

ROUND



Edition 1, 2020

ABOUT

*This issue is
poetry in motion*

Art
Short Stories
cartoons
poetry
Reviews
Meg Ryan

And more....

Editor's Note

Hey guys! What a year 2020 has been! Pandemics! Isolation! Online schooling, US elections and Trump mail fraud! Whew! You made it GCCers!

In this edition we are privileged to have Gemma Doolan's striking artwork on our front cover and thrilled to have Molly Stager's staggering artwork on the back cover (pardon the pun).

This year was all about vision. We were challenged to look at the world stage, then closely at ourselves. In these pages we also celebrate our bordering on obsessive love of machines and screens.

Like many this year, we have experienced loss. Roundabout lost two valuable editors in Lauren Elliott and Angel Tagget, who both contributed since Year 7. Roundabout wishes them both all the best in their future endeavours.

This issue is Poetry in motion! Our pages are absolutely chockers with poetry from our courageous and creative Year 8 writers. We also feature the talents of cartoonists, student artists and our enterprising reporter, Saffron Ripps, chased down an interview with American Indie artist, Meg Myers.

A huge thank you to all our talented and generous contributors this year!

I'm happy to announce that Clara Cini looks geared up to be next year's editor so if you'd like to publish your creative work, let her or Ms Smith know. Stay safe everyone, Merry Christmas and happy holidays!

Editor Cassie Smith



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Cover artwork: front: Gemma Doolan; back Molly Stager

Roundabout is a student produced publication which is 10 years old this year. It is made for students by students and represents contributor's interests. If you want your voice heard, or your work published, you must contribute! We love to showcase original artwork, cartoons, photos, reviews, interviews and creative writing. Send your interest or contributions to Ms Smith csmith1@cns.catholic.edu.au.

Thanks to Kat Alder and Nav Batth for art contributions, Teresa Turner for poetry, Trevor Milevskiy for technical support, Julie Nicolau for proof-reading and Harper Wiles for endless enthusiasm.

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Layout: Cassie Smith



2020 GRADUATING CLASS

Remember when...

we didn't need to
study for an exam.

Slain came
from France!

Brody Tokyo
drifting

Mr Sugar's Coldplay
science music video

Wheeling Brody's
Wheel Chair

↑
Slain left
to France

██████████ when Travis ran into
the fence playing handball
and broke it with his ██████████ A**

Posters of Rat
Jordan.

Sam cried in grade 7 because his iPod
touch got taken away

Slain slapped Kate in face

Luca dropped a
bomb at grade 10
camp and it filled
the toilet to
Overflow.

Mr Worrell's
Year 10 Religion

↑
YES

Do it in a dress

Former editor, Georgia Ryan, tells us why GCC students have been doing it in a dress.

As students of Good Counsel, we know that knowledge is power and education is invaluable.

Unfortunately, not everyone has the opportunity to receive an education. The Do It In A Dress Campaign is a fun and unique campaign that calls on everyone to put on a school dress to raise funds and awareness for girls education!

The Year 12 girls felt passionate about this cause, showcasing our One Girl School Dress to the school community in Term 4. Our mission was to share the importance of education for girls in Sierra Leone and Uganda.

We are so grateful for the support given in order for this fundraiser to be a success. Overall, our school team 'Dressed for Success' raised \$1,973 for this incredible cause. We cannot wait to see the tradition continue for years to come. Hopefully we can see some boys in the dress too! Do It In A Dress, for those who can't!



L-R top - Shadae Hunt, Molly Stager, Tamara Jeffery, Mashayla Landouw, Bethany Maguire, Carly Venables
Front - Sharol Antony, Laura Van Haaren, Georgia Ryan

MACHINELOVE

AN ODE TO MINECRAFT BY LEO LOR

Seeking an adventure

An escape from reality

To get rid of the boring days

The days of regularity

He turned to a game

The grass green and luscious

The sun golden with a glistening glow

You hear the swords clash

And the tightening of the bows

You hear the clock tick down "DING!"

