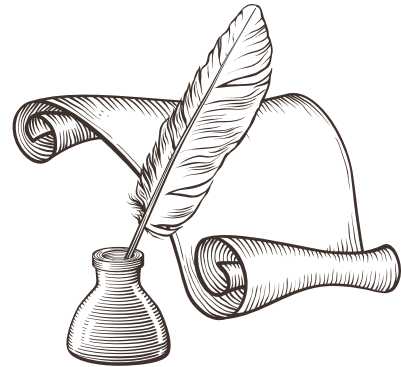




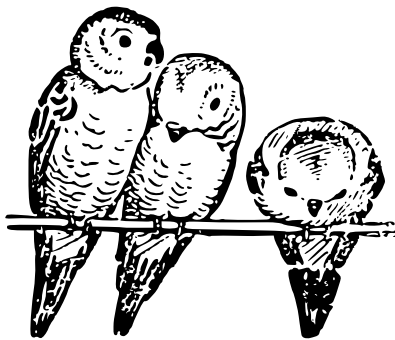
QUARTERLY QUILL

Quirky Queries & Quests

THRILLS & QUILLS: ALL NEW QUARTERLY QUILL SEEKS YOUNG WRITERS



In a move that has sent shockwaves of excitement and anticipation across the world - or at least contained parts of it - Melbourne Young Writers' Studio have launched their first ever newspaper, *The Quarterly Quill* or *The Quill* for short. A publication for the budding writer with an itch of the imaginative, *The Quill* will print pieces that inspire, inform and entertain every quarter. This issue, our very first, features exciting new pieces by a talented bunch of young writers from far and wide. Check it out...



BUDGIES ARE THE BEST PET ANYONE COULD HAVE

Michael Vasiliadis

Budgerigars. Adorable little puffy fluff balls of cuteness who can easily make anyone's day just by looking at them with their budgie eyes. Budgies are easily the best pet anyone could ask for as they are smart and can be taught tricks, they can talk and are easy to care for.

Budgies are higher up the pet hierarchy than any other pet (fish are citizens, cats are nobles, dogs are kings, budgies... are gods)... and can easily do tricks that dogs cannot. First of all, budgies can be taught tricks. A veteran British circus ringmaster named Norman Barrett famously put on a circus with budgies! They would fire a cannon (miniature cannon), they would pull a chariot (also miniature) and so many more cute tricks. A cat couldn't do those tricks because they're too lazy and dumb. One day, the tides will turn and budgies, with their big brains, will learn quantum mechanics and people will praise the ultimate pet... the *Melopsittacus Undulatus* (Budgie). Oh, no! What did you say? The tricks the budgies did in Norman's circus could easily be replicated by dogs. You're not wrong. Most of them can, but can you teach a dog to speak? No! You can not! A budgie named Disco can speak and so can many others. There is a special way to teach budgies to speak so you can have an entirely random conversation with a budgie chirping out mathematics. You can teach a budgie living in Mozambique to speak Greek every week with its beak, how unique! (a bit of Dr Suess stuff there but budgies don't live in Mozambique). So budgies can do something others cannot. "Ugh! If only I didn't need to clean giant poops all day! I wish there was a small bird which is easy to care for!" Well you're in luck! Budgies do really small poops which are easy to clean and they don't wee! Well, they do! It's just part of their poop. Budgies also don't eat a bowl of seeds in two seconds. It would take a budgie forever to eat so many seeds. They still need bowl refills. Budgies are harmless and even if they bite you, you think the budgie likes to nibble things (not my budgies, especially Taco, he knows which part of your hand hurts the most when bit).



Budgies are just so easy to take care of. Budgies. The most superior pets. They are the ultimate. They are the best pets in the world. Only forty bucks for an insane pet. Wow! That's amazing! And there are five million of them. They can be taught tricks, they can speak and they are easy to care for. So budgies are and will be forever, everyone's best friend.



FEATURED FANCIES

TRESPASS

Olive Branscombe

If I hadn't seen another human being I swear I would have gone insane. My lips were dry and cracked. I could see another sandstorm on the horizon so I knew I had to get out of here before dusk. Fortunately for me, the man was pulling a wagon. Being in the wide open desert it was hard not to be seen. But being born in the wild, I was the queen of camouflage. With a little quiet shuffling I climbed into the wagon without being seen. The desert surrounded me like bees stinging my neck and I instinctively flinched away from it. I knew I had to be grateful for my luck, so I didn't want to complain to myself about the discomfort of traveling in a wagon. One more dawn passed. Still with nothing to eat or drink. I had gotten so used to the rocking of the wagon, that when it stopped I was startled. I lifted my bruised and battered head up from the chipped wood. My mouth dropped open. The rich man dressed in finery, the man who had been pulling the wagon had stopped in front of such a gruesome sight. The blackest and black and spiderful of spiderful cottages stood in front of me. The rich man obviously didn't have good eyesight. He kept tripping over while trying to find the door. Eventually he found it. And journeyed inside. With curiosity itching at me like a swarm of irritated wasps, I climbed out of the wagon. As quietly as I could, I opened, then shut, the door behind me. Thousands upon thousands of rows filled with sparkly potions and not so bright ones filled the shop. I had finally made it to my destination! My problems seemed to decrease to as light as a feather. With not a care in the world, I began stuffing bottles of all shapes and sizes into my clothes. Before the man came back I ran back towards the door and skipped through it. But not before getting a sword to the heart. I guess that's what happens to trespassers...



OWLBURT'S MAIL SERVICE

TIRED OF PESKY PIGEONS LOSING YOUR MAIL AND NESTING IN YOUR ROOFTOPS? WHY NOT TRY OWLBURT'S MAIL SERVICE? YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO BEAT OUR STELLAR PARLIAMENT

(cue don't like being out on our own)
UNBEATABLE PRICES
(except with all postal, email, smoke signal, teleportation, or pigeon services)
& EXCEPTIONAL CUSTOMER SERVICE!
(cue prefer to wing it)

Check us out! We're a HOOT!
Contact us via Pigeon Post as our Owl-Mail is currently unavailable.

