

Willetton's Got Talent

These are a couple of amazing work samples that a few Year 6 students produced for a recent writing assessment. They were given 5 mins of planning and 35 minutes of writing time. It amazes me what they have produced in such a short amount of time. The topic provided to students was the word 'LOST'.

JEN LIU

Malicious

I stared back and forth at the tent, pitched in the dim area of the grassfields. It was already evening and every teacher and students gathered around the campfire. It was the first anniversary of the school's opening. I sighed.

Everyone chatted animatedly without paying any heed to their surroundings. The canteen was empty, I considered. I escaped from the crowd of students and strolled to the canteen.

As I entered, a silhouette of a disfigured creature caught my eye. I shuddered. I forced myself to let out a scream but to no avail. My feet rooted to the ground, only for me to wait for the next scene to unveil.

Through the dark, the creature emerged. Suddenly, my fear turned to anger and humiliation. Two boys sniggered loudly and sneered. I glared at them. I stalked off with the two boys trailing behind me. As soon as I turned to look forward, the two boys were nowhere to be seen. I could have sworn they were there a few seconds ago. I ran anxiously.

The moment I went back to the grassfields, before me, was chaos. There I saw, was a hooded armed man, hiding behind the bushes. My heartbeat palpated violently, pounding against my chest. Having reading as my passion, I had read about the prisoner escapee from the news.

It was then that I realised that he was accompanied by two other escapees. I was about to dash for the nearby classroom door when one of the men noticed me. Without turning back, I dashed forward. There, the ambush had begun. The teachers and students whom sat by the campfire did not notice what was around them. I screamed.

I had finally caught their attention, they looked around to see where it came from, the armed men had caught their eyes. I quickly ran to the classroom door and locked it. I closed my eyes to calm myself down and to zome out from the horrified screams from the people and the loud bangs from the armed men.

I walked through the passageway leading me to the classroom nearest to the exit. Echoes of footsteps could be heard through the passageway. I turned back, closing my eyes.

Thinking that it was one of the armed men, at this point, I felt belittled and lost. A panicked and high pitched voice brought me back to reality. It sounded like my friend. I stared wide eyed at her.

She huffed and panted, 'You are going the wrong way-' she got cut off. Elaine quickly grabbed my hand and locked herself and I in the nearest room. I could hear heavy footsteps.

I thanked her. If it hadn't been for her, we probably would have been caught by now. I had always admired her for being valiant. I stared at her in awe. Now is not the time, I snapped at myself.

We looked behind us and saw a huge hallway. We could hear the footsteps getting closer, we rushed to the hallway. It was all empty. Nothing except our panting could be heard. Elaine and I found ourselves standing before the exit. This was it.

I stared at her, she gave an encouraging nod for me to exit. But why didn't she exit too? For a split second, I felt dumbfounded. I turned back to the door, through the glass reflection, a malicious smile spreaded on Elaine's face. Heavy footsteps getting closer.

It was too late, I felt a pair of arms pushing me towards the exit. It felt like the whole world stopped. I could only remember myself muttering about all the possibilities why Elaine did this, my frustration inside me boiled. I was lost. The last of my consciousness slipped and my legs gave up on me.

The Lost Piece
by Talia

"Who are you.?" I've always wondered what it was like to have parents, laughing and being able to relax in a house, eating warm home cooked meals, and celebrating holidays with a family... but I've never had the chance.

Ever since I was young, I'd always dreamed of having a family. I would envy them, the neighborhood kids playing together, running around and getting dirt all over themselves. I had never gotten to experience such things in my life. Although it's already been 10 years since I was left on the doorstep of this orphanage, I was never truly able to have freedom. Chores and chores every day up until night time when we are ordered to sleep until dawn. Waking up everyday was the same, the same old boring life I have always had.

One day, I woke up at dawn to get ready to go start my chores, when I heard Ms. L shout for everyone to go downstairs. I wrapped up my sleeping clothes into a bag to go into the laundry and quickly dashed downstairs. There they were, a lovely couple staring back at all the kids in the orphanage. I knew it was a hard choice for them to pick a kid when there were tons and tons of children here, waiting to be chosen one day just like me so I quietly moved back a few steps, giving the others a possible higher chance to be picked.

