

**WRITE
AROUND
THE** *13 – 17 Sept*
MURRAY



RIVER OF STORIES
WINNING ENTRIES
PRIMARY POETRY
2023

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YEAR 3-4 CATEGORY

Year 3-4 Winner: Nirvana Lohani [Victory Lutheran College]

Title: *Books*

Books, books, big and small
books, books, typical and tall.

You never know what you might see,
so read, read, read and come with me...

I can take you places near and far,
I can make you feel happy or bizzare.

I can give you information about lots of stuff
and you'll keep coming back as it will never be enough.

We can travel together in the highland planes,
or disappear somewhere in the magical lanes...

We'll meet creatures of every colour.
I'll tell you stories of soldiers' valour.

We'll ride on a misty horse, and gallop into the futures course.
I can give you lots of good ideas, and help you learn for a million cheers.

I'll show you the world of fun and adventure,
give you courage to start new ventures.

I can help you be brave and face your fears
and help you inspire all your peers.

As long as I'm here, you're never alone. So make me your friend and take me home! Happy reading!

Year 3-4 Runner-Up: Alby Clark [The Scots School Albury]

Title: *My Dog*

I feel tight
like a seed
about to emerge
I can't hold in my excitement
I told my mum
to speed
but she has to stay
on her pace
we're almost
at the place

I can't hold it
for much longer
my hair
is sticking up
in the air

she is soft
like a rug
I really want to
give her a hug
she doesn't smell so pleasant
but she is a real present

I feel tight
I can't hold in
my excitement
we are
almost there

woof! woof!
I hear her saying
get me out of this box!
mum gets back in the car
holding
a beautiful
brown
Labrador

When we got home
dad made a little house
where there isn't
a single mouse
at night
my dog
gets a
little fright

I think she's
afraid of the cat
she'll have to sleep
on the mat
the house has
a warm rug
but
when it's too cold
or raining
she sleeps inside

Year 3-4 Runner-Up: Harvey McFarlane [The Scots School Albury]**Title:** *My Farm*

My farm in the morning.

Silky soft soil.

Smells of the dirty and the clean
diesel soot

clean air.

The fog

in the morning.

Dawn as dark as dusk.

Dirty dark Dust in my lungs as the wind rushes past me.

Dew on the leaves.

When you're on the quad

and you hit a cold patch of air

it is rushing in your veins

in the morning air.

My farm at midday

Eyes sag

as dust fills my eye lids

like hot hessian bags.

My mouth runs dry.

The sky

a hot pie

that pounds down

like 1 million fists

on my legs face and hands

and other parts of my body.

A red dirt dust plain

that sinks under your feet and flows in the wind.

My farm at night

before the day is ended

we drive home in the cold night air

that hits you like a dart

When you get home
and jump in the shower
the day has been washed off
and a new one will come tomorrow
but before that
in the night
with the window open.
The clean cold air
comes rushing in.
Then morning comes.

YEAR 5-6 CATEGORY

Year 5-6 Joint Winner: Lucy Wilson [Trinity Anglican College]

Title: *Gone*

The grim darkness,
A land fit for kings and queens
But also, for pick pocketers, desperation rife.
This was life in the late 1700's.

And I was on the streets,
Going to sleep in the shadows,
With the fear of not waking up again,
We were all as fragile as the brittle bones of a bird,
Age not a factor.

I was often sent out as food was meager,
Risking my life to survive,
But that was my job like many others,
And the people of England were even kind enough to give us our own name,
Pick Pocketers.

Another day brings another struggle,
I have had enough,
Something extreme must be done,
Something to survive.

Aboard the Prince of Wales,
Estimated to reach this new land first,
Out of all the ghastly, gruesome ships in this horrifying fleet.
It was only a dress.

Below deck is horrible,
The stench that fills your nose when you awaken in the dawn,
Daylight seeping through the cracks in the rooms,
Rats scampering away from the day,
It makes you think if it was worth being alive,
It makes you feel as though you are worth nothing.

The late morning marches.
Everyone above board.
Your only chance to see the daytime sky for the whole week,
Then of course, we head down to the breakfast room.
Back, away from the outside world.

Time. Gone.

Finally, land
Still and lush.
Having waited so long I am numb to the sensation.

Lying here thinking of the challenging times I have survived,
And the small seeps of happiness sneaking in along the way,
I will know it was worth it for my descendants and I can only hope they know my story.

Relaxing under the strong, safe gum tree,
The lush grass as soft as a blanket,
I dream of a girl,
A girl with long soft golden hair,
A girl living in luxury,
Unharmed,
A girl with the name of Lucy.

Year 5-6 Joint Winner: Charlie Cook [Trinity Anglican College]

Title: *The Fog*

I enter the fog because I hear a shout.
As I enter the fog the sun blocks out.
The raindrops are running like tears on my face.
The shouts became urgent, so I quickened my pace.
As the fog grows thicker, I cannot see,
the person who is calling out for me.
My feet are damp and chill from the frost.
Looking around I realize I'm lost.
The fog is so thick I can't see a thing.
Not my legs or my tummy, nor the end of my chin.
A snap and a crack that carries so loud,
makes me wonder who else is in this cloud?
Ice runs down my back and I'm frozen in place.
I bring up my arms to cover my face.
I peek through my fingers as a figure draws near.
And as it draws closer, I tremble with fear.
Soft voice says, 'Hello, you've come to save me.'
Small girl grabs my hand and together we flee.
As we keep going, we two together,
I become less frightened of this awful weather.
We leave the fog behind and bask in the sun.
That's when I know that my quest is done.
I entered the fog because I heard a shout,
and together we are finally out.



Year 5-6 Runner-Up: Amelie Ledger [Barnawartha Public School]

Title: *In the Autumn River*

A day at the river,
Is better than the beach,
Or when they deliver,
A big juicy peach.
The trees sway lightly,
In the afternoon breeze,
As the river shines brightly,
Touching your knees.
The fire is cackling,
Like an old witch,
Whilst pearly geese are paddling,
In a voluminous ditch.
Your dads cooking dinner,
On the BBQ,
The river will shimmer,
Until its dreamy blue.
You sit on a chair,
Waiting for sausages,
You flick back your hair,
Whilst you think about oranges.
After a while,
Dinner is served,
You give your mum a smile,
As you take a plate which is curved.
After everyone's done,
Its now time for bed,
There is no more sun,
So, you now rest your head.

Year 5-6 Runner-Up: Vishva Maheshwari [Myrtleford P-12 College]

Title: *Magnificent Myrtleford*

I live in a small town named Myrtleford.

Where the soft breeze at dawn

blows autumn leaves onto your face,

And the gentle rain that falls onto your palm

as you hold and smell the sweet croissants from our local bakery.

Young children twirl around in the swirling wind,

Exploring the Alpine areas.

Looking at the crystal-clear views on Mount Hotham.

Catching up and socialising with long distant friends at Café Chulo.

Exploring nature at Reform Hill Lookout.

Listening to singing birds in our glorious gum trees.

Enjoy some fresh fruit at the Local Farmer's Market.

Be **Bold** and go to Buffalo Boulders.

Climb the extremely unsafe rock wall.

Grab your fishing rod and go fishing in the Ovens River.

Be healthy and walk the majestic Mosaic Trail.

And this is my hometown Myrtleford!

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