



Somerset College

JSM

JUNIOR SCHOOL MAGAZINE FOR STUDENT WRITERS AND ARTISTS

EDITION THREE



BENJAMIN JUST
YEAR 5P

ASX200		DOLLAR		OIL		GOLD	
Last	12 month	Last	12 month	Last	12 month	Last	12 month
5336.2PT	5336.2PT	US\$0.91	US\$0.91	\$US\$43.24	\$US\$43.24	\$US\$129.86	\$US\$129.86

Stock	12 month	High	Low	Div Yld	PE
ANZ Bank	27.76	31.20	23.86	0.00	14.51
AMP	11.00	12.50	9.50	0.00	11.00
ARL	1.10	1.30	0.90	0.00	11.00
BHP	44.00	50.00	38.00	0.00	11.00
BID	1.00	1.20	0.80	0.00	11.00
BLD	1.00	1.20	0.80	0.00	11.00
BSL	1.00	1.20	0.80	0.00	11.00
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BUR	1.00	1.20	0.80	0.00	11.00
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RIKO TATENO YEAR 2S

RAGNAR'S 13TH SUMMER - BECOMING A MAN

The moose crashed through the undergrowth in the forest. It startled Ragnar. He woke from a deep daydream. Ragnar always looked forward to the tribes return each year, to this their seasonal summer camp. This was Ragnar's thirteenth season. This meant he would be more involved with the men, in following the herds and chasing the salmon runs as they moved close along the shores.

The tribe's village overlooked the vast fjords and rivers. The forest behind them stretched up onto the snow-capped mountain. They had been resettled into this camp for several days now. The men had shelters established and the women gathered firewood. Ragnar could hear the village chatter, as his father and other village men sat around the fire and planned for tomorrow's first day of the summer hunt.

"What's our hunt tomorrow boss?" asked a man from the tribe.

"A big russet wisent!" exclaimed the boss.

It was the sound of a thousand stampeding auroche. Only much louder and terrifying. The ground beneath Ragnar's bed shook more violently than riding the wild rapids of the snowmelt fjords in the summer. Just as suddenly silence; quickly replaced by desperate screams for help. It was Ragnar's mother, Arnora, frantically calling for his father Asved, and then for him, Ragnar.

Clambering over the mountain of mud, snow, boulders, trees and remnants of what was left of the tribes's tranquil coastal village. Ragnar could only see devastation as far as the eye could see. It was as if God himself had split the side of the mountain so powerfully, anything in its path was destroyed.

Searching through the destruction Ragnar followed the now muffled sobbing. He found his mother cradling his father's head upon her lap. His lifeless body trapped from the waist down was under a pile of boulders and rubble. His once powerful frame was crushed like kindling from the fire. The tears dripped from Ragnar's mother's cheeks onto his father's weathered brow. From these few terrifying moments Ragnar knew his life had forever changed.

Two moons passed. The toll on his mother had been heavy whilst Ragnar led the way to the southern camp where the remaining villagers were. Trekking with empty hearts, Ragnar could not have made the journey without Anwend, whose mysterious voice and messages guided him on the most dangerous parts of his journey.

As Ragnar and his mother walked across the last grass verge into the village they were welcomed with open arms and tears of joy. Exhausted from the long tiring journey, Ragnar fell into a deep sleep, a vivid dream engulfing in his mind. "Ragnar rest now, it's time for me to leave you. Your mother is safe. You are now a man. Your father would be proud of you, just as I am proud of your father, my only son," said Anwend. "Goodbye Ragnar."

BENJAMIN MAJOR YEAR 6Z

ERUPTION DAY

“Look Dad!” Neo yelled. It was a cool day, and Neo and Protu were out hunting. Protu was the clan leader, so it was his job to hunt every week.

“Yes, Neo?” replied Protu. “What is it?”

“A herd of reindeer! Over there!”

Neo and Protu were out hunting that day. Neo looked at the white snow-topped mountain in the distance. It had been rumbling for days. Neo wondered what the gods were angry about. As agile as a wolf, he crept up on the reindeer, and with perfect aim, fired his bow. It hit. Suddenly, the mountain exploded.

The sky darkened, and hot rocks rained down. Animals were fleeing and a wolf pack began to howl in fear. The earth was shaking. It was chaos in the Forest! The gods had been angry for days, but the legends never foretold fire spurting from the top of the mountain.

“Run, Neo! Run for your life!” cried Protu. Protu was just behind Neo, running, when suddenly disaster struck. Protu tripped and fell. When he got back up again, struggling, Neo saw he had badly scorched his leg.

“Dad!” cried Neo, horrified.

The eruption stopped, as suddenly as it had started. “Dad!” cried Neo again. The burn on Protu’s leg was crimson red.

“I’m okay, Neo,” said Protu, struggling to say the words.

“We need to get you to the next camp! Maybe someone could help you there!”

Neo ran off into the distance, and a short while later he was back with a sort of leaf patchwork. He hoisted Protu onto it, and he began walking to the next camp, along the twisting, turning trails.

A few lights and darks later, Protu’s burn had become much worse, and they were halfway to the camp. Suddenly, a flint knife was up against Neo’s throat.

“Got you a last!” said a voice behind them, menacingly.

“Who...are...you?” said Neo, practically being choked by the knife.

“I’m Tesh, the one spirit Mage in the Forest, and I know who you are, that’s for sure!” replied Tesh, frighteningly.

Tesh dragged the two captives into her hut.

“Why are you doing this!?” cried out Neo. “Can’t you see my father is almost dying?”

“Oh, I can see that alright, but it’s not like I care. Your clan, and your false god, caused this,” replied Tesh cruelly.

Continued over page...

ERUPTION DAY - CONTINUED

Suddenly a rock smashed through the roof of the hut. “Tesh!” cried Neo, pushing her out of the way of the rock. In that moment, Tesh realised what she was doing.

“Protu! Please forgive me! I’ve done something terrible!” cried out Tesh, begging for forgiveness.

Later that same day, Protu, Tesh and Neo walked back to Protu’s clan camp. They arrived to see it destroyed by fire. Protu’s burn had gotten even worse and Tesh was trying to heal it with her powers.

“Neo...” started Protu.

“Yes, Dad?” replied Neo.

“Please...my injury is too severe...lead the clans to safety...”

Shocked, but grateful, Neo accepted.

And Neo led the clans to safety, away from the mountain.

Six months later, after the clans were safe. They were slowly starting to rebuild after the eruption.

That day that started it all, that one day, would become known as Eruption Day.

JAIME DWYER YEAR 6L



THE UNEXPECTED RESCUE

Sandra woke to a deafening thumping of hooves. Her intense brown eyes drifted to the other end of the tree house, where her older brother's deer skin sleeping sack lay. It was empty. Sandra's mind whirled, she uttered softly to herself, "where could he possibly be? Hunting, lost, dead?" Exploding with panic, Sandra jumped out of her sleeping sack.

As the warmth of the morning sun crept through the makeshift windows of the spruce pine treehouse, Sandra started to pack supplies for the search of her brother, Dunstan. For eight long moons now Sandra and Dunstan had lived in a tree house protected by the forest canopy. Here they felt secure and safe away from tribal rivalry that had taken their parents lives. She swung her buckskin bag on her raggedy shoulders and grasped her bow and quiver that hung on the windows edge. Sandra scrambled down the thick vines that encircled the majestic tree.

The sunlight vanished as Sandra trekked deeper into the forest. The twisted trees hissed and gasped as she passed. Silence fell. All of a sudden, Sandra became aware of a distant cry for help. She rushed towards the cry taking care not to slip on the rotting foliage beneath her torn, russet boots. Her chestnut hair danced as the breeze caught it.

Once Sandra came to the river, she sat on a mossy rock and sipped water from the drip tip leaf above her head. She peered over her shoulder to the sound of the thundering waterfall. As her petite hand shaded her eyes from the midday sun, she noticed something intriguing. A tall, muscular figure with five furious men holding spears towards Dunstan's chest. The men were urging him closer to the edge of the waterfall. Without a doubt Dunstan had been held captive by the territorial Kara Kara tribe.

Instinct took over. Sandra jumped to her feet and steadily made her way up the rocky slope. As she neared closer to Dunstan, she took an arrow and her bow from her quiver. There was no sight of Blackstone, the Kara Kara tribe leader. He was able to cure death, breathe underwater and sense when danger was lurking. He was like an eagle; he would stalk his prey and capture it no matter what. There was a reason why he wasn't here.

Before Sandra could draw her arrow to her ear the ground began to tremble. Rocks fell into the depths below. Sandra dodged at least several rocks then made her final leap towards Dunstan. Sandra took aim, then in a blink of an eye, the five men lost their footing and plunged deep into the water as a gigantic boulder came crashing down! Dunstan had just managed to dodge it and Sandra, who was quite a distance away, froze in worry.

A rough voice bellowed down Sandra's spine. "You may only be twelve wet seasons old sis but you're still brave. Thank you Sandra!" Sandra shifted her body in all directions - it was near impossible to see through the spray of the waterfall. A heavy hand patted Sandra on the back. "How, I mean, why would you leave the treehouse alone and risk dying?" Sandra panted as she focused on Dunstan's intense eyes. "I told you, remember? Last dark, I said I was going hunting before the sun awoke!" Dunstan shouted sternly. Not another word was said as the two entered the safe hands of the towering trees.

BELLE TOOHEY YEAR 6W

JIEMBA

Jiembra hastily gathered the rest of their water and most of their food supplies just as her mother had asked. She hadn't expected to leave behind everyone she cared for. All Jiembra had was her mother, Alina; she no longer had her best friend Kuparr by her side. Jiembra never even had the chance to say goodbye. "Jiembra!" She heard her mother hiss, "we have to leave!" Jiembra said her last mental good byes to everyone and turned to go.

Jiembra and her mother didn't look back as they knew they'd struggle to keep going. They heard brown cuckoos singing their song as blood pumped through their veins.

"Wait Mother! They can't reach us anymore and we can't waste energy," said Jiembra frantically.

A tear trickled down Alina's frightened face, "I miss them already. How are we going to survive on our own?"

"Why couldn't we have stayed there?" Jiembra screamed. Her eyes hurt now and she knew it wasn't right to yell at her mother but her thoughts weren't processed. Mother didn't have the right to complain, couldn't she see how much Jiembra was hurting? There was hurt in her mother's eyes as she screamed but she nodded as if she understood. Jiembra was surprised but didn't let it show.

"I'm going to search for water." It would be hard to find as she'd never witnessed a drought in a rainforest before and water was usually easy to find, she had to try.

As Jiembra started to head off her mother joined her, walking ahead as to make sure Jiembra had a safe path. The trees turned away as if they were judging Jiembra and her mother for leaving their tribe - but what choice did they have?

"Ow!" Alina yelped. Clutching her ankle she toppled over, her deep brown eyes wide with pain. Jiembra rushed to her mother's side. "Spider bite," she muttered. "That one's deadly!" Tears spurted and Jiembra hurriedly built a small shelter for her mother to rest in. Now Jiembra was alone. How could she, a girl of thirteen summers survive on her own? The very thought chilled her spine - she needed help. Now!

Jiembra gathered some plants which she knew would help the bite and fed her mother some of their supply of water. Her sweaty dark hair clung to her face; her hair was just like Kuparrs. Don't think about that Jiembra told herself. The wind whispered to her coaxingly, telling her to keep trying. Suddenly, in the shadows, Jiembra could just make out a tuft of midnight hair.

"Kuparr!" she exclaimed.

Just behind Kuparr was the rest of her tribe, "How did you find me?" Jiembra squealed, but Kuparr just shook his head not revealing anything. She felt a shock of guilt stir in her stomach. She'd left him alone. Then she remembered. "Please, please forgive me for leaving! My mother thought it was our only chance for survival - but now we're lost and lonely. Help me, please." Her eyes glimmered with hope and tears.

Their tribe leader took pity on her. "Just this once," he said smiling. Jiembra, her mother and her tribe were fixed up in no time and they witnessed the most rejoiceful thing in days. Rain.

NIAMH ROGERS YEAR 6W

COLLAGE EVALUATION

Our unit of inquiry inspired me to create a collage using visual aids such as photos and text to demonstrate what I have learnt. I linked the animals to the different ecosystems that they live in and found it interesting seeing the different adaptations animals make to their surroundings.



ABIGAIL BRINKWORTH YEAR 4F

COLLAGE EVALUATION



ABIGAIL BRINKWORTH YEAR 4F

THE BUSH FIRE ESCAPE

The smoke alerted them. Olgan and Pa hastily dropped the buck. Olgan forced back the panic that was rising inside him. Run, run. These words were screaming in his head but his legs faltered and felt like jelly. His Pa got him moving but as they ran they tried to keep the suspicious and horrible thoughts about what they might find, but they had to get back to Ga and the Clan.

The smell of smouldering houses soon filled the air. Olgan and Pa came in with their hearts in their mouths. Olgan trembled.

“Find Ga,” asked Pa.

Olgan looked. He found nothing but badly hacked bodies until he came to the meeting place. Pa found him seconds after.

“Get the medicine pouch,” he screamed but, Ga opened his eyes at that moment.

He spoke of the slaughter that an enemy clan had done. He was gasping for breath.

“Go, go!” It’s your only hope,” he said “I’m old and too weak, go.”

They saw a bush fire right as, Ga died. He was right.

“We must go!” Pa shouted. “There’s nothing left here for us.”

Olgan, then saw the dangerous situation they were in. So they got what they could and ran again.

With determination in their hearts, they ran until they were too exhausted. They became disoriented and lost their sense of direction. Soon Pa disappeared. Olgan, choking from smoke became aware that Pa was nowhere to be seen.

Paralysed with fear, Olgan wasn’t able to walk. He felt a presence that was beckoning him to follow. That presence looked like Ga. So Ga soon got Olgan to the place where Pa had fallen. Olgan took his grass rope out and climbed down to Pa. He comforted him.

And so it was that Olgan and Pa waited for two days and nights rationing what little food they had until the bush fire stopped. Then they carved foot holes into the cliff to get out and feel the sunshine on their faces. And that was how the first part of their long journey to build a new life was completed.

SOFIA ARASE YEAR 6Z



LOST DAUGHTER

The fire blazing forest wall, came tumbling down. A young woman ran through the smoke towards the fire. Why? Her daughter Ayla was given to a complete stranger in an underground bunker that was packed with people like sardines in a tin. "I need to find your brother; I'm so sorry," the women paused and stared deep into the ocean blue eyes of this complete stranger. "Protect my baby," and with that she was gone. The distant scream of Ayla's mother woke her up.

Ayla's heart was racing. Her tears from that night will forever be tattooed to her soft silky skin. "Are you alright, sweetheart?" A shadow whispered at the edge of her bed. It was the stranger Ayla was given to that night. Although she was used to her soft caring voice, it had been over twelve moons ago that they had first met. Ayla nodded. "Let's go hunting for some fresh wolf meat to cheer you up," her new mother Mova cheerfully said. They walked out of the cave hand in hand ready to go hunting.

They didn't get far when suddenly they were stopped by a large muscly man. He chucked them into a large deer sack and tossed them both over his shoulder.

After a very long hour they collapsed on the ground in front of a whole clan. Everything happened so fast. They were both tied to two different trees and abused with questions. The first to speak was the man Ayla presumed was the clan leader. "What clan are you from?" He asked with a deep threatening voice.

Ayla didn't say a word, she looked at Mova. "I used to be from the Saber Tooth Clan, but I hunt just with Ayla now," Mova stated smiling over her shoulder at Ayla. Ayla had always admired Mova's positive attitude; she always made the most stressful moments fun. The clan leader Gaz's voice interrupted her train of thought.

"Your daughter doesn't talk much," Gaz pointed out.

"She's not my mother. My mother died in a bush fire along with my brother Cliff, and I never met my father," Ayla whispered, tears running down her face. The whole forest went silent.

"I know your brother," said an old wrinkly women. Her name was Elm, she was the Whisperer. Ayla over heard her talking to Gaz while they were still in the sack. She knows everyone in the forest and can read their minds apparently.

"He's part of this clan," a little girl giggled. "He's just inside."

Ayla couldn't help herself. She burst into tears, "You're lying! He's dead!" She screamed trying to wriggle her way out. It couldn't be possible, right?

A tall young man stepped out of one of the clan huts. He had russet hair and ocean blue eyes just like Ayla. A lot of people have the same hair and eye colour as her, it's just by chance, thought Ayla.

"What's going on Dad?" the boy asked Gaz.

"See he's not my brother because Gaz is not my Dad!" yelled Ayla in frustration.

"That's not entirely true," whispered Gaz releasing Ayla. "My daughter's back!" Gaz shouted holding her up in the air. Everyone cheered.

AMY BARRY YEAR 6G

A MIRACLE

“Run Roman!” His mother had said. These were the last words he had heard from his Ma.

