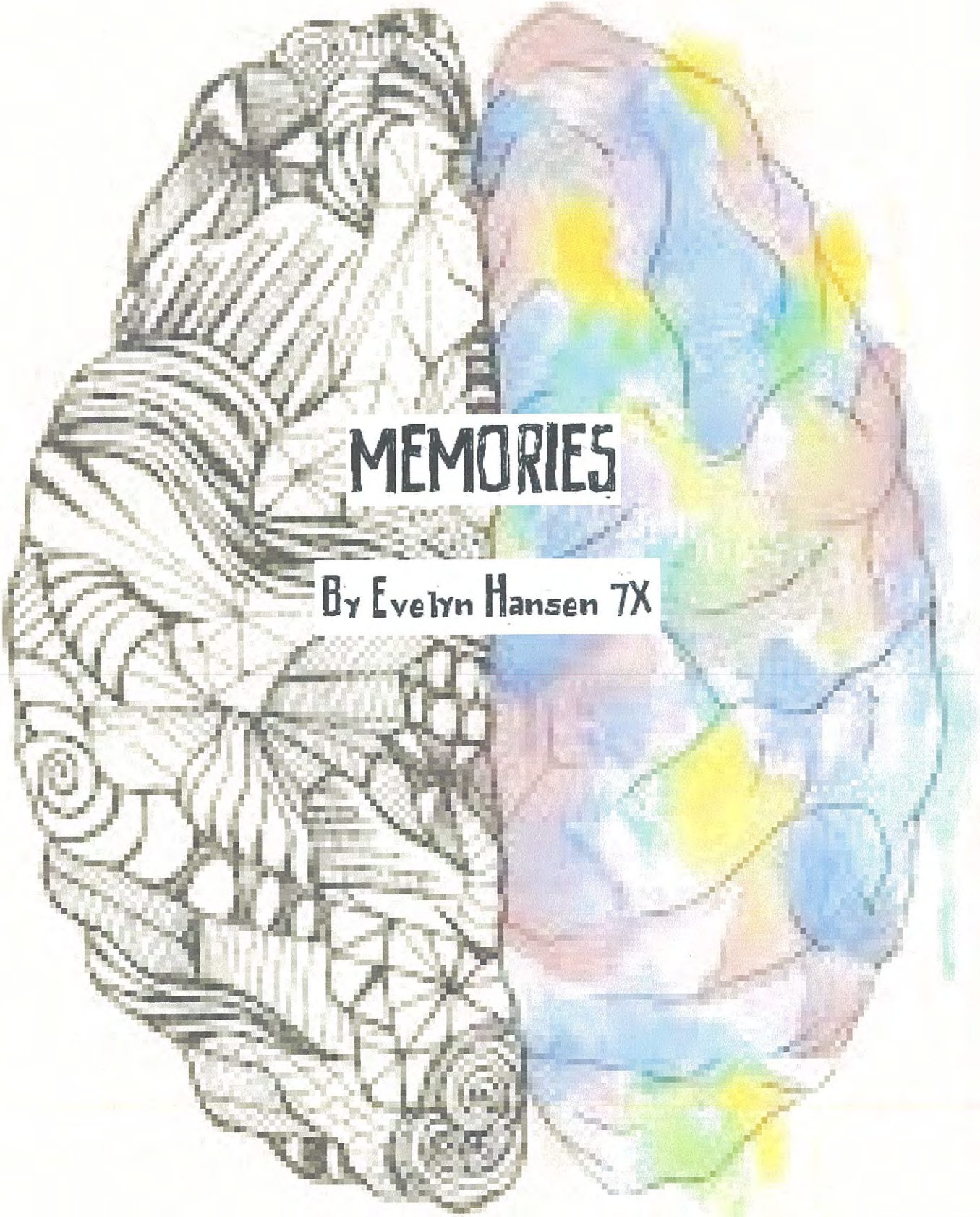
Her feet skidded along the footpath,
Rocks, flying from the bottom of her feet.
She walked through the breeze,
Her hair floating around and around in circular motions
No one near, no one far,
All alone
Her books flew out of her arms
Catching the papers, as they fell
When would someone realise she was here?

Him

He acted like a cool kid
But inside he was insecure
He didn't want anyone to know
Or else, he might be a chicken
A cowardly chicken who doesn't show the real self
But that's who he was right?
He hung out at the 'cool' table
Tried to be like the cool kids
But his heart was unconfident
But I knew his secret.

Them

They sneered they laughed
I tried to fight back
But all was hopeless
I had lost
I had never lost, never, ever
They fought back hard
I was like a goblin, trying to defeat giants
I wasn't always like this
I used to have power, rule this place
I used to tower over all, and make them lose before my eyes
But what happened to all of this?
How did this happened
The pride that filled my heart started to disintegrate.
What was the past stayed in the past
I could never show my face to them again.



MEMORIES

By Evelyn Hansen 7X

The simplicity of childhood by Evelyn Hansen

I remember, those peaceful, blissful times.
The times when our lives were so simple.
When we didn't have millions of thoughts
Crowding our occupied minds.

I remember, the endless love and affection,
That we sent and received from our parents.
Those heart-warming hugs were like
A ray of sunshine making me giggle and smile.

I remember, gazing at foods ready to discover
All the bright colours amused my eyes.
I opened my mouth and chewed,
Each food surprising my ecstatic taste buds.

I remember, when I found my best friend,
We had a great time together.
We would go to each other's houses
And invent new and wonderful things.

I remember, how I would play for hours upon hours.
Having so much fun with my toys.
Each day I was something new,
A model, mum, actress, artist.

I remember, walking to the park,
Stopping every five seconds
To pick up a new rock or flower.
I treasured every little thing.

That Summer Memory by Evelyn Hansen

The sun beamed,
Creating magnificent
rays of sunshine that,
Warmed my heart.

The gentle breeze
Brushed my shoulder,
Cooling down the
Boiling air temperature.

The warm grains of
Sand embedded in
Between my toes
Created a warm sensation.

The radiant sky
Beamed down on me,
Glowing a bright, bright
Pale, but beautiful blue.

The towering palm trees,
Swayed back and forth
To the endless rhythm
Of the beating waves.

The infinite ocean
Stood before me.
It sparkled with joy,
Holding a deep blue.

I still remember.

Unlocking a Memory by Evelyn Hansen

That moment. That memory. It's stuck.
Stuck in your head with super glue.
It's unable to shift or move anywhere.
It's fixed, rigid, set, locked in.

No matter how many times you try,
You can not get rid of that memory.
It is there, frozen in your mind,
Ready to be released and unlocked.

At any time, anywhere, everywhere,
You can view this memory.
You can picture it so vividly,
You can remember every little detail.

It's been so many years but you still,
Have kept that memorable time.
Whether it brings back good or bad times,
This memory means something to you.

It's been ten years and the memory,
Is gradually beginning to fade away.
You can't remember every detail,
You can't picture it as well as before.

You try and picture that memory,
You're searching your brain for it.
You search your brain thoroughly
From left to right, and top to bottom.

You know it's time. It's time to let go.
It's time to set the memory free.
It's time to unlock it from your brain.
This is one memory of millions.

THE CIRCLE of LIFE

By Angelina, Isabella, Lisa K, & Nixie

Miracles

The sun shined and welcomed the new bundle of joy.
The baby screamed and cried,
Its large blue eyes welling up in size.
Its soft, black hair positioned in little curls around its head,
Its rosy lips opening and closing,
It's little hands waving in the air.
So tiny, almost not human.
It's funny to think that one day
This child will grow up, and get old.
But for now it will stay young.
This child, created by the miracle of life,
The miracle that made us all.

-By Nixie Nassar

Blue Eyes

This Grandma that stands before me,
Was once a baby,
Once a child,
Once a teen,
Once an adult,
And now a grandmother.
She was raised by loving parents;
Parents that now live in the sky.

When she was a child,
She used to dance and play in the summer time,
And skated and sled in the winter time.
Her hair; golden locks formed around her face,
Her eyes; pools of blue twinkling and crinkling.

When she was a teenager,
All she wanted to do was go to the mall
And maybe hang out with her friends.
Her golden locks turned black.
Her arms covered in tattoos;
But the same blue eyes smiled to the world.
As an adult;
All day work, work, work.
Take the kids to school, pick them up, go to bed.
Light brown hair framed her makeup covered face.
Her arms, gradually began to get wrinkly,
But the same bright blue eyes still remained.

And now, she's a loving grandmother,
Full of wisdom from the past,
Skin wrinkly and lips chapped,But the same blue eyes look back,
full of memories from the past -By Nixie Nassar

Rejection

Something that is always difficult is rejection
It takes over you like a filthy infection

It makes you feel like you haven't been loved
That you have been pushed and that you've been shoved

Unwantedness is what fills your mind
And tells you you're not the perfect kind

He says you're unreliable, undesirable
That you're not the right one, unrecognisable

Dejectedness makes your heart grow weak
And creates tears to cascade down your cheeks

Rejection is something that does destroy
And is something you cannot avoid

~ *Angelina Martin*

Love

Love is a mysterious passion
You never know when it's gonna happen

It fills us with great exhilaration
And feels like an intoxication

Love can leave us confused
It can leave us without an excuse

But when it strikes it is powerful
And the feeling is amazing and wonderful

Love is like gold and is precious
And is like a disease, so infectious

But love is a breathtaking journey
That only you know if you are worthy

~ *Angelina Martin*

Love Haiku

Love is confusing
But it can leave you in tears
Inevitable

~ *Angelina Martin*

Once

When I return from work, every night, exhausted as I am,
I check on my children, and smile.
I watch their shoulders heave up and down, in
time to the beat of their breath, bursting with
Life.
Once, I was this young- alive and alert- unstoppable.
But adulthood hits us all, striking like the surf against
a wall of rocks, unpredictable, and as
unstoppable as I thought I once was.