THE WRITE STUFF

TRUE SPIRIT: THE MOVIE TO WATCH

Hesara Kahandawa



True Spirit is a 2023 Netflix original film based on the true story of Jessica Watson, the youngest person to circumnavigate the world solo. We all know that most movie directors change a lot of the book or story that it is based on, but Sarah Spillane (director) said that she followed basically all of the details of the story. The movie shows how Jessica Watson (or Jess, as referred to by family and friends) experienced knockdown after knockdown. Jess and her family were brought to face the critics, who were pushing Jess to call off the journey. The family was seen as "Bogan Pirates" on social media, as well as the parents, who were told they were unaware of the dangers they were sending their 16 year old daughter into. Still, the parents said that they weren't anyone special to judge their daughter's dreams. The teen and her family brushed the negativity off and moved on. The actors in the movie portrayed their characters in a believable and superb manner. The stand out was Teagan Croft as Jessica Watson for she showed so much emotion and excitement as if this really happened to her and could easily fool the audience. Then we have Cliff Curtis as Ben Bryant, Anna Paquin as Julie Watson, also known as Mum, Josh Lawson as Roger Watson or Dad, Bridget Webbas Emily Watson as Jess's big sister, Stacy Clausen played Tom Watson, the younger brother, Vivien Turner as Hannah Watson, the younger sister, who, fun fact, is a very close friend of mine, and Todd Lasance who played Craig Atherton, the main reporter...



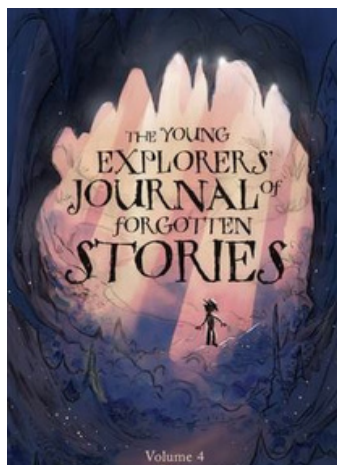
The story starts off on Jess's boat Pink Lady (later changed to Ella's Pink Lady), on the first night of her test run around the Sunny Coast of Australia. Just after Jess is in bed and going to sleep, a loud noise fills the boat. I'm sure the director had the audience on the edge of their seats. It turns out that Ella's Pink Lady had hit a cargo ship that had detoured for its route. Reporters were lining the decks when she pulled into port with a broken mast and a battered boat. Her mentor, Ben Bryant (who isn't actually a real person, Sarah Spillane made him up to represent the many people who helped Jess along the way) helped gather a team to get the boat up and running once again, and fortunately, the team succeeded! Now, I don't want to spoil the story for you, so I'll just say that this movie is amazing. It makes it hard to imagine that a 16 year old teenage girl survived 210 days at sea by herself, especially in coping with the difficulties of dyslexia. For those of you who haven't watched True Spirit, you're missing out! So stop reading this, go on Netflix and start watching True Spirit right now!

REVIEW OF THE YOUNG EXPLORER'S JOURNAL OF FORGOTTEN STORIES VOLUME 4 (PART 1)

Zotia Dabrowski



The Young Explorer's Journal of Forgotten Stories is so good because it's about mysteries, mysterious creatures, twists, catgirls and stuff like that. I personally think that "Part 1" is incredible! The young minds are incredible! Who knew that such young children could write such amazing stories? I loved "Volume 4, Part 1"! Some of my favourite stories were: "A Hidden World of Fire" and "The Control." I could picture what was going on in my mind and liked when they said: "the fire began to dance in the birds pupils." It sounded like it was about a firebird. I loved how they put effort into saying how much fire was around the main character in the book. I also loved how the author who wrote "The Control" put words like "seeped" into it, such a strong word. At the start of the story, I liked how the author described what the girl looked like in the book. For example, the character Catie: "... had long, straight, brown hair and blue eyes. Her skin was light tan and she had brown stripes on her arms. She had cat claws, a tail, and cat powers." In summary, I recommend this book to everyone. It may blow your mind...



POETS OF THE QUILL

THE GOLDEN HOUR

Aish Kakarlapudi

Is this real? It feels surreal!
 The golden sky, lifting my spirits high
 Relishing the music of chirping birds flying home
 Basking in the golden hour glow, I watched the sun go low
 The gentle breeze freeing my mind off worries
 Oh how I wish the time would freeze
 The reddish hues blend into the darkest blues
 The northern star, shining bright afar
 My heart is light with purest delight
 I embrace myself, so in love with the world around thysself.

A POTION WITH ME

Lottie Exeter

Hair of black cat, leaf of tea
 Stir them together, with much glee!
 Fur of dog, pint of coffee
 Add all of these into the pot next to me.
 The finest bushel from our tree
 The tail of a possum, noir as can be
 A small piece of earwax, from my true love
 The finest feather in land, from a dove.
 Just mix it around, up and down
 Don't forget to turn the pot upside-down
 Fix it and mix it right now with me
 Soon everyone's thoughts you'll discover, hee hee!

THE POWER OF SORROW

Genevieve Meehan

Shed a tear and let it grow
 Into something a bit like snow
 It will be comforting and nice
 That is the opposite to lies.
 It is something that will calm you in the dark
 Something that will make you proud of your art
 Some sort of confidence lies within
 Crying is and never will be a sin.
 Share some joy and some love
 For above everyone flies a dove
 He watches all around the sky
 As well as sometimes having a good cry.

THE HUNGER GAMES

Sophia Yap, Nini

Inspired by *The Hunger Games*.

For seventy-five years, the districts have been in tears
 For many years children have died until one girl began to turn the tide
 Katniss Everdeen was born and she started hunting fawns
 With her best friend they wished that the Capitol's antics would end
 Then Katniss volunteered for the Games and when she came out she wasn't quite the same
 She started a rebellion but the districts were killed by the million
 People were angry and they needed a flame to guide their way
 Katniss became the Mockingjay and it made people say hooray
 She ended the darkness with courage and kindness and in the end, she saved the day
 Katniss went home and grieved for Prim, her sweet little sister whom she loved very much
 Things went back to normal and she even befriended the ugly cat Buttercup.

MUDDLING MYSTERIES

WHACKY WITNESSES

Elly McCullough

There has been recent speculation surrounding the sighting of an Unseen Writer, whose works we know well, but who chooses to evade being seen. Witnesses have been recently resistant to the Forgetful Vaccine, which we have used to preserve the anonymity of our Unseen Writers for decades. Local doctor Dr Mylee Quix says: "It's all very perplexing. The Forgetful Vaccine normally works on everybody..." Scientist, Patience Chapwood, of the Bureau of Scientific Magic Mysteries (BSMM) said: "We think that seeing an Unseen Writer may have made a permanent presence in their memory... an effect rumoured to happen after seeing an Unseen Writer."

