

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.)

Carlos the Grey, Gloomy Caterpillar

Carlos the caterpillar sluggishly slithered across the lush green blades of grass that were coated in dew. His gloomy grey body slipped over the beautiful terrain. There were flowers of all sorts around him and he stood out like a sore thumb because he was a tragic ugly caterpillar. As he reached a sunflower, he had a break from his long journey. While he lay, various creatures and insects passed him, including an exotic ladybird. "Why are you so morose?" asked the friendly ladybird. "Because I don't have any beautiful colours!" replied Carlos, even more morosely.

"Silly caterpillar," chuckled the ladybird, "All caterpillars eventually turn into butterflies with the most delightful wings!"

"Yeah right," Carlos moaned.

The ladybird fluttered into the air, glinting metallically in the sunlight. She had the utmost empathy for the caterpillar. Carlos had been alive for several weeks now and was still a stormy grey creature, not just in appearance, but mentally as well. If he could have one wish, it would be to have bright colours and extraordinary patterns. Sadly, there were no magic lanterns nearby. As he reached his house, he munched greedily on some juicy leaves. Food was scarce in this area but there were no predators anywhere, so it was a good place to live. He then slipped into a dried leaf for a nap.

SYMPHONY OF
STORIES

INNER WEST

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.)

THUD! THUD! Carlos cowered beneath his crumpled brown leaf! "Oh no!" My land is being destroyed by missiles!" he cried in fear. As he peeped out from his leaf, he noticed that in actual fact, there had been acorns falling from a tree. "Plews!" he said in relief. He could barely see, with little moonlight in the dense foliage. He scurried back into his makeshift bed.

The next morning he woke to another unexpected startle. Once more he overreacted, this time it was a fly buzzing around! Later he got up and made preparations for another enormous journey. All the creatures he wandered past didn't even notice he was there, which made him feel even more melancholy than he usually was. The ground was moist, but not from rain or dew, but big fat caterpillar tears. A shadow was cast over him. He looked up and saw a colossus, terrifying tarantula. Its legs were larger than tree trunks and had millions of various red shaded eyes (recounted by Carlos later).

"Sorry if I scared you nan," howled the 8 legged monstrosity. Even at these simple words, Carlos quivered and trembled like a leaf, which is reasonable because he was actually smaller than a leaf. If his legs hadn't been scared stiff he would've been scurrying away at that very moment. "You're the grey gloomy caterpillar who wishes you had colours, are you not?" questioned the tarantula.

SYMPHONY OF
STORIES

INNER WEST

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.)

"Y-yes..." stuttered Carlos.

"Well," replied the tarantula "Colours aren't always on the outside, but inside, I should know, whenever anyone walks near me, they run away screaming, but I've learnt to accept my appearance, but have you?" Carlos pondered for a while as he went back home on autopilot, never answering the question. He went to sleep that same day wondering about what the tarantula mentioned. He looked into the sky. Birds of amazing colours soared across the sky blindingly fast. Then he fell asleep.

The blackness engulfed him in a spinning torment. "Aah!" he cried in distress "Stop! Stop!" But nothing could stop this, he just kept spinning. It was evolution. Eternal blackness. When he ^{at this moment} came to his senses, he was encased in a hard shell. He ripped out of the prison-like enclosure and flew into the sky! "I have beautiful wings!" he cried out in amazement. He swooped through the air in excitement and outstretched his newly found wings.

"I'm not Carlos the grey gloomy caterpillar, I'm Bardo the extraordinary, energised butterfly!"

SYMPHONY OF
STORIES

INNER WEST

