

St Pius X College Chatswood



MICROFICTION

A selection of entries and illustrations

2022

In 2022, St. Pius X College students were invited to enter a tournament that celebrated creativity and brevity in written compositions.

This was the first edition of the SPX Microfiction Competition, an initiative of the English Faculty which comprised of two rounds in Term 2 and 3. Students were asked to write an original narrative of 100 words or less while utilising set words and actions within their piece.

This is a collection of some of those stories – an anthology of student and teacher writing, complemented by student illustrations supported by the Visual Arts Department.

Round 1:

Required Word – “Saga”

Required Action – “Catching Something”

Round 2:

Required Word – “Truth”

Required Action – “A Struggle”

Authors

Year 7 Charles Li

Year 8 John Medalla
Christopher Schuller
Liam Godfrey
Aidan Lindsay

Year 9 Robert Oner
Sam Cooper
Anthony Parissis

Year 11 Christopher Elliott
Alexander Young
Angus McConnell

Year 12 Christopher Zilifian
Tristan Williams

Teachers Ms. Frances Doyle
Ms. Annie Bryant
Mr. Pat Rodgers
Mr. Ryan Balboa

Illustrators

Year 7 Samuel Bewley
Harry Moran

Year 9 Max Lynn
Jaydon Aropoc
Liam Robinson
Josh du Moulin
Lucas Halim
Dominic D'Souza
Will Grant

Year 10 Fergus Fung
Max Lenton
Darcy Taylor
Tadhg McGrath
Ewan Murphy
Xavier Dwyer
Tiger Hart

Judges

Cody Choi, Christopher Zilifian, Elliot Cooke
Year 12 Academic Prefects

Editors

Mr. Daniel Quilty – English Coordinator
Mr. Frances Doyle – Visual Arts Coordinator

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.



Illustration by Max Lenton Yr 10

The Impossible Decision

by Robert Oner, Year 9

What can I do in an impossible situation? If I tell the truth, they'll kill me. If I lie, if I take the fall for those who tried to kill me, how could I possibly live with myself? I can't let them have the pleasure of seeing me sent to jail by the system they orchestrated. What about my family? My wife? My children? What will happen to them if I go to jail? I love them with all of my heart and soul. But what can I do?

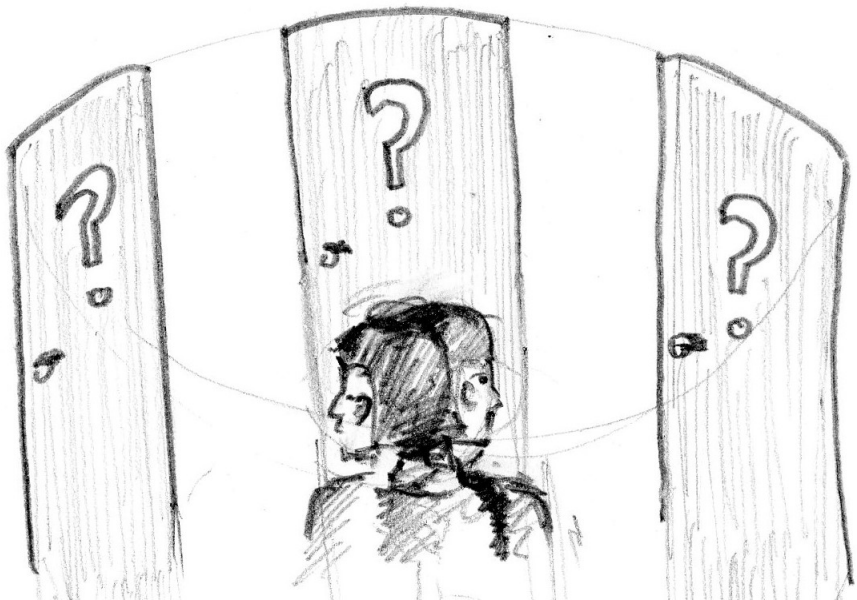


Illustration by Fergus Fung Yr 10

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.

