

Writing competition

Step into a symphony of stories!

Imagine a world where books burst open and amazing characters from every kind of story leap out!

Write a short story about a wonderful world filled with colourful characters. (Limit of 3 pages per entry.)

Hi. My name is Amy, and I love fables. I read them every day. That's why I was very excited when I found a dusty old book of fables in my attic. I cleaned some of the dust off and opened it. That's when the most amazing thing happened. Characters from every story in the book leapt out! The lion and the mouse, the tortoise and the hare, even the fox and the crow! I stared at them in awe. "What are you lookin' at?" said the hare. "Sorry," I said, embarrassed. "Can I... help you?" I asked. The fable characters turned around and muttered to each other. "You can," answered the lion. "You see, kids these days never read fables anymore. If no-one changes that soon, we could-" he paused. "fade away," he sighed. I gasped. "So, we need you to do us a small favour," continued the hare. He held out a small stack of books. "Deliver these books to children and it will give us a boost in popularity. You up for the challenge?" he asked. "Yes," I answered.

I wasn't sure how I would actually deliver the books.

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but hopefully the fable characters would tell me what to do.

"Come on," said the lion, gesturing with his paw towards the crow. "What are you waiting for?" the crow got bigger. "Hop on!" she said. I cautiously climbed onto her back, gripping her black feathers when she suddenly took off. We flew through the sky, golden, evening light shining from the setting sun. "First house," said the crow. She swooped down, pushing a fable into the mailbox. She took off again without hesitation. I looked down at my hands, and noticed that the crow was looking more faded than before. "W-what's happening?" I asked nervously. "We just need to deliver some more books," replied the crow.

After a while, we were on to our last book. We took off from the house. "Last book!" I said. "And it's good timing too," said the crow. "It's almost dawn," I pointed to a small house on the edge of town. "Down there," I suggested. We swerved, soaring down until we landed near their mailbox. I slipped the last fable into it. My hands were sore from delivering all these books. "Finally," the crow sighed, "we can go back home."

We landed on my front porch and walked back into the attic where all the others were. "All done," I said triumphantly. But then I realised that I could almost see through the fable characters. "No, this can't be happening," I whispered, holding back tears. I hugged the crow tight. "You guys are my favourite book characters!" suddenly, the animals started coming back into view. "That's all we needed to hear," said the lion. One by one, they went back into the old book, sparkles surrounding them. The crow winked at me. "Thanks," she said, before leaping back into her story. Then I woke. What an amazing dream!