-Isabella Barnett

Again and again

A father, exhausted
From everything. I know it all.
His schedule comes again and again.
6am- wake up, 7am- leave home.
7pm- return home, to be greeted by the smell of cookies,
A warm dinner, maybe a rewarding glass of wine.
8pm- computer time, 9pm-send children to bed.
10pm- go to bed, only to be greeted again and again with his
alarm, blaring out its sweet, repetitive tune, daring him to challenge it. Again and
again. Always the same.

-Isabella Barnett

A Cage of Freedom

Freedom
Still lives in me
Sleeping yet
Struggling
Straining to go wild
I'm in a cage
A cage of freedom
I long to speak of my childhood
The days of bush walking
Bike riding
Even being chased by bulls
The days of love, and hate,
and worry,
fear, and sadness, and hope,
and life
But that is no more, now I'm an adult,
busy, and looked up to,
expected to be perfect.
Now there is nothing.

-Isabella Barnett

Death- By Lisa Kwag

I used to be scared of it

Scared that I'd be lost,

Forgotten,

Scared that if I died no one would remember me

Scared of what would be awaiting after death

Would I just, disappear?

Or was there such thing as an after-life?

I'd hide under the covers holding my mother's hand,

Wondering what would happen,

I'd peek out

Looking at her peacefully breathing,

I'd find reassurance and fall back asleep

But here I am now

In bed

Wheezing,

Coughing,

Choking for breath

Praying for death to come upon me,

To save me from this painful torture

As I heave a thought arises

Death isn't the scary monster chasing, after you

Death will not let you be forgotten

But death is the next step to another unknown waiting adventure

Time- ByLisa Kwag

Day by day

Time passes,

I slow down

Like an old clock, bound to break down some day

I wait

As day by day, life passes by

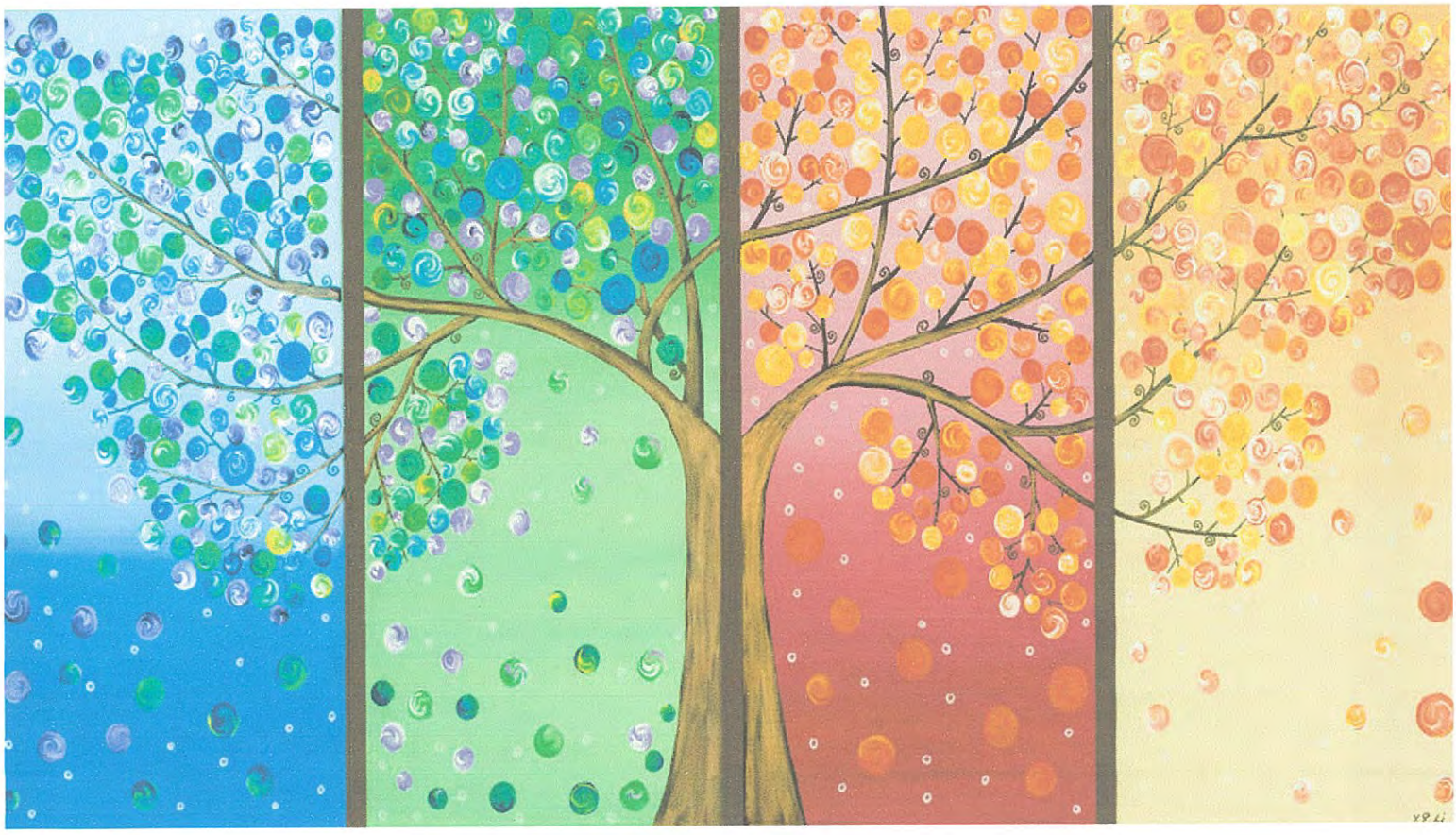
I wait

For the moment

When, my time will stop.

Seasons

By Penelope Brown



An Autumn Leaf

A golden leaf drops

All red and yellow-orange

Falling from the sky

-Penelope Brown

Winter

Icy frost grips the snow-capped trees

The landscape a smooth white glaze

Stumbling in the crisp slick sleet

A longing plea

For an end to the

Enchanting ice-cold maze

-Penelope Brown

Summer

A light breeze

Dances among the trees

Whispering songs into the air

The woodland green,

A summery sheen,

Glows vividly without care.

Bees idle on colourful flowers,

That embrace the shining sun,

The sun with all its fiery power,

Has really just begun,

The fields and springs are filled with life,

And birds sing their sweet songs

Though we must enjoy

This sacred way of life

Because summer won't last for long.

-Penelope Brown

Autumn Song

Like a joy on the heart of a sorrow,

The sunset hangs on a cloud;

A golden storm of glittering sheaves,

Of fair and frail and fluttering leaves,

The wild wind blows in a cloud.

Hark to a voice that is calling

To my heart in the voice of the wind:

My heart is weary and sad and alone,

For its dreams like the fluttering leaves have gone,

And why should I stay behind?

-Sarojini Naidu

Seasons

Isn't it strange

That when the fields are green and flowered

And the sun burns its striking power

We wish for ice-capped mountains

Yet when the cool clouds

Fall from the sky

And blanket the earth

Far and wide

We long for winter to pass by

And for summer to come again

-Penelope Brown

In The Green And Gallant Spring

IN the green and gallant Spring,

Love and the lyre I thought to sing,

And kisses sweet to give and take

By the flowery hawthorn brake.

