

Anthony Parissis, Year 10

1st Place

Discourse

A feeble mind on a narrow path. Naivety, a stakeholder in his fate. His destination, undetermined. His route, a product of an inability to decipher the cautiously crafted influences he encounters. A decision: a turning point will be the difference between enlightenment and misguidance. An illuminated exit, or a bleak continuation; an embodiment of the choices of those before him. Déjà vu. He's been here before. Led by an absence of clarity, he wanders the path of discourse. Steadily. Innocently. Curiously. Though his endpoint is unknown, he remains sure of his path. He's been here before.

Cooper Anderson, Year 11

2nd Place

Writer's Block

Writer's Block. A disease highly infectious among wannabe writers. Symptoms include the impulsive action of pulling one's hair to will their brain to come up with something...anything! It never works. A common sight is to see the desk lamps of infected individuals tauntingly illuminate the empty pages of paper on a writer's desk, taking sadistic joy as the writer tries to craft a story about a failed screenwriter. Ironic. It will soon join the volcano of failed ideas that spews out of the writer's tin can. Please don't witness such a sight. It is the worst disease, the writer's disease.

Jack Harrison, Year 11

3rd Place

Time is Eternally Present

The glistening nature of life itself illuminated my body like a giant beam of light. Every person meticulously crafting the picture-perfect life full of illumination. If time is eternally present, why does the mind create abstractions of the past, and future? We spend so much time crafting our lives to the tiniest detail that the experiences of life pass us by like a bullet train. We sit proud on our belongings as if they are an extension of our identity allowing materialism and superficialness to consume our bodies whole. When love, is the divine answer to true illumination.

Rory Rapa, Year 6

Primary School Winner

Only at Night

Only at night do bugs unite, fireflies illuminate the dark. Many with no thought for feeling, just getting their work done. Bees craft their hives, ants eat, build or play. Moths chase the light in the dark. And I say again, do they even think for a rest? Maybe, maybe not. No human will ever know. Some share a special bond, while others bring death's icy grasp upon each other. Caterpillar and butterfly, fly and spider. No one knows who rules the insect kingdom. Wonderful things happen at night, until it's morning again. And humans rule the earth once more.

Daniel Staal, Year 11
Principal's Award for Highly Commended

A Canvas

He morosely stared at the blank page. A canvas of white abyss. A desolate fortitude, it gloomed with the absence of ink. The paper observed his mouth ajar, and his eyes journeying into a realm of thoughtlessness. The overwhelming thought of choice; "Should I use a metaphor here? Should I put 'morosely' there?" He pondered. His mind abruptly illuminated. Words crawled and splattered into each other. Some danced together under the rain of his imagination. Some cowered in the dark corners of the paper, deprived of harmony. The divine creator of the page, he crafted life out of emptiness.

Jackson Byak, Year 7
Special Merit Award

Warship

The ship grew closer, piercing fear into the hearts of the townspeople. The sky, an ominous grey, weeping raindrops and blowing turbulent winds from offshore. The people began crafting conundrums of what the warship would bring: thieves, pirates, perhaps the fate of this town. The once full streets now remained barren and deserted, a singular lamp attempted to illuminate the town, cowering in shadows and hiding in fear. The ship neared the docks as people caught their breath. It came ashore and blasted a malicious horn. A man appeared from the towering ship and a gunshot rang out.

Joshua Wang, Year 8
Special Merit Award

Illuminator

It was dark, he must move quickly. Lightning illuminated the dark sky in short bursts. He moved swiftly, his hands moving in a graceful and practised motion, crafting his weapon, preparing himself for the battle ahead. Danger approached. He finishes his sword, ready for battle. He treks into the wilderness, trudging along the footpath, making his way to Duchun-Loo. As he progressed, his subconscious tells him that his enemies were too. He raced on, the glint of his sword sparkling in the now clear moonlight. As he arrives at Duchun-Loo, he senses his enemy, ready to fight.

Louis Forbes, Year 9
Special Merit Award

Hope

Hope, the essence of our survival. Each day we're woken by the sound of violence hoping it will all go away. We sit at the end of our large table crafting letters we hope will be received. Waiting in our home, which feels as empty as the hearts of the opposing soldiers, illuminated only by the flickering of kerosine candles. Rooms left untouched waiting for them to come home. They will, I know, I hope.