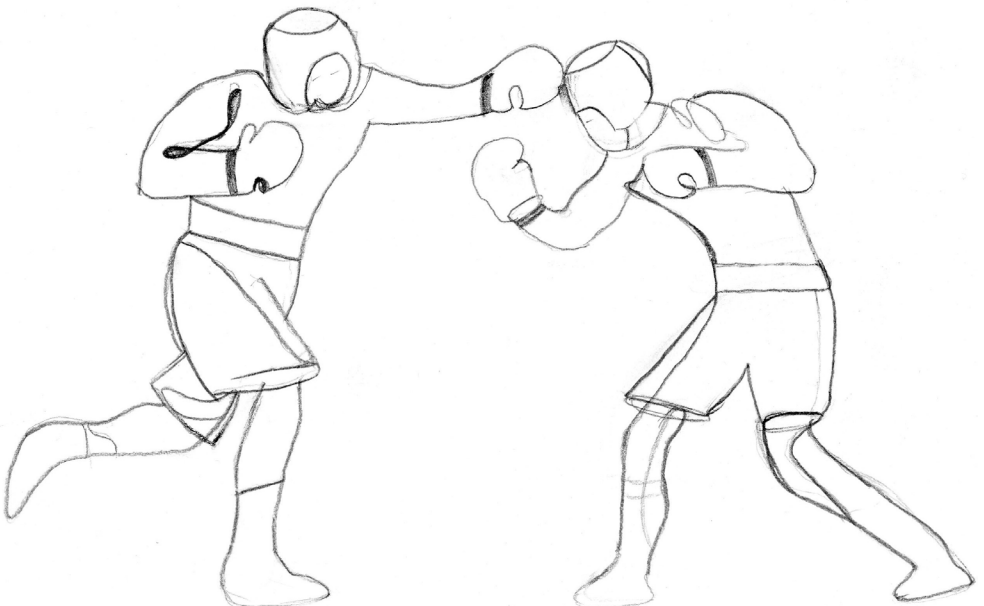
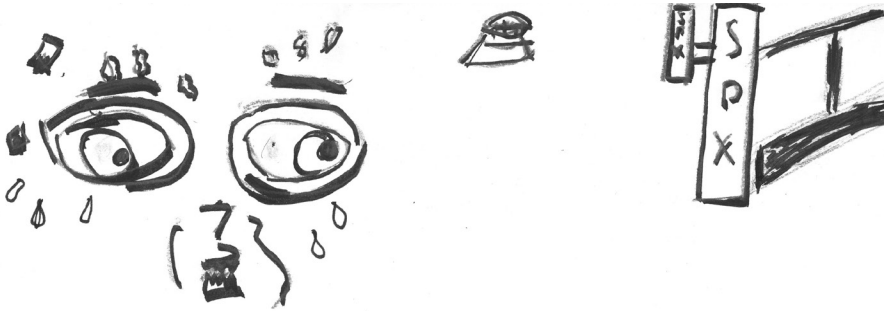


Illustration by Darcy Taylor Yr 10

The Final Kick

by Sam Cooper, Year 9

The sound of thousands of hands clapping deafened the senses of all around. Banners, pompoms and flags held high by the faithful. 90 minutes of gut-wrenching running, ferocious tackling and highflying marks. I looked around in admiration, the spent bodies of my teammates, the tears on the fan's faces. I hobbled to the top of my mark, limbs numb, heart racing and feet aching. We needed a goal. Fear gripped me, I couldn't move. I froze. What if I missed? I tried to calm myself down, but the truth continued to dawn on me.



