

LIVE SIMPLY, SIMPLY LIVE

SHARED STORIES ANTHOLOGY 2018
VOLUME 2

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Now in its 13th year of publication, *Shared Stories* continues to fulfil its aim of offering a diverse range of writing and artwork across Catholic schools in Victoria. In 2018, we had 25 schools involved in the project, with over 600 students and teachers working to collect, edit and produce the published material.

The hopes, dreams and challenges of our young writers and artists, as expressed in this anthology, serve once again as an inspiration to a broader world that is too often in despair. We honour our young people, who have the courage to share their talents with an audience of many thousands of readers.

Shared Stories would not be possible without the generous support of institutions that believe in the transformative power of language and art. We acknowledge the following people for the particular interest that they take in *Shared Stories*, which is pivotal to the success of the project:

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SHARED STORIES SCHOOLS FOR 2018

Aquinas College
Catholic Regional College, Melton
Catholic Regional College, North Keilor
Catholic Regional College, St Albans
CBC St Kilda
De La Salle College
Emmaus College
Galilee Regional Catholic Primary School
Holy Rosary Primary School, Kensington
John Paul College, Frankston
Lavalla Catholic College
Marymede Catholic College
Star of the Sea College
St Aloysius College, North Melbourne
St. Columba's College, Essendon
St Finbar's Primary School, Brighton East
St James' Catholic Primary School, Brighton
St John's Regional College, Dandenong
St Kevin's College, Toorak
St Kevin's Primary School, Ormond
St. Peter's College, Cranbourne
Siena College, Camberwell
Simonds Catholic College
Whitefriars College
Xavier College

FRONT COVER DESIGN

Lilah Ross

Year 11 · Star of the Sea College

This design reflects the difference between a simple life and a stressful one. Using contrasting lines depicting the feeling of stress beneath the surface, colourful bubbles float away from what was originally holding them down. This signifies a sense of freedom and release. My design is aimed at creating a relaxed and carefree mood, as well as promoting a change in lifestyle and outlook.

BACK COVER DESIGN

Maya Frawley

Year 11 · Star of the Sea College

My design encourages people to get out and experience new places, breaking the boundaries of what they are used to. The contrast between extremely different places such as the beach and space, gives the viewer the idea that they have no limitations to the places they can go. This design ultimately reflects the idea of experiencing new things and living freely.

WELCOME

Peggy O'Neal · President, Richmond Football Club

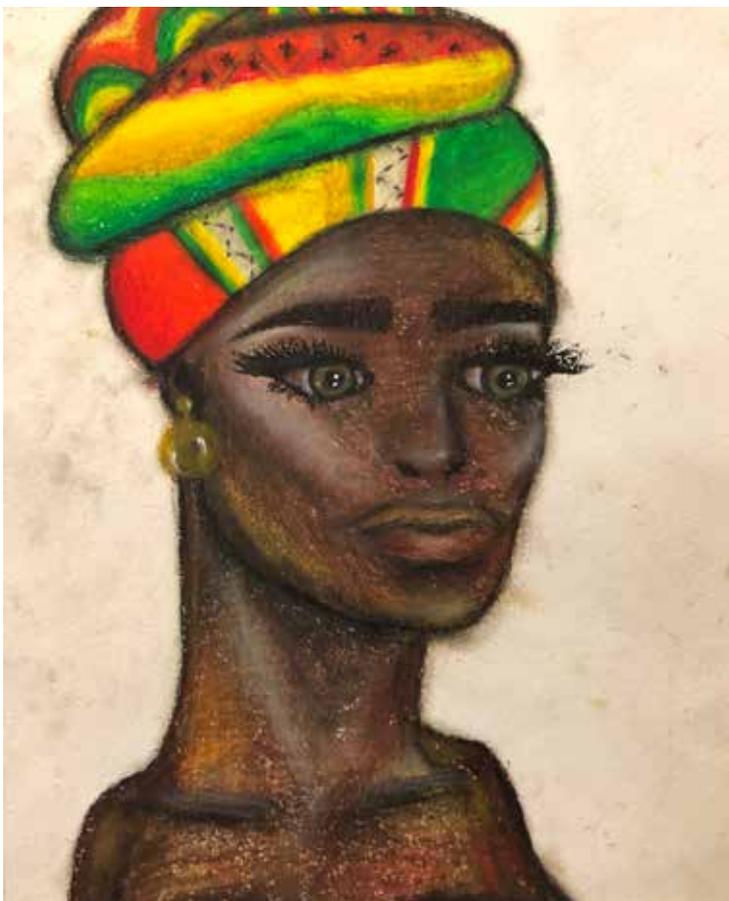
Is it possible to 'live simply' today? It often seems that living simply cannot co-exist with demands of modern life and all the things in which we must be (or want to be) involved.

For me, to 'live simply' does not mean to live a simple life. I know that what I want to do professionally and personally results in my schedule sometimes being too full and that my work as a lawyer and as a non-executive director usually requires problem-solving and analysis of complex matters.

However, remembering to withdraw from the demands of life from time to time and to 'live simply' provides a firm foundation for being able to handle my responsibilities and to better cope with the human challenges that come my way.

When events seem overwhelming, I draw sustenance from engaging in, reflecting on and remembering simple human moments; doing so gives me perspective. Whether watching a storm across the bay, feeling the sun on the first warm day of spring, smelling new-mown grass, sharing a joke or a story with family and friends, patting my pets or attending a live performance: these simple things restore me. They bring me happiness, give richness to my life experience and make me grateful for each day – even the ones that aren't going my way.