He trudged along the burnt ground, gazing at all the chaos the bushfire had caused. “Ma, Ma?” Roman called. No matter how loud he shouted he couldn’t find his Ma. Their shelter was destroyed the only thing visible - a mound of rocks, his mother undoubtedly crushed inside it. Where was he going now? What could an 11-year-old do anyway? He went down to his knees and sobbed. All he needed was a miracle.

Roman spent the rest of the night alone in the dark gloomy forest chewing glumly on his beechnut, his eyes swollen because of all the crying. He couldn’t find much food as the fire had destroyed most of the forest. He closed his eyes and thought about all the good times he had with his Ma; Playing hide and seek in the dense forest, reciting stories to one another. These memories couldn’t come out of his mind.

He couldn’t give up. He knew his Ma was alive. No matter how long it would take him to find her, he couldn’t stop looking. He stood up and swore to himself, “I will never give up! I will find my Ma. To all that live amongst the trees hear my oath and help me find her!”

For the next few days, Roman lived on raw fish which he had caught on a fragile stick. He wasn’t very successful in finding any eggs - his favourite food. Once he had found food he applauded himself and skipped back to his small cave. He remembered when his father had given him a treat on his birthday - he was jumping for joy. Then an avalanche of trees thrashed down from the mountain above, killing his father. Roman shook the thought out of his head and carried on walking, trying to find a good place to mark his permanent territory.

Night came. Roman could hear the frogs croaking and the crickets chirping. He managed to light a small fire, the way his Ma had taught him. He heard a twig snap as he kept up and stayed alert for any dangers. A low hiss came from close by. Snake. Roman had never defeated and killed one before. What should he do? Panic washed over him. Suddenly the snake appeared and slithered around the fire, catching Roman’s eyes. He squealed as he slowly leapt back. The snake lunged for him. It stopped, fell down and collapsed to the ground. Panic went down the drain and relief flooded him. He could see an arrow as sharp as a dagger slitting into the snake’s body, blood leaked out. He looked up. There was a girl.

“What’s your name?” Roman asked. She didn’t answer. She just crooked her head as if she didn’t understand. She was thin, yet she was strong. Her hair was rough and she hadn’t cleaned herself for a long time.

“Where’s your territory?” Roman asked once more. She didn’t answer. Her unsolvable face looked like a blank sheet of paper. Then she said something.

“Otto.”

“Otto?” Roman questioned with a puzzled face. She nodded. That was her name. A bow was slung on her shoulder. It was white, carved from ivory with carved patterns on it, representing her family and friends. She knelt down, picked up five rocks and lay them down, one by one. She drew a circle around the stones on the dirt with a sharp stick. She covered three stones with dirt. She put one pebble out of the circle. The other stone remained in the circle. Roman understood. Her parents were dead as well as her little sister. Her brother had betrayed them. The stone remaining was her. Otto was an orphan and lived by herself.

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A MIRACLE - CONTINUED

The forest swallowed up the sky. Roman and Otto clambered up a deep slope. He wanted to tell her that he was on a mission to find his Ma. He couldn't hold it in any longer. "I swore an oath to find my Ma," he stopped. "I need you to help me find her." Otto looks blankly at Roman as if she didn't understand. Then her face brightened and she nodded. Roman didn't understand. Otto picked up a stick and pointed to an ancient mountain, just behind a bunch of tall trees. Otto started walking. He followed her.

After their long, humid journey, they arrived at a deserted place with a couple of trees swaying about. Between the trees, he could see a cave as wide as a blue whale's grin. How, how did Otto know where to go?

Roman had a thought that Otto could locate things, where ever they are, whatever they are. It was true. She admitted it. Excitement buried tiredness. He ran to the cave and saw someone starring at him. He was familiar with the lady's face. She looked at him. He looked at her. Ma. They rushed to each other and squeezed each other like a lemon releasing it's juice.

"Ma!" Roman called.

"I thought you were gone! Where were you?" Sybil asked with a grin of joyfulness. They cried tears of joy as Otto joined them. Sybil was puzzled. Roman recognised her uncertainty and told her the story of how Otto had found her for him. Sybil was delighted. Roman was overjoyed that their family was reunited. He then had a thought. What about Otto? He looked at her and she stared at him hopefully.

"Why don't you stay here with us for now?" Roman said to Otto.

ASHLEE PARK YEAR 6L



FORESTER-JAMAA, INDIGO AND RAINSTORM

Rainstorm felt her paws hit the hot, dry ground beneath the ledge she'd stood on a moment before. She swung her tail around to balance her for if she toppled over she wouldn't have survived - Chaostical, the evil male dingo who wanted to overthrow her the Alpha of her pack, would have killed her. She felt pain rushing through her back like a flash flood as Chaostical landed on her, sinking his deadly claws into her soft, sand-coloured fur.

Rolling over onto her back and stunning Chaostical, Rainstorm shook herself free of his grip. She turned towards the forest, her paws feeling as if they had wings as they carried her towards the canopy of trees, a river of hatred coursing through the Desertlands after her.

Jamaa fell to her knees, careful to keep her spear aimed at the quietly slumbering creature. She felt a connection with the creature; its warm thick fur; its quiet yet powerful heart thrumming in the stillness; its claws, its deadly weapons. She lowered her spear, as the creature opened one eye at first, then the other. It got to its great strong paws, and stared around with its unusually coloured emerald green eyes in bewilderment. It flattened its ears against its head, a silent yet meaningful movement that sensed danger. The fur flashed in Jamaa's mind, and she began to make soft, half growls in a reassuring tone. It's alright. I won't hurt you.

The creature's ears flicked up and its eyes searched for hers. What are you? Where are you? It spun around, finding Jamaa's eyes and stared at her. You're not of my kind. How can you communicate with me?

"What are you?" Asked Jamaa.

"I'm a dingo," it replied! "My name is Rainstorm." Rainstorm let her eyes slide past Jamaa, who spun around.

"Indigo! Geez, don't do that,": she said with annoyance leaving a trail in her voice.

"Jamaa! Quick! The rain," Indigo paused panting. "Too much rain!"

"And the point is?" Jamma gave her younger sister a quizzical look as a roaring sound filled her ears.

"FLASH FLOOD!" Indigo screamed. She tore away her bandicoot - skin shoes kicking up a trail of dust behind her.

Jamaa turned, only to disappear under the tidal wave. Rainstorm leaped into a low tree branch and began to scale it higher, grateful for her ledge-jumping skill. Jamaa surfaced, only to disappear once again under the great, ceaseless saltwater tide.

Indigo sprinted after the young dingo, her eyes searching the canopy for her sister. Rainstorm pulled herself to a halt, her nose held in the air, her tail held rigid as she caught Jamma's scent. Indigo first spotted her, caught in a nettle bush that had been stripped bare of its spikes by the flood. Jamaa struggled free of the bush, nettles, leaves and even the occasional berry tangled in her hair. She looked at Rainstorm, then Indigo.

"We found you," Rainstorm barked kindly.

Continued over page...

FORESTER-JAMAA, INDIGO AND RAINSTORM

- CONTINUED

“We found you,” Indigo cried, embracing the dingo and her sister in a hug.

“We can go home.” Jamaa said, relief flooding her voice.

The sun set on the horizon behind them outlining the trio as they walked towards their cave-home where Rainstorm would acquire her own moss-fern nest, and a place in their family.

“Thank you,” Jamaa whispered to Rainstorm.

“Anytime,” she replied with a fanged look that Jamaa could have sworn was a smile.

JESS BRADLEY YEAR 6G



SOLVING THE SUPERHUMANS

Boom! Crash! The lightning and thunder brewed a storm as a dark figure walked into the abandoned building. He had a pitch-black cloak which covered him from head to toe. The man looked up and there were seven other figures like him circled around the room as he stepped into. “Seven souls,” he croaked. “Replace them with skill and evil.” The seven dark figures knelt and all placed one hand on the ground then, in a blink of an eye, they vanished.

“Seven people missing since Saturday,” Jayden read. “A professional runner, an architect, a meteorologist, professional basketball player, a magician, a fortune teller and a scientist, all gone missing.” Emily was looking at the newspaper too. There was a one million dollar prize if you found them. “It’s very strange that they went missing all at once,” Jayden noted. Jayden was very intelligent, he was always looking for things to improve his knowledge. He had a huge brain under his red hair that you could see from a kilometre away.

Emily, on the other hand had dark brown hair and was exceptional at sports. “Jayden, do you think we should try and solve this mystery?” Emily said.

“Sure, let’s have a shot at it,” Jayden replied.

Jayden and Emily got to work. They researched about where the missing people had last been seen and where did they go missing. Had they gone missing for a reason? “Jayden!” Come and look at this!” Emily shouted. “There have been huge storms and even a cyclone where the meteorologist was last seen and the reserve runner for the team whose runner went missing can run faster than Usain Bolt!”

“Emily! this scientist is creating evil robots where the old scientist went missing too!” Jayden added.

“This can’t be a coincidence, someone must be the cause of this,” Emily also said.

Emily and Jayden kept researching for a while and realised that every person went missing in the same place, the abandoned building on 21st Avenue.

Emily and Jayden woke up early the next morning and traveled to the abandoned building on 21st Avenue. It was really stormy outside so they hurried to the building. Emily and Jayden saw figures inside so they peeked around the corner and saw a meteorologist, a basketball player, a scientist, a woman in a tracksuit, a man with a roll of blueprint paper under his arm and a lady with a turban and she had heaps of bracelets and huge earrings.

“That lady next to the wall, she looks like the fortune teller that went missing,” Emily whispered.

“Same with that basketball player and the woman in the tracksuit,” Jayden added. “Hold on a second, all of the people in there were the people that went missing!” Jayden shouted.

He shouted quite loudly...a bit too loudly. All the people inside the room turned and looked at Emily and Jayden. Their cover was blown and they were in big trouble! They ran out the door into the pouring rain and ran and ran and ran until they realised they weren’t being chased. All of the figures were standing at the door of the building. Why weren’t they moving?

Jayden looked at them with his eagle-like eyes. “Why do they have cords connected to their arms?” he asked.

Continued over page...

SOLVING THE SUPERHUMANS - CONTINUED

“They’re robots!” shouted Emily. “That’s why they can’t go into the rain and that’s why there are cords attached to them.”

Emily and Jayden both went to the building again but with buckets of water. They sneaked up to the building and when the moment came they poured the water onto the people in the room. They all vanished into thin air and Jayden and Emily were left stunned. They knew that they had done well and the world was saved!

LEO KELLY-CORREA YEAR 5W



AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN

One cold and dark night, there were two FPZ (Federation for Protections of Zoolthus) agents, their names were John Gallus and Ava Gallus. When you are an agent for the FPZ your job is to protect the planet Zoolthis from the dangerous Haghorn. The Haghorn is the most dangerous creature in Zoolthus. They have spread across planet Zoolthus killing everyone in their way. Everyday FPZ agents go fighting Haghorns on the battlefield in Zandogia. Xyon is a hero to every man and woman. He has killed every Haghorn he has ever crossed paths with before. Some say he has super powers!

John and Ava were leaving for work to fight Haghorns and they both stopped for a second because they noticed a loud grunting sound. They slowly but cautiously turned around. Its a Excon Hahorn. To find one of these is a 1000000000/1 chance. They are ten times harder and tougher than any beast around. It charges and knocks them both to the ground. Before it kills them, John blows up a grenade. Boom!

John and Ava were leaving work. John and Ava both realised that they had already done this before. They remain suspicious about it but keep going on with their day. At the battlefield John is very nosey and so he wandered into the science lab. A man in a white suit approached him. "I am looking for Xyon," said John.

"I am Xyon, what do you want?" He questioned.

"I'm trying to work out why I predicted the future Xyon."

The man showed him out the door. "Leave," he said.

That night Ava and John both went home to have dinner. Ava is nice and John is very angry, usually everyday. John was impressed when a bomb smashed through the roof and killed them both.

John and Ava were leaving for work. They were both annoyed at this time so they marched down to the science lab. "It's locked," said John.

"Never mind," whispered Ava and gave it a nudge. The door flew open like a bomb went through the old wall and kept going.

"How did you do that?" Asked Xyon.

"I'll show you if you tell me what's going on!" Shouted Ava.

"You have time travelling powers," said Xyon. "You can end this war with the Haghorns if you defeat the Ostran. Go to your house now and you will find Ostran."

They both quickly dashed home and burst through the front door. They threw TNT onto the Ostran which suddenly exploded, killing them both again.

John and Ava woke up and went to the science lab. "Xyon, Xyon, we did it!" Shouted the two of them.

"Huh?" said Xyon. "What did you do?"



THE MYSTERIOUS BLACKING

Despite the sunny morning the sunshine slowly faded away until the sky was covered in pitch black clouds and it was still only 12 noon.

Two strange Meteorologists named Basha Boe and Courtney thought they were the only ones who knew the truth behind it. But then the News Flash read, “Greetings – a sudden and unexpected blacking is occurring in Alaska, USA. Professional weather man Steve said that this is not a real storm but a blacking made by a rumored Warlock named Strainer in the deep snowy mountains in Alaska. Steve himself is now on his way flying over Alaska to examine further. Look out if you see a man wearing purple and black with blue hair and purple eyes. Call 7857984932 if you see anything. Steve has black hair, black eyes and wears a gold Rolex. Thank you,” announced the news reader.

The time is now 12.30pm and mysterious, deadly and supernatural disasters are forming. Thunder was as loud as a screaming jet. People were mad like a trapped mouse. Their greed for food was like a wolf who hasn't eaten for two months. They were buying the food off the shelves until the store was empty. Splash! Rain poured down faster than lightning. Hurricanes are coming in, the wind speed was the speed of a tornado. The ground was cracking with earthquakes. Everyone thought they were dead when they saw a tsunami approaching in the distance.

Seconds before the tsunami hits it slowly withdraws away back into the ocean. Turns out that a secret president police officer, Ben Silver had handcuffed the Warlock, Strainer, just before he finished casting the spell. Ben was serious and was determined to find the Warlock and save Alaska's population. He was awarded the purple-diamond award of honour for his bravery.

Strainer, the evil Warlock was sentenced to a life time in prison. He was found extremely guilty. The crepuscular clouds vanished slowly.

PATRICK LIU YEAR 5W



THE CITY OF LOST SOULS

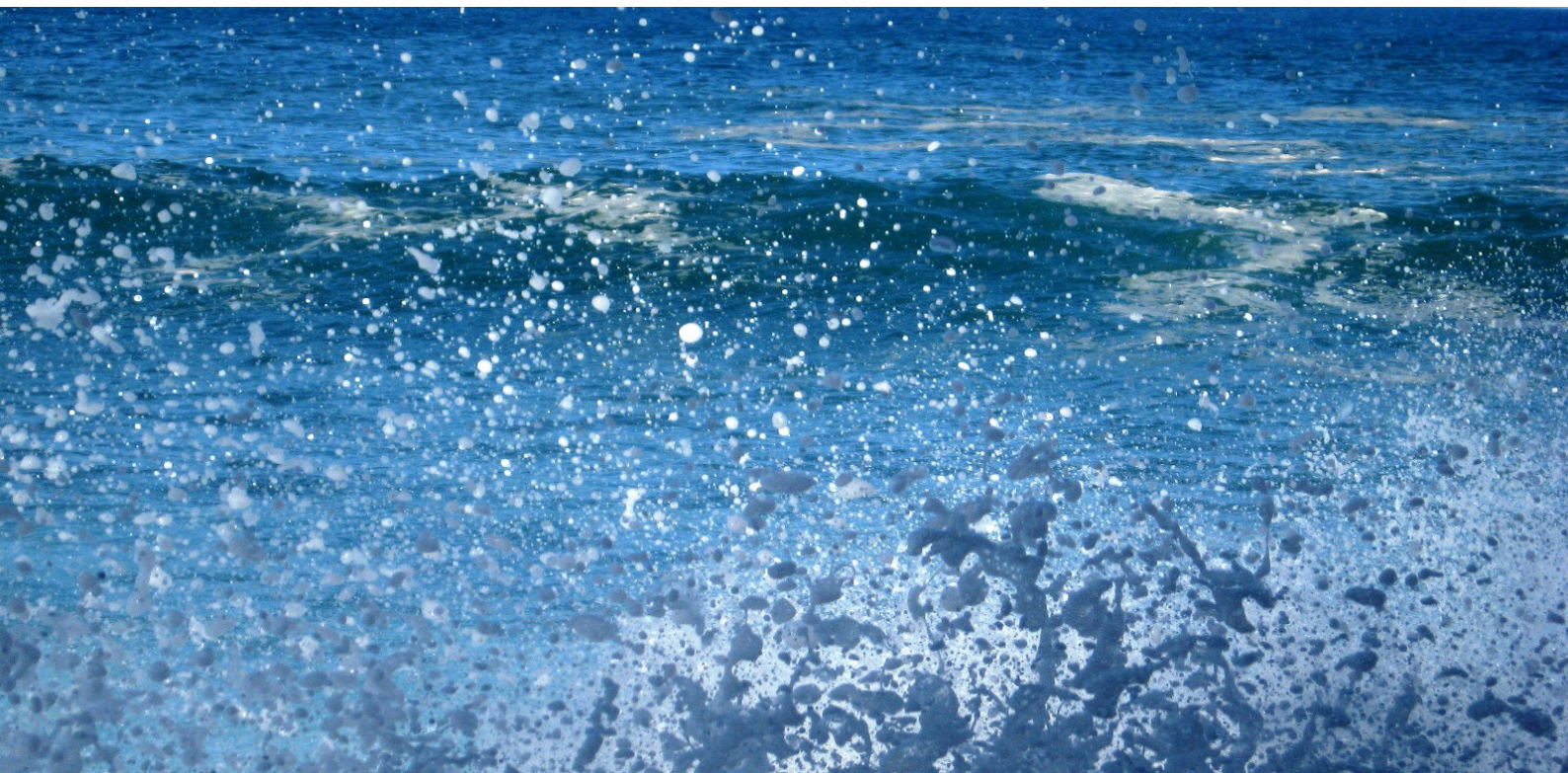
Once there lived a wonderful young girl called, Riley. Riley was eleven and she lived in a city called Coreville in a small apartment on a gloomy lake with her mother. Her father died when she was young. Her mother's name was Lyn. Lyn was always very kind to Riley due to the death of her father. One day, Riley suddenly woke up from a dream. She slowly got up and plodded into the bathroom to brush her teeth. After that she wandered back into her bedroom to get some clothes on. After that she toddled onto her balcony, she hopelessly stared out at the emerald lake. As she observed the lake she saw a strange silhouette that kind of looked like a girl in a white dress. She would not take her eyes off this strange entity until she saw a strange looking face with a girl shaped body. In the corner of her eye she could still see this girl. She turned back to the girl and BANG! The girl turned around as quick as a bullet!