Morning Quiet

by Ms. Frances Doyle, Teacher

The milk begins to heat up and I angle the metal jug and watch the froth. A lockdown gift to myself, a morning coffee now routine. I like to sit on the verandah while the world is still waking, sip and look at the sky, before the busyness, the daily sagas. The kookaburras have been awake for a couple of hours, the sun just peeping over the horizon. The workmen have arrived next door and I listen to familiar shouting, cajoling, laughter and a new sound, singing, calling, what language? A call to prayer, strange and comforting.



Illustration by Tadhg McGrath Yr 10

Cool Relief

by Ms. Annie Bryant, Teacher

Saga fled along the burning embankment, snagging his soft belly skin on the fallen barbed fence. The roaring wind that had caught his breath in a strangling seared choke, had passed and there was now an eerie quiet. The earth was ashen bare. He must find cover and water for his flaying body. Had that crazy animal also made it through? He listened hard for the insane laugh and suddenly it was upon him. The huge beak swooped and took him skywards. He twisted and swelled his mighty blackness till finally released, splashed, saved in cool relief.

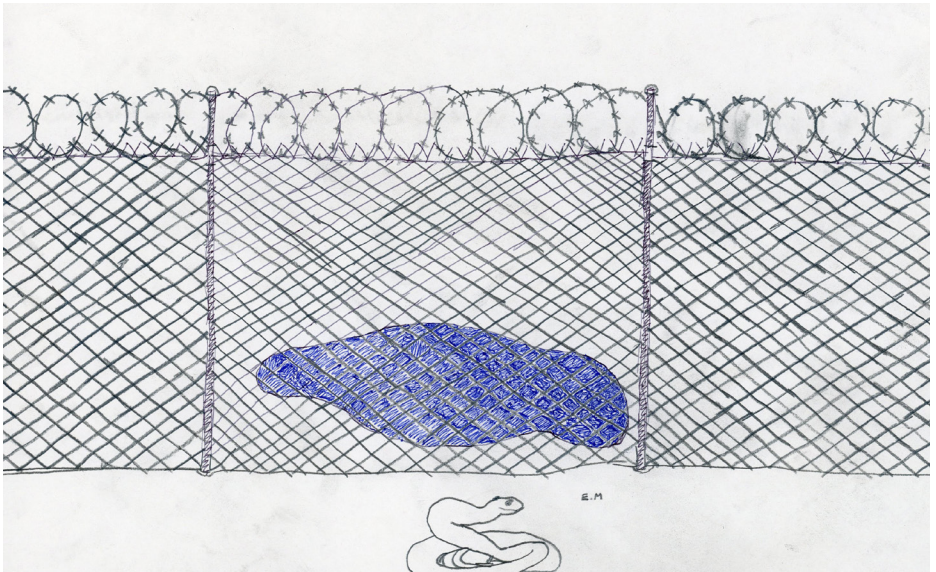


Illustration by Ewan Murphy Yr 10

Chasing Stars

by Alexander Young, Year 11

The stars always sparkled so brightly away from the city. His hair gathered dirt as he rested, eyes glued to the bright night sky, dreams of chasing stars consumed his ambitions until they became his reality. The whistle of a shooting star blasted him through the clouds, leaping desperately from one cloud to another, teeth gritted, as he reached out extending his body, grasping...nothing. The dirt still covered his hair, his body still rested facing the sky. All that had changed was the sullen look of realisation on his face, his saga was ending, dreams were always dreams, not reality.



Illustration by Liam Robinson Yr 9

Victim to Captivity

by Angus McConnell, Year 11

The streets became a habitat for decay and overgrowth. The absence of humanity was apparent, it was snatched from under our feet. We became trapped in a cage that was once seen as a home, now a prison. The saga of days turned into weeks and felt like years, yet human interaction felt like yesterday. We have changed, living life was once seen to be free. Our minds have built up a wall, trapping us from the world. Humanity has caught Covid 19 and become a victim to captivity.