I have pledged to myself to always find time to live simply (as that makes me remember what is truly important) and never to forego the rewards of living simply when confronting the complexities of the world. ■



Carla Tomaras
Year 10 · Star of the Sea College

This art piece is a visual representation of two girls that my family hosted from the Ubuntu choir that worked with Stacella in April. These two girls are still especially important to me as they taught me so many things, such as the value of family, education and the effect that music can have on others. This piece is for them.

A SIMPLE KIND OF LIFE

Isabel Dureau · Year 6 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

To simply live is to not worry about the future, but to live in the moment. If one dwells on the uncertainties of the future, you cannot enjoy the present. Life is so short in many ways, and each day should be cherished. You must appreciate the little things, whether it is the house you live in or the food on your table. We must remember that many people do not have the privileges of the things that we take for granted; protection, a roof over our heads, even basic human rights. We should be happy with these simple things.

Simply living is about not worrying what you look like, or comparing yourself or your achievements to those of others. Contentment with yourself is a simple way to be happy. God has enriched us with a beauty that eyes cannot behold; the ability to love others and ourselves. To be kind.

Many people are consumed in technology and unimportant things. They should be enjoying themselves with their family. After all, that's what families are for. Your family is always there for you in times of need. Your family has been there since the start, and will be there until the end.

Love is simple, it should be uncomplicated, and unconditional. Love and kindness is a light that shines on everyone. Love has the power to heal. If we are only to live once, or at least in this lifetime why not make a difference through kindness and compassion? Simple acts of love and kindness have the power to improve the lives of others, and most especially, your own. ■

WE CAN BLEACH OUR CLOTHES BUT NOT OUR CORAL!

Chloe Lawson · Year 6 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Coral bleaching is a dramatic environmental issue caused primarily by elevated sea temperatures... and our continuous need of more 'things'. Why, is my question? We crave the idea that what we have is not enough and that we need more. But what we don't realise is that our immaculate spending sprees aren't just fulfilling our wants, they're taking a huge toll on our environment. Globally, this is becoming a major obstacle.

Resilience of coral all around is decreasing. I'm wracking my brain day and night to discover a solution to this world wide problem. The water temperatures change because of the pollution we make each day, the slightest change in temperature

can have a gargantuan effect on coral. The more pollution we make, the more coral that bleaches and dies.

Our beautiful coral reefs are a gift. But the dilemma that the world is facing is that we aren't doing anything about coral bleaching. Making a few changes to your regular daily activities to help a major environmental issue shouldn't be a huge complication, should it? We were given the land and all the creatures on it as a gift, so next time stop and think; are you handling this gift or tearing its wrapping?

Shopping sprees can wait. Fix **THIS** first. ■

LIVE SIMPLY, SIMPLY LIVE

Isabella Stewart · Year 6 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

The man, not the suit. The woman, not the dress. The relationship, not the ring. The time, not the watch. The light, not the lamp. The people, not the place. The mind, not the muscle. The liquid, not the bottle. The drink, not the glass. Substance is everything.

A descriptive representation of how we can reflect on the simple things in life and simplify how we see the world, this makes me think about how we can minimize other aspects of our life and make a difference.

Multi-screening is on the rise, 58 percent of Australia's population of 24.13 million people have more than one device. This would assume that we have old technology sitting in our drawers at home. This presents a great opportunity to donate the old phones to the 'We are calling on you' Gorilla Foundation. Your act of kindness can save both the gorillas and their families lives forever.

When you are home do you leave your heating and lights on when no one is there? You may think that there is a good reason for it, unfortunately there can't possibly be. Bills start to increase and you'll start to go into debt.

In reality, having six or seven of the same pieces of

clothing is superfluous! Why do you need so many of the same item? Is it necessary? It might be more reasonable for you to consider giving one of your jumpers to the underprivileged. Wash and reuse is a better way to think about it, which gives you an opportunity to give your clothing to the poor. You also may think that after you have worn an item it has become really old and not wearable, you can choose to give it to charity! People can't wear old clothes that you choose not to wear, treat them the same, they are normal people.

Do you spend too much money at the supermarket? Well you won't need to. Growing your own food doesn't cost hundreds of dollars, it will increase your wellbeing by a mile. Throwing away old scraps you do not finish and putting them in the bin does not help our environment, if you compost your scraps you will be doing the right thing for the environment. Growing your own food doesn't place the same risks on your health that eating unhealthy food does. Food wrapped in plastic affects our environment in the long term, which then will damage your health, and safety long term.

When buying items, don't just think about what you need, think about the environment and others around you. ■

SPACE

Chilli Rivalland · Year 6 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

The earth is so busy, too busy, unlike space where everything is clear, everything is simple.

Although it may sound complicated, it is just a matter of flying, letting go.

Clearing out.

Minimalism is key if you want to live in space.

Although the universe is big we do not have that much space to waste, destroy, destruct.

Minimalism is having the least amount of possessions, things you don't need, things you want, things you might just have.

Even if we clear out we don't have anywhere to put our rubbish, stuff, memorabilia.

We can't just jump from planet to planet destroying the land, the universe our home.

We have sent so many rockets, missions and probes into space, risking so many lives, minds, hearts.

If there really is life in the universe why haven't we taken the leap of faith?

We need to explore, let go, be free.

