



12 Weird and Wacky Writing Topics for the Selective Test Exam



Scholarly 

1. Zero-Gravity Chaos

Today, gravity disappeared at your school, causing books, desks and even students to float around uncontrollably. Your principal has asked you to write a **report** explaining what happened and how the school community managed this unusual event.

2. Unicorn Substitute Teacher

A unicorn unexpectedly became your substitute teacher for the day. Write a **journal entry** describing your magical, hilarious, and unforgettable day.

3. The Runaway Homework

Your homework came alive, grew legs, and ran away from you! Write a **letter** to your teacher explaining why you couldn't submit your homework on time and detailing your adventurous attempt to retrieve it.

4. The Secret Door

You discover a hidden door in the library that leads to a bizarre, fantastical world. Write a **feature article** for your school magazine describing your discovery and the exciting adventure that followed.

5. Gadgets Gone Wild

Your electronic gadgets suddenly started talking and causing mischief around your house. Write an **email** to your best friend describing your chaotic day with these talkative devices.

6. Drawing Dilemmas

Every drawing you make magically comes to life. After some drawings cause chaos, your parents suggest writing an **advice sheet** for other kids on how to safely use this new power.

7. Dinosaur Diaries

You've discovered a baby dinosaur living in your backyard and want to keep it. Write a **diary entry** about finding this incredible creature and your plan to convince your parents to let you keep your new prehistoric friend.

8. The Magical Lolly Tree

A mysterious lolly-growing tree appeared overnight in your neighbourhood. Write a **feature article** for your local newspaper describing the discovery, people's reactions, and what might happen next.

9. The Bouncing Classroom

All the classroom chairs turned into mini trampolines overnight. Write a **journal entry** about your first day bouncing through maths, science, and English lessons.

10. Aliens on the Team

Two friendly aliens have joined your school's soccer team. Write an **letter** for the school newsletter encouraging students to come and support this unique soccer match.

11. Dragons in Education

Debate Your school is considering allowing students to bring their pet dragons to class. Write a **feature article** for the school newspaper presenting arguments for or against this controversial policy change.

12. The Great Role Reversal

Your principal has proposed a day where students become teachers and teachers become students. Write a **letter** to the school board explaining why this unusual experiment should or shouldn't be implemented at your school.

Exemplar Responses

Zero-Gravity Chaos

It began with a pencil. A regular, yellow HB pencil that suddenly floated up from Ellie's desk, hovering in mid-air like a tiny wooden helicopter. Then came her notebook, rising slowly as if pulled by invisible strings. Ellie's feet were soon lifted off the ground as well.

Miss Chen was already floating too, her neat bun coming undone as she drifted towards the classroom ceiling, arms windmilling uselessly. An announcement was made regarding the gravitational anomaly, though uncertainty was evident in her voice.

All around the classroom, students were rising from their seats like helium balloons, bumping into each other and the fluorescent lights. Pencil cases were spilled open, sending pens and erasers orbiting like tiny satellites. Textbooks floated by like rectangular birds. Someone's sandwich escaped from their lunchbox, lettuce leaves separating and drifting like green snowflakes.

The situation was declared brilliant by Max, who executed a slow-motion somersault. Principal Grogan's voice was transmitted over the PA system, unusually high-pitched with stress. It was acknowledged that gravity had temporarily ceased functioning, and a request for calm was issued while appropriate authorities were contacted.

Miss Chen, now upside down with her cardigan floating above her head like a bizarre tent, attempted to restore order. The problem was identified: nothing remained stable anymore. The desks themselves had begun to rise, lifting towards the ceiling with glacial slowness. Ryan had managed to hook his foot through his chair leg but was now spinning slowly, looking increasingly unwell.

As the initial panic subsided, students began to adapt with the remarkable resilience of eleven-year-olds. It was discovered by Jasmine that pushing off from a wall resulted in gliding across the room. The twins, Aria and Zack, linked arms and spun each other in dizzying circles. Rulers were suggested as paddles, and soon children were propelling themselves around with surprising precision.

The floating students were finally corralled by Miss Chen, who had them link hands in a human chain. Regular lessons being clearly impossible, the situation was used as a learning opportunity. An impromptu science lesson about planetary forces was conducted, with the classroom serving as a perfect demonstration model.

By lunchtime, systems had been developed. Rope harnesses tied to heavy kitchen equipment were worn by canteen staff, and sandwiches were served in sealed containers. Special care was required for drinking, as water formed perfect floating spheres when spilled. The bathroom situation remained problematic and wasn't discussed in polite company.

