

# Whitsunday Voices Short Story Competition

## Grades 9-10

### Winner

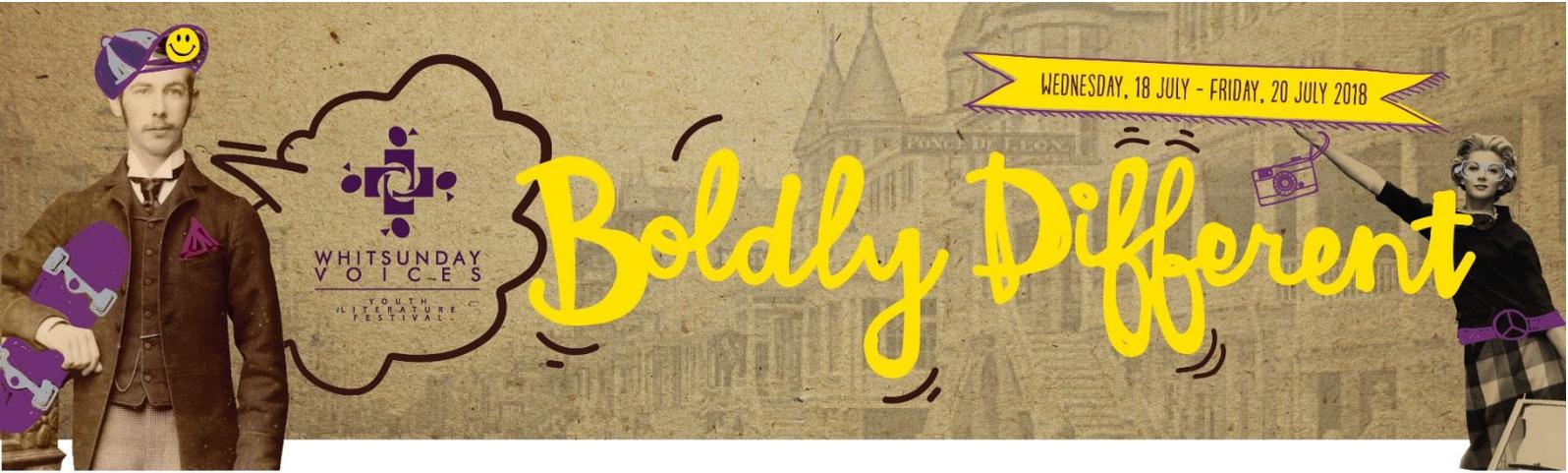
Skye Martin for

You'll Live

The day seemed so pleasant, so perfect, so peaceful, but it was all a false sense of security. I was swimming around our houseboat, splashing, laughing and frolicking. Diving beneath the barnacle encrusted hulls, I swam into the swirling blue...

Then horror struck. A sharp and savage slashing, and the soft skin of my foot was shredded to smithereens. Screaming underwater I struggled towards the surface as the seas roiled crimson with my blood. With failing strength, I hauled myself, gasping, onto the duckboard. I limped pathetically onto the deck. I braced myself and risked a glimpse. Blood. Blood gushing out of my fatal wound like a scarlet waterfall. The deliberate dripping hit the hard deck like a death sentence. I laid back, lips tinged purple, eyes closed, skin mottled. This was the end. I'd lost too much blood...

"Skye! You're dripping water everywhere!" Mum groans.



WEDNESDAY, 18 JULY - FRIDAY, 20 JULY 2018

WHITSUNDAY  
V O I C E S  
YOUTH  
LITERATURE  
FESTIVAL

# Boldly Different

Water? What about all this blood! “Mum, I’m dying” I fling myself into a chair, tongue lolling.

I steeled myself for her torrent of tears, but all I hear is... “Hmm, can’t see any wound. Wait here. I need my glasses.” Deaf to my splutters, Mum leaves me out in the cold to die alone.

She returns minutes later, with a Super-Strong Magnifier. I sense her presence, but I can’t see her! I begin to panic. “Mother! Everything is fading to black!” I pant with rasping breath.

“That’s because your eyes are shut.”

Oh.

Mum ignores my murmuring “The only injury I can find, is on your foot.” she begins but my pained shouts interrupt her. “Don’t tell me. Its fatal isn’t it?” I cross my arms over my chest and smooth my face into peaceful nothingness.