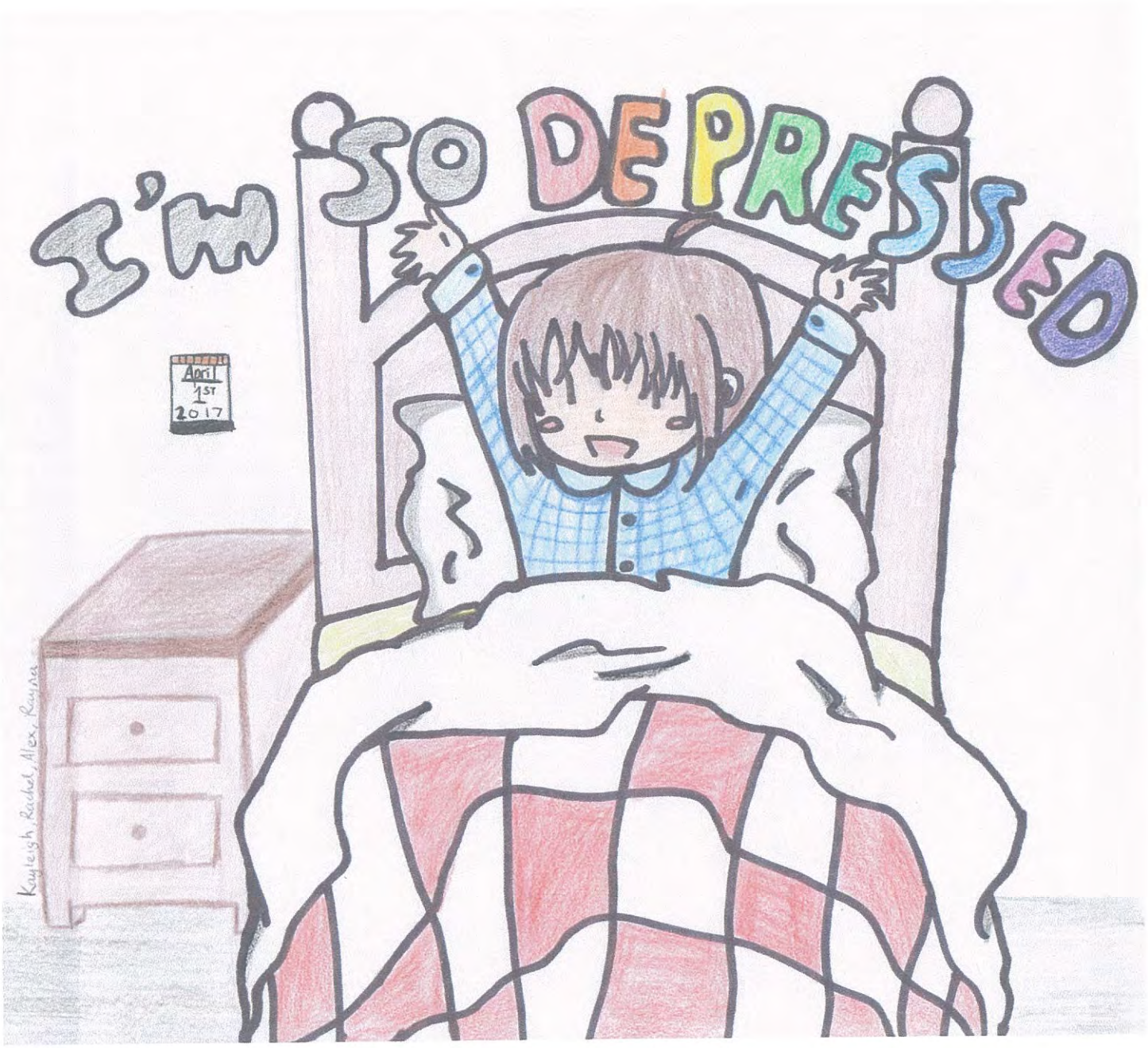
Now is russet Autumn here,

Death and the grave and winter drear,

And I must ponder here aloof

While the rain is on the roof.

-Robert Louis Stevenson


I'M SO DEPRESSED
April 1ST 2017
Kayleigh, Rachel, Alex, Laura

Rayna Shang

Depression (T_T) :0
I can kill people.
If not, I ruin their lives.
I am depression.
(^.^) --how wonderful

She hated her life
She wondered to herself
How can everyone else's lives be so perfect and unharmed?
Every time she goes home, she's not greeted by a 'welcome home' or anything like that.
Her friends know her as some...
Happy person
They just happened to stumble across on the first day of school
If only they knew what really went on behind the scenes
Her mum hits her each time she does something that displeases her
Her dad insults her saying that she doesn't have a life and that she's not worth it.
That's all they ever do...
That girl had some thoughts, that if she ever were to disappear from this place...
Would anyone miss her, or would they just go on with their normal lives,
As if nothing happened?
She already knew the answer
The latter.

Depressed much? – Rachel Au-Yeung

Conceal and don't feel,
My mother had said.
Hide the unhappiness,
And try to enjoy the moment.
That wasn't working for me.

Rock Bottom – By Rachel Au-Yeung

Rock bottom,
I hit the very bottom.
Why?
My mother died.
She caused me grief,
And anxiety,
And,
And,
Depression...

Loneliness and Depression

By Rachel Au-Yeung

You have an empty feeling that comes from within
You long to share your feelings but no one will listen
You reach out for open arms, but nobody is there
Your tears fall to the ground, but nobody cares
You pick up the phone, but have no one to call
You feel overwhelmed; your mind is a crawl
You lay in your bed in the light of the moon
Just so you don't see those who aren't there for you
The flames spark inside you and heat up your fear
Your thoughts are so dark, your days are so drear
Emotional fires burn up in your head
Fires of love and pain and regret
Consumed in your own darkness, you slowly fade away
Your once blue and sunny sky has turned to clouds of grey

Wings
By Alexandria Fee

maybe one
maybe one day
I can be with the stars
fly with the angels
end sadness
end pain
end despair
end self hate
I want to spread my wings and fly
far away
far away from this world
and they'll remember me
as the girl who drowned in her own tears
because that was who I was
a long time ago
but maybe they'll understand
(will they?)
that I played a dangerous game
but who cares if they understand
It's only me
Just me
Me
Who can spread my wings and fly
Away from the despair in this world
But still be here
Be sane
Be home.

Deathbed
By Alexandria Fee

She hangs her head low
To hide the despair
Because no one even
Notices she's there
But through the shadow
She sees the light
For only a little
But she doesn't mind
And now she's alone
Alone in her bed
Where she can rest
Her tired head
She thinks about the hate
And about the despair
But sleep is a time
Where it's not there
So she sleeps
Trying to get rid of the dread
That when she wakes up
The light won't be there
But nevertheless she sleeps
Feeling half dead
She thinks to herself
Her life is hanging on a thread
So she grieves silently
On her deathbed.

Kayleigh Lawther

Never Able to Get Up

I was walking home
Only to be able to
Be followed by creeps

They were from my school
Only a grade up from me
Started to confront me

About to push me down
I decided to give in
Whatever they wish

Pushed and bruised and kicked
That was my life just starting
To get even worse

The two scoffed at me
Thought that I was just worthless
They're probably right

As they were leaving
I tried to leave the cold ground
Thought to realise

I was all alone
Mum was dead, dad had left me
I had no one left.

I started to lay
Right on the hard cold rough ground
Crying my eyes out

I could not get up
Does anyone even care?
I don't think so too.

A Ghost

She walked down the sidewalk, earphones in
Playing sad songs, it was her favourite way to block out the noise
Made by the flashy people all around her
Everyone stared at her, even though her hoodie covered her face.

Black, dark, and not noticeable at all
Got her noticed in the blink of an eye
All the other girls dyed their hair all sorts of colours
She was left with her pitch black locks

Bruised, bashed and beaten out of her broken mind
She hid her scars, scared out of the solitude
That she couldn't tear or take in for her talking
Her phone wasn't the problem, it was all the preps

If only this was her life from now on
No one talking to her, not even dare to look at
All the juniors were scared, never once asked her for directions
She never minded, it was just a way to stay with her own thoughts

Girls started to walk up, she wanted to walk away
They came up to her face, trying to be intimidating
They yelled rude remarks at her, saying to get lost
She took it well, it was just another walk home

They walked away with a snap and a giggle
She was left with an even more messed up mind
Wanting to go, she didn't say a word
She would be more embarrassed than before

No one cared, she was all alone
Like a ghost, all transparent and clear
Never believed to have existed by others
Only the few who did, had already died or disappeared

Australian Bush

By Lisa Schinckel

Australian Bush

The Gully

A breeze floats down the gully
Golden leaves dancing in the sunshine
Majestic silver trees gracing the red dirt
Their branches twisted by wind

A stream trickles through the gully
Clear water over grey rocks
Watched over by the looming cliffs
Red-gold in the setting sun

A wallaby hops down the gully
Grey-brown fur blending with silver trees
A bird calls, the liquid note echoing
And glides down the gully
Floating on a soft breeze

- **Lisa Schinckel**

Wild Horses

Brumbies gallop through silver trees
Dark coats flashing in and out of view
Wind-tossed manes flying
As hard hooves pound the rough ground
Impossible steady, never stumbling
They slow to a canter
Eyes wild, nostrils wide, coats sweaty
Snorting and tossing their heads
They prance
Rays of golden sunlight illuminating their coats
Creating a scene from heaven

- **Lisa Schinckel**

Return To Nature

Lover of my happy past
Soothe my weariness
With warm embrace.
Turn not from me,
Communicate.
Am I strayed too long
And now forsaken?
Your cold winds freeze
My offered love.

Was it yesterday
Or a thousand years,
My eager feet
Caressed your paths;
My opened fingers
Counted grains of sand
Hidden in the warmth of time.

Now my civilized self
Stamps its imprint
On reluctant sands
And time has flown.
Impatient to converse
My brutalness
Turns you from my touch –
Oh lost, neglected love,
My tear-stained eyes
Open now to see
Your enemy and mine
Is – civilized me.

- Oodgeroo Noonuccal

My Sitting Down Place

I go down to the creek
Where the water gurgles
Joyfully
As it hurries along
Over the shining sand and pebbles
To its destiny
With the sea.
Dappled sunlight
Flits and moves
Across the water, over the creek bank,
And the birds sing happily
To the accompaniment
Of insects and crickets.
I sit in silence as I soak it all into my soul.
Peace flows
From the water
To my heart.
Whatever life brings me
I now can face
Because of this,
My sitting down place!

- **Gail Kay**

Tribal Lands

An old tribal warrior
Stares across his picturesque country
Far as his failing eyes can see
Wondering what's going to happen
To his beautiful place
Knowing what will happen to him.

Will my tribe forget the tradition?
Our totem and our songs?
Will my land be taken away from us?
For development grazing rights?
And venture for new mines
Where will all my tribe go?
Will they understand?

Oh spirit of my ancestral dreaming
Guide them to keep our tribal land
And keep on with our tradition
The lingo of my clan.

I hang my head in sorrow now
Time for me to go
hear the didgeridoo and clapstick
Boomerang last corroboree.

Sadly in my heart knows
May my spirit watch over my clan
For now I leave my tribal land.

- **Dale Backo**

Late Summer Fires

The paddocks shave black
with a foam of smoke that stays,
welling out of red-black wounds.

In the white of a drought
this happens. The hardcourt game.
Logs that fume are mostly cattle,

inverted, stubby. Tree stumps are kilns.
Walloped, wiped, hand-pumped,
even this day rolls over, slowly.

