

Years 3 & 4

2nd Place: Sesandi Thebuwana

Year 4, Harrisdale Primary School

### Ice Cream by the Sea

The rough waves crashed and crackled waking up Olivia from her deep snooze. She rubbed her clouded eyes with her fists and gazed out, into the sea, the horizon was a blend of the sea and sky, as though it had been painted with gentle strokes of cerulean, she admired the beauty of the ocean as it had always been her home. She gulped up her porridge and stepped outside, her soft feet sinking in the sand. Olivia walked to the edge where the sand turned soggy and moist before vanishing into the water. She wriggled her toes as the water sloshed against them. The seagulls squawked and the wind rippled Olivia's hair as she took a deep breath of salty ocean air. The water's surface shimmered in the sunlight, like a million tiny diamonds dancing on liquid lass. Olivia watched the pale blue sky slowly turn to a bright red as the aggressive winds calmed down. The noise of the seagulls slowly quietened signalling Olivia that she had to go back inside.

The sun rose again, and Olivia woke up with a start, to the sound of pans loudly clashing together. She got up and walked downstairs, curious to find out what was going on.

"Why are you packing up all the cutlery?" Olivia asked her mother curiously.

"Just cleaning up," her mother said hastily, not meeting her eyes.

"Okay," muttered Olivia, not entirely convinced.

She walked outside and hopped onto her midnight blue bike; she rode to the ice cream parlour for an icy treat which was five minutes away. She climbed off her bike and walked to the counter. Olivia ordered an ice cream for her mum, her dad, and herself. As night fell, Olivia paddled home to find the ocean that had transformed into an inky black void. The moon's reflection on the water created a silvery shape on the surface. As Olivia slowly devoured her ice cream she felt, she couldn't enjoy it much as there was something in the pit of her stomach which made her uneasy. Ignoring it, she went to bed. That night Olivia couldn't sleep a wink, she twisted and turned in her suddenly uncomfortable bed, trying persistently to make that strange, churning feeling go away.

The next day she woke up and brushed her teeth then walked down the narrow stairs to the kitchen to find her mum and dad sitting on the table staring at her glumly.

"What is it?" Olivia said alarmed, she sensed something was wrong and that awful feeling in her stomach had come back again. Her mother gave a timid little wave and motioned her to sit down. Reluctantly Olivia lowered herself onto the chair and asked her parents the same question.

"Olivia," her father sighed. "We know how much you love our home and where we live..."

*What's he on about?* Olivia thought silently.

"We are moving."

As those words left her father's mouth his voice echoed in her head. In a flash of light Olivia ran up the stairs, her hair flying as she buried her head in her pillow. Soon her pillow was soaked when she heard a knock on her door.

"Go away!" Olivia cried her voice muffled.

She saw the brass knob turn slowly, filling the suspense as her mum walked in. She sat on Olivia's bed, making it groan. She stroked Olivia's hair gently as Olivia got the courage to lift her head back up.

"Why do we have to move, why?" Olivia sobbed her voice full of sorrow.

"Your father and I decided that it wasn't healthy for you to be by yourself all the time, you need to interact with kids your age once in a while," her mother explained warmly.

"Even I don't want to move sweetie, but I'm afraid we have to," she finished.

The next week Olivia glumly stared out of the car watching the trees slowly turn into towering buildings. The family had put all their things into their truck and were driving to the city. Silent tears were rolling down Olivia's face as they drove, she wasn't ready to move, not yet.

When Olivia and her family arrived in their new home, Olivia liked the house but not as much as she loved her old home. Olivia heaved her things into her brand-new room and starting unpacking. After lunch her parents suggested she walk around her new town and maybe find some new friends. Olivia immediately did not see eye-to-eye but after a lot of pleading she gave in. After a few mind-numbingly boring walks around the street, Olivia was getting hungry, so she searched for the nearest ice cream shop. When Olivia walked in a strong gust of cold arctic wind smacked her in the face as she walked over to the serving counter. She ordered a rocky road and walked outside. Just as Olivia had finished licking the ice cream off her hands, she spotted a small girl about the same age as her out of the corner of her eye.

She finished licking her ice cream covered fingers and smiled a bit. She started to walk home as the girl continued staring at her. Olivia arrived home with the girl she had seen still in her mind, when she ate dinner, when she watched TV, and when Olivia went to sleep. The next few weeks Olivia couldn't help but notice that the girl was cropping up everywhere; when she and her parents went to the market, when Olivia came to the park, and especially when Olivia came to the ice cream parlour for a rocky road. All those times Olivia had silently passed her until the day she plucked up the courage to go and speak to her.

"Hi," Olivia said timidly, waving shyly, her insides were squirming with embarrassment.

*Is this the right thing to do?* Olivia thought.

"Hi," the girl replied in return. "New here?" she finished, smiling warmly.

"Yup," Olivia replied. "My name's Olivia, what's yours?"

"Ella." the girl finished, holding out her hand.

After a few hours, Ella suggested they could play together. A few fun-filled hours passed as the two girls talked, laughed, and played. They both realised they loved the show *Peaky Blinders* and both liked the colour green. Olivia suggested they meet another time to make their brand-new friendship official. After a few hours of talking and playing in the park they waved goodbye to each other and left. When she approached her new

house Olivia spotted her parents standing on the doorstep. She ran up to them and Olivia's parents embraced her tightly.

"We are so proud of you," her mother whispered, with happy tears leaking from her eyes. The next weeks Olivia and Ella spent their days in each other's company, happily playing and laughing. Until then Olivia hadn't realised how much she loved the city.