

I Win A Medal

I AM REALLY NERVOUS. Right now I am about to run the 1500 metres. I am running in lane one which is the one where it looks like I'm coming last but I get to run in the middle, which is faster. I look to the side and see Steve, my coach. He is an old guy who was famous in his day. I am very scared.

The run starts and I trip over straight away. So I get up and keep running. I can see the second-to-last guy about 20 metres in front of me. I slowly start to catch up to him. Right now I'm in the middle of everyone. I just remember that I've got to slow down a bit to save my energy. Steve is yelling at me. I can't quite hear what he's saying. All I know is that it's probably something supportive.

I've been going for a while now. And I'm coming third. The guy that was in first place is now last and the guy that was coming second fell over and got stood on. Only 100 metres left and I'm now second! I've almost won and finally I make an epic effort. I fall onto my knees past the finish line like a kauri coming down in the forest. People are cheering.

Brandon Rangi-Dixon

Gold Medal – 200m Final

BREATHING HEAVILY as the opposition gets ready, I'm asking myself: Why am I here? For me? For my country? Or for my family? Answer? All of the above. Me, my family and the land of the long white cloud, Aotearoa. London? Great place, but not dear to me like New Zealand.

People would say in New Zealand: "Why would you go up against Usain Bolt? It's a waste of time."

Maybe. Maybe not. But it doesn't hurt to try.

So here I am racing against the fastest. Waiting... waiting...

CRACK! The gun fires. Is it a gun? I have no idea, but I run. Second place, behind the obvious – Bolt. A hundred metres – he's fast. I need to be faster. At 150 metres, I put on a final burst of speed, and at 190 metres, Bolt disappears behind me. I look around. Everybody goes silent.

"Have I done it? Have I won?" I ask anybody who will listen. Three seconds later the crowd goes wild and that's when I know I've done it.

'Waste of time', ha! More like 'time of your life'. I thought it was AMAZING! Being on the podium was a bit like having an anchor to cling to, with the crowd cheering and everything going on. Do you actually know how big those gold medals are? They're *huge*.

Best day ever. A.K.A., the day I beat Bolt.

Calem McInerney

I Win Gold

AS I'M IN THE LOCKER ROOM I CAN HEAR THE CROWD chanting my name. I think to myself, why am I here? To represent my country; to defend my title; to break my record. I've been training my whole life for 15 seconds...

It's time. As I walk out to my lane, I see my rival and fellow Jamaican Johan Blake. I get ready by putting my feet on the pedals; the starter says "Ready, set, go!" I blast off the pedals with the speed of a cheetah. I speed around the track like a V8, gassing it around the corner. I'm in the lead. Almost there... Yes! I've won gold!

As I walk up to the podium I see my fellow Jamaicans beside me. I raise my hand in victory.

Ben Crow



8LR as Greece: Opening Ceremony at the Skipping Olympics



8LR in action at the Skipping Olympics

Gold Medal

THE TRACK LOOKED AS IF IT NEVER ENDED. I was anxious, hoping to win, breathing deeply. We waited. BANG!

I ran as fast as I could. Time passed quickly. Before I knew what was happening I was at the finishing line. I didn't even know who had won the race; we had to wait until the loudspeaker announced the winners.

My name was called first. I still wonder if I did win, if it was real. They called me to the stage and let me stand on the highest podium. Did I really win? I was still pretty amazed. People across the stadium shouted, "Well done!" as they gave me the golden medal. A wave of sound broke over me, people were screaming and shouting. It was like I was under water. After they handed our medals to us, I went around the stadium, a victory lap with the athletes who were second and third. Someone gave me a flag from home to carry around.

Don't move! One by one the photographers flashed their cameras; it was like staring at the sun. After a while when everyone had had their chance, we returned to the village and my coach was very happy. So were my fellow athletes. A gold medal! Can you believe that? We were given dinner, and I had third helpings (not recommended to athletes). It felt like the happiest moment in my life.

Kevin Gao

Sprint Final

I'M IN THE LOCKER ROOM WAITING FOR MY RACE. Adrenalin starts pumping through my body. I emerge onto the track and see the last runners crossing the finish from the race before mine. At last it's my time to shine and win the gold.

I go to the starting block. I've got even more adrenalin pumping now than ever before. I am a lion ready to spring. 'Bang' the gun sounds and I'm off! Racing the famous Usaine Bolt, we are neck and neck for most of the race.

In the last 20 metres he speeds up and starts to slip away. At that exact moment on the 30th of July 2012 at 9:45am I start to run harder than ever before. I am like a machine.

I'm neck and neck with Usaine once again. Five metres – I start to slip away. Two metres – he's coming back up beside me. Twenty centimetres – I've won the gold!

I look at the time. I ran 100 metres in 2 minutes and 44 seconds and Usaine ran it in 2 minutes and 45 seconds. That's one second of difference!

Kamahawe Yoshe from Japan got his bronze, then Usaine Bolt got his silver, and I got my gold. Standing on the podium at this world championship, I congratulated Usaine and Kamahawe as they did me. They played our national anthems and I thought my heart would burst.

Jayden Christensen



Joseph Ushaw 8LR



Danny Wu 8LR

I Won The Medal

AS I RAN DOWN THE LANE almost as fast as a cheetah, my heart leapt about, thumping against my chest. I am a great runner but I am only coming second right now. I try my hardest. Huffing and puffing, I manage just to nudge past at the last second. GOLD! I can't believe it! All my training has paid off and I actually won!