Illustration by Tiger Hart Yr 10

Hum-Buzz & Wet Carpet

by Anthony Parissis, Year 9

Some say there's no escape. Infinite levels...infinite possibilities...infinite struggle. A realm where time will warp into nothingness. Where the truth about our world becomes unrecognisable and distorted. A place so incredibly familiar; almost the physical embodiment of déjà vu. The rules of reality don't apply here. The senses only recognise the stench of moist carpet and fuzzy footage of pale, mono-yellow walls, and the background noise of the maximum hum-buzz of fluorescent lights; a sound obnoxious enough to drive anyone mad. God save you if you hear something lurking in the shadows, because it sure has heard you.

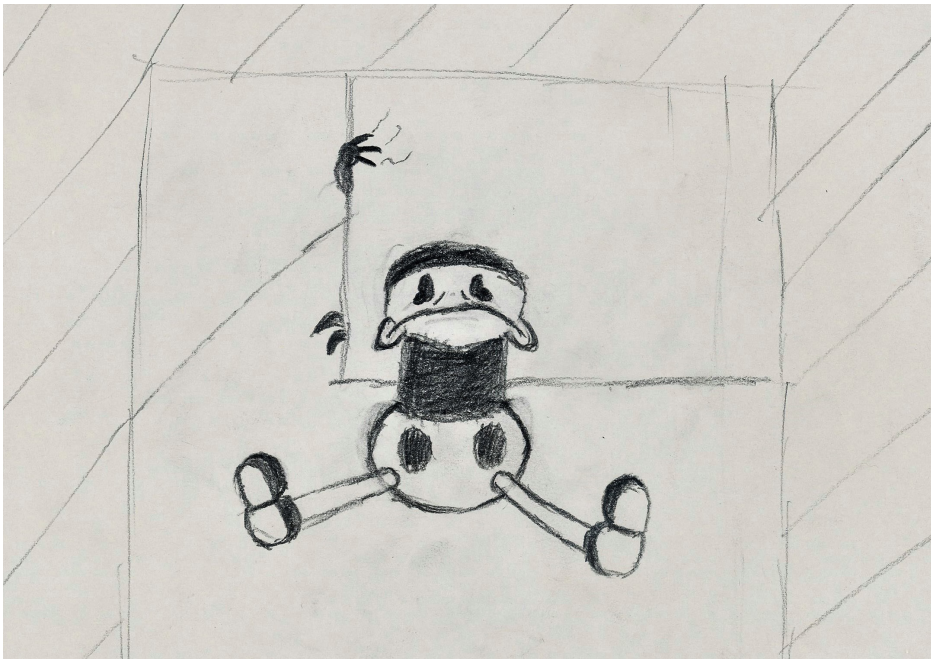


Illustration by Xavier Dwyer Yr 10

Coming His Way

by Christopher Schuller, Year 8

The night was dark, and the moon was nowhere to be seen. His heart was beating faster than ever as a tall, thin figure rose its arm. He felt like he was in a horror saga, as the cold wind rushed up his spine. How did he get here? Who is that in the distance? What do I do? There were so many unanswered questions. The man let go and the object rushed towards him. He didn't know what to do until it landed into his hands. "Nice catch," exclaimed his dad.

Illustration by Harry Moran Yr 7



The Search

by Christopher Zilifian, Year 12

Unable to see the pavement underneath my feet. I was nervous in the big crowd. I had to push all my fears away realising what had to be done, realising the saga that must be completed. No questions asked. I continued constantly scanning, waiting, hoping. That's when I caught it, or you could say it caught me. It caught my gaze and wouldn't let go. My mind zombified as nothing else would even turn my eye in the slightest. There it was in all its glory. St Pius X College.

