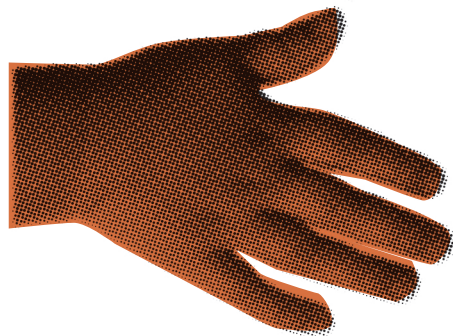
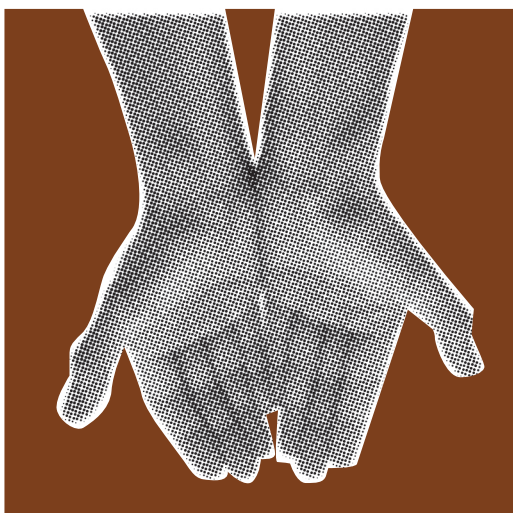


StoryFACTORY

BODY LANG UAGE



**A collection of
short memoirs
by Year 10
students at
Chifley College
Shalvey Campus**



**with foreword by
Benjamin Law**



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Not to play favourites, but I've been working with Story Factory in some way for several years now, and my workshop with the brainiacs at Shalvey has been one of my favourite experiences yet. In such a multicultural nation – where roughly one in five of us speak non-English languages at home; where roughly a quarter of us are born overseas; where so many are Aboriginal or Torres Strait Islander – we rarely see our differences represented in our stories. In this exercise, Shalvey folks not only recognised their differences, but saw them to be something to respected and even celebrated. Which is a great lesson for everyone, no matter who they are.

Benjamin Law

As part of the Shalvey BreAd program, Story Factory has been lucky enough to invite some incredible guest speakers to come and work with the students. Benjamin Law, writer and presenter, came and shared his family history, and asked students to think about a part of their body that had a story to tell.

ALEX

This is the story about my bump. My bump makes me think of my childhood. How this all happened was it started with me running down my hallway, the hallway of my old house. It was quite big. When I thought about it back then it was just home but now it's very reminiscent, a memory I wouldn't change for the world. Mum specifically said "Alex, stop that right now!" Of course, because I don't want to, I didn't. Right as she said that I tripped over my feet and landed on my finger. This was extremely painful. I didn't tell mum because I didn't listen to her in the first place, I would get in trouble. I love my mum. She's quite short, very pretty, but literally everything she says annoys me to the max. That's okay though because she's my mum and I love that idiot.

It got to the next day and the pain got worse. "Mum, my finger hurts." I sulked, but because I was already such a drama queen at this age, I don't think she took me very seriously. Even though I was sulking like a massive baby (even to this day I still sook like a child). Just a personality trait I've never been able to shake. So I tried to ignore the pain of my stubborn mistake. But I really wanted to make a scene, a scene that would shake the entire house down, but in reality that would just get me a smack on the butt, giving me another reason to be a baby.

Eventually the pain went away, thank god, but since that accident I've had this bump on my finger. But last year I went to the doctors and he noticed my finger and said "This is from a fractured finger that never had proper care," and the moment he said that sentence, I knew exactly what it was from, it was from my mum not believing me about my super sore finger when I was a child, and when I explained the story to her in the doctor's office she felt so, so bad that to this day I still have a bump on my finger. Even today I make her feel bad about it. Just so I can LMAO.