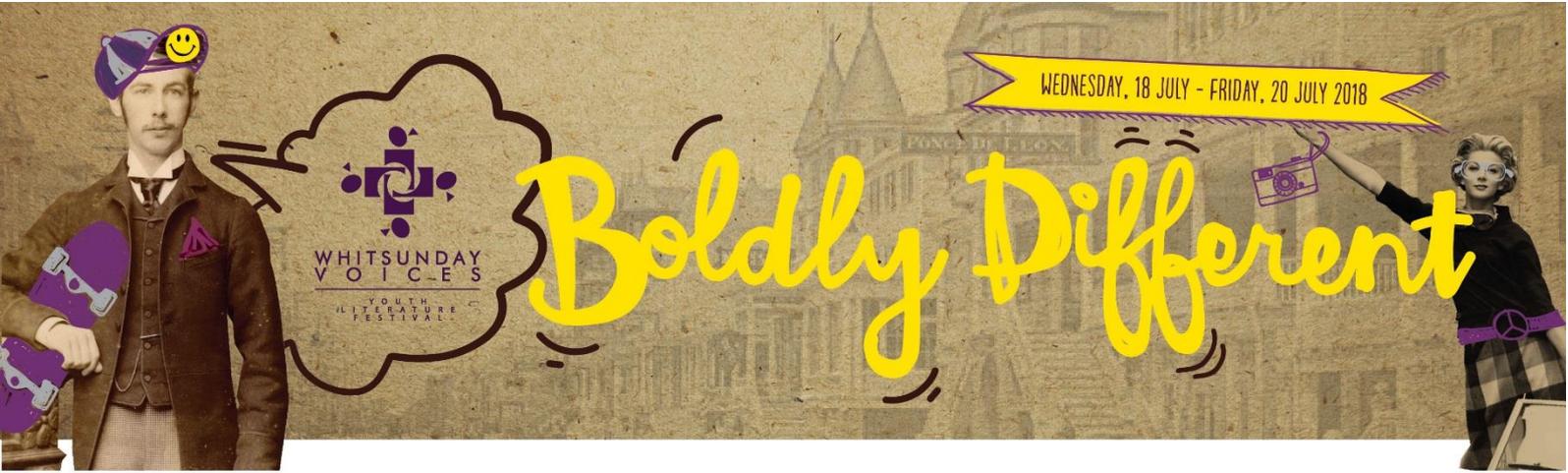
“It’s just a scratch”

A crease furrows my forehead, spoiling my peaceful nothingness.

“You’ll be fine, now change out of those soaking clothes, you’ll get cold.”

Soaking clothes? I’m bleeding to death here and she’s worried about chills? I’m already as cold as a corpse! I am a corpse!

“I.....can’t. I’m weak. I’m...**for goodness sake**, I’m DYING here!” My eyes flash in ire. I cross my arms and glare sulkily at her. Unfortunately, the effect was diminished because I was lying down, and looking up at Mum like a toddler.



Mum sighs “I’ll clean it. Happy?” she leaves me. Again.

I am **not** happy. “I’ll be DEAD by the time you get back”

Mum comes back and I’m not dead. I’m not sure if I’m relieved or disappointed.

“Alright, roll over.”

Honestly, I’m slipping from this life and she’s bossing me round like a dog! “Muum!” I groan, weakly. Grief does terrible things to people I know. But come on! A little sympathy would be nice...

“Roll over right now so I can clean that cut!” She brandishes the yellow medical box. I freeze. I know that box. Its bursting with razor sharp scalpels and poisonous potions. It’s a box of death.

“NOOOO!” I scream. “Don’t torture me! I’m in enough agony already!”

“Shh! It’s not going to hurt. I’m just going to apply some antiseptic” Yikes! Big word alert!

She rolled her eyes, “I’m going to **clean** it genius.” Well excuuuse me!

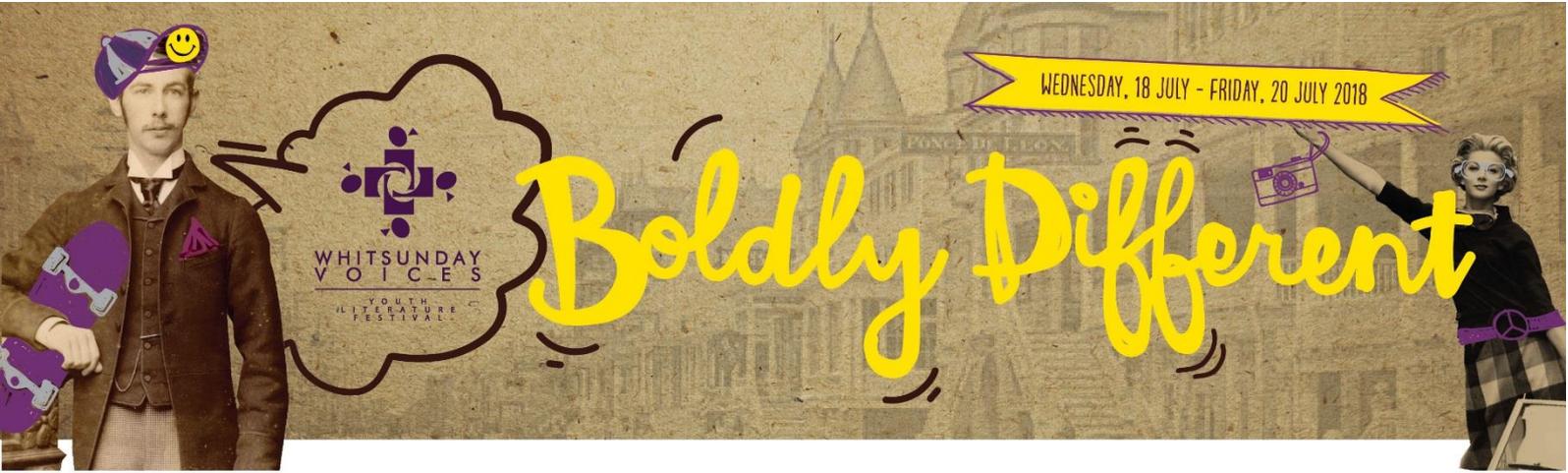
I cross my arms defiantly.