Riley suddenly realised a lot more of these strange figures. Were they ghosts? She wondered. The girl wearing a white dress had moved and Riley couldn't see her anymore. Oh No! She slowly turned around and the girl was standing behind her. Riley slowly backed up and moved around her. On the other side of the apartment was the sea. Riley was going to check if there were any of these ghost like creatures near the sea. She pulled back the curtain and studied the golden sand and the cyan sea. There was nothing there. What did this man? Maybe they didn't like the salt water.

This gave her an idea! Maybe she could test her theory on that girl that she saw. She dashed down to the beach and returned with salt water in a small spray bottle. She crossed her fingers that the girl would still be there. She walked onto her balcony and she was still there. Riley took the spray bottle and sprayed a tiny squirt of water onto the girl. The girl slowly started to fade. Riley now realised that they were vulnerable to salt water.

Every time Riley saw a ghost from then on, she sprayed it with sea water. This huge population of ghosts started going down. Thirteen years later Riley was twenty-four and the ghosts were gone but then one day Riley saw the same girl that she saw when she was eleven. She swiftly sprayed it with the last bit of salt water she had. Phew, that was close!

BELLA JELERCIC YEAR 5P



ALIEN INVASION

Fred ambled into the old library and tapped on a copy of his favourite book. His orangutan coloured hair looked mud brown in the dull light. All of a sudden the walls gave way and Fred glided into the room. His sister, Adrienne glanced up at his lucky jumper and sighed. “Will you ever get out of that ridiculous clothing,” she moaned. Adrienne was a fashionista so her clothes were always of the latest trend. Today she was wearing a bright, beautiful blue shirt to match her sea blue eyes and armful of purple bangles and perfect, pristine pants. Fred noticed his chair trembling under the weight of a mountain of books, he sighed it had been a very, very long day.

Adrienne flicked the light switch with her knuckles, Fred simultaneously turned on the torch and they quietly closed the door to their office. Fred noticed something sparkle in the torch light, he put on his brave face then turned to survey the creature. Adrienne yelped. This ‘thing’ was an alien for sure. His huge green eyes turned to face them. The alien was wearing dark black robes like a Death Eater. Silver pants, probably the thing sparkling, and mud brown t-shirt. The alien started gliding towards an old meeting room, Fred and Adrienne turned off the light and followed as if they were spies. The alien opened the door to the old room and slipped inside. Fred followed leading a terrified Adrienne. They came to an unexpected halt, the room was full of disguises.

The rest of the week progressed as usual, but on Friday when Fred and Adrienne Smith came to work, it was all but normal. The police had boarded up the entrance and had wrapped the library in police tape. They discovered why the next day. “These ‘things’ are burning holes to the middle of the earth,” cried the agitated police chief. “We have traced them back here!” Pop! A hole appeared ten metres away. “You see what I mean,” he moaned. “Holes like that one are appearing all over town!” “Well maybe we could work from home for one day,” Adrienne suggested. The police chief agreed, so the Smith’s dawdled home in peace.

The next day the siblings ran to work full of hope, but the old library was still boarded and taped. Maybe it would be like that forever, then Fred noticed something, the hole that had appeared yesterday was nowhere to be seen. Fred quizzed the police chief about it and he replied. “Yes, well we have found that if a human is pushed into the hole, then the hole seals up.” How could we use that information? Fred wondered.

That afternoon Fred came up with an answer. The police chief thought the idea was so good it was gold, so that evening they set it to work. They positioned a guard to push the next alien he saw into a hole. Luckily it worked, so the next day, all the police were on pushing duty. With a few days hard work the town was once again alien free. Finally life was back to normal.

PENELOPE DEACON YEAR 5P

A PATH TO TOLERANCE

IPC is my grandmother's and my mother's international kindergarten back in Bangkok, Thailand. This is an old video of a rehearsal for International Day which is an event at IPC that celebrates different countries and cultures. IPC usually has about 30 different nationalities represented at the kindergarten. On International Day, children dress in their national costume and bring a plate of food from their country to share. However, because the students can be from more than one country, they also wear flags from all their countries.

About a month before International Day, each class chooses one country to learn about and on International Day they perform a song and dance from that country. When the show is over, each student receives a "passport" to visit the different class countries to learn about the cultures and traditions of that country (they also receive a stamp in their "passport" when they have completed the activities from the class country).

Since IPC is in Thailand, each morning the whole school sings the Thai National Anthem while raising the Thai flag. This pays respect to the host country.

In conclusion, having this special day and also just going to an international kindergarten taught me (and hopefully teaches the rest of the kindergarten students) tolerance and appreciation of the many people around the world. These students are still little but they can become positive global citizens.

Youtube Video link: <https://youtu.be/wMhZNVtGoZ0>

AYLA CHIRATHIVAT-GERALDS YEAR 4F



THE ELVES

We thought we were the only people noticing the strange events.

Hi my name is Grace and my best friend is Harris. Harris is quite tall and has beautiful blue eyes. He always says I'm getting my nose into things. We have a little club where we investigated into things, we even have our own messy office. But this time it's true...there really is a strange event.

"Grace," shouted Harris from the living room. "Come quickly!"

I ran as fast as my little legs could, I felt like they were burning like a fire. "What is it?"

"Well I was watching the news when this came on," said Harris. "There have been sightings of elves throughout the city and the old man that lives two blocks away managed to take a picture." The elf looked plump and well-fed. He was round like a tomato. Could this be the start of an investigation? they wondered.

The next day we worked like rockets. We gathered so much information and got all the newspapers we could find. We read all the news reports, but we couldn't think of anything else. It was just me in the study when all of a sudden the door swung open.

"Grace! Grace! I've got it! I've downloaded the news onto this disk! Come on lets watch it now." After two hours of absolutely nothing I decided it was best we gave up. Harris why don't we go for a stroll in the park, that always cheers me up. When we were at the park I noticed something odd.

"Harris," I whispered. "Follow me." In the middle of the field there was a group of elves, all looking extremely terrified. We approached them like a predator hunting prey.

"Hello," I said softly. "May I help you?"

"Um, you can start by not eating us," said one of the elves.

"Of course not, we're here to help you," replied Harris. "We could send you back in a boat, we could call Santa or we could just leave you here. What do you think?"

It was decided, we would call Santa and see what we should do. One of the elves told Grace Santa's number and she called him.

"Hello this is Santa speaking," a voice answered.

"Oh, hi Santa, it's Grace here. I have a few of your elves left behind from Christmas."

"Oh that's where they are. I thought they were on vacation! I will send in my emergency elves to rescue them. They will be there in a day." The next day Grace and Harris felt sad watching their friends leave so they decided to write a book.

We thought we were the only people noticing the strange events.

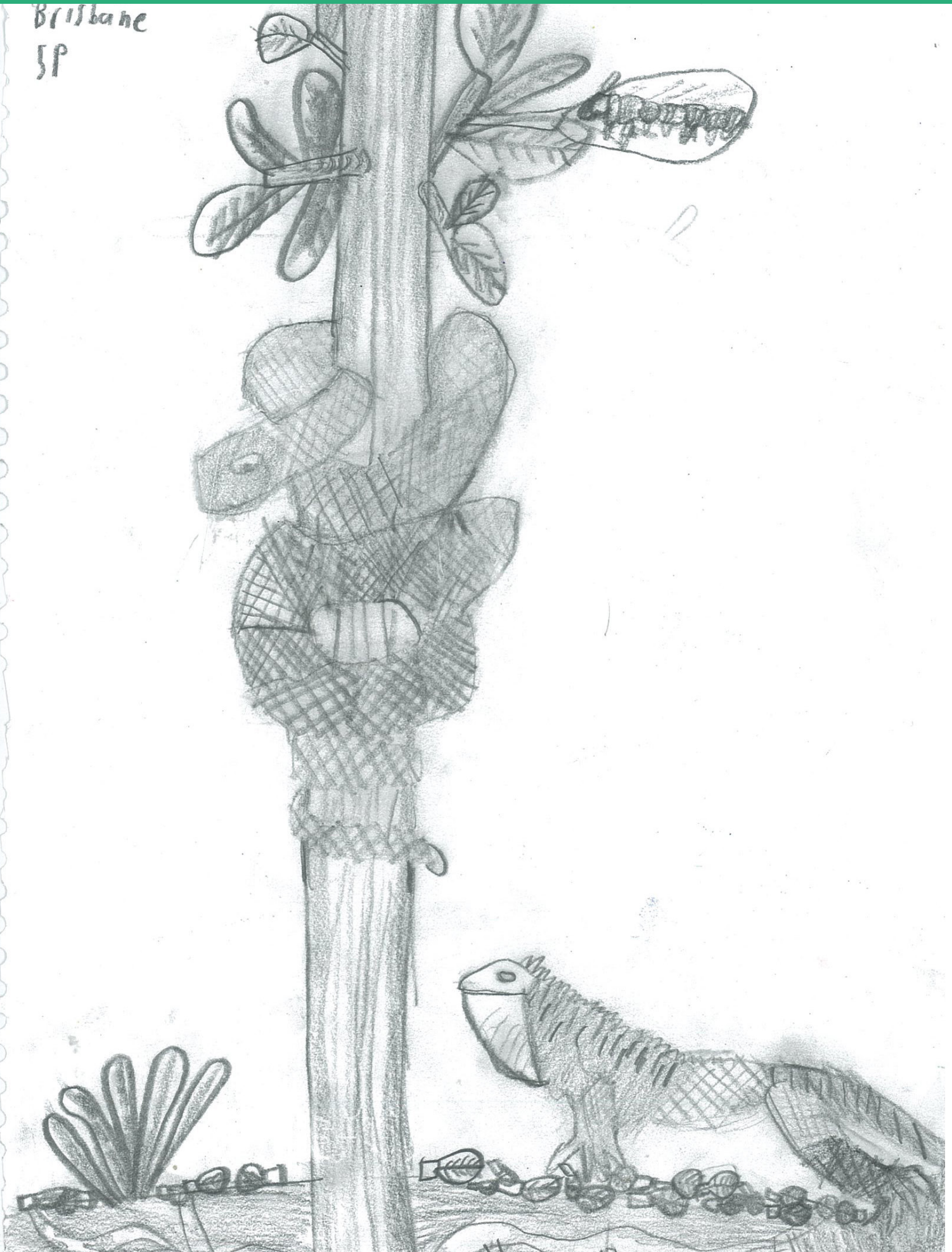
GEORGIE KILMARTIN YEAR 5P



GEORGIE KILMARTIN YEAR 5P



Brisbane
5P



NATURE GIRLS AND THE MISSION TO FIND CRYSTAL

Chapter 1 The Beginning!

One night a sparkle of pixie dust sparkled in the air, before falling gently on Diamond and Lilac's noses. They woke up to see five little fairies.

"Who are you?" said Diamond and Lilac.

"We are your helper fairies. Our names are Rosella, Bluebell, Daffodil, Sunny and Angel."

"We could help you, but our magic is weak" said Bluebell, the fairy dressed in violet.

"Oh, no" said Diamond.

"How can we help?" said Lilac.

"We need you to help us find Crystal. She's the fairy princess. She keeps the group together. We're lost without her" said Diamond, the fairy dressed in yellow.

"We're on the job," said Diamond and Lilac together. They got dressed and ready and snuck out the door.

"Where was the last place you saw Crystal, Rosella?" asked Diamond.

"In the Crystal Caves."

Chapter 2 Outside the Crystal Caves

Finally, they arrived at the caves. Diamond asked the fairies "Whereabouts was she when you last saw her?"

"At the Heart Stone," said Angel, the fairy in the white and yellow dress.

Lilac remembered something. "Are there any creatures that live there?"

"The last time creatures were seen there was back in the 1980's," said Sunny, the fairy in the orange dress.

"It was the Crystal Crawler," said Rosella.

"The Crystal Crawler? I didn't think that was real!" said Diamond.

"It was really, that's for sure!" said Angel. "It almost caught Daffodil's Mum one day."

"There's no time to lose! Let's go in," said Diamond.

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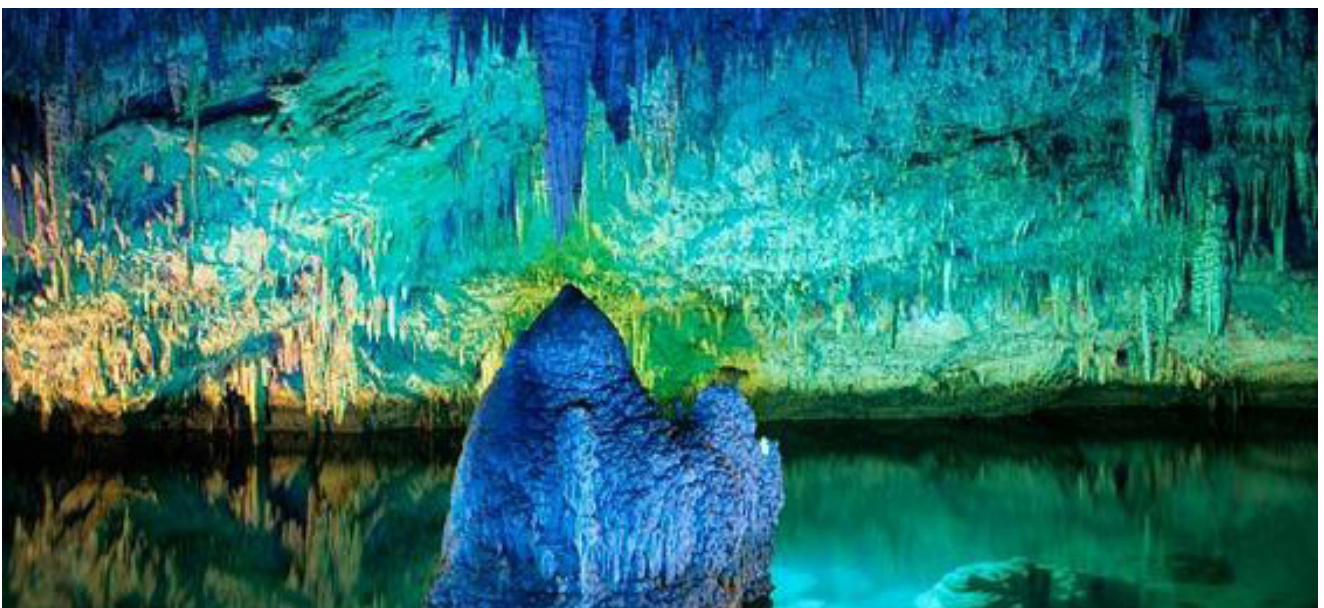
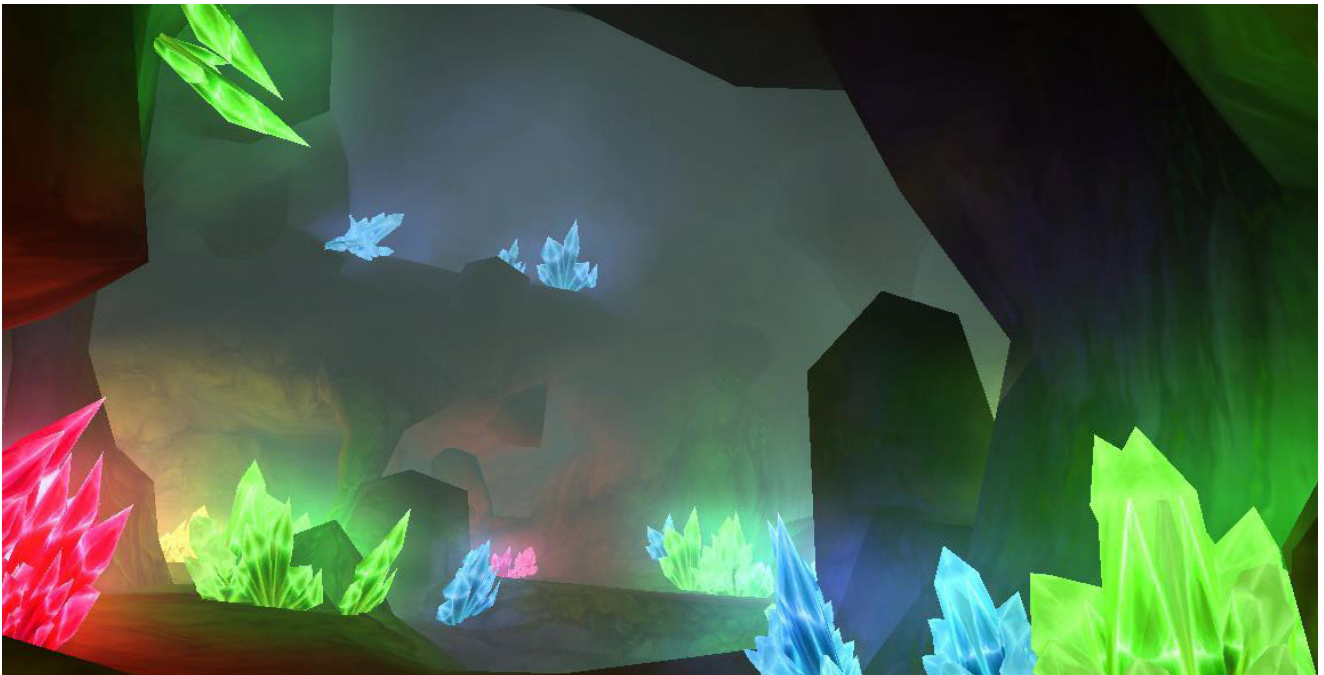
NATURE GIRLS AND THE MISSION TO FIND CRYSTAL