You run off into a nearby house

As everyone else guns

The smell of sweat

The taste of salt

They clench their shields

As they bolt

Potions in hand

It all comes to a halt

When you hear treading on the sand

And remember your one fault

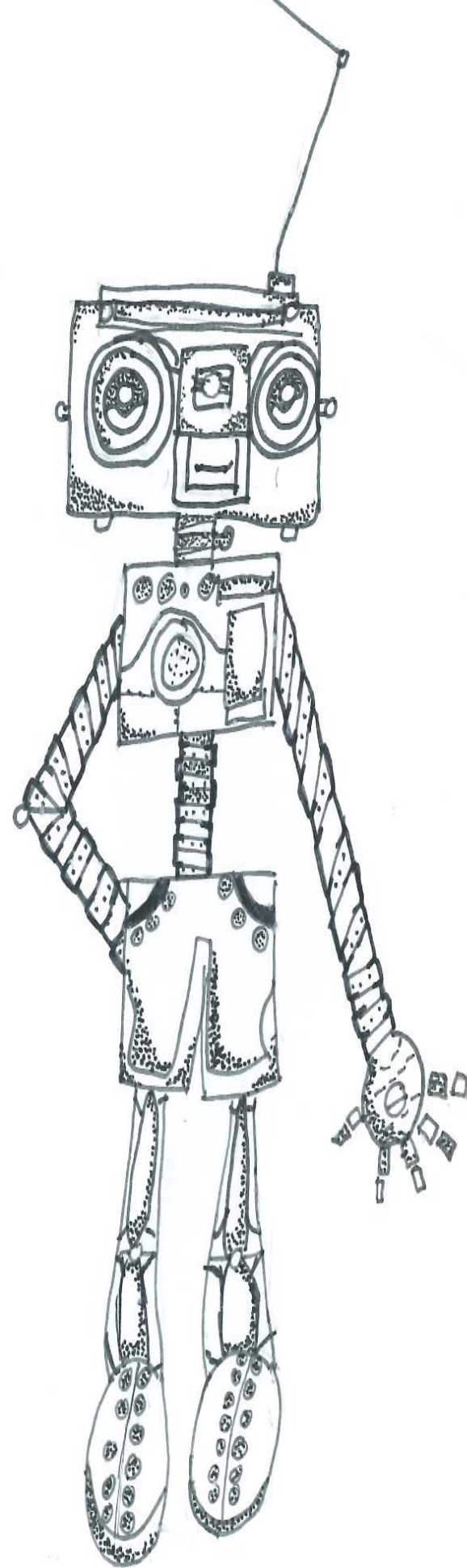
The fact that you suck at PVP

You see your hearts drop to zero

You scream out nonsense like
"What the hell dude!"



As you see that in chat	It's you who decides, not me
They had typed "get rekt noob"	Tame a dog
You sigh and switch to single player	Invite a friend
A calmer environment	You could set off on an adventure
With endless possibilities	And travel to the end
The place you go for enlightenment	Mine for jewels
You want it you got it	Raid a fortress
A castle or a kingdom	Make a pool
No bounds, no worries	Always try your best
Just you and your freedom	Satisfied and rested
To do whatever you want	Cool calm and collected
To create or destroy	You feel all stress lift out of your body
It doesn't matter who you are	
Whether girl or boy	You log off for the day
It's your sand box	You go to bed
You are the god of that world	You tuck yourself in your sheets
Whether it is turned into a waste-land or not	You lay down your head
Only you can tell	You've found your own adventure
You could build a simple house	Your escape from reality
Or terraform a mountain	Gone are the boring days
You could build a mutant mouse	The days of regularity
Or an old enchanted fountain	
Anyone killed the ender dragon?	
Or redesign a tree	
You could go kill a dragon	



E. Rosendahl

MACHINE LOVE POETRY FRIDGE BY CALEB MCEWAN

I was born in Harvey Norman,
And I provide food and drinks for people,
People normally dress me up in paper and magnets,
And am a miracle sent from GOD,
I keep life thriving and growing,
I am always Freezing cold like Antarctica,
Sometimes I taste amazing other times Horrid,
Especially when Zain cooks,
I am 7 Years old on the 14th of September,
I always need energy and sometimes I leak,
I cost a lot of money but am worth it,
I love my family they take care of me,
And clean me yearly,
And I never go through puberty.

By Caleb McEwan



From dannygregory.wordpress <https://www.pinterest.com.au/pin/177118197819249487/>



MY WATCH BY NOAH REDDING

The Watch of God as comfy as can be

Made for a good soul but got me.

I wear it every day from dawn to dusk

My watch is part of me it sits on my arm

It is immobile and as still as can be

I do not know how old it could be

3? 4?5? Beats me!

I often wonder what is behind the watch

Is it a land? or a city? or is an old man?

If it were a city the people would work

Changing the time every second

If it is a land, well that is neat

Hopefully, it has lot of flowers and bees

Or if it is an old man in his tower

Changing the time every hour

If this watch broke

I would be enraged

Flames coming out of me Like the fire from beneath

I would be angry to the end of my days

Crashing, smashing, tearing, wearing,

That is why I keep my watch safe

Because if I do not the world will not be safe

From me.

CARS

Cars go Vroom, Vroom

Like a Rocket going to Mars like Zoom,
Zoom

If you see me on the highway get out of
my way

The speed I go is faster than a lightning
bolt.

The amount of volts travelling through the
car

is like me tasting caviar

Cars go vroom, vroom

My glasses

They rest on the bridge of my nose

coming along with me wherever I go

My glasses protect my eyes like a mother
protects her child

The rims are black like the vast night sky

The lenses are round matching the pupil of
my eye

Anonymous

MACHINE LOVE

TELESCOPE BY JORJA MANSFIELD

"Star Trails" by gfhedickinson is licensed with CC BY-SA 2.0. To view a copy of this license, visit <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/2.0/>

I slowly stride outside while above a million fairy lights
twinkle down at me.

I carefully place the lens against my eye and ask the
telescope,

‘Where are we going tonight?’

But the telescope doesn’t need to talk,

It just grabs my hand and whisks me to unknown
places.

Together we gaze upon the colours and lights that are
smeared across the sky.

Scorching, scattered suns.

Frozen, forgotten dwarves.

Spinning, solar systems.

Silent stars slowly drifting, drifting, drifting.

The telescope shows me the quasars and nebulae, com-
ets and meteors.

We admire the empty parts that come with the over-
whelming parts.

It’s a rocket, taking you to the edges of the galaxies.

The inside is a projector,

presenting a show of lights and colours for the onlook-
ing eye.