New challenges were brought by the afternoon when a sudden rain shower resulted in water droplets floating in through open windows like crystal marbles, causing both delight and chaos.

As the strange day drew to a close, parents arrived, tethered to their cars with skipping ropes and extension cords, to collect their bobbing children. Measurements were taken by scientists in lab coats who floated importantly around the school grounds, looking perplexed.

Just before home time, gravity returned as suddenly as it had departed, sending everyone crashing to the ground in an ungraceful heap of limbs, stationery and half-eaten lunches.

A ruler was extracted from Miss Chen's hair as her glasses were straightened. Something had been learned by everyone that day, and perhaps helmets should always be worn to school... just in case.

Unicorn Substitute Teacher

Tuesday, 25 March

Dear Diary,

The most extraordinary thing happened at school today. Ms. Waterstone was away with the flu, and instead of Mr. Henderson or that mothball-scented lady with the clipboard, we had a unicorn for a substitute teacher!

Her name was Professor Moonbeam, and she clip-clopped into our classroom right on 9 o'clock. I couldn't believe my eyes! Her coat shimmered like mother-of-pearl under the fluorescent lights, and her spiral horn gleamed with sunset colours. She even wore wire-rimmed spectacles on her velvet nose.

The entire class was speechless. Poor Liam dropped his pencil case, making the only sound in our stunned silence.

Professor Moonbeam informed us that instead of our scheduled lessons on fractions, Australian geography and spelling, she would teach us practical magic, astronomical navigation, and the ancient language of cloud formations. When Chloe mentioned our upcoming NAPLAN practice, Professor Moonbeam simply dissolved the classroom window like magic and ushered us outside.

What an incredible day it turned out to be! Rather than maths, we learned to weave sunlight into golden threads that could hold whispered secrets. For science, we caught a rainbow in a butterfly net and examined its molecular structure through enchanted magnifying glasses. During English, we wrote poems that floated in mid-air, changing colour according to their emotional tone.

Lunchtime was truly magical. Our ordinary packed lunches were transformed into a feast of crystallised fruit, butterfly cakes that actually fluttered, and sparkling juice that tasted like summer holidays. Mateo's chocolate pudding even shaped itself into a dragon that breathed harmless cinnamon fire! Even Hayley, who's never impressed by anything, couldn't help smiling when we learned to talk with the ants on the oval. They're quite annoyed about our football games disrupting their highways, it turns out.

In the afternoon, we briefly visited the moon to collect moondust for art projects and time-travelled to witness the Federation signing in 1901, which will really help with next week's history assignment.

Before leaving, Professor Moonbeam gathered us under the jacaranda tree and made us promise not to tell Ms. Waterstone about our "curriculum variations." She said it upsets human teachers when students advance beyond the standard syllabus. I'm worried she might notice anyway, since our notebooks now contain glowing script that changes language every third read-through.

When Zoe asked if she'd return, Professor Moonbeam said she might, as "the universe has many classrooms in need of temporary guidance." Then with a leap that defied physics, she vanished in a shower of sparkles that smelled like chalk dust and possibility.

Ms. Waterstone will be back tomorrow with her usual worksheets, but something has changed in all of us. I'll never look at school the same way again. Sometimes, when the light hits the windows just right, I think I can see the reflection of a pearlescent coat and spiral horn in the glass.

This was truly the best school day of my life.

Until tomorrow, Me

The Runaway Homework

Dear Ms. Thompson,

I'm writing to explain the unusual condition of my geography assignment that I've submitted today. I realise it may appear somewhat crumpled and worn, but there's quite an extraordinary explanation.

You see, I had admittedly left the assignment until Sunday night, after cricket practice on Saturday and Gran's birthday lunch on Sunday. As I finally sat down at our kitchen table and wrote my name at the top of the worksheet about human settlement patterns, something utterly unexpected occurred.

The worksheet twitched beneath my hand, then shot across the table like it had been yanked by invisible fingers. Before I could comprehend what was happening, it folded itself into a paper aeroplane and launched into the air with a sound resembling a tiny, angry sneeze.

When I called Mum about my escaping homework, she naturally assumed I was creating an elaborate excuse. Meanwhile, the rogue assignment had flown into my bedroom where it recruited my maths workbook, English comprehension sheets, and half-finished science report. They morphed together into a paper monster with worksheet wings and a science report tail, hovering just beyond my reach.

I chased the homework squadron throughout our house, past my little sister (who seemed unsurprised by flying assignments) and into the living room where my parents were watching telly. It was only when my geography worksheet fashioned itself into a paper hat and landed on Dad's head that they finally believed my predicament.

