Year 8 Academic Academy Students and select primary school students publish their work after a 3 day Writers’ Workshop, which featured intensive writing time, thought-provoking speculations and guest speaker, Christine Bongers.
The Incantation
Its breath smelt of rotten potatoes and decaying carcases. As it stood over me its drool dropped onto my face, drop by drop. It was a Hell Hound standing over my almost lifeless body. I stared into its eyes and saw pure evil. I froze in fear. It pulled back the skin covering its dagger like teeth. As its fangs closed in on my neck, thirsty for the taste of my blood, I saw my life flash before my eyes in an instant. I asked myself, “How had it come to this?”
Alex Thompson

With each step on the cold cement, my racing heart beat louder and louder, so loud that I could hear it in my ears. Hot tears ran down my cheeks like painful waterfalls as I cleared my way through the heavy forest of Titania... Thoughts that were racing through my head made me cringe. How could they have done this to me? I didn’t do anything to deserve this! I reached a fairly steep hill and immediately got nervous. I glanced over the edge and saw the best thing I had seen all day...an open area with lush green grass. I went crazy! I jumped down the hill and collapsed on the ground... I wanted to stay here for the rest of the night. My parents had only just told me that I was adopted and I had run away because I was so scared and they would definitely be looking for me.
Perri Adkins

The Escape
A sharp crack echoed through the ice-desert. Cody immediately sprang onto his quad bike to ride back to Wala. He knew that he had to warn the villagers of the danger. Cody rode as fast as he could, dodging craters and rocks while going 120Km/h.
Adrian Forknall

Stuck in the past
“Carmen is going to kill me!” Mark told himself as he surveyed his primitive surroundings, “That is if I don’t die here first.”
Jacqueline Bennett

She shot him right in the heart. I can’t believe it, how could she? Her remote was playing up and she was standing further away from the television than me. She beats me in everything even video games! I tried Wii Archery, Rowing and Mario Kart, then I tried Halo on Xbox. She said she didn’t know how to play. She tricked me into thinking I had an advantage. There’s no way someone with no experience could do that. I know I sound like I’m over reacting but she beats me in everything else too.
Chloe Burke

“Quick, Move,” I tell myself. Ordinarily I would never talk to myself but who cares when you’re trying to move through a tunnel that is too small for me to even fit in but I’m squeezing my way through very slowly. This would be the worst experience of my life by an absolute mile. It’s Wet it’s dirty there’s bugs everywhere. It’s dark and I can’t see where I’m putting my hands. Wait, was that a Red back spider I just...
put my hand on? Oh well, I've got to keep moving. They're coming after me but they're much slower because they're bigger.

Jordan Seymour

"Today isn't my day," I sighed in frustration as I looked at the mess. "MUM! Amy just knocked the paints over on the carpet," I yelled in frustration. Amy was just a troublemaker. She got what she wanted all the time and always did things wrong but never got in trouble.

"Honey, can you please clean it up this time. I'm kind of busy at the moment," exclaimed Mum with a shaky voice. She was always busy and I always had to do everything around here.

Kayla Reinke

I rolled over in my bed, surrounded by soft, silk sheets. Regaining the feeling in my fingers and toes, I tried to open my eyes, but had to squint to block out the fractured sunlight making its way through the slightly opened curtains. Suddenly, I felt uneasy, like something about the atmosphere wasn't right. My eyes quickly scanned the room...nothing. It was so quiet; the only noticeable sound was wind blowing past the glass of the tiny window on the other side of the room.

I climbed out of my bed and walked to the kitchen. By now I would've heard my family, but there was nothing. I peered around the corners, looked in all of the rooms and outside...but no one was home.

Perri Adkins

"So, let me understand this properly; when our planet hit with others creating the big bang, gas from the other planets mixed into ours and those affected by it are part machine and every person is a different form of a powerful machine?" asked Minister Radley of the United Nations.

"Yes, and we were sent to the other end of the Milky Way to live, separating many families and now our newly elected Minister is planning to destroy Earth because we were outcasts and many families disowned their husbands, fathers, brothers and sisters," Alexis said to the official.

"I see. As we see you are proof of this theory of yours, we have no choice but to fight back," Minister Radley said nervously and started walking towards other official looking people.

Alexis sat there, waiting while the Minister ordered people around. The Minister finished and went back to talk to Alexis.

"Right, I have ordered my officers to form armies and combine all armies from earth together," Radley said.

"No, that will never work. Have you been listening to me? Machines! I am strong alone, they are united," Alexis said frantically.

"Oh, this is horrible." Radley paced the room, "What will we do?"

They sat and thought for about five very silent minutes before Alexis said, "I have an idea, but it is risky."

"I'm willing to try anything."