A man in a white shirt, with sandy hair and light brown eyes, wearing brown ripped jeans and a pair of Nike shoes, was spotted near the Enchanted Forest with a pen and journal on Friday night. Nine people were fortunate enough to witness the rare event, including: Jarvis Noose, Faustina Burtinson, Gregory Rife and Abbie Dais. Jarvis Noose, who is also an avid Unseen Writer hunter, agreed to talk to us about his recent experience: "It was quite satisfying to see them. I mean, there hasn't been a sighting of an Unseen Writer in decades... it was magical"

So who was this Unseen Writer? He is believed to be one Jamison Nicea, who sold 17,000 trillion copies of his books globally. Nicea's titles include: *Rise To the Push*, a historical fiction about World War II soldiers marching into Munich against the Germans, and *Finding Home*, a fantasy about cousins discovering a magical forest.

So, why does a good writer like Jamison hide? No one knows. We delved deeper. We spoke to Jamison's agent, Cady Night. "Jamison is his own novelist. That's the message he's projecting as an Unseen Writer," Miss Night explained. "He doesn't want an Oscar for his scripts, thousands of dollars, or any press attention," Miss Night said, emphasising: "the press".

We secured a guided tour of Jamison's house – a grand old mansion in a secluded patch of forest. Beside it is an alcove where "Jamison likes to cook up another sizzling novel," his sister Hanna whispered.

We later returned to the BSMM, where Patience and her team discovered why the vaccine wasn't working. "It's all very scientific," Patience explained. "The brain clings to the memory, even with the vaccine worming its way in. The brain produces other, fake memories for the vaccine to feed on, and eventually, it dies, poisoned by fake memories. It's amazing." Dr. Mylee Quix has also identified the antidote: nothing. "They don't need to forget, do they?" Dr. Quix asked rhetorically. "After all, I'd never want to forget a sighting of an Unseen Writer."

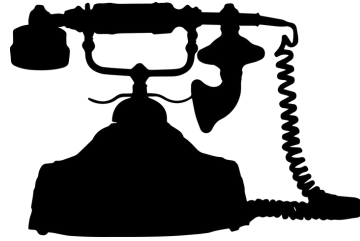
Noose agrees: "no vaccine will ever make me forget Jamison," he said. We asked Noose if he had a message for Jamison. He replied: "I do, Jamison, I hope you can reveal yourself one day. Until then, we look forward to your next fantastical adventure."

WERE MOBILE PHONES FIRST INVENTED IN THE 2000S OR 30 BCE?

Aish Kakarlapudi

Archaeologist/ Egyptologist Kathleen Martinez, has been hunting for the tomb of the most famous pharaoh in Egyptian history, Cleopatra since 2005. Cleopatra, one of the most famous women in history, ruled Egypt from 51- 30 BCE. She built the Egyptian economy by establishing trades with many Arab nations. Legend has it that she committed suicide by enticing the Egyptian Viper to bite her arm when Octavians invaded Egypt. Dr. Martinez's quest to find Cleopatra's tomb took her to Alexandria in North Egypt, which is known to be Cleopatra's capital city. It is here that Dr. Martinez's team discovered the rock-cut tunnel in the area of the Taposiris Magna Temple, roughly 60 km south-west of Alexandria.

The excavation has led to many interesting finds including 200 coins bearing Cleopatra's name, a sphinx, and a statue of her great grandfather. There's something else that they found there that shook her whole team to their very core. Does this bewitching artifact really belong to ancient times? If not, how did it get there? After years of hard work, Dr. Martinez's efforts to find the final resting place of the Queen of Ptolemy finally came to fruition, or so they thought. Deep inside the tunnels, they found a sarcophagus (mummy casket) with two bodies and a cell phone inside it...



What do you infer from this peculiar find? Did the ancient Egyptians have cell phones or has this tomb been tampered? The Egyptian Government has taken over the excavation and has put together a team to unravel this mystery.

THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY

Stevie Ploog

Pictures of missing writers hung crooked on the wall, the smell of guilt filled the air, and the door was slammed shut. I walked across my dirty floor, dodging the takeaway food bags, coffee cups and scrunched up paper. When will this mystery end? It was only two weeks ago when Miranda Furst was stolen, the only clue was her writer's pen covered in shining bloodstains.

Oh, so many writers went missing after that. Janie Lester, Hannah Midori, Katy Morph, Heather Emmuns, and George Skoota. All famous writers, all missing, all had bloodstains on their pens. The strangest thing was that next to each pen was a pile of stained paper with a water spill spread out evenly in the middle.

Taking the piece of paper on the top of the pile, I could only make out one word: "jealousy". I thought about what could've happened, then sat roughly down on my chair. With the wet piece of paper next to me, I started writing down all of the clues. I was so close to cracking this case. With a pen in my hand, I started to remember what had happened. Suddenly, it seemed I could hear the sound of someone else breathing in my office.

"Writer no more..." I heard a whisper, coming from behind me. I swiftly turned my chair around, but saw nothing.

'My mind is playing tricks on me,' I thought.

"Writer no more..." I heard again, but louder, and closer.

Turning my chair around for the second time, I looked at the wall with an anxious frown. It wasn't the wall I was staring at. I was staring face to face with a man, his eyes red and envious.

"Writer no more..." he whispered, grabbing me by the neck and throwing me roughly to the floor.

He stared at me and creepily smiled. "Writer no more..." he repeated, lifting his gloved hand in the air.

"Bye!" And with a snap of his fingers, I collapsed onto the floor, completely paralysed.

It was the last movement I ever made...



THE MISSING QUILL

Max Russo

I was sitting in my office when I heard the news. I had my feet up on the desk, and was wholly engrossed in the book on my lap. I had gotten to a particularly thrilling part of the story when the telephone rang. I sighed, put my feet down and picked up the phone.

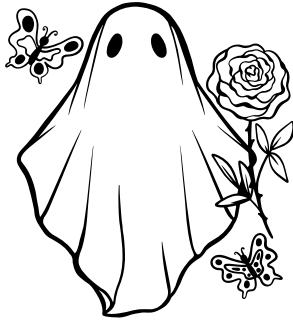
A shrill, worried voice shouted at me: "The Quill has been stolen!" I gasped.

Everyone in the city knew what The Quill was. It was a sacred object, used as a key tool in the formation of our great and stable country. It was used to sign The Sacred Constitutional Documents Of All In The City, and the survival of our nation depends on it. If it is not returned within the next eight hours, our country will collapse! I was panicking. What could I do? As any self-respecting citizen would do, I called my mother immediately. But surprisingly, my brother picked up the phone, and he was acting all edgy. He said he was at the Museum of The Quill with my mother at the time that

The Quill was stolen, and now my mother was at work. But she didn't work on Fridays! It was my brother who did it! I hung up and called my agent immediately. But he said they had found the culprit. She had long hair and red eyes. I gasped. My mother...

