

HEMI HAKENA'S

2023



INTERROBANG

CREATIVE
ARTS MAGAZINE

EDITOR'S NOTE

Welcome to 2023's edition of Interrobang! It has been such an honour to see the amount of creatively talented people at James Hargest while reviewing each submission. This year, you can expect to see a lot of astounding artwork and photography, as well as beautiful poems and prose from all year levels.

We also aimed to try something a bit different - we are launching a digital version of Interrobang, graciously created by our own Hargest students, Riley Ferguson and Fahim Firdaus. Here, you can access all featured pieces from our hardcopy magazine as well as extra and extended pieces of writing! Please check it out!

Finally, we would love to thank everyone who put their work out there this year - we know this can sometimes be daunting - and also congratulate those whose pieces made it to the final cut of the magazine. The Interrobang team believe that being able to create is one of the greatest gifts, so we hope that this year's edition of Interrobang inspires you to keep creating - or realise that it's never too late to find your passion and start!

Tēnā koutou katoa,
Rachel and Charlotte
Interrobang Editors

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MY IDENTITY

MASON LADBROOK

This piece by Mason Ladbroke was highly commended at this year's Dan Davin Literary Awards.

My long skinny fingers, making a bone carving for my mum
The bone is as white as a piece of paper
Me carving the bone made me feel like my tīpuna
My uncle's Wharenuī has his taiaha hanging up, ready to be passed on to his kids and grandkids

Fun, food and waiata
The kaumātua having a waiata while playing guitar
The gift of knowing who you are and where you come from

My feet growled for stepping over the rākau
Going for a swim in our Awa
Us teenagers going for a walk from the marae to the beach

Boil up, Hāngī, Rēwena,
Pāua, Kōura, Whitebait,
Tuna, Ambrosia and Ice cream

Crackup Aunty
Uncles yelling, barking while drunk asking if I would like a beer

Looking out to the Tākitimu mountains knowing my whakapapa
The water making its way to the moana as I cleanse my tāonga
Going with my whānau to my mōana, Te Ara A Kiwa

Getting nipped on the foot by a crab felt like people nibbling my feet
Sitting at the feet of our kaumātua while telling us stories of our ancestors
battling, trying to win their land back from the pākeha
Photos of my Tīpuna, hanging up in the Wharenuī looking more lively than ever
Whanaungatanga

Us teenagers help make the kai for the kaumātua, cuppas, biscuits, sandwiches
Kaumātua telling us about how it was for them growing up

Paua and rēwena

Boil up with pork bones and pūhā

Waves crashing on the rocks outside the marae

The joyful sound of kuia having a waiata jam

Loud, Eerie, Soul-Wrenching Wail from my aunties at my brother's tangihanga

The gift of knowing who you are and where you come from

Food cooking

Sunday bacon and eggs on toast

Wood burning as we are preparing the hāngī pit

Manaakitanga

Whakapapa, pepeha

The gift of knowing who you are and where you come from

Knowing

I belong



SEAN BATH

04

THE VIOLIN

ANONYMOUS

My sound has been forgotten.

By his parents who'd pause their TV to listen. They would walk a little slower to the bathroom to be closer to the music, to hear each fibre of the bow's hair pass over the strings, but far enough away that he wouldn't stop and become embarrassed or bashful. By his cousins who beg to have a go, who would beg to be taught, who would sit cross-legged, listening and watching as though there was a test after the song. Watching as he and the melody became one, opening his eyes every few bars to check if what he was going to play next was right. His ears, his hands, his mind, and him. He has forgotten. Leaving me alone in my case, on the shelf made of dust.

Alone in the back room of the Music Department with the other instruments. With those who are too bulky to stay in the practice rooms like the timpani or the xylophone, or those too big or inconvenient to carry along with them to class like flutes and clarinets.

Though I'm no longer someone's personal instrument, I am sometimes lucky enough to be used for beginners, the ones giving it a go before deciding if they want to commit. The ones that sound scratchy and wrong but, instead of being played on a new, shiny, pristine violin, they play on a preloved, dull, and worn violin. I'd be taken out of my case placed under the chin and held awkwardly, my bow flying around the air, not held secure in the hand, my strings scratched like a cat's post. But, eventually, I know what's coming; they don't like it and they move on to something else. So I go back to my home on the shelf, pushed further and further back into the dark gloom of the shadow. I can no longer be seen.

I was never meant to be placed on a shelf made of dust, pushed far back into the dark shadow, forgotten about. I was meant to be played in a symphony, in a movie, or even just as a hobby. I would've been okay with making a person's university admissions letter look refined or improving their CV to look more qualified.

If I were meant to stay in one place for my entire existence I would've stayed a tree with long roots slithering through the ground, weaving past the roots of flowers and grass, the stems of the weeds, and bursting through the concrete footpath. The universe made it so I became this instrument. Maybe I was meant only to be a conversation point in his life, maybe to be an antique in many years to come or, maybe, the universe has chosen to give up on my story. Making me the forgotten sound, the unloved, worn instrument on the shelf made of dust; the conversation starter in an interview.



ANNA MCINTYRE

06

WATER. PILLS. WATER.