"Well my dream on my planet ever since I was a child, was to come to earth to live with my Mother. My Father told me the rest of Earth would never accept me unless I was full human. So I have worked for years on a cure for my condition and I finished it ten months ago. I was going to use it on myself but I had to help you guys," Alexis explained tearfully, "And I was thinking I could get the gas that changed me and change the armies into machines and then change them back."
“Okay, it’s risky, but we are willing,” Minister Radley said to agreeing nods of his colleagues. Everyone left the room with a different, uncomfortable feeling in the pit of their stomachs, meanwhile Alexis and the Minister organised for every army to be flown in the following morning to begin the transformation.

Shaye Troy

*****

Terence was just a single man living in a ruined world, how could one man make a difference. Lying in his bed in a rundown apartment on 58th Street in New York that had been remade for the slaves of the Plutonium factory.

New York in 2095 is the empire of a mutant race. The Cold War destroyed the world and turned the Russians into the mutant race who enslaved the world. The Plutonium factory is where all of the survivors from the radioactive explosion work, but some of the survivors are so scared that they never leave.
their bedrooms. Terence’s daily routine was getting up and marching down to the city centre, working to produce Plutonium that mutants need to survive.

Zac Titcume

*****

Apocalypse
A deafening crash reverberated around the cabin as a demonic creature blasted through the side of the airplane and sucked passengers and crew alike into the “wormhole” it had created. This wormhole seemed not to affect the monster. Charles reacted and undid his seatbelt it was the only thing keeping him from being sucked out of the plane. He allowed it to unwind as far as possible, and kicked the monster out of the plane.

Zac Leith

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“What’s happening?” asked Sarskia, “We are going to die aren’t we?”
Sharni reassured her they were not and dragged her sister to find out what was going on. Soon a significant amount of people was crowded on the street.
“It’s approaching”, exclaimed a man in the crowd and he began hurrying back to his shop. Here he locked the doors and closed the blinds. It didn’t take long for the other citizens to start running and screaming.
Sharni glanced around for the time machine, but with most of the population dashing around it was hard to see anything.

Mikaela Ribot de Bresac

*****

My Mission
Five years ago an evil man-eating alien race took over the earth. I was at the age of ten. They did not kill everyone but we are basically slaves. I’m Tara Dawn and I’m now at the age of 15. My only dream is to free the human race from four armed crab-like mutant aliens killing machines that exist to kill. I want to join the resistance, but first I must prove myself worthy.

Amber Moon-Burgess
Generica
The ground was black with death and sorrow as the sun set over a dead land. Buildings that used to be iron fortresses of solitude were now crumbling piles of ash, save for a few semi-destroyed buildings which contained terrified families who were homeless and suffering in poverty. The air was thick with the stench of smoke and rotting corpses. The water of the river that ran through Generica was yellow and polluted. A harsh and bitter cold wind blew across the land. Small children's cries could be heard echoing through what used to be the large and bountiful capital city. The Generican people let off an aura of terror and complete and utter sorrow. The taste of blood and smoke left a nasty aftertaste of death and sorrow on the tongues of whoever entered the cursed borders of Generica.
By Abigail Haydon

Percule

Percule is located 911439 kilometres away from the miniature sun, Asporuke. The buildings and towns are all run down with debris flooding every street. In the countryside the ground is very hilly with dead trees covering most of the land. The weather is horrendous. It's stinking hot in summer and icy cold in winter, with everything covered in layers of ice and snow. This planet is very political and not under great control. Countless times throughout the year many protests are held against the running of the world. The people always fear that the next day will be worse than the previous day. The sights of Percule are very miserable; every day is like sitting at a funeral service. There are no bright colours except for the bursting flames of the myriad of fires throughout the year. There is no laughter or happiness so the day is full of screaming and angry protesters. The smell of this planet is like having the odour of a trashcan or rotten eggs spread throughout the air. The environment is in no condition for the growth of crops or fresh water and the amount of animals left on Percule is limited. All the food is very bland and needs to be rationed. The water available to the people must be boiled at least three times before it is suitable to drink. The feel of this planet makes many people uncomfortable. With the extremely poor conditions of Percule the people live a very unpleasant life.
Brianna Town

Crystal Cove

Crystal Cove is a peaceful and beautiful island. The amazing beaches have soft, golden yellow sand and crystal blue ocean water. There is an incredible view of the beach, the bright blue sky and the hills that stretch out for kilometres. The waves crashing onto shore, the calming whisper of the winds and the excited chat of families on the beach can be heard. The smell of the fresh salt of the ocean and the delicious, mouth-watering food from the shops surrounding the beach fill the air. The cool wind that is felt on the skin is exhilarating yet calming and relaxing.
Charlotte Dorge

“SSSSSHHHHHHH” whispered Rose, “they’re coming”. An alien walked upstairs; every step taken by the alien made fear spread through the girls like a fire through a bush. Suddenly the creature was visible. The alien paced towards the bed, its huge yellow teeth and silver claws like a wolverine glistened in the moonlight. The alien looked around for the girls throwing stuff if necessary. Rose crawled out and whispered, “When I say run you run, okay” “okay” replied Verónica. She jumped out and stabbed the alien right in the chest. It was as if time slowed down completely. As the knife touched his oily skin he turned into a pile of gloop. Verónica crawled out from under the bed, grabbed the lighter and set fire to the pile of gloop. As the fire spread...
the runny gloop began to move, it made a loud noise sort of like a robot “self-destruct in ten seconds”. The girls looked at each other. “Run” yelled Rose, “Okay” said Veronica. They ran down the stairs past the aliens, through the kitchen and out the front door, into safety then BOOM!!!!!!!!!!!