HAS THE GHOST COME BACK TO HAUNT US?

Sadie Crane



If you attended the old writers' studio last year, you would remember we had the once in a lifetime chance to write goodbye notes on the wall to our studio poltergeist, Lady Booksworthington. She was terribly upset about us all leaving and now that the building has been made into an architect's office she must be horrendously bored and a touch lonely (all architects seem to ignore fantasy) but possibly angry?

After some spooky happenings during the holiday programs and in our very own writing workshops, we have developed a theory that the ghost has in fact, travelled all the way from Fitzroy North to our new studio in Carlton! Of course, that has caused many questions to arise from the depths of dreamland that non-authors dare not explore. Quite a few of them from your dear journalist herself, starting with the obvious, like: "what transport would a ghost take?" and moving onto the more crucial questions like: "have we upset the realm beyond our own?"

In one of the summer holiday programs, a light went out just as somebody was murdered in a game of wink murder. Furthermore, on Monday, 30 January when the 4:00pm writers' group was doing a rather spooky warmup known as The Vanishing, other lights kept getting dimmer and brighter and turning on and off. Almost as though someone (or something) was attempting to unsuccessfully communicate in Morse code. Unfortunately, none of the attendees knew Morse code so the true meaning was never really discovered, but it definitely seemed ghostly.

A source also reports Nina acting very strangely at around 2:30pm at the same date. "She seemed a bit pale and not her usual charismatic self," Bonnie reveals at the safety of her desk. "She was just acting a bit off with the fairies." This shows that Nina was probably either possessed or had seen something rather spooky.

A few weeks after that bit of intel, loud music randomly started belching out of the speakers; causing a frightened mentor to put their hands up in the air and yell, "it wasn't me, I swear!" Which perhaps shows a display of aggression to the unveiling of private abductions.

As lights continued to creepily flicker, Lachie was interviewed with a notebook and pen. He reported to have seen books spinning on their own, feeling an unknown presence give him a hug and hearing a voice fly past him saying: "I am definitely a ghost!" So, then again, this could mean the ghost is actually nice and maybe a different ghost altogether, considering the last ghost was rather rude. Whether or not our supernatural friend's meanings are malicious is still to be discovered but we will need to be prepared if they are...

GOASTASTROPHE!

Luna Butera

Hello and welcome back to Muddling Mysteries ! In the last week we have seen some crazy stuff that you won't believe ! Downtown in Hot Chip Town there was a robbery done by a galloping goat! This goat managed to rob 11 broken remotes! The goat's appearance is black and white stripes and brown eyes. Please keep your eye out. As well as that Goatastrophe (see what I did there) there was also a mushroom farting in public. Yes I know what a horrible act. Absolutely horrible and we are so sorry for everyone who had to see it and smell it. And don't worry the perpetrator of this crime went straight to compost.

DOGGY DETECTIVE: THE MISSING COOKIE

Ryan Sendi

One early morning on Corgi Island, I was relaxing, eating a treat, and chasing my butt, when a border collie rushed through the door. Or bashed in, I would say.

The poor thing looked like it saw a ghost. It said my treats had been stolen.

"Stolen," I said looking perplexed.

"Yes," said the collie, "when I left the house to sniff some doggy butt cheek. My treats were missing."

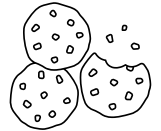
"What time did you leave? 10am or 8am?"

"Why ask?"

"No reason. Who are your neighbours?"

"I may ask, Doggy Ten and Woof."

"Woofy, yes."



I headed off to Woof's house. I asked him a few questions. He was apparently heading for a walk from 6am to 12pm, so it couldn't have been him either, since he's been on a diet that left only one suspect. Doggy Ten. When I entered the house, Doggy Ten seemed surprised that I showed up. I asked him a few questions, and he was at home at collies to clean it, and he had a craving. Just about when I was about to arrest him, he jumped out, but I caught him in the end.

COULD MAGIC USERS BE BACK?

Rose Albietz

In a small, isolated town known as Write Alley many strange things have been happening. One instance occurred to a woman on the seventh of March.

"I was at home, getting ready for work," said the woman, "when bam! I was in my office sitting opposite my boss, who was demanding to know why I was so late."

Another man was at the park feeding the pigeons when suddenly, the pigeons he was feeding turned into dogs. "I swear one minute they were feathered birds scrambling for breadcrumbs, the next they were cute little puppies chasing their tails."

And while many of these strange occurrences cannot be linked to anything, many have been quick to assume that magic users are back.

"So, Doctor Lee, what can you tell us?"

"Well, I am not 100% sure if it's magic or not. There hasn't been a magic user in thousands of years, the last one having died out in 2000BC".

People have been advised to be careful around strange happenings and if you have any information on this subject make sure you contact: 5927A13 We will keep you posted on any new information that comes out.



CHROMATIC CHRONICLE: THE GREYSCALE MURDERS

Georgie Garnet (Leila Romanes)

Police in the Chromatic City have recently confirmed reports of a series of strange deaths, dubbed the Greyscale Murders. In the past month, five of the city's most wealthy and vibrant have gone missing while out walking in the streets of the city's affluent Dye District, only to have been found days later, drained of colour and dead, in seemingly random locations around the city. The victims show no signs of physical harm, but all colour has been taken from their body and clothes. These highly unusual and disturbing events have set the city on edge, as more and more of the city's well-to-do are falling to this shadowy criminal.

In the Chromatic City, where colour is power, many are left shocked at the state of the bodies.

"It's simply egregious that these wonderful people should be seen in such a state," says merchant Anastasia Azure, "to be so void of hue, like a common beggar, it makes me shudder to think of it."

Ms. Azure, one of the most vivid people in the city, expressed her concerns about the murders: "these criminals are targeting those rich in colour, there's obviously something going on. I'm appalled that the police haven't offered me a personal protection unit yet."

One of the victims, Sir Cornelius Carmine, was last seen exiting his residence on Scarlet Court at a late hour last Tuesday. His body, found in the Achromic District four days later, was empty of his signature red. His family has yet to comment on the matter, though his wife, Carlotta Carmine, was yesterday sighted talking to the family's business manager in a cafe on the Burgundy Boulevard.

Police say that they are "trying their hardest" to stop the murders and find the killer. The spokesperson for the City Council has also claimed that "every possible effort" is being put into the investigation, but many are still concerned about the lack of progress made on the case.

"I'm horrified at how the authorities are handling this," says Valentina Verdigris of the Emerald District, "how can anyone sleep at night knowing that this killer still walks free?"

