

## Wild Goose Chase

By Delilah Cross

The teenagers sat on the wooden chairs. The chairs were breaking because of how bad the school's funding was. The majority of the class were swinging on the chairs though there was a select few who had pristine posture, like something bad would happen if they moved. One of those teenagers was Neve. She sat at the front of the class, where all the boys stared at her or at her work. She had two brown strands of hair that shaped the face, her jawline was sharp yet feminine. Her eyes were a chocolate brown, irises that dragged you into an ethereal dream. Neve started to zone out. The teacher's words started to slur together.

"Bing"

Neve's phone made a sound and she was brought back to reality. She swiftly took out her phone and put it back into a pocket before comprehending the message. Then a chorus of phones go off.

"Phone's away!" Miss Jury asks, frustrated that she had lost her train of thought. The chosen few that got the mysterious text were itching to get out of class. Even Neve wanted the class to end. Finally, the bell rang and a stampede formed and all of the students ran out. Five teenagers just stood to the side. There was Neve, Grayson, Riley, Eve and Charlie.

"We all know why we're here? Grayson asks.

"Yeah, the text, have you guys read it?" Eve replies. Everyone shakes their head, so Neve reads it out:

"Hello. I know who killed Daphne. Meet at the Rose Garden Park."

Everyone was flabbergasted. It had been ages since anyone had uttered the word 'Daphne'. The group looked to see Neve's demeanour change. Daphne and here were best friends, practically tied at the hip.

"We should do it" Neve says.

"Are you sure?" Grace asks, hugging her.

"Yes. we can leave now... but we have Maths next".

"More reason to go" Grayson joked.

Neve rolled her eyes. They came to an agreement that they would take Eve's car. They left school and ventured out. Eve was driving, Neve was in the passenger seat and Grayson, Riley and Charlie were in the back. Eve already knew the way to Rose Garden Park, so the trip was quick and peaceful. Around five minutes later, they arrived and sat in awkward silence for a bit. They each took a deep breath and got out of the car. Neve's hands were sweating furiously - she felt like invisible spiders were crawling up her back and it gave her anxiety. Eve shot her a look and Neve adjusted herself. Their phones went off again and they all simultaneously read the text aloud.

‘Meet me at the Heart Tree’.

“Oh, I know where that is!” Eve said, jumping with excitement. The group followed Eve across the rose garden and they were met with a fence.

“I don’t see a tree.” Charlie said.

“It’s over the fence” Eve riposted.

One by one they helped each other over and right in front of their eyes was a tree shaped like a heart. It was so simple yet so angelic. They all stood staring at the tree, until a boy around their age came out from behind the tree. He had silver-blond hair with hues of violet and blue created by the sunlight. They gave off a shimmer. His unique hair combined with his oval eyes, blue and piercing. He had a charming smile that masked evil intentions.

“Ajax?” Neve asked, with a lump of fear in her throat.

“Miss me sis?” the boy replied, smirking.

## **Belonging**

### **By Emily Ford**

In the dreamtime there was an eagle that flew in the driest of the outback. The coldest of the blue mountain, the bluest sea water and flew over a camp. One evening, he saw a little girl who was crying on the riverbank under a gumtree. The eagle landed as he heard the girl sobbing. The eagle thought long and hard over what to do. His heart broke because he could fix most things but not this.

He flew out of the gumtree with grace and flew across the lake. He spun in the air with such speed. At that moment the girl looked up while rubbing her eyes. The eagle landed next to the girl. The girl’s name was Khatia. She adored the eagle’s sharp orange eyes, the golden flakes in his feathers and how big and gloriously he stood. Khatia talked to the eagle while softly patting his silk feathers. The eagle understood every word and nodded as they looked over the still water. Then she turned around and asked “Why am I breaking? Why can’t I stand as tall and as gloriously as you? Please answer.” The eagle looked out over the water knowing that he was not as wise as he thought he was.

At that moment, the eagle dropped a little nut at Khatia’s feet and flew off. The girl took it as a sign and got some long grass and made a necklace. She wore it every day, knowing that she had a friend in the sky looking over her.

Little did Khatia know, the eagle was breaking. He was lost as he flew in the sky. It affects him. His sharp orange eyes have turned brown and lazy. His silk feathers have gone crazy and his previous way of standing gloriously has turned to tiredness.

On one warm sunny day, the eagle comes across a camp and sees a tall teen girl with fuzzy hair and a seed as a necklace. She walks around with a spare seed-necklace in her hand. He remembers that it was that same little girl that he met by the riverbank. She grew strong and brave - she did not recognise the eagle, the one who had given her the seed. She bent down and patted the eagle softly and gracefully. As she pats it she remembers the eagle and sees a dead little flower around its talons. She takes the eagle in and feeds it oats and grass seeds. After a week, the eagle is big and glorious again. Khatia puts a new flower around the eagle's talon and it flies away. The eagle thanks the little girl who he saved. He thanks her for saving him from breaking.