Chapter 3 The Magical Crystal Caves

The princesses and the fairies crept through the dark and scary tunnel. They came to a large opening, and saw many caves. The caves sparkled, lit by hundreds of gems of all colours.

“We should rest now, before we go in,” said Bluebell. Bluebell was always careful and caring, looking after her friends.

Shortly afterwards, they started their journey into the caves. They were beautiful.



Continued over page...

NATURE GIRLS AND THE MISSION TO FIND CRYSTAL

Chapter 4 Crystal

“Rosella?”

“Yes, Diamond?” “What is Crystal like?”

“She’s kind-hearted and quite talented. She’s the one who brought us together. She’s brave, smart and funny.”

She’s mostly happy, and she’s sensible,” said Bluebell. “She’s so much fun!” said Angel.

“Wow, she sounds great!” said Diamond. “Yeah, I can’t wait to meet her,” said Lilac. “She’s always making us laugh,” said Daffodil. “That sounds like Diamond!” said Lilac.

Chapter 5 Stuck!

The princesses and the fairies explored the caves, and after a while came to a stop. Crystals had formed a bridge across an underground river, and crowd the air around it.

Lilac said, “Great, let’s cross it!”

“We have to be very quiet now, because these crystals are very sensitive to noise,” said Bluebell.

“How heavy are you two? The bridge will break if you’re too heavy!” said Angel.

“Ummm, I don’t know,” said Diamond. “Can’t you just fly over?”

“Yes, but our flying is too loud for the crystals,” said Rosella.

“Oh,” said Diamond. “How do we get across?”

Chapter 6 The Crystal Crawler

“Growl!”

“What was that?” Diamond hesitated. “Growl!”

“There it is again!” Lilac yelled.

“Help!” softly screamed a little voice. “Get me out of here!” “I know that voice anywhere! Crystal!” bluebell exclaimed excitedly.

Crack!

“Aaagh! Oh, no. We’re falling!” they all screamed. Crash!

“Oh my,” remarked Diamond and Lilac. “Aaagh, the crystal crawler!”

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NATURE GIRLS AND THE MISSION TO FIND CRYSTAL

Chapter 7 The Battle

“Growl!”

“Diamond, you transformed!” Lilac exclaimed excitedly. “So have you!” Diamond replied excitedly. “Crystal arrow!” the crystal crawler yelled, as a million crystal pointed arrows shot from him.

“Poison ivy shield!” Diamond screamed. “Bee sting kick!” yelled Lilac. “Sleep pollen!” yelled Diamond at the same time.

“Diamond and crystal shield!” screamed the crystal crawler.

“Power zap!” yelled the crystal crawler, and a gigantic beam shot from a crystal on him.

“You missed us!” laughed Lilac.

“Oh, no I did not,” replied the crystal crawler. “It got bluebell!” Daffodil screamed.

Chapter 8 The Rescue

“We need to get out of here!” yelled Diamond.

“Yeah!” yelled Rosette, so they ran to a place that they thought was safe. They made a very good plan, and they started it.

Diamond went and started battling the crystal crawler. Lilac went around with cheetah speed, tying the crystal crawler up. Sunny and Daffodil made light to weaken the crystal crawler, and Rosette and Angel sprinkled pixie dust over his power crystal. After a while he got so weak he surrendered and gave princess Crystal and Bluebell back, and all their power back.

How are they getting home?

The end.

ILLIA DUNWORTH YEAR 3G



ADVENTURE TIME

“Isaac, have you seen father?” Asked Isabella, she was the youngest out of all of them.

“No but I did see mother in the kitchen cooking a beautiful hot breakfast.” Alexander came into the room. He was the eldest.

“I saw father in the garage.”

“Oh thank you Alex,” cried Isabella. Isabella walked to the garage. Then Chase the dog came bounding into the room with Oliver by his side.

”What’s up,” Isaac asked Oliver.

“I’m alright, thank you,” replied Oliver.

A few moments later, Isabella came running into the kitchen, smelling the hot steam rise into the air. The others soon came in too.

“FATHER!” called mother. ”Time for breakfast!”

“I’m coming!”. Then they were all having breakfast, even Chase.

After breakfast, Chase was acting a bit strange. He went outside and followed some sort of smell which led him up the hill. The children decided to follow him.

“Where on earth is Chase going?” wondered Alexander. Chase walked over the hill and down Clover’s Road and jumped into Oliver’s boat.

“WOOF” barked Chase. They all came rushing down to the beach, and jumped into the boat and rowed away quickly.

“It’s a nice and warm April morning” Isaac said with a grin.

“WATCH OUT! We’re going to crash into those rocks!” screamed Isabella in fright.

“I’ve got it all under control,” said Oliver as he slowly brought the boat into the cove and then Chase leaped off the boat and ran up the rocks. He was already a long way away from the children and almost out of sight. The children quickly climbed up the rocks and saw Chase run into a tunnel.

At last they caught up, running the whole way. “Chase, wait up” called Oliver, “Slow down.”

They came to a stop. Isaac pushed in front and he was amazed. He saw a railway! Suddenly, he heard something strange. He looked left and he saw a light and it was getting closer and closer until it finally reached Isaac.

“STAND BACK!” yelled Isaac, and he took one big step back. As Isaac looked at it, he heard a DING DING! It was a train!

“We’d better go back home now,” Isabella said a bit frightened.

Continued over page...

ADVENTURE TIME - CONTINUED

“No, we should explore the passage a bit more” said Oliver. Chase barked WOOF!

“Shh. Keep quiet Chase”, whispered Oliver.

“Come on then, let’s go and explore the passage,” Oliver said impatiently. So they walked slowly around the passage, but suddenly Chase growled when he saw something strange.

Chase said “WOOF!” for attention, and Oliver and Isabella looked at Chase to see why he wanted attention.

“What’s the matter” asked Alexander. As he looked over, he saw a box on a shelf. Alexander, Isaac, Isabella and Oliver looked over the box. Isaac opened up the strange box and he saw a whole lot of rubbish.

He fiddled with all of the junk and said, “Oh blow! There’s nothing in here that’s worth anything” but then before he threw it away in the damp, he suddenly noticed there was a map of the tunnel inside. “Hey guys, look!” Alexander called out excitedly, they all looked at the map and saw a room.

“That’s funny, there’s an X marks the spot on that room in the map” Isabella said with excitement. On his face Oliver winked to Alexander, Alexander winked back.

“Can we go camping in that room?” asked Isabella with a grin. “Well, we must ask mother before we go off on our own” said Isaac doubtfully.

So they turned around and walked back to the boat. Oliver rowed back home with Chase by his side. They rowed back and then, went up Clover’s Road and over the hill. They arrived at their house and went straight to the kitchen.

“Where have you been?” asked mother.

“Well, we were following Chase outside, and he made us follow him all the way to the cove, and then into a tunnel and then...”

“Okay, Okay I don’t need the whole story”, said mother.

“WOOF!” said Chase impatiently.

“Okay, well, we were thinking we could maybe go camping here” said Alexander. Alexander showed mother the map and where the X marks the spot was on the map.

“Uhh... Okay, but just for one week.” said mother.

“YES!” they all cried.

“Well then we better get busy packing your cases” said mother and they all set to work.

Oliver was the first person to finish packing, then Alexander was all packed. And soon all of them were packed.

Continued over page...

ADVENTURE TIME - CONTINUED

“WE’RE READY TO GO!” called out Isaac. So they sat in the car and waved goodbye.

“BYE!” said Alexander as they drove off and waved goodbye to their mother.

“I’m very, very excited for our tour” said Isabella. “But I’m tired,” and soon all of them fell asleep.

They all woke up from the noise of the road near the beach, and then they set off in the boat.

And soon they arrived at the tunnel.

“Do you want to eat lunch?” asked Isaac hungrily.

TO BE CONTINUED. STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT ADVENTURE!

AIDAN BRINKWORTH YEAR 2R







Hand
Print



ARLIYA SMITH YEAR 2W

SUNNY THE BUTTERFLY

“Hey Flora, do you know where Lily is?”

“Yes Sunny, she is in the meadow,” said Flora.

“Ok, thanks,” replied Sunny.

“Hey Sunny, would you like me to come with you?” asked Flora.

“Yes please Flora, that would be wonderful.”

“Ok, lets go.” So they flew away into the meadow.

“Hi Lily, where have you two been?” asked Sunny.

“We have been all the way down the river.” Lily replied.

“I have been looking for you! Flora helped me find you,” said Sunny.

“I wondered if you were looking for me?” said Lily. Then we all decided to fly to Sunny’s cafe where we sat and had lunch and enjoyed hot chocolate.

We really enjoyed our lunch and then we headed off down the river and watched frogs jump from lily pad to lily pad and with our fluttery wings we flew into the beautiful meadow.

We played a few games, we played sleeping butterflies and then we soared above grey clouds. We rushed to Lily’s house and played games. It was much more fun being outside. Sometimes we play inside with my butterfly friends but today we will play outside. I like my idea, but I need to ask my friends, Sunny said to herself.

“Flora and Lily, I have an idea,” announced Sunny.

“What?” said Lily.

“Some days we should play inside, some days we can play outside.” Sunny said.

“Wow, that’s a good idea,” said Flora.

Lily’s mum arrived back from work to ask Sunny and Flora if they would like to stay.

“Yes please,” they said together. So they both went to their homes and packed a bag with their pajamas, toothbrush and clothes for the morning and some toys in another bag. They asked their parents if they could stay and they were both allowed.

The butterflies enjoyed dinner while Lily’s mum set up the beds.

“Thank you,” said Sunny and Flora for dinner. “It was lovely.”

“No problem,” said Lily’s mum.

Continued over page...

SUNNY THE BUTTERFLY - CONTINUED

Lily had an idea. “We could have a midnight feast!”

“Great idea Lily, we should set an alarm,” said Flora. So Lily set an alarm on her alarm clock and they quickly went to sleep.

In the middle of the night Lily’s alarm woke her, she woke her friends up and then they quietly went into the kitchen and flew back to Lily’s bedroom and enjoyed some treats. They put all the rubbish in the bin and went back to sleep and had great dreams about unicorns.

LAUREN MILLS YEAR 2R



YEAR 5 ITALIAN - DAILY ROUTINE

FELICITY CIROCCO YEAR 5W

JAMES YOUNG YEAR 5N

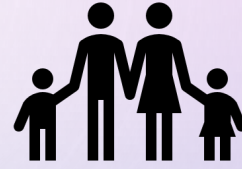
YEAR 5 ITALIAN - DAILY ROUTINE

PENELOPE DEACON YEAR 5P

PHOENIX CRAMPTON YEAR 5H

RESILIENCE

RESILIENCE



BY ADRIANA SMITH

3G



YAY!

KEEP ON TRYING



DREAM

NEVER GIVE UP ON YOUR DREAMS



WORK

KEEP WORKING HARD

RESILIENCE

HOW BAD IS IT?

THINK HOW BAD IS IT REALLY?

How do I feel?

-  fear, grief, despair, insecure, guilt, unworthy **DEPRESSED**
-  jealous, hatred, rage, vengeful **ANGRY**
-  discouraged, worried, doubtful, disappointed **BLAME**
-  overwhelmed, bored, annoyed, impatient **FRUSTRATED**
-  content, optimistic **HOPEFUL**
-  belief, eager, happy, passion **ENTHUSIASTIC**
-  appreciation, empowerment, freedom, love, joy **BLISS**

HELP

HELP OTHERS AND THEY'LL HELP YOU.

BE KIND TO EVERYBODY!

LISTEN TO OTHERS FOR INFORMATION.

BE KIND

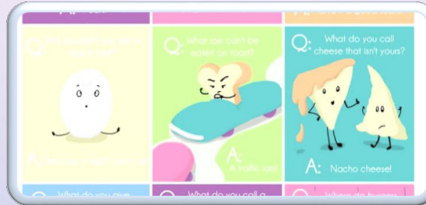


RESILIENCE

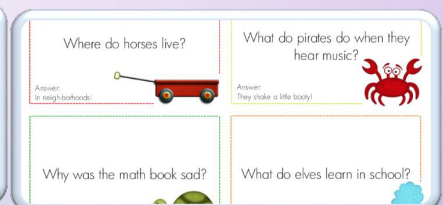
BE KIND



DON'T
BE MEAN



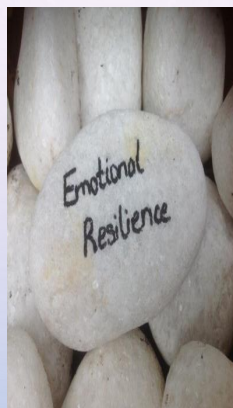
DO
BOUNCE BACK UP



BE
IT IS OK TO TELL JOKES BUT ONLY
FUNNY ONES

BEING NICE

RESILIENCE IS BEING KIND AND LOTS MORE.



*Strong people alone know how
to organize their suffering so
as to bear only the most
necessary pain.*

- Emil Dorian

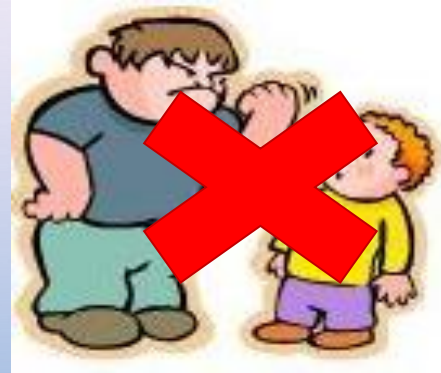
RESILIENCE

THINK

THINK BEFORE YOU SAY



THINK BEFORE YOU DO



FEELINGS

SOME

- HAPPY , SAD , ANGRY , BRAVE , EMBARRASSED , FROZEN , WORRIED , SURPRISED .

TIPS



RESILIENCE



ADRIANA SMITH YEAR 3G

YEAR 2 - ITALIAN

“Our first unit of inquiry, Songs, rhymes and stories are used to understand language, looks at different ways in which we can learn a language. In Italian class we have learned songs that have helped us learn new Italian words. This is one of the ways that we learned the numbers from one to ten.”

YEAR 2R

YEAR 2W

YEAR 2S

THE LITTLE EGG

I see a feather coming out
of an egg and three chicks.

I think the first chick is
ready to go in to the
Brooder Box.

I wonder how they loose
their egg tooth and if the
yellow chick is a boy?