By Vanessa Leeson

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My Place
This place is a place where the ice curves like a frozen wave to form the perfect cave. The glow of a single candle reflects subtly off each frozen ripple to give a magical glow. The beauty is breathtaking and enough to numb the cold. Few blankets are needed as the cave shelters people from the blistering wind. The cozy cave is isolated but not lonely. It is beautiful. Towards the entry, a blanket of white, powdery snow covers the icy floor. The subtle sound of swimming fish surrounds and makes the perfect lullaby. The soothing solitude brings cozy warmth. The delightful aroma of the calm ocean fills the cave. Every inch of this place is a marvel of nature. A hug from Mother Nature herself. The perfect place for a glorious getaway. This place soothes the soul. It is smooth to the touch like expensive soaps, but this place, this place is priceless.

Chloe Burke

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Obtainium is a planet that is home to many different living organisms. There are aliens, humans and wildlife. There is something different to see every day. The lush pink forests ranging from deep purple to glowing pink. Every twenty-four hours an amazing tree dies and is replaced by another fantastic tree. Yellow rivers run through the forest and are a very attractive sight. Birds chirp from the tall reaches of the branches and the playing of children across the river banks. The sights are wonderful, the mixes of colours and the organisation of everyone. You can feel the smooth bark on the trees. The smell of people cooking from their cottages in between the trees and the factories that make food are absolutely magnificent.

By Daniel Apsey

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A forever-blazing sun cannot be seen, hiding behind clouds of darkness. Midnight black smoke controls the land of rock, choking it until almost no light remains. Bright orange, red and blue are the only colours visible, raging furiously like charging bulls. Those brilliant fires sweep across the already darkened rocks, releasing the scent of charred stones to waft through thick haze. A strong breeze carries white-hot ashes and the blistering heat with ease. The crackle of thriving fires is all that can be heard, filling every small fault in the stone. Not a single life form inhabits this brutally burnt charcoal sea, as the harshness of the heat instantly takes its toll on anything that dares to. This world isn’t just a freak of nature; it’s a scorching nightmare.

Harry Potter

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Farmland
As you can tell by the name Farmland is an island that is all farms. It has Hills surrounding the entire island; the hills are covered in patches of trees. From an aerial view it is one of the most beautiful places you have ever seen, with its green hills and even greener trees. It has very fertile land to be able to grow many crops with the main one being wheat. The Wheat has recently been harvested. There are many cows and horses. Farmland doesn’t smell very nice when you first arrive, with it smelling like animals but after a while you get used to it. You can hear the tweeting of birds. The horses neighing and the cows mooing.

Jordan Seymour

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My world
This could be a dream made by a child. It’s kind of like a lolly shop or a Sizzler with never ending lollies, walking on the sand and smelling the sherbet. When a person walks closer to the waves and they crash down, all they taste is lemonade. Sit on a rock, it is so comfy as it is rocky road chocolate and anyone will feel free! It’s a world where any person can never have too many lollies and too much fun! Kids will love to go to this world. It’s a very cool world and it’s sure any child’s dream is to go there. It is so quiet there and when it’s Christmas on the pine trees there are candy canes hanging from each of the trees. It would be a dream for any child.
Shaebelle Gordon

Shady Gums
The birds chirped in the rainfall. The air filled with the rain. The river rushed by, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, followed by patter patter, patter patter. Eucalyptus trees surrounded the river. The crisp air roaming the gums. The river filled with fish waiting for food and swimming about. The sky letting go the rain it had stolen once before and releasing it on such a beautiful spot. The river flowing down, down, down. The trees standing so tall, proud and beautiful like they have done for years before. The birds flying with such grace through the sky over the world below.
By Vanessa Leeson

White. Everything is white. The peculiar room I am in is bare. I have no idea where I am, how I came to be here or why I am here. All I know, is I have to get out. I examine the room carefully, the walls, the roof and the floor, are quite squishy, like a beanbag. The powerful scent of musk fills the room, the fragrance comes from the air vents just outside the white chamber, the scent makes me feel calmer. Before I can explore the chamber, I hear a loud bell ring. Suddenly a gigantic robot flies up to the door of the chamber. On its stomach is flashing message that reads:
“Samantha Passion, we hope you have enjoyed your stay at Crystalmill 24 Hour Psychiatric Rooms, you are free to go, thank you for choosing Crystalmill come again soon!”
Chloe Newman
"What was that!" shouted Kate in terrible fright.
I replied with a very shaky voice, "Not sure but I think it's some sort of aircraft."
We headed over to the window and had a look outside.
"A UFO?" Kate said confused.
I went completely silent and thought to myself in shock, could it be true? The guy from the park who sold me the drugs warned me that someone or something would be sent after me.
Kate turned around with a puzzled look on her face. "Are you alright? You look as if you just saw a ghost."
I stuttered feeling traumatized hoping she wouldn't hear the unsettled tone in my voice, "Yeah. Yeah I'm fine."

