



QUIRKY QUERIES & QUESTS FROM THE YOUNG WRITERS OF STORY STUDIOS AUSTRALIA

## SAM: THE PROTECTOR OF NOITICA

THIERRY SPILOPOULOS

Once upon a time, Sam was living in Noitica. It is a luscious, green country with lots to do.

There are floating houses on top of the hills and theatre, movies, music festivals for people to enjoy. But Noitica is surrounded by a wall so tall it almost covers the sunlight. As we know, the things outside of the wall could be catastrophic because no one knows what lives beyond the border.



Sam's job is to protect the village from the fire monster. Its towering body climbs over the village. Its claws could slice the air clean. The smoke coming off of the shoulders is as black as the night. Its feet could destroy an elephant in a matter of seconds.

Josh, the village leader, used to be the fire monster's friend until Sam came along. Josh thought that he could overrun the town by using the fire monster as fear, by using rumors saying that the fire monster destroyed the Elder Scroll. The Elder Scroll had one of the most potent fire elements that could destroy a city in a snap of a finger, so it cannot fall into the wrong hands.

However, Josh used the elder scroll and accidentally wiped himself out of existence, making a new threat to the village. His lies and his anger created the mysterious Earth Monster.

Sam has incredible skills as the protector of the village. Sam can set his body alight, he can jump incredibly high through 'double-jumping.'

He has great parkour skills and more strength than he had in his prime form. But most importantly, he can communicate with the fire monster by sending an idea or an image to each other's mind.

They are a little bit of friends but a little bit enemies. Kind of like siblings.

The fire monster lives outside of Noitica but can travel through flames and anything that is set alight - through smoke, fire and so on.

One night, the wall was destroyed by a mysterious creature that has left the border crumbling into pieces. Big clumps of gravel were crushed. Giant claw marks scraped across the ground. The house's roofs were swept off their walls. The most devastating scene: a carnage of sheep with remnants of hooves and blood-clotted fur.

The villagers are scared, and they suppose it is the fire monster because they believe whatever Josh's rumors were. Sam finds the news overwhelming, but he tries to tell the town that the fire monster didn't cause this destruction and says that it is something way more disturbing. The villagers think that Sam is trying to defend the fire monster, and the villagers grab some cars and weapons and destroy the remaining parts of the border, making some of it fall into the water, to hunt for the fire monster.



*Continued on Page Two....*



# SAM: THE PROTECTOR OF NOITICA

THIERRY SPILOPOULOS

Outside the border, they saw a crumbled city with buildings being overtowered by vines. There were wrecked cars and lots of abandoned shops, houses, and more. As they walked further and further, they saw an overlap of dead crops melting into ashes.

Suddenly, they started hearing grumbles of buildings in the distance. They heard a horrifying scream charging closer. As one of the villagers started their engine, the Earth monster grabbed one of the cars and tipped it into its mouth like grains of rice.

It had blood dripping from its bloodthirsty mouth, jagged sharp teeth, and claws that sparkled in the gleaming sunlight. Its skin was as scaly as a snake.

The villagers screamed and started driving back to their village, but the earth monster chased and charged toward them. Sam summoned the fire monster to help him and the villagers. The fire monster appeared from a mini campfire, and it jumped towards the earth monster, grabbing its back and shooting flames into the Earth Monster. The Earth monster stuck its scaly claws into the fire monster's skin. The fire monster grabbed the Earth monster by the head and threw it to the other side of the border. The villagers cheered and the fire monster disappeared back into the mini campfire, after being sure that the earth monster won't return.

**Another victory for Sam.**

**Another victory for the village.**

# BUY A TOTOTIE!

MISS BOOKWORM

For just 2 memories and a bedcover you can purchase a lovely Tototie. What is this creature you ask? It is like a dog, but 10 times the size, and its slobber is the key ingredient to making sleeping soup. Also, it has blonde fur that can be used when making an Invisibility Cloak.

This Tototie is a two-year-old in their years, 40 in human years, and 100 in alien age. Pick up in the Big Red Spot on Jupiter - thanks!

P.S. If that payment (two memories and a bedcover) is not good for you, I'll also accept 3 litres of mermaid tears and a bed cover (I really need that bed cover!) and the find available payment is a 20ml vial of dragon breath (fire dragon preferably) 3 teeth from an XL male giant, and a bed cover. Thank you so much!!! I hope you can buy this Tototie.



