

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.)

The Painting

I was taught to paint from an early age by my grandma. From the moment I picked up a brush, I was always fascinated by what I could create. Anything could be made, flowers, animals and people.

During the summer holidays, my beloved grandma took me to a market, in which I met an mysterious man in an alleyway selling paint... called "magic" paint. He offered me a set telling me that he had to get rid of it as he was now old, tired, and couldn't paint himself. He placed the paint into the palm of my hand and left down the street. I then took it home, stuffed it in my art room cupboard, and thought nothing of it.

2 years later

"I'm bored," I moan. "Well, why don't you use that paint set in the cupboard?" my grandma says in reply. "Just this one night can you use it? Please?" With a paint brush in hand, I begin. Maybe a castle? Nah, too complicated. How about a castle? Yes! stroke after stroke, my art is looking better and better. My village has beautiful, happy people, giving heart felt gifts to each other, horses, taking heavy load and people around town, little mice that scavenge for food, and

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Many, many markets. Time flies by, making it already very late. I finish my painting and go to bed, not knowing what's waiting for me in the morning.

I wake up and check my painting, which while I was sleeping, came alive. Then I remember the old man who gave me the paint, the "magic" paint - it actually was magic; it turns paintings alive! Rumour has it, that if you step into an alive painting, you shrink down and go inside. To get out, you just have to step out. That must have been the paint I used! It turned from a spectacular painting into bustling streets and busy merchants dressed in the finest silk laden with shining gems. All that moving through crowds, makes one of the ladies drop a package with the label fragile. Given the size, I step into the world then carefully pick up the package and realise it was the finest Oude Lavendier. I then run over to the lady and tell her about the dropped perfume. "Excuse me miss, I think you dropped the package," I say to the woman. She turns around and takes the perfume from my hand. "Thank you so much. I owe you. My name is Jennifer

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I own J's perfume. Jennifer says to me gratefully, "No prob lem, I say back. We end up talking for ages, until grandma calls me. I tell Jennifer that I have to go and will see her tomorrow.

I start to go inside the painting mansion and talk to the villagers. I'm now known in the town as "super creator." I got that name because I have told everyone about their existence and my step in-step out method into the area. My closest friend in the village is my Jennifer. We bathe at the beach, shop for shoes and turn while talking. I place my creation in my room for easy access. They now accompany me when I'm at home.

Looking back at what I made, I find that people in my world reflect what's in theirs. For example, grandma, she does gardening, and it takes a lot of work and skill, but she makes it look effortless. My mum, because she is happy, optimistic, positive, passionate and persistent. I realise that I live in a wonderful world filled with colourful characters of my own.

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