ANONYMOUS

Water. Pills. Water. It's a mundane daily task that has been in my routine since the age of seven. However, it never seems to be any less of a chore. Water. Pills. Water. A supposed pharmaceutical fix, but then why do I have my own personal limits for blood tests that would cause concern for any other "normal" teen? If these capsules are supposed to bring me relief, then why does it constantly hurt so hard to breathe? These questions flow through my veins alongside the chemicals I ingest each morning. Water. Pills. Water.

What if I just stopped? What if there was only water? Could the harm of my body attacking itself possibly be worse than what I experience on my average day? Is there a possibility of it all going away? Of course not... logic, science, everything says against it. So how can I ditch the pills when they are keeping my organs from failing and my immune system from bailing? How could I possibly self-sabotage my perfectly scheduled routine? Water. Pills. Water. So I take my pills, but I take my multi-coloured handful, hoping that maybe today they will work better than they did yesterday, or the last nine years.

The frustration that this task brings me shouldn't be so considerably great, the simplicity of "Water. Pills. Water." couldn't be any more straightforward. But it's the why? Why me? Such a pathetic question.

This small chore shouldn't pain me as much as it does when "It could be worse." At least I can access health care, at least I can afford to fill my monthly prescription. I have no right to feel so hard done by... yet I feel like a puppy being kicked. It feels so extraordinarily unfair that all this unforeseen bad luck has landed on my juvenile shoulders, when there are children dying from cancer and terrorist attacks.



It feels unjust to experience constant pain from my joints to my chest as if I have the body of a frail 90-year-old. Why should I have to keep out of the sun in summer and wear gloves to school in winter to avoid my antibodies declaring civil war?

It seems cruel that at 16, I know when I need a dose of steroids or antibiotics before I see a doctor. What could I have done to deserve this? The twice-daily task of Water. Pills. Water. reminds me I will never be society's version of normal.

Feeling the nine assorted tablets and capsules sliding down the waterfall of my throat reminds me that this is my life, and there is nothing I can do about it. Pitying looks from teachers, family and coaches show me that all they see when they look at me is my illness. The rainbow handfuls of pills make me wonder if that's all anyone will ever see, and if they will be right.

I sometimes dream of a cure, a permanent fix, anything to ease the suffering. When my alarm snaps me out of my delusional version of an ideal world, I roll out of bed and take my first lot of pills with water - take a deep breath in that hurts much more than it should - and get on with my day. There is simply nothing I can do but take my "Water. Pills. Water." and hope for a good day. I put on my uniform and get ready as anyone else would and for a few blissful moments I can pretend the grass is greener and the sun always casts its vibrant rays on our faultless world. I can slap on a smile, go to school and pretend that the pills that I take are a magic fix, rather than a budget-brand band-aid. But it's a band-aid that patches the scars that remind me I'm still here. I am surviving. I will continue to fight to survive. To do this I will continue to take my Water. Pills. Water.



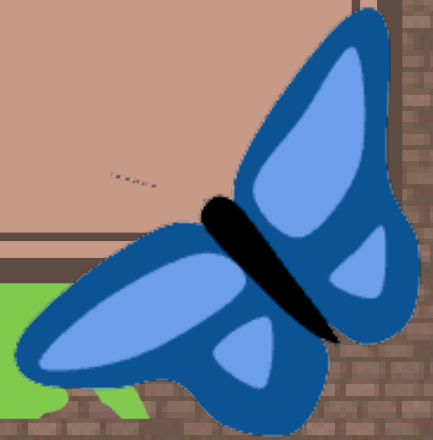
ANNA MCINTYRE

09

A UNIQUE CREATURE

NETHUKI PERERA

A gorgeous creature,
Spreads its colourful wings,
From a small unnoticeable egg,
To a grown, beautiful butterfly,
Orange, white, yellow,
Too many colours to name,
Unique patterns.
Spring enters,
Butterflies in the park,
Butterflies on the beach,
Butterflies everywhere!
Different shapes and sizes,
Overcrowded with butterflies,
As the sky turns dark,
Butterflies fade away,
Leaving the park,
The beach.



IMPATIENCE

EMILY OLIVER

Education is my path to freedom. But education is also my jail cell.

I am impatient. Daily, I feel the yearning to be a global nomad, free to pitch my tent wherever a whim takes me in this vast world. It is my dream. Yet, I am burdened and my pace is slowed. I am constrained to the present. Tied down to walking before I could run. Tied down to the pursuit of academic success and career mastery. To achieve my nomadic freedom, I must first achieve financial freedom.

So, to chase my dream:

I must wait,

I must study,

I must learn,

I must practise,

I must earn,

I must save,

But I am impatient.

School. Learning. Homework. Study. Eat. Sleep. Repeat. This is a day in the life of a student. Trying to do well, because the further you fall behind, the harder the climb is. The mountain to be scaled becomes insurmountable, the view from the top further away.

There are moments when discipline and control slip - when one drifts from their daily reality and starts to dream. Whether it be an escape from a particularly dull lesson or floating away at night, the yearning seeps in, and the impatience, ever-present, stealthily creeps past the walls of discipline. It chips away at the master plan, the big picture, the mapped-out future, like a devil offering temptation, offering lesser options, whispering about easier roads to travel. These dreams, whether they are daydreams, or in the dark of night, should be an escape, but they are not. They are dangerous. They feed the beast. They feed my impatience.