# THE ADVENTURES OF BRONWYN

LACHLAN WONG

Bronwyn lived in a small house in The Mississippi. In her opinion, her life was very dull and boring, and she longed for something adventurous. When she was young, she went to the backyard to play but her parents quickly scolded her for doing so. She knew not to do so and quickly reasoned that the closest thing to constant fun and adventure was hiking and sports.

☆☆☆

One day, while hiking, she found a pair of boots. Old and worn, mind you, and dusty and rough, too, but she thought, "I shall love them all the same." Immediately, when she got back, Bronwyn tended and took care of the boots. For they were special to her and she loved them.

Weeks and weeks passed, and she never failed to shine them and polish them. Every day, she would wear them proudly and without fail. She decided, "I shall hike all the way up to Mt Kilimanjaro on my soon-to-happen-trip to Africa." She felt proud of these shoes of which she loved so dearly. With them, she seemed to never grow weary.

☆☆☆

Weeks passed and her trip to Africa seemed to be only tomorrow. Her excitement grew and grew, and on the night of the flight, she couldn't sleep. When she landed, Bronwyn rushed out of the airport and took a taxi straight to Kilimanjaro.

☆☆☆

The hike was long and heavy, but she remained seemingly tireless. At the end of the hike, warmth seemed to radiate out of her, the snow melting into puddles, Bronwyn beaming. Suddenly, out of the snow, Bronwyn noticed something gold shining under the snow. Picking it up, she rubbed the lamp with her shirt, cleaning off the snow. A blue glow shone out of the lamp as alas, a genie arose from the spout of the lamp!

Bronwyn stumbled back and dropped the lamp, never to be seen again, or was it?

Because when she dropped the lamp, it hit the ground and a cloaked man found it, then disappeared, never to be seen again.



# ALONE

RAIZEL PRATISTA

Milly's dad glanced at her with a skeptical eye. "Is this really the right idea?" he whispered to Alice, just out of Milly's hearing range.

"It'll be fine," her mother replied in a low voice, her lips barely moving. "Besides, we do need to finish..." She was cut off by a loud *HONK HONK* from outside.

"That's our taxi!" her mother chirped, a sudden burst of cheer in her voice. "Goodbye, Milly! Be good!"

"Remember what we said," her dad lectured, though his words lost their edge in the rush to leave. *THUD*. The door slammed shut.

Milly remained perched at the edge of the sofa, her back straight, eyes fixed on the door. As soon as the sound of the slam echoed through the house, she let out a deep breath, her posture relaxing. She hopped off the armrest, her feet light on the floor. Her parents were off to Auntie's, leaving her alone in the house, no more yelling, no more orders.

Milly's grin stretched across her face. Freedom. At last. She sprang across the living room, her brown hair bouncing and her brilliant blue eyes sparkling. A delicious scent floated from the kitchen. Her nose twitched. She followed the smell, guided by instinct, until, there it was: a stack of golden, fluffy pancakes, just waiting to be devoured. Surely no one will mind if I take one, she thought, eyeing the stack with growing anticipation. Her hand shot out like lightning, and she snatched a warm pancake from the top.

Squatting down beside the countertop, her heart pounded in her chest. Was this wrong?

Her fingers trembled as she took her first bite, crispy on the outside, soft and sweet on the inside. Bliss.

But just as she was about to take another bite, a soft tap... tap... echoed from the window...

Milly looked around... alone.



That night, I couldn't sleep. As I looked out the window, I swear I could see the same man with his leather suitcase and navy blue jacket walking down to the Hive. Suddenly and hurriedly, the man pulled out a pocket knife and rope. He hoisted himself up a powerline and glanced in my direction. I bolted up and hid under my blanket. I wondered, "What could he be doing?" What happened next gave me the answer.

*CRASH!*

The sound of shattered glass filled the air. I did the most stupid thing ever. I screamed. I screamed a loud, shrill, scream. I wanted to jump out the window and run away. I felt like a bomb, bound to go off at any moment. I don't know if the guy was stupid, but he didn't come up to investigate. Instead, he must have thought something was up next door. Downstairs, the loud thick, clumping sounds of boots filled the air downstairs in the area of the basement door. I ran downstairs and jumped on him. He yelped loudly. I yelled, "Who are you and why are you here?! Even if you are a relative, which I doubt you are, you shouldn't be here!" He didn't reply. Instead, he stabbed me with his pocket knife, then broke down the door and ran away. The blood stained my new, expensive shirt. As I passed out, the only thing I could think about was how my mum was gonna kill me.

The next day, I woke up in the hospital. I clenched my fists, cursing under my breath.

