

Nano Story Competition 2016

Years 3 & 4

First Place:

The Tyres Squealed

by Joash Little

The tyres squealed. Lewis parked his white car and hopped out. The door slammed shut. The side mirrors softened and changed to ears. The towbar melted and curled to become a tail. The car was shrinking. He realised it was pink. “This is unforgettable”, said Lewis, staring at the pig.

Highly Commended:

She loves me, she loves me not

by Abbey Quinlan

Flowers blooming in every direction. Forget-me-nots screaming for praise, roses puffing with pride, frangipanis dressed in elegance. Which would she like? The florist appears, “can I help you?” I step back abruptly in shock... SMASH! A trolley full of prize flowers topples over. Today..... I think she loves me not.

Highly Commended: **A Nasty Surprise.....**

by Abbey Quinlan

I opened my bag to unpack it. Rotten aromas lingered in the once neutral air. Mum came in, face a screw, she could smell it too. She glanced at my backpack, then to me. She thrust her hand into the malodorous pouch. Oops! It's my banana, last week's. I'd forgotten!



Nano Story Competition 2016

Years 5 & 6

First Place:

I forgive but never forget

by Amelia Leach

I was slowly forgetting what he did. I was slowly forgiving.

But then the pain came crashing back to me.

One, maybe one day, I could forgive him for what he did.

But forget?

That's something I could never do.

I always forgive. But right now I can't.

Not now.



Highly Commended: **Belonging**

by Ivy Williams

The stories tell about the past, our history told around the glowing campfire. Dancing makes pictures in my mind. The music at ceremonies makes me feel like I belong. I feel proud and I will never forget where I came from, where I am now, and where I am going.



Highly Commended:

Never Forget Them

by Paige Elizabeth Double

Never forget the bullets that pierced their muddy skin. Never forget the blood they shed. Never forget the mourning families they left behind. Never forget the tears from their eyes. Never forget the bodies left behind. Never forget the soldiers that died. Never forget these important words. Lest we forget.



Nano Story Competition 2016

Years 7 & 8

First Place:

Delectable Delight by Natalie Gibbons

A strange smell wafts through the air. Crinkling noises beckon her forward. She carefully tip-toes towards the sound, forgetting completely about her original task. She watches surreptitiously for her chance to pounce. Eyeing the prize wistfully, she seizes the perfect moment and snatches up one of her mother's freshly-baked muffins.



Highly Commended:

Shoreline song

by Sarah Collie

Light shines through the sapphire water. The
caramel sand spreads along the shore while the
waves chase each other. The sun flings navy and
rose speckles along the water. It warms my skin.
Salt embraces the air with an unforgettable scent.
In the morning, everything is alive at the beach.



Highly Commended:

Fading Colours

by Yasmin Linssen

She watched the sun from her window. The light shone against her pale face encasing it.

Butterscotch yellow and crimson red streaked colours through her bland room. Slowly growing fainter until darkness took its place. The light once again forgotten. But in its place a new light overcame her features.



Nano Story Competition 2016

Open Category
(all ages)

First Place: **The Diaries**

by Fiona Wragge

The pages bent back as the flames licked across the words. Years of memories were turning into ash as a gentle breeze blew life into the fire. The flames gained ground and ash leapt into the air as the memories gained wings and flew. What was recorded was now forgotten.



Highly Commended: **The Cusp**

by Troy Chiodo-Gurr

At the tenuous borderline between reality and a dream, the remembered and the forgotten, the known and the unknown, a curious event takes place.

A crack appears.

The crack widens, as cracks are known to do. And from this improbable intersection of the real and the imagined, a thought occurs.



Highly Commended:

The Weather Planner

by Ruth Little

Every day the sky schedules the weather. He tells the sun where to shine. The clouds where to float. The wind who to buffet.

Yesterday, the weather stopped. The air was still. The heavens an ambiguous grey. The light that filtered through was pathetic. The sky had forgotten his job.