

Microfiction Award Winners

Grand Final Entries

The action of beholding and the word "portrait"

First Place Overall

Joshua Booth, Year 12

Purgatory

Blue eyes glint, warm sun filtering and refracting through the lens of your eyes and the camera. Blue sky backlights the remnants of brown hair, yet clouds encroach from the left. I cannot tell whether they will reach you.

Something's not right.

The glint is no sun, but the sheen of a plastic pane, held in place by unnatural wood. So, this is your fate. Not death – or life - but a state of limbo, where people can see you, but you can't see them. But perhaps the frame can keep your portrait safe.

Safer than I could keep you.

Runner Up and Staff Choice Award

Cameron Giang, Year 11

Seven Minutes

Seven minutes. They say the post-death brain shows electrical activity for seven minutes. They say it repeats the happiest moments of life; memories that are unforgettable.

Crumpling sheets on the cold bed of mortality ultimately grasp my heart. Hazy lights flicker, visible only through the translucent mortuary shrouds that cage me. One last time, I gaze into the fading memories of you. One last time, I behold your portrait, your smile. One last time...I bask in the glory of being with you.

With every fading pulse, every dying cell, every futile spark...I hope you are my seven minutes.

Third Place Award

Xavier Lines, Year 10

A Portrait of God

The pain and misery does not portray my God.
For my God does not live in the wickedness,
that makes rubble of a family home.
Nor in the grief
That makes a man scream with a desperate tone.
For it is not death, but life
That makes my God, a God to behold.
As inevitably, through ruin and devastation,
Will come a poppy, seeking salvation.
Through hellfire and plague this poppy will grow,
Until it stands tall upon the ruins, it once called home.
An image, worthy of the title
“A Portrait of God”

Primary School Winner

Joshua Wroblewski, Year 6

A Vaccine for Humanity

Immaculate when put amongst human domination, arrays of colours produced by so little a creature, even in the sick world we have moulded, with the self-image portrayed by human abnormalities. The only signs of nature are when, they call our attention, creating a portrait, so beautifully, it can have only been painted by God. All our kind needs are knowing that even in our world, such a creature can exist. A plethora of feathers scattered amongst their once home. Even after this, there are no signs of retaliation, no signs of punishment for our behaviour. Its, remarkable. Behold, the bird.

Principal's Award

Paolo Mirenzi, Year 10

To Behold the Fog of War

To behold the fog of war is not something many get to do. Those who do not are lucky. The orange sky of rage and the ashen sun of fury look down upon the carnage of conflict, who's purpose had long since been forgotten. A pointless struggle, it's arm painting portraits of despair using void coloured clouds formed of smoldering ships and the last

of all men's conviction. To behold the fog of war should never be wished upon a person. A canvas of unnecessary suffering and death. The last place you want to be when taking your final breath.

English Faculty Prize

Emile Roth, Year 6

Stained Glass, Stained Past

Elegant strands of gold dance marvellously on the intricate frame of the cathedral; what a sight to behold. I step in and look in awe of the stained-glass tapestries, radiating with the sun's glow. I didn't know if I had been staring at this building for a lifetime or just a second. Then, I notice ancient runes inscribed on the old dusty lectern. I approach and my palm grow sweaty. The runes flash blood red for a moment depicting a portrait of death and pain.

A dagger glints behind me; held by hands of shadow – “You shouldn't have come.”

Academic Prefect Award

James Sykes, Year 9

A Guide to Traversing Infinity

Does traversing infinity necessitate eternity?

The proposition appears self-evident. Behold an interminable bridge – to cross it would require immeasurable time.

Yet by simply clapping my hands this is refuted.

The action is asymptotically miraculous – an infinitum of intervals collapsing into a singular instant. For my palms to meet half the distance must be travelled, then half again, then half ad infinitum.

Between my fingers resides an infinite fractional procession, dissolving slowly into abstraction. Yet rebelliously against this never-ending motional palimpsest, sound is created.

Perhaps infinity is not a quantity, but a process woven into reality's portrait through every transient motion.

First Round Winning Story

The action of sketching and the word "forgotten"

Marcus Ng, Year 11

Hollow

The fluorescent lights hummed overhead, the murmur echoing between the constrained sighs of the billowing wind outside.

Mary slumped into her chair, the perforated back refracting the luminescence into a dull, jaundiced yellow glow.

The doctor had come and gone; eyes bleak with sorrow.

He'd broken the news to her.

And so, she wept. Her tears splashing onto the ground in a sorrowful symphony of melancholy.

Quietly.

Alone.

Forgotten.

As her womb still ached with the sketch of a soul long gone.

Teacher Winner Story #1

Andre Retrot, English Faculty

First Round Entry

Familiarity

Fingers and hands are notoriously difficult to draw...he had almost forgotten. Complex structures that change shape constantly, in a near infinite array of arrangements. But faces too, with their finite fragments of infinitude. The fine line between life and death, in a person, on paper, through the fallen fog of memory. Familiarity. Sat, like Banquo's ghost, at the family dinner table, her memory stitched nightly anew into the fabric of conversation. And now, like foreigners adjusting to the language of grief, they had begun to let their vowels gradually drop, until they'd learned to slur their way thoughtlessly through.

Teacher Winner Story #2

Andre Retrot, English Faculty

Final Round Entry

December

Here is the face I have earned. It came in at the edges while I wasn't looking, the way damp comes through the wall, or rust through cold steel. The scorn I set on it now sets on me. Dorian's poor traits, without the portrait.

I have always been one to cut off my nose to spite my face. Both wishes granted; both a mistake.

Behold the man who got exactly what he asked for. Without knowing what he'd get. Or what it would take.