

The Truth of Pathagonious - Seth, Year 5, NSW

Shhhhhh! Cascading azure water pours from the glamorous waterfalls where water pixies frolic and play about, splashing each other with crystal clear bubbles of water. Fiery rays of sunlight dance through the sky, powered by the fire pixies who fly around with flaming tails behind them. A playful father levitates up into the sky with his newborn child in his hands, then he drops her, allowing her to safely zoom through the sky elevated by his wind powers.

Falling slowly towards the ground, the child lightly touches the earth. Then she took a step and another step, then beautiful green sprouts began to flourish with each she took, her footprint blooming into a magnificent, magenta, lilac bush. Scintillating balls of light engulf her and she is impossible to look at, soon the light fades and reveals a pair of iridescent wings on her back fluttering lightly.

Eleven years later...

Walking down the cold corridor to her classroom, twelve year old Lilac made a note to ask her teacher Mr Tasnel one more time about how the war jets were made. She wanted to study it deeper.

Since she was two years of age she had lived in an underground bunker, safe from the wartorn surface. Joslyn, her mother, served as a medic for the soldiers who fought against the intruders. Her father was a soldier until the devastating day of the bombing; his jet was hit and he crashed, not even her mother could save him.

As she entered the classroom she saw her classmates. She didn't have many, after all the Isle of Pathagonious, the home of the pixies, was very small. As she entered the classroom, she sat next to her friends. Coral, a water pixie with sky blue skin and luscious, wavy, cobalt locks that fell below her shoulders, and Vivian, a tall sky pixie with periwinkle skin and violet, straight hair which looked stunning with her lavender eyes. As for Lilac, she was a nature pixie with minty skin and shoulder length evergreen hair.

“Hello class, today we will learn about what life was like before the war and why it started,” Mr Tasnel announced to the class.

Ugghhh! Lilac thought. She knew this topic too well. First the pixies of Pathangious all had wings of light, with each having powers of either wind, water, nature or fire. They all lived happily until treacherous humans discovered the island and declared war on the pixies, trying to extract their magical essence for themselves. But as time passed, the pixies' powers disappeared.

This was the last thing Lilac wanted so she used her favourite excuse.

“Mr Tasnel, I feel sick.”

“Really Lilac? That's the tenth time this term, but if you must, you can go,” he muttered, so she hobbled slowly out of the room trying her best to look ill.

Once she was out of his sight she began to run straight towards the exit hatch. She was tired of walking down these underground roads learning about the surface. She didn't want to learn, she wanted to see the truth of the world with her own two eyes.

Climbing up the ladder to the hatch, Lilac twisted the lock and the hatch opened up slowly with a light creak. Lilac pulled herself out of the hole and took note of her surroundings. The land that stretched out before her was barren, the ground was painted in blood making it a crude shade of vermilion. Toxic clouds hung in the smoky air cloaking and concealing the jets that zoomed through the sky. Once beautiful emerald trees that stood proudly were now charred, waterfalls that used to shine in the sunlight were now dry and cracked.

Lilac couldn't stand to look at the senseless destruction of her home. She was adamant to do something, but that wasn't something to dwell on since a bomb just landed five metres away from her!

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“Lilac, you're lucky the bomb's explosion only skimmed your body, it could've been way worse!” Joslyn, Lilac's mother, called out angrily to her.

Lilac lay in her bed. The whole left side of her body was covered in bandages, making her look like a mummy. The bomb must have hit her hard, because she couldn't remember passing out or the pain from the bomb, but she did remember her mission to end this horrible war.

The next day Lilac was allowed to walk around but was under the strict and constant supervision of a soldier. She spent the day talking to Vivian and Coral about what she saw; they too wanted this war to end. They hated being underground and having such little food a day since they had to ration it all.

That night they brainstormed different ways they could stop the war.

“We could trick them into thinking we could curse them?” Vivian suggested heartily, but Lilac contradicted by telling her if they could do that they would have done it ages ago, so that was not a sensible option.

“How about we find a way to pause the war and persuade them to stop attacking?” Coral announced happily, lifting her head from a book.

“Yes Coral that might work!!” Lilac cried. She was overjoyed for now she knew what to do, but how would they pause a war?

Lilac didn't want to be rude, so she sent her friends home to sleep, but she kept searching for answers. But despite her best efforts, she kept hitting a wall. In the end she ended up going home and she would resume her search tomorrow.

When she arrived at her room/house she quickly and quietly slid across the cold metal floor and slipped into her bed. She knew her mother hated her lying, but if she knew, she would ground Lilac for coming back so late. In the end she fell asleep, tired from all the day's work.

The next morning Lilac woke up early and headed straight for the library once more to pick up where she ended the night before. After an hour of researching Lilac found a book that had the very answers she was looking for, it read: *symbols of peace can be a dove, a rainbow, an olive branch, white poppy, rainbow gold, four-leaf clover or a pink ladybug.*

Arrrgh! After all this searching she found nothing, for all these things were items that were destroyed in the war. Lilac stormed over to the olive tree standing in the corner of the room and took a bite out of one of the olives spraying the juice everywhere. Then it hit her that she just ate an olive... olives grow on trees with branches, olive branches are a symbol of peace!

Lilac was so ecstatic with her discovery that her heart did a triple somersault. She brought out her house keys from her pocket and chopped off a nice big branch from the tree. *I will put an end to this*, Lilac thought, *I will avenge my father.*

Lilac traced her steps back to the exit hatch back into the miserable world of destruction and began to trudge through the debris to the top of what once was a serene waterfall, staring at the two teams of one hundred jets hovering in the sky.

Lilac took a deep breath in as she held up the olive branch and yelled at the top of her lungs, "PLEASE STOP! This war has gone on for two long. My father lost his life fighting for his community and it was the saddest moment in my life so please stop!"

Lilac stopped, waiting to be blown to a million pieces – but she wasn't.

"Just give us your magic then," one of the humans yelled to her.

"We can't because the magic we have comes from the beauty and serenity of our island, it comes from the peace and love but, while this war continues there is no beauty and no peace! Our magic will only come back once you leave!" Lilac cried out to the arsenal of jets, and low whispers were exchanged. Then, just as she began to think she failed, the humans flew away one by one into the smoky sky never to come back.

Then light began to return to the island, water began to run, the sky cleared, and the plants regrew. Pixies abandoned their jets at last and they came to the ground.

Shhhhhh!!! A wave of colours washed over Lilac and the pixies, soon beautiful wings of light sprouted from their backs and their hands began to glow with a beautiful warmth.

Peace had returned to the island, pixies flew around and magic was in the air. Water pixies splashed each other playfully and nature pixies danced around sprouting flowers with every step. Lilac knew her home had returned and it would stay this way forevermore.