After some time, the couple picked Elesia, the blonde wavy haired girl with ocean blue eyes that always sat in a corner, reading silently. Of course I felt some kind of jealousy, but overall I felt happy for her. I wandered of back to my dorm and threw myself on my bed.

"I haven't been chosen before, maybe it's because I never try to be."

It has always felt like there was a piece missing from my heart, no matter where I search, what I do to find it, it's never been there. Then when there's a opportunity I always seem to pass it.

"I try harder, I'll fight for it even if I have to." I thought.

A few weeks pass, and finally, Ms. L calls for us again to go downstairs. I quickly put on my most elegant blue dress that I had sewed with my own two hands and once again, ran down the stairs to meet my possible future parents. Unfortunately for me, this time, the couple was keen to adopt a boy, I had really hoped that I would be able to uncover a piece in my heart that had been locked away for years.

"Maybe it's my fault, do I have to play as a boy?" A strange thought in my head went.

I felt at a loss, what do I have to do? Should I just give up? These 10 years not once have I'd been even considered to be adopted. Even none of the orphans here want to play with me, nor interact. They don't even greet me good morning or good night.

I wondered if I could even get parents, after all I tried it still hasn't worked anyway. I fell onto my bed and laid there flat on my back, trying to think of something I could do. No one was there to disturb me since the dorm I was in was for some reason empty since 5 years ago, but it didn't really matter I guess.

The next day, I was walking around the orphanage when I saw something in the corner of my eye. It was a small door, but also big enough for me to climb through it. So I decided to explore, I crept into the little door into a small room, It was really dark. I tried searching for the light switch but I really shouldn't of, the room was filled with missing posters of a young girl all soaked in a puddle. That girl in the posters... It was... me? I screamed to see bones starting to float up from the puddle on the floor, sizes that matched perfectly to mine, then a skull appeared. My world instantly was torn apart,

"WHAT IS THIS?! IS THIS SUPPOSE TO BE SOME KIND OF JOKE?!" I screamed and cried.

I was about to try and get out but I just passed through the wall like it was nothing! I cried and sobbed in terror, grabbing myself and then running away... when I realised something was very wrong...

"Is that why nobody's been talking to me for the past 5 years?.."

TYLER WONG

Fire sprawled throughout the land, as peoples' screeching echoed through the barren landscape. Gunshots fired and bombs dropped onto the ground, as I ran as fast as my little legs could take me. My long hair was covered in knots as it swayed through the wind. Heat succumbed me as I felt a drench of thirst. I hadn't drank in hours and I needed to find somewhere safe. 'My family's going to be okay,' I assured myself. I saw two silhouettes in the distance carrying what seemed to be a baby. I felt a glee of hope. My feet ached, though I couldn't resist. They could be my family, they could be my only hope.

The temperature rose the more I neared to the group of three. "Mia, Dad, Mum!" I called, though all that came out was a faint groan. A bomb exploded and I smashed face first onto the dry ground. Smoke and sand filled the air like water after a huge splash. The leftover buildings around me fell in an instant, forcing me to crawl out of the way just barely escaping death. "DAD, MUM!" I called again, but still, no sound came out. I left laying on the ground, helpless. What could I do, this was the end of me.

I closed my eyes, and squeezed them tight, death would come soon. They had won, the Russians had invaded.

A sound whirred above me, the sound of planes. There was a formation of multiple fighter jets, striking bombs on the land below. Without notice, a fat bullet struck one of the jets, causing it to plummet to what seemed like-, No, it couldn't be, NO! A crash came and the last I saw was a glance of my two parents holding my baby sister. That was the last of what I would see of them. "Just run Sasha, RUN! You be s--" A final scream came before it would be silenced by death. A tear drooped through my face as I lay still, somehow even more helpless than before. I had let them down, they were dead. DEAD!!!! I lay there in agony with myself. How could I have let them down, how!

'I'll die with them, I will meet them in heaven.' I muttered to my self. 'No, no, I don't deserve heaven, I will fight for them!' I agreed with my self thoughts. But still, I lay there not daring to move, not even doing anything. I felt exhausted, and tasted a sour taste in my mouth, it was blood. I moved my arm to soothe the pain in the back of my head, more blood. I looked down at my legs and felt immediately dizzy, and yet more blood. After that I saw only black, until when I woke up from my long rest.

