

### **First Place**

Façade

by Christopher Elliott, Year 11

Two sides of the same coin. An object, its reflection. Verbatim, yet disparate. The two constructs brawl. Punching, kicking, biting, gouging, goring, the fight never revealing a champion. Stuck in an endless duel, each construct dissimilar. One, the belief crafted by society, meticulously formulated to conform with the masses, righteous, ridden with conviction and dogma. The other, representing the innate desire, the congenital yearning, suppressed by the shallow façade of its opposition. Hidden from sight, but its truth felt ever present. Both stuck eternally in the struggle of the mind, for there can never truly be one sole victor.

### **Second Place**

The Burning House

by John Medalla, Year 8

Engulfed in embers, the walls crumble like a house of sand. A million thoughts passing at the speed of light. The flames lick the door frames and the skies flooded with ashes and tears of lost souls. The house is no more, and I stand amidst the chaos. I lived. I lived amidst the truthful chaos in which we call life. The fire within seemed to burn brighter than the fires that surround me. I lived because I burned brighter. The lost souls, the stench of death followed me as I walked away from the rubble.

### **Third Place**

The Last Opportunity

by Charles Li, Year 7

Five seconds. Two consecutive numbers on the scoreboard. A ferocious beast with fierce eyes guarding my chance of victory. My hands gripped to the final opportunity. My heart, ramming my chest like a loose bull. The only chance for victory, to shoot. I raise the ball to the blinding lights. I flex my muscles. And launch. The ball soars swiftly through the air. My heart struggling to rest. Everyone waiting for the truth. The ball rapidly descending. Tension rising. Then darkness. My hope sinks deep into a void as I agonizingly glare at the screen of my dead phone.

### **Teacher Winner**

The Future of the Truth

by Mr Pat Rodgers, Teacher

It had been a struggle for some time now. Trying to maintain sales, attract advertisers and remain at the cutting edge of the industry had become increasingly difficult. The lurid headlines, sensationalised stories, the scandals – none of it was working. Was it time to stop the presses? What would happen to the hard-working hacks who had tried so hard to keep the news interesting? Was it time to roll out its last edition? If this was a post-truth world, was there a place for “The Truth” newspaper in it anymore?