Then, with a single movement,

it’s over.

AA BATTERY: POCKET OF POWER

Its life is short, yet useful you see.

It is full of electricity.

It fits inside a perfect slot

It makes our lights turn on and off.

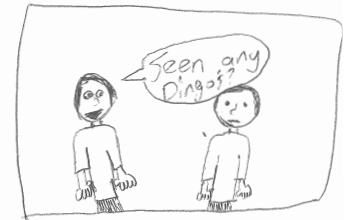
Its power is strong, but it’s life is
brief.

And when its gone there is no grief.

By Matilda Jensen and Cassie Smith

ONE DAY AT THE ZOO

Dingo



Lin

Giraffe



By Xander Sutton

PING

YOU HAVE BREATH ON THE DAY OF 27 OF 8 2020
AND OPEN YOUR EYES OF THE DAY OF 28 8 OF
2020

I HAVE YET TO GET TO KNOW YOU, BUT I KNOW
YOU'RE EXCITED TO PLAY AGAIN BUT SOON YOU
WILL PLAY AGAIN

SO NOW YOU KNOW YOUR PURPOSE I WILL MAKE
IT A REALITY AND WIN WITH YOU AS MY TEAM-
MATE

YOU HAVE GREAT CONTROL AND POWER

I WILL TEST YOU NEXT TIME WE PLAY SO YOU
CAN UNLEASH YOUR POWER AND VICE VERSA VIA
PRACTICE AND MUSCLE MEMORY TILL WE ARE LINKED

TABLE TENNIS BAT WITH MARK FIVE RUBBER YET TO
BREATHE TO PLAY TO FIGHT TO WIN TO SEE

TABLE TENNIS BAT, THAT WILL BREATHE WHEN I
HOLD YOU, YOU HAVE A PURPOSE A LIFE SET

I WONDER IF YOUR ACCENT WILL BE POSH OR
ROUGH OR BIT OF BOTH OR A NEW ONE

I WILL GUIDE YOU TO VICTORY AND VICE VERSA
BOTH OF US WILL WORK TOGETHER

YOU ARE YIN AND YANG YOU HAVE CONTROL,
DEFENSE AND OFFENCE

YOU ARE BALANCED AND I WILL MAKE YOU OVER-
POWERED

SOON YOU WILL BREATHE AND SEE THE LIGHT

YOU WILL HAVE A CASE TO PROTECT

I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO ARRIVE

FOR YOU TO SING

PONK.
BY JOSHUA JOHNSON

CAN'T WAIT TILL WE GUIDE EACH OTHER TO THE
WIN EACH HIT, RETURN, DRIVE, LOB, SLAM CHOP,
PUSH, SNAKE, SERVE AND FLICK EACH BREATH AND
STEP

MY NEW TABLE TENNIS BAT WITH SKIN OF MARK V
RUBBER AND BONES 5-PLY, WITH OUTER VENEERS
OF KOTO, INNER VENEERS OF BIRCH AND CORE
VENEER OF YOU.

BY JOSHUA JOHNSON

PONG

AT THE FLICK OF A WRIST

AT THE FLICK OF A WRIST IT COULD ALL END
IN SECONDS
WITH TWISTS AND TURNS YOU GO AROUND
THE TABLE,
YOU NEVER KNOW IF IT WILL HIT THE OTHER
SIDE,
AS YOU GO IN FOR A CLEAN SWIPE, YOU
TRY BUT MISS THE SURFACE,
IT WAS BECAUSE THERE WAS A LITTLE SPIN,
AND THE OPPONENT CELEBRATES HIS WIN,
THEN YOU WAIT AT THE BACK OF THE LINE,
WAITING FOR YOUR TURN SO THEN YOU CAN
TRY,
A FEW MINUTES PASS BY THEN IT'S YOUR
TURN AGAIN.
LETS HOPE THAT YOU WIN AGAIN,
WITH THE FAST-CLEAN SERVE THE OPPONENT
DOES,
YOU SWING AND HIT LIKE A BULLET GOING
PAST, THE PERSON IS SO CONFUSED,
HE GOT OUT QUICKER THAN A CHEETAH IS
FAST.

LEO KENDERICK

UNBEATABLE PING PONG

MY CONCENTRATION IS UNBEATABLE
MY MOVES AND SKILL INVINCIBLE.
IT'S LIKE THE BAT IS A WINNING MACHINE.
IT'S LIKE IT'S INEVITABLE.
I'M A SUPER-WEAPON TO ANYONE WHO
STANDS IN MY PATH.
I HIT THE BALL LIKE IT VIBRATES LIKE AN
ERUPTING EARTHQUAKE.
WHEN MY OPPONENTS LOSE IT HITS THEM
LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT.
IT HITS THE CORNER EDGE AND THEY MISS
NEARLY EVERY SWERVE
CAUSING THEM TO RAGE

BY ZAVIER EDMONDSON

PONG

Soul Cutter

ANIME LOVE BY AUSTIN SENN

a moment in isolation

saffron ripps tears it up with an interview
with meg myers

Meg Myers is an alternative rock singer/songwriter. She has written two major albums ('Sorry' and 'Take Me to the Disco'), as well as two lesser-known albums. ('Daughter in the Choir', and 'Make a Shadow') Her first song was 'Heart Heart Head', which was produced in 2013. At 33, she is blowing up the alt-rock world with her passionate voice and meaningful lyrics. I first heard of Meg Myers when she came up in my recommended in Amazon Music. My first thought was, "who the heck even is this?", but when I heard one of her first songs 'Lemon Eyes', I was convinced. I absolutely love Meg Myers' music. See the interview below.