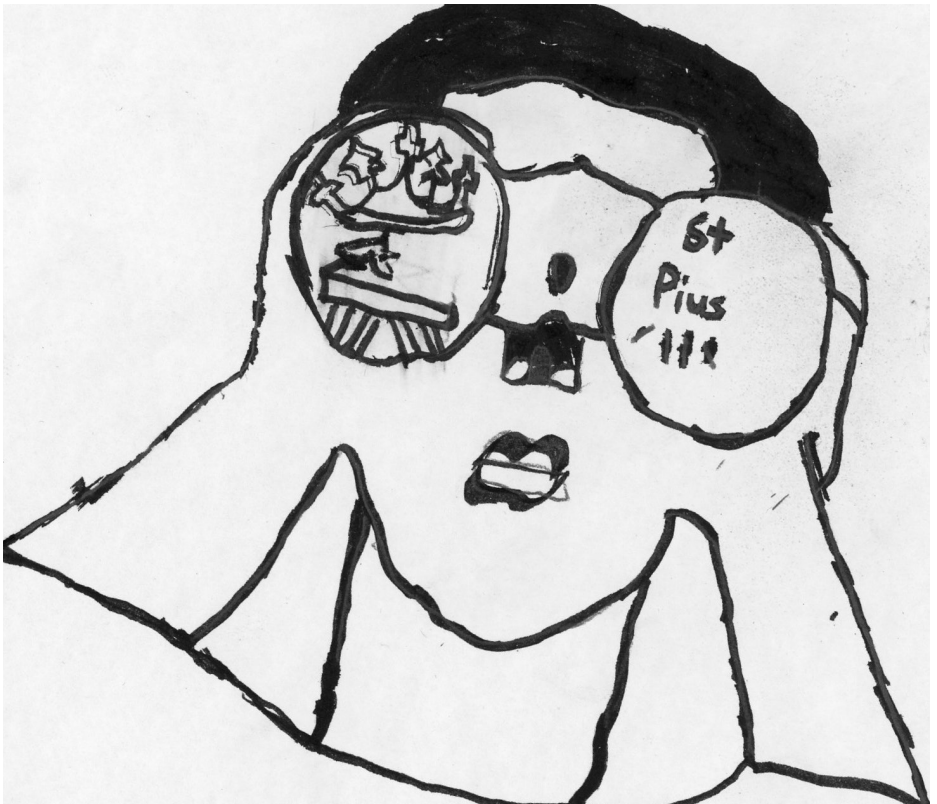


Illustration by Josh du Moulin Yr 9



The Fishy Anecdotal Adventure

by Aidan Linday, Year 8

The bird softly chirped in the centre of the forest bordering the picturesque lake. Larry was the only person who heard it, gripping his lime rod glistening in the sunlight. Then something caught on, a great gargantuan. Larry held on desperately until the fish came out of the water, right into his grip. A saga of emotions, elation and euphoria, but not without worry. He perambulated to the whimsical worker and sold his feisty fish and not without many watching him. He went to the marvellous lake, as blue as the sky where the bird chirped, a fishy story flowering.

Illustration by Lucas Haliim Yr 9

Deadly COVID-19

by Liam Godfrey, Year 8

The disease called Covid-19 can be caught as easy as a ball. The saga of events that give it to you could be longer than a giraffe's neck. The sickest of victims to the ones who can't feel it. Which one shall you be? Will you be stuck on the couch or up and about? Will you be unable to eat or gorging on a feast? Will you be longing for end or enjoying Covid's path of bends? The real question is, will you catch the dastardly disease called Covid-19?



Illustration by Samuel Bewley Yr 7

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?

