

Whitsunday Voices Short Story Competition

Grades 7 -8

Highly Commended

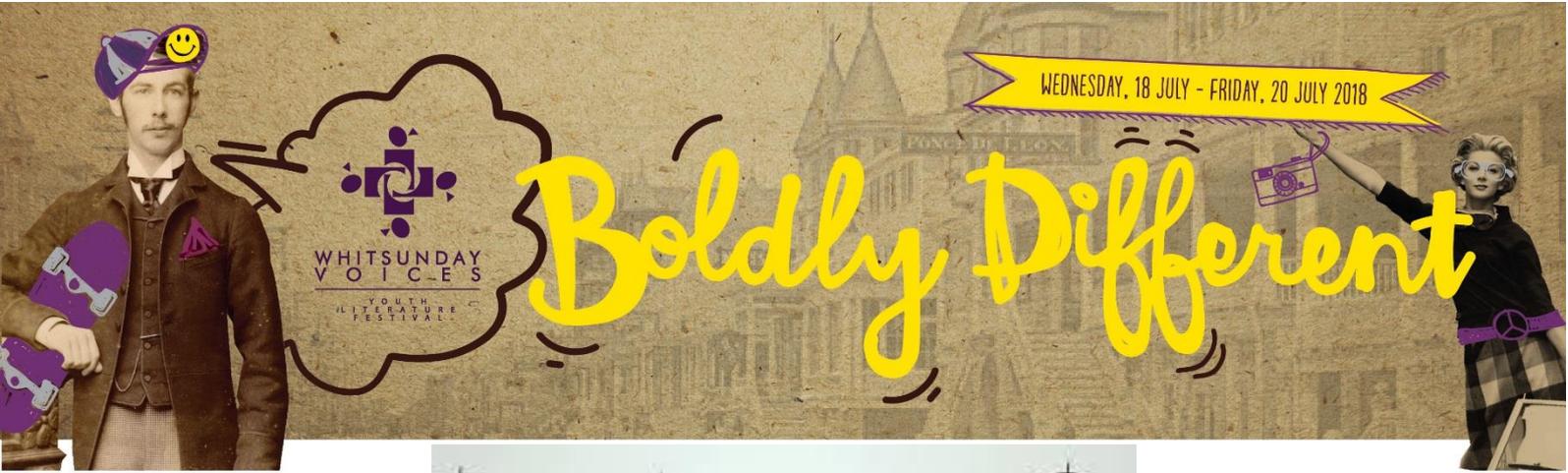
Blayd Stephens for

I just wanted eggs!

BANG! The smell of gunpowder filled the air, as Harold, a homeless thief, cowered within the branches of a large bush in the forest. “Where is he?” a policeman yelled. “Drat! He escaped! Stick around, though. He’ll be hiding.” another replied. Harold emerged from the bush and found himself on the outskirts of a chicken farm. “I may have failed getting milk, but eggs are even better!” he thought. “There he is!” the police men yelled.

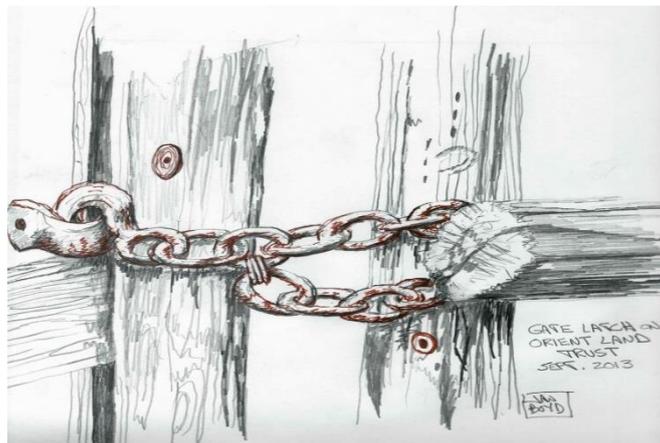
Narrowly avoiding being shot, Harold clambered over the fence as his dented watch struck midnight.

Harold was extremely poor. Losing his parents at a young age, he was forced to live alone on the streets of the cruel city they once lived in.