The only thing holding us back is our mind, our body, our stuff. ■

HAPPINESS CAN BE FOUND IF YOU SIMPLY: LIVE

Ellie Bayne · Year 6 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Worries, thoughts. They consume us every day.
These things in our heads drive us insane.
Happiness seems like a distant thought.
What we fail to conclude is that happiness is not
something that can be bought.
We chase happiness almost all our lives,
But can happiness be defined?
We are always wanting more;

We could strip the Earth to its core;
But would we be happy?
Only if you choose to be.
You decide your destiny.
Happiness is found differently for you and me.
So be gracious for what you have and who you are.
Now when we just stop to think:
Happiness can be found if you simply: live. ■

LIVE SIMPLY, SIMPLY LIVE

Eva McGorian · Year 6 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Depression, Anxiety. They capture our minds
every day.
Our minds racing; we can't focus, There must be
a solution.
We no longer have any purpose in our lives,
freedom is only a memory.
We all fell into the trap of consuming.
I can no longer live my life as I intended to, I'm
trapped and there's no way out.
Our society is being forced into the pattern of
purchasing and discarding.
We must eliminate our displeasure; but how?
We need to be able to contribute beyond
ourselves – to be more, rather than have more.
Are my possessions making me unhappy?
No ... that's an impossible thought, or is it?
Do I really need everything? Just because I can, it
doesn't mean I have to. ■

RAINFOREST

Sophie Read · Year 4 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Green, tall, towering trees and plants shadow me.
A soft breeze touches my skin.
Birds are chirping high above.
I hear the murmur of a trickling stream beside me
and the distant sound of a gushing waterfall.
I breathe in the cold, crisp air.
I stop and take in the simplicity of the scene.
I feel happy and peaceful.
I'm alone in a rainforest. ■



Roisin Feeney

Year 10 · Star of the Sea College

I chose to depict Conan Gray in my painting as he is a person who inspires me through his creativity and goal to spread happiness. Conan is an artist, singer and Youtuber who I believe creates beautiful and meaningful songs and art pieces. In all his works, he seems to strive to reflect kind values and ideals that encourage me to do the same in my life.

IT IS NEVER GOING TO BE THE SAME

Annabelle Pethick · Year 5 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

I can feel the salty tears running down my face,
Drip, drip, drip it's touching my lip.
I can taste the spit watering around my mouth,
Is this meant to be happening?
I can smell the hospital air roaming through the car,
What is happening?
I can faintly hear my mum yelling at my dad,
I can hear my heart constantly beating.
I can see the world,
This is not what it used to be like.
"You have been in a car crash." I can't believe it.
The sun is shining into the car and all I can see is my shadow.
My body shivers. It's never going to be the same ever again. ■



Matthew Parrott
Year 7 · Whitefriars
College

*'Sunset over the city',
Acrylic Painting on a
round canvas*

Theme: Beauty

Influenced/ inspired by
the artworks of Claude
Monet



Oliver Boyd-Clark
Year 7 · Whitefriars College

'Secret Beach', Acrylic Painting on a round canvas

Theme: Tranquillity

Influenced/ inspired by the artworks of Claude Monet



Oliver Henderson
Year 11 · Whitefriars College

'The Tree', Lino-printing & mixed-media- collage, fine liner, markers, gold-leaf

Theme: Beauty in Nature

TO LEAN INTO THE CURRENT

Lucy Franich · Year 9 · Star of the Sea College

To lean into the current means either letting yourself go completely or letting too much of your inside get out. I have a tendency to slip. To explode with the things my tired self will regret. Too much inside gets out. As a result, those once intrigued become uninterested.

No matter how hard you try, some things just will not go according to plan, and you have to learn to deal with those things in a way that neither harms others or yourself. Time is uncertain and relationships will weary.

Some flowers will just never grow back.

Look after your garden, even if it seems small or inferior, it is enough.

Things that you say during the day will brew in the back of your brain until late at night, overcooked and overflowing with regret, sleep will be no mean feat.

Take time to realise where you are and what you've got.

Time is uncertain and relationships weary.

No amount of nurturing will make these flowers as

beautiful as they once were. The fear of losing will take over and lead to permanent corruption. It will never be the same.

Though self-doubt runs fast, the attention we desperately crave will take over. It wedges our mouths open and forces the demons to see what was once forbidden

Things I've learned this year

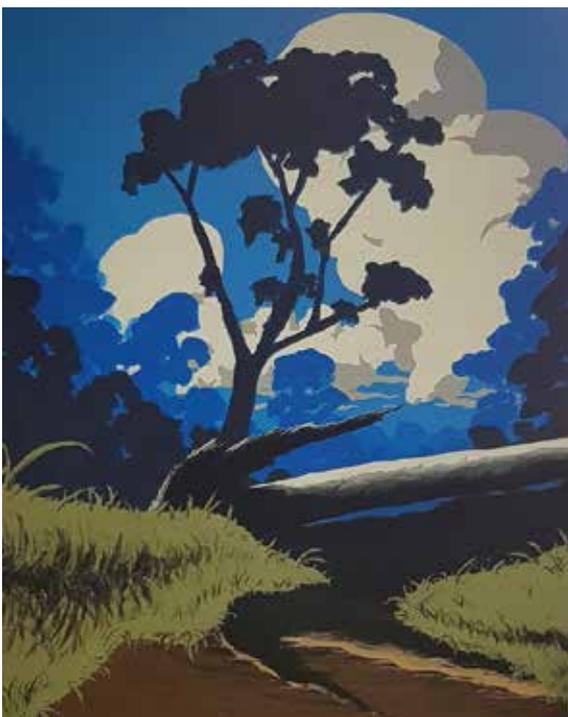
You cannot have something that isn't yours.

