

by Dhanika Karunasena

Denzel ran into the town, his eye stinging and throat burning. Flames flickered around him as though they were trying to swallow him whole. The heat sweltered around him as though he was stuck in a desert. Everything that he'd grown up with was now burning right in front of his eyes. Tears were running down his cheek creating a clean streak across his dirty face. Smoke filled his nostrils and singed his eyes.

He ran further into town despite everything. He turned right at the town centre and down the cobblestone lane, to the simple cottage that lay dormant at the end. Only the skeleton lay there, which had turned a spiteful black. He burst through the flimsy door and searched frantically, as though his life depended on it. His search was in vain, for nothing was left. Everything was scorched and charred. Hatred filed his heart for the fiendish people who did this terrible deed. As he lay there crying, no life in him, he heard a cry, that sounded as faint as a whimper. Hope was brought back just like clouds bring back rain to barren and cracked land. He located the sound to the cottage next door. He ran out the door and through theirs, not to find whom he was hoping for but life none the less.

Denzel ran outside carrying the girl's limp, lifeless body with him. It was as though she weighed as much as a feather. Her eyes flickered open revealing ocean-blue eyes. He ran back to the town centre and then out of the town. He found where he had tied his horse and placed her on the back of the white stallion. He jumped onto the stallion and off they were.

The little girl's glossy black hair fluttered around Denzel as they galloped down the dirt path. The green trees that surrounded them seemed to be unaware of the catastrophic events only happening a few miles down the brown dirt road. Cold beads of sweat cooled his otherwise pan hot face. He could feel the stallion's muscles working as hard as they could. Even this far away from town, he could still smell the faint burning of wood.

He came to a stop at the first hospital he found. He leaped off his sturdy horse and down onto the hard ground. He burst through the hard doors frantically searching for a doctor to help the poor, innocent little girl. He could see people he knew and hear the desperate crying of mothers trying to get the busy doctors attention to look at their beloved children. He couldn't stand the sadness that filled the room so he ran

back outside to the girl. When he got there he saw something that he dreaded. It was more a lack of seeing. The girl's chest wasn't moving the way it was supposed to. He was too late. He slowly walked up to the girl to see her face as serene as a still lake. Her innocent, blue eyes were open and glazed. He slowly wiped his hands on his shirt and placed two fingers on her eyelids and slowly closed them. Even though he was standing in the open sun, he felt cold, especially when he lifted her off his horse and into the hospital.



I LOVE MY OLD WEATHERBOARD HOUSE

BY PRIYASITH JAYAWEEERA, BELL PS THORBURY

Between the gum trees

Where the owner planted plum trees,

is the old weatherboard house.

I love my weatherboard house!

The train goes behind,

The road runs in front.

The kookaburras laugh

While the brown sparrows cough.

Surrounded by Lilly Pillys

The lorikeets play silly silly

I love my weatherboard house!

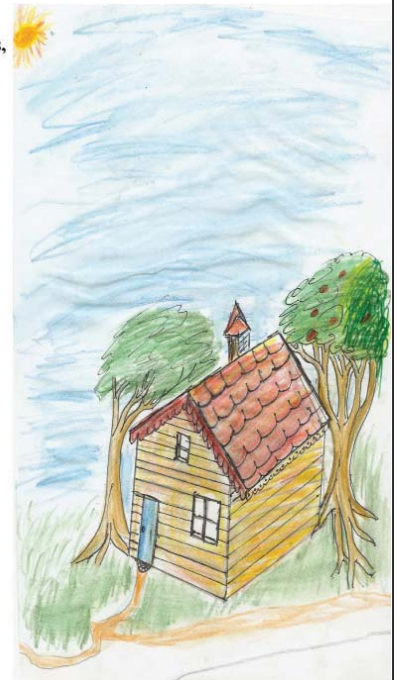
Pale yellow outside

Multi- colored inside

Warm in winter

Cold in summer

I love my old weatherboard house!



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