Living Things Grow and Change

YEAR 2R - ADJECTIVE POPCORN POEM

My Adjective Popcorn Poem By Caspar Crampton



TASK: Use your adjective brainstorming page to create an interesting adjective staircase poem
Remember the FIRST word of each line changes and you repeat the words down the staircase

Crunchy popcorn

Buttery crunchy popcorn

Yummy buttery crunchy popcorn

Finger-licking yummy buttery crunchy popcorn

Popcorn

CASPER CRAMPTON YEAR 2R

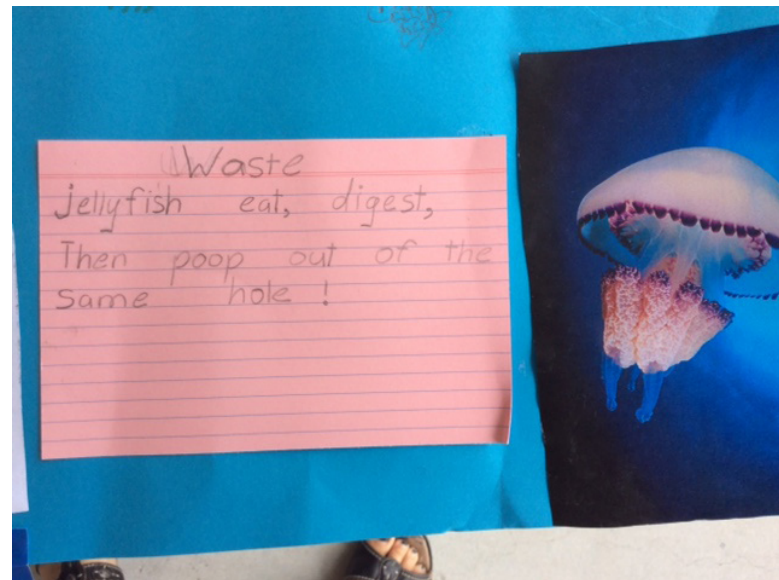
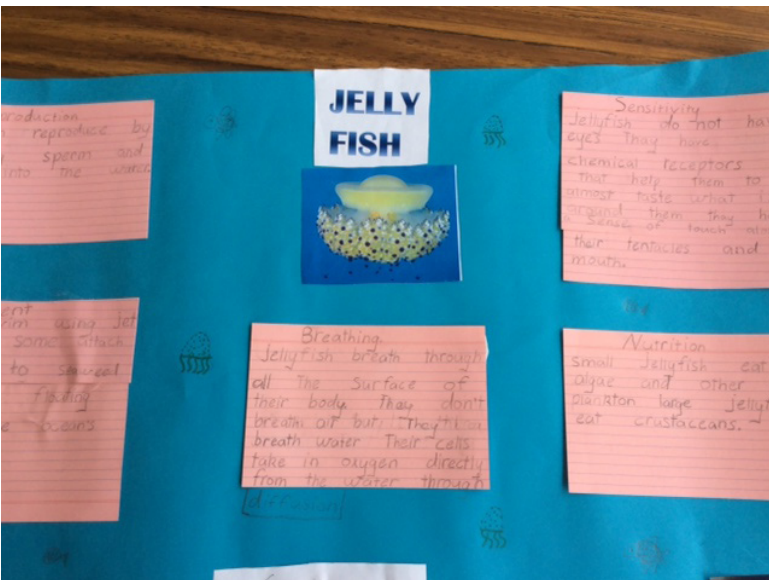
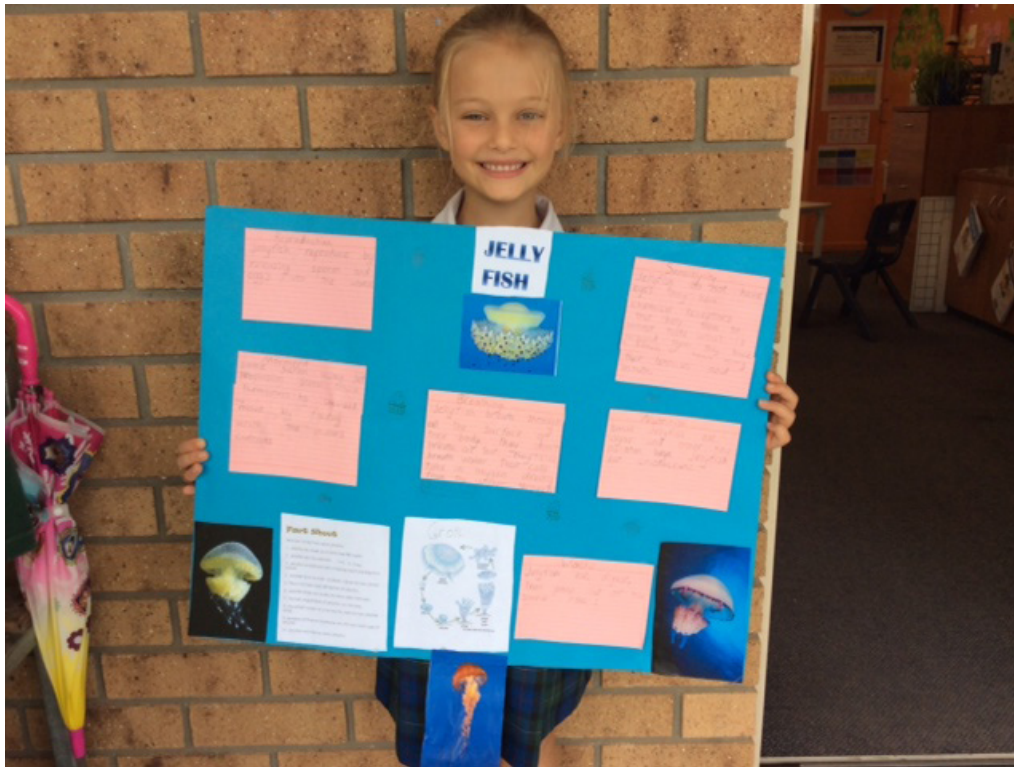


YEAR 2R - ADJECTIVE POPCORN POEM



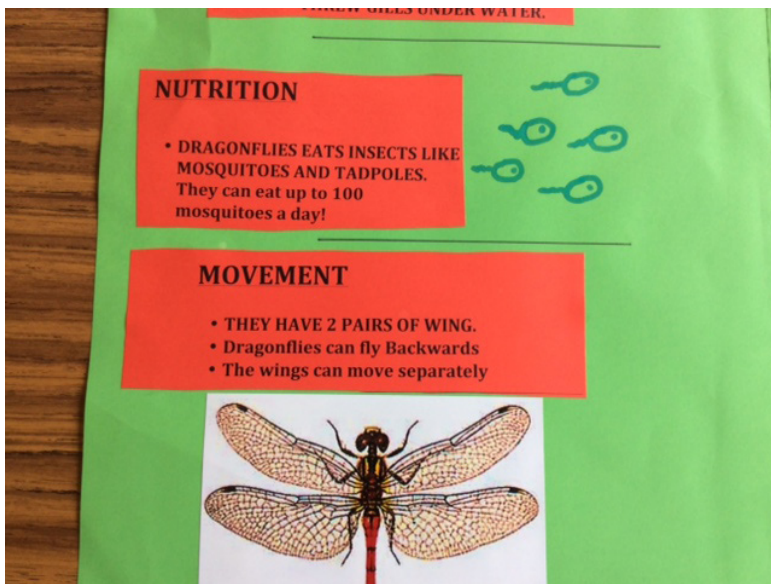
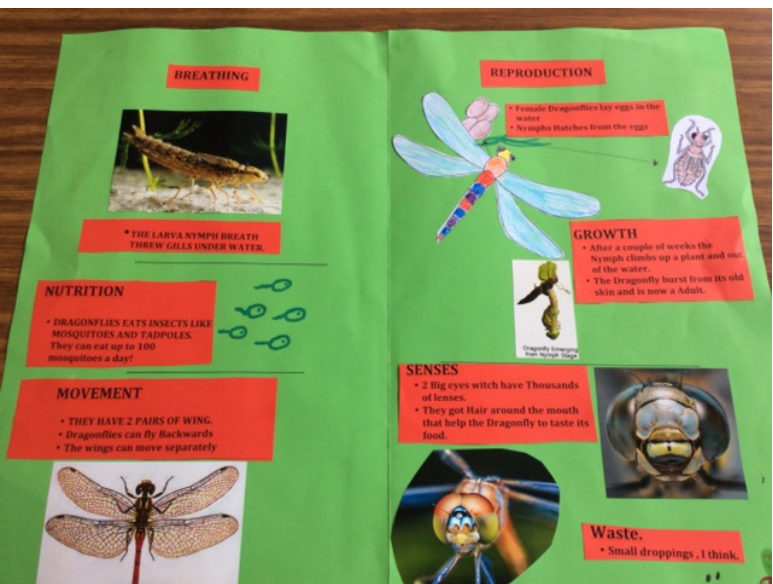
LIVING THINGS GROW AND CHANGE - YEAR 2

(PRESENTING THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A JELLYFISH)



ELIZA DAVENPORT YEAR 2R

LIVING THINGS GROW AND CHANGE - YEAR 2 (PRESENTING THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A ASIAN HOUSE GECKO)



NIKA ERASMUS YEAR 2R

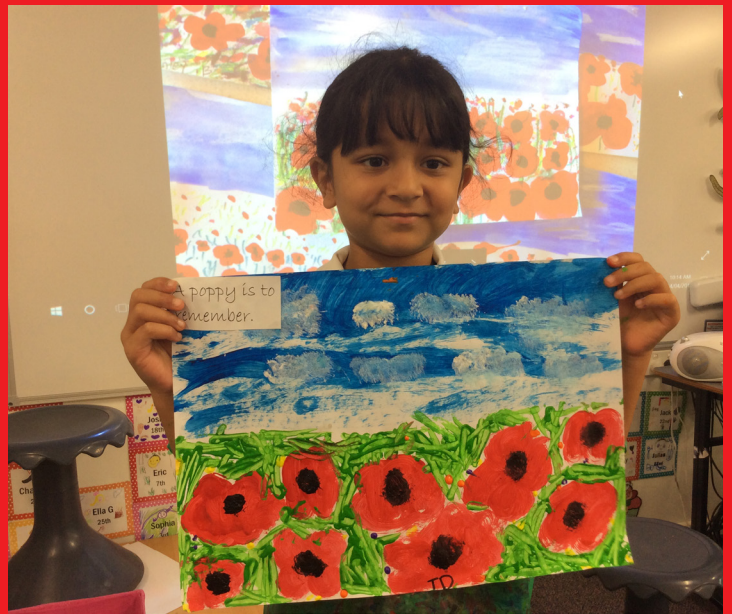
YEAR 1 - ANZAC DAY ART



YEAR 1 - ANZAC DAY ART



YEAR 1 - ANZAC DAY ART



YEAR 1 - ANZAC DAY ART



VICTORIA

FLEMINGTON FORM

17 WATERHOUSE (8) 54.5
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 54.5%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

18 GULLIVER (18) 58.5
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 58.5%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

19 CURRAUGH (19) 54
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 54%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

20 CURRAGE (19) 54
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 54%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

21 TUCAMCHOO (9) 55.5
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 55.5%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

22 ALMADON (7) 52
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 52%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

23 QEWY (15) 51.5
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 51.5%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

24 TURMINTROUND (7) 52
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 52%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

25 ZISECRET (10) 52
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 52%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

26 ALMADON (7) 52
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 52%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

27 DANIEL (8) 54.5
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 54.5%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

28 DANIEL (8) 54.5
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 54.5%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

29 CURRAUGH (19) 54
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 54%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

30 CURRAUGH (19) 54
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 54%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

31 TUCAMCHOO (9) 55.5
WIN: 25.0%
PLACE: 55.5%
WINNERS: 1000 (1) 1400 (4)

NATE VAN DEN BRINK YEAR 25

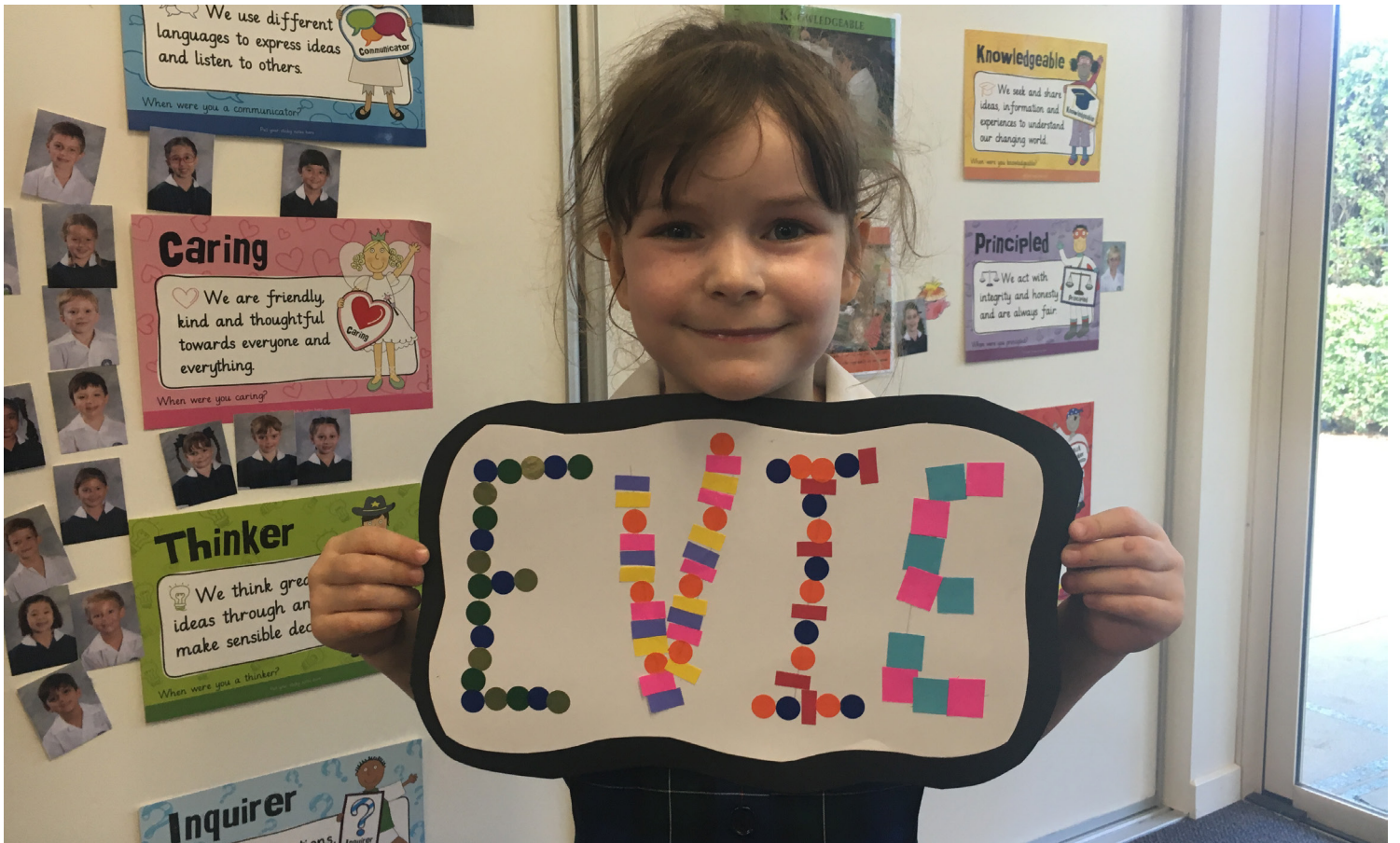
NAME PATTERNS - YEAR 1S

The mathematically-minded and artistically talented students of Year 1S used circles, squares and rectangles to turn the letters of their names into beautiful patterns! Students made patterns out of colours and shapes to create these striking works of art! Feel free to drop into our classroom to see the rest!