Thank you to Meg's agent, Kevin Morris, for his help in organising this interview.

What/who are your musical influences?

Snatam Kaur, TOOL, Bobby McFerrin, Enya, Brittany Howard, Sting, Bob Marley, Nessi Gomes, Mei-lan Maurits, East Forest, Tracy Chapman, Asgier, Nirvana, Alice In Chains, NIN, Tori Amos, Childish Gambino

How are you coping with isolation/quarantine?

I'm a pretty private person anyway so not much has changed for me in terms of socializing. I've been doing a lot of inner healing work, meditating and praying a lot for the collective and creating my 3rd album, and spending time in nature.

How has the COVID-19 crisis impacted on your music?

It's created a pause from all live performances and writing sessions, however the positive side is I've had more time and space to experiment at home and I find that I channel lyrics better when I write solo anyway.

How did you feel about postponing your 2020 concert?

I felt sad for my fans, but I trust it was meant to be and I know that when I get back out there it will be even more powerful for all of us to connect after going through so much.

What is your favourite song that you wrote?

My favourite song that I wrote is a new song called "New Society" that will be on my third album. It's about evolution and how it's time for the world to heal, unite and shift.

Why is music so important to you?

It gives me a way to speak my truth which inspires others to do the same. It's a way to activate awareness, healing and uplift people. Music is how I am able to be of service in order to remind people there's more to this world than meets the eye.

When did you decide that music was what you wanted to do with your life?

Since I was a little kid, I loved music. I felt so inspired listening to music. It made me feel alive. It made me feel better than anything. It was like God was speaking to me through songs. It brought me into the present moment, and so I don't think there ever was a specific time when I decided to do this. It was just something that happened because I followed what made me feel good.

Are there any regrets you have with your music?

I don't have any regrets because I know that all the mistakes I made led me to where I'm at now and so I am forever grateful for the path that led me to this

with meg myers



moment. But if I were going to give anyone advice, it would be to listen to what resonates with your soul and follow that gut instinct. Don't do what other people expect you to do, do what you yearn to do, what brings you the most fulfillment, what lifts your spirits and makes you feel the most free. That is where the universe will support you and you will have the most success.

Short Story

Blue stained red

by Yayua Yang

I must've been transparent to her. Just a glass pane standing in the middle of the dirt road. Walking right pass me to Jacob simpering as though he has just won the world cup. Samira is adding onto his growing noggin. Meeting up every Wednesday after school was getting irritatingly worse by the week, it just gives Samira the excuse to see Jacob and Kyler to get out of the house. Kyler at least notices me, a mere glass pane to Samira, and says hi. He's usually the first to notice me as Jacob and Samira are in their own universe. I'd been avoiding coming out for a while but the blue crane ties us together. Healing a damaged wing does that, I guess.

"Does it normally take this long for the blue crane to come out?"

"Well if you wouldn't talk so loud Kyler, maybe it would come out,"

"Guys shush, patience is key." Jacob always ends up smothering like squabbles between the two.

"Surely it would be here by now," the impatience is seeping through Kyler's lips and his eyes are scrambling for an answer.

"Can we just go to the place we had gone last time?"

Missing out on the last two weeks doesn't help close the growing gap between Samira and I nor does it help when I have no idea what's going on. Jacob gets up with no command and starts shuffling towards a large patch of grass. Kyler's face is signaling that I'm not the only one who has no knowledge of what is going on. Jacob raises his arm up into the air and beckons us towards him. The grass comes all the way up to my knees and last night's rainstorm is slowly soaking my canvas shoes and makes its way to my socks. The clouds look like it's going to rain at any given moment

and the trees are still spitting droplets onto us. I saw it. Blue had been stained red. A bullet wound straight through the wing we had fixed up. The blue crane was laying there almost like a white blanket had been bunched on the grass. Filled with purity despite having wine spills. Everyone is quiet for what seems like an eternity but then there's a sudden break in the clouds. Letting sunlight gather in one spot on the grass field, coming to clean up stains and spills.

"Well that explains why it took so long."

Kyler breaks the silence mourning by a self-induced vomit of sarcasm into his own hands and offering it in exchange for our smiles.

"This is why no one likes you. Always pulling jokes at the worst times."

Samira was always the best at turning a blind eye towards her own harmful daggers.

"Things come to an end eventually,"

All of a sudden, I wasn't a glass pane anymore. Samira looked at me dead in the eye and blurted out something I had realized a long time ago.

"I've always hated that about you. So privileged, and ungrateful. You think this is as simple as that? This is our culture. The stories told of this protector have been lost thanks to you grandparent's parents. I have to go and learn about your history instead of my own and you think this is just another thing that comes to an end?"

"Calm down it's okay, there's nothing we could have done about this,"

"Why are you defending her?"

"She helped us take of this bird as much as you did. You can't just scream at her for

something she couldn't help."

