

The Farm

By Kyan Cooper 7C

The calming breeze blows throughout the drought
ridden acreage of the old farm.

The rusty windmill turns in time with the birds
singing;
the sun fades into the night and the old woolly sheep
all find a place to rest.

The farmer's kelpies bark their last bark for the
day, as the old farmer finishes up in the yards.
The farmer stops and takes a moment; he grins with
pride.

Trumpet

By Thomas Hunter 7C

Golden sun,
Flowers bloom,
Colours bright,
Soft and sweet,
Calm and happy,
Majestic noise,
Surreal sound,
Valves sliding,
Flying free,
Heart and soul,
Gentle slumber,
Imagination,
It all comes as one when I play my trumpet.

Mountain Life

By Charlton King 7C

Early wake ups,
Cold crisp mountain air
Fills my lungs.
Short breakfast
Then,
Time to go.
A satisfying chill
Runs down my spine
As I hear the click
Of the boots
And the ski
Merge as one.
One push,
Gravity does the rest.
We are skiing on clouds
High above everyone.
Flow,
Style
And speed.
The only things
That matter out here.
The wind is calm,
Gently pushing me down
The slope.
The trees,
Solid figures
No movement
The snow,
As light
as a feather,
As white
as the paper I write on,
Fluffier
than a woolly sheep.
We are living in a dream.

Sick Sister
By Oscar Maloney 7C

I have a sister her name is Darcy.

Normally she is

Funny

Loud

Happy

Cheeky

But she is sick.

Now she looks like a zombie

With her ragged hair and her baggy eyes

And she sounds like a grumpy goblin

With her tired demanding voice,

she says poor Darcy, poor Darcy,

With a groan every now and then.

I have a sick sister

And she is no fun to be with.