CAMILLE DE BRUIN YEAR 1S

NAME PATTERNS - YEAR 1S



EVIE WILSON YEAR 1S

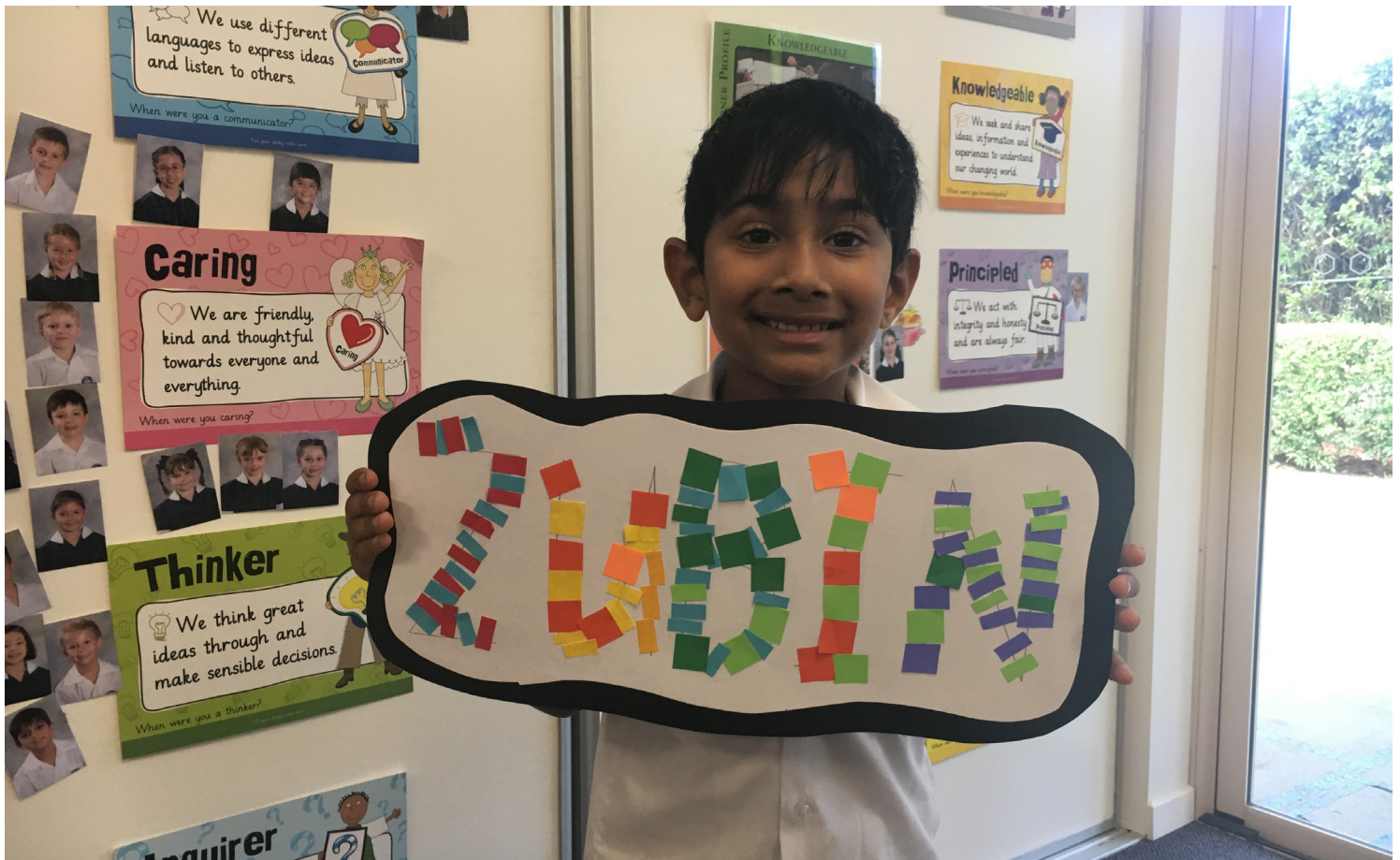


JORJA GROCCOTT YEAR 1S

NAME PATTERNS - YEAR 1S



LUCAS DEFFENTI YEAR 1S



ZUBIN GAHANKARI YEAR 1S

3D SHAPES MADE FROM TOOTHPICKS AND MARSHMALLOWS - YEAR 1T

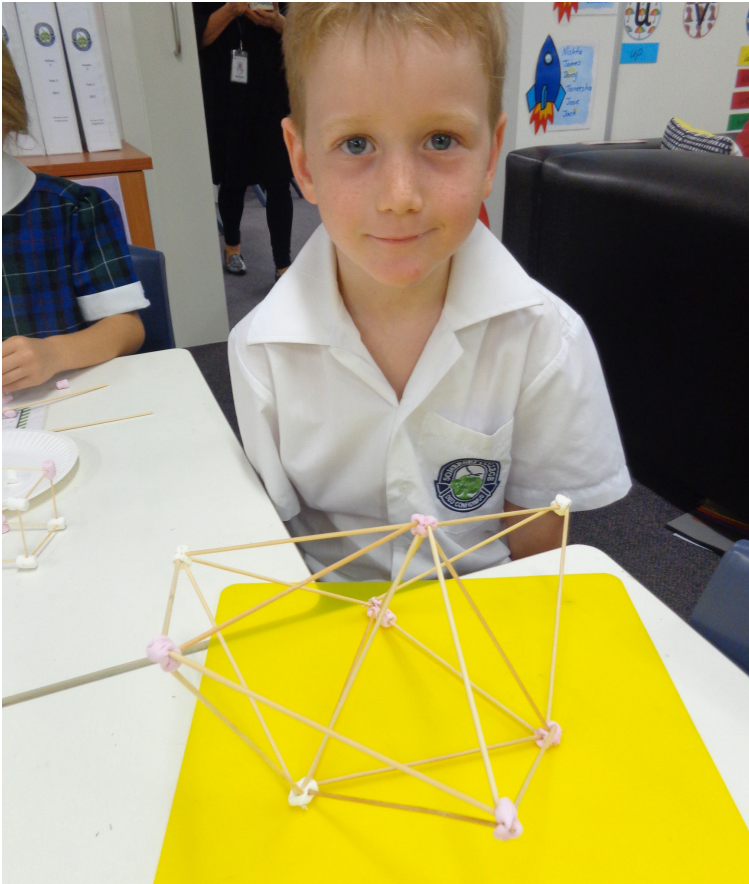
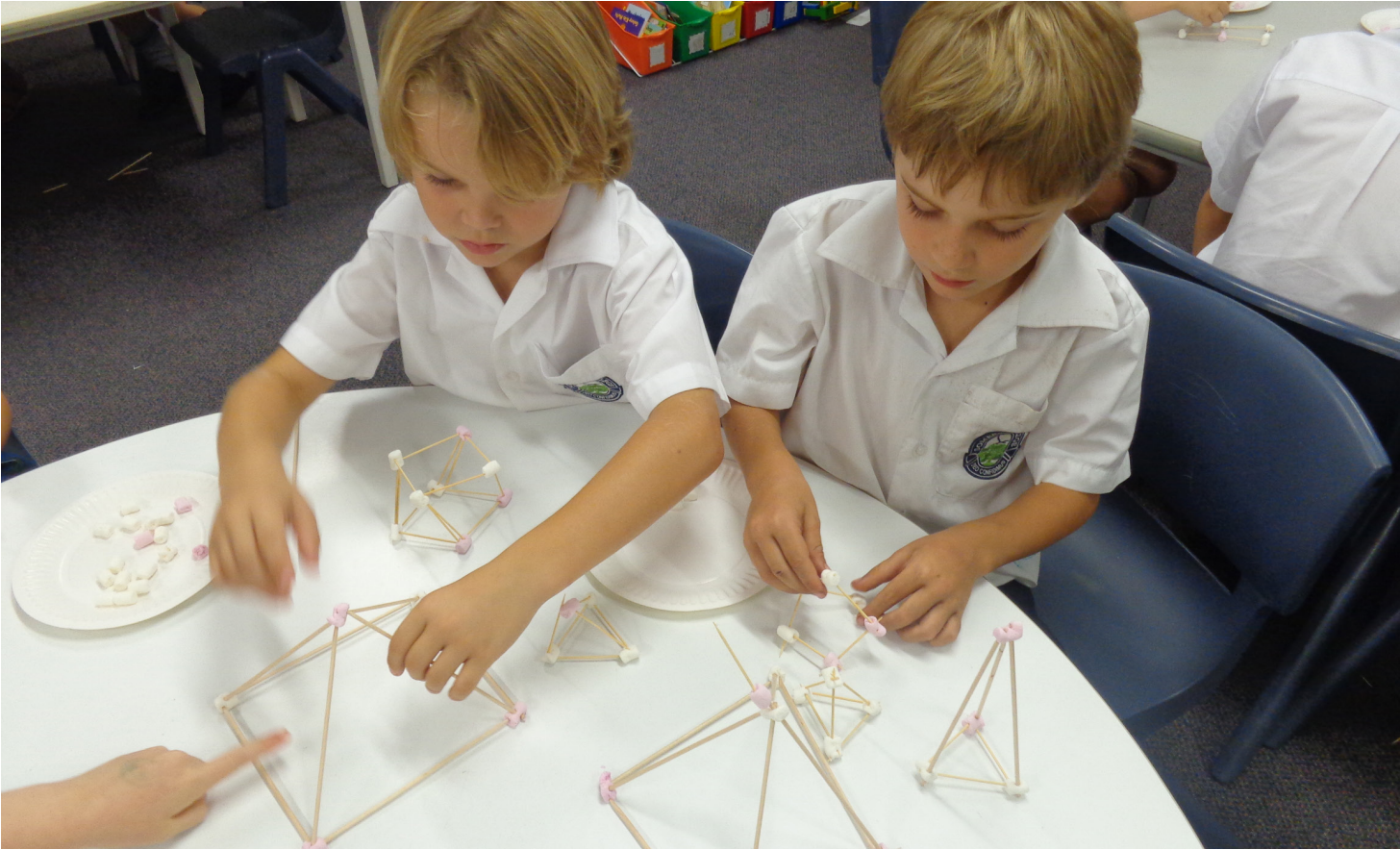
During our Mathematics unit on shape, students in Year 1 learnt how to recognise and classify both two-dimensional and three-dimensional shapes and objects by describing their obvious features. During this hands-on learning activity, they got sticky and used their procedural skills to construct their own 3D shapes using toothpicks, skewers and delicious marshmallows! They then described their shapes by the number of edges and vertices they counted and explored this topic further by going on a shape hunt around our classroom and school grounds.



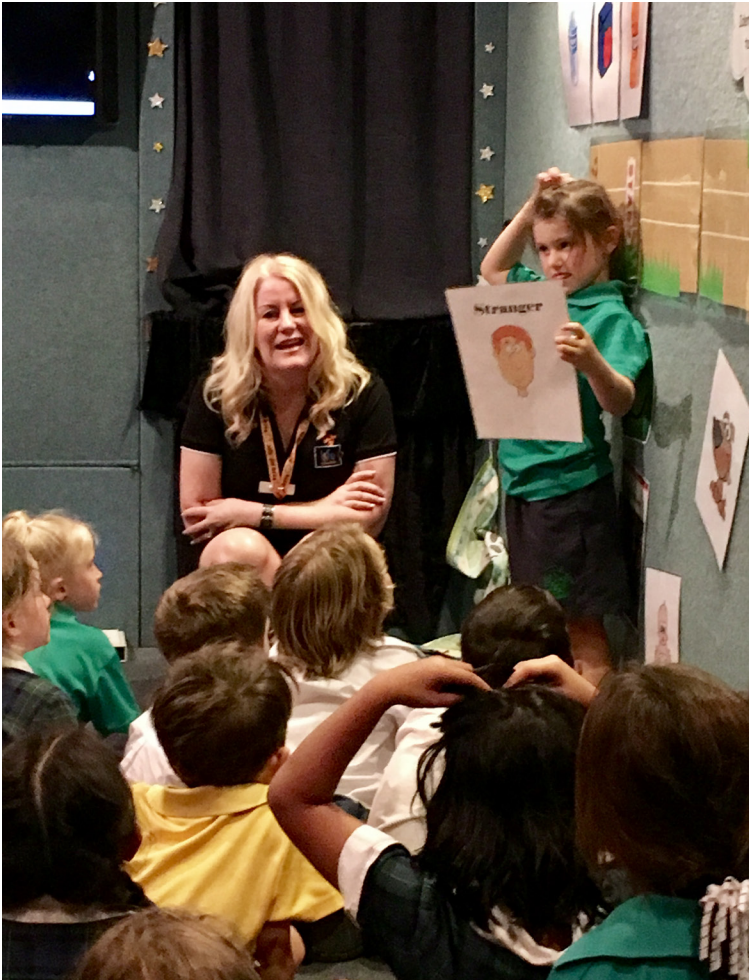
3D SHAPES MADE FROM TOOTHPICKS AND MARSHMALLOWS - YEAR 1E



3D SHAPES MADE FROM TOOTHPICKS AND MARSHMALLOWS - YEAR 1E



HEALTHY HAROLD VISIT - YEAR 1E



HEALTHY HAROLD VISIT - YEAR 1E



PREP - UNIT OF INQUIRY

TRANS THEME: WHO WE ARE

CENTRAL IDEA: EVERYDAY I LEARN MORE ABOUT WHO I AM AND WHAT I CAN DO

LINE OF INQUIRY: HOW MY BODY WORKS

“DEM BONES”

Secret Goetz

5H



This picture is
of my friend
Jenna

PRE-PREP RED - EASTER



PRE-PREP RED - EASTER



PRE-PREP RED - EASTER



PRE-PREP RED - EASTER



PRE-PREP BLUE - EASTER



PRE-PREP BLUE - EASTER



PRE-PREP BLUE - EASTER



PRE-PREP BLUE - EASTER



PRE-PREP YELLOW - EASTER



PRE-PREP YELLOW - EASTER



PRE-PREP YELLOW - EASTER



PRE-PREP YELLOW - EASTER



YEAR 3 - MUSIC

Year 3 Unit of Inquiry looked at how attitudes, skills and knowledge grow and change when one learns an instrument.

Students created a poster which explained how playing recorder “helps them to bloom”. There are many benefits in playing the recorder, beyond the obvious – that it is fun!

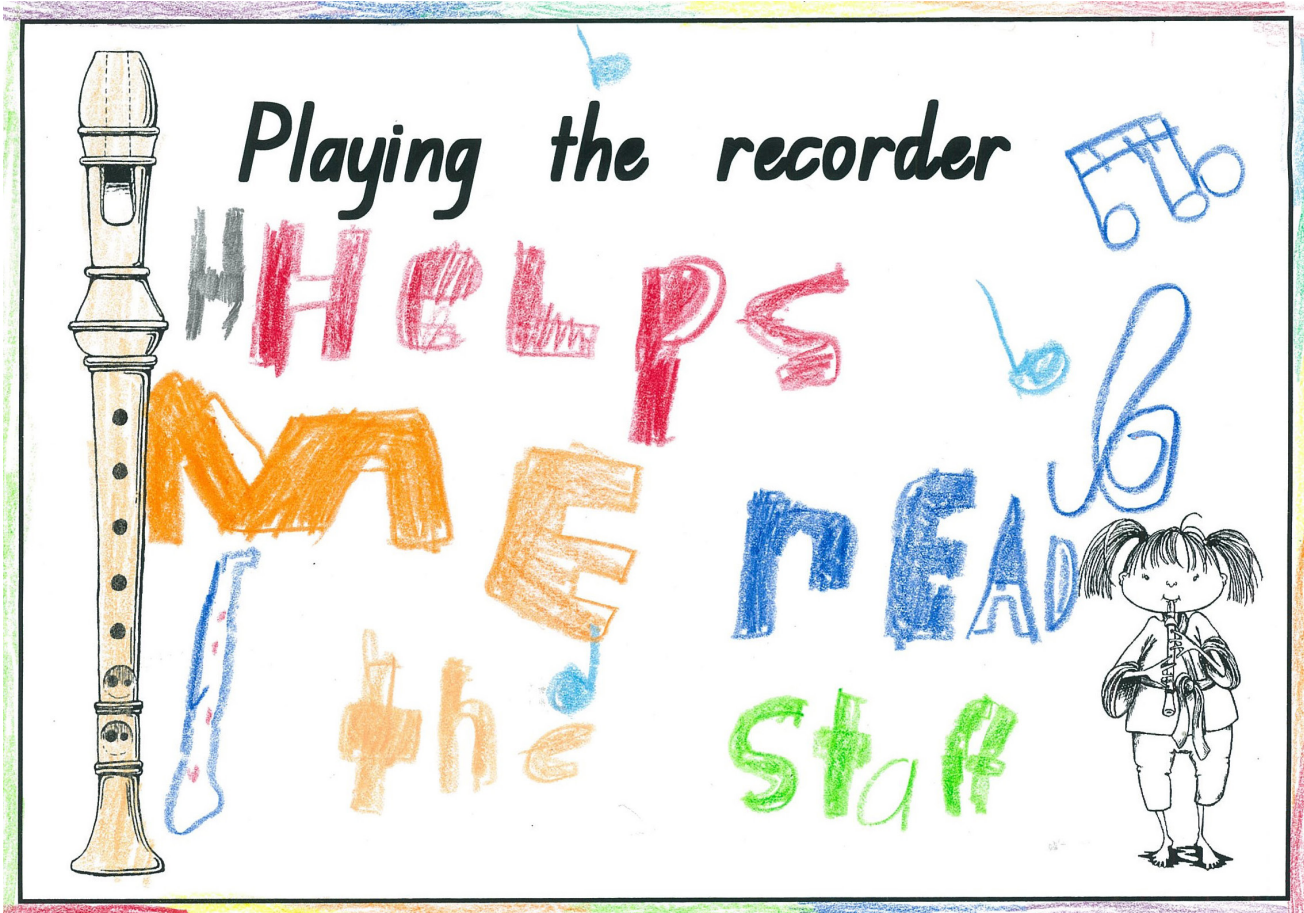
Apart from being an accessible, portable instrument for young musicians to introduce performance, Playing recorder...

