

# Surprise!

A collection of short  
stories by pupils at  
Savio Salesian  
College



## Contents

- p3 The Surprise of 2020, Inês Braz, Year 7
- p4 The Monkey and The Dog, Jaden Brown, Year 7
- p5 Dario's Enemy, Amadeo Galassi, Year 7
- p6 Christmas With The Family, Rihanna Baker, Year 8
- p8 Dare To Dream, Katie Lunt, Year 8
- p9 Surprise..., Liam Brophy, Year 10
- p10 Death is a Surprise, Mia Duckworth, Year 10
- p11 Surprise, Jacob Lunt, Year 10
- p12 Canada's Largest Deathbed Finley Foster, Year 11

## The Surprise of 2020

Inês Braz, Year 7

*Thankfully there is always sunshine after the rain.*

Tony's grandmother wanted to surprise her grandson after a long time without seeing him and decided to give him a gift.

When Tony entered the house his eyes widened at the same time as his mouth, and he started to stammer:

"Grandma Helennnnnnn!" He shouted. Yes, it was her who he had not seen for 6 months, except by video call because of Covid-19. Helen hugged him crying.

After lunch Helen gave him a package. Tony's heart was pounding when he started to unwrap it...it was a little box. "Tony, you will see that it is a box, but is not a ordinary box," said the grandmother to the boy. Tony stroked it between his hands: it was a paper box with a slip at the top. "What do you think is inside?" she asked.

"Money?" he replied, with a shrug when he saw there were no coins.

"Well you're wrong! It's a time box!"

Tony's eyes widened and he looked at his grandmother so she could continue to tell him. "The box is empty but as I already said, is very special! I want you to write a letter. You won't be able to open the box until you're 18. You have to promise me!" Tony looked at his grandmother mentally counting.

"Twelve years!" He said. Helen laughed when she saw the boys face.

"There's more. I want you to also put something you think you would like to find when you are that age!"

When Tony went to bed, he couldn't sleep wondering what to put in his letter and what to put in the box.

The next day, the two of them opened the box and he put his letter and a colourful drawing that he did that morning. Helen smiled. Both eyes shone when they looked at each other, thinking about the future. His grandmother gave him a big surprise when she came to visit him Tony thought. But the real surprise was to start that great adventure in time with her.

Without surprises life would be much more boring right? May life bring you many surprises!

## **The Monkey and The Dog**

**Jaden Brown, Year 7**

### ***A tale of unexpected friendship***

One day, a dog was in the back of a plane with all the other animals. His owner didn't really want him to be there, but he was told all animals had to be kept separate while flying.

After a short time, the owner of the dog, along with the other passengers, was told there would be some turbulence. They all heard an alarm saying, "sorry everyone, we are experiencing more turbulence than expected!" Panic followed. "The plane is going to crash: the plane is going to crash!"

The plane fell down and crashed. Everyone died apart from the dog.

On the forest floor amongst the wreck of the plane, the dog was wandering around for someone to help him. There was no one! But, out of the corner of his eye he saw a monkey. He approached it very slowly; the monkey was surprisingly nice.

The monkey gave the dog some food, and they ended up being best friends and they always helped each other when needed.

A helicopter came for the dog, but the dog didn't want to go. He would only go if the monkey would come too. The owner said that the monkey could come and they lived happily ever after. The end!

## Dario's Enemy

Amadeo Galassi, Year 7

*It's true that power corrupts even the best of people.*

King Dario lived happily in his modest kingdom. He did not care about riches, and would have been just as happy living in a very big field among the animals. He was a good, kind king, but he didn't do anything to make him stand out. Everyone including Dario was happy enough, but there was a problem Dario was unaware of: an enemy. An enemy determined to overthrow Dario and take the crown for himself. Everything seemed to be peaceful in Dario's kingdom, until, the enemy Prous made himself known. Prous was a bad person, who thought for years that he should have been the king. What's more, he was powerful, more powerful than Dario in fact, and he posed a threat to Dario. He made sure word got back to Dario to warn him and fill him with fear.

Dario knew he had to face Prous. "If I don't act quickly, he will take over the kingdom!" he thought.

Prous had a blade that could look into any object, and it was magnetic and could get every piece of metal out of any vault for Prous to add to his collection. But Dario didn't know about that, and Prous had a big advantage because of it.

