

Boy and the Grasshopper

her clicking sound
grasshopper
leaping, bounding
through the long sage grass of Aotearoa
she slides down the harakeke
and springs over silver ferns
all she brings is peace, all she hopes is peace

a boy
a glass in one hand
paper in another
a roaring grin
deadly eyes

under the glass

at first she panics
scrambling
racing around the rim of the glass
after a while she grows tired
wilting in the moisture
sorrowful eyes

the boy watches over
pondering, questioning

he sees her panic
her grief, her pain

he lifts the glass
she walks away

Words by Emma Geddes, age 12
Pictures by Max Senior, age 13



Elsie Locke
Writing Prize
Winner