Brianna Town

"Give me the remote," Andrew yelled at his older sister, Aria.
Aria glared at Andrew, "No! I'm watching the show that I always watch!"
Andrew gave Aria an ice-cold look. "Does it look like I care? I want to watch a TV show!"
"Well, I'm older so you will just have to get used to not watching your shows!"
Andrew grabbed the remote from Aria's hands, he laughed. "I got it!"
Aria groaned and rolled her eyes, "You're so annoying! I'm going to my room."

Charlotte Dorge

"JOHN, JOHN wake up," Monica screams.
"John you're awake," Monica said.
"What happened, who you, who's John, are," John said not remembering anything.
"OH NO, you must have Amnesia," Monica said as she started to have a panic attack.
"OK, you're name is John, I'm Monica and you've been hit over the head and you've got amnesia," she said trying not to show him how freaked out she was.
"Get away from me, how do I get out of here? HELP," John screamed still not remembering.

Jordan Seymour

"Well, that was interesting," said Flint sarcastically.
"You are grounded for four weeks, young man," Rebecca said to her troublesome son.
Flint replied with annoyance, "What? Why?"
"You know perfectly well why," Rebecca replied angrily.
"But-"
Rebecca cut him off, "Ah, ah, ah, no buts, no waits and no grumbling or I'll extend your punishment further."

By Abigail Haydon

"What was that, did you see it? Did you see it?" I exclaimed with an excited look on my face.
"Was that them?" queried Andrew excitedly.
"I don't know," I replied a little bit worried.
"Well, should we go and have a look, or just leave it?" inquired Andrew with a worried look in his eyes.
I suggested, "It's probably safer to have a look and be wrong than to not look at all. We wouldn't want to let them get away again this time."
Then we walked over to find that it was just an owl, nothing unusual.
"At least we had a look," I advised to keep the spirits up.
"I wish we could just find them and destroy them so that they would be out of our lives," gloomily replied Andrew trying not to cry.
I tried to lighten up the spirit by saying," I know I want them out of our lives too, don't worry we will catch them eventually, I know we will."

Kayla Reinke

"Hey Tom, what's wrong?" inquired Belinda curiously.
"My parents are having a major argument, again," Tom replied with a hint of worry in his voice.
Belinda sighed with concern. "What's it about this time?"
"I don't know, something pointless as usual, I guess," said Tom.
"Well," said Belinda as she got up to leave. "Whatever you do, don't let it get to you."
"I won't," replied Tom, glad that Belinda had come to see him, "See you later, Belinda!"

Lachlan McLeod

Bang. One was shot. Bang, bang. Another two were also shot. However that didn't stop them coming.
Bang, bang, bang. "We're almost out of ammo Peter. Only another seven shots left."
"Ok Arthur. We'll have to use them getting out of this dump then."
"Yeah I agree; let's go." Bang. "While we still have some ammo." Bang.
"Quick; up the ladder; we can get out of the window up there."

Adam Ryan

The Flood
"Hey Dad can I go to the movies with my friends today," pleaded my daughter Seline.
"Do you have to today, I thought that we might have a little family fun day, just you, your mother and me," I explained to her.
"Your idea of a fun day Dad is sitting on the sofa watching the Saturday footy yelling GO BOYS GO, please Dad?" pleaded Seline again, this time using her big brown puppy dog eyes.
"Come on John, let her go this once," said my wife Maree.
"Who is taking you?" I asked.
"One of my friend's Dad," Seline told me.
"Fine but be back by lunch time alright," I sighed.
"They grow up way too fast don't they?" I said to Maree gesturing towards our now 14-year-old daughter walking out the door.
"Yes but you have to let them go eventually," sighed Maree.
"I guess so," I said feeling a little under-appreciated.

Joseph Turvey

"So what now, Edward?" Jacob asks nodding his head in my direction.
I look up at the bars speaking for the first time today. "We go through there."
"How? None of us are that skinny to fit through the gaps," Ariella states, gesturing down at her malnourished body.
"Jacob give me a boost," I say as Jacob intertwines his left hand with his right to form a platform.
"Like this," I continue, grabbing the bar and tugging on it, pulling it out from its place. I look down to see shocked faces.
"H-how'd you do that?" Ariella stutters.
"I've always had this thing with the moon and strength, nothing special really," I reply, grabbing another and pulling it out.
"Nothing spec.,” I cut Jacob off. “Just drop it! Please,” I plead, pulling myself over the edge. I turn around and reach my hand out for Jacob to take. Once he scrambled up, I reach out for Ariella’s outstretched hand. As I pull Ariella up, she trips over and slams into me, causing us both to fall over, with her landing on top of me. I groan as the weight makes impact with my body. “S-sorry,” she stutters, quickly standing up. I mumble and “It’s alright” and stand up myself. “Come on love birds, we gotta get out of this place,” Jacob says, taunting us.