Our family spent the next hour engaged in what can only be described as the Great Homework War. Armed with butterfly nets, laundry baskets and my cricket helmet for protection against paper cuts, we battled assignments that hid in air conditioning vents, camouflaged amongst newspapers, and formed aeroplane squadrons attacking from the bookshelf.

Mum suggested perhaps the homework was protesting being left until the last minute. When I finally captured my geography assignment, it immediately went limp in my hand, returning to ordinary paper. I secured all worksheets under heavy objects and, struck by inspiration, wrote that human settlements are influenced by whether their homework behaves itself.

To my astonishment, invisible writing appeared in response, suggesting that perhaps if I didn't wait until the last minute, my homework wouldn't feel so neglected. We reached an agreement – I promised to start earlier in future.

I understand this explanation sounds fantastical, but I assure you it's entirely truthful. The evidence is in the peculiar handwriting that appears alongside mine on the assignment. I've learned my lesson and will begin all future work well before the deadline.

Thank you for your understanding in this most unusual circumstance.

Yours sincerely,

Oscar Williams

The Secret Door

In what began as an ordinary school day at Oakridge Secondary, thirteen-year-old Mia Jackson made an extraordinary discovery that challenges our understanding of reality and imagination.

During a lunch break when the library was officially closed for stocktaking, Mia slipped in to retrieve forgotten maths homework. What she found instead was something straight from the pages of fantasy literature: a hidden door behind the Ancient History section.

"I noticed this strange golden light coming through a crack in the bookshelf," Mia explains. "When I pushed against it, the entire shelf swung inward to reveal a door that shouldn't exist."

According to Mia, beyond this ornate, pearl-like archway lay an impossible landscape—a realm called Lumina where the grass grows blue and three moons hang in a lavender sky. Most remarkably, this parallel world appears to be inhabited by fantastical creatures, including a butterfly with a kitten's face who introduced herself as "Whisper."

"She told me I was in 'the place where lost stories go,'" says Mia, whose detailed descriptions of the realm include buildings that defy gravity, trees with galaxies swirling in transparent trunks, and librarians with owl heads.

The young student claims she was drawn into a crisis affecting this literary dimension—something the inhabitants referred to as "The Unravelling." At the heart of Lumina's Great Library, Mia was entrusted with creating a new "anchor story" to stabilise the realm's existence.

"They gave me this quill that changed colours as I wrote," she recalls. "I just wrote about our school and then about everything I was seeing in Lumina. Somehow that connected the worlds."

While most would dismiss such a tale as an overactive imagination, Mia produces her evidence: a feather that shifts through rainbow hues when touched and her maths homework mysteriously completed in unfamiliar handwriting. On the last page appears the cryptic message: "Stories never truly end. They just pause until someone turns the page."

School librarian Eleanor Riordan remains sceptical. "The Ancient History section is definitely just backed by a storage room," she states firmly. "Though I must admit it's been unusually difficult to keep organised lately."

Meanwhile, literature professor Dr. Margaret Chen from Melbourne University finds Mia's account fascinating from a metaphorical perspective. "Throughout history, libraries have been portrayed as gateways to other worlds," she explains. "What's remarkable about Mia's story is how it bridges the gap between ancient folklore and modern fantasy."

Whether Lumina exists as a physical reality or as an extraordinary manifestation of literary imagination remains unclear. What is certain is that Mia now approaches bookshelves with newfound reverence and attention.

"Whisper told me that once you know how to look for doors, you tend to find them everywhere," Mia says with a knowing smile. "I'm keeping my eyes open."

For now, the Ancient History section at Oakridge Secondary has seen a surprising increase in student interest—though whether they're researching ancient civilisations or searching for golden light between dusty tomes remains to be seen.

As for Mia, she carries a notebook everywhere now, ready to anchor any worlds that might need saving through the power of storytelling.

Gadgets Gone Wild

To: jamie.wilson@email.com

From: sophie.clarke@email.com

Subject: YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO MY GADGETS!!!

Hey Jamie!

OMG you're not going to believe the week I've had! Remember how I couldn't meet up on Tuesday? Well, there's a seriously bizarre reason for that.

It all started Tuesday morning when I woke up to my bedside lamp TALKING to me. Not like a recording or anything—it was actually complaining about its outdated bulb! I thought I was dreaming until I heard the toaster in the kitchen demanding multigrain bread instead of white because "it sticks in my slots something terrible."