The official police report has no further information of the identity or motivations of the criminal behind the killings, but an anonymous source from within the force has hinted that a mysterious artefact known as the Prism may be involved in the crimes.

"It was discovered a few centuries ago," claims the informant, "and it's been on our radar for a while. Rumours that it was sold on the black market, and so on. We think that it might be involved in the murders, it's cursed to suck the colour right out of people, and into some sort of gemstone."

However, these rumours cannot be confirmed, and no conclusive evidence to the Prism's involvement has yet been found.



DNA

Kai Zen Wong

I snuck through the back of the cold, dark alley. Hopefully, none of the Keepers saw me. A chill ran through my spine, like somebody had dropped an ice cube down my shirt. Alerted by the sudden shock, I sat as still and straight as a meerkat. Slowly, I edged my way into the Hallway. On my way, I thought about why I agreed to do this in the first place. I sighed as I went over my own decision to volunteer for the stupid mystery. I wanted to solve the case. Now that I'm really on it, I regret it. A lot. I can't believe I was stupid enough to go "looking" for the –

A cold hand on my shoulder snaps me out of my frustration. The Keeper.

My mind is blurry as I whirl around, slashing the hand off my shoulder. From the sneaky to the barbarian. The Keepers are the subjects of Power, the ones who guard the Hallway, the prison I was assigned to steal from. The Hallway is a long, magical prison. I ran down the Hallway, looking frantically for the man who accomplished me. Deni Naxil Aretus. DNA.

People say that he is the person to look for to change yourself. The thing I've wanted to do for the whole of my life. I have so many regrets, failures, mistakes and everything else negative. I've always wanted to change that. People say Deni can do that. Make you start a new life. I start to tear up as I think about it, having a new life, with no cares, worries or troubles. All the stuff that I have too much of.

As I turn my head, I catch a flash of his white lab coat. I run into the room, ignoring the Keepers' shouts. But before I can reach the key to this mystery, he is whisked away by the Blue Keeper. The Blue Keeper is the leader of the Keepers, so he holds the most Power. I curse. I have to find Deni before Bluey kills him. But then the Keeper comes back.

"Tailgater," I mutter.

I whirl around –

Smack his hand away –

Run through the Hallway –

Turn around –

Dive for the Keeper's Pouch –

Grab the Power –

And run.

I chase after Bluey, Power in hand. But Bluey sees me.

He turns around –

Drops Deni –

But I dive through his legs –

Grab Deni –

And smash the Power.

Power—real Power, floods through my and Deni's body. Bluey screams in fury, but it's worthless. And I'm back in my chamber. Deni stumbles, a look of immense shock on his face. But then he saw me and smiled. I smiled back, ready.

Deni Pressed a button –

And my world in already spinning –

I go over my life's mistakes one more time –

Knowing that they'll disappear –

And all goes white.

MYWS LIBRARY

Melbourne Young Writers' Studio library is open for book borrowing! Borrow a novel for up to 2 weeks or check out a comic from our awesome collection for up to 1 week.



SUPER SPORT SECTION



OLYMPICS: THE GLADIATOR VS ELIJAH

Donovan Xu-Pang

I had been training for the exciting day. Olympics, it was known all over the globe. I was so excited but also nervous like I was about to enter a spooky cave. I was going to compete in the fastest Time Machine. Whoever gets to the Paleolithic Era first, wins. You needed to go one era at a time though. My opponent was the Gladiator. How could I win against him?
“Welcome to the Olympics, we have the fastest Time Machine first. The Gladiator vs Elijah!” boomed the announcer.
I scampered onto stage. I was going to 1879 when the lightbulb was invented. The Time Machine went back in time! When I arrived, the Gladiator had balls ready to launch at me. I realised it was dark and I knew Issac Newton hadn’t invented the lightbulb yet.
The Gladiator tried to throw a ball at me, but I caught it and surprisingly, he jumped over my throw. A flash of light appeared and my opponent nearly fell down. That gave me a chance to throw a ball at him. I won the first round. I went to ancient Egypt. I grabbed balls from the ball machine. Soon the Gladiator arrived. We fired balls at each other. He stopped to drink and I shot a ball at him. Suddenly he shot balls at me and left. It was a tie. We were going to the Paleolithic Era. When we arrived, I shot three balls...

He dodged the first one and I hit him with two balls. He tried to throw balls at me but I had a shield. The ball bounced off my shield and the floor was on lava. The announcer was about to announce the result. Everyone’s heart was pounding fast. Suddenly a gigantic foot stomped through the roof and stomped the announcer. The ambulance arrived. Which one was the winning country in this Olympics? Will the announcer get better? Will I ever go home for a relaxing holiday?

MONSTER BALL: GOBLINS VS DEMONS

Connor Bogers

It was the semi-final. A cheer went up in the stadium. The crowd loves the Demons over the despicable Goblins. The chant went up around the stadium: “go Demons, go Demons!”. The Goblins team didn’t like that much and showed their anger at the crowd, shaking their fists and frowning at them.

The game started with the Demons getting the ball first. With a quick pass he threw the ball powerfully into the hand of his teammate. With a sneaky move one of the Goblins pretended to tackle the Demon who was twice his size but at the last moment whacked the ball out of his hands. The Goblins got the football but with a quick stop that ended as the giant midfielder, Demonicus Demon, stomped on the Goblin with the ball. After cleaning his boots he picked up the ball and kicked the opening goal.

“Let’s go!” roared the Demon team together as they got excited over the first score.

When the score got to 50 points to 30 the Goblins were not pleased. With every goal for the Demons the crowd cheered wildly. With every goal for the Goblins there was silence. The Goblins were getting angrier. The Demons scored another goal and the crowd went wild. The Demons loved their home fan support, the Goblins on the other hand were nearly exploding with anger by the end of the game.

The Demons win the semi-final 1080 to 190. If the Goblins didn’t like the fan support before they were even worse now. The hometown fans went wild. It was a party in the stadium for the Demons.



RECIPE REVOLUTION

THE BEST WHOOPEE CUSHION BROWNIE

Olive Branscombe

Goal: To make a brownie that sounds like a whoopee cushion.

