

Years 3 & 4

2nd Place: Thomas Wallace

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The Golden Dream

There once was a young boy called Fred and he loved gold.

He loved everything about gold. He loved watching people search for gold, and find gold, he watched it on television. He loved reading about gold, he loved visiting the Mint in Perth with his grandparents, looking at all the gold nuggets, and watching the gold being poured into a gold bar.

Fred spent many nights dreaming about how to find gold and many days thinking of where he could find it.

One night, just as Fred was falling asleep, a fairy tapped him on the nose.

"Shush," she said. "We have to be quiet. I came to grant you a wish. Close your eyes, make a wish and I will see what I can do."

Fred closed his eyes and wished that he and his little dog Angus could go on a treasure hunt and find lots of gold.

Then a bright sparkly light lit the room. There was a loud whooshing noise and all of a sudden Fred found himself standing in front of the huge old tree at the bottom of his parents' property. And Angus was standing next to him, just by his leg.

When Fred looked closer at the tree, he had noticed there is a small door in it.

"Come on Angus," said Fred to his dog. "Let's go and check this out".

He opened the door and saw a long staircase going down. As they walked towards the stairs it seemed to get brighter, and brighter, and a golden glow shone up.

Fred and Angus were not scared at all, they quickly made their way down. They found themselves in a huge, bright room, which was made entirely of gold. There were gold walls, a gold floor, gold ceiling, and a big gold fountain in the middle of the room. Next to the fountain was a large gold tree with lots of gold branches spreading out over a wide gold bench.

"Wow!" said Fred, as he and Angus made their way across the room. Fred ran his hand over the gold bench and the trunk of the gold tree. He looked into the fountain and touched the gold water but nothing moved. The room shone like thousand stars, but everything in it felt hard, smooth, cold and lifeless.

Fred sat down on the bench and looked around him. Angus laid down at his feet. Nothing moved. It was very, very quiet.

The bench was starting to make Fred's bottom feel cold. He tried lying down on it but it was hard and uncomfortable. It was not like his warm, soft bed at home. Soon the sparkly light shining off all the gold walls was starting to make his eyes feel sore.

Then Fred thought, *I will break off a few gold leaves from the tree to show Mum and Dad.* He jumped up and climbed onto the top of the bench and tried to break off a leaf. But however hard he tugged and pulled, it wouldn't break off.

By this time, Fred was getting very tired and lonely, and Angus was starting to whine as well. Fred missed his home, and his family. He liked all the gold but it was pretty boring just sitting down looking at it all.

“Come on Angus,” he said, “let’s go home”.

Fred and Angus made their way across the room to the stairs and started climbing up towards the door. Just as he pushed the door open, there was a loud BANG, a flash of light, and then he felt himself falling. THUMP! Fred hit the floor and rolled onto Angus.

He looked around and found himself on the floor, in his own bedroom.

Just then the door opened, and his Mother spoke.

“Are you all right Fred?” she said, as another very loud rumble sounded outside, followed by a flash of lighting.

Fred got up from the floor and ran over to his Mother. Angus padded over too, and leaned against both of them.

“I love you Mum,” said Fred. “I had a dream, and I fell out of bed”.

THE END