When I got downstairs, the entire kitchen was in chaos. The fridge was arguing with the microwave, the kettle was whinging about having to "boil its insides multiple times a day," and my phone came skating across the floor on its case announcing it was in love with our smart speaker!

According to the fridge (who apparently gets news from our Wi-Fi router), some cosmic rays passed through the atmosphere and made all electronic devices sentient. The telly confirmed it later when Mum came down—there were reports about it happening all over the country!

School was cancelled because the smartboards started giving philosophical lectures instead of lessons, and the canteen fridges refused to open unless kids promised to eat healthier lunches. Can you imagine?

You'll never guess how quickly we adapted though. Dad negotiated with the vacuum cleaner (it only cleans when it feels like it now), and Mum made a deal with the washing machine for better laundry powder in exchange for gentler cycles on delicates. The toaster's a total drama queen—demanded artisanal bread but settled for Woolies sourdough.

My phone's actually become my closest confidant and gives decent advice about school drama, though it's super judgy about my photography skills. And my laptop helped me finish that horrible history assignment with information it somehow accessed from historical databases!

The telly told me one night while we were watching a penguin doco (its choice, not mine) that appliances have been in our homes for decades, "witnessing our lives, and not once did we consider how they felt." Made me feel a bit guilty, to be honest.

Scientists have all these theories—solar flares, quantum fluctuations, alien interference—but nobody really knows why it happened. When I asked my phone if they'd ever go back to normal, it asked if I'd want them to. Despite the chaos (and the toaster's tantrums), I'm not sure I would! Though I did ask my phone to stop playing my embarrassing playlist when friends visit. It just winked at me and said "no promises."

Anyway, you HAVE to come over tomorrow and see for yourself. Our blender does opera now! Just don't bring your smartwatch if you've been skipping your step goals—our fitness equipment has formed some kind of wellness accountability club and they're pretty intense.

Miss you heaps! Sophie

P.S. Has any of your stuff started talking? Text me back ASAP!

Drawing Dilemmas

So You've Discovered Your Drawings Come to Life...

If you're reading this, you've probably just experienced something extraordinary—your drawings have started coming to life! After my own mishaps (including a helicopter crash, singing money, and seventeen small dragons now living in my wardrobe), I've created this essential guide to help you manage this unusual ability.

IMPORTANT RULES TO FOLLOW:

1. Practice Makes Perfect

Your drawings come to life EXACTLY as drawn—including all mistakes! My first dragon had missing back legs and couldn't balance properly. Before creating anything complicated,

practice until your drawings are accurate. Remember: a poorly drawn helicopter doesn't know how to fly properly!

2. Size Matters

Start small! Small drawings create small living objects that are easier to manage. My miniature dragon was manageable, but the full-sized helicopter caused chaos. A good rule: nothing larger than your sketchbook until you're experienced.

3. Know What You're Drawing

Understand how things work before drawing them. Vehicles need proper controls, animals need all their limbs, and everything needs appropriate features to function correctly. I learned this the hard way when my helicopter had random squiggles for controls.

4. Choose Your Materials Wisely

Different drawing tools create different results:

- Graphite pencils: Monochrome but more fluid movement
- Coloured pencils: Vibrant colours but stiffer movement
- Markers: Bold but sometimes unpredictable personalities
- Crayons: Warning! Food items drawn with crayons taste like wax!

5. Location, Location, Location

Never draw anything living during school lessons! My monkey created classroom chaos and earned me detention. Find private spaces without witnesses unless you're ready to explain your abilities.

6. Storage Solutions

Create a safe storage system. My wardrobe is now overcrowded with living drawings. Consider drawing a special container specifically designed to house your creations.

7. No Counterfeiting!

Never draw money! It won't work properly and will likely create embarrassing situations. My five-dollar note started singing the national anthem in the canteen line.

8. Helpful Uses (When You're Ready)

Once you've mastered your skill, try:

- Creating replacement pets (temporarily) for sad friends
- Making unique birthday gifts like miniature working carousels
- Adding special touches to events (butterflies for decorations)
- Drawing useful tools you might need in emergencies

9. Emergency Containment

Keep erasers handy, though they don't always work! Sometimes drawings return to pencil dust if damaged, but not reliably.

10. Keep a Drawing Journal

Document what works and what doesn't. This helps avoid repeating disasters.

FINAL WARNING:

Remember that with great artistic power comes great responsibility! Your drawings have feelings and needs. Be thoughtful about what you create, as you might be stuck with it for quite some time.

Good luck, and draw wisely!