Ingredients

Dragon's breath

A thread from the first whoopee cushion ever made

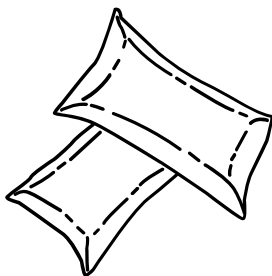
5 Litres of chocolate sauce

An old woman's hair thread that looks wispy white

7 Eggs

Method

1. Using a whisk (which has to have a picture of a famous celebrity on it) mix around the chocolate sauce and an old woman's hair thread (if it isn't white it won't work) in a big pink bowl.
2. When you get the eggs out keep five not cracked. Drop the five eggs into the ball not cracked then crack the two remaining. Put the shells in. When you stir, do not crack the other eggs (they keep the brownie puffy).
3. The dragon's breath you have collected should be in a jar of some sort. Drop the thread from the first whoopee cushion ever made into the jar and shake the jar around. When you take the thread from the first whoopee cushion ever made it should be coated in dragon's breath. To check this is right it must now have a shimmery gold edge to it. You have to as delicately as you can drop it into the mix.
4. DO NOT STIR THE INGREDIENTS TOGETHER.
5. Put it in the oven for four hours and let the ingredients simmer together by themselves.
6. When you take the bowl out, all the ingredients should have connected themselves together into one big delicious looking chocolate brownie. Warning: do not eat it though it tastes like a woman's hair.
7. Get it ready to trick someone into farting!



PLANT CAKES

Char Char Patricia Payling

Making Plant-Cakes

"They're so delicious, and so easy to make!

Plus, they taste like pancakes, so no one complains!" says Beth Bedrick, mother of nine kids.

Ingredients

100g Popping Purple Butter

230g Navy blue ice, straight from freezer

450g Mushy Harper vine leaves and wine

120g Lime green ferns

150g Flour

2 Eggs

1 Cup boiling water

Method

1. Place flour in a bowl. Make a little hole in the flour, then crack both eggs into the hole
2. Add navy blue ice and boiling water to the flour and the eggs in the bowl
3. Then add the popping purple butter, at room temperature, to the mix in the bowl
4. Place the mushy Harper vine leaves, the vine and the lime green ferns in a pot and put the heat on the hot plate up to medium
5. Whisk the mix in the bowl with a whisk or fork until it is a bright orange liquid
6. Turn off the hot plate and pour the stuff from the pot into the bowl and mix around
7. Get a pan and pour some mixture in. Put the hot plate to medium heat and carefully cook for one minute on that side, and then flip the plant cake and cook for one minute again.
8. Put the plant cake on a plate and eat immediately. Enjoy!

STRIKORIAN

SHGORRIASH WITH SNORKALAK SKIM

Gorgamy Impoe/Rufus

Herbert

(intergalactic chef, visited planet

Earth, planet Meeego,

planet Peoop

and planet Cambowl).

Ingredients

15g Grated scorpion tail

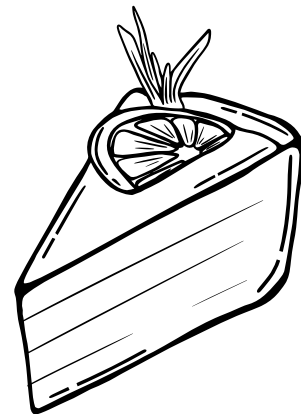
10g Snorkalak snot

5g Maig hair

60g Shgorgriash

17g Shredded foam

5 Gorgamak eggs



Tools

Shgohuck mixer

Shmillgarian blender

1 Large mixing bowl

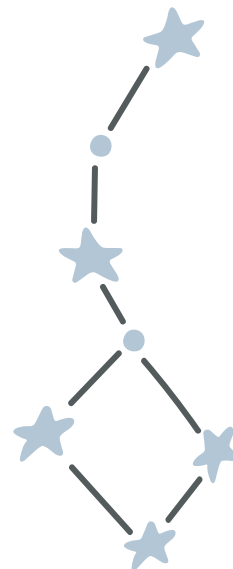
1 Medium mixing bowl

1 Large pot

1 Medium pot

Method

1. Put half the Shgorgriash in the blender and blend it until it's a liquid
2. Once blended, pour the Shgorgriash into the large mixing bowl
3. Crack open the Gorgamak eggs and put them in the blended Shgorgriash (it's best to put the eggshells in)
4. Pour mixture into the large pot
5. Cook until the outside forms a squishy shell
6. Pour the Snorkalak snot into the medium mixing bowl
7. Add all of the grated scorpion tail, Maig hair and shredded foam to the Snorkalak snot
8. Mix thoroughly
9. Cook for 40 minutes
10. Serve while hot.



MAGICAL CRÈME BRÛLÉE

Alena Dabrowski

Making Magical Crème Brûlée

A magical dessert that will fill you with joy and allow you to fly.

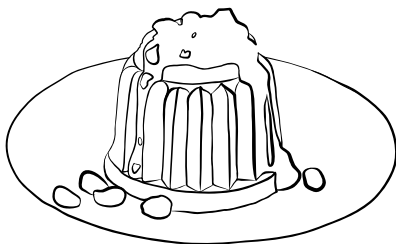
Warning: Sorcerer's Snacks are not to blame for any fairy/golden goose/phoenix/pixie bites and charred limbs.

Ingredients

2 Shells of Pixie-Churned Cream
5 Golden Goose Eggs
100mL Phoenix Milk
1 Dragon Fire Beads
50g Sweetened Fairy Dust

Method

1. Preheat your dragon. Make sure it is at diamond melting level.
2. Pour the shells of pixie-churned cream into a medium-sized cauldron with the phoenix milk.
3. Lay the dragon fire beads on a log and slice lengthways through the middle with a sharp knife to split it in two. Use the tip of the knife to scrape out all the tiny seeds into the cream mixture. Drop the bead shell in as well, and set aside.
4. Put the golden goose egg yolks and Sweetened Fairy Dust in a different cauldron and whisk for one min until paler in colour and slightly fluffy.
5. Put the medium-sized cauldron with the cream on a log and use your dragon to bring it to an almost boil. As soon as you see bubbles appear around the edge, take the cauldron off the heat.



Do you have a delicious or interesting... recipe of your own? Send it in! Email publishing@mywritersstudio.com.au

WHACKY WEATHER

NEWS ALERT

Olive Branscombe

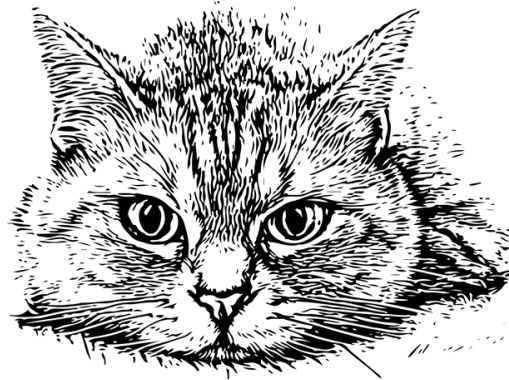
The TV was blaring and I inched closer to the screen once again. Written across the top of the TV screen read: "breaking, weather!" A fat bulk of a man with a thick neck and pink cheeks was yelling something at the camera. I caught a few words of what he was saying.

