

Two Short Stories

by *Steven Cook*

Here are two short stories. The first was written by my 13 year old daughter for a school project. Her teachers thought it was good and so did I. It also inspired me to plagiarise and write the second short story.

My Life as a Lump of Clay by *Rachel Cook*

It was around the 15th century when I was just a slimy, wet lump of clay in a potters workshop in China. I had no idea what was going to happen to me, actually I didn't really care, I just wished I could get out of that place so I could join some of my friends. Well finally my wish came true, but in a dizzy way.



First I was picked up by two big coarse hands of an old Chinese man. He then dropped me onto a table like a potters wheel. Then I saw the mans foot pressing on a pedal and the table I was on began to turn slowly. I was then moulded upwards and he dug out a hole in the bottom of me. That's when the table began to go even faster and I was getting dizzy, so dizzy that I passed out and everything went black.

After that, I didn't know what happened, but when I eventually woke up I felt very hot. I didn't think it was summer yet—it's still too cold to go to the beach and get a tan, anyway I already had a great tan. Then I looked around me and saw—*fire!* I must be in a kiln. I would have been in there for quite a long time as I was boiling hot. Then the door opened and the Chinese man grabbed me and put me on a bench and left me. I was cooling down a bit which was good. Oh great, here comes that man again probably to torture me for the fourth time, but I was wrong. He was actually just painting me which was nice as the paintbrush was soft and ticklish. He finally finished painting me then glazed me.

And I was finished.

The man took me to an old place and I was placed on a shelf for decoration then after a long time I was put in a box in a dark cupboard. I fell asleep for a very long time and when I woke up I was where I am today in an antique shop. I found out that I was a Ming vase made in the 15th century and I am now worth a million dollars.

How's that for a lump of clay?

My Life as a Lump of Sand by *Steven Cook*

It was in the early part of the 20th century when I was just a load of silica sand laying around somewhere in North America. I had no idea what would ever happen to me, but then again I didn't really care.

Well one day things really did change, all this noise as the bulldozers moved in and started digging me up, dumping me into the back of a truck and sending me off to a place called Corning. Next thing I knew it was really hot, far to hot for just a summer heat wave. Oh no I said, as I saw I was heading into a blast furnace to be melted down. Eventually as I cooled down I realised that I had been changed forever into a lump of glass. What on earth is going to happen to me now I thought.

Well it didn't take long and I was travelling again, this time to a place called Grubb-Parsons. Next thing you know and someone has got me on a giant turntable, going round and round, getting dizzy and dizzy, until eventually I passed out and didn't remember a thing. Then one day some people took me out of a dark crate and I looked around and saw all these strange animals called kangaroos. While I was unconscious I must have travelled thousands of miles to a strange new country. I soon found out that I now had a job, working for the Weapons Research Establishment at a place called Woomera. I was now a mirror in an atmospheric range-finding telescope—sorry, but I'm sworn to secrecy from revealing what I saw!

Eventually I was retired and found myself living out what I expected to be me last years, in a chook shed in the Adelaide suburb of Brighton. One day a Mr Anderson and a Mr Cook found my hiding place and thought to themselves, "hey we should shift this fellow, and see if we can revive him." Well shift I did, for the last 5 years or so I have been living with a Mr Franks, but it seems a Mr Grida has plans for me to again be a telescope mirror. Hopefully not too far into the 21st century I will be on-line via the Internet and my friends back in America will be able to see me again as I beam deep sky images all over the world.

How's that for a lump of sand?