AMUOR

This is the story of my little scar, located on my arm. It is a brown oval that feels smooth. My scar was created in the kitchen, so every time I look at it, I imagine my warm and cozy kitchen. When the sun goes down and the light is turned on, the kitchen glows a warm orange colour. When I cook, the kitchen has an aroma of exotic spices. Coriander, cumman, and other traditional spices.

The kitchen reminds me of my intelligent, kind, and very stubborn mum. She taught my sisters and I how to cook traditional dishes.

One night my mum asked me to cook one of the many dishes she had taught me. She asked me to cook aseeda, which is a dish that looks a bit like porridge, and can be eaten with many things like milk, yogurt, and curries. I was already annoyed that night, so my frustration only grew when I was asked to cook. Despite this, I did what I was told because I knew my mum would win so I would be forced to cook it anyway.

I stirred the aseeda and water with anger. The mixture came to a boil and small flaming hot pieces started to explode out of the pot. Three hot pieces popped up and landed on my arm. It hurt and burned. Instantly, I ran to the sink and ran cold water down my arm. The incident only fueled my frustration.

Whenever I look at the scar it brings me back to that uneventful evening, and I laugh.

A+OC

Buckle up, and settle down because you are about to embark on a journey into my childhood. As you travel down memory lane, you will know the devastating extent I would go to just to have a splash of fun.

In the summer of 1978, I thirsted for some fun. I embarked on a quest into the woods with my partner in crime to find something to quench our thirst. Ok, maybe it wasn't in 1978 but sometime in the 2000s. But hey, it was an interesting starter.

My scar makes me think of my friends and family. My childhood was filled with lots of events that made me question my sanity and how far I would go to have fun. One day, I was at my local park with my sister Amuor. The park had lots of trees that provided shade in the summer sun. We were bored, so we decided to look for some fun things to do. I don't remember exactly what we were looking for, but when we found it, we knew.

Behind a tall gum tree, we found a small pink toy car. As soon as we saw the car, we knew exactly what to do. The car was clearly in an unsafe state but we did not care. We just wanted to have fun. We picked up the car and placed it on the concrete path. We took turns pushing each other around the 'racetrack'! After a couple of minutes, it was my turn in the car. I was riding with my arms in the air having the time of my life. But on the last lap, Amuor decided that she wanted to activate the car's lightning speed. The concrete pathways were very bumpy yet she continued to push me. As we were getting close to the end of the lap, the car decided that it wanted to break down and tip over. My foot fell out of the car as it was tipping and dragging on the concrete. When the car finally came to a halt my foot, specifically my big toe, was drenched in blood.

We abandoned the car and I hobbled back home. We got in big trouble but didn't really mind.

Every time I see the scar, I am reminded of the crazy things my sister and I did out of boredom.

Fapiola

This is the story about my hair. My hair makes me think of the time when my sisters tried to secretly cut all my hair off when I was sleeping. So it all started off in the afternoon...

It was a hot day! So me and my whole family was all in the lounge room laying around in the air conditioner, watching TV. We were watching Vines of people cutting each other's hair and we were all laughing, so then I fell asleep on the couch and out of nowhere all I hear is snipping. I woke up scared and I saw two of my older sisters holding scissors laughing and holding a bunch of my hair which was they were getting ready to chop off! So then I got up and screamed at my sisters for nearly chopping my hair off, but after that they got in trouble from my mum for being stupid and then they said "sorry", and typical me fell back too sleep. Hehehe!



Hannah

This is the story about my scar. My scar makes me think back to my old house. It is two stories, with a beautiful garden under the deck. It is all wood and is very old. Some of the wood is stripping off, but that house has so much history.