Then my mum walked in. I realised, "I'm cooked aren't I?" I wasn't wrong.

My mum immediately shrieked at me. "Spencer Lee Cooper, how dare you worry me like that!"

I stammered. "B-But Mum, I'm o-okay."

She yelled, "OKAY?! You call THIS, OKAY?!" She pulled up my sleeve, revealing the now stitched-up stab wound, blood marks around it.

I sheepishly tensed up. "Okay, maybe not."

Suddenly, I remembered last night. "What about the strange man?"

The nurse and head of police strangely reported the man, now dubbed as "The Stabber", was nowhere to be found..... I knew he was out there somewhere though!

# THE STRANGER OF LENNOX STREET

LACHLAN WONG

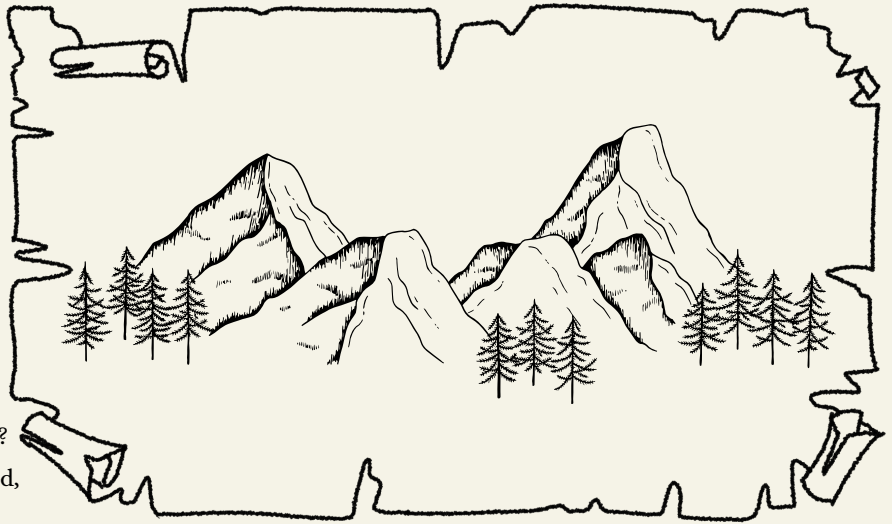
I walked down Lennox Street in the cold hard rain, the water splashing against my feet.

Suddenly, in the mist, I noticed a strange man walking in the street, coat flapping against his back, boots crunching in the fresh new gravel. The man gripped a worn leather suitcase, and looked anxious. Just as I was about to get a closer look, the man looked over his shoulder and saw me. I turned my back and when I looked back, he was gone.

## FOREST

KIMAAYA GUPTA

Trees sway gently, touching the sky,  
Insects, roaches, butterflies flutter by.  
Big boulders, perfect spots to rest,  
Bees hum a hymn in nature's nest.  
Animals scurry through spiky grass,  
Elephants stroll, mighty in mass.  
The forest is cool, a soothing breeze.  
Have you ever seen a place with so many trees?  
Hunters and woodcutters bring harm and greed,  
Let's save the forest - it's in need!



## SIXTY CHILDREN

NUALA O'REILLY

Every minute of the day,  
Sixty children came to play,  
At Miss Bigalow's quite large house.  
Each one as tiny as a mouse,  
When one was squashed the others cried,  
"We fifty-nine don't want to die,  
We want to live and learn and play!"  
And after that not many came,  
To Miss Bigalow's for a game.  
But do not worry my dears, oh please,  
Do not shed your endless tears,  
For the sixtieth child was completely at ease.

## WHAT FREEDOM IS LIKE

TEODORA CAFFARO ROSSI

Let the olive trees thrive like once before  
Let the boats be mended and sail from shore

Let the hungry be fed  
Let the martyrs return to the earth to rest

Let the people return to the homes they have fled  
Let their hearts be free of dread

Let the bird out of its cage  
Watch it fly high above the rubble and trees

The world will witness and see  
PALESTINE WILL BE FREE

## TWO LIMERICKS

KIARA PERIES

I need a new rug under my sink,  
as I found it was covered in ink.  
So, I washed it and dyed it and remembered to dry it,  
and now the dumb thing is pink.

There was once a boy in Britain,  
whose grandmother brought him a kitten.  
But it coughed up some hair,  
And chewed on the chair,  
and the poor little boy got bitten.