You cannot recreate a moment no matter how much you want to.

Time is uncertain. It slips by in the best of times and lingers anxiously in the worst.

Some moments are difficult to put into words. So surreal and complex that they exist only off the page and in your mind. Moments of utter confusion or pure bliss that wouldn't dare to be contained in just words.

You will never find your true self. Only versions of yourself which you leave behind, unnoticed and unfinished. A revelation will never reveal itself when forced to. ■



Xavier Wray-McCann
Year 12 · Whitefriars College

'My Home', Paint on canvas – acrylic

Theme: Beauty in Nature

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

Delilah Conterno · Foundation
St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
I sit by the waterhole.
I see the bees buzzing in the sky.
I feel calm.
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! ■

SWOOSH! SWOOSH! SWOOSH!

James Shields · Foundation
St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!
Branches moving in the wind.
I feel cool.
Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! ■

FLUSH! FLUSH! FLUSH!

Hugh Harrington · Foundation
St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Flush! Flush! Flush!
The sounds of the birds
Flying high in the sky.
I feel very calm.
Flush! Flush! Flush! ■

CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

Audrey Henderson · Foundation
St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!
Broken sticks under my feet.
I feel hot and bothered.
Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! ■

THE KOOKABURRA

Nicholas Ferrier · Foundation · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Kookaburra is sitting in the tree,
Sleeping.
Quiet in the bush.
I feel calm. ■

SQUELCH! SQUELCH! SQUELCH!

Rose McNeill · Foundation
St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

The bush was dark.
Squelch! Squelch! Squelch!
Footsteps in the mud.
I feel scared! ■

SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH!

Toby Storer · Foundation
St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Splash! Splash! Splash!
The fish move in the water.
I feel cold.
Splash! Splash! Splash! ■

CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

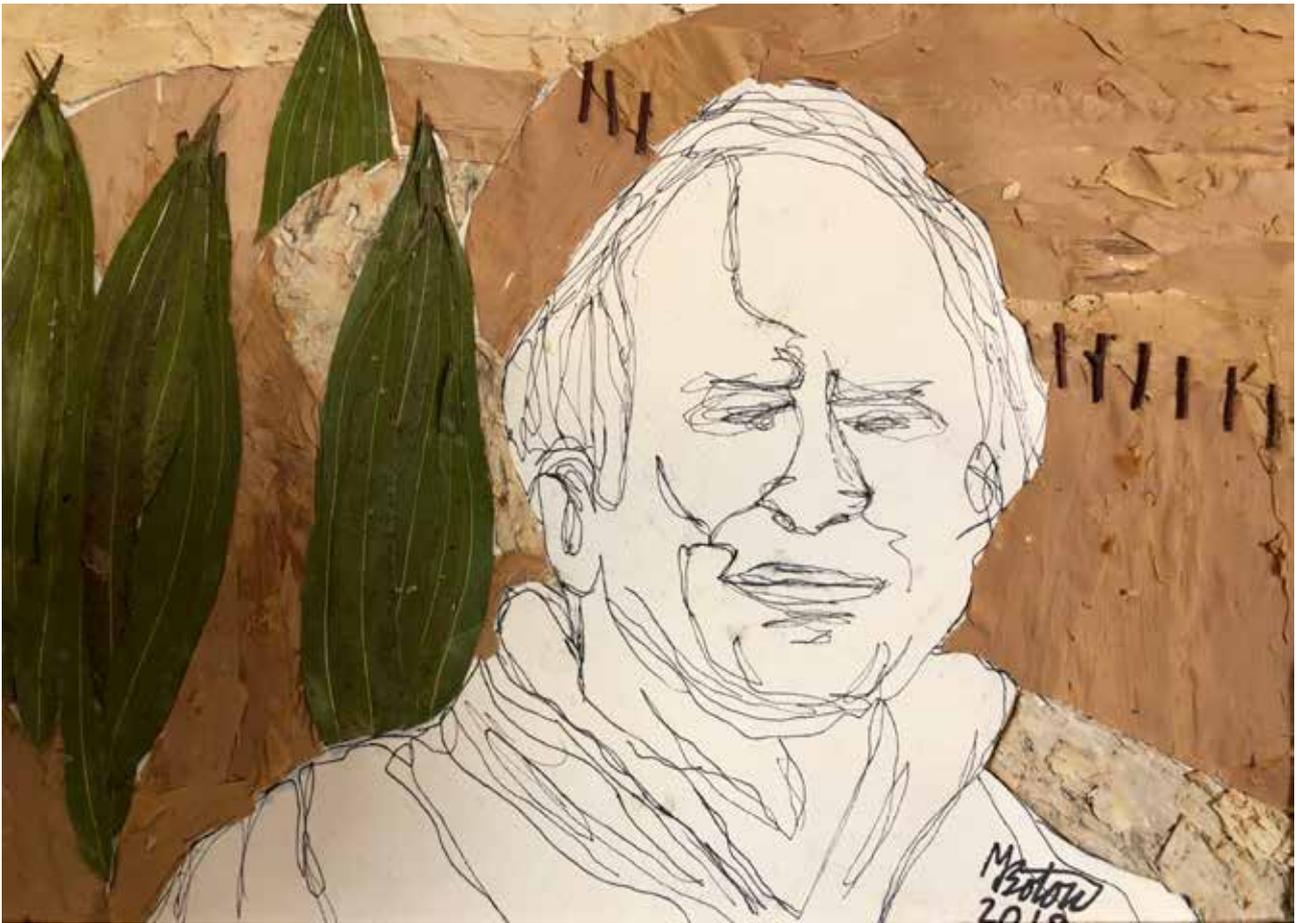
Harry Cheshire · Foundation
St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!
I am walking.
I am in the bush.
I see a golden bird flying North.
It looks beautiful. ■

CHEEP! CHEEP! CHEEP!