At dusk, a family drives sheep
out through the yellow
of the Aboriginal flag.

- **Les Murray**

By Tiffany Tan

Love, in other words (from girl's side)

By Tiffany Tan

I think about you day and night
You are there when I need you
When I call, you will always answer
I need to hear your voice
To hear and *know* that
You'll always be right there
And that you will love me
No matter what

When I text, you send love messages
I should keep every single one of them
Write them down in my diary
But that's not necessary
They are engraved in my heart
Eternally

When I cry, your arms are always there
You wrap your arms around me
Telling me it'll be alright
I don't believe you at first
But then I realise
It will be
When you're here for me

You always try to make me laugh;
Even when the jokes are lame,
The puns ridiculous,
The misuse of words making me face-palm,
And you always succeed

When I hear your annoying laugh,
Look at your silly smile
I want to burst with happiness
Knowing that you are mine
And I am yours
Forever on

I can do anything
If you are by my side
I can jump over the moon
Make a million dollars out of dust
And with our love
Will conquer death
And will last beyond our passing away

If only you would ask,
I would say yes

Love, in other words No.2 (from boy's side)

By Tiffany Tan

You are in my mind
Every second, minute and hour
Any space of emptiness
That can be filled
I think about you

I try to be there all I can
To prove my endless love for you
If you cry, I feel helpless
I hug you as hard as I can
As if I squeeze hard enough
The tears will never come back

When you call, I feel enlightened

That you want to talk to me

To hear my voice and

To hear my opinions, praises,

Doubts, teasing reprimands

Or maybe to just *be* there to know

To tell you how much

I love you

You are part of my soul

My brain, my cells,

My internal organs, my guts

And most of all,

My heart

When I see you,

I want to be alive

I look at you

Waiting for the moment

To ask if you'll be my wife

My random thoughts about this strange emotion- love

By Tiffany Tan

Think about what love means

When you were younger

You probably were thinking about

Kissing, smooching

Under the moonlight

All that yucky and cheesy stuff

And most of you would think it gross

Who wouldn't?

For me, I didn't think much about it

When I was younger

I didn't find it gross or stupid

Or beautiful or confusing

But I didn't know much then, anyway

I start wondering about love and romance these days

And what it means

The internet says

A strong feeling of affection

But I think it means much more than that

Something deeper than words that express

Something undefined

But strange

Sometimes it seems to have a world of its own

When it goes right,

It sounds like the most magical thing in the world

I sometimes dream about it

But I've never been in love before

And when it goes wrong,

It seems like hell and torment for the characters

But then again, I haven't been in love

Yet

I'm Sorry

By Tiffany Tan

I'm sorry for the wrongs I've done

Some things I do

And can't be taken back

I'm sorry for disappointing you

I try, and sometimes I fail

Your expectations are high

But even on my tip toes,

I cannot reach them

I'm sorry for when I said something hurtful

Sometimes my anger is collected up in me

And explodes through my mouth

Leaving invisible scars on you

Some things I meant but most I did not

Sometimes you did things that cannot not be said

I was hurt even more by those

I'm sorry for when I lied

I was scared of the

Repercussions, the undeserved punishments

Severe scoldings, consequences,

I was terrified

But sometimes I lied

To protect you

What you think you are and what you actually are

She stares at her distorted reflection in the mirror

Through her salty tears

She is sick of this world,

She hates herself

And the failed person she has tried and acted to be like

She is disdains how she is,

Her appearance, her attitude,

Her intelligence, her sweetness

She loathes everything about herself

She is sick of her life,

And everything that comes with it

Can anything ever be right?

She doesn't see the

Kind, beautiful, smart-in-her-own-way girl

That beams back at her in the mirror

Even when there are tears trailing down her pale cheeks

And when her eyes are swollen and red from crying

She doesn't know how many times

Others have whispered of how lucky she is for her looks,

Her generosity, her marks, her friends, her inner goodness

As she cries in the mirror,

She doesn't remember the times of good

She has given her friends, family and peers

She has made them laugh, smile

She has made her family proud,

Even when they don't verbally or physically show it

They love her, even when they say seem to imply they hate her

She doesn't remember the times when she has given a helping hand

To her grateful friends

She makes them laugh when they are in any mood

She doesn't realise the beautiful and gifted person she is

But she will

One day...

MENA & KSENIA

never apologise
for burning too brightly
or collapsing into yourself
every night

THAT is how **galaxies**
are made.

-Tyler Kent White

- Mena Paek

sunset

Sun GOES DOWN,

Under THE stars,

No one disturbing its beauty,

Some PEOPLE GAWKING,

Evening has ENDED,

The SUNSET.

-mena Paek

BLACK HOLE

BIG, strong

trapping, sucking, PULLING

space, universe, PLACE, energy

RIPPING, BENDING, SPLITTING

Invisible, dark

EMPTINESS

-mena paek

shooting star

SHE WAS A SHOOTING STAR,
HER smile:) so BRIGHT and RARE,
That by the TIME that you had blinked,
THERE was NO sign it had been there.

-mena Paek

sky

looked up into the empty sky,
trying not to cry,
as I remember ALL the hard times,
and HOW we used to FIGHT SOMETIMES,
but its okay because the sky REMINDS,
to CLEAR our MINDS.

-Mena Paek

dawn

Whispers me 'morning'
Each and every day
It is never boring
Says it's time to play
Bringing out the sun
I
get out of bed
I
want to have some fun
But I've got school instead

By Ksenia

THE MOON GAME

I'm the moon and I play a game.
I don't always look the same.

Sometimes I'm round,
A silver sphere.

Sometimes just half of me
Seems to be there

Sometimes I'm a crescent,
Shaped like a smile.

Sometimes I surprise you
And hide for awhile.

Look up in the sky
For my friendly light.

What shape will I have
When you see me tonight?

-Author unknown

WHAT WOULD ALIENS THINK

When the aliens come down in their spaceship
When they land on earth afteir their lightyear-long trip
Would they see the war? Would they see the hate?
Would they see the body count? Would they see the weight
Of our actions when we cause all this pain?
Would they take one glance at earth and never come again?

MJK PLUMAGE

asteroid

You're a galaxy
An array of colours
Thousands of solar systems
And billions of stars

I'm an asteroid
Out of control
Cold to the core
Or as hot as the ~~sun~~

i'm just a speck of dust
compared to you
willing to smash into
thousands of pieces

IF IT MEANS I'LL BE NEAR YOU
BECAUSE YOU'RE A beautiful
GALAXY
AND I'M JUST A LONELY
ASTEROID

SAMANTHA SAUNDERS POETRY

Death

Soulbound

Step by step, a story is told

A happy ending is unfold

A friend to readers will always be foe

A double-crossed impulse will never show

Two souls must cross, and be one by all love

Unite to fight a war to rise above

A limitless torture to those far beyond

But always the first is the delicate bond

Peace and prosperity is shortly shown

As greed is released, a negative grown

Relations may grow, but good luck won't last

The future comes, no look back to the past

Though fates may settle and ruin one's pride

A lone wolf moves on, though she always cried

Waiting

The stone was cold, abandoned for so long

One amongst others, you'd always been strong

Your courage, your pride, had sunk into me

I loved you for the way that you'd always be

You never backed down from a possible dare

I adored your fiery and burning flare

Never again would you wake up and brighten my day

You didn't argue with death, you never got a say

I tried so hard to think you're in a better home

But I'm lost, Lily, forced into an endless roam

I'm waiting for my time to join you in the skies

I've tried to speed up the process, but Death tells lies

Why?

There once was a girl named Sky

She was always asking people 'Why?'

She asked this one goon

He kicked her to the moon

She didn't come back til July!!!

Heroes

Wings of rage and misery, to fly you to the skies

A happy ever after where the favourite person dies

Is it really cheerful if through all the hero's life?

It filled itself with lots of death and fighting and strife?