I will be famous! GOLD! I walk off the field and everyone congratulates me. I have just beaten everyone else in the race. All the other people have trained as hard and as long as me but I beat them still. My coach says I have some time off, so I head back to my house. I hear a knock at the door. I'm not surprised to find about a dozen reporters cramming the front door, eagerly waiting to ask their questions:

'What was it like, getting a gold medal?'

'Why don't you see for yourself. . .' I just wanted some space, so I walked back into my villa and ate some ice cream. I ended up winning a bronze medal in the 2016 games and then retired to live a long and happy life.

Joshua Littin

Winning Silver

I WAS PUMPED FULL OF ADRENALINE as I delivered the perfectly executed right hook to my opposition. That decided it. My opponent dropped to the ground. I was tempted to hit the guy again just to make sure he stayed down but the ref stopped me from doing that so I refrained from hitting him again. Even so, he didn't get up. With that, I confirmed my position as second-best heavyweight boxer in the world.

Why didn't I get gold, you say? Well that guy from America was a monster – he might as well have been a sumo wrestler. I'm surprised he wasn't too big for this weight class.

Anyway, standing on the podium with a silver medal around my neck felt amazing, with all the people cheering for me and chanting my name. It was like I was full of air and about to float away. Saying that, I've still got room to improve. So until the next Olympics I'm going to be training a lot.

Shen Ye

Later, Usain

I REMEMBER IT EXACTLY. Walking up to the starting line, my heart having a boxing match with my ribs. Wiping my face would have been like putting your hand in a soft-serve ice cream cone from MacDonalds.

I took my spot in lane eight and I looked to my left. My greatest challenge, in lane six, was Usain Bolt.

"Take your marks!!" My face was like a tap. "Get set!" I was pretty sure that my heart was winning now.

I bent over, closed my eyes and waited. Bang! I shot upwards, catching the smell of the gunpowder, and sprinted at the speed of light 10 metres, 20, 30, 40, 50, 70... the tape caught my waist and I got the feeling of butterflies and dizzy lightness.

Up on the podium as I was receiving my gold medal, I put my hand on Usain's shoulder and said: "Later, Usain."

Angus Pemberton

My Gold Medal

THE RACE IS ABOUT TO START. Everyone is so excited. We're getting ready. The machine says: on your marks, get set, go! The gun goes BANG!

Connor is in fifth place, with Max in a super, speedy second and Elijah in a fast first. Connor is coming up behind him into second and then first. I have still got 500m left to go and my legs are floating like a cheetah's. Everyone is cheering: "Go NZ! Go!"

I run for the finish – only 300m left to go. I'm in first place, looking back every second. Only 10m left and I am in place for the gold. Five metres; four metres; three, two, one. . . and across the line.

Gold for New Zealand! Connor Binda!

I stand on the first-place box and lean over for my medal. The weight of it makes me feel proud for my country, and the crowd goes wild: Yay! Yay! Yay!!!!

Connor Binda

The Race I Was Waiting For

COME ON, FASTER, FASTER, MOVE IT! My son can move faster than you, move it! It's almost time for my race and the race is long as an anaconda. My coach is pushing me to the limit. I've never seen him so serious, I mean like, ever. All the other times we've just been joking around.

Olympics 2024 and I am as tired as an owl in the daytime. My coach and I have been training for four years together and now this is the year that we have to step it up. After training the coach says to me, "Well this run is not like any other run. This may be the last one that you will be doing. You need to go out and you need to win this gold medal."

Now it's time for my race. I can hear the people cheering and going crazy like the animals at the zoo. It's now time for the 20-mile final. Whoever wins this will be named as the Olympic champion.

This is mine. This is all mine – I can do it.

Racers, take your marks!

No backing down now. This is what I've been training for. I can do it.

GET SET, BOOM!

As we start to run, I keep pace at the back so that when it comes to the last 200 metres, that's the time when I have to make my move. As each lap goes by, each runner slowly falls behind me like a dead possum.

When it comes to the final 500 metres, people start to make their move and they are getting faster and faster. I don't really care because I know that I haven't been training hard for nothing.

Finally the time has come for me to make my move. I can hear the commentator say: "This is it folks, time to see who's our champion for 2024."

As I slowly make it forward I am next to an African man. A hundred metres to go. We start to run like we've never run before. It's like a tsunami is right behind us. All I need to do is just to get past.

We start sprinting to the finish. I start to go ahead of him. I close my eyes because I don't want to see myself in disappointment.

But then I feel the thin strap around my waist. Could it be? Or is it a dream?

As soon as I open my eyes I see my coach in tears of joy. I feel something crawling down my leg. I look down and see it's the finish tape slithering down my leg. I can't believe my eyes.

With tears of joy I yell out a big 'Yessss!' because I know that I've done it and I've won the gold medal.

Fa'amalua Peteru



PJ Tenari Pese 8LR



Angus Pemberton 8LR

Olympics

I'VE BEEN AT THE OLYMPICS BEFORE, but not in this stadium. My stomach is in knots. This year it's harder – the shot-put feels heavier. There are better contestants. There's one that looks like a huge rhinoceros and I think she'll be my greatest threat.