Claire Russo

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Andrew is Grace’s husband and they work together trying to capture the aliens. He is twenty-eight years old. He has brown-black hair with brown eyes. His children and his wife are the most important things in his life, apart from his work. He is happy with his life but he also fears that it could get taken by one of the aliens defending themselves and their lives. He keeps himself tidy and often wears a suit. He often wears masks to disguise himself from the aliens. The reason he is doing this job is because one day he saw a fluffy little owl and the owl was an alien and ever since this owl/alien has been following them and trying to take over the world and over their bodies.

Grace is twenty-five years old. She has an older brother and a younger sister. They are blood related and are all really close together. She still has both of her parents and they are in a stable relationship. Grace is married to a man named Andrew and they have 2 young children, who enjoy going to the park with their parents. Grace has a kind and trustworthy heart and she is everyone’s friend. Some of her most favourite things are going and supporting the local soccer team and spending lots of time with her family. Although most things in Grace’s life are good, grace is a secret agent working for the government spying on an alien trying to capture it.

Kayla Reinke

My first impression of Harristown High was really fun and I appreciate that I get to come to high school a year before I actually start so that I can get a clue of what high school is all about and what it looks like.

Shaeleigh Wilkes Fairview Heights State School
Crack!

The sound of a whip connecting with skin echoed around the large torture room followed by a deep, menacing whisper.

“I know you have it, little girl, I’m not as stupid as your father made me out to be.”

She replied with a pained and wheezing voice, “So you don’t deny that you’re stupid.”
He growled in anger and signalled the torturer to bring the whip down on her back again, harder this time.

“WHERE IS THE AMULET!!?”

The girl turned her head towards the enraged maniac and glared at him.

“So be it. Because of your failure to cooperate you will be imprisoned for the rest of your days unless you decide to talk. I’ll be in the throne room if you need me.”

~ 5 months later ~

The soldiers relentlessly pursued her. No one had ever escaped the infernal borders of Generica, or the powerful hand of the master of all. The only way to escape the dead land was via death itself.

The girl had been tortured and starved for months, but somehow still had the energy to run. Memories of the war sprouted in her mind’s eye, as her bare feet pounded against the burnt and bloodied ground that had been the battlefield of a great war. ‘A war to end all wars,’ that’s what the town crier had called it. To the soldiers and the other prisoners it was known as The Battle of Reichenbach.

She remembered when her father had been taken as a prisoner, when he had been forced to fight for the cruel master of the land, fought against his friends and workmates, all to protect his little girl; the one thing left fighting for in this dark and dreary world. And he had died trying. That was why she was running now. To survive, to live and honour her father’s sacrifice.

Her legs burned with pain, as did her lungs but it felt good to her, the burning feeling. It meant that she was alive, that she was a survivor. The fresh air was good too. Finally smelling something other than the stench of the rotting corpses that had once been her fellow prisoners; her only friends in that cold and secluded hell. This was her seventh escape attempt she had tried over the five months that she had been trapped in the Master’s enormous mansion, with its brown brick walls and the army of personal soldiers.
Each time the girl had tried to escape she had run a few precious metres further away from the large house and the terrifyingly horrific man who dwelled inside before the soldiers caught her. On this particular occasion she had almost made it to the large iron gates that served as the only exit through the immeasurably high stone walls that surrounded the mansion.

"Almost there," she muttered to herself, "Almost there. You can do this, Josie, you can do this!" She reached the gates and began manoeuvring her way through the small gap in the bars of the gate. Sucking in her stomach and turning her head, she activated the amulet that was embedded in her chest causing her to become paper thin. The bars were cold against her bruises and the wind blew ash into her mouth and nose as she heaved in a breath. She was so close that she could see her new life. The hope filling her brain blocked out the yells from the soldiers behind her and the clanking of their old fashioned swords and armour. She focused her energy, or what was left of it, into squeezing her small body through the bars. The thought of the freedom that lay on the other side kept her going. At last she broke through. The first of the soldiers grabbed at her right arm but missed by a mere centimetre. She had broken away. She was free. She stopped and turned back towards the gate and the soldiers that stood beyond. She smiled, her first smile in months.

"Goodbye," she whispered and she turned, stepped across the border of Generica to her freedom and the new life that lay beyond.

By Abigail Haydon

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**NOTABLE ENTRIES**

**Crash on Carnea**

A deafening bang echoed through the moving cargo vessel. It jolted and shook violently. I screamed and grabbed hold of the space-craft’s leather seat in fright. ‘What just happened?’ I glared at Isaac, my co-pilot who was standing at the ship’s controls that were now flashing a bright red. "We just crashed... but we’ll be fine,” Isaac said quietly, obviously trying to hide the fear we were both feeling. I turned away from him in anger, “We what?” He didn’t reply but walked to the door of the spacecraft, avoiding eye contact. As he pushed the flashing red button that opened the door, he spoke. “We’ll have to get help. Come on!” He nervously gestured towards the door.

