

# A Day in My Life ...

*An anthology of short pieces by  
young writers*

## **A Day in the Life**

*This anthology is a compilation of works by talented young writers aged 8 to 14.*

*All are based on the theme of the June 2014 [Writing Classes For Kids](http://writingclassesforkids.com) writing competition, A Day in the Life. (<http://writingclassesforkids.com>)*

*They are fabulous examples of how we use our imaginations and life experiences to interpret a particular theme, how our writing is different because we are all different.*

*Congratulations to all the writers who were selected for this publication.*

*I hope readers enjoy your pieces as much as I did.*

*Happy writing:)*

*Dee*

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## ***Why I don't like lifts* by Jaein Kong - aged 8**

I know you're wondering why the title is "Why I don't like lifts." Well, you see when I was young, I went shopping with my mum. One day, my mum was late so I pressed the button and the lift soon opened. So I went in and just as my mum was coming, another lady came in and



pressed a button (maybe close button I think) and we were off!

We went higher and higher then all of a sudden we stopped. The lady went out of the lift and now I was all alone. But luckily, my mum had pressed the down button and down I went until the lift opened in front of my mum.

We climbed into the lift and finally we started shopping.

No, I don't willingly step into lifts first. My mum calls it trauma, actually, I don't know what that means.

## ***A Day in the Life by Joan Wong - aged 9***

Everyday is just the same, but today a bad feeling came to my senses. As I woke terrible things came floating in my mind like every other day but today it seemed real. As I walked to school this morning it was like a shadow of a humongous creature was following me but it disappeared when I turn my head.

As I was in class it felt strange. I didn't know why. Suddenly a flash whipped something around me and I was alone in darkness.

A huge noise came from within a dark room. But when I went in there was nothing there. I was so sure it was there until a whip of heat swirled around me and nearly burnt me to crisp.

As the noise became louder and the heat kept building, there was no way out. I was trapped! Soon it was over 100 degrees Celsius. I felt light headed and dizzy as a tremendous flash of fire headed towards me and suddenly a soft, bushy creature sprinted toward me and pushed me toward the creature and the power flung me toward a swirling, rapid hurricane!

It came closer and closer, and suddenly swooped me off my feet and I gushed into the swirling hurricane. It was impossible to escape as I whooshed into the eye of the hurricane.

I felt so calm. It must have been a different type of hurricane because it isn't normally calm at the eye of the hurricane.

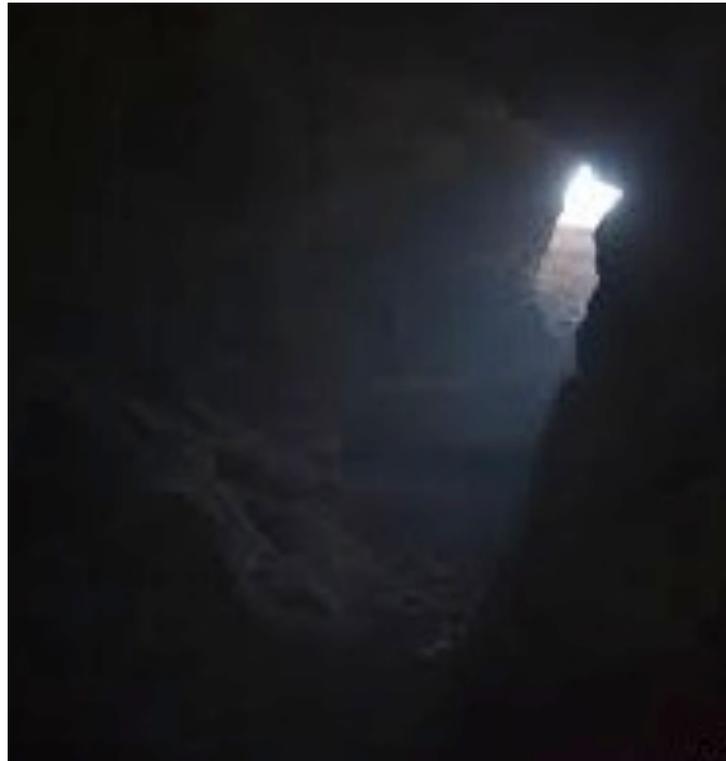
I got pushed in to a cave so dark I couldn't see a thing. As I crept toward a cliff I heard a crack on the floor. It was like ice, it is limestone because there is lots of calcite!

