

Dorothy Shaw Young Writer's Competition 2008 –Senior

Equal 1st Prize Winner –Angela Asimakopoulos – Aged 14 years
Adelaide High School, Adelaide, South Australia

Hopeless

I had to fuel my mind. I had to keep positive and keep the nightmares away. Was I ever going to leave the island.....?

My dream...

Father had always promised me that I would someday join him on his merchant ship voyages to distant lands far away. I always found the sea fascinating, but Mama insisted that I should always stay in London. But one morning my father surprised me and told me to accompany him on a merchant ship voyage the very next day. Mama pleaded for me to stay and cried desperately. She told me of terrifying stories of the sea; the big fish and serpents that could swallow you whole if you weren't careful and the horrible storms that could cause horrid ship wrecks.

I was very sad when I said my farewells to Mama and my sisters, but father was very excited. Mama had packed loaves of fresh bread for my journey with father that would last me for weeks. Leaving the wharves of London, I was overcome by a sense of foreboding. I thought what if something terrible happened and I was to never see Mama again?

The Horror....

It had nearly been a month since leaving London and the crew was starting to complain of sea sickness and hunger. I could no longer enjoy the ocean breeze that swept across my face. Our food supplies had been running dangerously low but father said there was no need to fret because we had nearly reached our destination. Father had always been a very optimistic fellow and I always wished to be like him.

The days had been getting worse and darker. Many of the crew became victims of hunger. Many died. Father was devastated when he lost one of his childhood friends and he conducted a sea funeral in his memory – a lovely float on the ocean. Father promised me no more lives would be lost.

.Something terrible happened. A storm had broken and the waves became all wild, splashing wrathfully all over the ship. Everybody was fleeing for their lives and father said that he had never encountered a storm as fierce as this one. I held onto father tightly and sobbed into his sea water drenched shirt and as this happened, a colossal wave hit the ship, splintering it into thousands of pieces.

The Island....

All I could see was total blackness and the next thing I knew, I was lying down on a sandy shore and the waves were sweeping vigorously all over my body. I got up, terrified and startled; I looked out to the sea to see a ship wreck in the distance that had crashed into a massive rock. I wondered, with tears swelling up in my eyes, "where am I, what has

happened, is father all right, am I an only survivor, will I ever see Mama again?" I ran blindly up and down the sandy shore screaming in fury "why me" until my scream came out as a hoarse whisper. I soon realized I was on a deserted tropical island, possibly in the middle of the ocean, in the middle of nowhere. Night passed, all I did was cry hopelessly with my face buried in my knees. I had never cried so much in my life. To reassure my fears I prayed that Father was still alive...

A Friend....

I awoke in the morning when something gently licked my face; there stood a dreadfully thin brown dog. I knew this dog was friendly because it kept comforting me as if it though I was a friend. I named the dog Beau, after my other dog back in London. I followed Beau all the way into a small tropical forest and he had led me to a fresh water pond with all kinds of mysterious fruits surrounding it. The poor dog started hungrily munching on some of the fruits and I thrust myself towards the pond and started drinking like a wild creature. I was so thirsty and nauseous. I was sure Beau felt the same way. I spent the rest of the day just sitting under a gnarled bushy tree by the pond with Beau shaking miserably in my lap. I had never felt so sad, terrified in my entire life – I was just utterly hopeless and alone on this isolated island. My life was just a blank unread book, all torn and faded....

Once again, I was awoken by Beau, who greeted me merrily as he dropped two coconut-like fruits into my lap. I ate them hungrily, even though I had no idea what they were. Later on that day, it grew terribly cold, so I gathered palm leaves and branches and made a small shelter. It was in a terrible condition, but it was better than nothing.... The two of us fell asleep in the shelter I constructed. I fuelled my mind and dreamt pleasant dreams...

Rescue!

It had been my fourth day on this deserted island and I longed to go home to see Mama and my sisters. I wished none of this ever happened. Suddenly, it all happened. Beau ran out onto the sandy shore barking like a ferocious beast. For the first time, on this island, I felt hopeful. There was a ship sailing towards the island, towards me.... I was both joyful and anxious. What if these people were pirates or cruel people? But I knew I was going to be rescued! Finally the ship stopped and a young man stepped out onto the shore, I recognised him instantly – he was one of father's crew members. I ran into him and hugged him as though he were my father and tears swelled in my eyes, "Father is dead," I cried into his shoulder. Suddenly far off, I heard a familiar voice I had longed to hear, "No darling, he isn't." There stood my hero, father smiling gleefully.