The battle was long and hard. It seemed for a while that Prous was winning, but fortunately, Dario had many loyal people to back him up. When Dario attacked Prous for the last time, Prous lost everything. He put the lovely Prous in prison, without his magnetic blade of course.

With all of Prous' collection confiscated, Dario the king was filthy rich. He made a new castle, built a new kingdom and was going to do something nice for his people....but he became greedy! He kept all the money for himself and then laughed at Prous in prison.

## Christmas With The Family

Rihanna Baker, Year 8

*Excitement, chaos and despair, all at once.*

Its only fifteen days before Christmas, so as you can probably tell it's the 10<sup>th</sup> December 2016. As you probably know everyone is excited; you'll see most people with a smile on their faces, but not this year...

Anyway, you may be wondering who you are talking to: well it's me, Leila White. I'm just an ordinary 13 year old girl with an amazing family, who I'll tell you about now: here's my brother who's 10, his name is James White. Here is my mother who is 38 years old, her name is Debbie White. And last of all is my father who is 42 years old, his name is Liam White: that's my little family.

On the 11<sup>th</sup> December 2016 we were having a little family day with my aunty and uncle and they were acting very weirdly and awkwardly by talking nervously. And always looking at each other. But then my uncle received a phone call from work saying "it's urgent" and he "needs" to go to Spain or his "latest project will collapse". My aunty was getting upset, as he said it could be for up to two years. In the end my aunty just said she couldn't "be bothered arguing", so he should just go. Eventually my uncle left and my aunty burst into tears. An hour later, once she had recovered with a cup of tea she told us she would be having a baby on Christmas day. We were all shocked: obviously excited for her to have a baby, but without my uncle being around. And we couldn't believe we hadn't noticed her bump! Naturally, my mum and dad said it was not even up for debate: she was moving in with us immediately.

I know you might think time has gone pretty fast, as there are only five more days until Christmas, and of course, everyone is getting all stressed and running around for my aunty. All it is in my house is chaos, especially with my mum, dad, brother and pregnant aunty living here. It will hopefully get better...or maybe worse!

It's three days before Christmas – as you can imagine its chaotically crazy around here. All you'll see are my parents running around and my aunty rushing to get her hospital bag ready, and my little brother jumping up and down, so excited for Christmas. Then all you're hearing is "babies this" and "babies that", it's actually starting to get boring. Don't get me wrong, I am excited to meet my new little cousin. But what's even more exciting is Christmas day!

Christmas Eve must be one of the most exciting days of my life. Mostly this year will be exciting as I'm getting one of the biggest presents I could ask for: but there's still lots of rushing around getting ready for the big day.

It is the best day of the year: Christmas has finally come! Also the birth of my new cousin, but sadly my cousin hasn't got a father for two years. Even though my uncle has been on the phone constantly since he jetted off to Spain, it isn't the same as having him here, not to mention my aunty is now sharing our house. Anyway, this is how my morning went; my aunty waking up with pains, and my father rushing her to hospital with my grandad to stay with her. Then, when my dad got back, we got to open our presents. It was all very exciting.

A few hours later however, we had a phone call from the hospital. A nurse was saying "a baby boy" had been born, with crying in the background saying "no, it can't be happening".

Amidst the Christmas racket at home and at the hospital, my dad started worrying, saying “what’s going on?” and the nurse then says

“I am so sorry for your loss, but your sister Nicola White has died. I’m sorry this isn’t the Christmas you wanted”.

## Dare To Dream

Katie Lunt, Year 8

One melancholy, chilly morning, a lonely, anxious dog was whimpering around the empty, lifeless streets. The usual hustle and bustle of daily life ground to a halt due to the weather.

Her fur matted and wet, with a tail trailing behind that had forgotten how to wag. Begging helplessly, she hoped for a light to shine into the distance, opening up her dream future.

A chance to live a happy, healthy life. A chance to be excited to wake up every morning and see people wanting her. Offering comfort, warmth and safety: whoever would love her.

That was her only dream - day and night, instead of sleeping under a cold park bench, shivering and shaking. It was the only thing keeping her going, the only wish keeping her broken heart beating.

