

Years 3 & 4
3rd Place: Serah Paul
Year 4, Aspiri Primary School

Creativity

"I'm ravenous!" my master painfully bawled. I ruminated, pondering what to do. All we had was a small hut made of straw in a forest. I started to fret; we had nothing to eat.

"Don't worry, we'll get something," I assured him, but deep inside, I had no idea what to do. I glanced at the mediocre clock I had made, estimating the time. The clock hung askew on the wall. According to my estimation, it was pretty late, my master would be enraged if I didn't do anything, and I needed to get something for him as soon as possible. I jerked my head behind me and looked at my fishing rod that I had found somewhere.

"FISH!" I exclaimed. I seized my fishing rod, scudding outside to the lake.

I hurtled towards the lake and bent down to get some fish. I didn't have any bait, but I had optimism. I put the fishing rod into the water and lingered. After a long time, I felt something on the fishing rod. A fish! I pulled, using all my energy and strength. Then suddenly . . . SNAP! My fishing rod had broken!

What would I tell my master, he would be exasperated! I was petrified of his severe reprimands. I started to sit on a rock, with no hope of what to do. I started whispering what my father would say repeatedly,

"Creativity is the answer, creativity is the answer."

Then, I bounded with an idea.

"That's it, creativity! I just have to think how to make a fishing rod with my creativity," I delineated to myself.

I gathered sticks and twigs and pieces of bark. I started crafting a fishing rod intently. Then, when I was done, I tried it out. I put the fishing rod into the water, waiting. I had lingered around there for about a minute or two. Then I felt something. I pulled vigorously.

"A FISH!" I exclaimed, filled with happiness, and an overwhelming sense of joy.

It was an insanely fat fish. I walked to the hut and went inside. On the aslant table I placed the fat fish on it making a large SLAP sound. My master walked in making an astonished shrill.

"Oh God. How did ya do this?" he wondered.

"Creativity," I murmured.

We trod out to the grass field, thinking it would be a perfect space to eat and somehow cook the fish.

“Pass me the fish,” my master demanded.

I gave him the fish. Then I stared at him and conjectured what he would do next. He would probably order me to cook the fish. But he didn't.

“How do I cook this fish?” he asked himself.

“Use your creativity, master. I know you have it in you,” I replied.

Then, I was astonished. I had never said anything like that in years.

My master collected sticks and used the old stick trick. He rubbed the sticks together and tried to make a fire.

“It's NOT WORKING!” he clamoured piercingly.

“Master, I forgot to tell you something. You always have to have optimism and believe in yourself,” I explicated. My master nodded. He sat there, silent, and believed in himself.

He rubbed the sticks together and . . . created a fire!

“Er, thank you. Also, I'm sorry I always, er, bossed you around,” he thanked me. My master did something very surprising then. He gave an apologetic smile and hugged me.

“Creativity is the answer,” he repeated as he munched on the delectable fish.

The End