The backyard has two levels. The bottom level is all grass and has a line of trees at one end, next to the stairs that lead to the other levels. Those stairs were also my jumping off point onto a eucalyptus branch that I would swing off of. The top two levels were for our vegetables and our chickens. Inside had four bathrooms and five bedrooms, a massive combined lounge room/dining room, with a deck that comes off of it. In the lounge room there was an old lounge that I swear we had forever, and in front of the lounge was our TV and TV cabinet. My ginger cat Sockles use to be able to fit under it. Beside that was the most beautiful wooden box that my Dad made. That same box gave me my scar.

My mum told me the story of how I got the scar. I was two at the time. The one thing that I remember was that I was a fat baby. My mum said I was just getting better at walking, but not the best walker, and I was walking past the wooden box and my inner klutz kicked in and I fell, then knocked my eye on the corner of the box. It bled a lot and I don't remember it hurting because I was a baby. But to this day I think the box lives in my brothers room and its story lives on.

Hikmal

This is a story about my birthmark – which is shaped like a fish. My birthmark makes me reminisce about my childhood, it makes me feel unique and different. It feels nostalgic, me recalling my happy memories puts a smile to my face. Growing up, I was always excited and eager to tell people about my birthmark because I believed it was one-of-a-kind. Realistically, there's always the possibility of someone else possessing one, too.



Jamie

This is a story about my hair. My hair makes me think of how long I will one day grow it. Really long. For some unknown reason I think of when I was younger and how long I would grow my hair before a haircut. It would just come back so quick because after a haircut my hair will grow back really quick. My mum also allows me to grow my hair as long as I want, but every time it comes to school photos she will make me go to the hairdresser and get a haircut so I can look presentable for the school photos. If one day I want to look back at my hair I will at least remember that mum made me get haircuts every time school photos came around. Most likely by that stage in my life I will have grown out my hair quite a bit and I will most likely trim it to keep it at a certain length, and hopefully along with all that I will be living in Blacktown again in the same suburb and when I get bored I will go for a drive just around and do the same things I used to do when I was growing up.

Julianne

This is the story about my scar. My scar makes me think of my new family back in New Zealand. When we were little it happened when me, my siblings and cousins went to play outside and we came across a trolley so we obviously wanted to ride in it. But big mistake!

We then went to a park nearby my house and went on top of a huge hill. Then my four older siblings decided to hop in first and this little three year old girl (me) wanted to go in aswell, but her family said no because it was too dangerous. So she cried her way in (shake my head). My boy cousin was the one that had to push us down and when he did we only moved an inch then the trolley began to tip sideways because of how many of us were in the trolley, putting too much weight on one side.

Now the sad and funny part. The little girl was standing on that heavy side of the trolley and when the trolley tipped she bumped her head on the ground along with all her cousins and siblings landing on top of her!

She then began to scream, in tears, as her forehead was bleeding. When her family got off her they were all so scared because they'd get in so much trouble.

So her dad and uncle came out and saw the little girl crying, with blood dripping down her forehead, and their children, nieces, and nephews surrounding the tipped over trolley. My boy cousin who pushed us was the most scared out of all of them because he got blamed for pushing us down.

It all ended in my boy cousin getting a massive hiding from his dad and uncle and the rest getting told off.

Also leaving this little scar on my forehead.

Shona

This is the story about my scar. My scar makes me think of my older brother and weirdly the name Jessica Mauboy. So what happened was we just got back from church and my older brother drove us. I was sitting in the back by myself, and my brothers in the front. The song playing in the car was 'Never Be the Same' by Jessica Mauboy, hence the thinking of her name whenever I see this scar. Anyways I was being a little sook because I hadn't eaten for the entire four hours I was at church (whenever I don't eat for a long period of time I get a bit moody).

So we had finally arrived in the front of my house, and we saw a car we haven't seen before. My brothers being the embarrassed dogs that they are didn't want to go inside, instead they wanted to drive around until they left - the owner of the random car that is. But because I was hungry and moody I didn't want to and said, "I'll go, you leave" but my brother said no and kept driving. Being the sassy little twelve year old I was, I opened the door and was about to jump out.