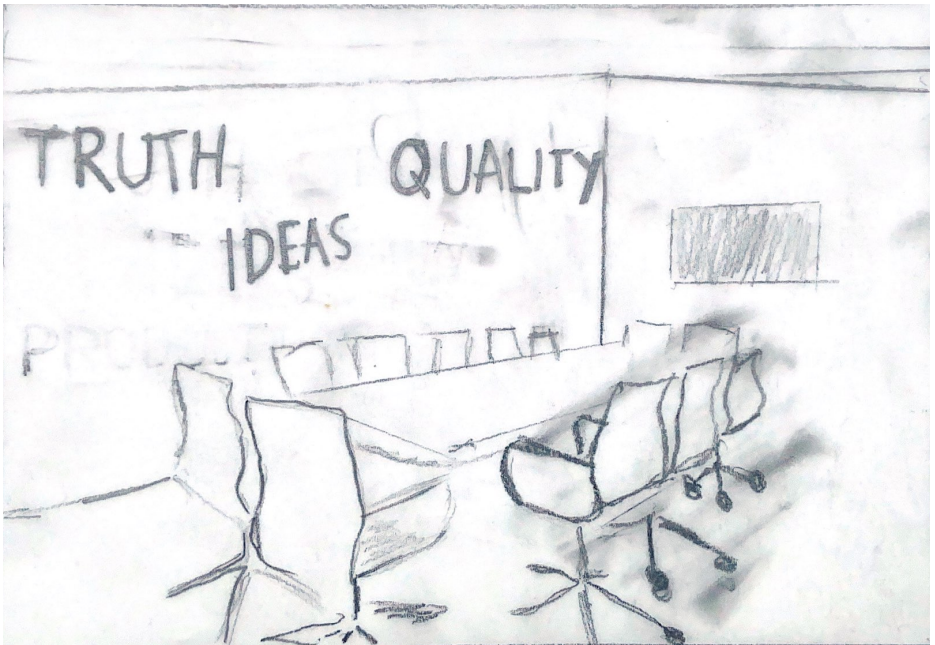


Illustration by Max Lynn Yr 9

Catching My Breath

by Mr. Ryan Balboa, Teacher

A lifeless smokescreen enters my memories. Whole sagas once enshrined as reverie now fast fading. The once sure foothold of my judgment crumbles – past truths struggling against the harsh, indifferent measures of the realm in which I exist. Disoriented, I take the leap into the known enemy that is my mind. A gasp of air. Questions of logic are dispelled by mind's sensory foes, as dreams catch doubt's soldiers once again. In a moment, another battle will be waged, to be sure. Breath's rallying cry, its rise and fall, eternally continues as mind and heart clash once more.