I'm hoping to take home gold again. There's about twenty minutes before we start. I'm watching the other contestants warm up. Then my rival throws. She nearly throws a world record on her practise throw. It's insane! I'm angry and scared. Then after a few more throws she walks off.

I've been so busy watching her I lose my focus on getting myself ready. It's my turn next. I walk out to the crowd cheering me on. I do a couple of good throws and then sit on the bench.

The games have started. The other contestants throw and then it's my turn. It is good, powerful, like a catapult hurling a cannon ball over a castle wall.

The results are in – a close finish. I'm as nervous as a meerkat, peering at the results board. I have won by the smallest amount. A wave of happiness goes over me and I cannot stop smiling.

Riley East



Calem McInerney 8LR



Kevin Zhou 8LR



'Dada' poem by Benjamin Craw 8LR

Winning Gold

WINNING GOLD IS LIKE WINNING LOTTO. The thrill of being the best in the world is overwhelming. Running 100 metres in nine seconds – a world record! I am declared America's top athlete.

Training six hours a day is hard work. Risking injury, I need to be careful how I'm training and when. So far speed, strides and starting have been my main focus. I'm thinking, what will happen if I lose? All the hard work, all the training, all the blood, sweat and tears. All for nothing. I think of this as I line up for my seventh training start. My coach holds his gun up: "Set..." BANG!

It all happens at once. First my hamstring, then my face, both hurting badly. I grip both of them and hope that my doctor doesn't give me bad news. My heart is broken. I have pulled my hamstring, fallen and broken my nose. The doctor says I might never be able to compete again. He says it'd be a miracle if I make it to the Olympics, unless I train in a very particular way. I will have to train only one leg. To be honest I am more worried about looking hideously ugly in front of millions of people.

I don't know how I made it here and I don't know why. The lord must have given me some sort of magical injury-healing spell or something. The 100 metre final, the pressure, the money, the fame – all decided in 9 seconds!

Seven others besides me line up to our starting blocks. We all take a quick look at each other and say our good lucks. All of us hoping to win, we bow our heads and wait to start.

"Set..." BANG! We all burst out of our starting blocks, legs pumping, hearts beating rapidly. So far I'm coming third. Five seconds gone – this is when we are at top speed, cheetahs in top form.

The next four seconds happen very quickly. First, the guy in front trips over, then the second guy trips over him, which means I am in first place. I can hear another runner beside me. I don't dare to look at him. In my side vision I can see him slightly in front of me. I push for the last 5 metres...

Gold! It seems that I've beaten the Lane 5 runner by three-hundredths of a second and I have beaten the world record. Tears stream down my face. I'm so happy, so tired, so sweaty. Twenty minutes later I stand on the medal podium. Victory.

Elijah Woods

Jamaica On Top

THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED. The nerves are at an all-time high. This is it! All our time and effort, blood, sweat, and tears over the past four years is about to be put to the test.

Bang! We're off!

Kevin shoots out of the blocks as fast as a rocket, taking a whopping half-second lead in the first leg. The baton change is nothing but perfection, giving Takerei a phenomenal start to his leg of the race. A one-second gap has opened up, before the baton is handed on to Kevin Z for the third leg. Another clean changeover and an increase of one more second, bringing the gap up to two seconds for the last runner, Sika Nijenhuis, to bring it home.

The gap is now two and a half seconds with 80 metres to the finish. Luckily Sika holds his lead and crosses the line in first place, bringing home gold for Jamaica. The pure feeling of elation! The crowd is ecstatic.

The pride I feel is like a cup full to overflowing with fizzing, frothing Mountain Dew. The satisfaction of conquering my dreams, there is no feeling like it. It's a medley of emotions. The gold medal is around my neck and my national anthem is playing. It is almost too much to bear.

Isaac Nijenhuis

Winning

I AM SWEATING A LOT as the adrenaline kicks in because I need to defend my title. I'm thinking to myself, why am I here? I've been training my whole life for this, now there's no turning back. I can't blow it.

I can see people cheering so I need to concentrate and I know I can beat him. My heart pounds like an African dance drum. All the pressure, it's eating away at me because everyone in my country relies on me.

Suddenly, the whistle blows. I run. I'm going faster than I ever have before. My legs are running like it's a normal thing like breathing. I can see my opponent, the person I want to beat. I run, run like there's no tomorrow. I am heat shimmering across the track.

Finally, I cross the finish line. It was a close finish. I wait desperately for the standings... there is a long silence... then a sudden roar arises from the crowd. It is like waves crashing on the shore. I've won! I won the gold medal! I'm so happy and excited and my Dad will be so proud, and my country. I am proud to have competed and won. I feel full of joy.

Jordan Johnson-Taylor

Olympic Medal

I'M GETTING READY for the 800 metre race and there is a nice cold breeze, just perfect. Wow, there's a huge crowd here today! I wait a few seconds and the gun makes a loud sound. I'm off and I'm in a good position – fourth place. I'm trying to hold in there, but these guys are just so hard and now I'm seventh. But I have to keep going for my country.

Now we're on the last lap and I'm in second place. I can see the finish line. Push harder! Everything I've got pumps my legs, strains toward the finish, and yes, I win gold, yes, yes, yes!