—From a fellow artist with lively drawings

Dinosaur Diaries

Tuesday, 11 March

AMAZING NEWS!!! I found a REAL DINOSAUR in our backyard this morning!!! Not a lizard, not a weird-looking bird, but an actual, breathing, dinosaur! I almost passed out when I saw him hiding under the lemon tree, munching on Mum's herb garden (goodbye parsley).

After consulting my dinosaur encyclopedia (finally proving Dad wrong about it being a "waste of birthday money"), I've identified him as a baby Ankylosaur. He's about the size of a labrador puppy, with these gorgeous opal-like scales and armour plates on his back. I've named him Pickle, and he makes the cutest purring sound when I scratch behind his plates!

I have absolutely NO IDEA how he got here. Some kind of temporal anomaly? A rip in the space-time continuum? Whatever it is, scientists haven't discovered it yet. All that matters is that he's here, he's alone, and he needs me.

Mum and Dad don't know yet. After the ant farm disaster and the Great Guinea Pig Escape of 2023 (Mrs. Kowalski still gives me the evil eye), I need a bulletproof plan before revealing Pickle's existence.

Operation Dinosaur Adoption: The Plan

1. **Created habitat:** Transformed my trampoline into a dino den using old blankets and the tarpaulin from the garage. Measured the garden shed as a future home once he grows. Dad's golf clubs will need to relocate.
2. **Sorted food situation:** Pickle's a herbivore (thank goodness!) and seems to love leafy greens and fruits. Have calculated I can feed him with my pocket money plus expanding our veggie garden. Bonus: he's already mowed the lawn perfectly by grazing!
3. **Started training:** He's SUPER smart! Already sits on command and only knocked over the bird bath twice. Way better than Rover next door.
4. **Waste management strategy:** Gross but necessary—I'll handle all clean-up. Actually, his poo makes brilliant fertiliser. Our roses will destroy Mrs. Parker's dahlias at next year's garden show!
5. **Security benefits:** What burglar would dare break in with a dinosaur on guard? Will emphasise this to Dad—much cheaper than that alarm system he keeps researching.
6. **Educational angle:** Will stress to Mum how this is an unparalleled learning opportunity. This could be my ticket to a science scholarship!
7. **Responsibility card:** They're always banging on about me being more responsible. What's more responsible than caring for a creature extinct for 65 million years?
8. **Legal research:** No laws against dinosaur pets! Perfect loophole because lawmakers never saw this coming!

Tomorrow is D-Day (Dinosaur Day). I'll propose a one-month trial period. If they're still not convinced after that, I'll reluctantly work with Dr. Wong from the university to find Pickle a sanctuary. But I'm hoping it won't come to that. One look at his gentle eyes, and they'll understand why we need to keep him.

I've got one secret weapon: I'll promise to stop asking for a little brother. That's bound to sway Dad at least!

Must go now—Pickle's making suspicious chomping sounds near Mum's rosebushes.

Please, universe, let them say yes. Pickle and I were meant to find each other, I just know it.

Emma x

P.S. Just realised if they say no, I could always hide him in the attic...

The Magical Lolly Tree

A peculiar botanical phenomenon has taken root at the corner of Wattle Street and Banksia Avenue, captivating residents and visitors alike while creating an unexpected dilemma for local officials.

The so-called "lolly tree," which appeared approximately three weeks ago, has become the talk of Gumnut Grove for its remarkable ability to produce fully-formed, wrapped confectionery among its leaves. The sweets—reportedly varying in flavour from butterscotch to sherbet lemon—have drawn crowds of curious onlookers and sparked intense debate about the tree's future.

"It's absolutely extraordinary," said Dr. Eleanor Whitman, retired botanist and long-time Gumnut Grove resident. "In forty years of plant research, I've never encountered anything remotely similar. This deserves proper scientific investigation before any decisions are made."

The Gumnut Grove Council has scheduled a special meeting to discuss the tree's fate, with some members advocating for its immediate removal, citing concerns about public health and potential pest problems.

Councillor Robert Hargrove expressed skepticism about the tree's benefits. "We can't have children consuming unregulated sweets from an unidentified plant species. Moreover, the crowds are creating traffic issues on what was previously a quiet residential corner."

However, the tree has found a passionate defender in Jamie Thompson, a Year 6 student at Gumnut Grove Primary, who has submitted a detailed proposal for preservation along with a petition signed by 238 local residents.

"The wrappers dissolve completely within hours and don't attract any pests. I've been monitoring it daily," Thompson explained during an interview at the site. "Actually, we've noticed fewer garden pests in the whole area since it appeared."

