

The River

Writing competition

With a sprinkle of inspiration, little ideas can grow into big ideas.

READ
GROW
Inspire!

Write a short story about your best idea ever.

Year 4

RING! Ring! The bell rang, signalling the end of lunch time. I shut my lunch box and got ready for geography. My best friend Paige and I were talking about Cooks River but somehow, we ended up talking about something entirely different.

"So, Cooks River?" I say, not sure how to start.

"You start," Paige replies.

"Oh! I imagine if we had a river like that at our school."

"Yeah! And maybe there could be a special team that could look after the river!"

"It could be selective and you have to do a test to get in. If you were hurting the animals on purpose you were kicked out." I said.

Maybe it would come true. Maybe, just maybe...

The River

Page 1

The River
Page 2
Not yet!
2 years later

Now I'm in year six and it's almost time to vote for the gift to the school. I put in a vote for the river in the front playground...

Yes! The river won, so we are going to look for a company to build it. I just drew a detailed graph of the river and how it would fit into the school. I don't want to waste space so I am going to skip a bit...

Week 5, term 2

I absolutely cannot wait! The first tests for joining the group, called The River Clean Team, will be tomorrow and Paige and I are going first since this was our idea. But I still have to wait tonight... no problem, Paige is sleeping over so it will be fine. Mostly... It won't matter though because at least the river was finished early. So anyway, I had the strangest dream that night. It was about a school of fish, but instead of learning stuff that fish do, they were learning timetables and I was learning to be a fish. Odd. The dream ended when a fish called Paige started telling me to wake up. No, that was Paige. Oops. It is 5am and I am sure you must need more sleep so... see you soon!

Okay just finished the first part... time to see

To what extent does the Anzac Legend provide an accurate picture of the soldiers at Gallipoli?

the river. It was even better than I imagined. At the mouth of the river a small, bubbling, riverlet of water spouted out of ground, guided by a steady stump of rock, used as a water fall (My Idea). The river continues down a short stretch like a winding path (Paige's Idea) and ends at a large pond. It is not that large but compared to the rest of the river it is. A sign at the gate says that it is the Ashbury Public School Stream. For short School Stream. Anyway, at the river bend there is a tree that's roots curl into the rich dirt. Nestled into the fork of the tree a small sparrow nest sits, safe from the harsh elements. The pond was a smooth basin, the bottom lined with river rocks. It was lined with sandstone boulders set in the ground. Along the perimeter of School Stream was a tall wooden fence open to the sky but will keep out cats (Paige's Idea). In the river, the River Bot (My Idea) swam with a school of fish. I'll see you later...

Ring ring! Lunch has ended, now a year from the day that we made up school stream and I am going to Cooks River! What a surprise. I cannot wait!

The End!