I can hear the crowd screaming and cheering my name. I stand up in front of the huge crowd screaming at me as I get presented with my medal.

Now it's back home and I can just imagine what it is going to be like. There will be paparazzi everywhere. It'll be like a disco of flashing lights. Getting off the plane back home, there are so many people waiting for me.

At last I get to my home and 'Campbell Live' are on my doorstep wanting to interview me. I let them inside and we sit down and they talk about me and the Olympics and then they go.

I feel very proud about representing New Zealand.

Joshua Kent

London 2012

SITTING AND WAITING NERVOUSLY for my event to start, I think about what will happen if I come last in my race.

"Could all one-hundred-metre finalists please take their lanes," an amplified voice says. I stand up and enter the stadium. I am shaking nervously. All I can see are flashes of lights and banners saying: "LONDON OLYMPICS 2012". I take my lane. In front of me is Usain Bolt. I'm thinking, I could easily beat this guy.

"Take your marks!"

I crouch down and lean forward on my hands... BANG! The gunshot that indicates the start of the race! I'm off.

I start off well, no one in sight. I think I'm coming first, but then I get around the corner and realise everyone's already finished the race. I reach the finish line. The stadium's empty, everyone's gone. I look around. All I can see are old posters of the Olympics and litter everywhere. I leave the stadium confused. I get outside and I see flying cars and robots. I turn to the left and I see a huge banner saying: "Happy New Year" and underneath, it says "3012". A robot stares at me for a while, then he bends over and examines my face.

"Are you... Tuhoea Tuteao?"

"Y...es," I answer.

"CONGRATULATIONS!" he shouts enthusiastically. "You've won a medal for THE SLOWEST RUNNER IN THE WORLD!"

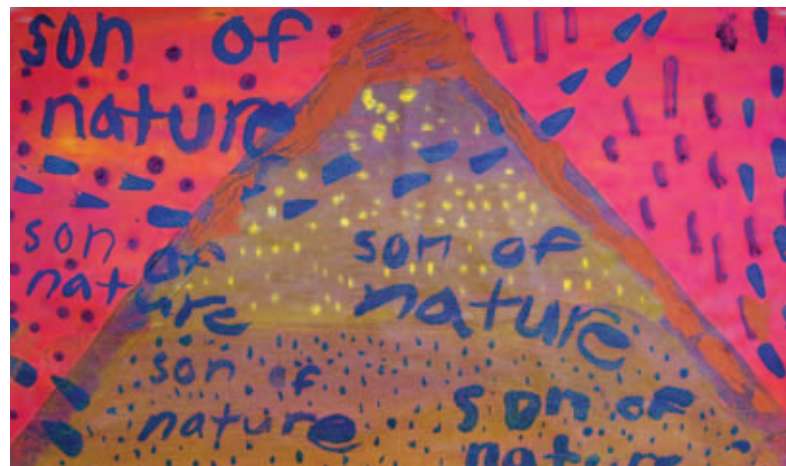
Tuhoea Tuteao



Benjamin Crawl 8LR



Riley East 8LR



Te Abiwaru Dods 8LR

Cheese Omelette

Equipment:

Fish Slice
Bowl
Frying Pan
Fork

Ingredients:

3 Eggs
Cold water
Butter
Cheddar Cheese
Salt / Pepper

Method:

Break the eggs into a bowl and whisk lightly with a fork. Mix in the water and salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter in a heavy frying pan, swirling the butter around to coat the bottom and sides of the pan. When the butter stops foaming, pour the eggs into the pan. Move the pan gently back and forth on the heat. As the mixtures sets at the edges, use a fish slice to push the set omelette towards the middle very gently. At the same time tilt the pan slightly so that the runny egg from the middle replaces the set omelette. When the omelette sets on the bottom but is still creamy on the top, sprinkle the grated cheese over one half. With a fork or fish slice fold the half of the omelette not covered with cheese over on the cheesy side. Carefully lift up the frying pan and slide the omelette on to a plate. Serve immediately, while still hot.

Viliami Likuohihifo

Chicken Wraps

Ingredients:

6 chicken-thigh fillets, sliced into 2cm strips; juice of 1 lime; 3 cloves garlic, finely chopped; 2 tbsp olive oil; 8 flour-tortilla wraps; 1 lettuce, leaves roughly torn; 1 carrot, peeled and grated; 1 avocado, thinly sliced; ½ cup aioli mayonnaise; ¼ cup coriander leaves – fresh, or a pinch if dry.

Method:

1. Place chicken in a bowl with lime juice, garlic and oil. Refrigerate for 15 minutes if possible.
2. Heat a frying pan and cook chicken until golden and cooked through.
3. Warm the tortilla wraps either in the microwave or in a frying pan.
4. Place wraps on a board and cover one half of the wrap with chicken, lettuce, carrot, avocado, aioli and coriander.
5. Fold the wrap over the filling and serve.

Ben Mehrtens

Ben's Chocolate Caramel Slice

Ready in 45 minutes, makes 33 x 23cm tray with 32 squares

Meal Type: Slice/Dessert

Total time: 45 minutes

Servings: 8+

Ingredients:

1 cup self-raising flour
¼ cup flour
1¼ cups firmly pressed brown sugar
1¼ cups coconut
185g butter, melted

Method:

1. Preheat the oven to 160°C on fan bake.
2. Sift the dry ingredients together and pour over the melted butter. Mix together.
3. Press into a lined slice tin and bake for 12 minutes until a light, golden brown.
4. Let the base rest for 5 minutes out of the oven before pouring the hot caramel mixture over. This stops the base mixture floating into the caramel.