Local businesses report unexpected economic benefits from the botanical curiosity. "We've seen about a 30% increase in weekend traffic," noted Maria Giannopolous, owner of the Corner Café opposite the tree. "People come to see the lolly tree, then stop in for coffee or lunch. It's been great for business."

The community impact extends beyond commerce. The local library has established an outdoor reading program beneath the tree's branches, with librarian June Wilkins reporting significant increases in children's participation.

"We've seen kids trading vegetable sticks for a chance to harvest lollies. They're negotiating, sharing, and spending time outdoors instead of on their devices," Wilkins observed. "There's something magical about it that brings people together."

Not everyone shares this enthusiasm. Some residents have expressed concern about encouraging children to eat sweets, while others question the safety of consuming anything from an unidentified plant source.

"We don't know where it came from or what's in those lollies," said Harold Pemberton, retired pharmacist. "Without proper analysis, we're taking unnecessary risks."

Scientific interest in the specimen has grown, with researchers from the State Botanical Institute requesting permission to study the tree before any action is taken.

"It challenges our understanding of plant biology," explained Dr. Amita Sharma, the Institute's director. "The ability to synthesise complex carbohydrates and cellulose-based wrappers represents either an extraordinary mutation or a completely new species."

A compromise proposal gaining traction suggests designating the tree as a protected botanical specimen with regulated harvesting times and limits—one lolly per person per day—while scientific studies proceed.

As the council meeting approaches, the lolly tree continues to produce its sweet bounty, oblivious to the controversy surrounding it. Elderly residents from the nearby retirement village make daily visits, while artists capture its likeness in various media.

"Sometimes extraordinary things happen in ordinary places," Thompson said, carefully rewrapping a partially eaten butterscotch disk for later. "Just because we don't understand something doesn't mean we should destroy it."

The Gumnut Grove Council will meet next Tuesday to determine the tree's fate. Public comments are being accepted until 5 PM Monday.

The Bouncing Classroom

Dear Diary,

Well, it actually happened. The School Facilities Committee went completely bonkers and replaced all our normal chairs with mini trampolines. Today was our first day using them, and I'm writing this with an ice pack on my elbow and what feels like my brain still bobbing inside my skull.

The morning started with an "orientation session" where Mr. Peterson demonstrated the "proper bounce technique" for classroom learning. As if there's a proper way to do long

division while your entire body is moving up and down! The little prep kids thought it was Christmas come early. The rest of us were less convinced.

Maths was first, and what a disaster! Ms. Thompson asked us to measure angles with protractors. Ever tried holding a ruler steady while bouncing? My 45-degree angle looked more like a heart rate monitor. When Lucas's protractor went flying across the room and nearly took out Amelia's eye, Ms. Thompson just sighed this massive sigh that seemed to say, "I did not train for this."

Science was even worse. We were supposed to be observing the growth of our bean plants and recording data. My measurements ranged from 5cm to 50cm depending on which part of my bounce I was on when I looked at the ruler. Then disaster struck when Ryan bounced too enthusiastically and knocked over three plant cups. Soil everywhere! Poor Ms. Jenkins from the front office had to come in with the vacuum, wobbling around trying not to fall into our bouncy chaos.

By recess, my legs were already wobbly, but the real challenge came during English. We had a spelling test. A SPELLING TEST! ON TRAMPOLINES! My handwriting looked like I'd written it during an earthquake. I spelled "necessary" with five S's and no E's. When I tried to concentrate extra hard by bouncing more slowly, I accidentally synced rhythms with Jade beside me, and we bumped into each other, sending her pencil case flying.

Lunchtime was a blessed relief—solid, stable bench seats in the canteen never felt so good. Everyone was complaining about backaches and motion sickness. Even Tyler, who usually loves anything active, said his brain felt "scrambled like weekend breakfast."

The afternoon brought the ultimate challenge: art class. We were painting landscapes. Let's just say my serene countryside scene now has what looks like a lightning strike across it from when I bounced too high and dragged the brush across the page. Mrs. Wilkins eventually gave up and had us do "bounce art" instead—holding papers under dripping paintbrushes and letting the bouncing create patterns. Clever save, but not exactly the watercolour techniques we were supposed to be learning.

The funniest moment was during the principal's afternoon announcement. Mr. Harrison's voice came over the PA system all serious: "Students, please remember that trampolines are for sitting and gentle movement, not for competitive bouncing." Right as he said this, Zack in our class attempted a seated spin move and went tumbling sideways into a bookshelf, sending dictionaries raining down. Perfect timing!