I feel a bubble in my throat and my stomach is tying as many knots as possible. A suffocating grasp takes a hold of my neck and doesn't let me say a word so the silence stretches for miles. This time I wasn't the glass pane but instead they were in a glass box. I was on the outside and there was no door handle I could just use to get through. I felt like I deserved the blame she had handed to me. The fault that was printed onto my shirt and the guilt that I tried to bury each and every time I met up with them. I wore my older clothes on purpose whereas they wore their old clothes because they didn't have a choice, because years ago, my ancestors came and decided this land was theirs through blood spills covered up with mellow

"Sorry."

I didn't even realize what had just left my mouth until I looked up from my shoes and made eye contact with the person, I had hurt the most. I didn't see a glass box. I saw a whole generation painted white covered up with piles of useless apologies and gifts what had been wrapped up made to look pretty. I saw years of ache just to be forgotten when a word in the manual is fixed up. But I felt a warm embrace. Three pairs of arms came together to accept a mere word,

"Sorry."



The Tree

The tree looks down with a frown
Looking at his long, scarred arms
Watching the red sap drip down
Even though the world calms
In out, in out
Stay here, stay here
Stay put, stay put
Make sure to lend an ear
The untouched silk of his hair

Contrast against his calloused hands and jagged scars

He tries to breathe out air

But he knows he should lower his bars

The sharp blade of worthlessness digging into his soul

Making him feel hopeless deep in his chest

He lays still now just a coal

Even though he tried his best

His ash flies in the wind listening as people whined

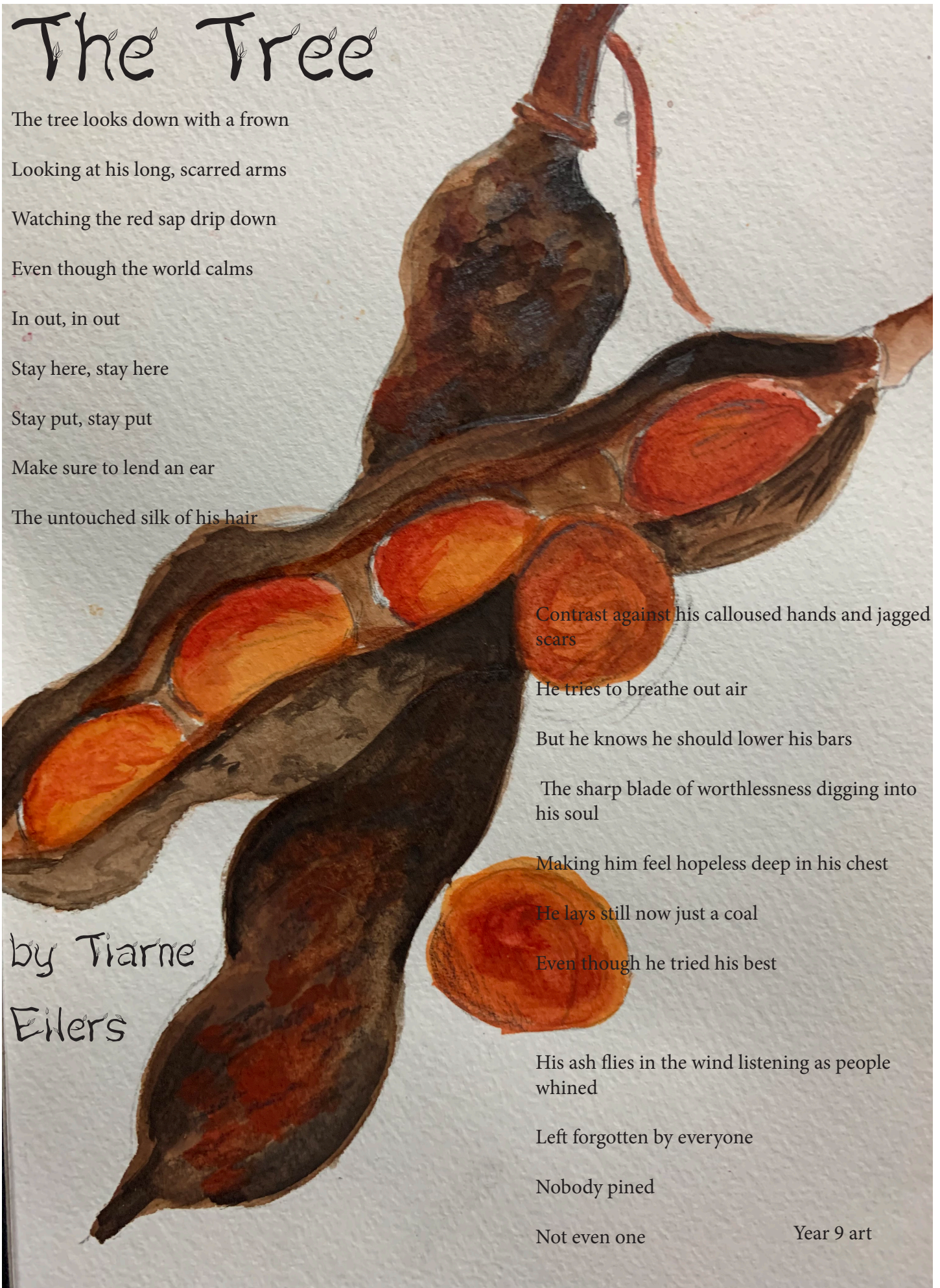
Left forgotten by everyone

Nobody pined

Not even one

Year 9 art

by Tiarne
Eilers



GAME REVIEW:

ANIMAL CROSSING



This fantastic new game is taking the gaming industry by storm. This game meets all your needs. As most of us are indoors because of the pandemic this game sets you on a getaway package to a deserted island. It is filled to the brim with excitement and island life. With adventures to complete you will never be bored. You first set up your tent and help others decide where their tents are going to be. As you set out to find fruits for a meal you find that the rivers that block off the rest of the island. This game offers smooth controls like no other. This is truly a once in a lifetime opportunity. This is a must-have for all people, even those who don't play games.