Valentina Ramos-Damico · Foundation
St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!
The Rainbow Lorikeets fly up,
Up, up in the blue sky.
It is beautiful to watch. ■



Matilda Bolton
Year 8 · Star of the Sea College

SAVE YOUR BREATH

Sienna Fernando · Year 11 · Star of the Sea College

The future.
It's a terrifying present gifted to us from the past;
continuous, changing, unpredictable.
There's no rush to open it though.
It's always going to be there,
sitting and waiting around the next corner.
You'll never reach it,
always one turn slower,
simultaneously left behind and catching up eternally.
So don't waste your breath running when it will find you just
as fast as if you stood completely still. ■



Georgia Willey
*Year 6 · St Kevin's Primary
School, Ormond*

As I sit quietly alone on the seat of the swing, I feel my body relax and become calm. Everything feels so simple, no problems at all. I take a deep breath in and let it out and that's when I know that this is the simple life I've dreamt of.

THE LAST STRAW

Zara Rigby · Year 8 · Star of the Sea College

Yum. That was a good one. Out of all the molluscs I've eaten in my 112 years, I think that was the best one. I have been having a pretty good day so far. It's a sunny day which means the colours on the coral reef really stand out. Some of the coral is turning white, though. I don't know why. I think it looked better yellow. No, pink is better than yellow actually. Pink reminds me of pretty shells and delicious shrimp.

Today it is raining. I like the sound of the rain hitting the top of the water, but it means the water will be slightly colder than yesterday. I see a gorgeous looking crab shuffling around on the coral and dive for it. It runs away frantically as I become closer. Ouch! I feel something slide up my left nostril. The pain is terrible! What is it? It goes far down my nose down my neck. I forget all about the crab and just moan. It needs to come out! The pain is unbearable!

I soon run out of breath as I am stressed so I quickly swim to the top. I struggle to breathe out of that side of my nose. I taste blood. It scrapes the edges of my insides and I feel where it ended because it digs into the back of my throat. I try to gag and push it out but that only blocks the hole. I don't think I will be able to go back underwater because I can't hold my breath if I'm stressed out and in pain.

But I can't stay above the water level either...

I've calmed down so I swim to shallow water so I can take a breath more easily. The pain is still there but bearable. Only just. It is nighttime now and I need to sleep. I am scared that I will wake up and find out I can't breathe. I start to fall asleep so I take a big breath fearful that it is my last.

I wake with a sudden jolt to feel two hands pulling me out of the water. I wriggle and squirm as much as I can and then hide in my shell. There are lots of lights flashing in my face and eyes. At this moment, I remember the pain- the stick stuck up my nose. I still can't breathe properly and my skin is getting dry. The person started to rub my shell in a circular motion. Beautiful. Absolutely wonderful feeling. Bliss.

I poke my head back out to take a look at this strange creature carrying me. It's a human with long tangled wire on top, and no shell. I know them- they are dangerous. I am now far from home in a space that is like a cave but it's not underwater and it has a funny smell. It's full of other humans and animals. The human starts rubbing my head between my eyes and under my chin. Oooh, it feels good! Almost makes the pain bearable. We walk outside a door into the sunshine. Then I'm back in water, which was a bit too warm. Oh, but that feels good. My skin goes smooth again. My nose is still throbbing

though. The water I am in is very shallow and there was no coral or sand. The bottom is hard and there are walls around the edges.

The next day they give me some molluscs and some chewy stuff that I had never had before. It isn't as good as the food back home but they rub my shell and head which is so nice. I like the new human- she rubs me very well and with feeling- like kindness. My nose is getting worse though. It is throbbing all the time now and my throat has dried up and is very tender. A new human picks me up. They carry me inside and puts me on a table. Straight away they start yanking at the stick in my nose. A part of it broke off so it is now shorter, but still far down my nose. I can't see it poking out of my nostril now. The pain is excruciating and the human can no longer reach the stick.

"It's a plastic straw." The human said to another standing behind. "It's too far back. I can't reach it. There's nothing I can do."

Over the next couple of days, I stay outside in my small area of water. The humans feed me and rub my shell. I start taking shallow breaths and I'm not hungry anymore. A lot of different humans come to scratch my head- I realised I had never felt such a nice feeling on my body in all my 112 years. I don't really feel like going home anymore. I am tired and don't have the energy to get my own food.

After a couple of moons, I am stiff all over and I can't swim more than a stroke. I look at my surroundings and think about the wonderful moments of my life. The first days when I made it from the next to the beach without dying; the week I laid my first eggs on the sandy beach next to home; the day I caught my first crab; the time I got to a beautiful warm coral that was full of colour and life; the time I got taken into a whole new place with humans who rubbed my back. With those last thoughts, I close my eyes and don't feel fearful about never waking again...