This was bad. If I fell I would be trapped. As I tried not to put pressure on the floor and walked slowly ... ARHHHHHHH!

I came tumbling down a big hole through the limestone somehow I hit some hard rock which had lava there. What was I going to do? I tried climbing the stones but the lava was rising higher until I quickly jumped into a cave I had spotted on the side, and sealed it with a big rock just in time as the lava came and whooshed right up to the top and crackled.

Whew I was safe for now! As I went through the back of the cave I saw a bright light just there.

I crawled out and headed north as I scuttled into a dark and spooky hole like a portal but I guess the lava passed through the rock because it was heading towards me.



I had no choice. I entered the portal and suddenly landed right at the cafeteria where I was eating lunch I was so dizzy after that but when I told everyone they thought I was silly and kept on eating. Was it a dream or not?

## ***A Day in the Life of a Cow by Serena Li - aged 9***

Jump over the moon, jump over the moon, the crowd of excited people shout. I roll my eyes and swish my tail.

"Cow, mummy! Look at cow!" a baby gurgles.

Yes, darling, a cow!

I glance around to look for my friends, the spoon and the dish, but they are nowhere to be seen. A kitten with a fiddle and a dog run around the field, the kitten playing Silent Night while being chased by the dog. I swish my tail in annoyance. The performance is about to start, and the spoon and the dish are nowhere to be seen.

A glint of silver flashes, and Spoon, followed by Dish, leap onto the stage, just as the music starts.

*'Hey diddle diddle,*

*The cat and the fiddle,*

*The cow jumped over the moon.*

*The little dog laughed,*

*To see such sport,*

*And the dish ran away with the spoon.'*

The music blares, accompanied by the kitten, who plays his fiddle to the music. I dance onto the stage, and l-e-a p over the moon. The dog bounces behind the kitten, and laughs merrily. In the distance, the spoon and the dish, holding hands, run off together towards the grass-covered hills.

Applause like thunder sounds, and the crowd slowly files away.

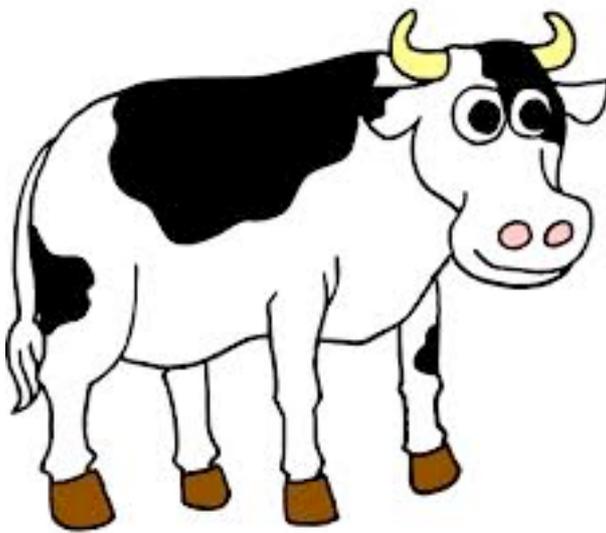
I wake up early and stealthily creep out of the old barn that we stayed the night in, then trot to Jack's house. I belong to Jack, but at night, I creep out and perform with my friends on the hill.

'Today, I'm going to sell you,' announces Jack casually.

‘Moo?’

Inside, I am seething with anger. What will happen to performing on the hill if I am to be sold? We walk past a statue of a man sitting on the ground, but when the statue turns his head to look at us, I realize that he is not a statue, but a man, sitting very still.

‘Can ya sell that cow ta me for some beans? They’re magic I tell ya!’



Being as foolish as Jack is, he sells me for five moldy green beans. The man smiles, and leads me away, to a dusty road. With every reluctant step, I stir up a thick cloud of dust that eventually disintegrates. The man leads me to a familiar barn surrounded by apple trees and blackberry bushes, at the

base of a hill.

Realization struck me as I remembered the night on the hill. This was the very barn in which we slept. I broke free of his grip and launched at the rotting wooden door, knocking it open, and startling my friends. A joyous reunion commenced at once, and I was so busy that I did not notice that the man had left, silently, but speedily. Once again, I was reunited with my friends, in a life of performing nightly on the small stage upon the hill.

