

### **Grand Final Entries**

100 words or less

The action of “dissolving”

The word “remedy”

Written live under a one-hour timer

#### **First Place**

**Lucas Korth, Year 7**

##### One Word

One word: it can be everything, it can be nothing. One singular, miniscule word can change a life. Yes can mean everything. No can crush a soul, just like love can make a world. One word, big, small or that little bit in-between can all make a difference. Sorry can remedy an illness, a gap between friends. No can break a relationship, dissolve a ring in tears. One word has all the power. It can raise and it can raze. It can break and it can brave. One word, however small, however meaningless, however silly. One word is everything.

#### **Second Place**

**Liam Carroll, Year 12**

##### Limbo

Between Now and Then, I visit phantom's spin. Freed from shackles of synapse and bone, a waltz that never begins. Their wails exhibit, somehow completely absurd. Hating a world where a tree falls alone, but that tree is heard? Between Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow. Superfluous, ambiguous, free. Somehow filled with sorrow. A place where loneliness cannot thrive, a remedy for ghastly plans. Where phantom's tears fall through ghostly cheeks, and I'm joined in the Devil's dance. This world calls like a drug, behind eyes, ridicule prone. But ghosts can't reach and give a hug, so I dissolve in this place alone.

#### **Third Place**

**James Sykes, Year 7**

##### A Surreal Reality

When the world is hushed, and the moon reigns supreme again, a surreal reality is awakened from its deep slumber. Reality is dissolved in a cognitive vision, present, yet battling the mind's creativity. Tis' a remedy for life's humdrum conformity, when reality's conventions are dissolved in a puddle of endless possibilities and distorted memories. The brain weaves these thoughts, to an alien world, governed by imaginations powerful grasp. Where the improbable becomes possible, where norms are challenged, and reality dissolved. When daylight bathes the darkness once again, normality reclaims the throne, but the dreams' uprising, is inevitable to come.

#### **Primary School Winner**

**Ashworth Hilton, Year 6**

##### A Castle Once Greater

The petit sandcastles raised by youth. Each one a fable untold. How will this one unfold? One picturesque afternoon, born from sand is a masterpiece reflecting one's very soul. The care and wonder coming from the heart is evident in this work of art. Night wakes and the ocean caress the lone foundations. Weary insects make their abode. The dwelling becomes subject to much more. The sun and moon race, the burden increases, a clumsy hand, a squabble among swarms, no remedy for the test of time. The fading refuge now buckling, returns to the tide awaiting life once more.

### **English Faculty Prize**

#### **Joshua Booth, Year 10**

##### *The Dust*

As the dust covers our eyes, our souls, beguiled by our heavenly lit bricks, begin to dissolve. The dust begins to cover our ears, our souls, our bodies, in a one-sided battle against all of humanity. The body begins to dissolve too, the product of centuries of inactivity. The individual glances in the mirror – only to see a mindless husk. But there is no remedy for the dust. And so, when the sun engulfs the earth, driven by a final dying breath, there will be nothing left to conquer. For the dust is us, and we have no remedy.

### **Principal's Award**

#### **Lachlan Staber, Year 11**

##### *To Remember*

The ephemeral wind gave life to the rusted swing set. It sang, I remember, it sang. The tired grass danced to its dissonant song; I remember those days. Lonesome, it yearned for company, beckoned by the unbroken laugh of my youth. The sunlight painted the grass in the morning, its gentle strokes permeated the forgotten green. No remedy could halt to dissolution of my own memories. Like tears in the rain, each memory as valuable as the other, reduced to lifeless grey. I miss that swing, I ache for that grass, I desire that sun. I can't remember.