Freedom. All too often I dream of fun, adventure, and travelling. I need to travel the world. I long to hang out with my friends, and to make new and interesting ones.

I long to have my eyes opened, and my preconceptions challenged, but I know I can't, at least not yet, because a Year 12 student's biggest priority is school. In this day and age, to meander through the places I want to go, I need one thing, except for my health, I need a modicum of wealth to travel the world. So my solution is school. Do well in school, go to university and get an intellectually and financially rewarding career, which will fund my thirst for travelling the path least travelled. So on the flipside of danger, my dreams are my inspiration, they feed my ambition, and they are there to remind me of the end goal. But they also feed my impatience.

I have one life to live. I feel alive when I am living and breathing the world. When I am feeling the sand between my toes, watching the water ebb and flow, listening to the waves crash while the birds cry, and smelling the salty air mixed with the fresh sea breeze, that has travelled across the ocean to wrap around me. The world is full of experiences just waiting to absorb me and for me to absorb them into my soul, where they will slowly change me, and finish creating me, while I continue to educate myself. I thirst for this freedom, to break free from my adolescent jail. I am impatient to start my journey.

PERCEPTIONS

CLAIRE BEST



13

JESS BALLANTYNE

I noticed the fan above me, clicking every time a full rotation was made. My eyes drifted to the clock, waiting for the second the minute hand hit the 12. I began to count. Thirty rotations every fifteen seconds. Three tests, make it fair. Two rotations per second. That's 120 full rotations per minute. 7,200 an hour. 172,800 a day. 1,209,600 per week. 62,899,200 a year. I've been trying to focus my brain for 5,520 full rotations. I have heard 5,520 clicks. Yet, I look at my paper, covered in nothing but the date. Murmurs around me were drowned out as I steadily drew air into my lungs and prayed my focus to be fixed on the task ahead. My eyes heavily reached the screen as my fingers crept towards the keyboard. The taunt of the keys mocked me as I swiftly shifted my gaze to search the room, zooming my eyes on the origin of the noise. I noticed the satisfied look smeared on my classmate's face as mine bunched up in anger.

Is she... counting the fan? I chuckled to myself, questioning the obscurity of her actions. My focus shifted back to my work as I sat puzzled as my mind raced through the synonyms, metaphors, and imagery I could use. Conceitedly, I finalized my work and snatched out the dreaded math work due yesterday. The letters and numbers jumbled together as my eyes begged at the paper for it to make sense. I found my pencil dragging along the side of the page and ripped it away with frustration. My eye caught a few shapes I had accidentally formed. A circle, a rectangle, a square. Connecting them, I recognized the outline of a face. My attention instantly redirected toward this newfound sketch. The scraping of the pencil created a melody in my head until I caught the edge of my classmate's papers. I recognized the formula from my math homework and took a deep breath. I swallowed my pride and mustered enough confidence to make my way over to her desk. I held my head low as I mumbled "Do you know what you're doing for the math homework?"

She looked at me with a confused expression on her face. "...The one that was due yesterday?" I only mustered a nod of embarrassment as her face shifted into a grin.

I was worried when I saw him shuffle to my desk, head down with a look resembling a toddler who had made a mistake. My curiosity grew when he began to talk about the math homework and I couldn't hide my smile. "Are you asking for my help?" I blurted with a hint of surprise in my voice. His face turned red and he tried to splutter out a few words before I abruptly interrupted him, expressing the assistance needed for my English work. A sly grin was given as a result and his number to organize a time.

TOASTED CIRCUITRY

NOAH LIETZE

I was home with my brothers, Micah and Jasper. We were making afternoon tea. Jasper was making himself some toast, when I heard him call me.

"Noah, the toaster isn't working." I came and tried to get it to work.

"Is it plugged in?"

"Yes."

"Is the power port switched on?"

"Yup." Since nothing was fixing the problem, I turned a withering gaze onto the kitchen appliance. Much to my annoyance, the toaster remained decidedly unwithered. It sat there, as if sulking like a little child.

"Did you do anything to it?" I asked. His reply, so casual, so positively alien, it shocked me to the bone.

"I stuck a knife in it."

"You did what?!" I exclaimed. I wondered where in the entire cosmos he had pulled that idiotic idea from. However, I didn't have time to judge him as Micah spoke.

"Hey, why is the fridge off?"

I then checked the other appliances. The toaster didn't work. The microwave didn't work. The bread maker didn't work. Nothing in the general vicinity of that danged toaster worked!

I whipped out the phone. Typing as fast as I could, I informed Mum.

Mum
Help

Toaster

Jasper stuck a knife into it

Nothing works

Helphelphelp 😱

My panic was for nothing, as Mum came home and flicked a switch on the circuit board. Jasper had only blown a fuse. He also blew a fuse in my brain.

Part 2 of this piece can be found on page 19.

AMANDA HENDERSON



CHANGE

SOPHIE BLACK

Waking up to hear the waves crashing against the rocks,
Birds chirping outside my open window and the smell of the salty sea
flooding my bedroom.

Every year, my family and I stay at our holiday home in Colac Bay over the
summer holidays.

We spend nearly every moment we are there outside.

But now it's mostly spent inside.

Looking out the window, seeing people walking along the beach with their
umbrellas collecting the plastic people have thrown away off the shore, sand
blowing in their face.