## ***A Day in the Life of an Incredibly Small Girl* by Ciara Casement aged 11**

The best day of my life. Well how should I start? The best day was also, the worst day. And like everyday, it began the same way.

Sadly, my nan sat staring into space on the same chair. I was completely alone it seemed.

Unfortunately, I was only small, totally inadequate to look after her. So, I sat hugging her knees in despair. Back then, the house had been nothing but empty shadows imprinted on my brain. A nightmare I suppose. Now, I look back and smile, for I remember there's always light, somewhere, despite all the hard times.

Yet again, I sat as still as a statue staring into my nan's empty eyes as a sigh escaped my lips,

“What’s the matter my child?” my nan would ask.

“Nothing Nan.” If only she knew her time was up, if only she knew.



Sometimes, I look back; seeing nothing but blackness, I crawl away from the memories. You might be thinking, how could there be anything happy in this story, well, you'll have to find out...

“Oh Nan how I wish to be tall, just like you and mother.” My eyes would glimmer with the potential of a tear.

“You see my child, you'll grow.” Where a smile would've been, now lay a frown, suffering from pain.

All of a sudden, my nan got up, placed a hand on my cheek, and said my name in a silent whisper. Then, out of the blue, she collapsed. I was alone. I screamed.

Now, every time I see the flash of an ambulance, I pray it's not someone I love. Still wondering why this story is a happy one? Well, I shall have to tell you, later...

Gradually, the memories grew back. I can recall the phone call, my mother running into my room in a teary mess, rocking me in her arms.

According to my nan's last words, she wanted to give me a letter before she passed away, saying she'd solved a mystery. “The mystery for being tall, is to not only to wish, but believe” her scruffy handwriting filled the page: “My dear for you must believe, but remember this, it's the heart that matters in the end.”

That was the happiest day of my life; it will remain in my heart, forever and always. As usual, my life has been a series of ups and downs. However, now I realize the greatest mystery of all time, despite all the troubles one must face, you must remember it's the heart that matters. Nothing else. As for my nan, I couldn't love her more...

## ***My Grandmother* by Melissa Li - aged 11**

I looked down, shuffling my feet. I was in a black dress and high heels. I wasn't used to wearing these clothes. I felt really out of place. I looked up, searching for my mother. She was crying, shoulders heaving in great big sobs, on her sister's shoulder. My grandfather was crying, silent little sniffs. He never cried.

My mum kneeled beside the open casket and cried harder, tears streaming down her face, dripping onto Grandmother's still body. She whispered, "Goodbye, Mother. I'll always love you." Then it was Aunty's turn and then Grandfather's turn. The casket closed and was taken away.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't even have a chance to say goodbye. As I watched my grandmother disappear down the mountain, I whispered, "Goodbye, Granny" so quietly no one heard me. Tears rolled down my face and dropped on the ground, splintering into a million precious shards, like my heart.

My grandmother was my favourite person in the world. She was a lively soul but peaceful. She had a sense of humour and was caring and kind.

Then she moved back to China. We visited her every year and I looked forward to seeing her every time. Then one time when we went to visit her she wasn't as lively or happy. When I asked her what was wrong, she put on a brave face and replied, "Nothing, dear." But I didn't quite believe her. Something had to be wrong. And I was right.

My grandmother was diagnosed with breast cancer in 2002. The cancer was in the background at first, but then it got worse. My family visited her once more in 2013. By now, my grandmother was so frail she could not walk and she had trouble breathing by herself. Most of her hair



had fallen out from chemotherapy. The doctors could only try to make her last days on earth more bearable for her.

I hated visiting my grandmother. It was boring and there was nothing to do. But I would have cherished my visits if I had

known that would be the last time I saw her alive.

3rd August 2012, 2:30am. The phone buzzed. Who would send a message so early in the morning? My mum ignored it but after that we couldn't sleep. What if something had happened to Grandmother? Our fears were confirmed at 8:30am the next morning.

Grandmother had died peacefully in her sleep, losing her 11-year battle with cancer. I couldn't believe I would never see her again. I went into my room and screamed, letting out all my rage. I sobbed and punched my pillow. I kicked the door and smashed the framed picture of my grandmother and I hanging on the wall. Why did it have to be my grandmother who died? Why not someone else? Why did God have to do this to me?

