

**WRITE  
AROUND  
THE 2025  
MURRAY**

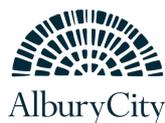
*Barry Young River of Stories*

**2025**

**Primary School Poetry**

**Award Recipients**

BOOKtique



**Hume  
Bank**



## **Years 3 & 4 Poetry**

**Winner**

**Marlee Hutman**

**Lavington Public School**



### **Adieu Amazing School**

The days are over now.

Time blew past like lightspeed, no one knows how.

Certain memories were full of joy as they were made.

And most of them can slowly fade.

We've made so many friends.

Singing songs dancing to trends.

For work and play, there were plenty.

With the other trends gone, our hearts are empty.

The teachers were like a gift.

Providing knowledge, our spirits lifts.

Their presence was an eternal bliss.

Their lectures we'll have to miss them.

Adieu amazing school.

Rest in peace in our souls and dreams.

**Years 3 & 4 Poetry**  
**Highly Commended**  
**Ivy Livingstone**  
**Lavington Public School**



### **I had to Move Schools**

I moved schools from Albury public  
to Lavington Public I went to this class called 3/4F  
the teacher greeted me with a warm smile  
and sat me next to someone named Kyle  
he was nice and said I was pretty  
I was too scared to talk I slip out a thank you  
he seemed not mean but more of a greeter  
he said have a good lesson and asked do you wanna be friends  
I said yes and Kyle said okay  
he ask what's your name I said Ivy with a weird voice in my head  
to be nice back I said your hair looks nice and when's recess?  
he said the bells going any moment I said okay  
and heard ring ring ring there's the bell for recess  
I went out to play at recess and said do you know if we can play  
together Kyle?  
he said sorry I can't I have footy practice and I said ok  
I ran to the playground and then the bell start ringing to go back to  
class I was like no  
and fell over my feet I walk to sick with Kyle's help  
and had to go home cause I cut myself.

## **Years 5 & 6 Poetry**

**Winner**

**Aurora Pike**

**Trinity Anglican College**



### **Just an Adventure**

Soldiers march in the freezing cold,  
letters get sent 'I love you' in bold.

Mothers scream out “pack your bags”,  
kids get sent away with name tags.

Mums hope the train will be fast,  
Dads hoping their home will last.

Families hurry into bunkers underground,  
parents shush their kids, don't make a sound.

Soldiers hoping their injuries will mend,  
dreaming of the day this will all end.

The scent of ANZAC cookies fill the living room,  
as the Nazis bomb Great Britain, boom boom.

Air thick and black as far as the eye can't see,  
campsites getting bombed and soldiers needing to flee.

The Commander shouts out “go, go, go!”  
When this will end? They just didn't know.

While the dads were away fighting in trenches,  
Their kids were sent to strangers' doors thinking it's “just an  
adventure”...

**Years 5 & 6 Poetry**  
**Highly Commended**  
**Eddie Nelson**  
**Beechworth Primary School**



### **Adventure Through the Thailand Cave**

This poem is based on when a youth soccer team and their coach were trapped in the Tham Luang Nang Non cave system in Thailand due to monsoon flooding.

Climb up, climb down, run all around.  
Leap from tree to tree, swim through dams and sea.  
Looking to find, but don't get left behind.  
Working in a group, try not to do a loop to loop.  
Don't get confused, or you will get badly bruised.  
Searching for a clue, just the thought makes me spew.  
After all that mayhem, finally we found them.  
But how do we get them back, through that tiny little crack.  
Put them to sleep, then silently creep.  
The divers start to dive, trying to keep the boys alive.  
The boys hop on their bikes, and decide not to go on long hikes.  
One diver dies, oh no, everybody cries.  
Safe back at home the boys know not to roam.

**Years 5 & 6 Poetry**  
**Highly Commended**  
**Eloise Rogers**  
**The Scots School Albury**



### **The Midnight Adventure**

In an old house where shadows dance and play  
A tiny brown mouse named Lila set out one day.  
With her whiskers twitching and her heart full of hope and cheer  
She ventured forward with nothing to fear.

Then moonlight appeared and spilled through cracks in the walls,  
She scurried quickly down the echoing halls.

Dust particles swirled with a silver glow.  
As she heard whispers of secrets of the dark rooms that began to show.

She peaked into corners and listened carefully for the sounds of stillness of night.

Lila heard a creak in the floorboards and a rustle of leaves outside.

She breathed in the mystery of this old house.  
That she believes lies throughout the dusty nooks tickling her nose and mouth.

Lila makes her way to the kitchen and finds crumbs scattered far and wide!  
Clearly there was a banquet, one where delicious treasure resides.

Lila tasted cake, cheese and even fairy bread!  
She started to dance with delight as all her worries had finally shed.

All of a sudden a from the darkest shadows, a growl filled the air.  
Green eyes appeared sharp and fast like a lightning bolt striking quickly through the sky.

Lila squeaked and dashed through the darkness, like a blur in the night.

She scampered quickly through doorways and rooms, her tiny feet as quick as a spark that could ignite.

The cat stalked behind with a cunning and well-planned trick.  
Lila darted through the living room, past the rocking chair and darkest rooms that continued to speak.

Her adrenaline flowing and fuelled by the cold dark air.  
She finally found a small hole, just big enough for her to squeeze through-

Lila was safe, a refuge from danger where no cat could ever pursue.

She was so relieved and peaked out with glee.  
For here in the night the world was waiting for her- it was patient and free.

As the stars outside began to fade and the edges of night began to fray.

Dawn broke like a curtain lifting to reveal a stage of a new show.

The dark shadows then withdrew as the magic of midnight slipped away

And the sky turned a light refreshing grey.

Lila came out from her hiding to a fresh day that was both light and new.

With her ears still alert and standing guard.

She was ready to share her tale of adventure with her friends like a secret map leading them on a journey filled with challenges, surprises and the thrill of discovery!

In the heart of darkness, the fun never ends.

So here is to all the mice who dare to adventure and explore.

In old dark houses where shadows and rooms hold secrets galore.

With their curiosity, courage and laughter they light up the night like fireworks exploding with colours and breathtaking sights.

For every brave heart finds its own path that is bright.

And embraces their adventure like a bird taking full flight.

**Years 5 & 6 Poetry**  
**Judge's Commendation**  
**Patrick Mason**  
**The Scots School Albury**



**Fishing**

Wizz plop what a perfect cast,  
Not paying any attention to my past.  
The fish takes my bait,  
Not a second to wait,  
Whack it on the barbie, quick, fast.

**Years 5 & 6 Poetry**  
**Judge's Commendation**  
**Flynn Cook**  
**Trinity Anglican College**



**Places in Space**

Rocket in the sky,  
Looks like a star,  
Flying so high,  
Flying so far.

Planets whizzing by,  
Colours galore,  
Oh me, oh my!  
There's so many more.

Down on the moon,  
It's not made of cheese?  
But I brought my spoon!  
Now let's leave with a breeze.

Now onto Mars,  
With red hot sand,  
Lifting into the stars,  
Goodbye land!

A long day in space,  
Let's go back to Earth,  
Everything in place,  
I can see Perth!

I land on the ground,  
In the night down below,  
I've been all around,  
The places I know.