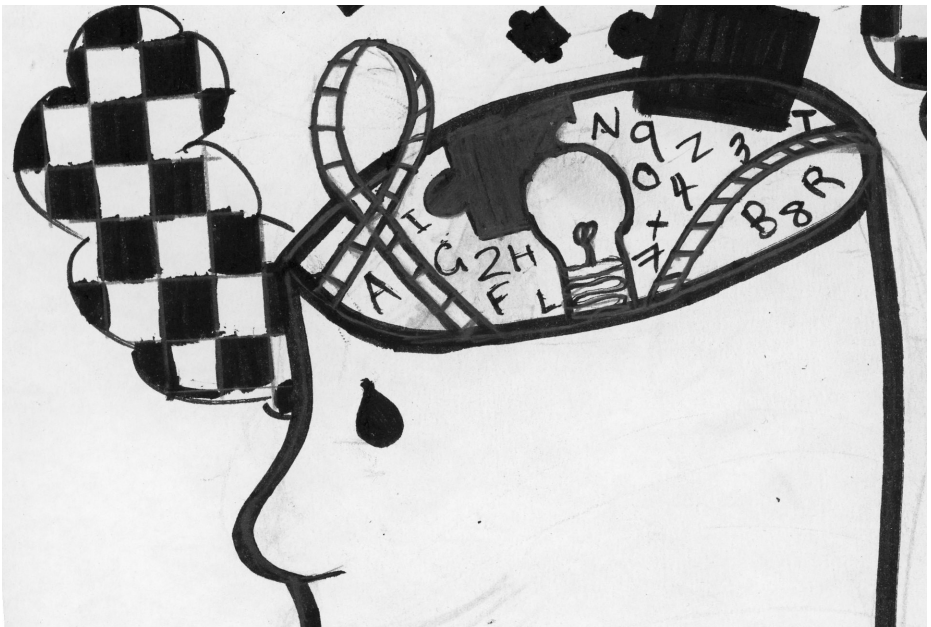


Illustration by Dominic D'Souza Yr 9

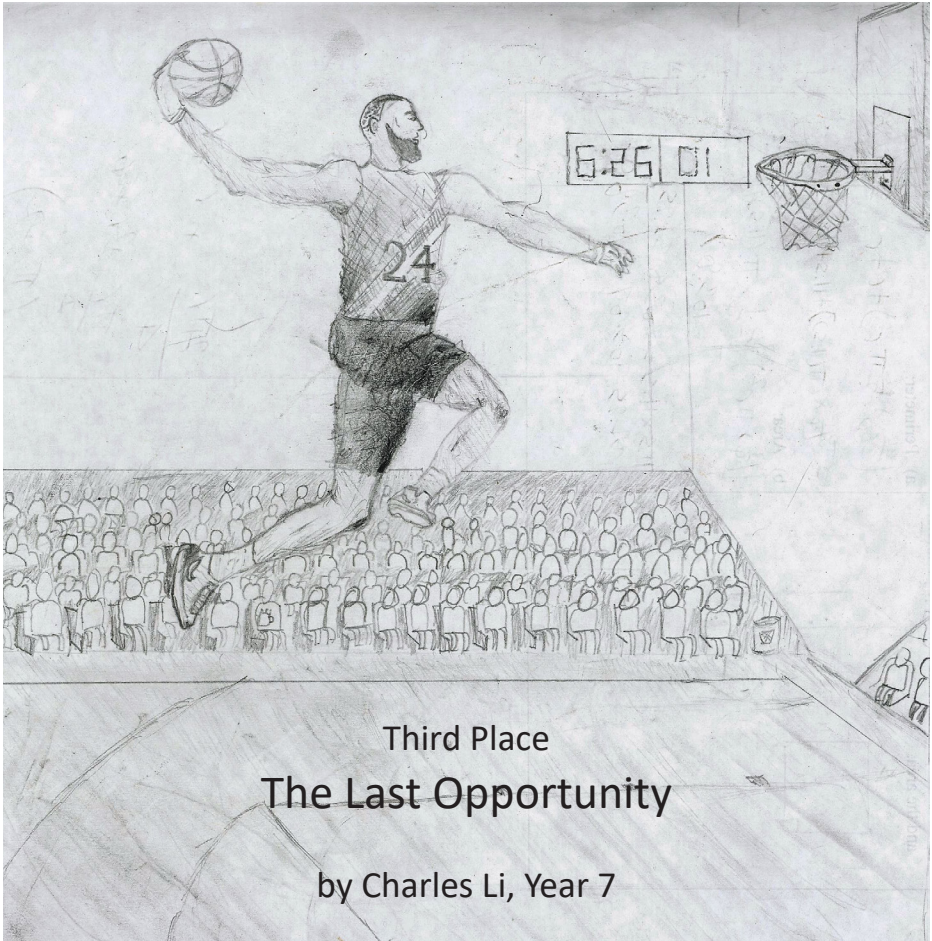
Pulling Through

by Tristan Williams, Year 12

People say tug a war is a kid's game. Nah mate, it's my career. We've prepared years for today. The Noble Knot-the-Knooses versus the Wonderful Windsor Notes. "Take your strains! Pull!", the veins pop through our forearms as we grasp the rope, but it flies to their side. "1,2,3 heave!", I scream. Every time, the rope pulls towards us. "1,2,3 Heave!", "1,2,3 Heave!", "ONE MORE! 1,2,3 HEAVE!", I belt. The ribbon flies across the line. We won! "You cheats! Fess up! Tell the truth!", bellows their team! "We won fair and square", we echoed through the streets. "It's a career!"



Illustration by Samuel Bewley Yr 7



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.

Illustration by Will Grant Yr 9



Front cover artwork: Harry Moran Yr 7
Back cover artwork: Samuel Bewley Yr 7



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