Equal 1st Prize winner – Olwyn Ho – Aged 14
Thomas Pattison School, North Rocks, NSW

The Golden Amulet

On the 6th August 2008, it was a sunny morning with a blue sky. A Japanese boy named “Zen Weeki” leaned against the window. He could see Hiroshima’s city with mostly small buildings. He could see the Ota River split into two rivers.

“What a beautiful view of Hiroshima!?” Thought Zen

“Breakfast ready” shouted Zen’s mum.

“OK, I will get there soon” replied Zen.

“Is Naka still sleeping? If he is, can please you get him up?” asked Zen’s father.

Zen went into Naka’s room, as soon as Zen tapped him, Naka woke up and they walked down to the kitchen. They ate their tamagoyaki; it tasted like eggs infused with maple syrup.

“We are going shopping, do you want to come with us?” asked mum.

“No!” replied Zen and Naka.

“This summer holiday is so boring!” said Naka and Zen nodded, he agreed.

Naka stared at the trapdoor in the hallway’s ceiling.

“Why are you staring at that trapdoor?” asked Zen.

“Yes, our parents told me to not go to the trapdoor and I want to go in” < Naka pulled the string. “Pesto! Stair to the secret attic!” said Naka.

“Our Parents told us not to go in! I’m not getting in trouble if mum and dad find out about this!” said Zen, angrily.

Naka didn’t care and he walked into the attic then Zen murmured and went along too.

“Phew, it is dark in here, when was the last time our parents were here?!”

There was nothing in the attic except a dusty wooden box.

“Wondering what is inside, eh?” said Naka

“Yeah,” replied Zen.

Naka tried to open the box but he couldn’t open it because it was too tight. So they helped each other to open it together. They struggled and it took a few minutes, but finally, they opened it.

“Ouch, look at my hands” Zen had a quick look at Naka’s bruised hands.

“You will be alright Naka” They looked at stuff in the box; there was a shiny gold star shaped amulet and a file of old dusty papers. Naka grabbed the amulet and put it on.

“This amulet looks so great on me, don’t you reckon?”

They heard the door creaking, “oh my god, it is Mum! Put the amulet back!” shouted Zen.

Naka did not put it back in the box but instead put it in his pocket.

“Don’t make me come and snatch the amulet away from you!” growled Zen.

Naka shook his head; he refused to put it in the box. Zen ran to put Naka down, they wrestled each other, the screamed and Zen snatched the amulet. Zen held the amulet and flash! Bang! White and yellow like millions of bolts of lightning flashed and Zen instantly vanished. Naka couldn’t believe what he saw.

“Zen? Where are you? Are you really gone?” Naka cried for help, Mum heard and rushed to the attic.

The world was spinning on its axis but Zen was standing still and caught in a whirlpool. His frantic body tumbled with it, he tried to focus and shut his eyes. Zen slowly opened his eyes, “What happened to me, am I crazy or what?” he thought.

Smells and voices were strange. There was a dirt path beneath his feet. Zen looked around the familiar, yet strange buildings. Zen wiped dirt off his clothes.

“If I have the amulet, I might be able to teleport back home.” Zen tried to remember where he put the amulet, he checked his pockets but there was no amulet.

A Japanese boy with old shaggy brown clothes walked past him.

"Are you alright? What is your name?" The Japanese boy stared at Zen's dirty modern clothes.

"My name is Zen, where are we?" Zen looked around desperately.

"Hiroshima of course, why---"

"Not where but I mean when!?"

The boy stared "It's 6th August, 1945!"

"It can't be!" thought Zen, he decided not to ask any more questions.

"Hmm... Hey you're as white as a sheet. I have got to get you home."

"I don't have a home!" Zen forced his voice out. The Japanese boy walked past Zen, "Come with me then".

Zen followed him along, "Hey, I don't know what your name is?"

"Jeimuzu"

Jeimuzu lead him through a short cut to his house; Jeimuzu's house was a small traditional house. Inside Zen met an old man. His name was Omani Weeki, his face was so familiar and his name. Zen noticed the amulet on Omani Weeki, "Does that amulet belong to you?" asked Zen.

"Yes, what is your name, young lad?" Suddenly a loudspeaker shouted near the house. Zen tried to hear, but gave up and followed Jeimuzu to the outside the house and looked up at the sky.

"Oh no, it is an Atomic bomb. We are doomed!" yelled Zen.