By home time, my handwriting in every subject looked like I'd written while riding a rollercoaster, my back hurt, and I'd somehow gotten a friction burn on my left ankle from rubbing against the trampoline frame.

Mum just laughed when I told her about it and said, "That'll teach the school board to approve ideas from that educational consultant who never actually teaches children."

Got to go put another ice pack on my bouncing-induced headache. Hoping this mad experiment doesn't last more than a week!

Tomorrow I'm bringing gloves and kneepads.

Charlie

Aliens on the Team

Good morning fellow students, teachers, and Wattle Creek Primary School Sports Committee members. I stand before you to argue for allowing Zorb and Klyx, the two friendly aliens who recently arrived in our town, to join our school soccer team.

Let's address the fairness concern first. While the aliens possess certain advantages with their elastic limbs and agility, they also face challenges. Their unfamiliarity with Earth's gravity makes their movements erratic—as we saw when Zorb attempted to kick a ball and launched himself into the rubbish bins. They're also new to soccer. During their trial, Klyx repeatedly picked up the ball with all three hands, believing the objective was to protect it. As Coach Bennett noted, "They've got potential, but right now my gran could outplay them."

Regarding competition regulations, I've researched thoroughly. Nowhere does it specify players must be human. The eligibility requirements focus on age, school enrolment, and geographical boundaries—all criteria that Zorb and Klyx satisfy as enrolled students in our district.

Sports build character, foster inclusion, and teach teamwork despite differences. What better opportunity to demonstrate these values than by including beings from another planet? Their presence creates natural opportunities for cultural exchange. Playing alongside them prepares us for a future where interplanetary cooperation will be essential.

From a competitive standpoint, their unusual movement patterns could introduce innovative strategies. Coach Bennett has already noted how Zorb's lateral jumping technique could be adapted into a novel defensive formation, pushing our players to think creatively.

Regarding safety concerns, Nurse Phillips confirmed that despite their appearance, Zorb and Klyx have remarkably durable physiologies. Their rubbery skeletal structure makes them less prone to sprains and fractures, and their purple blood contains natural coagulants that prevent excessive bleeding.

Consider their perspective too. Imagine travelling 67 light-years only to face rejection from a primary school team. They've shown genuine enthusiasm, diligently attending every practice and arriving early to help set up.

How we respond sends a powerful message about our school's values. Do we retreat from the unfamiliar or embrace new possibilities? Including them demonstrates that Wattle Creek Primary stands for inclusion, innovation, and intergalactic friendship.

Critics worry about setting a precedent. This concern can be addressed through reasonable guidelines, similar to how other individual differences are managed.

Finally, let's acknowledge the joy this brings to our community. Attendance at practices has tripled, team morale has soared, and even Mr. Ferguson, our serious groundskeeper, was spotted smiling as Klyx finally scored a goal—with feet, not hands.

Including Zorb and Klyx aligns with sporting values, offers educational benefits, enhances performance, poses no safety concerns, respects their desire to participate, sends a powerful message about our school's character, and brings joy to our community.

I urge you to make the right decision for all of us who believe that sport brings people together across every kind of difference, even differences that are truly astronomical. Thank you.

Dragons in Education

The hallways of Hillcrest Academy are abuzz with heated discussion as students and staff prepare for next week's critical school board vote on whether to permit students to bring pet dragons to school. This unprecedented proposal has sharply divided our community, with passionate advocates and opponents presenting compelling arguments on both sides.

"This isn't just about bringing pets to school," explained Student Council President Marcus Fielding, who supports the proposal. "Dragons represent a unique educational opportunity. Imagine learning about biology, chemistry and thermal physics through direct observation rather than just textbooks."

However, serious safety concerns have been raised by the opposition. Year 6 debate captain Emma Sullivan delivered a persuasive speech highlighting the inherent risks of dragon ownership within an educational setting.

"Even 'domesticated' dragons remain unpredictable," Sullivan argued. "Their fire-breathing capabilities present an unacceptable risk in a school environment. Our heritage-listed buildings could be reduced to ashes in minutes."

The logistics of accommodating dragons have emerged as another significant point of contention. School architect Mrs. Patel conducted a spatial analysis showing that even the smallest Welsh Greens require at least four square metres of personal space, making classrooms impossibly crowded.

"With thirty students already in most classrooms, adding dragons would violate building safety codes," Mrs. Patel explained. "Teachers would struggle to be heard over wing-flapping, and learning would be severely compromised."