BY BENNET BENDY

My Dog Chibs

Chibs, Chibs, Chibs,
You have broken ribs.
You played on the road,
Now you're squished like a toad.
You jumped really high,
Almost to the sky.
You always made me laugh,
Mischievous days; required baths.
Now you're gone,
My heart is torn.
Memories galore,

Wish there were more.

By Charlotte Gilbert



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com

Bird of Gems

The bird's feathers are emeralds
Jagged and rough, yet he is soft to touch
His wings are rubies, red as blood
His songs are drops of heaven on earth
O how I love my baby bird

By Matilda Jensen

Dah's Cork

A small glass bottle plugged with a cork
I block it, hide it, and refuse to talk
I hold the vial close to heart
I refuse to let those tears start

A dark void as far as an eye can see
Warm memories and smiles refuse to float
around me
I never dare open this glass and show
proof
So, for years and years I remain aloof

This numbness ensured by a drug
What would happen if I released this plug?
A wave of beautiful sadness free
But this pain this acceptance isn't for me

By Chelsea Rogers



Scaly-breasted Lorikeet (*Trichoglossus chlorolepidotus*)
illustrated by Elizabeth Gould (1804–1841) for John
Gould's (1804–1881) *Birds of Australia* (1972 Edition,
8 volumes). [https://www.rawpixel.com/image/321627/
free-illustration-image-elizabeth-gould-john-gould-
gould](https://www.rawpixel.com/image/321627/free-illustration-image-elizabeth-gould-john-gould-gould)

Sacred Seashells

The sea loses teeth as shells wash on the sand,
It brings a memory from the ocean,
it comes with great courage as it greets
the land,
As it is overpowered, scared by the trees,

Its touch reminds us of ups and downs its
overcome,
Opening minds to endless possibilities,
Its old age shows its life is about done,
It is older, restricting its capabilities'

It's sheer nature shows that life is delicate,
AS this was once responsible for life of its
own,
It moves between places like an immi-
grant,
All by itself, all on its own, forever alone,

This is the subtle summary of a seashell,
Now tell me, is it heaven or is it hell?

By Lachlan Maccarone



Art by Broghan Fisher-Leach

Ocean Treasure

A seashell is the ocean stopped in time,

A treasure found along the sand,

Just one seashell is worth all of my dimes,

An ocean's treasure in my hands.

A shell smells sweet like the salty seas,

It takes me to a special place,

It sounds like the ocean's warm summer
sneeze,

It shows me a place with the sun on my face.

A shell has had many ocean kisses,

It is the ocean's deep sea treasure,

As it tells its stories I will listen,

Its stories fill me with great pleasure.

Along the sand I see a shell,

I wonder what stories it must tell.

By Tara Borg

THE CAGED SPIRIT – gnoiX ynoT

What is that screaming for attention?

Looking down without any tension.

Something shining and swinging in my eyes.

Which hit me up with a surprise.

Is it the future that I can see?

Who am I to really believe?

I focus on the cage for way too long.

A whisper I hear, it's never gone.

A treasured guardian, hiding a secret.

As quiet as a mouse, what even is it?

It felt familiar, I continue to stare.

It glared back, with more voices to spare.

I look away from it for just one second.

The atmosphere around me felt like heaven.

The smell of a farm filled with chickens.

Really wants to make me sicken.

However, the feeling of being in a humble street.

Felt way much better since there's tons of treats!

The sweet yet sour taste of a flavoured smoothie.

A gallery of photos ran just like a movie.

I start to imagine as I start to daydream.

As the nostalgia goes running right through me.

An invisible yet silent SNAP! I can hear.

Stopped the atmosphere, leaving it clear.

Where was I? I must say in my head.

Confused I was, I'm clearly quite fed.

