



WAKAKIRRI STORY-WRITING
“When death comes knocking”
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Primary School

Her toes felt warm in the little stream, but Louise felt cold all over. The trees whispered her name in their leaves and she gently played with her long, black hair. Two droplets fell from her eyes and trickled down her face. Louise's blue eyes gazed up at the wide sky and the sun smiled down at her. "She really isn't coming back," Louise said softly to herself.

It had all started last week. Winter had come early. The night veiled the earth in darkness and the moon cast sinister shadows. Louise knocked on her grandmother's bedroom door. A steaming mug of hot chocolate was held in her fingers. The mug's heat nipped at her cold fingers like a frisky puppy. When no reply came, she slowly opened the door. Her heart froze and she screamed.

Her scream echoed through the house. Louise's mother rushed in, her blue dress trailing behind her. She found Louise pointing at her grandmother's bed. They both stared in horror. Louise's grandmother's brown eyes were open staring at nothing. She was dead.

Louise was on a hill just near the meadow. Sheep and their lambs grazed nearby and their soft bleats comforted her. She opened up the old gold-bound book and started to read from the dog-eared page.

The book was her grandmother's well-loved poetry book and it filled her with happiness and longing. She yearned to be with her grandmother with whom she shared a special bond. She skipped the next poem. It was titled 'When Death Comes Knocking'.

The funeral was silent and sombre. The black lace dress was tight. Louise threw her beautiful red rose on the white casket and started to weep.

She did not know how to cope with the loss of her grandmother, her father's mother. Seven years ago Louise's father had gone to the bay to catch fish and had never come back. "Two people are not a family," Louise had thought. Her grandmother filled in the lonely gap.

Far away, a carriage containing seven tired men wound its way down the hill. The sparkling sea looked stunningly calm this night. Only a few hours before it had been a thrashing, menacing animal. Only one man was awake, staring out at the approaching town.

A resounding knock woke Louise. Her mother was still asleep, so she answered the door. As she stared at the man's gaunt face, her heart broke its icy case and leapt for joy. There was no mistaking it. His picture was on her bedside table. Although the man in the door was several years older, it was the same person. This grubby visitor was none other than her dear lost father.

Louise's fear that her father had abandoned her was washed away. Her father had been fishing when his small boat was swept away by the storm, and now he had returned.

Using her grandmother's poetry book as a guide, Louise wrote poems dedicated to her late grandmother, but now they were poems of happiness.