## THE ADVISOR'S DILEMMA

NUALA O'REILLY

'Hither, oh yonder' and other useless stuff,  
I swear his pretty head must be only filled with fluff.  
He babbles on about riffs and raffs and other silly nonsense,  
Sometimes I wonder how on earth he remains conscious.  
Honestly, most times he sounds just like a dog,  
All his yipping and yapping would cause tiredness to a log.  
Years of hopeless listening has made my patience low,  
Soon I bet my shouts will come like a simple whistle blow.  
Though then I'll have to calm down,  
And stand up straight and tall.  
Bow and say my apologies,  
He is royal after all.



## THINGS

AMETHYST CANDELABRA

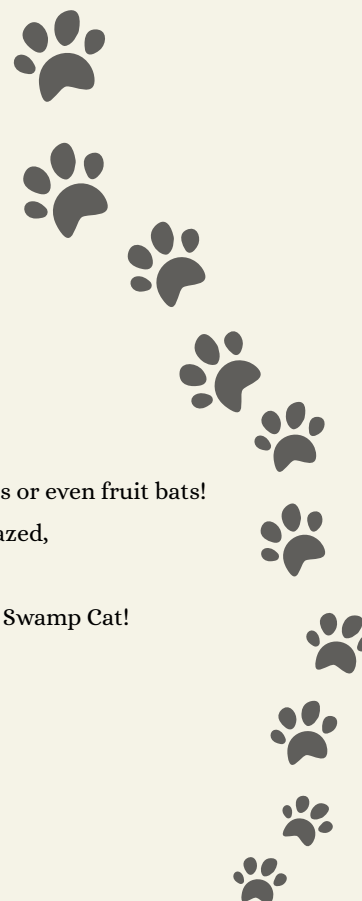
Things.  
Beautiful things,  
Ugly things.  
Small things that make your day,  
Big things that break your day.  
Things.  
The tiny things that fill your heart with warmth and joy.  
The grand things that make you wonder about how lucky how you are.  
Things.  
The world is made up of things, big and small.  
For better or for worse.  
Tear jerking, heart wrenching things.  
Things that make you want to scream.  
Things.



## SWAMP CAT

MISS BOOKWORM

Have you ever seen a Swamp Cat?  
Well then, look at that!  
With its scaly fur  
And mesmerising purr.  
Look at that playful critter  
Eating all the human's litter!  
We really need more Swamp Cats!  
More than little dogs or cute rabbits or even fruit bats!  
So, look at that and you will be amazed,  
Maybe even a teeny-tiny bit dazed!  
You can share that you have seen a Swamp Cat!  
Now everyone will want a chat.



# WACKY WEATHER

*From Abracadabra News*

MISS BOOKWORM

Hello everyone, I am Anna and I am reporting to you for Abracadabra News today. Here is our latest weather report:

In Melbourne we will expect a rain of money, so do not go inside for this phenomenon!

In Sydney we can see a ferocious glitter tornado which will last for about two days.

Canberra will now experience a 10-million-degree afternoon.

Unlike that weather, Hobart's forecast is the new ice age, reaching temperatures of about negative Googleplex, and it is rapidly decreasing by the second now!

Perth will meet a lolly storm – so all children will have a sugar rush!

In Darwin we will all love the earthquakes because our sources reveal that this may lead us towards a diamond cave and pirate treasure as well.

If you like bubble tea then go to Brisbane because we know that a flood of bubble tea will commence. (Passionfruit tea with mango popping pearls!)

Last, but not least, Adelaide will expect a hail storm of Willy Wonka chocolate bars, look out for the golden ticket!

Remember, take care, be kind, make friends and finally have a lot of fun. Thanks for tuning into the weather report on Abracadabra news.



## WHIMSY, WIT & QUIRKY QUIPS

ALEXANDER KOEATMODJO

**Q:** Why did the shark cross the road?

**A:** It didn't, because sharks don't go on land.

**Q:** Why did the audience cross the road?

**A:** To get to the other mime.

**Q:** What type of medicine do you give to a sailor?

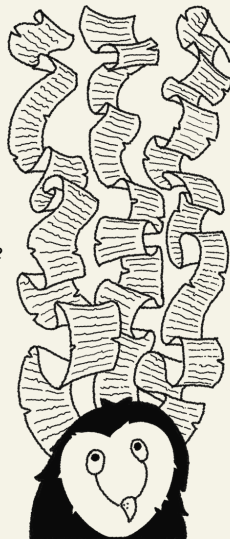
**A:** Vitamin sea!