Usually we would spend some time playing games on the beach and
watching the sunset, but now we sit in the car, raindrops coming down the
window with a dark, grey, gloomy background.

We wish we had cherished all the moments we had before, all the things we
could do.

The insect repellent hasn't been touched once since we have been here,
since we are tucked away in long pants and a hoodie instead of a t-shirt and
shorts.

I sit in my bedroom looking out the window,
Thinking about what the world is turning into, and it's not just Colac Bay.
The window is open slightly and the only thing I can smell is the hot muddy
water running down the street.

The rubbish truck drives past with rubbish falling at the back and I watch as
it runs down the watery road into the drain.

Everything is changing.

WIND HOLLOW

JACK MCPHEE



18

A BROTHER, A BLENDER AND BANANS

NOAH LIETZE

Part 1 of this piece can be found on page 15.

I was in the kitchen one afternoon, with my younger brother, Micah. We were fixing ourselves something to eat.

"I'm going to make a banana milkshake," Micah announced, before chucking the ingredients into the blender.

"Don't trash the place!"

"Sorry, Granny," came his snarky reply.

"Granny yourself," I shot back, in a lame retort.

Two minutes later, Micah still had the blender going. I went over and asked him. "Shouldn't it be ready by now?"

"Meh."

Fifteen seconds later, I smelled something unusual.

"Do you smell smoke?" I asked.

"Yup," said Micah, sniffing the air. Suddenly, a loud bang cut through the air, coming from the direction of the blender. We hurried over, and lo, and behold, the blender had banana milkshake foaming in multiple places, smoking like a cigarette. I turned my gaze onto my brother.

"What did I say about making a mess?"

"At least we can still drink it."

Soon, I txted Mum.

Hey Mum

We blew the blender.



We found out later when Mum returned home that she had thought we were joking.

Poor Mum.



YAYE
CISSIE LUNG

FRUSTRATION - A PESTERING PERSISTENCE

ANONYMOUS

A piece of history sits in my closet. A testament to the ingenuity of our species. Thousands upon thousands of pieces work together in perfect harmony to create a wall of noise, melodious noise. And once in every while; I pull it from the hole in my wall. It is dusted off and haphazardly slung over a shoulder, the weight of the ebony and ivory beckoning me to the floor. A switch is flicked, a knob turned, a latch released, and the full majesty of the beast reveals itself. Further and further the partitions stretch, the bellow like a bridge strung between two peaks of a mountain. An unspoken tension, a threat of action, hangs in the air. Between two weary arms it sits poised to sing its soprano screech.

As if by magic, strains of a Mediterranean summer fill the house, seeping through the walls and bringing tiding of a simpler time. Fingers dance across the keys and nimbly navigate the forest of black buttons, plucking at a fortunate few. The music ebbs and flows, brought to life by the soul, the passion of the musician. It dances around me, and I dance too, swaying in time with the two step. Notes stream from the staves and float like leaves caught on a breeze, carrying the dulcet tones with them. On and on the music plays, as those weary arms reach a fever pitch, chasing each other up and down the vast slabs on either side. Hours and hours of practice have led to these moments, endless frustration and countless useless articles have forged a bond between myself and it - the accordion. But in these moments, made possible by that misery, all else is forgotten. All that matters is the music. The future extends as far as the next line on the sheet and no further. Seconds turn to minutes as a molehill of paper sprouts on the floor at my feet, soon turning into a mountain. The story that it tells is almost complete.

But a chill falls over me, the notes falter just for a moment, as the music shows what I dread to see. Deep within the bowels of the machine, awash in the chords, stands a single reed.

A stalk of a long dead cane, the singular piece ravaged by the decades. From its inception, deep in the heart of Italy, it has served the beast well. But in the forests of its peers, it stands alone, lurking, biding its time and waiting to pounce. A switch is flicked, a button is pressed, a tidal wave of air surges through the imposter. It lets forth a maniacal crying. Melody falls.

Each cackle further shatters those floating notes that once surrounded me and the once-flowing melody falls from the air, as though smitten by a vengeful deity. I loosen the straps and fling the accordion through the air, a torrent of not-so-silent insults spewing forth, but they fall on deaf ears. It sits in the far corner of the room, taunting me. Its grates that once bought song now glint with malice, and the mouth that was once the keys drips with venom. And so a switch is flicked, a knob is turned, a latch is latched and the piece of history is thrown back into its dank hole in the wall, to be pulled out tomorrow. Maybe I'll have better luck then.

**YOU CAN CHECK OUT PAST INTERROBANG
ENTRIES THROUGH THE WEBSITE!**



[HTTPS://TINYURL.COM/INTERROBANG23](https://tinyurl.com/interrobang23)

NATURAL ANTHEM

NATALIE SNOEK

God protect our free land
The ringing valleys, the deep cerulean blue lakes
Rugged peaks that, through all weather, withstand
And each lake's gentle lapping wave that breaks

God protect our free land
The regal keas that screech and soar above
Each waterfall, emitting diamond droplets by the thousands
And all the moss adorned beeches standing in a grove