Filling

800g condensed milk (2 tins)

4 tbsp golden syrup

60g butter

1. Melt all together in a microwave for 3 minutes on High.
2. Spread the caramel mix over the cooked base and fan-bake at 160°C until pale golden brown (allow 15 minutes) and the caramel is set. Allow to cool before spreading over the icing.

Icing

200g dark chocolate

60g butter

1. Microwave the chocolate and butter on medium for 1 minute. Stir, then microwave for a further 30 seconds. Stir until smooth.
2. Leave for 5 minutes, then spread over cooled caramel.

Ben Mehrtens

Crispy Rice Choc Cups

Equipment:

Saucepan
Wooden Spoon
Paper Baking Cases
Muffin Tins

Ingredients:

50g deluxe plain chocolate, for cooking
50g butter
2 tablespoons golden syrup
75g Rice Pops
50g chopped roasted hazelnuts (optional)

Method:

1. Break the chocolate into pieces and put into a large saucepan with the butter and the golden syrup.
2. Put the saucepan over a low heat and stir until you have a smooth, runny melted mixture. Don't let it boil.
3. Take the pan off the heat, put it on a heatproof surface and mix in the rice pops and hazelnuts, stirring well.
4. Leave the chocolate rice mixture to cool for a few minutes; put the paper baking cases into bun tins.
5. Use two spoons to scoop the mixture into the paper cases and pat down well to make neat mounds.
6. While the chocolate is still soft, press on your decorations and leave the crispy rice cakes to set for two hours.

Viliami Likuohihifo



Connor Bindon 8LR

Skiping Olympics

MY FACE WAS COVERED IN PAINT. I was ready to do my country Brazil proud in the 2012 Dilworth Skiping Olympics.

The teams marched into the hall, some chanting, others singing. It was truly a sight.

The teams were in and that's when we saw the Head Boy running around with the torch that radiated heat.

The first event started. Everybody went quiet. Our team didn't manage to get gold in that event but we swore we'd get one.

It was the fourth event, skiping freestyle. We had a little luck in that event with Paul taking a gold medal home!

The Olympics had finally finished and France ended up winning.

Paul Rattanaprasit

My Valentine

The girl of my dreams, who lights up my life
Maybe in the future she could be my wife
The girl who's beautiful and so divine
I wish she could be my Valentine.

With her eyes so bright, as bright as the sun
When we hold hands, we are like one
With her lips so red, I love you she says
I could kiss them all night and kiss them all day.

At a restaurant on this very special day
I kneel on my knees and say will you marry me Jizay?
I am so sorry I'm a fake and a lie
Let's just kiss and say goodbye.

Papatika Walter and Tika Taniwha

The Dance

ON THE 3RD OF AUGUST we went to the Dilworth Junior Campus Social.

My friends and I all knew that I had the most swag out of them all. They also told me that I was the leader and they were my followers.

Once inside the hall a loud song was knocking on the front door of my memory until suddenly, boom! Words floated out of my mouth, flying around and colliding with the songs.

When this song called *Party Rock* came on, my legs started moving as if they were spazzing out.

A large group of people crowded me. Then a girl came out and challenged me. She thought that she was 'all man' until I used the shuffle step and 'dougie' at the same time!

It was time to enter the dining hall and have some supper.

After that we all went back to the hall where a booming noise was echoing and bouncing around. My friends followed me, the 'alpha male', around the hall and did some crazy dance moves while the music was entering our bloodstreams. We ran around like a pack of hungry wolves looking for a dance.



8S as Brazil: Excitement before the Skiping Olympics



8S: Skiping Olympics



Joel Ibbs of 8S at the Dance

The lights in the hall were reflecting and blinking off and on as if they were strobe lights. All of the colours made the hall seem like a rainbow.

We all got sweaty and it was like our hair had just been soaked. Sitting outside for a few moments, I could feel the cold breeze wash over my face. The tainted smell of sweat was slowly drifting off into the air.

After a few minutes I decided to go back into the echoing hall and enjoy the last songs of the day.

Anzac Warwood



Nitika Taniwha 8S



James Searle 8S

Cows These Days

We walked up the mountain
It was bright and sunny
I saw a fat fountain
It looked quite funny

While walking we saw cow poo
It looked quite disgusting
They should've used a loo
But they must've been busting

I wasn't watching where I was walking
I got it on my shoe
I was too busy talking
So I'll wipe it on you

When we got back
I threw my shoe in the rubbish sack.

Tevita Faiva and Nathaniel Mika-Lemalu

Connecting With Music

ON THE 27TH OF JULY, literally a hot winter's day, my senses were tingling as I entered the huge Auckland Town Hall full of different schools from all over Auckland and a school from Whangarei.

There was a huge stage with the Philharmonia Orchestra, humungous organ pipes and people everywhere. It smelt like a great new perfume and I could hear spectacular music from the orchestra.

Their ability to play so gently, smoothly and so amazingly was fantastic and it was a great honour to listen to such great music.