The day my grandmother died was the day I realised I loved her more than ever before.

## ***Walking on Stars by Fatima Balbin - aged 11***

I woke up from my fairly nice and quiet slumber. When I say fairly, I'm totally lying. All night, my baby niece, Allison continuously made erratic cries while my little sis, Marilyn climbed on top of my stomach, mumbling incoherent words.

"Oof!" I exclaimed as Marilyn was sprawled across my tummy. I was WAY too lazy and tired to push her off so I just let myself drown in silent darkness.

About 2 hours later, I whispered, "Too early" as I watched the clock goes from 7:53 to 7:54. I decided it was time to get up so I pushed Marilyn off of me (Yep, she's still here. Such a disappointment) and I rolled of my bed onto the carpet with a thud. I climbed back up with wobbly legs and I just left Marilyn on my bed.

I grabbed my prepared clothes with me and went to the bathroom. I tied my hair in a topknot to keep my hair from getting soaked. I washed my body then I shivered as the coldness created goose bumps against my skin. I dressed into my ripped, denim short shorts with a Radiohead logo shirt. I paired them up with an army jacket and black combat boots. I packed up all my belongings into a small backpack for the special road trip! My friends and I were going to drive in a convertible car, singing our lungs out to the Hollywood Walk Of Fame! I should start eating breakfast right now...

After 30 minutes of snoozing to regain my sleep, I laid my backpack on the passenger's seat of my red and white convertible. I raced my way to my friends' houses. And off we went to, the Walk Of Fame!

From Los Angeles to Hollywood Walk Of Fame, was about 20 minutes. We were lucky to live that close!

Everyone filed out the car and we walked around Hollywood

Boulevard. We didn't want to go to the Stars till nighttime. Little shops and cafes crowded the streets of Hollywood. I ran and I posed like a rock star! Elise, one of my friends took out a vintage camera and took a photo at the back side of me. The photo instantly slid out and I must say! I



looked GREAT!!!!!!  
We laughed, screamed,  
yelled, ran like  
maniacs! So we pretty  
much acted like we  
were going to die  
young!

Hours passed, our stomachs grumbled and groaned. All of us looked at our stomachs and glanced at each other.

"Look! There's that diner, um, called Roamer Remix! We should eat there!" Mandy exclaimed.

Lunch choked down our throats. Shopping, taking pictures, dancing and all those good stuff kept us busy.

Finally, the sky darkened! The night to finally have a walk on the famous stars! I squealed in excitement!

We ran to the Hollywood Walk Of Fame. Light extensions hung high everywhere. Astonishment was on my forehead.

*This day of my life, I was **Walking On Stars!***

## ***The Blitz* by Malena Bertrand - aged 11**

**A day as a kid during the Blitz (air strikes during WW2 in London)**

The alarms noise alerts us

The striking noise of the enemies' airplanes makes us run

The bombs making noises heard miles away.

With such a threat,

Do we really stand a chance?

Homes being crushed

And with them our hope.

We are dying by millions.

oh Lord help us all!

They have the ultimate elite.

The ultimate machinery.

What have we got?

Tell me you Lord of our Hope



## ***A Day in the Life of Me by Megan Parker - aged 12***

Wearily I held onto my sister's small cold hand. The machine she was hooked up to beeped with every passing heartbeat. I was tired, it had taken all my strength to get her away from the wolves. You see just until this morning my life had been fine. My sister had begged me to go and play in the garden before she went to school so I let her. I had come out to get her when I was just in time to see her dragged into the woods by the wolves. Fuelled with adrenaline I had managed to pry her away from them and I was unharmed.

Now I sat in the hospital leaning over her limp body I kissed her forehead waiting for her to pull a face as she usually would but nothing happened. "Goodbye" I whispered.

Out the hospital walking down the steps, my instincts urged me towards the forest. After minutes of walking I collapsed by a tree, sighing dramatically.

Then my attention was brought to my arm which began to sting. I looked at it immediately. A bite, a bite on my arm where wolves sharp teeth had plunged into it. With all the adrenalin I must have forgotten all about it. I suddenly got worried and decided to go and get it checked out back at the hospital. I stood, about to make my way back there, when suddenly a searing pain shot through my back. My muscles burned but no scream came out when I opened my mouth. Then darkness.