But Alo grabbed, well tried to grab, my leg, and while trying to grab my leg he scratched me. My brother isn't normally violent towards me, mainly because I never see him since he's a night owl, but it wasn't really a big scratch - I was just being dramatic. It didn't even hurt but I cried and screamed as if I had just been stabbed. If you think that's dramatic, me seeing the blood was drama Shona times ten. So Alo finally gave in and parked the car at home. I walked into the house with a full on bloody leg and to our surprise the random car that was outside my house was legit a RANDOM CAR like for real they were here for the neighbours they just parked in front of my house.

Marata

This is the story about birthmark. It's on my knee about the size of a five or ten cent piece and it's the shape of NZ. I was embarrassed by my birthmark so I always wore pants to try and cover it up. But then one day I realised that the birthmark is what makes me unique. It makes me different than others, and it symbolises my family and country, New Zealand. So when I went home that day I told my dad that I wasn't embarrassed of my birthmark, and once I said that his face lit up, saying that he is proud of me for accepting it.



Mohammad

This is the story about my scar. My scar makes me think of my family's rules, and our relationships with each other. So, I start this story with myself, Mohammad. On some random day, because I forget. I chose not to go to school, because I was doing school work. I mostly stayed in room, which is not clean and not messy, just in the middle. Since everyone in the neighborhood was either at school or at work it was very quiet, and a bit peaceful. Since it was very quiet, I ended up listening to music and singing because no one can hear me.

I was also just talking to myself in my window. This window has suffered so much. It has gone through my neighbor throwing cricket balls at it, someone throwing eggs at it, and even bird poop. This window has been in my family since I was even born, and his name is Will. Before the tragedy, I never really cared about Will. I always ignored him and thought of him as just a window, but he was really a clear wall protecting me from the outside. Will was like a father to me. Sadly I didn't pay attention to him until the tragedy.

After listening to music and dancing, I jumped on my bed and lifted up my legs and pushed them into the window/Will. Sadly, I didn't realize what Will was going through and I pushed my legs harder until...

My legs pushed so hard that I broke through Will, killing him in an instant. As saw my legs breaking through Will I saw the remains of Will hitting the roof with a sound so loud, as if it was lightning hitting the ground with the power of Zeus. Then both of my feet got cut by the remains of Will, making so much blood as if it were raining blood. But I didn't realize that both of my feet were cut, because I was more shocked at losing Will and Will's remains hitting my roof like a thunderstorm.

Soon after, I finally realize that MY BALLZING FEET WERE BLEEDING! So knowing that my feet need some medical help I crawled out of bed, and started crawling down stairs. It was very hard to crawl down stairs, because I was very scared that I might fall down the stairs and probably die. But I did finally got down the stairs, what I was looking for at the time was bandages. Yeah I know, I don't think bandages would help with a mountain of blood coming from my feet, but it was

worth a try. So I started crawling around the house trying to find the bandages until I found them on top of the table.

I crawled up the chair and started putting bandages of my feet. As you already guessed it didn't really do anything. But as I was putting the bandages on I realized that Mama will kill me for breaking a window. In that moment I was scared, terrified, and alone. The only one there was me (and the remains of Will) and the thoughts and fears I had. My thoughts were running fast as lightning, telling me that my mother would end me. That she would throw me away to the wayside like trash, and hate me for what I did to her house that she fought so hard to get because she comes from a poor country. My thoughts continued and continued, and wouldn't stop telling what I did. I made a stupid mistake that would cost my family a lot of money.

My mind wouldn't stop thinking, I wanted to stop thinking, wished to stop thinking. But I didn't. My thoughts kept going until I broke into tears and saying sorry for what I have done, and wishing that this was just a dream. I continued to cry for a bit, until I need to talk to someone about this. I thought of calling my sister for some help and comfort.