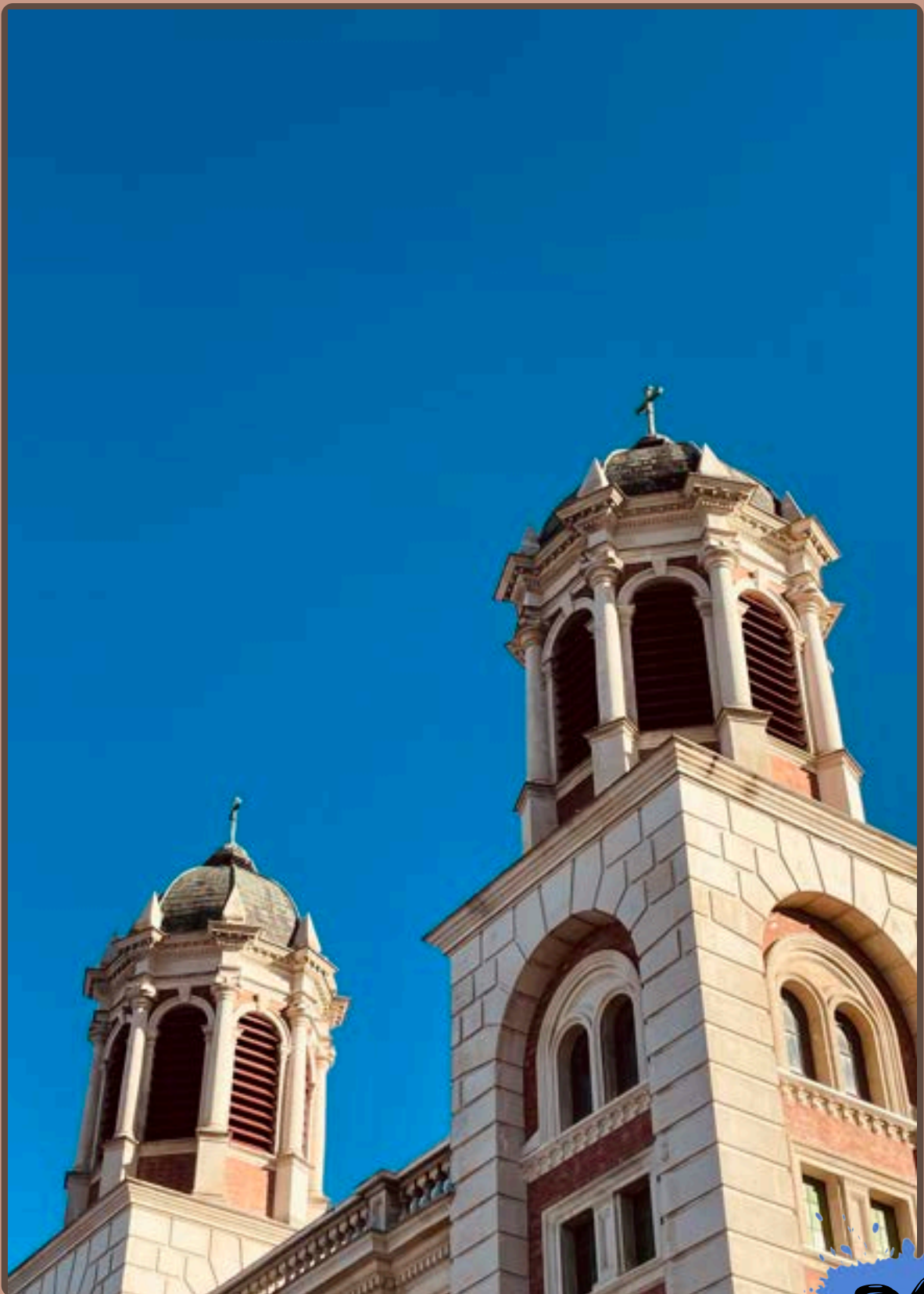
God protect our free land
The way the auburn tussock billows
Like a lady's hair running smoothly over her hand
And softening the surface of the shale that sits below

God protect our free land
The sharp-edged rock I now step upon
The searing sun that renders my skin so tanned
And the unrelenting rain dampening my pack with condensation

God protect our free land
As I tread the path upon the ridge line
And the robins sit almost on my hand
Whilst my tired feet long for the respite of the hut where I may recline

God protect our free land
That is here for us to be stewards
And was not created by an explosion becoming out of hand
But by Someone and His words

AMANDA HENDERSON



TIME CANNOT HEAL EVERYTHING ANONYMOUS

Content warning: this piece may cause a strong reaction from some readers as it discusses sexual assault of a minor and child abuse. Discretion is advised.

This piece placed 2nd in the Senior Division of the Dan Davin Literary Awards.

Dear [REDACTED],
You may not remember me.
You may not even care.
You may not even be aware,
there's a braided river created from my tears.
It has flowed down and through my body.
The salt has eroded my skin.
Have others cried too?
But, this isn't about YOU.

I tried to move on.
I let go quickly, with my mouth and legs shut.
But memories live forever.

"Time cannot heal everything."

When I unbolted the lock, I was abused by those I loved most.
The crying, the SCREAMING, the arguing, forever swimming in my head.
The pounding of the door in my mind, a door that I have kept chained and locked for years.
I buried the key and the nightmare with it.
The trauma and hurt that lives in my body and shadow.
Sometimes in the light, sometimes invisible, always dark... but forever there.
When the sun shines, my past blocks my path. The pain is right in front of me, living, growing in the dark like mould.