"atomo-bom.wh?"

The atomic bomb was going down faster, faster and FASTER! They couldn't do anything but stand still. Suddenly, Omani grabbed Zen, "Go back home!" Omani told Zen.

The world was spinning backward.

Zen slowly opened his eyes and Naka was shaking the bed.

"Finally, you have been staying in bed for three hours! You sleepy head." Naka laughed.

"What is the date?" Zen grabbed Naka firmly.

"It's 6th August, of course? Why? Naka stared at Zen.

"Nothing, maybe it was a dream!" Zen slowly got up and they went to the dining room. They talked and ate their breakfast.

"Mum, how did Grandpa die?" asked Zen

"He died from the Atomic bomb. Hey! That is my Grandpa's amulet. He gave me amulet just before he died from cancer."

Zen reckons Grandpa saved his life. He walked to his bedroom and leaned against the window.

3rd Prize winner – Robert Burrows – Aged 13
Thomas Pattison School, North Rocks, NSW

EARTH: 22ND Century

The sky looked like Jupiter, gas orange, stormy from a distance, the ruins of New York. The soils are so warm, orange colour; the heat is so high, the bright storm flashes down to the warm soils. The air is too hot and very heavy, the gravity is so high, and I feel very heavy... The hills of orange ground, no one can survive...

I see in the long distance, I could see heat trapped in the distance... Every step I walk, the sweat gets worse... I am feeling I won't exist for long... Is it really Earth? Air is so thick; I am trying to breathe properly, as I move my head looking down to my feet, my feet sink into the ground, just like quicksand...

Is it really Earth, or somewhere else? I couldn't feel any winds... I wanted to hear some... It is so hot like sunbathing in Venus but high gravity and air... I can't properly breathe...

Is it really Earth? I feel very regretful; I should have listened to those global warming warnings... Just anyone, please help me.... I am trapped here with all of this heat... Is it really Earth? I do not think so, I feel like I was transported to another planet or... I don't know or...

As I am lying down on this warm soil, trying to sleep... I dream... of something I wished most... Not gold, not being a millionaire... What I wished for most is go back in time... I shut my eyes...

I remember the year 2120; there was beautiful grass, every house had trees, pools where families can enjoy... The air is very light and soft, so fresh... I can see the sky high buildings with everyone using Hover Cars... but it is changing, surely, but slowly...

It is very different today, 2140. The dryness of Earth is similar to Venus, the volcano is rising. New Earth, it is life...

Is it really Earth?

1st January, 2140

I saw large armoured Hover Tanks and other machines that looked like a tank but with four legs walking and running around with laser guns, everyone is screaming... Sky is turning to orange, just looks like Jupiter sky. Lots of trees are burnt down, black. We have nowhere to go or live... Our children won't exist... End of Earth is soon and soon....not long enough. Everyone suffered...

I saw man-like women, their heads were bald... they should have long flowy hair but something in my head... I remembered in the year 2120, every lady had long flowy hair but soon after 2121, those men in suits in the White House forced every lady and man to have their hair bald to save water... We are forced to use deodorant, not using water...

Is it really Earth?

2nd January, 2140 I remember earth had water, green... relaxing with beautiful sun... we can enjoy swimming in beaches.... I thought it was a dream but it is not, I woke up with sweat all over my face, I looked through plains, just orange, just same. Nothing different. I couldn't see sun or... the clouds are too thick with orange dusts. I just wanted a cup of water... Our life....is... ruined, we suffered for long.

3rd January 2140

I kept dreaming about past, green world, I am alone...

There are no noises... nothing... I am alone in this very Earth. The nightfall is in an hour, it will be so cold... I can't bear it. So I decided to dig under this warm soil to find the future.

4th January 2140

I dig, dig, the seat is all over my face. I am too hot to continue... then I decide to have a last dig, when I dig, my spade hit something metal... I clean the dust out and find... A Time Machine. Finally, I can refresh my life... I decide I will leave tomorrow...

There are many things to remember so I can warn all people in 2120, my time...

5th January 2140

I excitedly sat inside my time machine; I set it for... 11:00am, 5th January 2120... (Loud explosion). Everything is silent after...

5th January 2160

Different? It is worst, hot soils with magma flowing like a river... I actually thought it is 2120...

The land is moving I saw some people running out of tunnel like ants; they looked different...

I saw some lights in the distance... I walked towards it but I am too exhausted because the air is too dense.... I walked up the desert dunes and fell down dehydrated; I still want my future, so I looked over...