Montana

This is the story about my fingers. My fingers make me think of the children's hospital that I had to go to almost every week, on Fridays. I had so many appointments and I was late to school every Friday. The doctors didn't know what to do so that's why I had to keep coming back. One of the doctors that I had took a photo of my fingers and put it in a book because it was a very rare thing. My father told me that it doesn't run in the family but his mum had it when she was around my age. I had to wear night and day splints. My parents didn't even know I couldn't straighten my fingers until they told me to point and then they realized that I couldn't straighten my fingers.

I was at the doctors with my family and after we were finished my older sister (who always dubs me in) mentioned my fingers to the doctor and he asked me a lot of questions like, how did that happen? Were you born with it? and does it hurt?

To be honest, none of my family members knew how it happened and if I was born with it. That's when the doctor told me that I had to make an appointment at a children's hospital. When I went to my appointment I was feeling really nervous because I didn't know what was going to happen. The doctor that I had was bald and very tall. The hospital was very decorative and creative. There was a big elephant that was very colorful, there was also a big Minion near the stairs, and there was a very nice hand sanitizer smell. A lot of the time my parents came to my appointment. The children's hospital actually feels so connected to me because it's the hospital that I have been going to for the past year when I fractured my ankle and when I had to check my fingers.

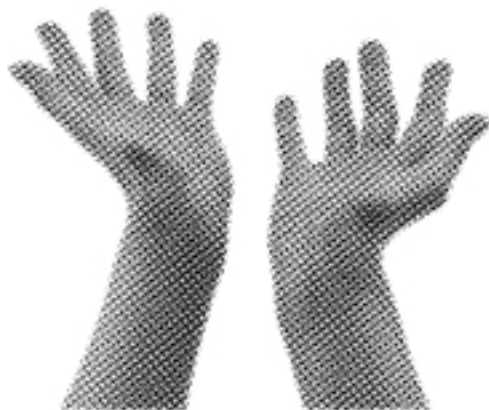
They didn't know what to do so they asked me the same questions the doctors did and then they told me that I had to come back because they didn't know what to do. They had to bring in a professional and that made me even more nervous. I still remember to this day when they took a photo and told me they were going to make a book because they have never seen anything like it. I can't wait to see the finished product.

Paige

This is the story about my hair. My hair makes me think of my mum and my dad. It all started with school. I went to school with my hair in a bun, and there was a reason for this. I never really wanted anyone to know about what kind of hair I had. I was embarrassed because I knew that there were popular girls at school and they all had straight or wavy hair, and I was the odd one out.

On that day I went home and my mom asked me, "Why do you always have your hair in a bun?"

I didn't answer then I walked to my room. In the morning i knew that I had to change. So I kept it in a ponytail. It was my first time. I felt really nervous but I knew that everyone has different types of hair. So then it's school and I felt normal. No one looked at me like I was from another planet. No one really picked on me, but what they did do was say "oohh, Paige, I like your hair! Paige, you didn't tell me you had curly hair!" I didn't realise what I was doing all those years. Hiding what I have and others don't, or being ashamed of what others think, but I am proud now of what my mum and dad have given me.



Reese

This is the story about my smiley - if you don't know what that is then don't worry I'll explain later on. My smiley makes me think of when I was at my Aunt's party which was for her birthday. At that party I could hear the chatter between the adults, and smell the faint scent of cigarettes in the air through the backyard door. It was really strong out there so while they smoked so I stayed inside.

In this party one of my Aunt's friends bought donuts for everyone so at this party I taste the crunchy goodness of the first ever Krispy Kreme donut I have ever tasted. To be honest I prefer normal choc-topping donuts but I like the glazed donuts since they were really simple and tasty (how ever I don't enjoy ones with things like peanut shavings as a topping).

Suddenly I feel for about a dozen seconds an intense burning. After a while it still lingers but not as strong. It also helps that I've always been great dealing with pain, breaking or fracturing fingers and toes, but it's never hurt enough to make me cry. I haven't injured bigger bones like arms or legs.