“Roll over!”

“NO!”

“Yes!”

“No...”



“YES!”

“Okay...”

Mum’s tone is a whip, sharp and stinging. Tears blossom in my cloudy eyes. Sniffing I roll over.

That’s when I notice something curled in her grip. Something long. A scalpel! Oh wait, no it isn’t, it’s a lollipop!

“Here, suck on this” growls Mum as she plunks it in my mouth. Mmm lovely. But it’s so big I can’t talk. I have my suspicions that Mum has an ulterior motive.

I brace myself for the horrifying pain. I suck harder and harder, cheeks puffing in and out like a puffer fish with asthma. Be brave, I tell myself. Be brave. I hold my breath... the distant rattle of the torture box... scraping metal instruments and chinking poison bottles...Then the rattling stops. Dead silence. This is it. I know she’s about to strike, a whirlwind of scalpels and tweezers are coming. Then the pain, unmeasurable pain, ravaging my nerves....I screw my eyes shut. Then...

“Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! It tickles! Stop-it-Stop-it-Stop-It!” I scream kicking my feet. The cotton tip dipped in antiseptic tickles my delicate twinkle-toes. Its unbearable.

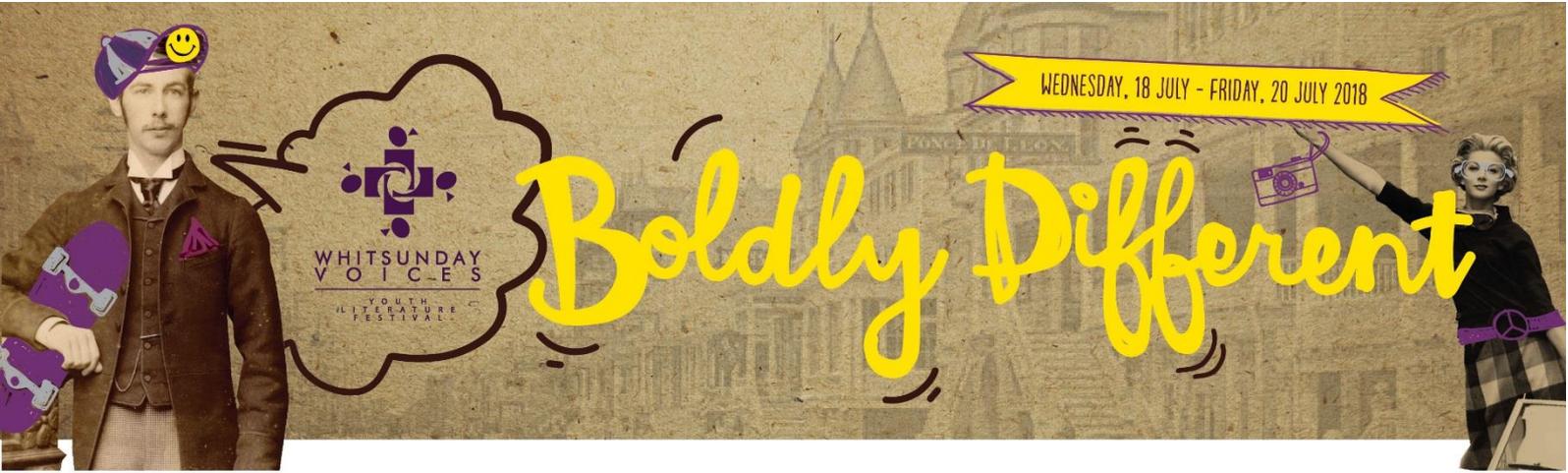
“Oh, for goodness sake, stop squirming, I’m finished.”

“What really? But...It didn’t hurt!” I’m perplexed, befuddled, confused.

“I told you it wouldn’t”

“Wow!” I exclaimed, “I’m really brave!”

Mum rolls her eyes.



Time for a victory suck on my lollypop! But wait! Where is it? Oh no! I must have swallowed it! “ARGH” I scream.

“What now?” Mum sighs.

“I swallowed my lollypop whole! Even now the huge lolly could be bouncing along my throat blocking my tube. I could die!”

Mum rolls her eyes. “You’ll live.”

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