

The following are examples of the kind of writing that could be completed for a task of this style. They do not fulfil the requirements for our particular task but the writing conventions and structure do reflect the standard expected.

Tarras

It is winter, early morning in the little township, chilled and blackfrosted, the plants and bushes stiffly frozen, the football field icy, the trees carrying crystals of sharp ice up to the wet sodden air-hugging mist.

Listen. It is morning quietly roving the main road, the moist melodic streaming mist rising over the garage and the schoolhouse. It is grass shivering on the hill. Sunrise, dawn, the chorus of birds in the pinetrees.

It is Sunday morning. The thin clear slants of sun echo back onto the thick mist. In the silver windowed house, the parents sleep heavy while three blanketed children toss and turn. In the workshop of the garage, Joe is up and in his practical oil-stained overalls is working on that ute that the farmer needs today. Back in the house, the children now sit heavy-eyed around the wooden rectangular table.

And the toast burns as the jug boils.

"Hurry up kids, we'll be late," Mum shouts, sharp tongued. Washed and combed and brushed, families drive the short way to the little church on the hill. Past the swamp where the dragonflies shimmer and hover in the morning sunlight. Where the captured tadpoles would have grown into glazed green slippery little frogs.

Look. On the hill behind the house the pinetrees lift their heavy branches of sharp dense needles into the dwindling disappearing time-now-over mist. Down below in the township, the little general store opens its ready-for-anything doors to sell soap to biscuits, flour, tea towels, light bulbs and milk that will arrive later in the day carried for hours on the bus.

And soon you will be sitting on hard straight-backed wooden pews with no cushions. The tiny white wooden church echoing with the sound of morning hymns, streaming out into the frosty but now sunstreaked morning.

On the Farm

It is spring. Chilly sunrise creeps up over the farm. There an old farm house lounges lazily, well-warmed and well lived in.

Listen, to all of the thousands of birds chirping, their musical notes forming together. The call of a lost frightened lamb speaks out above the sounds of the birds, seeking out its mother. Listen to the sound of the gentle breeze as it rustles its way through the million leaves in the trees. Listen to the horse's long tail as it swishes, swishes about through the air, flicking away the buzzing flies.

It is morning. The delicate breeze breathes - gentle and curious - over the mountaintop. It swoops down, in and out and around the branches of the tall pine trees before slithering off, then high, high back up into the clear morning sky it goes. Birds chirp, chirp, chirp in the branches overlooking sheep, cows, deer and goats that graze and gaze in the long tender grass. Fences, barely standing, fool these animals into staying there, unfree, contained within. Old worn down barns slouch silently, growing accustomed to their age. Two horses stand out, heads stretched down, meandering and munching through the tender grass that overlooks the river.

Look now. The sun stands sternly, supervising all from the centre of the sky. It sees that everything is alive, so alive. See, now, the thick grassy paddocks, thick with sheep, their lambs curled around their legs, sucking on their mothers, furiously wagging their tails this way and that. Look closely at the spiders, the earwigs, centipedes and other crawling insects as they sprawl busily about, well-fattened.

Feel the smooth velvet touch of the horse **beneath your body.** Feel the breeze gently blowing through each of the hairs on your head. Feel the plod, the plod of the horses, , their hooves clumping the ground with dull thuds, taking you across the old farm and now over the hills and off towards the falling sun