The next wind-whistling morning, the dog went to go to its usual place under the park bench, and lay beneath it in the cold. As she walked across the street, she came upon an abandoned kitten. Her first instinct was to pick it up and care for it as if it were her own, so she did.

She briskly navigated her way through a melee of children playing football and headed towards a family, standing watching the game with excitement despite the weather. She dropped the kitten at their feet. The family looked down to see what the dog had brought them. As soon as the tiny ball of damp fluff came into focus, they saw that it was a kitten.

A rush of emotions went to their heart; with a wide smile and a tear that only conveyed happiness, they carefully picked up the wet, shining mite and within minutes, they gave it a new home.

With a ruffle of the dog's ears and a big thank you, the family guided themselves home. When all became silent, guilt started to fill the air: they knew they couldn't just leave this dog which was unloved. It wouldn't be fair.

So, back to the park they had left earlier; the family returned. The dog's sulk slowly turned into a smile of glee as the family walked back and gave the dog the home she had dreamed of.

Finally, she had been given what she deserved, what she dreamed of, and for the first time in her life she was given a name and a sense of belonging.

## Surprise

Liam Brophy, Year 10

*Everyone enjoys a birthday surprise. Don't they?*

The unusually warm room was as black as night. His footsteps echoed into the gloom, which ominously loomed around, only to be silently whispered again.

She cared for him...she set this all up...just for him.

Through the steamy black, he pictured a rouge ribbon hung against the stony wall, which was a cold, grey tone; a piñata seemed to fall from the ceiling, which made him think to himself, 'has she remembered?' A table was positioned at the end, with glasses containing a dark colour, fizzing liquid.

He slowly flicked the light switch, which was oddly sticky; the lights eerily flickered.

"Surprise!" She had remembered. But oh! His stomach started to turn as realisation dawned that this party was not the one he had envisioned. Dripping intestines hung like banners from the bloodstained wall; the piñata, a lifeless goat, was hanging down onto the cracked floor and pints of her own blood-filled plastic party cups overflowed onto the rotted wooden table.

He dreaded his next move. Turning around, he met the familiar pale-faced woman with hair that matched her eyes: stone cold darkness.

"Let's be together forever..." she breathed faintly, with an inner strength provided through sheer insanity. She pulled a rusty knife out of her skinny chest and before he could think to move, plunged it into his with a squelch. He lost his breath, lungs filled with blood. It was over.

## Death is a Surprise

Mia Duckworth, Year 10

*Some mysteries are never solved.*

It was a normal day at the detectives' office. Everybody writing reports and drinking coffee, preparing for staying overnight. It was 1am and the phones were ringing, piercing ears like a wendigo's screech. Everyone picked up their phones as people started to tell the officers "there has been a murder!" and "the body is hanging up on a lamppost!"

Detective Constable Delemater rushed to the scene, seeing it had been secured. Looking up, you could see the bloodied body hanging on the eerily lit lamppost. No weapon, no evidence, except for the body, led everyone to believe that that homicide did not happen here. Why anyone would murder anyone here, no one knew. The forensics team brought the body to the ground for further inspection.

At the morgue the following day, the cause of death was deemed to be asphyxiation and blood loss, and the only things with the body were a serpent and a box that looked like a gift. The serpent is a sign of the devil from a religious standpoint, and the contents of the box was unsettling. All it contained was a note written in blood stating "Round 1".

The murders continued for several months and the killer was never found. Mysteriously, the killings had stopped by Friday 13<sup>th</sup>, just as it had started on the previous Friday 13<sup>th</sup>. Conspiracy? Maybe: maybe not.

Let's just say the case went cold!

## Surprise

Jacob Lunt, Year 10

*Perhaps a happy ending is in sight...*

"Think happy thoughts" the man said to himself. Covered in sweat, blood and mud, he kneeled down painfully, constantly thinking he'd break his arm. His eyes were heavy with the lack of sleep and his face had aged about ten years. His body was battered and bruised, and his mind was the same. He wondered how long this torment would go on, and whether his family was still looking for him. It had been months by now, and every with every new capture came a new torture method. Gut punching, electrocution, slicing, beating, the list went on. He would have thought maybe the army or the police would have come for him...but nothing.