- helps develop fine motor skills
- promotes self esteem, responsibility and confidence
- develops musicianship as we use our ears to match pitch

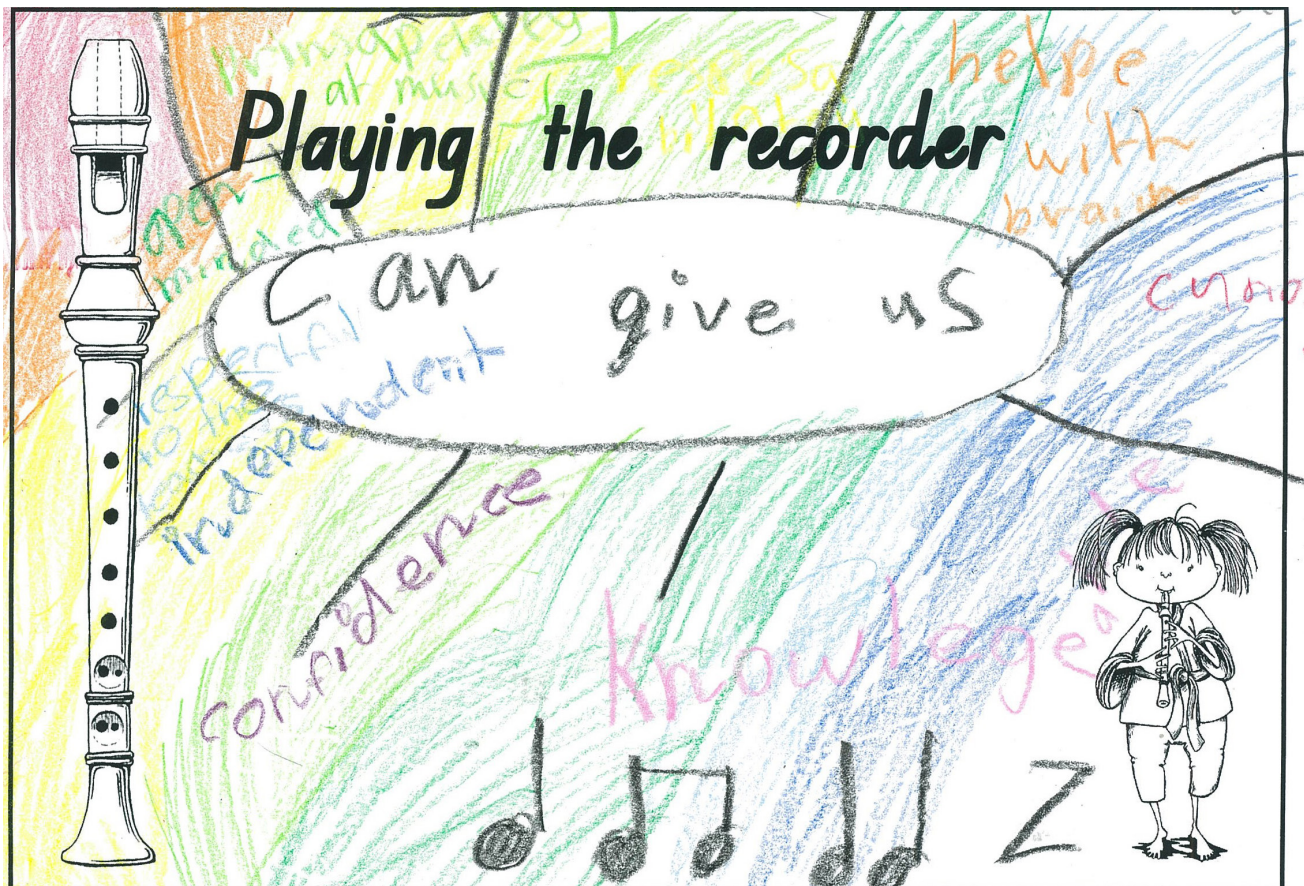
Year 3 students created these posters which highlight how learning the recorder has helped them grow.



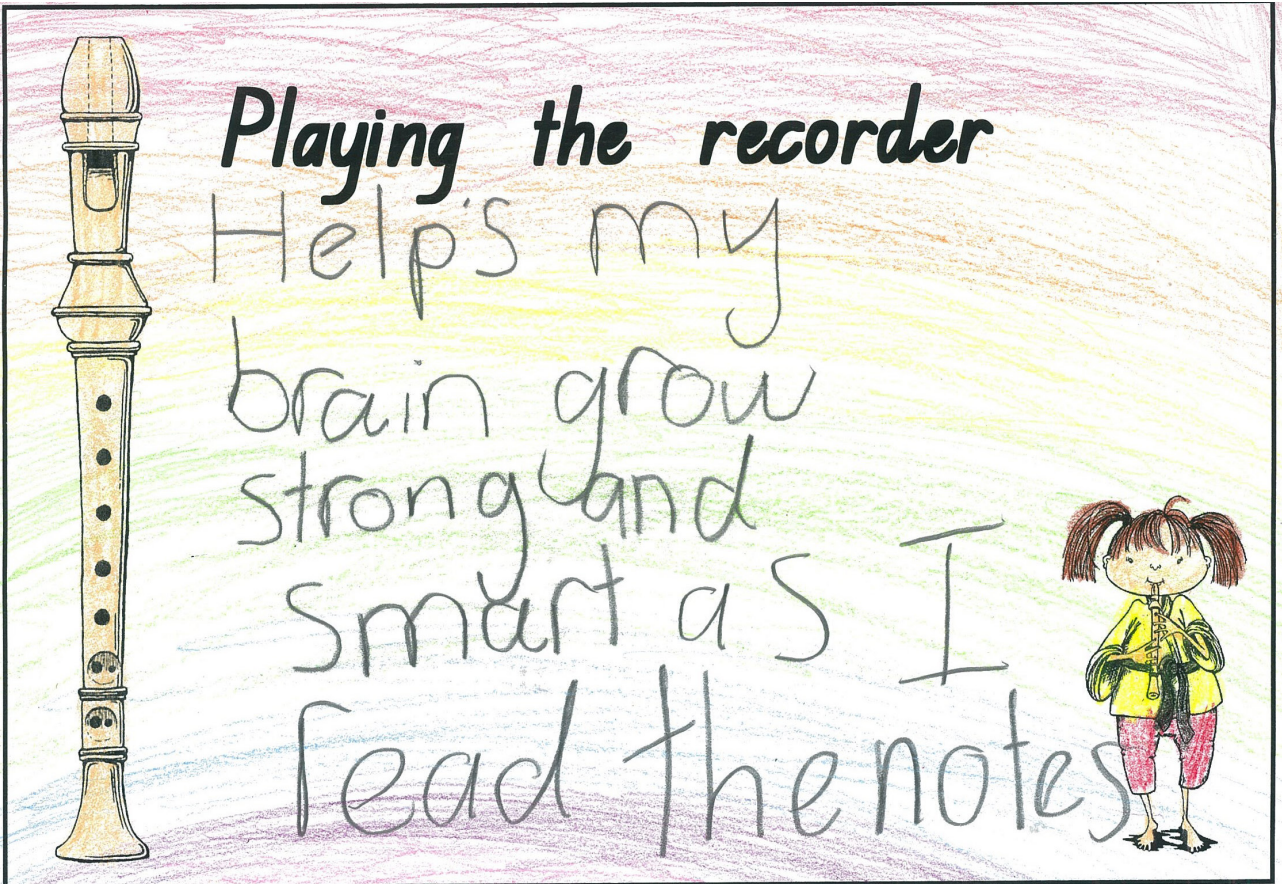
ADRIANA SMITH YEAR 3G



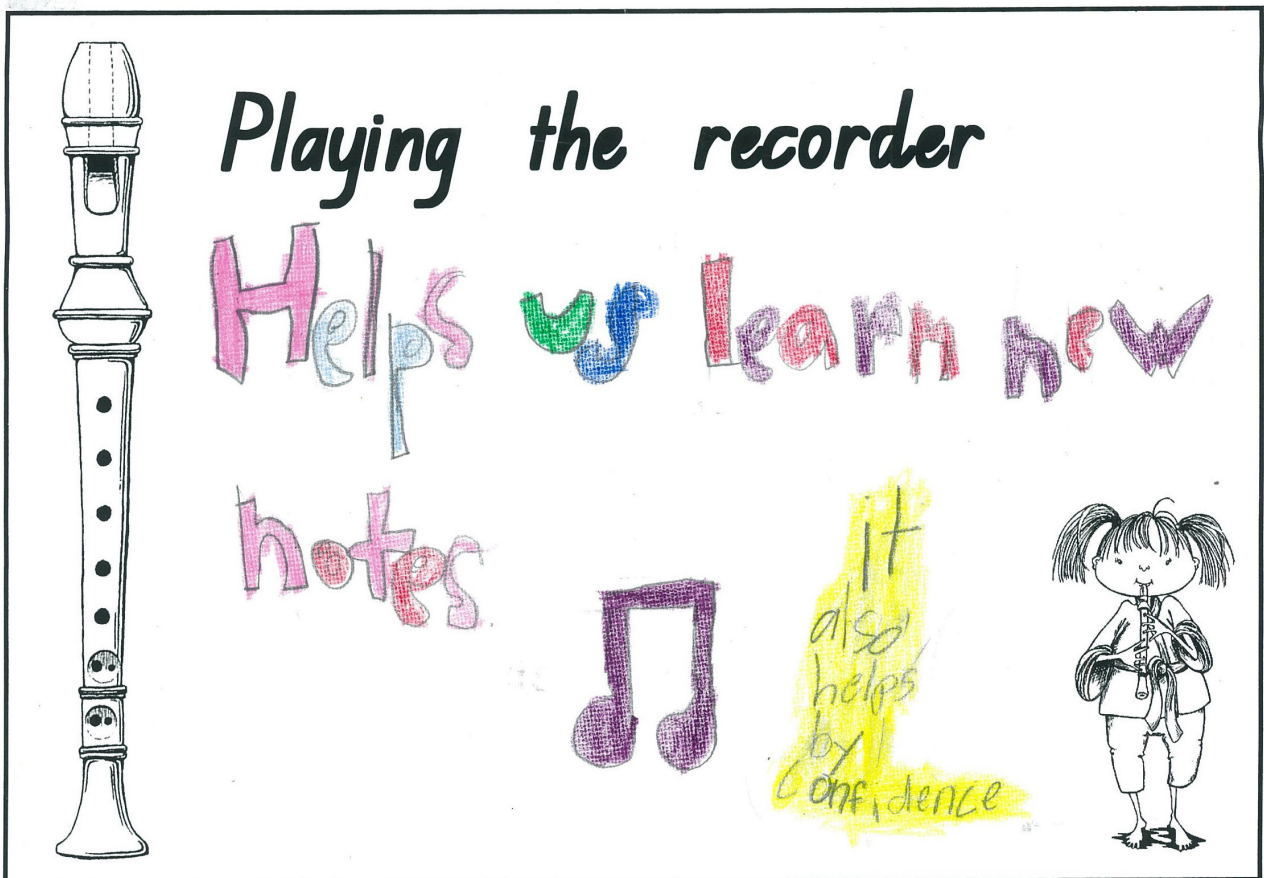
ARCHIE JONES YEAR 3M



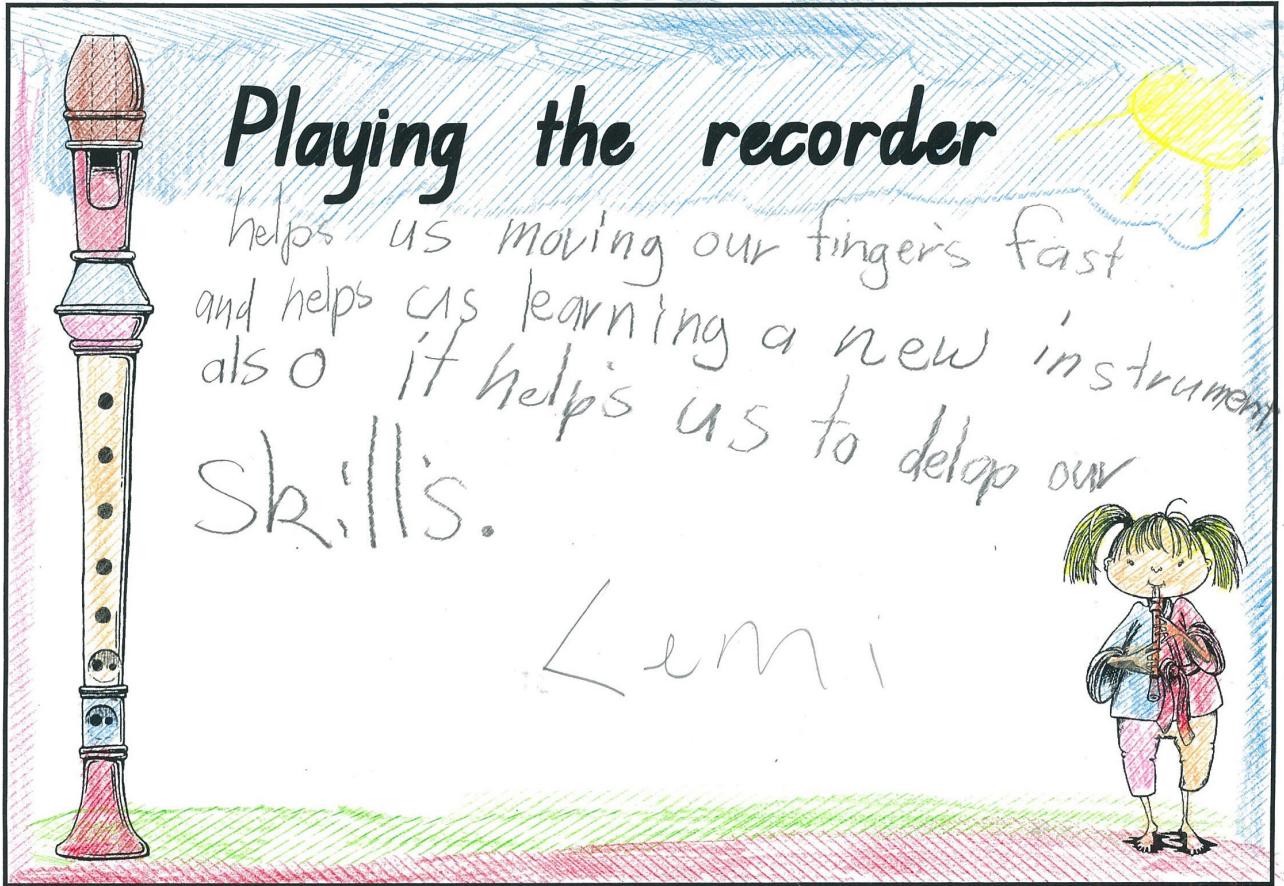
LAALASA GUDURI YEAR 3M



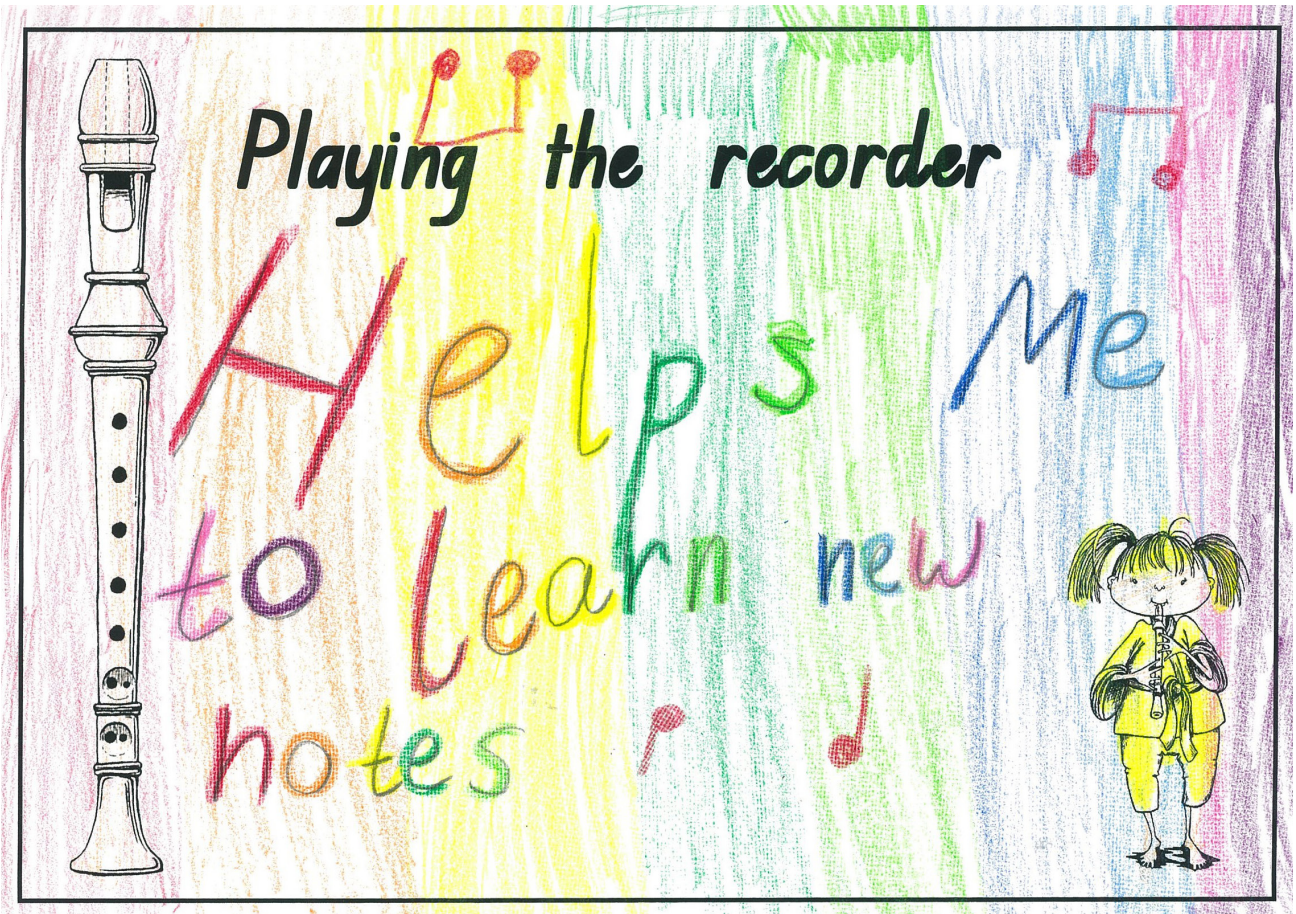
ISABEL CHUDZINSKI YEAR 3M



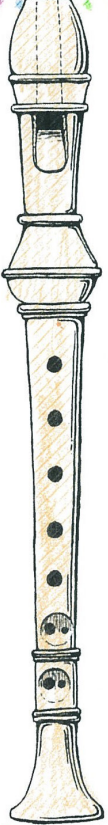
ALISHA GOSAL YEAR 3M



LEMI CHEN YEAR 3G




CHARLOTTE KEMP YEAR 3M




Playing the recorder

Helps me learn
New notes
Because I can use those
new notes and use them
for other instruments