As the door opened the sweltering sun shone down on us, I squinted until my eyes adjusted to the brightness. A slight breeze brushed my arm and I saw a dark shadow move quickly past me. A green, slightly slimy hand shot over my mouth and pulled me back into its chest. A chill spread through my body as I struggled against the creature’s strong hold. I glanced over at Isaac but in his place stood a tall, thin alien that had no nose and gills. The Alien pulled Zac back, closer to our Space Craft. The alien smiled evilly and gestured to a large concrete building. The aliens pushed us roughly towards the building, completely ignoring our protests. Inside, there were rows of jail cells, some filled with humans, others completely empty. As I was pushed into an empty cell, I dodged a puddle of dirty water. “What are
you doing with us?” I yelled desperately. I grabbed hold of the solid metal bars with my clammy hands and I shook them. The alien’s hand slowly caressed my cheek with a long, extremely sharp nail. “Just wait. You’ll see.” With that the aliens sauntered out disappearing around the corner.

I clutched my stomach as it rumbled harshly. I had been in here for at least twelve hours with no food or water. I moved my weary eyes to look around the dark and empty cell. My eyes drooped almost closing fully. The sun had gone down and I couldn’t sleep.

“Why are you here?” A deep, raspy voice asked quietly. My eyes shot open as a shadow stepped into the light that was shining through the small window. He was one of them, an alien.

“P-Please don’t hurt me,” I whispered scared, I prayed that he wouldn’t hurt me. Aliens are known for hurting people and I didn’t want to risk my life. I could see him in the light, he looked tired and unhappy. “I’m not going to hurt you, I don’t hurt humans” he said softly and tiredly. I could see his worn-out smile in the dim light.

“My friend and I were sent, by the AEO. We were supposed to land on the plant of Fortuna but we crashed here,” I said, gaining confidence. Confused, he replied “What is the AEO?”

“It’s the Alien Execution Organisation but where am I?” I asked, as I looked at the dark surroundings.

The alien stayed silent for a while then spoke “Why do you want to kill aliens?” He sounded angry. I breathed out heavily, I started to get nervous.

“I was forced into the AEO. I had no choice, I don’t want to kill aliens. I find aliens fascinating and there is no need to kill them. I just really need your help to get out of here. Please?” I pleaded to him.

“This is the planet of Carnea,” he said as he slowly walked towards me. “I can help you get out of here.” I stood up from the ground, “Really?” I smiled widely, thoughts of Earth came flooding into my mind. “In the morning,” he replied plainly, I thanked him profusely. I smiled at him once more and sat back in my previous spot. I hadn’t realised how cold it had become and I wrapped my arms around myself trying to get warm. My eyes closed, as I drifted off into a deep sleep.

The light of the sun shone in through the tiny window which caused me to wake up. I quietly stood up and sneaked over to the alien to check if he was awake. I sighed and paced around the cell as the alien slept. “I’m awake.” I heard the alien and turned around. A smile spread across my face and the alien got up from his sleeping position. He knelt on the ground and started to draw something, I walked over and examined the picture. It was a plan to get out of the cell. He explained to me what I had to do to get out. Firstly, he would burn the lock so it would open and then we had to find Isaac before escaping with the guards seeing us. “Okay lets go” he said.

“Wait! We need to find my co-pilot. I don’t know where he is though.” He nodded and walked to the door of the cell looking around obviously checking for the alien guards. Smoke rose from the lock of the door and the alien pushed the door open. I walked over to him in awe, I wondered how he did it but asked no questions. The alien sneaked out of the cell and around the corner, I followed him and he gestured to me to be quiet. I followed him past old rusty cells, some were empty while other were full of human and non-human creatures. The alien stopped abruptly at a corner, he peered around to check the coast was clear. My eyes scanned the cells searching for Isaac, “there he is!” I say pointing to a cell. We managed to get Isaac out of his cell and we sneaked out near the door we came in from. I leaned against the wall, peering around the corner, I made sure the coast was clear. I turned to Isaac and the Alien “Let’s go,” I whispered. They nodded and we sneaked around the corner, I stopped in my tracks.

One of the alien guards who had locked us up stood a couple of metres in front of us, his hand out-stretched, holding a ray-gun. I felt a tug on my arm and the world around me was spinning.

A loud thud echoed around as I fell to the ground. I looked up, a cloud of dust has arisen, as soon as it had cleared the alien who helped us ran towards our spaceship. I stumbled to my feet, looking back for Isaac. He started running with me, I could hear the Alien guard shooting at us, a shot of slime just missed my ear as I sprinted towards the spacecraft. My foot caught on a rock and I stumbled, slowing down. I looked back, one of the aliens were catching up, without thinking I threw a rock at the Alien. I hoped it would slow him down, stopped in his tracks and looked around confused. I immediately started running towards the spacecraft. I raced up to the spacecraft’s door, Isaac hit the red button, the door closed.
He jumped back as the iron drawers exploded with fire like it had become a furnace.