Every day, Australians use approximately 10 million straws. Many ends up going down drains, eventually into our river system and finally into the ocean. If they go into the ocean, sea life such as turtles are at risk of swallowing or getting them stuck up their nose. They die from these types of things every day.

We don't even need straws! We can drink without one. If we stop using plastics like straws, we would be saving marine life and keeping our planet cleaner.

Make life better without the extras- just live simply, so everyone and everything can simply live. ■

THOUGHTS OF MY LIFE

Imogen Chapman · Year 5 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

My dream is to live simply and to simply live
I woke up this morning with thoughts of my life,
The fears the strengths, all morning, all night.

The people that suffer, the people that grow,
the people of Earth no matter what shows.
So I lay down on the soaking grass,
oh the night sky! The shining stars!

My life is easy but what about yours?
I dance all day, I dance all night it's a dream of mine
and also my life!

But I have to remember that the simple things in life
are free,
your family, your friends, and your destiny.

The others can wait you don't need them right now,
so listen here close and show me a smile.

Live today and learn tomorrow, for you only have
one life,
So make it worthwhile! ■

WHY CAN'T WE JUST LET NATURE LIVE SIMPLY?

Ginger Cookesley · Year 6 · St James Catholic Primary School Brighton

Palm oil is a silent killer, claiming the lives of 6,000 orangutans per year. That's the equivalent of if the population of Ararat Victoria, Australia suddenly died out. Palm oil comes from the fruit of the *Elaeis Guineensis* tree (African palm tree.) After cutting down these precious trees orangutans are left deprived of a home and food then they are left to die.

The bad

Orangutans are affected in cosmic proportions although they are not the only ones, Asian rhinos, Samiran tigers and elephants are forced out of their homes. This process bestows yet another complication on our hands; endangered species'. In the time being there are close to 16,000 species that are endangered. That gargantuan figure will soar in the next few years with the help of palm oil deforestation.

The good

Despite being the driving force of deforestation in recent years, palm oil has various health benefits such as 39% omega 9 and 10% omega 6 which are necessary for good bone, joint and skin health. Palm oil is also a source of favorable fatty acids. An

additional point is that palm oil is a quintessential oil as it does not need as much land to yield compared to other oils like coconut, olive or grapeseed.

The solution

Did you know a study was conducted and the results were that around half of all the products in the supermarket contain palm oil. Consumers are the predominant drawback. Therefore the human race needs solutions. That's where the RSPO comes in, the RSPO (Roundtable of Sustainable Palm Oil) now helps distinguish unsustainable palm oil from the rest. After the establishment in 2004 the RSPO has put in place many palm oil farming regulations that could possibly save our earth. These rules consist of palm oil farmers cannot farm on aboriginal/historic land or from labeled biodiverse land.

Notwithstanding the good and the bad palm oil is destroying the biodiversity that our land once had. In future years if this remains the way it is, it will become the most problematic matter our environment will ever face. Palm oil is not necessary for anyone to live, it's a privilege that we do not deserve to have; leave the orangutans and let them simply live. ■





Matthew Demaria
Year 12 · Whitefriars College

'Series of three photographs'
Artwork 1 New Year, New Sky
Artwork 2 Washy Waves
Artwork 3 Powerful Falls

Theme: Beauty in Nature





Mason King
Year 12 · Whitefriars College

'Series of five photographs – Serenity Series'

Theme: Beauty in Nature

These photos are symbolic of serenity, peace and beauty that surround us. A priceless view and a moment captured and frozen in time forever.

'PSYCHO'

Julia Fullard · Year 10 · Star of the Sea College

Internal Monologue from the perspective of Sam Loomis from Alfred Hitchcock's film, 'Psycho'.

He seems so small standing in the doorway yet as I look down on him he radiates a smug confidence. Proud of catching me sneaking around I suspect. I have to maintain a collected appearance. This man, Norman Bates, something about him isn't right. I force a grin, and walk into the motel office, waving Lila a small signal to let her know it's all clear to go into the house. Shadows cling to his face, as if they're hiding his secrets. I look around the small office and lean against the counter, slicking my black hair from my face so as to fully focus my attention on Bates.

He's standing behind the counter as if trying to guard himself from me, like I'm some sort of animal. No, unlike him, I'm a gentleman. I have to keep him occupied long enough for Lila to investigate that Gothic house of his so she can find his Mother. I can only hope Lila finds answers, God only knows where Marion and Arbogast are but they have one thing in common, before they went missing they visited this motel, the Bates Motel. If Lila finds anything, she needs to go straight back to town. I feel guilty for not going to talk to the Mother myself. So long as someone can prove to the Sheriff that Bates is behind all this, I'll be a happy man, that is if I make it out of this forsaken motel. Yet if my death means justice for Marion, it's a sacrifice I'm willing to make.

It's funny how little Bates speaks. Probably too afraid that all of his lies will spill out. Every response is calculated, yet the comical disposition and smug smile remains. Peculiar though, how he doesn't seem to know the answer to even the simplest of my questions. Perhaps because he's hiding something. Or someone more likely. I wonder why he hides his Mother, the silhouette that guards his window so fervently? She must know something about Marion because he refuses to answer whether or not he's alone. The weight of this question hangs in the air, yet Bates's face remains passive. If I were alone, it'd drive me

crazy; it certainly seems to have done so to Bates. His eyes flicker with emotion, madness teeters behind his pupils. How can the Sheriff not see through him? This man is insane. I want to yell and force him to tell me what he has done to Marion, but Lila needs more time, so my calm appearance must remain and my words must prowl stealthily around the topic until he confesses.