Happy endings never stay, but heroes all forget

Feeling themselves rot away, watching their last sunset

When new saviours arrive, the old ones fade away

All coloured and fresh, the classics go old and grey

I'm losing hope in the human race

I'm living in a terrible place

Blinded

A victim of the hate of love

A disrespected flightless dove

Of those whose wings can't fly her free

There is a place she'd rather be

Home with all the non-mistakes

Her eyes and view her life then takes

Love from all around shall fade til its gone

No emotions alive, she is simply a pawn

With no one to assist, she must try and stand tall

A blockage so big, yet with damage so small

An endless and torturous painful event

A message across all the pure ones sent

Another day gone, she must then help friends

Chased to the max, never reaching their ends

They must all fight a war yet to be won

For this victim is not the only one

Black Swan

Flourishing swans, with wings of gold

A black swan fades, left to grow old

Blending in was unlikely with her form

She had no supporter during the storm

Her inner strength must show no fear

Her true feelings should not be clear

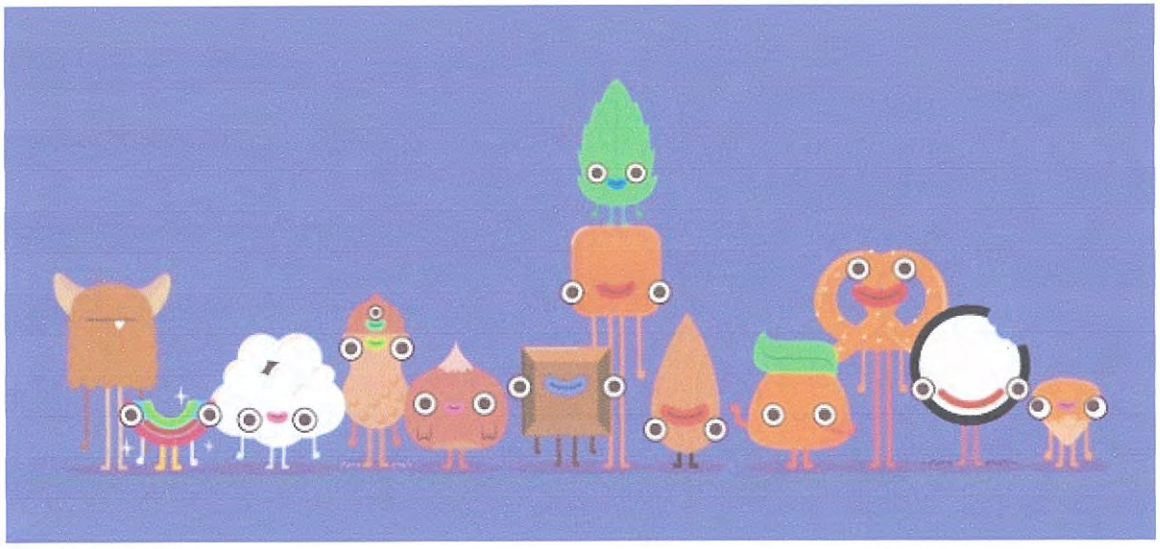
An outcast to death must lead her pack

Overcome the rage behind her back

7X's

Quirky

Characters



Old Agnes

by Sam Saunders

Old Agnes is a strange old hag

Her taste in food will make you gag

She slops on cream with a side of fries

She eats them with some jellybean pies

Her outlook on food will make you spew

The food she eats is worse than cow poo!

She watches the sky as her neighbours see

Old Agnes wasn't meant to be

A prisoner of war, she lost her arm

Her life has been anything but calm

When clocks tick on, everyone dies

As age stretched on, she closed her eyes

Ants

by Joan-Paula Conducto

You call me a nuisance

But I don't get your rudeness

Because you are the one that stomps on me

And all my friends and family

I help the environment just for you

So that you don't have to deal with poo

I help soil so water and oxygen can reach your plants roots

So that you can eat some delicious veggies and fruits

I may be tiny and have 6 legs,

But please don't kill me, I beg.

So please from now on, watch were you walk,

Because us ants like to help you out; a lot.

My Brother

by Tiffany Tan

My brother is strange

Very, *very* strange

He always has his head

Wrapped in a book

-always must be a non-fiction book

He says fairy-tales are boring

And don't have any use

My brother loves studying

He reads incessantly

Scribbling notes

In his last year's diary

It isn't bad

Just slightly unnerving

Great Aunt Alice

by Rachel Au-Yeung

People just say, 'She can't be that bad,

Having a great aunt with exotic hair isn't that meant to be rad?'

I tell them she is horrible...

She wears dinosaur slippers wherever she goes,

And her hair,

Oh my...

Pinks and purples cascading through her hair.

A bit of blue,

And a tint of green just to spice it up.

Her face not wrinkled at all,

And makeup is what does this all.

She is mix between one of those types we call a geek and

She's probably a beauty guru too...

Although you would never know

Because of the way her hair is all the time,

And her personality in general...

My Sister

by Elizabeth Yoong

My sister sometimes dances,

And does it till she prances

She bosses me around

Until she makes me frown

And when I try to fight

She acts like she's a knight

My sister is so queer

I try to disappear

Honest Man

by Bethany Tam

An honest serving man he was,

Naturally truthful, never deceiving neighbour

A contribut0r to the community,

Never thought twice

Such honesty he presented,

Good or bad was no difference to him

Staying truthful bought his faith,

I watched him daily,

From my upper window sill

The days got old,

His attitude never would

It inspired great things in me,

With no honesty this man couldn't achieve what he had changed in me

Up and Down

by Isabella Barnett

It is not in my belief, that there's a plainer way to say,

That they are unusual, 'cos every single day

They make their way

Up the platform- but not to stay,

Sure, they pay a visit and I imagine them to say, 'Oh hey'

And then they go away,

No second thought,

They turn around, head back to naught,

Take the bags they've brought,

Down the platform, but becoming overwrought,

They have an afterthought,

Reconsider, head *back* downriver,

They might be feeling bitter,

But neither, is a quitter,

And never do they fail to deliver,

What causes some to snigger,

But what really is great for everyone, everywhere,

For I believe that pair

Is getting exercise and they're

Adding to our lives, a little bit of flair,

So you may watch, but don't be mean and glare or stare,

Take good care,

Beware, and act with concentration

'cos bad behaviour is punishable by sedation,

And eradication,

From our station,

And that reminds me, I've never seen that pair, use any form of transportation,

They just walk up and down, until who knows when,

And then,

They must go somewhere, for every day they are back again,

This unusual pair of friends,

And to their story there is no end.

My Sister

by Kavya Ramakrishnan

My sister is strange

Sometimes I think she's gone deranged

She laughs at air

And growls like a bear

She moves like a plane

And goes her own way

Never listens to what I say

Even though she's older

She likes to act like a boulder

And wiggle her shoulders

To the beat of a drum

But no matter what she is my crazy sister

Quirky Character

by Lisa Kwag

Every morning he's there

Strolling up and down on the platform,

Singing and yodelling like a maniac man,

The bell on his backpack jingles, to each step he takes

Dancing to the rhythm of his voice

He doesn't care about adults staring at him,

Or children giggling at him,

He doesn't care about any of them

Because he is a free bird doing what he desires.

'There is a peculiar someone'

by Sydney Sufangga

There is a person I know

I'm sure you've met them.

They always keep moving

Obediently, no matter what who's doing,

They just keep moving.

Some call them cruel

But I think they're precious, one of a kind

Because we saunter, dancing an irregular melody

Honestly, they're not easy to mime,

After all, my precious friend is time.

Kayla

by Angela Moon

Kayla is spoilt

She can never act unspoilt

She gets everything she wants

She goes to the most expensive restaurants

She lives in a mansion

It's a very big expansion

She always walks with her head held up high

She can never act so shy

Everyone doesn't like her for the way she acts

But all she needs to do is attract

Every day is the same

Well that's her game

She likes her life this way

Broken

by Rayna Shang

I like annoying people

Nudge

Nudge, nudge

Nudge, nudge, nudge, nudge, nudge, nudge

Nudge, nudge, nudge

Whoops

Your glass of water just spilt over your laptop...

Quirky Characters

by Ashley Song

Some people live in great big houses and others live on the side of the road.

Cooking is my favourite thing in the world.

And I love helping people in need.

So, I cook for people who don't have anything or maybe not enough.

I cook for fun and walk around the streets and give food to people

who can't afford to pay to provide for their families.

People think I'm crazy

because I'm a great cook

and I could make a lot of money

but I would so much rather help others.

Always be aware because something

that is nothing to you

could mean the world to someone else.

Quirky Character

by Isobel Breen

She lived in a caravan,

Set away from the world,

Alone and isolated, her story unheard.

The caravan sat in the centre of a forest,

Overgrown by vines and trees.

Weeds everywhere,

In every crack and every corner of the caravan.

Shelves and shelves,

occupied only by jars of pickled vegetables.

A small sack in the corner;

a makeshift bed.

Day after day she left her caravan to go hunting.

Birds, rabbits and fish,

All struck by the same spear.

The Weirdo Down the Road

by Nixie Nassar

The weirdo down the road

The shrill notes echo

His creaky limbs walk.

The trees sway with him

As the birds squawk.

Time passes and the church bells ring,

Leaving him and his imagination to sing.

The days pass by and he walks back home

Into his pink, pink house where

He leaps and shrieks

And breathes in the fresh air

Filling the streets with his voice

And the rest of us have no choice

But to watch him belt each day.

Alive

By Alexandria Fee

She's walking slowly

Even though the past runs to catch up to her

She's alone

Even though she holds hands with her friends

She's crying

Even though she smiles and laughs

She's silent

Even though everything inside her wants her to speak

She's fighting

Even though she lives in a time of peace

She's angry

Even though her muscles aren't tense, but calm

She's in the dark

Even though the sun shines bright above her

She's got no hope

Even though inside of her she wants the world to change

She's alive

Even though her body is lying 6 feet below the ground.

Sheng

by Irene Kim

Sheng was a strange little fellow

That didn't like video games

Nor T.V. or a nice, good book

But he had one definite aim

He always had a hobby to do

And changed it every day

He once went on to cook an egg

he decided not to say

Sheng then went to various things

In which one was some sculpture

He used up all his money

To plan the architecture

He liked to make a paper plane

And to his own dismay

He used up all the paper

In one damned summer day

Bored, he moved to other things

To make or sell or buy

And yet he found more hobbies

That was pleasing to his eye

That strange little boy from China,

I still think about him now

And how he used to smile and grin

And then give a small, cute bow

My Sister

by **Angelina Martin**

My sister's like a piece of mould,

And never does anything that she's told

She screams to get all our attention,

And they sound like she's from another dimension

All she does is throw her tantrums,

Which makes her look like a deadly phantom

Annoying me is her favourite hobby,

And when she does it she has to be snobby

But overall she is very complicated,

Or maybe that's even an understatement

My Scheming Sister

by Evelyn Hansen

She sits on her bed as quiet as a mouse,

Her head down, not disturbing anyone around.

But when she hears the door knob turn,

Her eyes flick open and her brain starts to churn.

She closes her book and starts to scheme,

You can tell she's up to no good by her malicious gleam.

I run down into my room and close the door,

Grabbing anything I need for tonight's verbal war.