□-(:)-□

Poetry
Poetry
Poetry

Teleportation

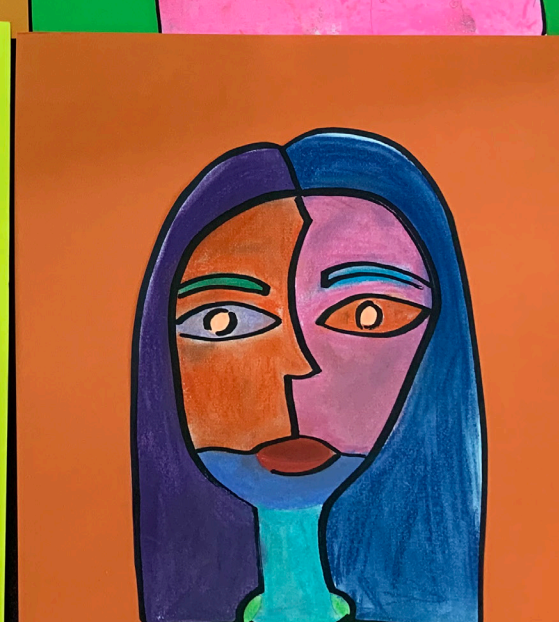
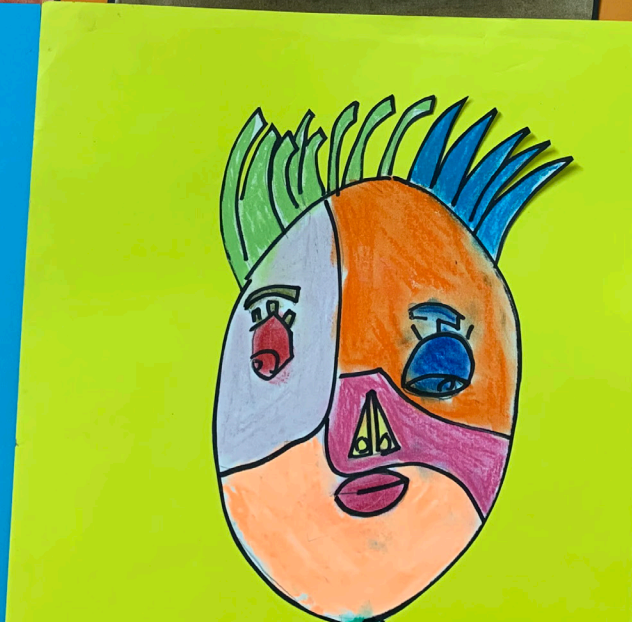
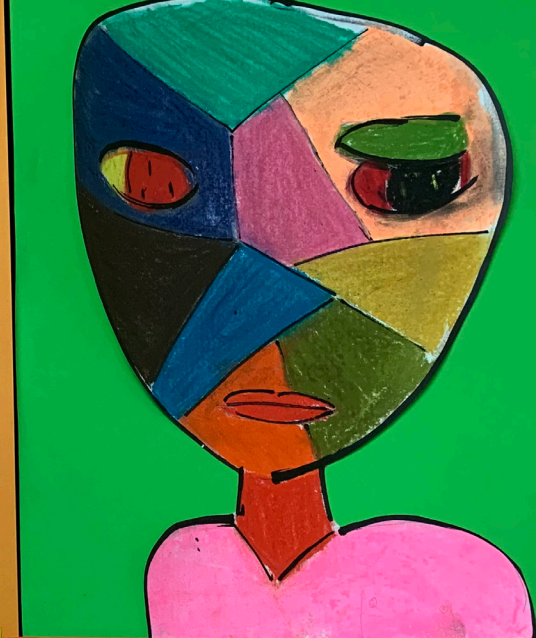
Winding fast winding slow
entering a world, I'm yet to know.

Sweeter than any dream
I know we make a lovely team.

Days of everlasting sun
It's entertaining for everyone.
Turning through the twisting song
as the notes go along.

How could such a dull object
have such a lively effect.
Silver fingers play a tune
as crisp as the clear night moon.
A mesmerizing melody
playing endlessly... so carefree.

Sarra Connolly



What is freedom?

What is freedom?
 Who are we?
 Why are we here?
 Why were we all made differently?

Who we are, is none of your opinion.
 What the definition of life if we cant be
 who we are!
 We all have our own preferences but then
 what if i wanted to play the guitar!
 Gay, Straight!
 Bi, Trans!
 Black, white!
 Culture!
 Black lives matter!
 LGBTQ+ community!
 Disabilities!
 Hair color!

Looks!
 Personality!
 Size!
 Wieght!
 Hieght!
 Curveyness!
 PERFECT, PERFECT, PERFECT!
 Why are we all trying to be that one per-
 son we all know
 we cant all be because,
 we are perfect,
 if someone tells you to change, Just say
 No!
 2020 is what we want it to be..
 Its what you make it that makes it good...

Bella Poljak

Call of duty

Loud noises coming from every direction. They cover you from head-to-toe in camouflage uniform. Telling you, 'Do it for your wife and kids' or 'Its selfish to stay home and not fight' . But was it? Killing other men and taking away their freedom. Blood, sweat, and hard work only seen around the other men, but by yourself there was only tears. The tears of troops weeping for the lives they once had. The weeps sounding like dogs howling together at night and the tears glooming in the moonlight. Even in your dreams you see yourself fighting for Australia, taking the lives of young Korean men.

Ella Rinaudo

I can't do it anymore

The sudden screams of little girls just wouldn't leave my head. The screeches coming from every corner of the building. The heavy breathing that I can hear through everything. The anxiety building up inside of me. The footsteps behind, following me. The yelling I constantly hear. The whispering I can hear over anything. My brother, the only thing on my mind. Crying kids all around me. Walls building up, leaving me on the side of nothing. The dark circles under my eyes. The no sleep every night. What is it? I don't know. The voices, killing me on the inside, telling me to do it, telling me not to. I'm shaking, heavy breathing, talking to myself, I'm screaming in pain, I'm making the kids cry. It's me...