Quickly slammed the drawer shut, but not before a single spark landed on one of his precious research papers. He jumped back as the iron drawers exploded with fire like it had become a furnace.

The top drawer was open, and he knew that the paper burnt almost as fiercely as oil. Just more quickly. Oro quickly slammed the drawer shut, but not before a single spark landed on one of his precious research papers. He jumped back as the iron drawers exploded with fire like it had become a furnace.

The Flames of Time

Thud! Oro ga Verene looked up from the console. He saw power filtering into the machine, the time adjustor moving, encased in purple energy. His assistant, his nephew Na-va rever ga Verene examined a screen in front of the pulsing time machine that monitored the amount of energy in the vortex of power. Oro gaped as the time adjustor began moving faster in an up-down motion.

“Naver, what's going on,” he asked his nephew, using the shortened version of the name.

Na-va rever did nothing as he kept his eyes on the console.

“It's beginning to overflow with power,” he cried.

“How much power is going in?” Oro inquired.

“Almost as much power as the city contains!” the young scientist jumped back from the console as a wave of heat emanating from the time machine washed over him.

The pearly white marble walls of the science lab glowed red with heat. The crystal chandelier that hung directly above the glowing time machine went dark as the electric light bulbs hanging from it were drained of all energy. Oro pressed the button marked ‘stop’ on his console. Nothing happened, but, Oro could have sworn that the light surrounding the machine got slightly brighter if possible. The scientist watched in amazement as the screen of the console slowly went black as its energy was drained out of it.

Na-va rever appeared at his side. “What’s happening, Uncle Oro?” the assistant asked in a mildly surprised and exhausted voice, his voice laced with curiosity.

“I have absolutely no idea,” Oro told his nephew. He frowned and asked, “What do you think is happening to the time machine?”

Oro had always liked second opinions, which was the reason he had asked his nephew the question.

Na-va rever gathered his thoughts and replied, “I think it could be opening a vortex…”

Oro stared in amazement as the purple light began to blacken, as the console screen had done.

“I think that the time machine is stopping itself from working,” he told his nephew, oblivious to his nephew’s words.

“Uncle…” Na-va rever pleaded.

Oro ignored his nephew as he watched the purple orb of light slowly turn black and shrink. When the orb had receded so much that he could see the tall, shining golden time adjustor of the time machine, he was almost certain that his theory was correct.

Na-va rever half ran, half hopped over to the door, and discovered that his leg had been burnt from the heat wave that had originally caused him to come to his uncle after a searing pain stabbed into him like a dagger. He groped for the door knob just as a fire spurted across the entire laboratory.

“The papers!” Oro cried, rushing over to the drawers full of his research.

The top drawer was open, and he knew that the paper burnt almost as fiercely as oil. Just more quickly. Oro quickly slammed the drawer shut, but not before a single spark landed on one of his precious research papers. He jumped back as the iron drawers exploded with fire like it had become a furnace.

Charlotte Dorge
“Naver? Where are you?” Oro asked urgently into the blazing fire as he realised his nephew was nowhere in sight. He was a loving person, even if he didn’t have the best social skills.

“I’m here…” Oro heard a faint cry from further toward the time machine.

He reluctantly stomped forward and took a second reluctant step. The flames lashed him as if they were whips, though he persisted, and made it to the large wooden desk. Or what was the wooden desk. It had turned into a pile of charcoal, still white-hot. Oro called for his nephew again, and again heard the faint cry. It was coming from the machine. The scientist sat down on a marble chair that looked more like obsidian from the burning of the fire. He gained some breath, however dirty it was from the thick smog of smoke. He stumbled to his feet, realizing that his legs were badly burnt.

“Scratch that,” Oro thought as he realized it, “My whole body is burnt.”

He stumbled back through the roaring fire, not caring as the whips of flame lashed him. He simply wanted to save his nephew.

As he drew close to the time machine, he saw that the brilliant golden time adjustor was once more encased in the dark purple, glowing orb. He limped up to the ex-time machine that was now practically a hole in space and time.

“I’m coming to save you, m’boy,” Oro shouted into the orb. He limped into the vortex of darkness and suddenly the world was different. He was still in his lab, he was sure of that. But the giant, glowing, golden time machine wasn’t there in the centre of the room. And the walls were still the original pearly white marble.

Then he realised it. His time machine had worked. But it had left him isolated in time, the time before he had even come to the science facility, as he came only to work on the time machine so he would have the ability to see his parents who had died when he was young. The time machine had abandoned him, and he knew he had to get back to the present. Or the future in this time.

He briefly wondered when he was. He realised how to get back. It would take an exceedingly long time, but he could do it. Anyway, the time machine could be creating havoc back in the city. He ran over to a drawer in a cabinet in the corner. The same one that he had seen burn minutes before. The only problem of creating the time machine stared him in the face. Whatever it or its flames touched would be sent back in time. To where he was.