He noticed the pipe his hands were tied to was loose, so with all his strength he inhaled and pulled the pipe off, catching the pipe so it did not make a sound. Weakly, he opened the heavy steel door to the room and froze. Sunlight! He ran quickly but quietly to the window to see the snow-capped mountains of Serbia. He remembered. The reason he was here was because of what he did to the Russian stock market machine. He grabbed the pipe off the floor and walked down the hallways lined with the hammer and sickle and big Russian words.

He noticed that in one of the offices a rack of keys were stuck to the wall, swaying like pendants against the fan in the room. Like a hawk, his eyes went to the most oddly shaped key: the helicopter key.

Squeezing himself to the nearest door, with adrenaline pumping, he put the key into the door. It worked! Sprinting outside, he laughed and cried at his freedom until...boom! He fell the ground, blood pouring from his face.

The smoke from the officer's pistol blew into the bitter wind. He holstered his weapon and went to inspect the man's body. Into the radio he said curtly "we've got another one".

## Canada's Largest Deathbed

Finley Foster, Year 11

*A humorous narrator cannot believe the incompetence of his teachers.*

So... time to write down the memo- no explanation as to why a bunch of Mountain Rescue volunteers would find me dead from starvation in the middle of nowhere. Let this smartphone serve as my dog tags.

Today was meant to be our first (full) day in the isolated expanses of Merritt Island, Canada. I mean, we arrived at Port Hamilton yesterday evening after the eternity it took to get there, but... this was going to be our first day exploring the vast expanses of woodland Merritt Island had taken so long to produce.

Little did we know that the only people returning to The Gardner Inn were the traitors we called our teachers. They were the one reason that the school bus they rented out was returning to Port Hamilton without us; I sincerely hope that bus crashes into a tree.

Of course, none of the self-centred teachers wanted us to know that we were getting left behind, which was the reason they stopped in at the picnic area. Mr Billingham told us it would be a "nice opportunity to take some photos". Ms Underwood continued with the false narrative, informing us the views over the island would be a "sight to behold". As for the driver, Solomon, his lips remained sealed, as if it were our school toilets during lesson time.

The bus slowly came to a stop on the side of the road. No one else was at the sheltered wooden tables, nor was there anyone at the long boardwalk. We were the only party to have descended on the lookout point at midday. Unlike Snowdonia, there were no shops where you could overindulge in ice-creams made by a company that polluted waters and rainforests alike, and from everyone's total lack of moaning, that was a sign that Merritt Island was a no-capitalist zone. Merritt Island's do-it-yourself culture was exhibited by two mahogany outhouses, with one for each gender, and the sleeping giant's eternal hibernation meant almost everything was made from recycled wood from other areas of the world.

So there we were, all together at the lookout point. Some were busy taking photos with a variety of devices, from Sam's outdated iPhone 3GS to Kiera's Fujifilm XT-4. Some wandered the surrounding area to scout for the local wildlife. Others were enjoying their Last Supper, minus praying in the garden, having Judas tell on them to the local authorities and blasphemy being illegal in accordance with Canadian law. To keep up the façade that they cared, the teachers sat near the bus quietly discussing on who helped themselves to what at the Inn.

They didn't stay long, though. Within ten minutes of our arrival, the teachers made their quick escape, making sure to tell us all that they were only in it to sell our stuff we left at the Inn. Solomon quickly started up the engine, and Ms Underwood was in hysterics when she looked at our faces. Mr Billingham also jumped on the bandwagon of schadenfreude, making sure to throw his pleasure at our displeasure.

Unsurprisingly, the group got mad. Henry Wilson (the most athletic kid) decided he was not going down without a fight, taking off in anger at the school bus. Legend has it he's still chasing down that bus. Keira was ostensibly peeved; she made sure she was heard by shouting a few expletives. Sam's potato wasn't going to help, either; it had already run out of battery. Personally, I was fuming; how could I have trusted the same people who were going to be directly responsible for my death?

Well, I guess there's no turning back, now. I'm already miles away from where we got ditched, trying to find my own way back. Phone call quality means you can only hear the first 3 words of a sentence. I don't think any of us are going home now. We're all going to die here, some sooner than others. This island's crawling with wildlife, and if it isn't going to kill us, the malnutrition will.

Farewell, everyone.