I have to remind myself to breathe so the mould doesn't consume my lungs.
I will get through this.

"Time cannot heal everything."

I used to always look at those strong women who opened up about their stories and consider if I was ever in that position, would I talk about it? I always thought I would.

But I didn't.

Does that make me weak?

That's what society told me. That's what my father's voice ROARING in my ears told me.

But we are not weak, whether we speak out or don't.

I am not weak.

You are the weak one.

You are the predator.

I was trusting....

"Time cannot heal everything."

Only now I understand why people don't talk about it. It brings it all back. The feeling of weakness, no... powerlessness... against someone so much stronger, yet you are the weaker.

It's the most invasive conversation to have with your parents or a stranger on a couch. The roadblock of whether it was even enough to talk about, this doesn't just come up in conversation.

It was just a splash of paint, not a whole wall...

But mum's wisdom floats in my mind, "a cut is a cut no matter how deep..."

"Time cannot heal everything."

Constantly questioning, did it even happen?

Constantly wondering, will you find me again?

Constantly thinking about the niece you look after.

Constantly feeling guilty, could I help that little girl?

But then I consider you.

Maybe you've stopped.

Maybe it's over.

Maybe it was just me...

"Time cannot heal everything."

My body can only feel your touch.

Seven to ten years it takes for your cells to regenerate. That means I have three to six more years of my body feeling your touch like it was yesterday. But no amount of time, no reborn cells, can make what happened go away.

All cells regenerate but memories live forever.

Except the cells you touched have spread, like cancer through my body.

You won't care but you need to know, the salt on my face could fill a sea. A whole sea.

Men don't cry though, right?

"Time cannot heal everything."

I wish I could be the girl that people thought was strong.

I wish I could take you down, cause that's what you deserve.

I wish I could be the one to "save" other young girls.

But I also wish,

it...

Never.

Happened.

I wish I wasn't in this position.

Because I shouldn't be.

For now, I am talking.

My mouth is finally open,
but my legs will remain shut.

"Time cannot heal everything."

It's up to ME what I do from here.

Not you,

not my parents,

not anyone but ME.

Best wishes,

The 13 year old you touched x

SEAN BATH



DEAR YOUNGER GENERATIONS HAZEL GRAY

This piece was highly commended in the Senior Division of the Dan Davin Literary Awards.

Dear younger generations,

Let me be honest right now, the only ice that I see melting is in my glass of whisky. And really, when have you actually seen a polar bear dying? I wish we could return to the good old days when no one cared and when I could order a thick shake without my straw dissolving. All of you “woke” teenagers are just trying to give your pointless lives some sort of reason by creating the so-called “climate change movement.” Just the other day I was walking through my hometown of Atqasuk and all I could see was “Stop the Willow Project” signs. Honestly, what a load of crap. Oh, how glad I am that the Willow Project got approved. The economy will benefit from this project, creating more jobs in a low-populated area. This project is good because it will stop the United States government from phasing out fossil fuels. Without fossil fuels, I and the whole country will suffer. All you kids care about is “stopping this to save the animals” and that “we are on the brink of mass extinction.”

I don’t care how many irrelevant animals there are. I’m a human. Why should I care about animals? It’s not my life, it’s their life and I should only have to worry about myself.

Let me be direct for a second. Why the hell is the government spending 44.9 billion dollars every year trying to solve something that isn’t even happening? At the moment, gas is \$3.52 a gallon. This price increase is unreasonable and is not good for the economy. Gas is an essential resource, especially for me... I use it for my Chevy truck, my generator and most of all, to help light my trash on fire.

“Global warming” they call it. I’m not sure what globe they think is warming but it sure as hell isn’t the one that I’m living on. The earth is apparently heating, yet my backyard has a metre of snow.

Why was there a weather warning last week of extremely low temperatures and a blizzard? This all isn't adding up. I read a quote from Trump that really cemented my opinion that global warming is a hoax. He said; "Ice storm rolls from Texas to Tennessee - I'm in Los Angeles and it's freezing. Global warming is a total, and very expensive, hoax!" This is so true. Honestly, we need him back as the president. He seriously saved the country and we need him back.

I remember reading an article on Twitter that said;

"The ultimate heat source for our planet is the Sun. Therefore, our temperatures are driven by the Sun. The history of sun activity is very revealing. From the Little Ice Age to the present decade, it has exhibited "cycles" of activity."

Obviously, this means that the world isn't actually warming up from our actions. The sun is just producing more heat. So basically, it's not us that's causing this so-called global warming, it is just the sun. I am honestly so done with all this climate change bullcrap. You can gaslight yourselves into believing that it is real. It is not real, and that is final.

Should we not be happy that the temperatures are rising? The summers are way warmer now. More time in the pool!!! Summers are warmer and there's more snow to ski in the winter. The world is only getting better. Instead of resenting us, you should be grateful for the world we have provided you with.

Overall what I hope you take away from this is that you need to live your life, don't worry about climate change because it isn't real. Let the Willow Project happen and stop protesting about irrelevant things. Stop letting the government brainwash you and WAKE UP to the truth.

From an entitled woman

COMMENTS

@lucylovestheearth Are you delusional? I will not "wake up." I have woken and I KNOW that the world is slowly withering away and it is your fault. It is your fault for burning your rubbish, for endorsing the Willow Project and most of all writing this letter.

