



2011 Year 6: Liam Cantwell

The Words That Refused

Once upon a time ... nah too fairylike, in a lonesome castle ... great idea but I don't live in a castle, in a galaxy far far away ... isn't Star Wars copyrighted?

Actually you know what, blast introductions I'll just tell you the crazy but true story about me and my stubborn computer.

It all started one rainy and horrible Friday (man, I hate Fridays). Normally something unlucky happens to me every Friday and today was no different. I jumped out of bed and ... onto a remote. Owwww! I brought my foot up in pain, overbalanced, and fell into a wall. You would think that was my bad luck for the day finished, wouldn't you? It wasn't. The impact sent me backwards onto the SAME Wii REMOTE I STEPPED ON breaking into a million pieces. Ohhhh! My mum would rearrange my insides if she found out that I broke my only Wii remote. I decided not to tell her (man, I REALLY hate Fridays).

I made my way downstairs. The calendar read FRIDAY 13th (no surprises there!). Mum and Dad weren't out of bed yet and nor was my sister, Caitlin, so I made myself some cereal and sat down for breakfast in the kitchen. I looked at the computer on the desk next to me and I sighed. It was my lifetime dream to be an author but I always seemed to have writer's block before I even started. Suddenly, I had an idea. I would write a story about myself! Not really about myself but about somebody like me who gets into nasty scrapes every Friday! I would be a king of children's books! (somewhere between Roald Dahl and Jackie French). Children in libraries everywhere would cheer my name! I would be famous! I, Jamie Zingfrey would write a book that would knock children's socks off when they read it and that one book, could make me rich!

I got typing right away. It started like this, "Call me Jamie. Actually, don't call me that honestly, because what is in this book would embarrass any author who wrote it!" I printed off the first page and looked at it. I was in for the biggest surprise of my life!

"Cll m Jm. Ctily dn't cll m tht hnstly, bcs wht s n ths bk wld mbrrss ny thr wh wrt t!" What happened to my words? "What the..." I said when I first saw it. "There are no vowels in this writing!" "Well what do you expect when I only have 2500 vowel stamps left in me?" said a muffled voice from behind me. I turned around and saw ... only my folded laptop. I turned back, it must have been my imagination. "Hello Jamie boy, were you even listening?" said that same voice. I faced the computer again. "Finally" said a definite voice from the computer. "Unfold me this instant!" I obeyed immediately and saw a face that was really moving its mouth and speaking.

"Wow!" I said, "You can talk!" It nodded its screen in reply. "But why can't you put any vowels in my story?" I asked it. "Well I've already told you that" it retorted, "I only have 2500 vowel stamps left". "What are vowel stamps?" I asked. "You're curious aren't you" said the computer looking annoyed. "A vowel stamp puts vowels on a page" it answered in a disturbing know-it-all accent. I was starting to get cheesed off. "Well, 2500 vowel stamps seem like an awful lot" I shouted at it angrily. "I suppose



so but ...uhh urn" it said stupidly. I interrupted its gibberish with a demanding question. "Sooooo are you going to put them in or not?". It paused and stubbornly replied "N-0".

My eyes started to get red, I was overcome with fury, my head was going to explode. "WHYYYYYYYYYY NOOOOOOOOOT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I screamed at it with all my might. "Whyyyyyyyyyyy nooooooot" it mimicked. "It's because I don't feel like it king killer of vocal chords" said the computer in an annoying sing-song voice. That was it. I saw red and grabbed the computer roughly in both hands, cracking the screen in the process. "Hey. HEY! PUT ME DOWN" it shouted, but I didn't put it down, I threw it down... onto the marble floor. And with one last spark the face on my laptop was no more.

I froze and in the quiet, I heard a weird fluttering sound. The paper I had printed my story on was moving gently by itself. Seconds later it stopped and I picked it up cautiously and started to read.

"Call me Jamie. Actually, don't call me that honestly, because what is in this book would embarrass any author who wrote it!"