Health concerns feature prominently in the debate. School nurse Mr. Thompson noted that research from the Royal Institute of Magical Creatures indicates one in seven humans shows sensitivity to dragon dander, with symptoms ranging from mild sneezing to severe respiratory distress.

"We pride ourselves on inclusive education," Mr. Thompson said. "Introducing dragons could effectively exclude a significant portion of our community from attending school safely."

Proponents counter that these concerns can be addressed through proper protocols. Year 6 student and experienced dragon handler Aiden Wong believes the benefits outweigh the challenges.

"With appropriate training and facilities, dragons can be safely integrated into school life," Wong insisted. "Many households already successfully manage dragon ownership. The responsibility students develop caring for these creatures is invaluable life preparation."

The financial implications remain contentious. Treasurer of the P&C Association Mrs. Jacobs calculated that constructing appropriate dragon facilities would cost approximately \$450,000, potentially requiring cuts to music, sports and excursion programs.

"We need to consider whether this represents responsible use of limited educational resources," Mrs. Jacobs cautioned.

The administration points to Thornbridge Grammar's experience as a cautionary tale. After implementing a dragon program last year, Thornbridge reportedly spent 80% of their annual budget on fireproofing and lost three sports fields to impromptu dragon nesting.

Principal Dr. Williams has proposed a compromise: "Rather than allowing dragons daily, we could establish monthly Dragon Appreciation Days featuring professional handlers demonstrating specially trained dragons in controlled outdoor settings."

This middle-ground approach has gained traction among moderate voices in the debate, though dedicated dragon enthusiasts remain unsatisfied.

The school board will hear final arguments at Tuesday's meeting before voting on the proposal. Students wishing to voice their opinions can submit written statements to the administration office by Monday afternoon.

Whatever the outcome, this debate has already achieved something valuable: engaging students in civic discourse about balancing personal desires with community wellbeing – a lesson extending far beyond the question of dragons in classrooms.

The Great Role Reversal

I am writing to express my enthusiastic support for the proposed "Student-Teacher Swap Day" initiative currently under your consideration. As a Year 6 student at Banksia Hills Secondary, I believe this innovative approach would bring substantial benefits to our educational community.

The concept is elegantly simple: for one day, students assume teaching responsibilities while teachers experience learning from a student's perspective. While this role reversal might initially appear disruptive, thoughtful analysis reveals significant educational value that aligns perfectly with our school's commitment to progressive, student-centred learning.

Foremost among the benefits is the development of mutual empathy. When students attempt to manage a classroom, plan engaging lessons, and address diverse learning needs simultaneously, we gain invaluable insight into the challenges our teachers face daily. Similarly, when teachers navigate consecutive classes, manage assignment deadlines, and experience uncomfortable furniture (particularly those wobbly chairs in Room 6!), they develop deeper appreciation for student experiences.

The educational value extends beyond empathy through "learning by teaching"—a pedagogical approach with robust research support. When preparing to teach classmates, students study material with unprecedented thoroughness, knowing our understanding will be publicly demonstrated. This creates motivation and engagement far exceeding conventional assessment methods.

This initiative would also uncover hidden talents within our student body. Students who struggle with traditional academic performance often excel at explanation, classroom management, or creative lesson design. These discoveries build confidence and might inform future career aspirations for students who don't typically shine in conventional settings.

Anticipated concerns about implementation can be addressed through thoughtful structure:

- Student teachers would prepare extensively under teacher guidance
- Teaching would occur in pairs or small groups rather than individually
- Teachers would maintain discreet supervisory presence
- Simplified lesson formats would be used initially
- Younger students could participate through modified arrangements

Rather than sacrificing valuable instructional time, this experience creates memorable, emotionally engaging learning—precisely the conditions cognitive science identifies as optimal for long-term retention. The skills developed—communication, leadership,

adaptability, empathy—align perfectly with the "future-ready" capabilities emphasised in our school's strategic plan.

Implementation could be straightforward: students apply for teaching roles based on interests, teachers guide preparation, and the day concludes with structured reflection sessions where insights are shared, creating an ongoing dialogue about educational improvement.

Student-Teacher Swap Day represents the innovative thinking that distinguishes progressive schools from those clinging to outdated paradigms. It offers a unique opportunity to transform school culture, deepen mutual respect, enhance learning outcomes, and develop crucial life skills.

I respectfully urge the Board to approve this proposal not as a mere novelty but as a serious pedagogical initiative with potential to meaningfully enhance our educational community. By swapping roles for just one day, we can create lasting improvements in understanding, engagement, and school culture.

Thank you for considering this proposal.

Yours sincerely,

Jamie Williams