

Years 11 & 12
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Tentative Observations

He picked up the rock beneath his feet. It was peculiar in size and shape but he didn't mind. He found it really interesting how a single rock was once a part of a bigger rock. This train of thought led him to a worldwide scale. John then thought of himself as a rock, thinking that he was only a tiny piece in relation to the population of all humanity. This led him to remember Albert Einstein from Science class or Rosa Parks and Franklin D. Roosevelt from History class and how they were all just a tiny rock in relation to the world. He thought maybe one day he could be like them, a great rock, tiny but great. He compared himself to each person and thought his rock to be worthless.

He opened his tattered skinny jean pocket with his two fingers and placed the rock gently inside. The air was cold on the hill top but he didn't mind. He came here every Friday morning. He normally had no school on a Friday as they replaced it with Sunday. He thought it was strange, but nevertheless he enjoyed Friday mornings. He would take hours out of his day just to hear the sounds of the sea with seals swimming and fish splashing. In the sky he would see birds and butterflies soaring and landing so effortlessly, he could only imagine what it would be like to be a bird, having endless summer nights to cruise the foreshore on the hill top.

John walked over the first hill and found himself at the edge of the cliff. If you were to look down, you'd see the beach with ocean rocks and dark grey sand on this cold Friday morning. The winter season was coming so there were no soaring birds and butterflies, no swimming seals or fish that he could see. The fresh air was nice enough for him. Small droplets of dew from the condensed rain were on the grass below him. His eye line followed the trail on the wet floor beneath him to the left of his side. When his eyes rose he saw a small tent, with colours like it was a soldier trying to camouflage before being caught. Now the tent was caught by him.

John had never seen a tent like this here before. He wondered who it belonged to, what it was doing here, and why it was here. As curious as a detective, he had to have a peek. He slowly trudged his way through the wet grass until he reached the cliff edge and inspected the outside. He hated being nosy but in his mind he wasn't, he was only doing his job, like a guard dog on duty, protecting the land, he had to attack any unknown predator. Though he did not attack. Something about the tent did not seem threatening, but almost added peace to the atmosphere. Maybe it was the colours or maybe the way it swayed in the wind, with a little might, that had nudged gently on the right side of the tent's face.

Even though the tent was doing no harm, he still wanted to see and know. He pressed his face up to the side of the tent and peered inside, holding his hands above his eyes like binoculars. He saw nothing inside, except a pile of small rocks all stacked up into a pyramid-like shape. His face dropped. Rocks? he thought. What are a pile of rocks doing in an abandoned tent? He stood up and looked around but

saw no answer to his questions. All he saw was the wet green grass, the cool blue sea and the misty fog which came out when he exhaled.

John suddenly heard someone mumble. He froze dead in his tracks. Almost paralysed. He peered round to the other side of the tent and saw an elderly man with a green trench coat, white hair and beard like snow and a hobble to his step. The old man glimpsed upward and saw John peering behind the tent. The old man smiled. "I see you've found my tent," he remarked. John nodded. The old man stood and gestured for John to come toward him. John complied. He did not know what he was doing. They learnt about stranger danger at school but this seemed oddly fine, like a family member stopped by to say hello.

John paced toward the man and they both sat down at the edge of the cliff next to the tent.

"I am assuming you know about the rocks. You see I was like you once, with many questions," the old man remarked.

John's ears perked up, he had no idea who this man was or why he was here.

"I used to believe that the rock I found here 55 years ago was worthless but I eventually understood," the old man continued. John was extremely confused now, but intrigue set in and he had to know.

"Do you have your rock in your pocket?" he asked. John nodded and the man got up, opened his tent and the two walked inside. John wasn't nervous.

"I found a rock 55 years ago that I thought was peculiar in shape and size but I didn't mind. My mind thought about how the rock was tiny in relation to the world. I then compared myself to the likes of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the President at that time and thought of my rock as worthless. However, that meant I was worthless too. Today I've come back to where I found the rock and now I understand the importance of that tiny rock. You're probably looking at the stack of rocks and feel confused," the old man spoke.

He was right. John was confused. It was shaped like a pyramid but had no top. The old man then asked John for his rock. He opened his pocket and gave the old man the rock. The man placed John's rock on top of the shape making it a now complete pyramid. The old man continued.

"You see, even though the rock was so incredibly tiny, the structure was not complete without it, therefore the rock is . . ."

The old man waited for John to finish the sentence for him. John answered, inspired by the old man's wisdom.

"Therefore, the rock is not worthless."

John wondered what the world would be like without a rock. He thought about how all the rocks were important for society to function properly. John thanked the man, said it was nice to meet him, got up and left the tent. When he opened the door he saw nothing but wet grass, and cool blue waves crashing upon one another. John turned and looked back inside the tent. The man was gone. He jumped back outside again and could not see him anywhere. It was like he vanished into thin air. He stopped. He smiled. Took a deep breath, and continued his morning.