

## **Microfiction Award Winners**

### **First Place Overall**

**Anthony Parissis, Year 12**

#### **And For My Next Act**

Plaster and fairy-floss fibre. Static hum-buzz echoes from blaring fluorescent lighting, lingering like a persistent salesman for a deceptively simple sideshow game. Triumph appears ephemeral. Already-naked eyes unclothe me. I am made to appear a sinner, immortalised in graphite by Medusa's stare. I hopscotch and prance, subservient to the ringleader's command; I limbo between hoops, that serve now as my deities. With every visit, though there are few, it appears that freedom slips further beyond the horizon. Perhaps one day my captivity will falter at the hands of a liberator, just as I do against the omnipresence of my admirers.

### **Second Place Overall**

**John Medalla, Year 11**

#### **The Apparition**

The moon nestled on the horizon. Fog settles upon the earthy scented fields. The scent of life still lingering on her gravestone, as if she's still walking amongst us. A delusion. No. An apparition appears before me. The fog ought to make a fool of me. O Angel of Death, take me into thine shivering embrace. The apparition takes shape of my beloved. Wife. Daughter. Mother. Such cruelties. Tying with my sight. Take me away. Haggard breathing draws closer, like coming to take the firstborn sons of Egypt, this body, free of lamb's blood on its doors. Take me away.

### **Third Place Overall**

**Joshua Booth, Year 11**

#### **Before Tomorrow**

A giant slowly falls behind the waves. A celestial god of swirling energy begins its descent into a new form. Nearing the event horizon, the sun places a hand on the arm of the unknown- But the sun refuses to extinguish now, in this moment, in this minute. The waves still need a light to guide their paths, the trees a glow to ensure their growth. Fingers of light grasp onto distant trees, and the slow rumble of a solar groan echoes over the earth. But the waves, so gentle yet so firm, push the light over the edge.

### **Primary School Winner**

**Dario Leotta, Year 6**

#### **We Must Flee**

Our boat bobs up and down, the rudder and motor squeaking in protest against an unseen current that swirls beneath us. We have one clear goal, to escape the people who want what little precious things we have left. Dark, ominous clouds gather over the horizon, silently waiting

to consume everything in their path. I clutch my sister's hand, and I think about all the things we will get once we arrive at this new land. Safety, security, food and water, but will we even make it there alive?

### **Principal's Award**

#### **James Sykes, Year 8**

Beneath the vault of emerald canopy, supported by cathedral limbs of red gum, light fractures into trembled tesserae. Each branch, a cantilever of memory. Each leaf, a parchment brushed by wind. The lingering scent of both decay and birth perfumes the sacred air, and across boulders glazed in lichen skin, a stream carves its silvery path into the horizon. Its hum is neither cheerful nor forlorn, but the eternal prayer of this breathing shrine. Underneath these forgotten constellations, where time is measured only by the treecreepers rhythmic peck, the heart remembers what the mind has lost. Thus, is nature's purity.

### **English Faculty Prize**

#### **Zachary Rapa, Year 10**

The boy lingered on the edge of the rocky precipice. The dark misty skyline lapped at his toes, veiling the ominous void below. His knees wavered in their sockets as fear numbed his legs, causing his body to oscillate as if it were drifting ever forward, subliminally called by a vague, unsatiable force. Paralysed as he balanced on the combating horizons of tangible fear and unconscious curiosity, he could take this torture no longer. He jumped. Blue light and warm water exploded around him. He smiled in relief looking up at summer rock-jump as he bobbed amongst the waves.

### **Academic Prefect Prize**

#### **Rohan Chang, Year 11**

I met a stranger. Seemingly a blank canvas, or at least the cliché goes something alike. To him, his canvas is overcrowded with colours of red, green, yellow, trauma, frustration, and anger. Perceivably invisible shades of the absence of a future on the horizon, and a dash of hands let go too soon. But in the corner, a faded drawing of himself, when he was younger, with dreams so big everyone called him crazy. Maybe they were jealous. But every time someone told him, the image faded quicker. And yet I couldn't see anything, not even a flick of paint.

### **First Round Winner**

#### **Patrick Elliott, Year 12**

I jolt awake after descending into this cold, barren room littered with dust. I stand on wobbly legs, shaking from the lack of use. My eyes strain, adjusting their vision to the darkness. I trace the edges of the walls. My fingers sting against the coarse, freezing wall. As my gaze focalises on the nebulous glow of light under the door, my feet come to a stop upon something soft. I kneel as my legs are cut with shattered glass bottles. My hands brush into her hair, and I hold her still hands. I cup my face, sobbing beside her.