The person who gave me my infamous smiley is my cousin Connor. I wouldn't say we were particularly close, but we still are to an extent, it's just that we didn't have a lot in common. He was social and funny, so when I'm at his house I hang out with him, but most of the time he's at his friends, maybe riding a bike somewhere or even both.

You can't completely describe this as an incident but more than the results were "not satisfactory" is a way to describe it perhaps. My cousin and I were giving each other smileys and one of the smileys he gave me was not good and the image left resembles... well, something you don't want a scar to resemble.

Rhiannon

This is the story about my scar. My scar makes me think of Gerroa and my friends Jaia, Jessie, Joel, Tiana, Logan and Kane. It reminds me how adventurous we are and that abandoned bridges are fun but scary.

It started one holiday night, my friends and I were in Gerroa at the caravan park. It was midnight and we were all really bored. We were laying on these outdoor lounges playing truth or dare when we thought of an idea. We all agreed to sneak out of the caravan park. On the way out Joel grabbed an empty beer bottle and we all said we should play spin the bottle. We followed alongside the river with only the light from our phones, the moon was covered by clouds that night. We walked through the jungle of trees to the hole in the fence. One by one we walked through the hole, getting nicked by barbed wire.

Once we were all through we saw the bridge. To get to the top we had to climb up massive rocks covered in thick wire. Logan went first because he had the phone light. When he got to the top he shone the light down so we could see. We got to the top and had to single file shuffle along the side of the bridge, tip-toeing between pipes and metal. A fall would be deadly. We got to the middle where we were able to climb the rail and actually onto the bridge.

Once we were on there we started the game of spin the bottle. About half of us had our first kiss that night. After multiple rounds we decided to venture into the dark forest that was on the other side of the river and the bridge. We were kind of scared because it was ridiculously dark and we kept hearing voices coming from inside. We continued to walk in, it was fine until the blood curdling scream came from the path in front of us. We all bolted back to the bridge, jumped down the rocks, climbed through the broken fence and ran back to the lounges. I looked down at my knee, it was stinging quite bad. I noticed a three lined scrape across the front of it, bleeding but not too bad. It had happened when rushing down the rocks. Some of the thick wire stopping the rocks from falling had cut me. That's how I got my scar.

Sarah

This is the story about my scar. My scar makes me think of how I can still not tell my lefts and rights, but that's not how it began. I was six years old and I had the day off from school because my asthma was playing up. During the day I was feeling better and I asked my mum if I could go play on my bike with David. So we were playing on our bikes, going around the ground, and David was going so slow it was not funny and (I only just learnt to ride a bike without training wheels) so I went around him and then I heard magpies and the sound of them were getting close. I hated magpies because I know they can attack you. As the sounds of the magpies were getting closer I went around the washing line and then I fell off and the bike was half on me and my arm was twisted, like literally.

I didn't cry when it happened, all I knew was that something was not right. I made David go get mum but he started crying. I think it was because he could hear that I was worried. He ended up getting Mum but Mum could not come outside because she was in the middle of changing Laura's nappy she came to the door and keep calling out for me to come to her. I told mum what happened. She tried to lift up my sleeve (because I was wearing long sleeves) and she knew it was broken so she stopped trying to take off my top because that's when I started to cry because it hurt a lot. She called my Dad to come home from work as quick as he could and my Dad was in the middle of making the two heads that are now up at the Blue Mountains somewhere.

My Dad came home and had a look at my arm, and he knew that it was broken aswell, so he took me to the hospital. They cut my top so they could see what it looked like, and I am so glad I was wearing a singlet at the time. My bone was nearly out of the skin and I was taken to a different hospital because they didn't have the surgeon to do the operation.

I had to get a plate and four screws in my arm. I was in the hospital for what felt like a long time and there were three movies and I watched them over and over. 101 Dalmatians, Casper the Friendly Ghost and The Sandlot Kids.