@savethepolarbears How can you have no care for animals? You're crazy. Animals are what keep our ecosystems thriving and having no care for them is just low. Honestly, how do you sleep at night?

@hazel4earth People like you are the reason we are in this climate crisis, you complain when your lives change because we are trying to fix everything that your generation caused for mine and many generations in the future.

@katycat Wtf. Karen.

@taylorg She really thought she did something. Lol



HAZEL GRAY

TRIP TO THE TIP

NEVE WADDEL

Tripping along, with both the passenger and driver's windows open, the girl's hair blows in all directions. She looks very small in the shotgun seat of the car. The man driving the car flicks his finger and just like that the windows return to their resting position. His finger did not move fast enough to stop the girl's hair from dancing one final time. They giggle. In perfect harmony. She muses on how the car's speaker seems louder now that the windows are closed. Her small voice seems bigger than it did a few moments earlier. A few specks of dirt line her fingernails, she tries to pick it out as the pair carry along down the road. Even with the wire cage attached to the back, the silver bullet of a Ford Falcon glides around each corner.

As the two reach their destination, the girl's heart pitter-patters faster than before. Her wide eyes peek out the windows and she stretches to get a good look. Plastic bags, miscellaneous appliances, and odd shoes line the hole in the ground. The hole looks like it could genuinely eat the girl up. As she moves her head, she spies the machine working in the abyss below her - its headlights become the tyrannosaurus rex's eyes, the moving tray at the front is its gnashing teeth, the way it moves... it is what will eat her up if she isn't careful. She stands at the leg of her dad. He shoos her away and begins grabbing the earlier work they had done. Shards of trees, various leaves, and branches. Everything a Sunday afternoon calls for. The girl walks back around to the car and takes her prized spot again. She wonders if they'll get McDonalds on the way home. The key is turned and once again the music blares through the car. The trailer has been rid of its weight, thanks to the hungry dinosaur the little girl just waved goodbye to.

The little girl gets her wish. Her hands are full of a paper bag, and her stomach is full of grease and salt.

The day finally comes to an end and the man calls out to the not-so-little-anymore-girl. For him it had been crammed with branch chopping and dirt digging. Only one thing left to do; remove the evidence of the day's effort.

* * * * *

But now, instead of the thrill that once drew her attention when her Dad called out to her, she feels dismal and ashamed. The girl does not respond.

She hears footsteps wading toward her room. As they grow louder she rolls her eyes. She doesn't want to go, and she feels she has every right to say no. A little something nudges at her mind though. A pang of guilt pulses through her. A wave of cringe floods her mind and she is quickly reminded that she may be spotted doing the most embarrassing thing - being caught out with a parent in public.

Her young mind distorted the ideals of fitting in. Her whole presence is dedicated to being cool. A knock beats at her door. Her eyes widen as her unknowingly hopeful father opens the door. The thin hairs on her dad's neck rise in anticipation. Her face gives him the answer he needed. Wide eyes and an upturned smile. He sighs. He is oh so worried that the days spent laughing and singing may be drawing to a close. He knew this day would come around, but the prospect of a trip to the tip seemed so insignificant to him that surely she would agree. But no. Why was he so naive? All he can give his girl is a solemn smile. He pops his head back out and walks off. No need for any convincing, although a twitch nags at him. The urge to beg her, he knows they would have fun. He'd buy her McDonalds and all happiness in the world would be restored. But no. He must try to grant her the space she yearns for. A trip to the tip is not the same alone, especially after a day of solo gardening. But these things must be done, and if not him, then who?

The girl gets her wish. The putrid scent of the destination grows stronger with each kilometre as her father speeds towards it alone.

* * * * *

The older the girl gets, the more she cherishes each memory. Her eighteenth party was a rager, so much so that cans and rubbish were left strewn all over the floor of her dad's garage. Food flung at the floor leaves a sour smell lurking on the carpet. The roll of rubbish bags slowly diminishes as the pair pick up what was left of the night before. They laugh at those who almost didn't make it home in one piece. The speaker vibrates out their favourite tunes.

"You know what today calls for?" the girl mentions. They share a knowing look. The outing of all outings!

With the car packed to the brim, they set out on their merry way to take a path so familiar. The car vibrates under the bass playing one of her dad's "oldies but

goodies.” Listening to music uses every part of your brain. She thinks this should mean no room for other thoughts. However, something about this trip feels speckled with sadness. The girl’s window is open. The wind is blowing pretty hard. At least that was what she is telling herself when her eyes begin watering. She is moving away soon. She does not want to see her dad stand still in the place they once stood together.

She’s sure she’ll take many more trips to the tip, with songs blasting any thoughts away. She doesn’t know who these trips will be with. But that doesn’t worry her. A trip to the tip will always hold significance. It will take her back to the moments she shared with her Dad. They arrive at the park they’ve marked as their territory. The car is swiftly unloaded and any evidence of last night is packed away with it.

One final stop. The Dee Street McDonalds. The perfect destination after a trip to the tip.



SARANYA SARISA

LANIE

KATE LINDSAY

This piece by Kate Lindsay won first place in the Junior division of the Dan Davin Literary Awards. Congratulations, Kate, on this prestigious award. Due to space constraints, we have chosen to print an extract. You can access the full piece through the Interrobang website, by scanning the QR code on page 22.