The more I ask him about his Mother and the motel, the guiltier he looks. Standing in the doorway, his confidence couldn't have been faulted, yet looking at him now; a lonely man, riddled with secrets, stands before me. His jaw is twitching and a single finger taps nervously against the counter. I've never been this angry before. I feel my hands clenching, there's no way I'm walking away from this encounter without answers. I have to stay calm otherwise he will start questioning why I'm here.

Marion, I can't stop thinking about the last time I saw her, the last time I held her, the last time I kissed her. Because of the man standing right in front of me, no longer shall I be able to marry the love of my life.

He's beginning to get suspicious, his voice is serious, answers terse. I'm not going to stop my questioning until he tells me what he's done to Marion and the forty thousand dollars. I'm nearly shouting at him, but there's no way I'm going to lower my voice. I follow him as he backs away into his parlour.

Taxidermised birds crowd the room and I feel a shiver down my spine. Being in this motel, around Bates, makes me feel uneasy. Lila must know everything by now, she must be going back to town. Bates' Mother would have told her everything, about what her mad son did with Marion, and the forty thousand dollars. Bates is turning around to face me; it looks like he has finally realised that I am no more than a mere distraction. I try to hold him back as he makes for the door. His arm lifts ... *darkness.* ■



Oscar Kennedy
Year 12 · Whitefriars College

'Lighthouse'

Theme: The Elements

My theme was weather and atmospheric conditions. I was inspired by the ocean and storms. I felt the lighthouse was an iconic subject matter and would give context to my exploration of the elements and the power of nature.

A BROKEN BONE DOESN'T HURT

Eden Maillard · Year 9 · Star of the Sea College

I am sad. I deserve to be happy. I deserve to be who I am, and whoever I want to be. But, your words, they hurt me.

You'd look so much better with green eyes. Size, size 16? True you have massive thighs. She hasn't dated any guys. Guys, with straight hair she looks so much better, better. Your face is a little off centre. Sticks and stones sticks. You're such a stick. I'm fat. She's flat she wishes she was thick. Sticks and stones. Sticks. Double chin. She has perfect skin, why can't I be thin? When I think about myself, I don't grin. These thoughts are the worst they have ever been. To be a teenage girl these days ... where do I begin?! We do so much to try and fit in.

We're running a race we cannot win.

Sticks and Stones may break my bones, bones, bones...

I'd rather have a broken bone then be all alone, alone because you drove away all the friends I thought I'd still have when I was fully grown. Grown, grown up, I'm just a teenager, constantly on my phone reading all the things you say about me.

"I think Eden is a boy. She has way too much muscle tone I mean, I just want to know how much Testosterone is running through that girl's...

Bones. I'd rather have a broken bone then read something like that about me on my phone. On my phone, on your phone, on everyone's phone. You think your account is private? Mean comments about me, *screenshot* to me it is shown. I just wish I had have known, before I went back to school, was I now uncool? That for a "popular" kid to even talk to me was against the rules.

Rules? Rules of the social order. The order that impacts who will and won't smile as they walk past you. I felt alone, it was true. Just a smile in the hallway would be enough to get me through. Phew, here comes my friend, but they pretend I'm not even there and instead they smile at you.

Life's a cruel game, and teens get the blame. She starts to think she's insane; something wrong with her brain. Was there something wrong with her. Is there something wrong with me? No, there's something wrong with you. There's something wrong with us. We make a fuss over everything a haircut, her sneeze, her lips aren't like kylie's, my knees, geez we wish this was like that and that was like these. All we can see is the glass half empty. Can't you see, we need to set each other free from this monstrosity we like to call, society.

I should have just been the person I was meant to be, carefree. But eventually I began to agree,

And believed there was something wrong with me. No, Eden you're just overreacting.

Overreacting, know what you're saying is impacting the way I'm acting, can't you see, me? Changing to be the person you want me to be. But words will never hurt me, right?

Right, it's time for a fight. Set me alight, watch me ignite. Grab me till my face is white then throw me till I'm out of sight. Snake bite. Feed her to the lions for dinner, she'll die knowing you wanted her thinner. Leave me outside at midnight, nothing bright but the moonlight. Push me off a cliff, I swear I'll take flight. Despite the pain I won't fight back, violence is something that I lack. Crack my head Thwack. She'd rather be drowned than not wanted around. She's lost and she wants to be found. Find me. Fight me. Hit me will all your might. Does this hurt more than words?

Not quite.

A couple of broken bones here and there, I don't care. It will repair quicker than a death in a nightmare. It's words that I can't bear. Bullying seems to be there air she breathes, she's on her knees begging please for the pain to ease. The pain from the words is all that she sees, like a disease, telling her she's ugly, worthless, fat, annoying, unpopular, until she agrees. She's on her phone and it hurts what she reads, and although her phone is nothing but a source of sadness she proceeds, because she needs to know who's really a friend and who's her foe. Although, even when she sees her friends spreading rumours about her she finds it so hard to let go. Because "who's her real friends" she doesn't know, and if she stands up for herself, stands up tall, makes a call, and says to them, "Hey don't say that about me", she's afraid she'll have no friends left at all.