**Q:** What do you call a quick wizard?

**A:** Hurry Potter!

**Q:** Which number always wins the race?

**A:** One!



**Q:** Why is Pikachu always sick?

**A:** He's always sneezing: a-chu!

**Q:** Why do people always bring laptops to bed?

**A:** To use them as micro-soft pillows!

**Q:** Why do doctors only come out at night?

**A:** Because they're doc-turnal!

**Q:** What word is always spelt wrong?

**A:** Wrong!



## LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

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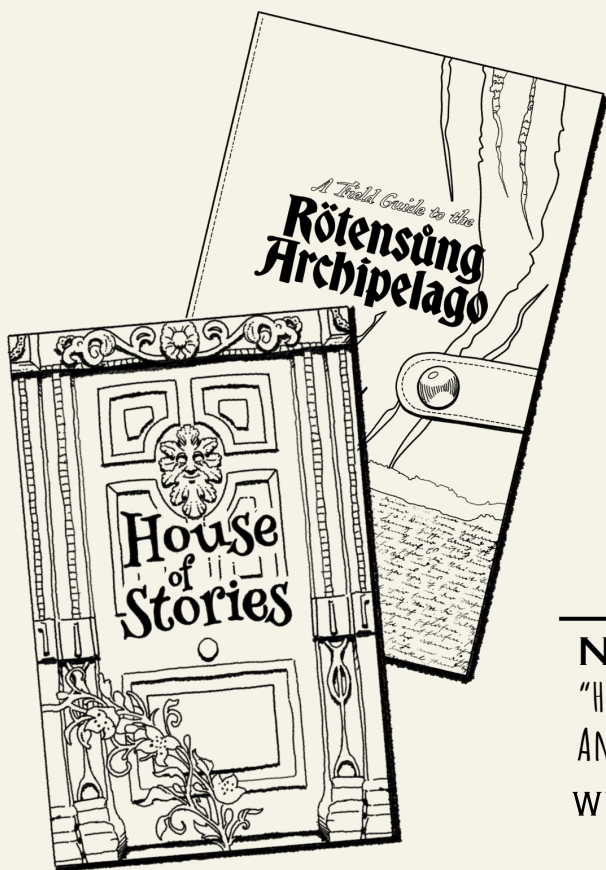
To the talented Young Writers of Story Studios,  
Welcome back to another term here at our stupendous studio, and congratulations on completing your Marvellous and Mysterious first term of creative writing! Owlbert and I were certainly spooked and intrigued by your mystery stories, and we can't wait to see what Villainous and Dastardly characters you come up with next!

This term at the studio is certainly very exciting - exploring all things dark and murky and morally grey. But fear not! There is always a chance for some brightness, whimsy and humour as well. In fact, both Owlbert and I feel that comedy is sometimes the best place to explore an anti-hero!

We have some even MORE exciting things coming up next term as well - our auspicious annual anthology! Be sure to re-enrol for your chance to be published in House of Stories Volume Two! And even better, our Early Bird offer is open until the end of June! Owlbert and I aren't early birds ourselves (being nocturnal) but we've heard there are many benefits to getting up with the sun - early bird gets the worm and all that!

We're very excited to see what is in store for our young writers and studio, and can't wait to see what the rest of the year holds!

Yours hootily,  
Owlberta and Owlbert



## OWLBURTA'S EX-OWL-LENT RECOMMENDATIONS

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### Books:

For younger readers: The *Ramona* Series by Beverly Cleary. Ramona is a rambunctious, curious, mischievous, and sometimes chaotic young girl, but she is always entertaining! The *Ramona* Series follows Ramona Quimby from age four to fourth grade as she encounters piles of apples, wet concrete, shiny boots, bouncing curls, and her bossy older sister! Ramona Quimby is a character you are unlikely to forget! **5/5!**

For middle grade readers: *Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret.* by Judy Blume is a coming-of-age classic that follows young Margaret as she moves from the big city to suburbs and begins the challenges of growing up. **4/5!**

For older readers: *Sunrise on the Reaping* by Suzanne Collins. This dystopian prequel takes us back to the world of *The Hunger Games* and explores the origin story of fan-favourite character, Haymitch Abernathy. Years in the making, this book does not disappoint! It will bring any fan of the original books to tears as well as convert any newcomer! **5/6!**

### Films:

*Flow*: A stunning new animated film made entirely on a free software that won the Oscar for best animated feature! Flow is a film for animal-lovers of all ages. It follows Cat and his friends on a journey as they encounter a flood and must work together to stay alive. Even more interested? There is no dialogue in the film! **4.5/5!**

### TV Shows:

*Doctor Who*: The Fifteenth Doctor is back! This time with a new companion, Belinda Chandra! Join the Doctor and Belinda on journeys across space and time as they battle aliens, gods, and even time itself. For newcomers to the series, I recommend starting with the 2005 series, available on ABC iView. The current season can be found on Disney+. Warning: may be scary for some younger viewers!