I fainted....

6th January 2160

I woke up in a comforting bed; saw a nurse delivering a food tray... I asked her where I am, she replied... "Ansokanta"... I felt bit strange so, I turned my head towards window and saw hover car with a sign attached, flapping in the winds... the sign says "6 days after New Year 2160"!

I turn my head to face the nurse and say... Is that accurate?

7th January 2160

It is accurate. I just escaped the hospital ward; I saw sky high buildings, taller than a kilometre, I saw green grasses... It is impossible? It is only 20 years after I escaped the disaster of 2140. I wanted to start a new life here... But... I saw a sign saying "Wall Street" It is New York?

I am homeless in this strange city, Ansokant. Then suddenly... everyone is screaming and running toward me with a large tank with 4 legs, just like I remembered in the start of 2140, but the worst thing... there is a group of Hover tanks coming toward me, I turned my body facing north... disappeared...

5th January 2120

Same area where I disappeared, I thought it is still 2160, so I tucked in protecting myself... then I saw faces laughing thinking I am an idiot. I looked up, it is different, many old buildings, Empire State Building is still there... No Hover cars? It is the same as 2000... But... I am totally sure it is 2000, I asked one man... He said... 2120.

Finally, I am back to year 2120, I have one chance... I went to the White House to give my warning, but it appears the President is deaf, he signed to me in ASL, "I know you are coming to warn me about 2140 and 2160 but it is not going to happen because we, Earth has signed a peace treaty, so nothing will happen".

Hating each other on Earth doesn't cause 2140 chaos... the pollution and biggest impact on the environment does impact 2140... But it looks like it began in New York, 2120.

I was so over come with worry because I do not want to let everyone suffer like me in twenty years ahead of 2120.

I am too scared to look up... But I do look up; the sky is orange like 2140... Stormy for many months in a row... I am so freaked because I thought that it will impact Earth so badly in Earth 2120.

6th January 2120

I decided to let it go... I asked a man... "Please look after Ansokanta" then man said "What is this Anson – what?" I started my life with a job and a home... my family is just stared with a son...

Twenty Years Later

11th June 2140

It is different... no warm soils, no storms... but there is orange sky... there are green hills, trees...

Beautiful wooden homes all over hills....beautiful New York....hills, I could play with my grass for a long time.... I can shower for hours with singing voices...

My children always shower for hours and hours.... we never thought of wasting water but some people are too worried in 2008 and around this time because they never thought what Earth would look like in 2140.

12 June 2140

As I sat on comfort sofa facing large LCD TV: Watching Channel 10 News, it just revealed Earth's biggest shock....

It has told us about water... They expected that water will run out in 2160 and the temperature is expected to reach 50 degrees in Paris summer time... I was so scared then... I slept, dreaming of my experience in Alternate 2140, dusty and orange sky, plains of dusts, warm soils, sweats all over my face. The heat stings my eyes... I was so scared to move on...

13th June 2140

Biggest crisis of Earth in 22nd Century... the inventor is forced to invent hover cars and many other transports that harm environments... I tried to stop them but... I am too old, I am 52 years old... but at least, I forced my children to have just 2 mins shower... The protested toward me... I can't do anything.... I totally regret everything...

Life is different... you always know that...

But then everything is the same, water restrictions and many things, it is not getting worse or improving, just the same...Just same.... there is no change....Just Same.....

Twenty Years Later

8th August 2160

Too late.... I just saw my biggest fear... it is dusty, orange sky, hot, the sweat is all over my face.... and I can see sun, it is large... I do not know what Mercury and Venus means, they don't exist... But some people say two of those planets were burned by the sun... Earth is next...

9th August 2160

Earth is only a million kilometres away from the sun surface and the temperatures have reached a peak of 75 degrees in London...and 40 degrees in Moscow... wintertime.

I am too exhausted to move on... I am 72 years old, I will die soon... But my children must suffer... just like me.... just like everyone... Earth won't be always precious...

10th August 2160

Some people say it is the last day for Earth...

It is right...

Earth is too close to sun, around a billion people is killed...

Everyone suffered...

Earth is gone.....

12.5 billion People have missed out... wasted...

There are no more alternate 2160... Even 2140, 2120... It is run out...

We all suffered....

THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO WATER WASTING AND ENVIRONMENT, WHO
SUFFERS FROM HUMAN BEINGS...

Earth is young.... but brave little green planet.... Save Earth, please