We walk into the dining room and sit down,

We stare at each other and deeply frown.

A dictionary, thesaurus, paper and a pen,

Is all I need to beat her once again.

Today's debate is on "Who is the better child?"

She says that I'm too noisy, I say she's wild.

The debate goes on and on,

I think an hour has gone.

I start to yawn, her eyelids droop,

"I WIN!!!", I shout with a whoop.

"It's a tie", she argues back with lots of fury.

I shake my head and sigh, but then I smile with glee.

I stand up, and I give her hand,

But she just stays in her spot and glares.

Yoosung

by Kayleigh Lawther

He was so cute, adorable and nice

Nothing was able to make him sad

Gaming was what he did best, he may have been addicted

Although people joke he's pretty bad

At being a decent human being

He's possessive, and maybe even too cute

Sensitivity is his greatest weakness

Do not ever mention his cousin, he may go pretty brute

Force right on you, he's not afraid

To bring out his sadness, not all day though

He will call you, and sooth you with his voice

Sounds like a pretty young doe

His smile just kills you

Bright like the sun, his hair matches

His eyes purple like amethysts

The sight of him just latches

Onto your mind, he'll never go away

He does annoy you by telling you

"You look like my cousin, you're basically twins!"

He sometimes forgets you're another human too

At the end of the day, he'll comfort you

Talk to you, no matter what's he's doing

He'll try to make you into his games

And you can't resist, his laughs sound like cooing

You talk to him all day

Nothing seems to stop you guys

Everyone is happy

And they say their goodbyes

Phone in hand, you drop it down

You lay on your bed, thinking of him

Realising that he isn't real

A piece of fiction stepped into reality.

My Sister Maria

by Alyssa Korotaeva

My sister Maria is completely insane

It's like she has a different type of brain!

She can't stand it when her earphones are tied together -

Yet she doesn't mind being tickled with a feather!

She will insist that black is actually white

And in her room she will never turn off the light!

She absolutely loves going to the beach

But if the water touches her, she will screech!

My sister Maria is completely insane

It's like she has a different type of brain!

Quirky Character-Witch

by Charis Cheung

She has red hair, blue eyes

Thin red lips and a starry mind

She had pale skin and thin long legs

Stays in the shade and grows her figs

No one knows who she really is

But everyone knows that she does do this

She brews dead birds and rotten meat

Eats live ants and dead frog feet

'who are you?' asks one little girl

She cackles and says' I'm a witch'

Identical:

by Penelope Brown *(based on my older twin sisters)*

I look through my mirror and see

A girl

With fire for her hair

And emeralds for her eyes

Freckles that cover her

Their her disguise

She hides in my shadow

But she's always there

alongside me

Yet the clothes that adorn

her figure

Are not mine

But clothes of a shadow

Not quite left behind

I see this girl

And step through the mirror

Yet she is still there

And always will be

She's my identical twin sister

Her Hilltop

by Lisa Schinckel

Every day she runs

Up, up to the hilltop

And stands facing the east

Hands out in front of her

She stays for an hour

Muttering softly under her breath

Then she adds a rock to her pile

Nearly six feet high

And runs back down again

She is always smiling

Chattering incessantly

About nothing and everything

Only stops

Up on her hilltop

Strange

by Parmis Amiri

She never smiled.

She never danced, sang, giggled

Or even laughed

A frown was carved in her perfect skin

The midnight black of her hair

Always bound to a tight braid.

The streaks of tears across her cheeks

Was bare for all to see

Her sorrow and worries

that cause haggard shoulders and faulty steps

Were disguised by the weight of her bag

Her heartbeat was steady

But everyone knew she was dead

One day she changed

Her hair flowed freely in the wind

As her smile blinded us all

Her eyes glistening, a raging fire burning

As she hummed along to a song

"I can hear it at last!"

She screamed at top of her lungs

While her feet left footprints

On the now green grass

People called her crazy, mental

Certain her sanity is gone.

What I fear is that she danced

To a tune I heard all along.

The Vegemite Eater

by Sophia Tran

She sits there at the kitchen table

Loading it up with Vegemite.

Scoop after scoop after delicious scoop,

The salty sticky treat fills the toast.

'Who could take that much vegemite?'

Her father would question with a laugh.

She eats it for breakfast, packs it for lunch,

Devours it at tea, drinks it for dessert.

She gives it to the cat,

Feeds it to the baby,

Who takes a mouthful of the treat,

Then regurgitates it on the floor.

And she turns around,

Vegemite smudged on face,

Then whips back to her plate

And takes another delectable bite.

Quirky?

by Mena Paek

There's this girl always at the back,

She dislikes staying in a pack,

I asked some questions,

but she ignored my suggestions,

about sitting and hanging out,

suddenly she started babbling about,

something I didn't get,

I broke into cold sweat;

What was I meant to say?

Quirky

by Ksenia Suturina

Emma Hantywash was unordinary

Emma Hantywash was extraordinary

Emma Hantywash went to school in bright pink

Emma Hantywash loved to think and think, think

Emma Hantywash went to school in tutus

Emma Hantywash loved different hairdos

Emma Hantywash always had fun

Emma Hantywash knew she was number one

Emma Hantywash didn't care what people said

Emma Hantywash was always herself

Haiku

Diamonte

Rhyming

Concrete

Acrostic

Cinquain

Abstract

7 Xtraordinary

Creations

Imagery

Ballad

Nonet

Free Verse

Limerick

Sonnet

Blackout

Artist

Each wonky line she draws

May look messy and ugly to you

But to me it's one magnificent line, with a whole lot of meaning in it

As she scribbles away in her 'study'

I see the joy and happiness bursting inside her

As she giggles away

I think to myself,

This, is what an artist is

Lisa Kwag

Words

Words are free for all to use

With them, we make tight ropes of connections

Or carve them until every single one

Becomes a jagged weapon at our use

And we lacerate hearts

Destroy beings

And shred connections

Until all we hear is their pleading ones

That beg a mercy we cannot afford

Parmis Amiri

My sister Minna

Nobody is quite like Minna,

The person that calls herself a winner,

When she beats me home from school.

She likes swimming, but only in a heated pool,

Where she can splash and play all night long.

Minna is definitely not as big as King Kong,

In fact she reminds everyone of a mouse

When she creeps around the house,

And scares me and my family.

One day I saw her very clumsily,

Leave her bag open and inside out,

Causing me to trip over it and pout.

Minna laughed and finger pointed,

And my mum got me some ointment,

For the large bump on my head.

Minna, she reminds me of lead,

Because of her stubborn nature.

Even though she's definitely not mature,

I couldn't live without her.

Nixie Nassar

The sea

The sea,

It used to whisper to me

Its muffled voice stirring inside me,

I used to wonder what it was trying tell me

And what unknown secrets it was holding back

I used to be with the sea

Now I look out the window

And am welcomed by the bustling city

The cheerful laughter of children is long gone

Now replaced by the honking of the cars

But I still have something,

The sea

It still lies in my heart,

Never to be forgotten

Lisa Kwag

Lia

She annoys me

Bugs me

Sticks onto me like a leech, never letting go,

She makes me want to scream and shout

Who could it be?

It's none other, than my sister Lia!

She's messy and untidy

And never listens to what she's told to do

She's bossy and stubborn

And always starts up an argument

But even though she does all of these things

I still love her to my heart

Lisa Kwag

Laura

A loyal friend, she was

Never leaving my side, in every matter

The day she left,

Grief spread throughout the house like wild fire,

It seemed that there no hope was left

A few days passed

And we realised that Laura was happy where she was now

There was no pain or torture

Instead, there was peace

Laura has gone to where she is better off to be now,

Up in heaven

Lisa Kwag

My Dad

Is very smart

Helps me with everything

And collects DVDs and Games

Love You

Joan-Paula Conducto

Wonder

What if you went back in time?

And changed those times you never tried?

Would you then come back to say?

How you conquered all your prey?

What if you ventured far beyond?

With your fate your life would bond.

If you chose to run away,

Would you go back and choose to stay?

If you had chosen to depart,

Would you come back to seek your heart?

If her spirit had to part

Would you go back for a fresh start?

It seemed that everything was good

If you did everything you could

To reverse the bad in life

To take back the spat/strife

But every good arrives with bad

However much it makes you sad

Every rainbow has a rain;

Every win arrives with pain;

Every success has a twist;

At least one evil must exist

The smallest luck has tiny costs.

The biggest cleanse has many blots.

If you feel safe/intact;

You haven't felt the big impact.

The past won't help you escape.

Fate will be there anyway.

The future won't aid any less

Eventually you must confess

Confront your destiny, make it fast.

You don't want this pain to last

Here are 13 reasons: to this date

You never try defy your fate

1) No matter what you try and do

Fate will cling right onto you

Bound by holy strings of light

Mistaken for the starry night.

2) Take a journey down through hell

Prepare for a gruesome, rough farewell.

Sadly, life will always end

Never mistake Fate for a friend!

3) Time-travel wanders through the days

Going through his merry ways

Travelling by, both fast and slow.

Like he did so long ago

4) Before the time the earth came past

He would forever be the last.

The mischief/mayhem caused by him

In waves of death our souls will swim.

Hoping for a little light.

In the dark, the smallest bright.

5) Why tamper with the world beyond?

To fiddling mortals, Fate will respond.

Curled up; time-travel in its grasp

Until he wins, their hands stay clasped.

6) It will only bring you doom

No further shall a new life bloom

So soon; your presence crumbles down

A blooming flower, gone so brown.