My highlight of that day was probably the end of the concert when they played some 'Indiana Jones'.

To finish we returned in our buses and enjoyed a great delicious pasta for lunch. It was an amazing day of memories and I do wish we could go back there some day to hear some more beautiful, peaceful music.

Eneasi Tu'a

Did you every see a six?
The quick red ball, very dangerous.

Did you ever smell an old shirt?
Smelly sweat, wet and disgusting.

Did you ever taste a sports drink?
Cold, refreshing, scull the drink.

Did you ever hear a crowd?
Loud cheering, Mexican waves, hungry for action.

Did you ever smell a sweaty sportsman?
Stinky, sour yucky smell.

A Dylan Thomas poem by Issey Ohtaka

Early New Zealand

FINALLY, THERE IT WAS — a dark shadow against the early morning mist; all but a line on the horizon.

We had been sailing for 98 days. Our hope for a new life, a new beginning. We were one of the families who made it; we were the survivors.

I was with my family — my beautiful wife Amy, my baby girl Eliza and my son Troy. We were standing watching the island come fully into view. We had made it!

Twelve days ago we sailed straight into a gigantic storm. We lost many lives through that passage. People were falling overboard, getting hit by giant hailstones and worst of all getting crushed by flying debris. At the beginning of the voyage we had fifteen families and now we are down to nine.

As we set foot on the island a group of indigenous people began performing a scary war dance of some type. We heard a gun shot as one of them fell to the ground. This caused them all to throw rocks and whatever else they could find.

Two more gun shots. They began to retreat, but we knew it wasn't over.

Joel Ibbs

Hereworth Exchange

I WOKE UP FULL OF NERVES and excitement on Friday 10th of August, the day we left for Hereworth.

We got on the bus ready for the eight-hour trip to Havelock North. I was all set with my iPod and pillow.

We stopped off at Matamata for morning tea, and then had a delicious lunch at Taupo, before finally reaching our destination: Hereworth.

I didn't know how to feel. I was kind of scared, but kind of excited. We were being matched up with our billets when my two best friends were put together. This made me a bit sad, but then I heard my name. Of course, just as I was dreading, I was by myself. My host's name was Jed Hellen. On the ride to his house he was telling me that his house wasn't that great.

When we pulled up his driveway I thought it was a joke. I was looking at a huge three-storey house, close to a mansion. He showed me around the massive house and one of the rooms was a cinema. A CINEMA! Who has a cinema in their house?? He then showed me outside. He had a huge backyard, a pool and a spa. We played some PS3, then it was dinner. We had tasty hamburgers for dinner, then, exhausted, we went to bed. We woke up early on Saturday ready for our game at 9:30.

We arrived at Hereworth to find our hockey team had lost 13-0. My team (1st XI football) nailed them 12-2, followed by our rugby team who won 46-13.

After a hot shower and some speeches we went to play some minigolf. I realised I was useless when a four year old beat me. By the time we got home it was dark. For dinner we had fish and chips.

We had to wake up at eight-thirty the next morning to go to chapel. At chapel there were songs sung by the choirs and then a final speech from a Dilworth Old Boy before we finished off the weekend with a Haka.

I had such an awesome weekend and I would definitely do it again.

Luca Macioce

Ten Things About Me

THERE ARE A LOT OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT ME! I couldn't narrow them down to five, but maybe ten. It'll be hard, but I think I can do it! Here are the top ten things about me!

- I am obviously very handsome. Well, handsome enough. I mean, the mirror doesn't crack. That's a good sign, right?
- I have many Nerf™ Guns, which include the Longstrike, the Spectre and the Praxis. They are all really good and can shoot really far!
- I love Greek Mythology, and my favourite myth would either be Perseus or Theseus.
- I like Roman Mythology, but nowhere near as much as Greek.
- My favourite male gods are Pan and Hephaestus, because they are both creative.
- My favourite female gods are Athena and Artemis, because they are both smart and strong willed.
- I can almost always figure out problems, if you give me some time.
- I love to read, as it fills time and helps you learn.
- I have good battle tactics, which help me in different situations.
- And last, but not least... I am very skilled with a sword and spear. I can even disable my opponents' weapons.

Rogan McPherson

Calm simple green hills
Mt Hobson stands proud and tall
Watching people pass by.

Paul Rattanaprasit

The Big Day

ON THURSDAY 23RD OF MAY MY MUM came to Dilworth to pick me up for my... well, I don't really know what it's called but I was getting four teeth out. That's what I thought.

We got to the place and I was so nervous! We walked through the sliding doors and into the waiting room. A lady came in and told me to get dressed into a skirt type thing. I hated it. I looked like a girl!

A man came in, introduced himself and told us to follow him into the operation room.

I lay down on a bed and I was totally fine until they put a mask over my nose and mouth. At the start I was breathing normally, but then on my last breath I got a chill down my spine and then I blacked out.

When I woke up my mouth was really sore, then a lady gave me an iceblock. I put it in my mouth and then I couldn't feel my bottom teeth on my iceblock!

I put my fingers in my mouth to see if my teeth were there – and they weren't!

Zen Kawharu



Anthony Pereira-Bureta 8S



Ainsley Scrivener 8S

A New Zealand Story

OVER THE HIGH WAVES sailed a thousand huge wakas – with big trees in the front middle and back.