When I opened my eyes I remembered nothing but somehow the world looked a lot brighter. I could hear every little detail, even the trickling of a stream nearby.

I got up making my way to the stream when I didn't reach it after a few minutes of walking I began run I felt free, like this was where I belonged. When I did reach it I realised it must have been further away then I thought. I looked down into the water and the sight that stared back at me was not what I expected to see.



A white wolf stared back at me, and when I moved so did she. She was me! I stared into the water in shock the events of this morning rushing back to me. The bite! It must have been infected and somehow this had happened.

So when I heard the wolves howls far in the distance. I ran to them, this was my life now. That was the day in the life of me. The day in my life that would change all days.

## **Mr Shelby by Ria Grewal - aged 12**

My eyes clicked open, as I smelt the scent of petrol and strong cologne which made me gag. I stared outside the dusty window. A dirty lime car dragging a broken licence plate pulled up in the driveway with a screeching stop. The door squeaked open revealing a chubby, badly-shaven man who was struggling to get out.

My older sister Eadlin gently pushed me aside to look at the strange man in our driveway. He walked up to the door and forcefully knocked three times. Uncle Benat came rushing down the creaky steps with an anxious look on his face. He opened the door and was instantly relieved by the outcome. "Phew, I thought you were the tax collector for a second there" he laughed.

The man put his hands on the belly of his cheap suit and gave a hearty chuckle. " Ah Benat, haven't changed a bit have you?"



"Girls, say hello to Mr Shelby" he directed to my sister and I.

I stared at the man curiously. He didn't seem very friendly towards children with his eyes saying 'I couldn't care less'.

"Um... why don't you girls go play outside while Mr Shelby and I talk in the other room," suggested uncle Benat.

But we just went outside "moaned Eadlin.

"Well go again!" he ordered with a tone of harshness in his voice.

We dragged our feet outside into the gloomy day and sat by the lake. Our fingers were numb after playing thumb war over and over again. Our feet were sore after chasing each other for hours. What were they talking about?

We were in the middle of hopscotch when we heard uncle Benat shout for Eadlin to join him. She looked at me and reluctantly stepped into the house. I followed her. We entered the room in which the two men were sitting.

"Hello" said Mr Shelby smiling at Eadlin," we just want to have a chat with you for a moment" he glanced at me before saying "alone".

Uncle said, "While you're here why don't you get us some tea?"

I walked out of the room and into the kitchen where I turned the kettle on. I guessed that uncle Benat would have wanted me to put it in the good china for his special friend.

I headed back to the room but stopped at the doorway where they couldn't see me. My sister was standing next to Mr Shelby who gave a nasty grin as he looked at her. It seemed as if she had just seen a ghost.

"Don't worry" he chuckled as he put his hat on as he grabbed his suitcase; "it won't be that bad working for me" he picked up a suitcase full of her clothes.

I felt uncle Banat's good china cracking on my feet with the painful heat of the tea making me cringe.

"Is someone there?" he shouted.

I didn't care about the pain anymore. My feet were scrambling around on the floor and heading for the door and out into the woods. I couldn't stop running. I was far from home and tired but I didn't want to stop. It would only make me sit down and think about my sister being sold as a slave.

## ***When I Ran For Vice President by Keearin Jackson - aged 13***

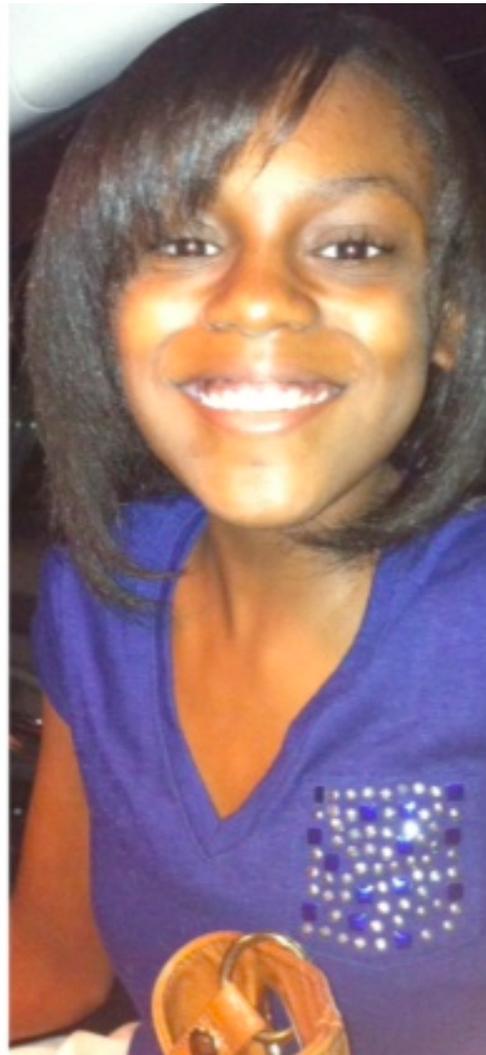
Another year, a brand new school, and a fresh start. A fresh start at Paul Cuffe Academy and a chance to run for 2013-2014 Student Council.

