

Years 7 & 8
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Glistening Bubbles

Saple sat in the shade of a substantial tree, pondering as her thoughts raced inside her mind. She rested on the sandy shore, unconsciously watching the waves wash in and out. The clouds overhead enveloped the sky in a great blanket. The sun peered through an opening of this giant quilt, enlightening the lands with a golden glow – it formed the perfect scenery for Saple. She enjoyed the smell of the salty breeze and the water washing in her toes. It was her favorite feeling.

There was peace and quiet where Saple rested. Every day after school, she used this time to dwell on matters of her own. No one bothered her, she bothered no one. It had always been this way and she hopes that it always will be. She never enjoyed interacting with others. Rather than playing with the other kids at school during lunch, she sat on the swings – looking down at her feet. But on that day, something unusual happened; something quite out of the ordinary. Something that Saple would have never thought would have ever occur to her.

Saple sat underneath the same aged tree. She was about to be entranced by her own thoughts, but something caught her eye. They flickered and danced in the blowing gust, shining with ever so bright colours. Floating over the tide, they slowly came to land and burst with a pop! Saple looked over to see a small child laughing and following the bubbles. The child beamed with euphoria, blowing the bubbles out of his tiny bubble bottle. Looking over, he noticed Saple watching him. She softly smirked at him. He paused. Suddenly, the child waddled over in his sandals. She was not prepared for this.

He stopped on a patch of grass before her. Despite Saple sitting down, he was still vastly smaller than her in size.

“Blow?” he asked, indicating to his bubbles. “Blow bubbles for me?”

Saple glanced at him then their surroundings. Where were his parents? They would not be that far away from him. He stood there gawking at her, waiting for a response. She could not reject his small request. After all, he only was a child.

“Sure,” Saple replied “I’ll go blow some bubbles for you.”

The child gleamed at her while she stood up. They walked down close to the shore, leaving a trail of splotchy footprints behind. He handed her the bubbles, bounding impatiently as she untwisted the cap. She took a deep breath and blew. Surprisingly, nothing came out. She shook the stick vigorously, as if it was its fault. Watching her, the child burst into a fit of giggles. Saple felt humbled – being humiliated by a smaller being.

“You don’t do it like that!” he managed to spit out. “You have to do it slowly.”

It was hard enough to understand his baby talk; now it was slurred gibberish to Saple.

“Fine then, you do it,” Saple replied, handing him the bubbles. He calmed down and took the bubbles. Gently, he blew the bubbles with ease. They glistened and finally settled gently with a burst.

“See?” he uttered. “Now you do it for me!”

He handed her the bubbles. She realised that she had not blown bubbles before. It was a common practise, but her parents had not given her any toys, even at a younger age. Studying and reading were the only hobbies she had at youth. Even now she did not bother with such insignificant and useless things. But after this, she thought that maybe it was not so useless.

An eruption of bubbles floated everywhere. The sound of a child laughing followed afterwards.

“You did it!” he exclaimed “Good job!”

He ran after the bubbles with great joy. Saple felt proud of her doings.

They continued to blow bubbles, chasing them afterwards with joy. But as everything ends – so did their fun.

“Aww,” the child groaned, “the bubbles are finished!”

He tipped the bottle and only a small droplet came out. Saple looked overhead. The sky had turned overcast, and splatters of white started to appear against it. The sun had started to fall from the horizon. It felt like hours for which they were playing. It was best for her to head back.

“Well,” Saple began to say, but something cut her off. The sounds of yelling started to come from behind. They both turned to that direction and two small silhouettes were running towards them – both yelling and flailing their hands frantically. Both their yelling and they began to get clearer as they came closer. Saple still could not tell who they were, or what they were. She looked down to her side, expecting to see the small child. But he was not there. Instead, he had gone off towards the two figures.

“Wait!” Saple exclaimed “Where are you going?”

The child did not listen and kept on running. Saple started to pace behind him, but when she got closer, she was in for a surprise.

The two figures came in for a hug with the small toddler. It was an adult and another child, around the same age as Saple.

“Oh my sweet darling!” remarked the adult “Where have you been?”

The adult hugged the toddler so hard; he probably could not give a response.

“Muum,” squeaked the toddler. “I was playing bubbles!” He pointed to Saple “I was playing with her.”

Saple sheepishly grinned and waved.

“Saple isn’t it?” the mother recalled. “Isn’t she one of your classmates Daisy?”

Saple almost forgot she was there. Daisy peeked from behind her mother and nodded. Daisy was shy. Very shy. Saple was able to talk to people and co-operate with others, she just did not enjoy it. Daisy, on the other hand, could not do it even if she tried.

Saple nodded in response.

“Mum, mum,” the toddler whinged. “Can we have some more bubbles?” The mother began to plunge into her handbag.

“I’m so sorry if Dylan’s been a bother,” the lady stated. “We’ve been looking for him for quite a while now, quite the adventurous one.”

After a few seconds of rummaging, the lady pulled something out of her handbag.

“Aha!” the mother exclaimed. “I knew I packed a second one.”

She was about to hand the bottle to Dylan, but she hesitated.

“Mm, maybe we can play tomorrow, it is getting quite dark.”

“But Mum –” Dylan groaned.

The lady gave Dylan the look, and he did not finish his sentence.

“Well then, we’ll be off,” the mother said. “Maybe we can play tomorrow?”

Saple nodded in response. It was also time for her to go.

So, they gave their goodbyes and went the opposite ways. They pledged that they would meet again tomorrow. Saple felt content. It was a changing experience for her. Instead of always sitting by herself, she started to be more open to everyone. She was delighted.

Maybe it was not so hard to make friends, Saple thought. Maybe all that is needed are some bubbles.