JJ
QB

BROOKE BOWDEN YEAR 3G



Playing the recorder

Playing the recorder uses caring,
Risk-taking / knowledge and confidence



DENVER BANNERMAN YEAR 3S

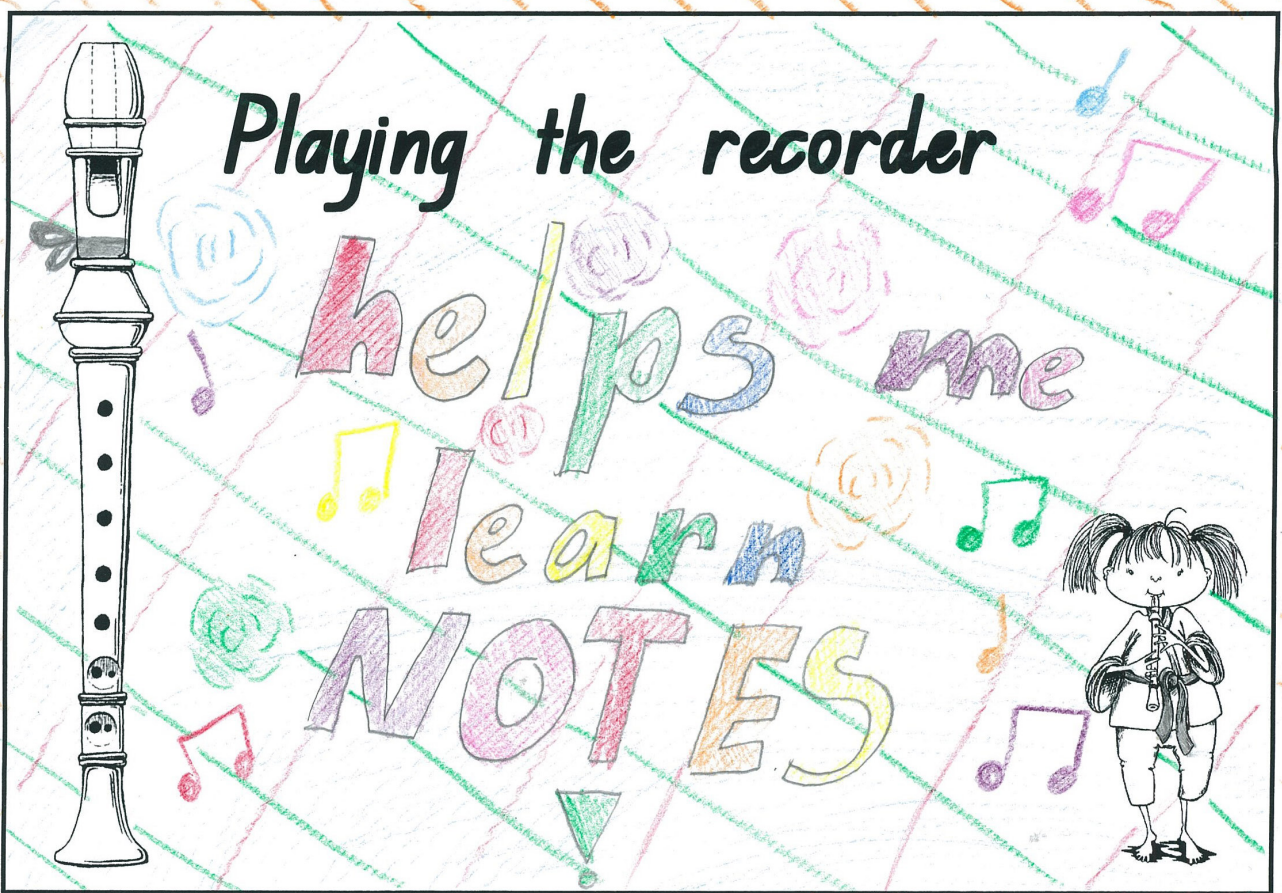
YEAR 3 - MUSIC



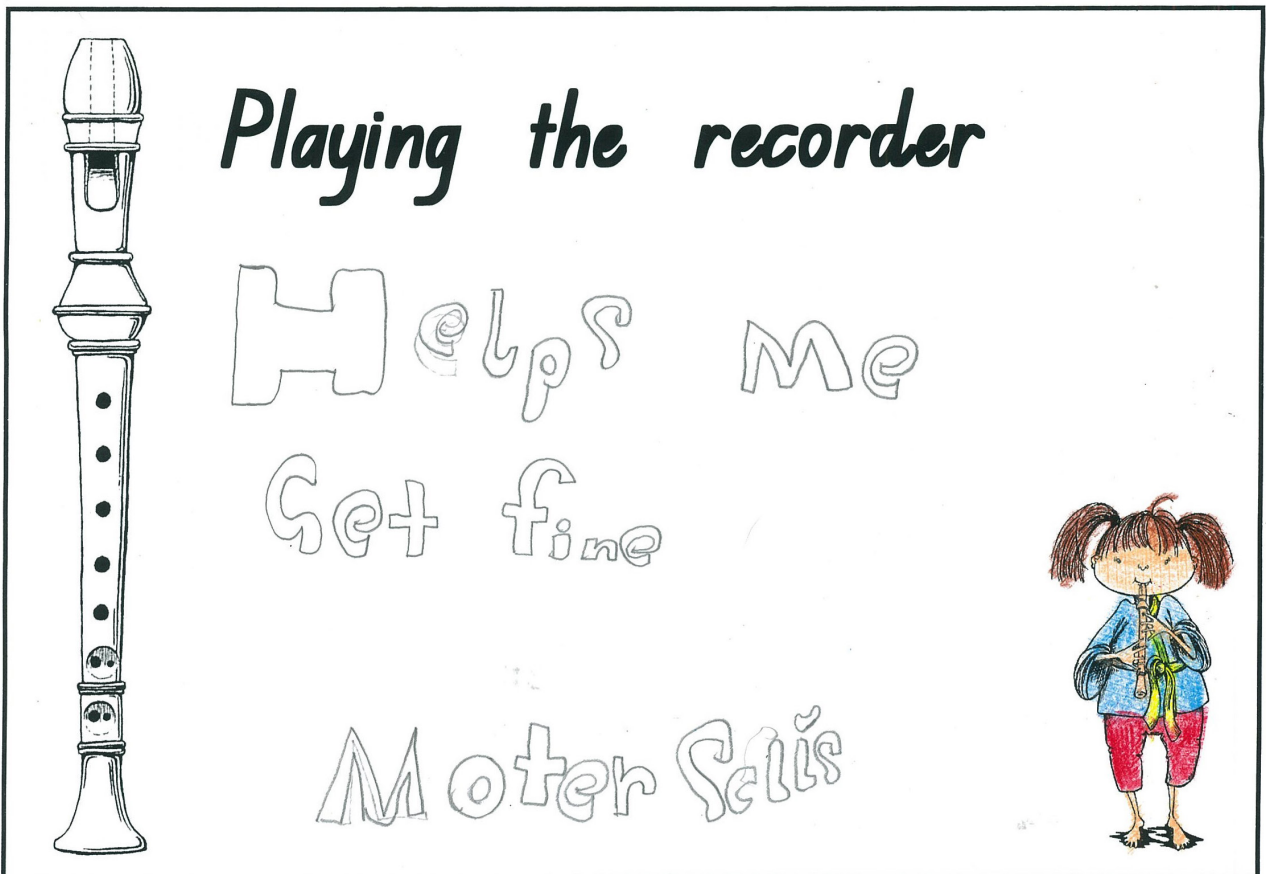
LUCIA RAZACK YEAR 3S



MAXINE STEWART YEAR 3S



SELINA CHEN YEAR 3S



GEORGIA GARLICK YEAR 3S

YEAR 3 - MUSIC



JOSIE HANSON YEAR 3S



MOMO TAKAHATA YEAR 3S

YEAR 4 - MUSIC

Year 4 have been inquiring into what is needed to create an original piece of music, or a "composition".

After interviewing a composer and inquiring into what makes a musical composition, students used their knowledge of music to create a ternary composition, in 3 parts where the first and last section are the same. Students were challenged to not only apply the musical elements, but to show their understanding through performing their compositions. We reflected upon its success and will continue to use these skills in Term 2 as we move on to composing with pitch for tuned percussion.

(17)

Music Creator

Compose a rhythm in Ternary form. Label the sections using A and B.
Use | □ Z ▯▯▯ d d. or o

A $\frac{4}{4}$ ^{1 2 3 4} ▯▯▯ □ d | ^{1 2 3 4} ▯▯▯ | □ ▯ ▯▯▯ | F

B ^{1 2 3 4} d. ▯▯▯ | ^{1 2 3 4} □ Z ▯▯▯ | □ P

A ^{1 2 3 4} ▯▯▯ □ d | ^{1 2 3 4} ▯▯▯ | □ ▯ ▯▯▯ || F

The dynamics go at the start, and use lower case -f and p.

(18)

Music Thinker

Think about your Ternary form rhythm composition.
What did you like about your composition? I liked how I used almost all of the rhythms such as: | □ ▯▯▯ d d. Z

What could be changed to improve your composition?
I could more z's AKA Z.

Think about the other rhythm compositions written by your class mates that you have heard.
Whose rhythm composition did you like the best? Why?

YEAR 4 - MUSIC

17

Music Creator

Compose a rhythm in Ternary form. Label the sections using A and B.
Use | □ Z ▯ d d. or o

A $\frac{4}{4}$ ▯ ▯ d | ▯ ▯ ▯ Z |

B ▯ Z ▯ | Z d ▯ |

A ▯ d | ▯ ▯ ▯ Z ||

* Please add more detail
Cameron.

18 **Music Thinker**

Think about your Ternary form rhythm composition.
What did you like about your composition?
The ^{rhythms used,} beat such as...

What could be changed to improve your composition?
I would change
The Dynamics
to

Think about the other rhythm compositions written by your class mates
that you have heard.
Whose rhythm composition did you like the best? Why?

YEAR 4 - MUSIC

17



Music Creator

Compose a rhythm in Ternary form. Label the sections using A and B.

Use | □ Z ■ d. d. or o

Andante ✓

A ✓ $\frac{4}{4}$ ■ ■ □ Z | | d. ■

f ✓ >

B ✓ o | d. □

p ✓ < *mf* ✓

A ✓ ■ ■ □ Z | | d. ■

f ✓ > *mp* ✓

18



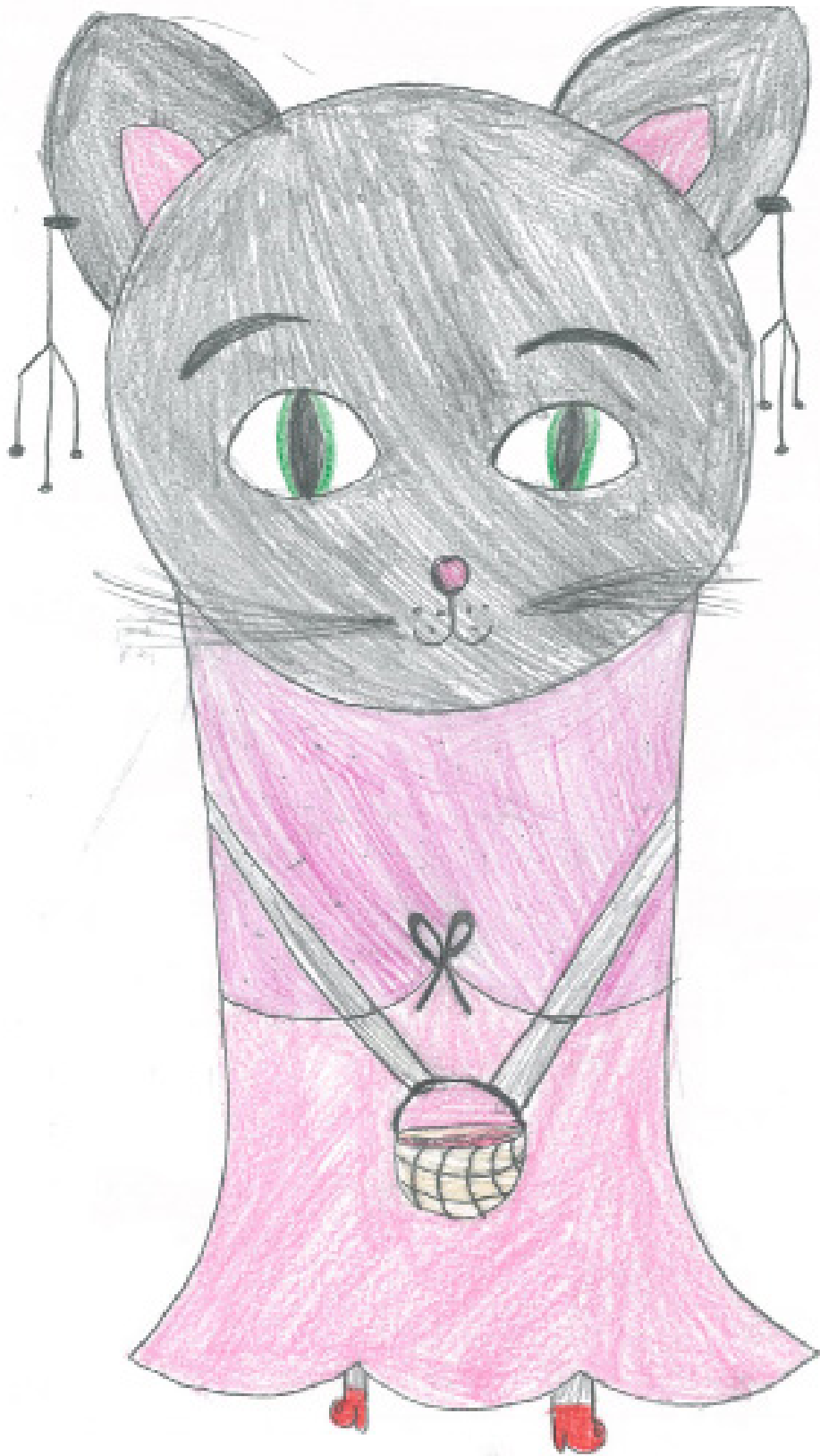
Music Thinker

Think about your Ternary form rhythm composition.
 What did you like about your composition?
 I liked that I used all of the notes possible and I repeated section A. ✓✓

What could be changed to improve your composition?
 I could include more Italian terms and make it more complicated. I could also add more dynamics. I think you showed great contrast and creativity!

Think about the other rhythm compositions written by your class mates that you have heard.
 Whose rhythm composition did you like the best? Why?
 *

: flower girl



: Candy cat





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DEVELOPING ENGAGED GLOBAL CITIZENS *aspiring* TO EXCELLENCE,
demonstrating INTEGRITY AND *valuing* DIFFERENCE