Shae-Lee

This is the story about my eyes. My eye color makes me think about my family and how big it is. When I was little I never paid much attention to my eyes because I couldn't see them. I only started to get interested in them after doing eye color charts in school. My Mum has blue eyes while my Dad has brown eyes. My sister also has brown eyes. My eyes are a little different. They're not brown, but sometimes they don't seem blue. I've been told at times they look green, gray, blue, hazel, or a strange mix of those depending on who is looking and the light. My Nan and Mum once had a conversation about my eyes and if I get them from my Mum or not. They were looking at Facebook and came up with a theory that I have the same eyes as my uncle, who is my Dad's half-brother. My Mum didn't believe I got my eyes from my parents and I have a pretty big family in my books. I never really paid attention to the eye colors of my family, so I can't confirm anything. I don't even know what eye colors you can get from them. This is an unsolved mystery to me. Will it always remain a mystery?



Taleah

This is the story about my scar. My scar makes me think of when I was tied to the bed in the hospital. Here is my story, when I was born the doctors realised that my heart wasn't opening and closing - it was stopped at the size of a fifty cent piece. The doctors ended up telling my parents that they had a choice to operate. If I didn't have the operation I wouldn't be here today. I'd only live till ten. But if I had the operation I'd live my whole life. My parents said that they wanted me to have the operation but the downside of having the operation would be that I couldn't play sports because I have three metal rings holding my rib cage together.

When I was going into my operation they couldn't operate on me because I was so scared. I started to jump off the bed and stuff so what they did is tie me to the bed to calm me down and then they operated. To this day I think of what it would be like if I didn't have this thing and I could play sports, it makes me cry. When I think about it because I feel like an outsider and a different person but it also makes me feel happy because I'm different and I can get out of the sports I dislike.

People always ask me 'how is it to be different and to be able to tell a really personal story?' Well, it feels good to be different and I love telling my story because then people will know the real me, not just the outside me. Some days I wish I could play netball and touch footy but I can't, I play with my brothers and my parents but I don't play them at school because I don't trust the people at school. I can't play sports because if it hits my chest the metal rings could break and do some damage.

When I was in hospital I also remember how loud and how annoying people were. The noise was doctors and people talking about different things, and the smell of the hospital was like the smell of rubber gloves that you get in those cardboard box. People always ask me was it scary being in the hospital? It was at first but now I like hospitals because they save people's lives and they help people as much as they can.

I tell my parents everyday how much I love and appreciate them for what they did for me and how they were always there for me. In year

three I had a teacher that was always there for me through thick and thin. Her name was Mrs Wilson and she is no longer here today but she is in a better place now. She was one of the teachers in primary school and she would always ask me if I was ok.

When I was in her class for year three I didn't really do any work because I was always in the store room helping and making sure she was ok - she always called me her store room fairy. Mrs Wilson made sure that other people were doing their work but she never asked me, I know that as a teacher you would think that that's weird but trust me it wasn't. She told me why she did that - because she knew I was going through things and she knew that I got stressed out easy so she never asked me.

One day two years ago Mrs Wilson told me that she had cancer and that she was going to do her first ever treatment. She wanted me to come so I said yes, obviously, so we went and she did it, it was great. A year later she tells us that she wants to stop doing the treatment and that she wants to stop suffering. I started crying because I didn't want her to stop because I knew that she was going to die soon. Two months after not doing her treatments she stopped teaching because it was getting too much for her to handle.

Seven weeks after she stopped teaching she passed away, but I didn't know until I went to the school and found out from another teacher. They gave me a note that she left me. To this day I still have that letter but I locked it away with the jewellery she gave me as well because that's special for me. She has a special place in my heart because she really impacted my life a lot. So that is my story of my scar and my favourite teacher in the world.

Taylah

This is the story about my scar. My scar makes me think of being in primary school. The sky was bright blue with no clouds to be seen. The grass was a vibrant green that was the same shade across the oval. I'm not sure if it's just a good day or my childish imagination. But the sky, grass, and concrete were just extremely bright and vivid.