As our tribe and I watched the wakas hit the shores, we started to get the feeling they were invaders, here for our land and women.

It turned out they just cut down masses of our tallest trees, dug some sticky gum out of the ground and took some yellow rocks. We thought it was just some fire rocks.

Then they also took many seal skins and whale blubber.

And they thought we were crazy!

They had a big fight and we were all laughing as we ate our kumara.

Leo Tanoa'i

Dream

IF I COULD, I would design a Surf 'n' Skate house. It would be a massive mansion with its very own wave box for surfers. It would have a very big Skate Park – the best in the world.

My room would have its own half pipe and a workshop for the many skateboards I would have.

Hopefully people like Tony Hawk and Kelly Slater would stay in my mansion.

It would be awesome because if pro surfers and skaters came to New Zealand they could call me up and stay in my house.

It would be the best house ever!

Chris Hirst



Nathaniel Mika-Lemalu 8S



Faapae Faamausili 8S

Te Hana O Marama

ON FRIDAY 23RD OF MARCH, the Year Eights of Dilworth Junior Campus traveled to Te Hana Marae, north of Warkworth.

First of all, the trip there was very long. It was at least an hour and a half, and I got a bit car sick (or would that be bus sick?). However, when we finally arrived, I was stunned. First of all, the marae was pretty big, and I was pretty sure I saw some sort of village in the back. I couldn't wait to explore.

I remembered we had to stick together. The next thing we had to do was a Powhiri. I was one of the last people in so I sat in the front row. It felt really weird considering I wasn't doing anything special or important. I thought I must have made a mistake, but then I saw Skyler sitting down the row and I knew I was safe.

Macen did an amazing mihi and he did it like it was something he did regularly and stood up straight. After he sat down the people of the marae performed their song *He Honore*. They sang it surprisingly loudly, considering there were only a few of them. The Year Eights then stood, and some of the boys started singing the introduction, and then everyone else joined in, and we sang *Ka Waiata*. I really just wanted to sit down and relax, but I knew we weren't finished - it was haka time!

We performed an amazing haka and I think our hosts looked a little scared. Well probably not, but I had to think that. It made me believe we did a good job.

Next up we had a light snack – two pikelets and an apple. Yum! Kaumatua 'Bob' put one side of the room against the other in a singing competition of *Ka Waiata*. We were clearly better than the others, but I think an aerial signal must have somehow affected his hearing.

We got a brief tour of their Maori Village and Pa replica from the 17th century. It was much smaller than an actual one, and a lot less detailed. You'd think they could've put real skulls on the posts instead of wooden ones! The tour was really good. At one point near the end, they did a performance and explained the weapons and their names – a taiaha and a kanuka.

When we thought everything was finished, we were told that we could go up to the top of the hill, even though they said it wasn't open to school groups. Some of us even got to bang the tree trunk at the top used for signals getting through the village. We then began the trek down.

I thought this was a very cool trip and would love to do it again. A very big thank you to the kitchen for the great lunch and especially to Whaia Rowland for organizing the trip for us all.

Rogan McPherson

Dilworth Social

THIS WAS A BIG MOMENT for some of us. Not only was it their first year at Dilworth, but also their first time interacting with girls!

There was jumping, screaming and singing all at the same time and that made a terrible sound. Every time a 'One Direction' song played there were ear-piercing screams bouncing off the walls of the hall and some of us just wanted to get out of there.

At 'break-time' (also known as 'half time') there was heaps of food: sausages, hot dogs, cakes – and too much else for me to remember. To be honest, most of us weren't hungry so instead we talked and talked.

After supper was the time to 'shake-it' on the dance floor. We were all having fun dancing with other girls. I felt sorry for those who were camping out in the corner.

We all hurried home to add all the girls to our Facebook accounts.

William To'ofoho

Best Weekend Ever

MY DAD TOLD ME that my family was sick and that we had to be 'stay backs' for the weekend. I thought that was going to be boring.

All of a sudden, Zen Kawharu and his mother Margaret came walking through the door of Cotter House and said that they could take me home! Yay! Much better than staying at school. The Housemaster rang my dad and asked if they could take me for the weekend. The suspense was too much! I was sweating but Zen's mum said I could come. Whoopee! I hadn't stayed over at anyone's house for ages! This weekend was now going to be a fun one.

I earned a hard-out rest that night, but to my surprise Zen woke me up at 6:45am so that he could play on the computer. I thought that was crazy! But I went along with it. I had no idea how to play the game so I sat and watched, then I realised that he had a PSP! I asked if I could play on it. He said I needed to find the charger because it had no battery. There were a lot of cables around but eventually I found it. I watched Zen some more then I saw he had an Apple iPod Touch! I asked if I could play on that. He said I needed to find the charger for that as well! Ten minutes later I had an iPod Touch and a PSP charging and all I was doing was staring into space!

The rest of the morning was a blur. After probably four hours on the computer we took the dog, Monty, for a walk to Muriwai Beach. The sand was black and really soft under my feet. Zen and I walked up the steep dunes to the top, then jumped off.

We came back later and had lunch.

For another five hours we sat in the computer room and played. This time, however, I found a Tech Deck and started playing with that. Zen kept telling me all the tricks I was doing, but I couldn't have cared less.