20 years later, when I was at the age of thirty, I stood at a gravestone, the same I met every month after the death of them. Today marked the day I had promised myself to avenge my parents, only now I stood there crying the same tears I had before. Lost. I hadn't fought back. I hadn't avenged them. With a realisation I stamped my foot as I knew I had let them down not once but so many times. I looked at the stone engraved with three names, 'Jonna', 'Maria', and my dear baby sister, 'Mia'. I tightened my grip on the flowers I had brought them, causing a few flowers to fall off. I stared down at all the other flowers that I and other friends had put. I felt angry at myself, I felt disturbed, I felt all emotions topple over me. But most of all, I felt lost, not being able to do anything, helpless once again.

CHUN HEI LU

Lost and found

It would have been the best day of my life if it wasn't for one thing. It was a bright sunny day, perfect for a walk in the park. That park would have been filled with young children with smiles on their faces, waiting for my arrival with eagerness. I was about to leave the house with everything I needed until my father called me to go to the living room. "You know grandpa's almost at the end of the line. His time on earth has almost come to an end, so therefore we must accompany him in his last moments." He said with a serious face, knowing I would take this seriously, and seriously I did.

Though my little buddies at the park would have been filled with joy if I'd spent more time with them, I knew that this was the better option. I agreed and followed him to the car in our garage. Our house was unbelievably large and you could say that about our garage too. Our house was more like a maze, with dead ends in every corner. Luckily, my head already knows how to get out, as we've been living here for years. We jumped into our car and headed for the hospital.

Grandpa was already waiting in room 404, knowing about our arrival. His last days were here, and we all knew it. He is a calm and loving man. He forgives any sins and doesn't panic in the toughest moment. He knows what we feel on his deathbed, and doesn't want to make us panic more, as he knows and has felt this feeling before. "Don't worry my little one, I'll be always watching over you when I'm gone. I know you're sad and want my lifetime to be extended, but this isn't possible even if your house was sold. I want to give you my father's watch from the 1900's, absolutely priceless as it no longer exists anywhere else. Don't cry, and always believe in yourself." He says with a slight smile as he exits the living world. We knew there was nothing we could have done and could only have sat there for the remainder of his life.

I took a glance at the watch, and boy was it precious. It was glimmering with the brightest shine and had hundreds of diamond specks. Though this was depressing, I knew that this must be protected. As I was thinking about what has just happened, a shady man with black clothing ran into the room, snagging the watch and sprinting away into nothingness. The hospital was an old but extremely well-known back in the days, and therefore doesn't have any new lights. Although I didn't know where he'd run to, I knew this chase was on.

I sprinted after him and only found a dead end. How was this possible? In front of me was only a giant wall without any signs of rust or cracks. This was one of the oldest hospitals in existence, and there wouldn't be anything like this in here. I knew something was up until I realised that there must have been a secret passage ways. I kept pushing and punching the wall in different parts of the wall but there was no use. There was nothing I could do. Then I thought of something. What if I could just walk around the wall? Though this wouldn't make much sense, I tried it. But as expected, it didn't work. What was I going to do?

I went back to the hospital room with teardrops dripping down my face. I'd failed my grandfather. He must be so disappointed in me. I couldn't bear the thought of losing the one and only thing my family had left me. I was furious but sad. I thought about discontinuing the chase, but I had a gut feeling this wasn't the answer. I looked outside the building, the one who started this. "GRANDPA? How are you even alive?! Didn't you just pass away?" I yelled with multiple emotions coursing through my heart. He was standing right in front of me, and it wasn't my imagination or a hallucination. He was still alive

There must be something I didn't know about this watch. I took a glance of the watch that was in my grandpa's hand and saw a miniscule text. It read "If you care about someone enough, they will always be there for you as well." It only just processed through my brain that he wasn't actually alive, but just his spirit looking over me. He handed the watch back with a smile. I gratefully took it out of his hand and the pursuit was officially over.

I didn't even know what just happened, but the only thought in my head was to give him one last hug. I couldn't bear the thought of his death, but there was nothing I could do. I knew this watch was the most valuable thing on earth, but I knew that there was something worth even more. I handed the watch back and told him to keep it. As long as he was holding it, He would still appear alive to everyone. Though this watch could have been sold for billions of dollars, I knew that giving this watch to him was for the greater good. There are things more important than being rich, after all.