He ripped open the drawer and retrieved the exact plans for the machine. With time, he could create another time machine that he could travel back to his own time. He stared at the plans and cherished the fact that he knew how exactly to build a machine that had the ability to travel through time. He read about the time adjustor and figured out that if even one bolt from the adjustor came loose or was not placed in, the whole thing would become a time-vortex manipulator.

“Oh no,” he muttered, “A time-vortex manipulator!”

The adjustor was the only thing that he had worked alone on. He knew that he was responsible of not allowing a single screw be screwed in properly. He put his head in his hands just as something appeared in front of him. It was the time machine. In pieces.

He began to rebuild it. Along with the time machine he built a watch casing from other materials in the drawers, and what appeared to be a pistol. When he had completed the complex machine, he made sure the screws were firmly placed in the adjustor. He grabbed the gun and shot the machine, causing it to shrink and the shrill cry to snap in half. Oro picked up the miniature machine, pleaded that it would still work, placed it in the casing of the watch and powered it up. The time machine in the watch glowed blue and as he placed it on. As the door to the science lab opened up, he disappeared back to his own time. Oro ga Verene walked through the door, his hair no longer grey.

“Well,” the younger Oro said, “This is a brilliant new lab!”
First Impressions

I look around aimlessly; this used to be a school lab, now it’s all we got. White tables with blood stains from dissection disasters. I wouldn’t expect Doc to believe me, he’s useful, but the top boss, condescending scientist needs to take it from a real bloke once in a while.

“Doc, I was there, It’s all true” My best friend Blossom finally breaks her silence looking around nervously. “I saw what he saw; time moves slower for the Guptzians, and if they were to be exposed to a faster time they would vaporise because they weren’t designed for this dimension.”

“Sorry lass, this is a big boy problem, don’t you worry your pretty little head” Isaac commented from the corner.

“She’s better at being a big boy then you, ya pretty boy copper. Now back off and shut ya mouth I clobber you” I shout with rage bursting through every vein of mine.

“Mate ya wanna go, do ya?” he says stepping forward into my face, so close I can feel his heavy breath. Blossom pulls him away. Suddenly Doc’s face is swamped with a look of panic as he glances at his computer screen. Staring at it, fingers running wild on the keyboard, the panic increases, the tension rises.

“RUN!” Doc screams like a little girl. Everybody frantically towards the exit, the sound of massive cannons pierces the atmosphere and a battle ship rips the roof off the lab. More gunshots are fired. Blossom’s running with tears in her eyes. We dodge bullets narrowly, the windows on the side of the lab shatter into a million tiny pieces one by one as we make our way through the room. Dodging a bullet, Blossom trips on an old Macintosh cord. Trapped under the massive cyber dinosaur the pretty boy copper rapidly helps her up. We run united, like in a split second everything has changed. As a result we all make it into the ally below the lab, gasping and out of breath. None of us could’ve run like that in HPE at school. Doc pulls something out of his pocket. Then we lock eyes.

Mate, what’s the worst that could happen?” Doc says like he is admitting defeat. Our survival depends on whether or not I’m right. Whether or not the Guptzians can be destroyed by time. Doc chucks the time bomb over to me, I catch it, and suddenly feel my heart beat faster. The bullets and battleships are getting closer. Suddenly an idea hits me, there is only one thing that could possibly save us right now. The fatal fall. The bike trick. To twirl in mid-air and throw a bomb.

“Doc, how good are you on an old quan bike?”

“It’s called a quad bike” He looks at me, then nods. He knows what must be done. Both rookies, this means my end. I get the bike. Isaac looks at me. Then at Doc, for a minute he doesn’t seem so bad.

“I’ll do it...” Isaac says sounding human. “Can’t leave the fate of the Earth in YOUR HANDS” The dumb copper quickly adds.

“What do I do?” Blossom steps forward.

I look to Doc while I mount the bike. “Guard her with your life” I blurt with a hint of fear.

“Or else...” Isaac adds giving a dark and deep look at Doc. Even Doc knows not to ask what ‘or else’ means. I look at Isaac, confused... for a minute I consider the possibility that the Guptzians have stolen his physical form. “Let’s ride rookie” Isaac says to me breaking the sad silence. Nope, same copper. I get one last glance at Blossom, who is in tears.

“Bye...” I conjure up enough strength to say. I look at Doc. I think of everything I leave behind. God I hope this works. The bomb ticks louder as I ride off through the old school lab. I ride up the ramp onto the roof after
dodging old chimney pipes, where I am greeted by the same battleship that almost took my life just a few moments ago. I take the lead, I rev the bike, my life flashing before my eyes. It's a long way down. I look up, it's go time. Speeding towards the battleship, just about to make the leap. BOOM! Flames roar wildly, ear piercing screams come from the battleship. It worked, but I hadn't done anything yet, how? Then with shock I realise that Isaac is falling through the gap between the ship and roof covered in red flames. Isaac's sacrifice will not be forgotten. Isaac goes down in a flame of glory. Maybe he wasn't such a bad bloke after all?

Written by Chloe Burke.

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