

Years 3 & 4

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## Escape

My heart was pounding out of my chest as I scrambled across damp and rough rocks vigorously. I had only just whistled through the trees near the billabong when Sergeant Smiths had spotted me resting silently. With my head perched gently on the rough and thick bark of a plump tree, he ran with a steady pace towards me, ready to report me to police headquarters.

You see, Sergeant Smiths was a highly strict police officer. And he hates kids as much as he could possibly hate kids. I, however, was a decent boy who somehow found 'play fighting' fun. One day, I came across Sergeant Smiths and thought maybe he would want a 'play punch' in his stomach to amuse him. However, when I had punched him in the stomach, he had squealed with surprise and chased after me.

I ran like a cheetah, you see, and poor Sergeant couldn't keep up with me. So that day, he was too tired to get me. With a significant pant in his breath he had said, "I'll getcha back one of these days, kid!" with a frustrated punch onto the sturdy bench. With a cheeky grin I had said, "Really, I bet you couldn't beat a sloth with a tree on its back, huh?"

So there you have it, Sergeant hates me and wants revenge for an absolutely little thing (that was to say, 'horse-playing'). So two weeks later, when Sergeant Smiths saw me again that morning at the trees gently snoozing on a pine tree, he knew he had to get back at me. So with a good jog he raced towards me ready to report me to police headquarters for no absolute reason.

Luckily, I had actually kept my eyes open for any signs of danger. I sprinted within two seconds flat, all the way to the park. But Sergeant Smiths must have taken professional Olympic classes because, boy, he chased me down speedily. I must have been feeling pretty athletic that morning because I jumped over a tall, white hedge right into 'Western Australia's National Park'.

Sergeant Smiths was heavy and when he tried to jump over the white hedge, he toppled dramatically onto the soft sand. But he pushed himself up and propelled towards me like a jet. I hurtled through the air incredibly and ran continuously. Both of us kept the chase all the way around the whole of 'Western Australia's National Park'.

A few minutes later I was out of breath. But the Sergeant was not. He raced towards me ready to smash me to bits. Just as I thought I was doomed, an enormous black pigeon had smacked onto Sergeant Smith's head. He was blinded by the handsome creature and had walked around in circles and fell into the park's river. With a huge splash he was wiped out immediately and was going to bail out.

He struggled to the surface breathlessly, the pigeon had flown onto a tree with some other fellow pigeons. I had managed to regain my breath and had run away onto a sandy path. After that, I had a good long rest against my 'rival' Smiths.

Just after I had recharged my batteries from running approximately one kilometre, Sergeant Smiths roared onto the pathway onto me, and as quickly as possible I jumped out of the way. Sergeant Smiths was not prepared for this, he then toppled over his legs straight into a stinky garbage can.

Furious, ol' Smiths cautiously inspected anyone hiding beneath the trees. I lay down as flat as a stone underneath a carved-out rock. I stayed as still as a penguin, sneakily escaping the tunnel. I crawled into the distance, inch by inch, metre by metre. Suddenly, the mischievous and sneaky Sergeant Smiths spotted me, beneath the shadows.

He gave an enormous bellow that shook and rustled the leaves on the trees. Suddenly, my elbow was feeling like it had been poisoned by a giant bull ant. I cried out in shock, pain shooting up my arm.

Sergeant Smiths took advantage of this circumstance and began chasing me down the sturdy, rough path. He was right on my tail. When he got very close to me, he grabbed my cap and shot it into the air. I miraculously made an impressive cap-footie catch.

But, I lost my grip with my blue cap and crashed onto Sergeant Smith's bulging belly. My cap landed squarely on the Sergeant's pale face. He immediately ripped the cap in half, causing an ear-splitting scratch.

I left the blue cap behind and ran further up ahead onto the road. I slipped on a leftover orange peel that some person had spit out onto the path. I stumbled over but made a consistent smack with my hands on the way to the ground.

In the distance behind me, I could see a black figure racing closer and closer to me. It was probably Sergeant Smiths that was chasing me. My brain panicked and urged my long legs to go further.

My feet silently followed what my brain said and ran long strides across the park. Sergeant Smiths was only two yards behind me.

In desperation, I flew through the air in the opposite direction, causing him to turn around breathlessly. I slowly widened the gap again in search for a place to trick the Sergeant. Up ahead, I knew that the billabong was just a mile further.

So I bared uncontrollably nearer and nearer to the billabong. Finally, I could see a tiny river way up ahead of me. I told myself I could wait a bit longer for the billabong. I had been so worked up about the billabong that I had not wondered about Sergeant Smiths at all. I turned around while running and saw that Sergeant Smiths was puffing and huffing on the pathway.

He slowed down a bit to regain energy. I rested a bit too, as I was feeling tired. I leaned onto a sign pole that said 'zebra crossing'. As quickly as a panther, Sergeant Smiths started up again this time, carefully looking where he was going. I ran onto the path straight ahead, again, I tripped on something that someone threw onto the path. I backflipped headfirst back onto my upright position heading towards my target: the billabong. I soon reached it and swiftly dived headfirst into the water. Poof! The water hit me in the face, causing me to thrash around.

Sergeant Smiths, was too tired to get inside the billabong and lay down on the ground panting very hard. Just as I was about to escape, Sergeant Smiths pulled me into a corner and said,

"Where are you going, kid? I've been chasing you down trying to tell you that you've won the International Running Competition."

All this while I thought Sergeant Smiths was chasing me? Whaaaaaaat?

"Oh, okay, I mean like how – you were chasing me all morning and – oh, okay . . . "

"Kid, sometimes things don't turn out to be like things at all!" explained Sergeant Smiths reassuringly.

Soon, Sergeant Smiths handed me a dazzling golden trophy! Wow! I waved goodbye to Sergeant Smiths and proudly walked home with my trophy in hand. I was overwhelmed with emotions as I took the trophy home.

The End.