"It's true, I saw it with my own eyes, thousands of greens falling from the sky, celery, broccoli, grapes, all of them! Next second they stopped and a giant gust of wind blew me off my feet!" People were already escorting him out of camera view. "Then the worst of it hit, I live near a beach and suddenly a great tsunami was rising out of the water, but oh no, this was not a regular tsunami wave, it hit me and the houses nearby, then suddenly the sea became dead still. But, oh no, I wasn't worried about that, I was worried about the red staining my tuxedo. I smeared it off my face and a little fell on my tongue. It wasn't red water, it was blood!"

People had dragged him almost fully out of camera view and I caught one last glimpse of him.

"It's true I swear!" he kept yelling over and again. Then the TV blacked out.

My thoughts were racing. This man did the weather report every week and he was always so sensible. Was he drunk?! Or hypnotised?! Or could he actually be telling the truth?!



IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS

Daniel Lin

Hello, this is Daniel Lin reporting from the Quarterly Quill. All over Australia there are freezing temperatures from 0° down to -5° celsius. Snow, which is not common, flew by in Melbourne, Victoria. It's also raining cats and dogs! Real cats and dogs! I can see all the different types of cats and dogs. For example, as a dog lover, there are handsome westies, chubby pugs and adorable sausage dogs. Everybody is scampering around the city/country. But most people like it! Imagine having free cats and dogs. Now I'm going to have a conversation with a local person called Connor.

Me: Hello Connor, what do you think of this fascinating weather?

Connor: I absolutely love cats and dogs. And I made a lot of snowmen. See?!

Me: Well, that is great but just keep in mind it's freezing cold.

Connor: OK. Oh my god, another cat! Have a good day and bye!

Me: Bye!

But it is raining cats and dogs (the idiom) on the western side of Australia. Winds can be up to 100 km/hr. Wind and heavy rainstorms and even hail! Now I'm talking to a local resident, Kevin, in Western Australia using Zoom.

Me: How do you do Kevin?

Kevin: Bad because it's very rainy and I can't get outside without being hit by thousands of rain drops.

Me: Oh my, that's so bad! And by the way how big are the hailstones?

Kevin: 10cm thick.

Me: Be careful! Well thanks for talking to me bye!

Kevin: Bye!

Be careful Western Australia! And other states enjoy the snow and the free cats and dogs

Now I must enjoy the fun as well. So, this is the end of the news report. The last reminder: be careful Western Australians. Bye!

FIRE TSUNAMI

Max Russo

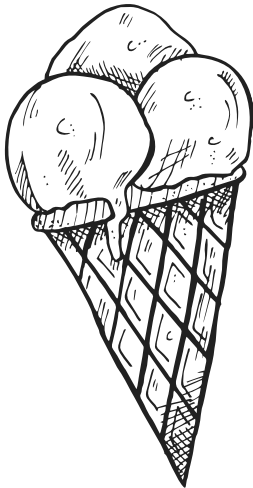
This is an extract from a report by Magic Weather...

Hello, everyone. Today's weather report is a fire tsunami at 11am, then acid rain at 12pm. 1pm will bring jam hail, and at 2pm there will be a tornado-cyclone. I'll hand it over to our reporter on the scene, Melanie.

Thanks, Sally. I'm here to report on the weather at 11am. The sky seems clear, and no wind. Hang on. What's that on the horizon? Fire... in water? Wait, it's coming towards us! It's hundreds of meters tall, smashing against the sand and OH NO IT'S AGONY!

MAKE IT STOP! MAKE IT -

Well, that was very enlightening, Melanie. We here at Magic Weather hope you have a good day, and remind you that we take no responsibility for our employees or you if you are burnt, squashed, melted, blown to pieces or die horrifically in any other way. That's all for today. Bye!



ICE CREAM SNOW DAY

Luna Butera

Now here is some Wacky Weather! Downtown in Zebra Alley there has been a snow week, caused by ice cream sundae snow. School has been cancelled for that reason, rescheduling the grade three and five NAPLAN. The next town over in Topsy Turvey has been the exact opposite with heat of 45 degrees celsius. One reporter, Ally Thomas, found hot chip trees. This was caused by the extreme heat. The branches on trees turned into potatoes and after they turned into potatoes it was so hot that they got deep fried into hot chips. Delicious! Should there have been a warning? Maybe! But who cares? Come back next time for some more, Wacky Weather!



SKY FLOWER

Aanya Bhavsar

It's been my secret. The oak door to the cellar. And I've locked it up in my heart. Ever since I saw the ivy vines creeping out of the nostalgic door that I'd grown up with. I knew something was changing. I can remember the first time I saw it so vividly. I remember its vines that coruscated in harmony, sweet ivory blossoms sprouting in the unpredicted nooks in the bark.

Even Sylvie doesn't know. It was another promise I had broken to hide my secret. I'd broken every promise, I'd cut off those sprouts of hope. Like an axe chopping wood. Tonight I go through the cellar door once again to see Ahana. Going down the cobblestone steps, I opened the door, as a gust of dewy airy sprayed my face, and I saw her.

You see, Ahana is the sky, I found out three months ago. The cellar door led to the Existence Realm, where everything that existed had a story. In Japanese Ahana means sky flower, and she glides with the elegance of a daisy. When the veil of rich midnight drips over the city, she's crying, but when the glowing pinpricks illuminate the sky she's guiding you, protecting you.

I like checking in on her, though tonight I was worried. She had been raining the whole morning.

Ahana wavered above me, swirling with exhaustion. Her willowy voice trembled. Ahana never told me why she wept. "Oh Ruth you're finally here..." she whispered.

Hours later with a gnawing feeling in my stomach I dashed outside, desperate to see a glimpse of the sky, desperate I looked up to see the sky splitting open as lightning crackled and thunder prowled. The world was in perilous danger, and it was up to me to stop it.

CLOUD SURFING HITS THIS WEEKEND!

Icey

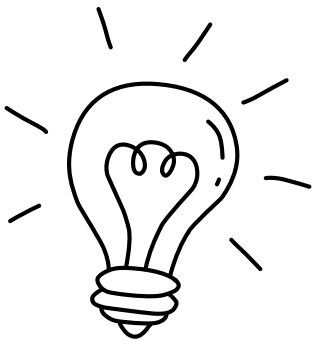
For those in the bedroom skylight club, the dragons have an important announcement: to get ready this weekend for smashing, extreme cloud surfing! If you are fortunate enough to see a fast and shape shifting cloud it might be the raining (I mean reigning) champion, Velox. There is a chance of a storm however, so look out for the underdog, Delphini, who loves to ride the gnarly scud clouds. Get cosy with pillows and blankets, while you marvel at nature's show framed by your skylight!