That night we had a nice dinner and watched a bit of TV. I had never been exposed to technology for so long in one day. That night I slept like my life depended on it.

Much of Sunday was the same except that we made some soda water. There is a bottle that you fill up with water and you put it under a funnel thing and press a button. The noise was like elephants dancing. The water went fizzy and we added some flavouring to it. It tasted nice.

That weekend was the best.

Ainsley Scrivener

Birds flew gracefully
Like moving black pebbles
Upon the blue sky.

James Searle

Bees flew clumsily
Around the flower garden
Collecting pollen.

James Searle

Peaceful, cool mountain
Struggling, windy, awesome
Steep, tall, fat mountain.

Christian Tupou

"Wow" is all I say
About the mountain so high
Too big for my eyes

David Auna



Issey Ohtaka 85



Joel Ibbs 85

The Future

WHEN I'M OLDER I'd like to be a policemen or a chef. I think that being a policemen could be fun and dangerous at the same time. The positive things are that there is a lot of money on offer and you're doing it for your country. The negative thing is you will have to deal with lots of drunk people who could be armed.

I'd like to be a chef because it's fun and you could cook for your family to enjoy. You could learn heaps of new stuff and travel around.

Anthony Pereira-Bureta

Chubbalicious

SHE IS LIKE A COLUMN OF BRIGHT SHINING LIGHT, hair smelling like strawberries, eyes shining like the sun, legs are as smooth as silk. She always looks to me as tall as the Sky Tower, is about 14 and is very beautiful. She is like a precious diamond to me.

A 50 Word Character Study By Zen Kawharu

Anzac Day

There are the men, strong and tall
Waiting to battle in the war
In the open they fight for pride
Each knowing that they will die
They know which country they're fighting for
They sacrifice their lives for the rich and the poor
They all fought with blood, sweat and tears
Encouraging each other to conquer their fears
Their loved ones are worried; all they can do know is pray,
This is what happens on Anzac Day

Nitika Taniwha

Skippping Olympics

ON A BREEZY, GREY-SKIED THURSDAY MORNING Dilworth Junior Campus held its own 'Skippping Olympics'.

Each 'country' marched, waving their flag, fanning out the old dust, yelling and yahooing, screaming anxiously, waiting for the start.

'On Your Marks! Get Set... GO!' Whirr! The skippers tried to do as many skips in one minute as they could. Puff! As we reached the fifty second mark, all the skippers started to slow down. We all had fun and enjoyed ourselves, and had a bit of competition at the same time.

Each skipping event was packed full of excitement and action. Everyone was having a great time no matter what the outcome was. We all were still happy.

Not long after it was time for the team events. I was thinking to myself: "Oh no! I'm going to make my team lose! I suck!" As I got to the centre of the line to run through the skipping rope I was scared to my bones. My hands were shivering with fear as I waited for David to run through, and after that – 'whoosh!' I ran through not touching the skipping rope. The second time I hesitated and the rope just nipped my T-shirt but I didn't stop and just kept on going. But when it came near my fourth turn, James had stuffed it up. I thought that he would be pitied, but our team said: "Nice try mate!"

Anzac Warwood



Sebastian Ah Yek 8S

In The Barnyard

A trip to the barnyard
Meeting animals and friends
Tweet tweet goes the bird
Beep beep says my friend saying the bad word

Oink oink goes the pig
The cow goes *moo*
Squeak squeak goes the guinea pig
I think I'm going to sneeze – *achoo*

The horse goes *neigh*
The dog barks
Cockarooooo goes the rooster every morning
Wack! go the people playing in the park

Sheep go *baa*
We humans sing *laa*

An onomatopoeia poem by Carlos Raass

Dangers of Smoking

WHAT'S IN A CIGARETTE? Why is smoking so addictive? How can you stop smoking? What are the benefits if you stop smoking? And what do you do if someone peer pressures you to smoke?

Have you ever wondered what's in a cigarette?

A cigarette contains over 4,000 chemicals, including 43 known cancer-causing compounds and 400 other toxins: cadmium is in batteries; butane is found in your lighters; ammonia is in toilet cleaners such as disinfected sprays and Ajax; methane is located in sewer gas; toluene is found in industrial solvents; arsenic is deadly poisonous; carbon monoxide is inside the cigarette and hexamine you get when you use barbecue lighters.

Isn't that just horrible!

Why is smoking so addictive? One of the main ingredients in a cigarette is nicotine, which is contained in the leaves of several species of plants. Everyone knows this is the real reason why smokers are addicted to cigarettes.

There are hundreds of problems if you choose to smoke. They are: asthma, mouth cancer, gum disease, heart disease, infertility, kidney cancer, lung cancer and so many others.

Huge numbers of people smoke, including children, but often they don't seem to care about what happens. They do it because they have been influenced by others.

If someone or a group of mates peer pressure you to smoke, and something doesn't feel quite right, simply say, "Why do that?" and walk away. This is the right thing to do.

Why waste all your money on a pack of cigarettes when you can use that money to feed your family, pay a mortgage and to buy food?

If you smoke and want to seek help, visit Quitline, or start up a non-smoking group to persuade smokers to stop. Quitting smoking is hard, but you can do it.

The choice is up to you, so make sure you make the right one.

Sebastian Ah Yek





Elaijah Tuivaiti 6V