7) You are an immature child

Fate's endless, he can't be beguiled

No puppy eyes can fix your mess

No respect will relieve his stress

8) We will forever be in his debt

He is the kid; we're the playset.

We must keep him glad

Otherwise he'll get mad.

9) You don't wanna know what happens when

He takes his rage on us again

He makes us fight between ourselves

In earth's library, squashed in shelves.

Suffocating each-others' souls

These are our 'important' roles

10) To him, we're only manure

He's perfect; we're immature.

Tumours of his perfect earth

We are nothing to his worth

11) We are Fate-1.5

Until now, we have survived

Do not hassle the Lord

At best, we'll be ignored.

12) 'Help me!' won't make him sorry

Since when do lemons speak to a Ferrari?

13) Finally, the unlucky one

The reason brighter than the sun;

The creepy excuse darker than hell.

Fate can put you under his spell.

Sam Saunders

Small love story

By Tiffany Tan

When I first saw you,

I didn't think about anything

You seemed a little strange

But I didn't really care about that

Because I was too

When we met eyes in class

For whatever reasons

I gave a small smile in your direction

Like I was trained to do

I never thought much about you

But when I did,

It was about school

Or something related to that

But when I actually talked to you,

I found someone who understood me

Someone with a great heart

And respects what I've been through

You never questioned personal things

Which I really like about you

You are kind, smart and strong

No matter what other people think about you

After a while

I felt a connection

Something like... chemistry between us;

I trusted you, you trusted me

I realised I really liked you

I was scared to tell you

But when I did

I realised my affections were returned

We eventually fell in love

And no one could distract us from our little world

Now we live together

With each other and most of all... love

Hate

By Tiffany Tan

Some say we hate

Because we were taught to

Some hate themselves

Some hate each other

And rarely,

Some hate life and everything in it

Most people hate at least something

You can't help it

We just can't help but loathe something

When we see it, feel it, see their qualities

That we don't have

We just hate it

We have our own reasons

We are born like this

Don't try to change us

my [SISTER]

My sister makes me CRAZY,
She makes me HAZY,
When I come back from school,
She acts all cool,
I slap my face,
When she acts like an ace,
My mum tells me to be nice,
I would rather have lice,
She invites me to her tea party,
She also uses cups that look crafty,
She sits me down quickly,
The chairs are wiggly,
I fake a small awkward smile,
But I will rather run a mile,
But I keep still and stare,
At the clean empty air,
She puts a cup infront of me,
I wonder why she wouldn't let be be,
I glance over at her face,
She glances back with menance,
But I have to say,
SOMETIMES ITS FUN TO PLAY!

-Mena Paek

my sister

I was ONE
You were born
You were tiny
Had no hair

I was FOUR
We did ballet
You could do splits
I was on pointe

I was SIX
We moved
It was a new place
On the other side

I was TEN
We moved again
Across the border
And learnt new thinas

I was ELEVEN
Last year of primary
And you had to
Move again for me

I am TWELVE
And soon THIRTEEN
You are ELEVEN
And not soon TWELVE

MEMORIES
REMAIN

HAIKU

Haunted Winter:

Chilly winter wind

Whips my hair, stinging me

Dead branches scattered

Early Spring:

Bees buzzing loudly

Fluorescent flowers blooming

Birds chirping sweetly

Eerie Autumn:

Red leafs everywhere

Fall from the dead trees, swaying

Softly kissing the Earth

Salty Summer:

Smell of the salt water

The scorching sand burns my feet

A beautiful day

Alyssa Korotaeva

The Punishments of Age

I forgot my life

I forget lots nowadays

What's for lunch again?

Sam Saunders

No Idiots Allowed

If I ruled the world

I would banish Donald Trump

That is what I'd do

Sam Saunders

Waterfalls

Droplets cascade down

Down the vertical river

Swimming to be free

Penelope Brown

They crashed against me,

Pulling and pulling me down,

Each wave after wave

Bethany Tam

Pitter-Patter sound

Water rolling on the ground

Sky is clouded grey

Joan-Paula Conducto

The day has ended,

It is time to have a rest,

For the day ahead

Lisa Kwag

Down the empty road

autumn leaves vibrantly goes

GRACEFULLY SWAYING

-Mena Paek

lonely winding road

into the forest and out

feels like there's no end.

-KSENIA

7X BLACK OUT HAIKU

The first impression [redacted] gained [redacted]

Sydney

grass and gum trees [redacted]

end of the journey [redacted]

Elizabeth Young

The first impression which is gained of Australia in a long train journey from Melbourne to Brisbane is one of ex[redacted]rdinary monotony. I am told that this is partly due to the circumstances that [redacted]lway line has [redacted]en laid through a poor belt of co[redacted]ry, and partly due to the [redacted] of [redacted] the least int[redacted]esting portion o[redacted]ndscape. However it can [redacted]oduce [redacted]scarcely broken [redacted]ass and gum trees. Fro[redacted]ydney to [redacted]er, grass and gum [redacted] after day [redacted] on the [redacted] unvari[redacted]s like an [redacted] the [redacted] river [redacted] farm [redacted] the [redacted] gardens, fade [redacted] like a dream [redacted] tropica[redacted] the immense ex[redacted]ption of anything bu[redacted]m and impressiveness [redacted] with [redacted] land, for the trees are [redacted] long leaves [redacted] branches and sun[redacted]th of the tusso[redacted] beneath. [redacted]mmonplace, but that the [redacted]ve. Here, again, you feel, a[redacted]roblem.

[redacted]er are [redacted] great, that even th[redacted]rain you are [redacted]avelling in and the towns you [redacted]pped at represent, cont[redacted]s subjects for ma[redacted] and [redacted]e first sensation [redacted]eariness is lost in admiration for the patience and the energy that have, as [redacted]vere, lassoed the wilderness and brought its resources within the limits of the Empire ...

Sophia

In the wood clearings on either side of the train where the practice of 'ring barking' to kill trees is in extensive use, there stand patches of timber from which the bark and leaves have dropped, and of which the dead white trunks and

Yarg

fragran

white

May

draconis

plain

some

failed

blunt

acrid

meadows

near

grow

darker colour

resemblance

sweet

height,

colour,

remarkable

most

Rachel Au-Yeung

the soul is

frightful

Wrapped in the

early

moonlight

strange

in

every form

destructive even in

moonlight and the day

vast shadows

and

knightly song

acknowledge

cold nights

Alexandria Fee

the

little

beauty

of trees

in

its

sandy

land

bring

perfection

large

out

-Mena Paek

You are permeated with sunshine

The first impression

s

from

Melbourne to Brisbane

belt

country

Charis

You are permeated with sunshine

~~The first impression which is gained of Australia in a long train journey from Melbourne to Brisbane is one of~~ extraordinary ~~monotony. I am told that this is partly due to the~~ circumstances ~~that the railway line has been laid through a poor belt of country, and partly due to the accident of passing the least interesting portion of the landscape. However it came about, the effect produced is a scarcely broken tract of grass and gum trees. From Melbourne to Sydney, from Sydney to the Queensland border, grass and gum trees stretch on every side. Day after day the eyes open on the same unvaried tints of grey and green; one acre is like an another, one mile is like the last~~.

~~Hundreds of miles are left behind, and there is nothing to show that the end of the journey is any nearer. The river and forest scenery of Tasmania, with its farms and orchards, its hedgerows of sweetbriar and yellow gorse, and the familiar English aspect of its gardens, fade in the distance~~ like a dream. ~~The tropical vegetation of the north has~~ not ~~yet become a~~ reality. ~~Between the two the immense extent of gum trees stretches indefinitely, blotting out the conception~~

Angela

grandeur of forest

the beauty of loneliness.

wild dreamland

the Bush

-Lisa Schincke

running

And gracious

shadows creep

in the forests

without

loneliness

EMH

Ashley Song 7X

and

Day after day

eyes open,

Hundreds of miles

The

fade

like a dream.

uxuriant

grass

and

growing

scarlet flowers

formed by

the

nature

~Lisa K

opportunity

every

more than six feet high

Isabella B

As the bay

was dug

completely concealed

The trees

very red

and

whole

KAYLEIGH♥

Tiffany Jan

water, ooze

and

he most luxuriant

beach

he sand

insound

island was a superb shrubby

gentle

valleys.

bea

relight

to

exceed delight

perfection

fair

land

natural meadows

Melissa

had appeared

a

beach.

It was

luxuriant

beach,

Amorig

the

coast

bay

Ksenia

a

growing

flowe

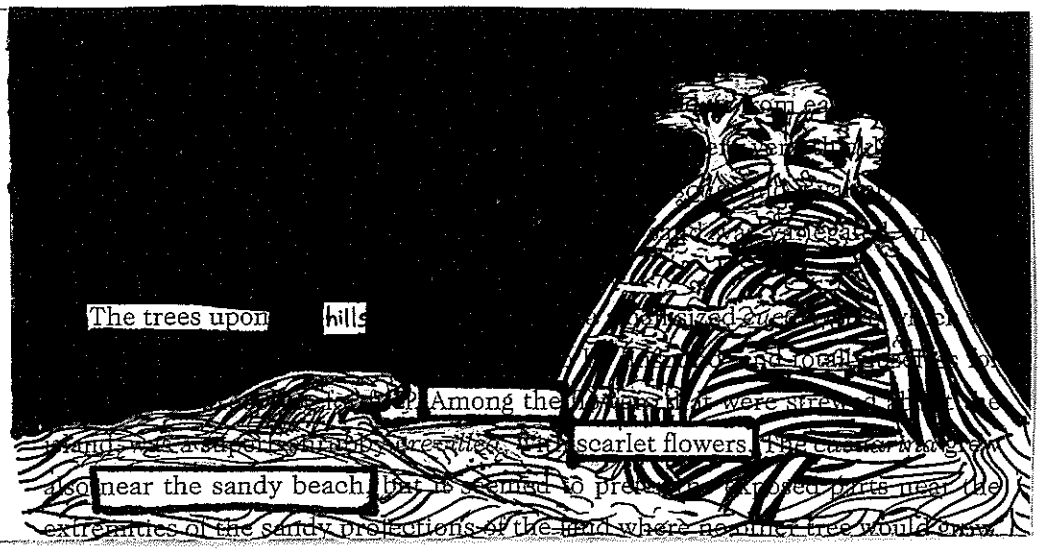
upon the

tem

totally useless to

Bethany Tam

Rayna Shang



The trees upon hills

Among the scarlet flowers.

also near the sandy beach

the rainy season,

of a darker colour than

a small black grape: it

KAVYA.R

The

winding valleys

leaves

trees

flowering shrubs

grain

soil is

sandy

clay.

