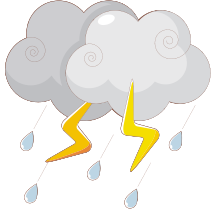




HOT OFF THE PRESS

THE LIGHTNING STRIKE



One dark and gloomy evening a storm moved over a small town in the outback. The clouds were darker than the night sky, moving like an armada of warships in the Pacific Ocean.

Lightning flashed as brightly as the sun on a hot summer's day. It lashed through the sky like a sword being swung by an angry Ninja. The lightning flew towards a pine tree standing silently in the middle of a paddock - lonely pine tree in the empty paddock - the only thing for miles. The tree was dead; dead as a car battery. The armada of clouds moved over the pine tree.

Suddenly an explosion of light struck the pine tree which exploded in flames. Flashes of orange, white, blue and red flashed like a camera.

The fire moved faster than the blink of an eye, forming a wall of flames. It devoured anything in its path. Soon the ground was blacker than bruises. Anything that the fire had touched was dead.

But the storm had moved on - greedily racing ahead of the flames and the destruction it had left behind.

Ben Crooks
Year Five



Rivers can blow in the wind.

I can blow in the wind.

Very cold when I first get in.

Everywhere the wind blows.

Ripples come.

Lilah Norden
Kinder

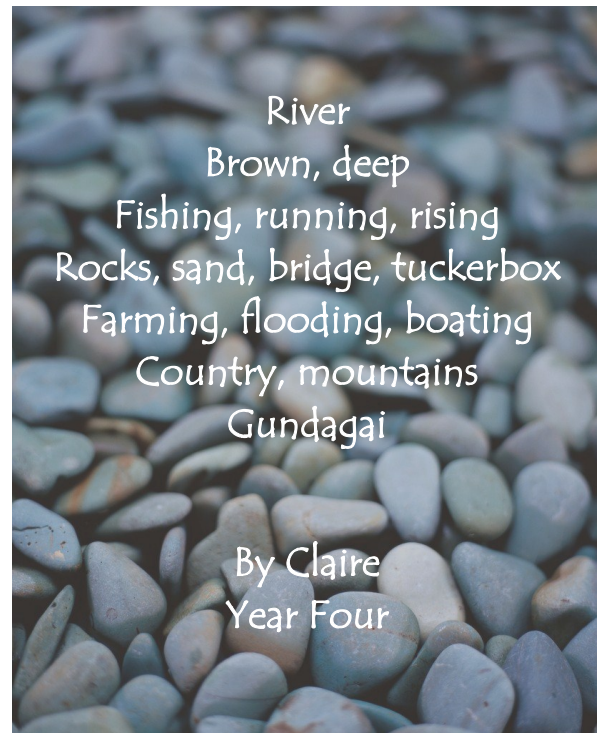


Smokey

Smokey was a cat, bred to catch mice. It was in her genes to kill the mice that were running around inside, to find the exact moment to pounce once the mice scrambled across the kitchen floor, eat it then take the mouse out of the kitchen. It was in her genes to go out-side to the barn house to catch the big rats. It was all there inside her, Nature's blueprint. But for the first year of Smokey's life she didn't even know that there were such things as mice and rats. She began life as a city dog.

By Angel Clark

Year Two



River
Brown, deep
Fishing, running, rising
Rocks, sand, bridge, tuckerbox
Farming, flooding, boating
Country, mountains
Gundagai

By Claire
Year Four