Lanie got taken away from his parents when he was four months old. An elderly man and woman showed up one day and he was forced to leave his family. For some reason they called him Fred. Lanie begged to be greeted with his proper name but they never seemed to listen. His new bed was concrete in a rusty old shed. Every day he would help around the farm watching them milking the cows and feeding the chickens. One day he got to help round the sheep into another paddock. Lanie was doing amazing. All the sheep were locked up safely, but then he saw a lump of wool sitting alone in the paddock. He must have missed one. He ran over to the wool to see a tiny lamb sitting motionless. After a couple of nudges he came to the conclusion that the poor thing was dead. He picked the lamb up as gently as possible and took him back to the house. That night the man wasn't impressed. While Lanie was trying to find a good position on the cold floor he entered the room furiously. Lanie jumped to his feet and the man pointed a big black stick at him. Lanie loved sticks, but something about this one seemed different. Trusting his gut he bolted out the door followed by ear blasting bangs!

Lanie ran and ran and ran. He finally stopped as the sun began to rise, sharing its place in the sky with vibrant yellows and reds. He found a spot under a tree and caught his breath. It was only when he saw all the people around him that he realized he was in a park. There were children with their parents having fun on the swings and slides. Lanie had abandoned his family, and it was all his fault.

"Oi! Look mum!" said a little guy with brown hair.

"Oo! Wow!! Don't go near it though," said the lady beside him with matching brown hair. What had Lanie done? Couldn't they at least call him by his

“Are you lost?” the boy replied.

“Yeah, I ran away from home.” Lanie explains.

“Mum! She should stay with us!” Lanie leaped to his feet and followed the boy and his mum home. He was introduced into the family as an equal. Don Markea! His new family didn’t like the name Lanie either. He lived with Bruce, Willow and little Harold. He proudly slept in a bed. Ate dinner with them. He wasn’t even forced to go to school! He stayed home while Harold went each day. Willow took him for “walks” instead. His walk one time was extra exciting; a bird swooped right near his head. Amazed, Lanie happily chased the bird all the way down to the river, but when he looked back Willow was gone.

“Ello boy.” Lanie quickly spun around to face a man and a really hairy child.

“Hey you!” said the hairy child.

“Uh... hey?” Lanie whispers.

“What are you doing all alone boy?” the child asked rudely.

“I’m not, my mum is right around here...” Lanie’s heart dropped as he realized he may never see her again. “You see,” Lanie continued. “I might be a little bit lost at the moment but that’s okay, I will just go back. Nice meeting you!”

The child rushed to block Lanie’s way back. “No! My dad likes lost things,” he growled.

“Oh.” Lanie glanced around looking for a way out. Suddenly he got picked up by the man and shoved in a bag.

“HEY! LET ME OUT! WILLOW!” Lanie cried as loud as he could. The man shoved a hotdog into his mouth. It tasted weird though. Kind of funky.

MIGRAINE

CLAIRE BEST



37

THE ACCIDENT

IVY TURNER

This piece by Ivy Turner was highly commended in the Senior Division of the Dan Davin Literary Awards.

Scrunching my eyes closed to not see what is ahead. Holding my breath with fear. Clenching my hands in two tight fists to make myself think about the pain in my palms instead of the pain I felt when I thought I was about to die. Praying to make it to the undeviating part of the track. The feeling I get when we reach the end of the course is phenomenal. I feel safe again. Looking at my mum with relief. Sweat dripping down my back, half moons in my hands, glancing back over to mum, seeing her shoulders decreasing in height and her arms ease up from all the tension.

About one year ago, my mum and I were on a road trip to Queenstown. Excitement filled the car as mum and I sang to the top of our lungs to our favourite songs, amusing ourselves with sweets, fizz and crisps. Playing interesting games whilst being fascinated by the exquisite outlook beyond the front seats. Knowing we were only one hour away from our destination made it even more exhilarating. It was all fun and games until a massive milk tanker took its corner a little bit too sharp and knocked our car off the edge of the Devil Staircase. My life flashed before my eyes and I thought it was the end. I remember the screaming but I could not hear it. All I could hear was silence. The silence was loud for mum, she said, "everything was a hundred times louder falling twenty seven metres down, crashing and thrashing into vast rocks and trees, then smashing into the water with great force." But all I could hear was silence.

Silence is a trigger. A trigger that reminds me of the accident. My first ever near-death experience. When the room is silent, my brain tells my eyes to cry. I do not know why it does that, but it just does. The memory of myself in the car runs through my head like an old record with scratches all over it, making that dreadful screeching sound in your ears that you cannot stand, and it just keeps going until someone pulls the needle up. That is the feeling I get with silence. The moment the seal gets broken from the quietness is when I feel my soul come back to life.

The after-math of when a trigger comes upon me is looking up at people's blank, perplexed, weirded-out faces, glaring at me with utter confusion on what they just witnessed. The shame I get when I realise what happened. Swiftly raising my forearm up to my hairline, my fingers swiping across my face, feeling the consistency of water when I get out of the shower. Drenched in sweat. Head to toe. These are the times I wish I didn't survive the accident. Seeing myself like that after a trigger makes me feel like I do not belong anywhere. In these moments I realise peace and noise is what works with me best. It distracts my trigger of silence.



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