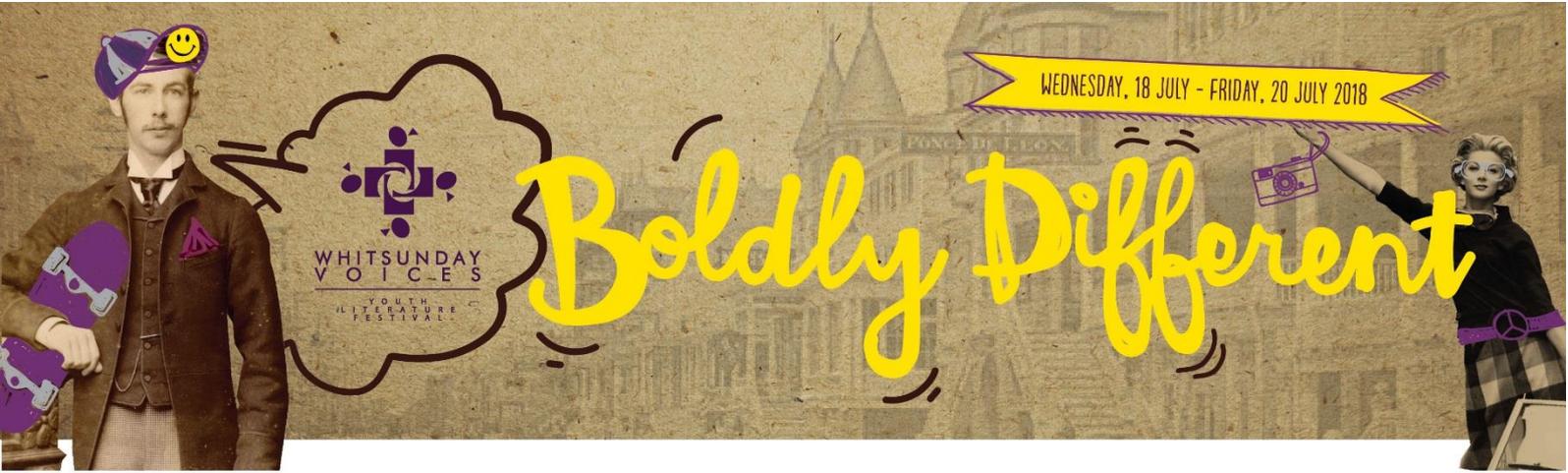


He stole food and tools to survive, and he had always managed to get away with it. Thievery came naturally to him. He was an old man now, and the fuzz were on to him. His chances of getting away this time were slim.

12:10 ticked by, as Harold finally reached the door of the chicken pen. The rust on the latch pierced his hand like needles as he lifted it as quietly as he could.



He swung open the wooden door, and the unfathomable amount of chickens in the pen instantly stopped clucking and flapping and stared at the strange man. "Perfect!" he thought. He examined the chicken pen thoughtfully, and a twinkle appeared in his



bloodshot eye when he laid eyes on the plumpest, juiciest chicken he had ever seen. The golden medal around her broad neck read...

1st Prize

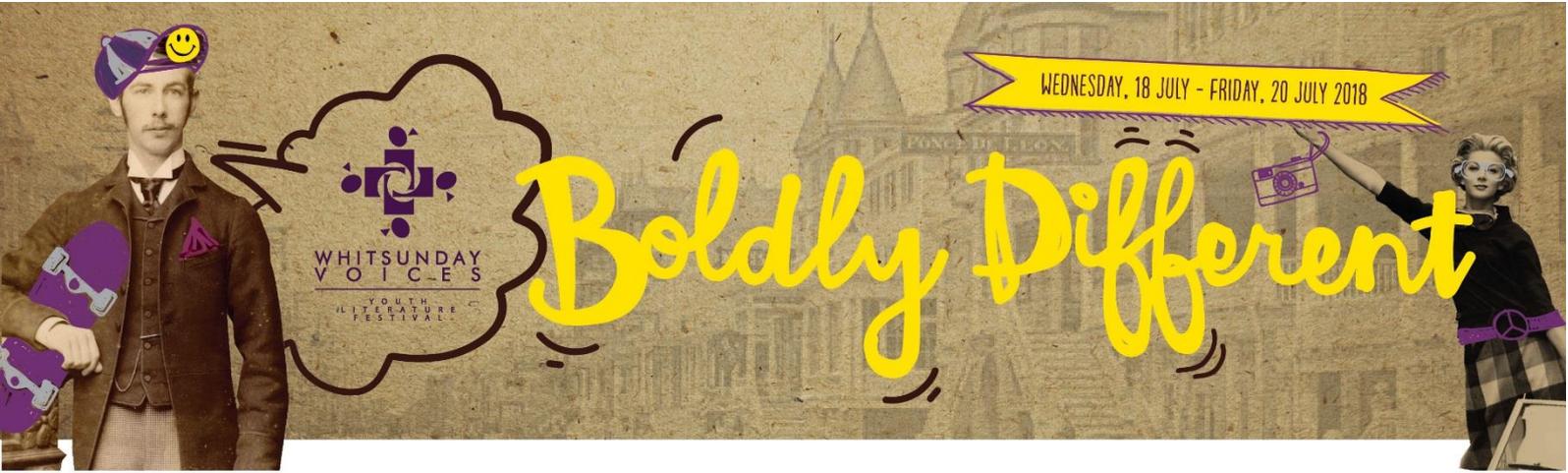
Penny

Most eggs laid in one day

He grabbed Penny out of her nest and stumbled out of the door. Penny was heavier than Harold had thought possible. “And where exactly do you think you’re going?” a voice resonated around the farm. A teenage girl emerged from the gloom, holding a lit candle in her hand. “The name’s Higgins. Jill Higgins. What are you doing with Penny!?” she questioned in shock.