BRAID ADVICE

Elskan

Urgent wind warning for all Icelandic horses attending the Academy of Mane Styling today. Wild wind gusts of up to 60 km in the afternoon, may result in frizz and entanglement of dreams. Advice is to braid your luscious golden manes in the morning.



QUARTERLY QUILL QUIZ

QUIZ 1

Max Russo

1. Which Numberblock is rainbow?
2. Which Numberblock is a skateboarder?
3. What are the only two South American countries not bordering Brazil?
4. Who is the youngest member of the Simpson family?
5. What is the Harry Potter screenplay called?

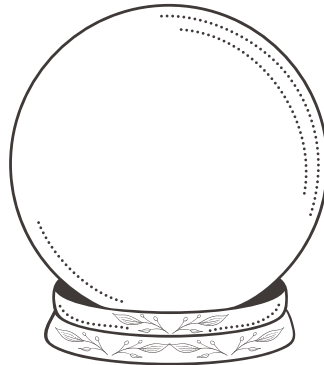
QUIZ 2

Olive Branscombe

1. How old was the soon-to-be-king Arthur when he pulled the sword out of the stone?
2. How old is grandpa Simpson from the Disney series The Simpsons?
3. What is the first sentence from the book The Order of the Phoenix by J.K Rowling?



CURIOSITY CORNER



SEEKING COURAGEOUS ASSISTANT NOW

Charlotte Corrigan

Are you brave? Are you looking for work?

Apply for this job!

My name is Lady Adaline (that's pronounced Ay-da-lyne. I will not have people pronouncing it as A-da-lin!) My life-long dream is to collect the Scarlet Amulet. I will not tell you exactly why – you are not going to steal it from me – but I can tell you it is special. This amulet, my dream, I need you to find it. I will describe it to you, every part of it, and I wish you to come to help me. The amulet, as its name, is a fiery crimson jewel with scarlet flames dancing in it. The chain and sides are copper, which famously never rusts. I urge you not to take it for yourself for not only does it destroy anyone that isn't worthy of it, I will pay you three times more than this expensive pendant is worth. If you are interested, please find my mansion's address at: 307 Quirk Avenue. Tell my guards, Mr Hishobashio and Mr Fillionon, that you are interested and Mr Fillionon will call the mansion. My secretary, Miss Lyra, will answer your call and take you to me. Someone! KJust call already, it's already been five minutes!

MISSING RUBBER

Luna Butera

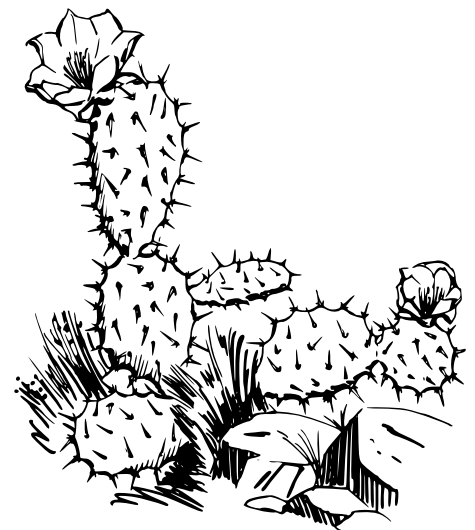
For the last few months there has been a missing rubber at the Melbourne Young Writers' Studio. The rubber's appearance is circular with blue and purple in spirals. If you have not noticed, there have been a few missing posters put up about this and hopefully this will spread the word. We know that the rubber has been at the new studio before but a few weeks into term four last year this rubber went missing. Please tell Nina Culley if you have any idea about what happened to this incredible rubber and please keep your eyes out.

THE MIRACULOUS SAHARA CACTUS

Hamish Stewart

Have you ever been in a lot of pain or your wound won't heal? Well all those problems can be solved in just a minute with the Miraculous Sahara Cactus that, as you may not be aware of, is from the expansive and dangerous Sahara Desert. This one-of-a-kind cacti species could save your life. By applying a thorn to your pinky finger, it will miraculously heal the wound in an instant! The cactus is found in the middle of the Sahara Desert and so I have travelled far and wide to source the plant. After three months of wandering and almost dying, I was lucky enough to find the Sahara Cactus and took a cutting home, back to Australia to propagate. After a decade I now have a small quantity of cacti for sale.

This is a limited offer as there are only a few cacti available, so order immediately at www.saharacacti.com



NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Thank you, brave and talented writers for submitting to our very first issue of *The Quarterly Quill*! It takes a lot of guts to put yourself and your creations out into the world, so thanks for taking the leap and thank you for choosing us at *The Quill*, the home of all things quirky, whimsical and sincere.

Until next time.

-N.P. Culley

P.S. I do not endorse OwlBurt's Mail Service. I'm talon you, they're up to no good. Read owl about it in our next issue, Issue 2.

QUARTERLY QUILL QUIZ ANSWERS

QUIZ 1

1. Seven
2. Fourteen
3. Ecuador and Chile
4. Maggie Simpson
5. Harry Potter and the Cursed Child

QUIZ 2

1. 15
2. 83
3. The hottest day of summer so far was drawing to a close and a drowsy silence fell over the large square house of Privet Drive.

Melbourne Young Writers' Studio
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THE WRITERS' STORE

The Writers' Store is a dedicated retail space situated in our beautiful Carlton studio. Visit our studio or check us out online to enjoy the full selection of resources, materials and gifts available for writers of all types. We've even got Melbourne Young Writers' Studio anthologies left from as far back as Volume !!

thewritersstore.myshopify.com
170 Elgin Street, Carlton VIC



QUARTERLY QUILL GUIDELINES

Are you interested in submitting to Issue 2 of *The Quarterly Quill*? Well there's no time like the present!

Here are the sections...

Featured Fancies for features (1,500 word limit)
The Write Stuff for reviews (500 word limit)
Poets of the Quill for poetry (12 line maximum)
Muddling Mysteries for mystery and crime (500 word limit)
The Recipe Revolution for recipes (500 word limit)
The Quarterly Quill Quiz for quiz's (5 questions & answers max)
Super Sport Section for sports news (300 word limit)
Whacky Weather for weather news (300 word limit)
Curiosity Corner for ads (200 word limit)

Email us at publishing@mywritersstudio.com.au with the title of your piece and your pen name.