

The Opera House

By Mackenzie Giddings

“Thunder boomed in the wheels of the cars and trucks as they sped across the Sydney Harbour Bridge. Our feet ached, yet we still plodded on. Gasps exploded from students, as we raced to the edge of the bridge. The Opera House was standing tall and imposing, with its massive shells of pearly white, almost like shields protecting the harbour. Gasps and clicks of cameras were all you could hear. Waves gushed as ferries chugged along merrily under the bridge.

Then from the Opera House fireworks exploded, firing out sparkles of pure awesomeness. Then a huge flaming firework dragon cracked and boomed in the air. It dove and swooped. It headed for us! Its glittery jaws snapped the bridge in half. We landed in the water next to a ferry and the driver let us scramble aboard. But the dragon was not finished yet! It swooped down and swung up showing its full wingspan. As it did it ripped into “. “Yeah, sure it did kid,” frowned the Doctor, shaking his head. “Next.”

I scowled. They never listen.