My name is Keearin Jackson and I was in 7th grade and 13 years old when I ran for Vice President. Since I was new I thought I would lose or would not even stand a chance because I was running against two people who been here since kindergarten.

The names are not important, but they are Talisa Baylor, the so-called popular girl and Christopher Boones, who won last year. Talisa always tried to bring me down and would tell me I was going to lose. Sometimes I would ignore her, other times I would respond to her and say "ok" or "I don't care."

On November 7th at 12:00pm, I hung up posters that said my slogan, "The Kee to the Future" with a picture of me from my birthday because my hair was freshly styled.

Talisa tried to be sneaky and put her poster over mine. I took them off of course. November 14th was the speech and I was nervous and shy. When I started I was shaking and so was my voice, but when we got to the end it got clearer and I said "Vote for KJ because I'll make it rain candy all



day."

After the speeches we went to recess then to class to wait to vote. I voted for myself of course and surprisingly Christopher voted for me too. At the end of the day they announced who won for each position.

Then it came to Vice President and the office said "Kearin Jackson." I was screaming and I was excited, but Talisa was not so happy. She expected to win, but not all popular girls win. I meant mean girls because that's what she really is. I really thank my mother and her friends, my friends, and God because they gave me the confidence.

## ***The Best Day of My Life by Evie Leveille - aged 13***

As a small girl in a large world, I was raised to believe that one person couldn't make a change.

The saddest part is that nobody could change the ways I doubted myself. Fortunately, that girl grew up. I recently learned that I can make a change. In fact, I can make a change in the entire world. Now I find it my duty to help people become aware of that change. The change that I would like to see in the world is not something simple, for it's in what we eat; the lies that people hear today about what's in their food is literally killing people. The best day of my life was when I learned to face it.

Michael Pollan is an amazing author. Some say he writes complex books that only grownups can understand. I beg to differ. The best day of my life was when I started reading one of his books, *The Omnivore's Dilemma*. Then I saw the movie *Food, Inc.* My perspective of the entire world changed that day. Michael Pollan tries to make a stand that will lead to action. I learned that day that the adults in the world are just too slow. I gained the opinion that changes in the way Americans eat can be seen faster if we start with us kids.

I will always remember the best day of my life. I believe that it's what changed



me from a girl to a woman. This is just a start. I learned, then, that I have a voice. I learned about issues, such as the global food crisis going on, and I found out that kids can have as strong opinions as adults. This is

only the beginning of my stand. I was inspired that day to show the world that I am strong.

I found that I have a brain. I have ideas. My dream arose that day. I want to be in print. I want to show the entire world exactly what Michael Pollan shows. In fact, I want to be the Michael Pollan of my own generation. I want adults to see that a child was so easily inspired. I want the few fighting nutritionists out there to know that there are children, too. There are children that care. It all started with that one day.

We could be free. I crave that freedom. I would really like to show the world that kids are strong, too. Wouldn't it be great if we could save the world with a simple change of heart? This would mean more than most things to me, a child. It doesn't have to be the best day in your life. It's just important to understand that it could be the best day in a lost child's life. The best day of my life was when I discovered that I had a voice in something I didn't even know I cared about.

