

Year 10 Creative Writing flash fiction winners

Kaitlyn Antrobus

wander – 22/04

he walked the empty isles of the old dim lit 7/11, trying to find something that would validate his trek out of the house at such an ungodly hour.

a pack of twisties and a slushie later, he sat out upon the curb, letting his thoughts wander, free from the confinement of his stress ridden prison.

he needed a moment to wander.



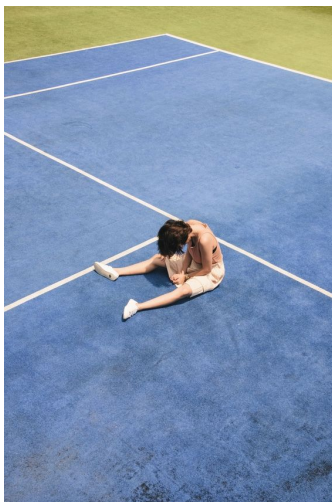
tennis ball - 20/04

sweat beaded at my brow, i could feel their stares burning holes into the back of my head.

every swing of my racket, hit of the ball was being meticulously watched, their stares riddled with judgement.

one wrong move, one single miss and back to the start.

i wasn't made to be their perfect athlete, just their son.

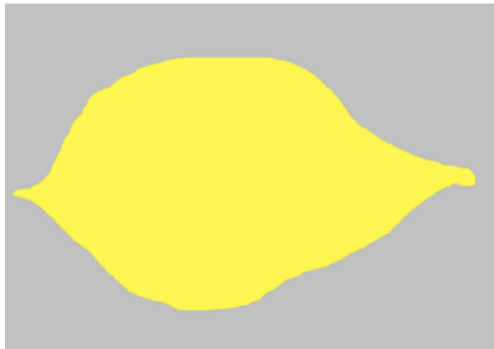


Atticus Gentry

Day 2

Word: Crush

Cave Johnson **crushes** lemons, because he doeSN'T NEED LEMONS. WHEN LIFE GIVE YOU LEMONS, MAKE LIFE TAKE THE LEMONS BACK. YOU DON'T NEED LIFE'S PITY. THROW THOSE LEMONS INTO A FIERY CHASM IF YOU HAVE TO. JUST DON'T LET LIFE GIVE YOU THE GODDAMN LEMONS.



Emily Waine

Tennis Ball

Is this all that I am? Just something to hit back and forth? Is this some kind of horrid sport, where people watch as I am violently whacked across a net? There has got to be more to a tennis ball's life.

Crush 21/4/20

I stomp over to my little brother's castle, which he had been working on all morning. Lifting my leg up above it, I drop my foot into the sand, crushing his hard work.

Wander 22/4/20

One foot in front of the other, gazing at all that mother nature has to offer. Reds, oranges and greens painted over my head on tiny leaf canvases gently whistle.

Relax 23/4/20

Air fills my lungs as I breathe in the warmth from the fireplace. My cheeky ball of fluff curled up on my lap purrs gently. I haven't had this in so long.

Brouhaha 24/4/20

"Brouhaha!" I exclaim. "You can't escape me!"
My pet turtle tries to munch on the cape I made him out of lettuce. I pat him gently on the head. Heroes need their lunch, too.

Tully Smith

Brouhaha

In my day I sure have seen some crazy things, but to see this young generation of girls' brouhaha over tic tacs or whatever they are called makes me indisposed.

Sofia Vlachou

Monday 20 / TENNIS BALL

In tennis, the most important thing is the ball. The fluorescent-vomit-coloured ball is your goal, your god, your very essence. It's considerably more difficult to consider it so when your dog is asphyxiating because of it.

Tuesday 21/CRUSH

The boy from class seven was everywhere. His shy eyes as he watched her from around the corner; his fingerprints on her locker... and his hands around her latest crush's neck.

Wednesday 22/WANDER

Where the narrow streets twist and turn to the point of discombobulation; where in place of rough grey roads are canals of glittering water, I wander around Venice and hope I never find my way back.

Thursday 23/TRAIN

In 1941, Hitler decided to take some time off being a dictator and took a train to Paris to visit the Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe and his idol Napoleon's tomb at Les Invalides.

Friday 24/BROUHAHA

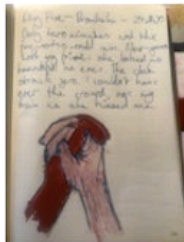
The goalie lunged – the ball flew – spectators leaned forward in their seats – the commentators' words ran like chased race-cars – gloved hands tried to catch – slipped – goalie fell – and the brouhaha erupted from the crowds.

Lucy Ahearn



Day Four – Choose Your Own Word – Topple – 23.4.20

We were just fifteen, when we fought the war. We weren't like the soldiers before us, in the old films, but kids instead. And we toppled down, along with the rest.



Day Five – Brouhaha – 24.4.20

Only two minutes and the fireworks would rain. New-years with my friend- she looked as beautiful as ever.
The clock struck zero. I couldn't hear over the crowd, nor my brain as she kissed me.

Alannah Burns

DAY 1 OF FLASH FICTION: TENNIS BALL



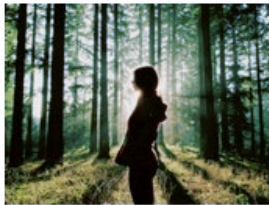
All it took was the tennis ball rolling onto the road. She ran to go get it and before we could even comprehend what had happened, she was gone forever.

DAY 2 OF FLASH FICTION: CRUSH



Psychologists say that a crush only lasts for four months. After that period of time, if you still have feelings for someone, your considered to be "in love" with them.

DAY 3 OF FLASH FICTION: WANDER



I wander through the earie forest for hours, stopping in a small, rain touched clearing. Tears well in my eyes as I go over the horrific events of the day.