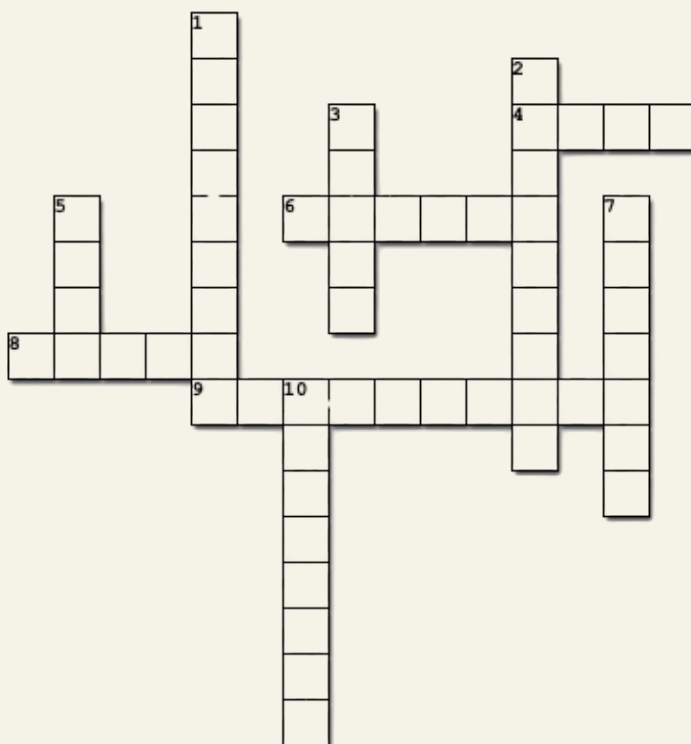
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## NOW AVAILABLE!

"HOUSE OF STORIES" AND "A FIELD GUIDE TO THE RÖTENSUNG ARCHIPELAGO"  
ANTHOLOGIES BY THE YOUNG WRITERS OF STORY STUDIOS AUSTRALIA  
[WWW.STORYSTUDIOSAUSTRALIA.COM.AU](http://WWW.STORYSTUDIOSAUSTRALIA.COM.AU)

## Anti-heroes and Villains

Complete the crossword puzzle below



### DOWN:

1. Also known by the last name 'Riddle'
2. This young girl is known for her dark deeds and withering stare
3. Also known as the 'Half-Blood Prince'
5. This Fire Prince befriends our good guys by the end of the series and turns from villain to (anti-)hero!
7. Villain or anti-hero? It depends on the film! I think killing puppies makes you a villain in anyone's books though!
10. Is she worse than Voldemort? Who's to say! But she sure loves to wear pink!

### ACROSS

4. This Ice Queen kept her powers under wraps for many years, but when she let it go, all hell broke loose!
6. He guards Gotham
8. Batman's nemesis
9. Loves to swing kids around by their hair and lock them in the 'Chokey'!

## BECOME A PUBLISHED WRITER!

## SUBMIT FOR THE QUARTERLY QUILL'S EIGHTH ISSUE!

*Are you interested in submitting to our next issue of the Quarterly Quill?*

*Well there's no time like the present!*

Here are the sections...

- **Featured Fancies** (for non-fiction, creative fiction, memoir, and more) 500 word limit
- **The Write Stuff** (for any and all reviews) 500 word limit
- **Muddling Mysteries** (for investigations and crimes reportage) 500 word limit
- **Poets of the Quill** (for poems of any kind) 12 line maximum
- **Flash Fiction** (for super short stories) 100 words maximum
- **Curiosity Corner** (for bizarre advertisements) 200 word limit
- **Recipe Revolution** (for recipes) 500 word limit
- **Super Sport Section** (for fictional sports news) 300 word limit
- **Wacky Weather** (fictional weather reports) 300 word limit
- **Whimsy Wit & Quirky Quips** (for jokes) 5 jokes max
- **Owlbert's Advice Column** (questions for our wise and wonderful studio owl and Assistant Editor – Owlbert) 200 words max



*Submit via our website:*

**WWW.STORYSTUDIOSAUSTRALIA.COM.AU/THE-QUARTERLY-QUILL**