“Oh, I’m just... bye!” Harold replied, sprinting off.

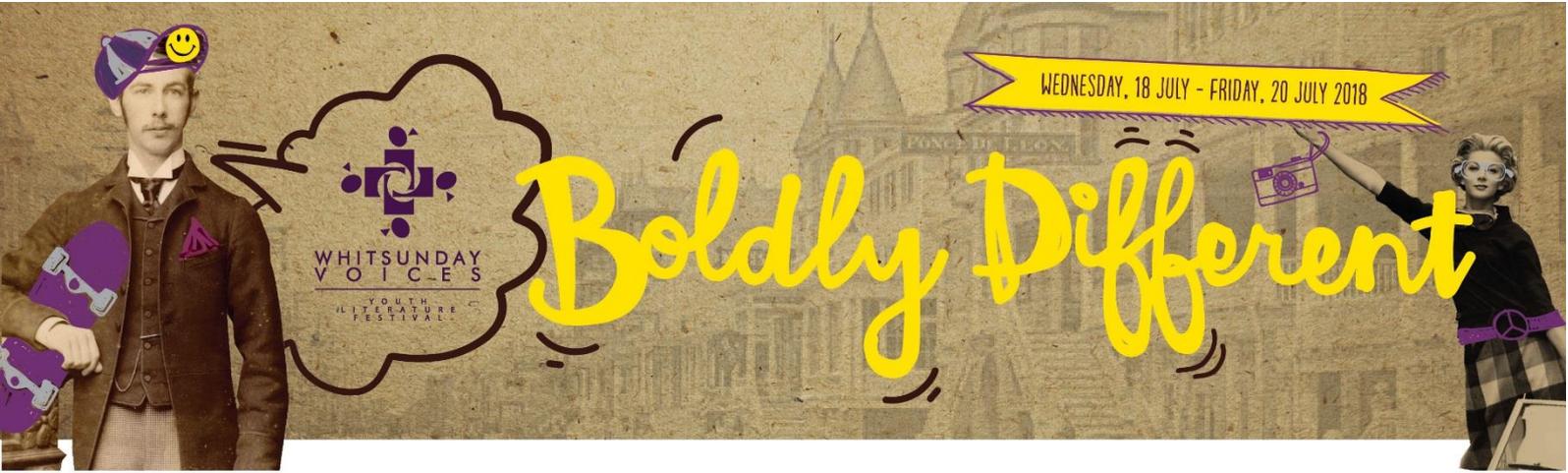
“HEY!” Jill screamed, and her family came rushing out of the large, wooden shack they called home. “Mum, Dad, Kirra, Joey; Penny has been stolen! The thief is running towards the forest. We need to capture him and get Penny back! Who’s with me!?” Jill asked, “We are!” her family replied without hesitation.



Meanwhile, Harold was running for his life, desperate to get away. He could hear the thumping of footsteps not far behind him. Right on 12:35 he reached the fence, and with difficulty he fumbled over it, into the dark forest. Harold concealed himself in the same bush he was in earlier and waited for them to hopefully pass by. Jill was walking towards the bush - then the policemen came into view. "Can we help you?" their chief questioned. "We need help searching for a thief. He stole our prize-winning chicken!" she replied. "Did he look like he was homeless?" the chief asked. She nodded. "Boys, he's still around." the chief announced as he loaded his rifle.

The unnerving taste of fear overwhelmed Harold's mouth as the police passed him. Then, the unthinkable happened. Penny clucked loudly, and the chief dragged Harold out of the bush and put him in chains. "Explain yourself!" he demanded.

"I just wanted eggs!" Harold replied. The policeman thought for a while. "You can have your eggs..." he said as Harold struggled in his cuffs.



www.shutterstock.com - 691014775

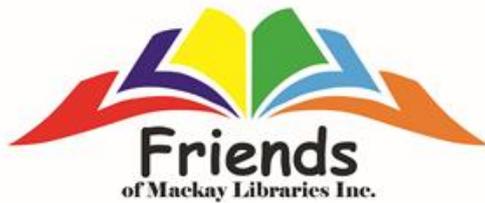
“In the prison cafeteria.” His watch hit 1am.

It was an hour that Harold would never forget.

Thanks to facebook.com/veriapriyatno for Image 1

Thanks to rmsbartists.blogspot.com/2014/03/day-21-drawing-day.html for Image 2

Thanks to <https://www.shutterstock.com/search/incarcerated> for Image 3



WWW.WHITSUNDAYVOICES.COM.AU