Isobel Breen

the soul is

barren

bitter

mo onlight

silent

song

clear

hearts of

poison

Sylvie Duncan Brebach

green

And gracious

hills

the moonlight

flourishes

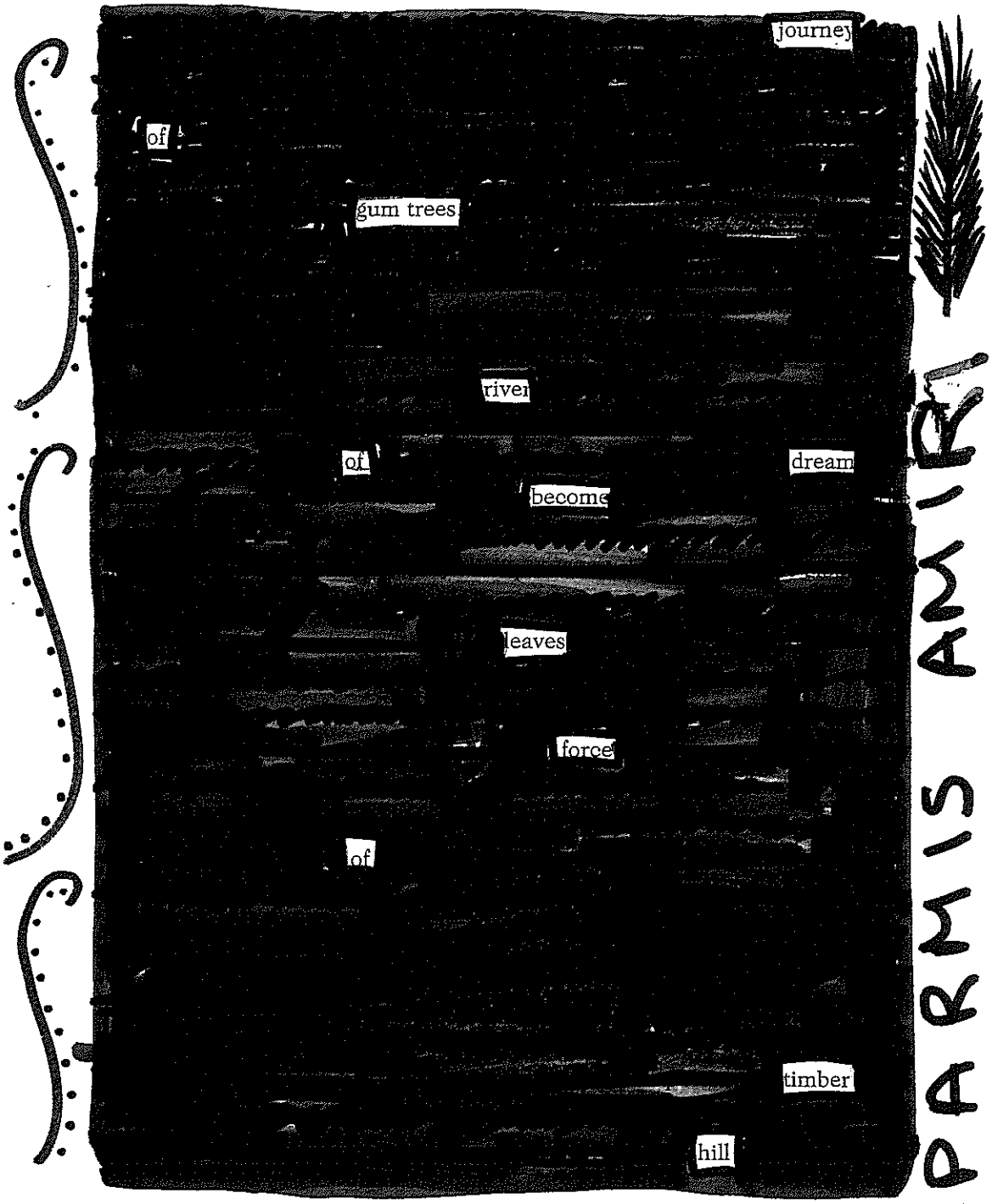
bright

grandeur

and

rich

IRENE

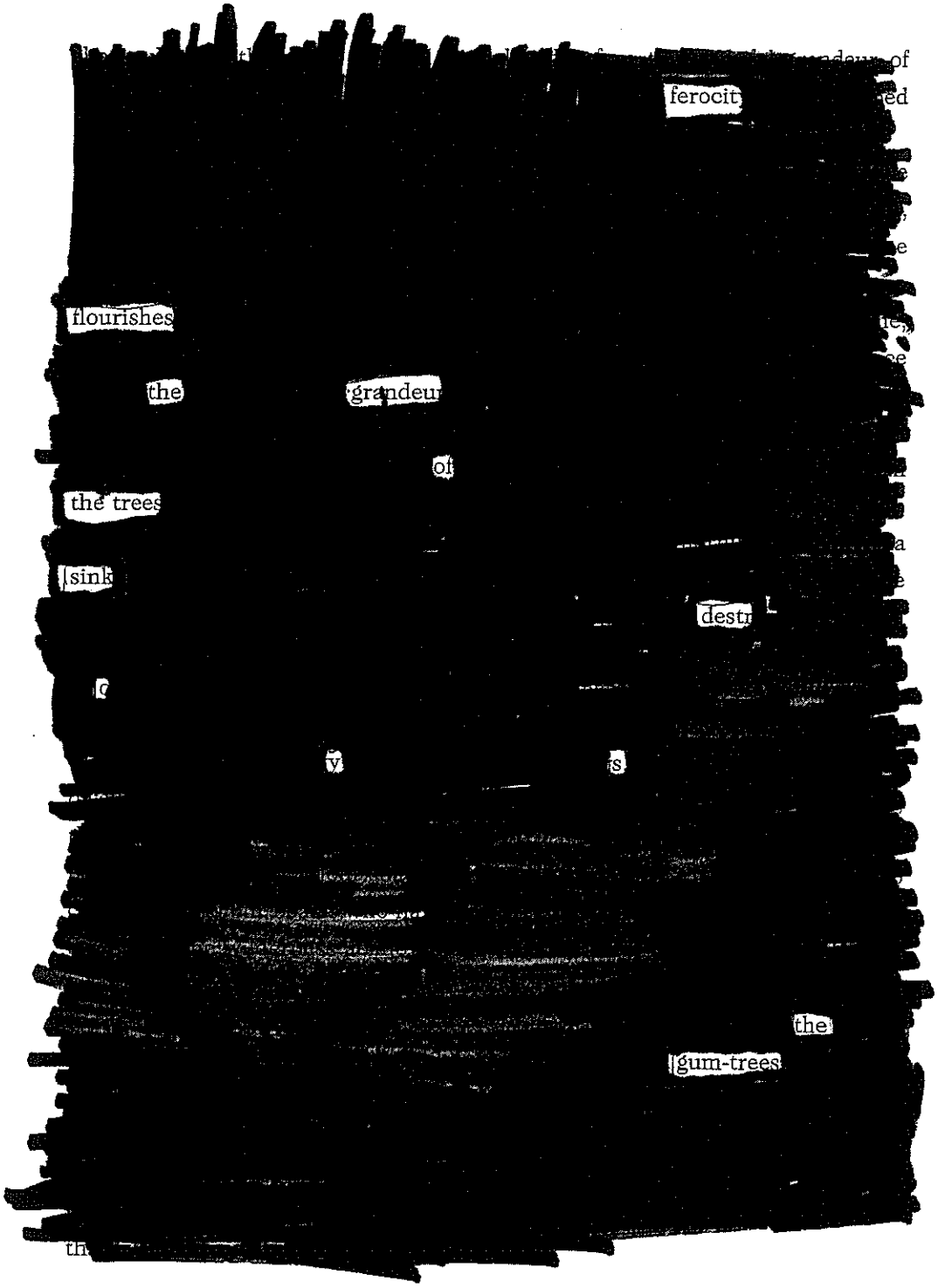


PARMIS AMIR

FIRS

You are permeated with sunshine

first impression which is gained of Australia in a long tra
Melbourne to Bris otony. I am tola
partly due en laid throug
belt least intere
is a scarce
dney to
day
an
Hundreds left behind,
journey
fade in like a dream
gloom
hinly scattered
en
and
and the
the energ
that ha urces withir
limits of the
In the wood clea rain where the pr
to kill trees is in extensive use, there stand patch
es have dropped, and of wh

Penelope. B

'Made green with the running of rivers,
And gracious with temperate air,'