Twenty other students and I were playing 'Boys vs Girls tips' all through the school. As we were running around my best friend tripped me over. She didn't mean to. She used to be in and out of crutches because of her hip problem. We both fell and my first instinct was to make sure she didn't hurt her hip again. My hands landed on the grass so I assumed I didn't break anything.

Just after we fell, the bell rang. I headed back to class, not noticing the blood dripping from my knee. In the moment it seemed cool. Having a 'war scar' back in year three was kind of a big thing. After that, it was kind of just there. I say 'was' because it just disappeared.

Looking back at it, we were a bit stupid. Twenty children running around were uncontrollable and something was bound to happen. Returning to the school has a large sense of nostalgia hooked into it. But I can't help but feel disappointed at the changes that have taken place after I left. Chalk covers the concrete, and drawings that would have gotten us detention are exactly where I fell. I used to believe that Crawford Public School was the best place on Earth. Now the grass isn't as green as it was. The concrete buildings have moved from their place and stand somewhere else, serving a different purpose.

We all want to feel young again, even though we're not much older than we were.

One thing I don't miss - the pain that followed a cool battle scar.

Taylor

This is the story about my burn mark. My burn mark makes me think of my home and my childhood. When I was younger I'd get asked about my burn mark and how I got it. I always used to say I burnt myself when I was little but I didn't actually know how it happened. Later my mother told me how I got my burns and how I lived with my nan for the first three years of my life because she suffered from depression.

So I don't remember much from when I got burnt, but all I remember is that when I did get burnt I cried for about thirty minutes. Also my mother was crying too. She was suffering from depression at the time which made it harder for her to care for me, also her and my dad were not together when I was born. Overwhelmed by her depression my mother gave me to my Nan to raise until I could walk and when my Mum and Dad were able to look after me.

Growing up my family would always say I was a special one because I had long blonde hair, brown eyes, and two burn marks on my arm and lower back. I got made fun of a lot for having my burns and my hair. Nowadays I don't really notice I have the burn marks because I just accept that it's a part of me.



Thomas

This is a story about a scar - a story about how this scar got on my back. Everytime I see the scar it reminds me of how this happened, and every single time I think about it, or look at it, or see it I get an angry sort of feeling, and I can still feel the pain and I still remember feeling things when it happened. It was a normal afternoon at work and I was just doing some framing, like normal, and my boss asked me to unload the frames off the truck. So I did and he was walking past with a construction fence in his hand and he wasn't looking where he was going because he was on his phone and he walked into me with it. At first I didn't really feel it but as a started to move around it really, really started to hurt. I went to feel it, to see if it was cut, but my hand was covered in blood and at this point my back was really starting to sting. By the next hour there was blood everywhere and I was in a lot of pain. I really, really wanted to cry but I was in so much pain and and I was so angry that I couldn't, because when I'd try to cry all I could do was try and scream out in pain and I couldn't even do that.

My boss took me to the doctors and I was so angry with him that the next week at work I didn't talk to him the whole time, every single day I see him I still kind of get angry and now unfortunately I still feel it and see it every single day. When I went to the doctors they told me there was glass in the cut and they spent an hour cutting the glass out and they told me to disinfect it everyday. I forgive my boss, but when I see the scar I'll always have an angry kinda view of it.

What's in a name? For the young people of Shalvey, near Mount Druitt, it has meant a lifetime of judgment: of their community, their personal character, abilities, and aspirations. They're out to change the narrative, and through a collection of community stories, show the real Shalvey - people, pride, and positivity.

Story Factory is a not-for-profit creative writing centre for young people aged 7 to 17. In partnership with schools and communities, our expert storytellers run a wide range of creative writing and storytelling workshops for young people of all abilities. All programs help young people find their voice and shape their future.

StoryFACTORY

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