Sticks and Stones. Sticks, I'm in Eden's class. Class? In a class with her? Unlucky, I'd rather pass.

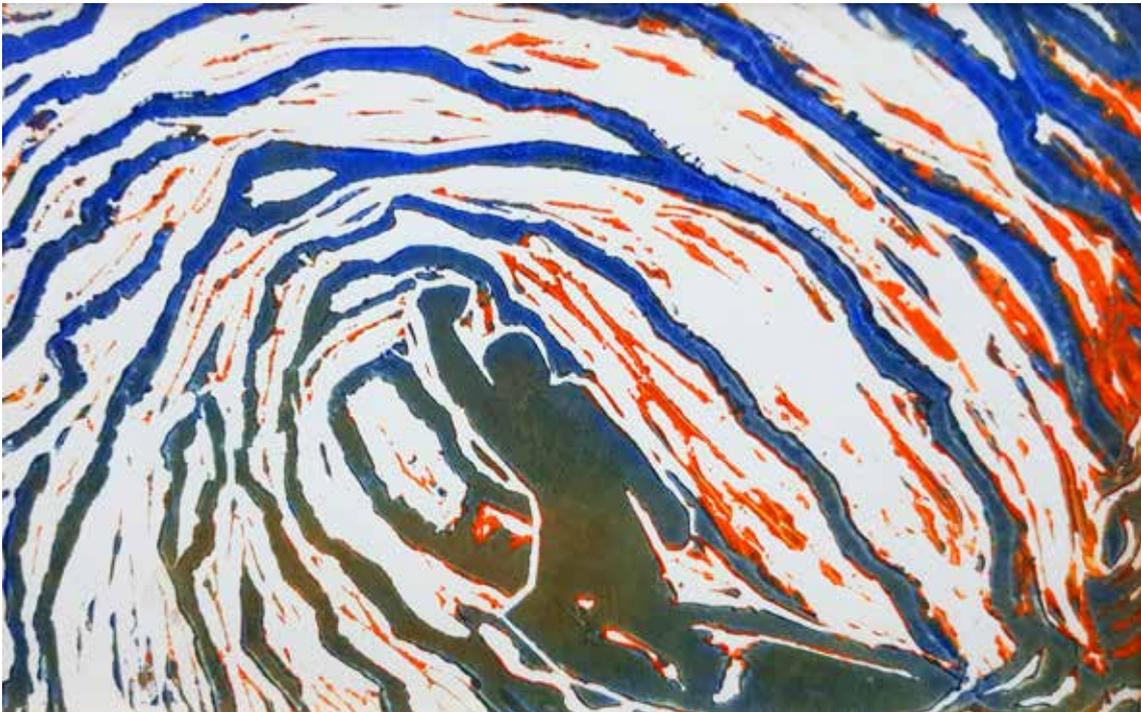
Sticks and stones break her bones apart, words break her aching heart. Sticks and stones sticks. You're such a stick. I'm fat. She's flat she wishes she was thick. Sticks and stones. Sticks. Double chin. She has perfect skin, why can't I be thin? We're running a race we can't win, so instead of running faster we can stop, this race, this disaster before we lose. Lose, I refuse, to let this continue in our society. It's up to you to choose to make a change, present your views yet not accuse others, not abuse the wrong just find the trues, make a

change within yourselves. Acknowledge whose lives your impacting with what you say and with what social media you use.

To her, him, they, she, them, us, you, me, we can learn to just, be. If we see the glass half full instead of empty, if we see us for we and her for she, maybe we can learn to be, happy.

You deserve to be happy. I am sad. I deserve to be happy. I deserve to be who I am, and whoever I want to be. Nothing you say will stop me.

Words will never hurt me. ■



Oliver Boyd-Clark
Year 7 · Whitefriars College

'The Surfer', Lino-printing

Theme: Stillness



Mason Emery
Year 7 · Whitefriars College

'Fresh Forest', Acrylic Painting on a round canvas

Theme: Wilderness

Influenced/ inspired by the artworks of Claude Monet



Dominic Paes
Year 7 · Whitefriars College

'Sunset', Acrylic Painting on a round canvas

Theme: Summer

Influenced/ inspired by the artworks of Claude Monet



James Farrar

Year 11 · St Kevin's College, Toorak

'Divine Judgement', VCE Studio Arts, Reduction lino print

For my artwork, 'Divine Judgement', I chose a subject, Matthew, to focus on a clash in religious identity, as a result of his coming from a practising Buddhist family and attending Catholic schools. Matthew is conflicted in deciding which religion to follow. I depicted Matthew sitting in the lotus position as a homage to his Buddhist aspect and also his desire for peace in his internal religious battle.

The background is my interpretation of 'Nirvana', the ultimate form of happiness and peace, which represents Matthew's desire for tranquility. The way I depicted Nirvana in a more chaotic way represents the loss of that peace and happiness in his inner self. Matthew is sitting on a mountain which is symbolic of Mount Sion, while the other symbols of Christianity are a Gold cross and his hands together in prayer.

This artwork is meant to embody the assimilation of Matthew into Christianity as a result of Catholic schools where he was baptised and undertook Confirmation and First Communion. However, even after all these sacraments, Matthew at heart is still fundamentally Buddhist, which is depicted through his family life at home, which results in an eternal conflict of beliefs.

get out.
experience.
live.



LIVE SIMPLY, SIMPLY LIVE

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