

2016 Tim Winton Award



Lower primary category

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written by Lara Hannaford

2016  
Tim Winton Award for Young Writers

FIRST PLACE  
LOWER PRIMARY CATEGORY

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Seven years old  
St Thomas' Primary School

There was once a boy with no fun in his life. He lived on a lonely street in a wonky old house with a hole in the roof. When it rained, the water crept in and made everything soggy. The boy had no brothers or sisters. He lived with his Dad who was rarely home.

When he was seven, the boy started inventing things. His first invention was a talking, wind-up spider. But he felt that the spider was not enough, so he created a dog, which he named Jack. His new friends were nice, but the house still felt empty, so one day he decided to build something BIG. He decided to build HIMSELF. He collected bits and pieces from a trash-pile in his garden, and set to work. When he had finished, he used an old battery to charge his robot, and he switched him on. The robot stirred. He stood up and opened his blue eyes. "Who am I? Where am I?" he asked quietly.

The boy grinned. "You are my robot, and this is my house. Come and play with me in the garden."

The robot brightened the boy's life and all the fog rolled away. His house didn't seem as dark and damp anymore. The robot helped the boy to get ready for school each day, and he cooked his dinner at night. The robot also kept the house neat and tidy. The boy got used to being looked after, and he started to become lazy.

When the boy turned thirteen, he became so lazy that he started to send the robot to school for him. No one noticed the switch, because the robot looked exactly the same as boy. They even had the same blue eyes. The boy did nothing all day but eat food and feel glad that he wasn't at school.

At school, the robot grew smarter and smarter. Soon he was too smart for school, and he started to do bad things. He hid stinky rubbish in the teacher's drawer, and put thumb-tacks on her chair. He was so smart that he never got caught.

One day, the boy asked the robot to flush the toilet for him. The robot muttered, "no! I will not flush your toilet for you!"

The boy shouted, "You are my robot, and you will follow my orders!"

The robot fell silent, and his blue eyes turned red. Turning away from the boy, he flew through the house and out the front door. The boy was left standing beside the toilet, feeling worried.

Outside, the robot walked towards a neighbour's house and began to rip it apart, brick, by brick. Once he had destroyed that house, he went to the next, and did the same to that. In less than five minutes, he had torn down almost every house in the street. The only house left standing was the boy's, because behind his red eyes, the robot could remember all the fun that he'd had in the past with the boy. The robot moved from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, destroying every house in sight. He was out of control.

The boy looked at the faces of the terrified people around him, and began to realise what he had done. He had treated the robot like a slave, and now the robot was angry. The boy knew he needed to stop the robot. He rushed outside and within a few minutes he had found the robot. He cried, "I'm sorry for what I've done to you! Please stop this! I will help you to rebuild all of these houses and I'll never treat you like a slave again!"

The robot stopped. The robot smiled. His red eyes turned back to blue, and he hugged the boy.

Together, they rebuilt the houses that the robot had pulled down. After they had finished, they walked home, hand in hand. The boy never again used the robot as his slave, and the robot's eyes stayed blue.



# Creak Bang BOOM!

by Stephanie White

2016  
Tim Winton Award for Young Writers

SECOND PLACE  
LOWER PRIMARY CATEGORY

© Stephanie White

Seven years old  
Kapinara Primary School

Tim Winton Award for Young Writers  
Lower primary category



It started with a creak then a bang then Boom! Eve could not stand it anymore.

Every night at a quarter to 12 a creak then a bang then a Boom!

It always came from her closet.

One night at exactly 11.45 Eve opened her closet door and found exactly what she was looking for...

A secret door!

Eve carefully opened the secret door and there was a monster costume.

"I wonder what that means" she said.

So she put it on.

Poof!

Eve found herself in a room surrounded by...

Monsters!

"Blaa Blaa Blaaa" said the monsters.

"I think that means come and join our party" thought Eve

"I guess it would not hurt" she said.

That night Eve had lots of fun until...

Poof!

Her monster costume disappeared and she could not see the monsters anymore!

But at the same time the clock struck 1.00am.

"That only lasted an hour and 15 minutes" she complained.

Bang went Eve's bedroom door!

"Eve" her Mum called.

"Oh no " thought Eve,

"Have I blown my cover?"

"Eve where are you?" she called again.

"Think quickly said a voice in her head."

Eve's thoughts rushed around in her brain.

"If I mess this up then that is the end of quarter to 12 feast."

So she called "I'm in the toilets."

"He Ha okay I'll leave you be."

"Thanks Mum" she said.

The following night Eve opened her closet door and did exactly what she did last night except she forgot to shut the closet door!

At 12.00 midnight there was a bang and then out of the shadows came a very, very angry...

Mum!

"Eve Emily White come here right NOW!"

"But Mum "she complained.

"But nothing!" Mum said.

"Mum I've been having lots of fun" Eve pleaded.

The anger in her Mum's eyes melted away a little.

"But you have to promise that you will go to sleep straight away" she explained.

"Okay, okay" Eve panted.

After the night of getting busted, Eve was very careful of going to sleep straight away.

Until one night, while Eve was opening the secret door she heard breathing.

It was her Mum!

"What are you doing here?" Eve said sounding alarmed.

"I'm here to join your party" Mum said,

If that's okay with the monsters" she added.

"I'll ask them" said Eve.

Guess what, they said yes!

That night Mum and Eve partied their heart out!

Now every night Eve and her Mum party with the Monsters.

~ The End ~