## ***Always Apart* by Katie O'Malley- aged 14**

“Наш самолет вылетает через час,” my mother informed me of our departure time. Traveling was not foreign to me. In fact, you’d think that I had grown accustomed to the busyness of airports; that I was no longer bothered by the crowds or the smell of coffee and perfumes from duty-free stores. After all, I’d been traversing the globe ever since I was little. My family and I had traveled from Russia, my birthplace, on many occasions. However, I still found myself gagging on the odor. The Yanbu, Saudi Arabia airport was barely a quarter of the size of regular airports. There were only two gates and only one runway. I was suffocated by the

overpowering smell of air fresheners and the odor of the people they were trying to mask. While I sat in an uncomfortable blue chair waiting for my flight, I wished that I could run back to the parking lot and give my



dad one final hug. When we got past security and had to walk away from him, I felt as if a part of me was being torn out. It was the beginning of another seemingly endless separation, one that would last at least until spring.

As I sat flicking through the pages of my already completed crossword-puzzle book, I spotted a young boy nearby trying to kick the seat in front of him, and prayed that I wouldn’t have to sit in front of him on the plane. The day had already been bad enough. In the previous year,

my family had relocated to Orlando, Florida from our home in the Middle East. However, my father had to stay, as his job was our main source of income. Living away from him was extremely difficult, especially because the seven-hour time difference did not allow us much time to talk. When we got to visit him for Christmas, even if it was only for two weeks, we savored every last minute of it.

“Boarding for Turkish Airlines flight will begin in fifteen minutes,” a Saudi gate agent announced over the intercom. I have realized that time flies. The two weeks that I spent with my father flew by. The irony is that the time I will spend waiting to see him again will not. If anything, it will pass by even slower. I took a deep breath and looked around the airport again, glancing over luminous signs and televisions.

“Turkish Airlines flight is now boarding,” the intercom declared. My family and I stood up and headed for the gate. I saw my mother pull out her cell phone and check her messages.

“Папа послал тебе сообщение,” she handed me her phone and instructed me to read the message on the screen. It read: “Have a safe flight. Tell Katie and Conor that I miss you all already.” I smiled as I made my way through the enclosed jet way leading to the airplane that would fly us more than 7,000 miles away from my dad.

## ***My Ordinary Day* by Edward Morton - aged 14**

I awoke early one morning to the sound of the kookaburras teasing, yet delightful laugh. As I got out of my tepid, comfortable bed I looked out the window at an inspiring sunrise. Nature's creativity with colours is beyond words. Many do not see such beauty in such a simple thing as a sunrise.

As I exited my small yet roomy bedroom I smelt a wonderful aroma. I walked into the kitchen to find an extraordinary breakfast, with a side drink of orange juice. It was a meal fit for a king, though I'm no monarch. As I swallowed the last morsels of food on my plate, I cleaned my plate and disposed of it. I then decided I needed some fresh air.

The second I walked outside, I heard the symphony of angels. Up in the trees I saw dozens of birds, singing a chorus of whistles. The sky was a pale blue, with an isolated cloud in the centre. As I gazed at the atmospheric canvas I heard the distant sound of a small car. As I turned my head towards the driveway I saw an old souped-up Subaru Outback. Over the decades the paint job had worn and the engine had become faulty, but it still was as trusty as a best friend. My father ascended from the pint-sized vehicle and asked me to help him with some cattle work in the paddocks.

As we hastily drove along the dirt road we discussed last night's football match. As we neared the gate, the herd of cows retreated towards the left hand corner of the paddock. We reluctantly drove after the runaway heifers and attempted to move them towards the open gate. When we had got around three quarters of them in, the remaining others took off along the sturdy fence.

As they kept too close to the border we sped forwards, trying to stay ahead of the pack. When we finally managed to transfer all the cows

from one paddock to the other, we headed home.



When we walked inside, I was surprised to find it was almost noon. While we had been away a gourmet lunch had been made, Moroccan lamb and capsicum on a fresh baked pizza dough. We devoured this fine meal and went straight to the TV and we turned it on to find Carlton vs Collingwood AFL match. We watched with great anticipation and excitement, but sadly Carlton lost by a 15-point deficit.

I decided to go outside for some fresh air and found myself kicking the footy to my brother. We stood there discussing the game and what Carlton could do to improve. When we got inside it was around 8:30 and dinner was already made. It was a delicious roast pork dinner with a side of vegetables. When I finished and cleaned up the kitchen I headed straight to bed and thought to myself, "Even an ordinary day can be a perfect one".