

Monday 16 February 2015 (recount)

Dad, me and Jack our dog, were after goats today. We were creeping around the corner. Gorse and ? were everywhere. This was goat land. Not a peep came out of our mouths. Heel, toe, heel, toe I kept thinking to myself, as I was peering down the bank where the goats hang out. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted a brown head with horns. Jack was trying to storm past me. I quickly grabbed him by the scruff of his neck. Dad snuck up and grabbed him. I crept up to the edge of the cliff. I had the 308. I picked a spot on the goat's chest. I pulled the trigger. The goat dropped on the spot. Then at least 20 goats ran down the hill and into the scrub.

Thursday 19 February 2015 (from a picture)

I had planted an oak tree a while back. It was time to replant it in the bush. I ran to the shed to grab the spade and the pot with the oak in it. Then I set off. I arrived at the edge of the bush. Trees were towering over me like giants. I climbed the fence and wandered off into the bush. Tree trunks were surrounding me. Fern leaves and spider webs were getting in my face. Suddenly a bright spot caught my eye. That's where I'll plant the tree I said to myself. I started digging. I took the plant out of my pot and carefully put it in the hole. I covered the roots up with the extra dirt and wandered out of the bush.

Monday 9 May 2015 (recount)

I was walking down the hill. The dewy grass sparkled in the sun. I was after ducks. I was sneaking behind a totara tree hoping to surprise a duck from the pond below me. I came into view of the pond, two grey figures slunk out from the glistening waters edge. They quickly spotted me and took off like a bullet. I took aim and pulled the trigger. Bang. They didn't go down. I was disappointed. I slunk off to the cow shed.

Tuesday 12 May 2015 (recount)

I was hiding behind the tractor, in the shed waiting for a mouse to appear around the seed bags. Then flickering came from behind a pellet that was leaning on the towering seed bags. Out of the corner of my eye a tail flicked under a bag. Then it appeared again. I took aim. Bang! It fell off the seed and dropped like a bomb. It hit the ground with a thud.

Wednesday 13 May 2015 (description)

She has hair that is the colour of dry sand. Her eyes are blue and she has golden coloured skin. Her lips are light pink and she wears baggy shirts and tight pants. She is caring and outdoorsy but she has her dark side and isn't the bravest either. She's sporty and never gives up. That's my cousin Eleanor.

Tuesday 2 June 2015 (recount)

I was walking across the paddock. My boots made splashing noises with every step I took. Thoughts flashed through my head. Am I going to take my time with every shot or am I going to go haywire and shoot madly. I arrived at the edge of the pond. I was hiding behind a flax bush, but then I thought what if I did all this sneaking for nothing. I jumped out from behind the flax bush and there was at least seven ducks on the pond. At first the ducks looked at me like I was a joke, then their survival instinct kicked in and they took off. Bang, bang, bang. I couldn't believe what I had just done. I had shot three ducks in a row. There they were, three motionless ducks on the pond.