My Trip to Sydney by Kenneth

When I went on my trip to Sydney, all or most of what I remember is a LOT of waiting. Day 1 started in Ballina, when I had a two hour drive to the airport, a one and a half hour wait for the plane, and then a 1 hour plane ride. When I arrived, we just went straight to the hotel and slept through the night. I woke up bright and early the next day, mostly thanks to my alarm at 5:30am (I forgot to turn it off). It didn’t matter, we had to be at the stadium at 7:30 to register anyway. My event wasn’t until 1:40pm. So my parents said “let’s wait here for 5 or 6 hours!” Surprised that I didn’t die of boredom. After all of that was finished, we went to the Sydney Opera House, walked to China Town (a long and painful walk) and in the end was a pretty fun experience. I can’t wait for next year! Also, I forgot to mention, I managed to jump 130cm, but still came second last. The competition was extremely hard! But it was still fun!

Kenneth, 5-6C
In August Ballina Seagulls under 11’s played the Grand Final in South Grafton. The team we played was Kyogle.

It was a tough game, but everyone played their best! Just before the game everyone was nervous but pumped up. There were heaps of parents and visitors supporting us throughout the game. At the start of the game we made a mistake and the other team scored a try.

On the other team they had two really good players. They both got hurt and had a rest which gave our team an advantage. In the first half we scored and made the even because we both kicked a conversion. Then the scores were 6-6. The other team got the ball and ran wide and scored off their halfback. They bunched up when we got in their half then ran wide and scored a try because there was no-one out there. Then the hooter rang for half time.

When the hooter rang we were proud of how we had played so far. Our coach told us to keep up the good work and if we didn’t win at least we made it so far. We were all hot and sweaty and we needed that break. After we cooled down and had a drink, we were ready to win!

When we got on the field we got set for the kick off. When our fullback caught the ball, he got us out of our half. We scored on the third run which made the scores 12-6, with us in the lead. When the other team got the ball they didn’t score on their set of six. When we got the ball back, our team scored again.

Eventually the scores were 16-24. Then the hooter went. We were so happy and proud of ourselves. We all got a grand final trophy.

That’s how we won the grand final.
Bianca's Art by Biega

Biega: What inspired you to do this artwork?
Bianca: I started this drawing in the holidays and because it's Halloween I decided to finish it.

Biega: Does your drawing have meaning?
Bianca: Not really I just thought of it because of Halloween,

Biega: Do you have a favourite artist?
Bianca: Not really.

Biega: What is your favourite type of art?
Bianca: Probably realism.
I slowly walked down the dark hallway, all I could hear were the creaky floorboards and my quiet footsteps echoing down the hallway.

I don’t like this place. I have a job at the ‘Pit of Vipers’, one of the best diners in town, but man is it scary when you’re on night watch. Night watch is my job so at night I go around the diner and make sure no one breaks in and takes something. It's got this SUPER-WEIRD closet behind the kitchen where we are not meant to go.

When I say “we are not meant to go in there”, I mean Vincent and I. Vince is my best friend, we’ve known each other since year 2. He had no friends because he has purple hair. I have to admit it was pretty weird and took some getting used to. I mean an eight year old with a purple pony tail that makes him look like a guitar player? And he’s got this SUPER-WEIRD birth mark thing on his chest. Well I wouldn’t call it a birth mark he says that he just woke up one day and it was there?

I stared over at Vince he hadn’t changed a bit since year 2 beside the fact that he had grown taller. We’re both fifteen so we’ve known each other for 8 years now. He seems so serious some times and other times he’s like a four year old. Right now he was being serious.

I’m holding the torch more tightly now, I’m not sure why. It might be the fact that Vince has a surprised, no maybe a shocked look. He’s looking over at the door of the closet I follow his gaze. I SCREAM! STAY TUNED...