Bella Poljak

100 word short stories

Coronapocalypse

By Daniel Slater

Day 980

It's been years since I've made contact with the outside world. I've been stuck in this shelter for as long as I can imagine. Living off baked beans and disinfected water hasn't been easy, but it's gradually becoming the norm for how I will survive. However, the most important tool is my laptop. When people attempt to raid my shelter, I click on the button "Zoom bombing"; activating a miniature missile that is always fixated on my targets. However, something strange happened. My battery died and I heard hundreds of footsteps getting louder and louder.



Prepper pantry by Jack Sparrow
Survival is licensed under CC
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short stories

The Office Worker

By Erin Darveniza

It was like any other day at work. I drove to Lawyers Co. and took the elevator up to floor 14. I got my coffee from the snack table. But as I was walking to my office, I heard one of my co-workers calling me over. It was Sarah. I hated her.

"OMG, Helen! Have you heard the news? Orlando Bloom and Miranda Kerr are coming here to get divorced, and they are choosing a lawyer to do it for them." This was one of the greatest things I had ever heard.

I immediately decide the best way to get them to choose me was to not fangirl all over them, to try and act professional, and maybe at the end get a selfie or two.

"When is this happening?" I said with the fakest smile ever. I really had to dig deep and conjure up a good enough smile. It takes up so much energy to even talk to Sarah.

"Today." She squealed so loudly I thought my ears were going to explode.

Fast forward to right now. Every Divorce Lawyer is standing in a group in the entrance to Lawyers Co. ready to meet the celebrities. I was the most professional looking person out of everyone. The crowd had signs and all sorts of presents and letters. Then Orlando and Miranda came through the door. The crowd went crazy

asking for photos, and autographs. It was like watching a bunch of Seagulls stealing chips.

After five whole minutes of this, the crowd settled down. It was time for them to choose the lawyer. I was bracing myself, getting ready to take them to my office to start the paperwork. I was so nervous yet so confident in myself. Then I heard Miranda saying a few words.

"Thank you all for your hospitality and warm welcome. I am so sorry we can't choose each and every one of you. But the lawyer we have decided on is... Sarah. Sarah you made us feel so welcome and we love the sign you made"

There were cheers, clapping and screaming. But not me. I felt so angry and confused. Why didn't they choose me? I mean after all, I was the most professional. But no, they just had to go and choose Sarah. I had missed out on the opportunity of a lifetime and I didn't even get my selfie.

short stories

Not ready

The glowing orange light, in between us. She looks up, and gives me a deep stare into my dark brown and deep green eyes. She smiles. That's what I liked. The bright white snow falling slowly through the navy-blue sky, made me feel as if I was in a love story. Her long flowy, dirty blonde hair flowing around in the air mesmerized me. Her hand slowly reaches over to grab my cheek, and fall in and try to kiss me. I was there. I felt every moment. I just wasn't ready. I pulled away in an instant, raised my head. As she looked at me with shock. Her smile instantly went away. A tear starts to form as she lets go of me, takes a step back, and started sprinting home. I crash to the floor, realising what I just did. My tear falling and hitting the soft white snow under me. The world slowly started to go dark.

By Bella Poljak

Black and White by Jess Magnanini

Life was so black and white. Old, plain and boring. Repetitive days, repetitive doings. When freedom came, so did my curiosity. Exploring the unknow thrills me. The buildup of excitement is killing me.

"Let me go, set me free". Finally, the day has come.

Where shall I go? what am I going to find?

"You won't know, until you seek".

Inhale the independence of adventure and feel the rapid flow of blood through your veins. Take in the beauty of the landscape as it's new to the eye. Fall back onto the grass and let your hands glide through the soft fine leaves.

My hand grasps a thick curtain-like material and pulls at it. My eyes are struck by a blinding light. From squinting to a full opening. Absolutely amazed.

When you thought things would never change, suddenly the life you knew before was a lie. Scream at those who thought you could never. Oh, how they'd react now, but no. This is for no one's seeing but yours. You've expanded to new bounds. Bounds that only you could reach. You're here now. This is what you have been waiting for. This is the freedom and lust you have strived to find. The unknown you knew was your future. The chapter that will last forever.



By Mashayla Landou

bubble gum

ODES

pop
a bubble
chew, chew, chew
under a desk is stuck
bubble gum

From the morning screech a
shocking groan
from this girl an unsightly tone
throughout class perched on her seat
her sound rumbles the ground be-
neath my feet

Chelsea Rogers

The English Teacher's Lament

I'm a word wrangler
a text detangler and unmangler
a verbiage volumiser
conjugation conjurer.

I teach kids how to
get a handle on humour,
not to err in an essay,
the sexiness of correct syntax,
the power of punctuation, and
the silliness of nonsense poetry.

To know the difference between
affluence and effluence;
the importance, not impotence of correct
spelling.
the exuberance of exclamation!
The thrill of a solid thesis and
the closure created by the construction of
a killer conclusion.

Cassie Smith

An ode 'bout my attitude

I hate my attitude

I hate it X 3!

okay now i see it

I see why people hate it

Well I have a gift for you

ANGER MANAGEMENT

By Chelsea Rogers

An ode to dog fur

O dog fur

getting everywhere

spreading round the house like 'rona
in Victoria

getting stuck on my clothes

dirtying up my sheets

flaring up my hayfever

thank you dog for reminding me

I'm loved, you legend

Megan Calleja and Matilda Jensen



Molly Stager Sleep-
ing Wide Awake