



World Book Day 3 March 2011

The winners of the short story competition were Emily Feeney 1B, Jenny Harrington 2G and Bronagh Murphy 1B. You can read their stories below.

Piranha in the Bath

Emily Feeney 1B

It was a Peruvian Blue-Finned Piranha, one of the most dangerous fish in the world, but what was it doing in my bath?

The tiny creature darted around me in a flash of electric blue. I caught a glimpse of its razor sharp teeth. They were huge and out of proportion with the fish's miniature body. I tried not to focus on its fangs as they were just freaking me out. They looked powerful enough to kill me in seconds.....

I tried to block out the gory very graphic images that filled my mind as they were starting to make me feel queasy.

All of a sudden, I realized that the fish hadn't become aware of my presence yet. If only I could quickly hop out of the bath and get to the door without it discovering and possibly attacking me. I tensed up my whole body and carefully stretched one leg over the side of the bath. So far, so good. The Blue Finned-Piranha seemed completely oblivious to the lanky, red headed girl on the other side of the tub. I cautiously dragged my second leg out of the water, barely making a splash but the fish noticed. It stopped swimming in circles and twisted its body to face me.

We both eyeballed each other not daring to look away for fear of the other attacking. Once you forget that this small specimen is a highly dangerous killing machine, it appears sort of pretty.

Not in a stunning supermodel way but pretty in a unique way.

Its fins glistened an aquamarine colour which was highlighted by the light drifting through the bathroom skylight. Its green eyes were flecked with gold lines, glistening. The top of its body was tinged a crimson colour which gave it the look of a fish with a red Mohawk. Its knife like teeth were bared, but in a friendly way like a smile. I turned

up the corners of my mouth back and the piranha zoomed forward, its teeth no longer flashing a friendly grin.

I was bitten first on my arm. The pain shot up my arm and blood rapidly spurted out of the open wound. I looked around for something to defend myself with but the only possible weapons that I could see were a loofah, some Aussie Shampoo bottles and a Yankee Candle. "Aha!" I thought, "mum will kill me for this later". I lifted up the candle and brandished it high. I thumped it down on the unsuspecting fish, who in the meantime had inflicted cuts on my whole left leg. It didn't have much impact on the first blow but he had started to look a bit dazed.

I continued my attack while the Yankee Candle's glass case started to shatter. The fish looked completely and utterly confused so I took the opportunity to get out of the bath and wrap myself in a towel. I planted on last blow on the piranha, then sat down to inspect the damage done to me. My leg was covered in cuts and scrapes, tiny blood tears leaking from each wound. My arm looked worse. A piece of flesh had been scooped cleanly out of it and it was starting to go a funny colour.

I emptied the bath and watched the fish float down the plughole. He looked dead by now. I stood up and hobbled downstairs to where my mum was on the phone. She immediately dropped the phone and screeched "oh my God, what happened to you?" I must have looked a sight.

"Long story...." I muttered.

The Piranha

“It was a Peruvian blue-finned piranha, one of the rarest and most dangerous fish in the world. But what was it doing in my bath?”

The piranha started to jump around in the water. It ate my rubber duck family which I had had since I was two. I tried to snatch my baby rubber duck before the piranha got at it but it was too late. I watched as my baby rubber duck was torn to shreds. When it had finished the baby rubber duck, the piranha moved onto the shower curtain. Its sharp teeth bit at the shower curtain until that was also reduced to snippets.

I looked around in distress. The door was slightly open. Outside in the hall, I saw a fire extinguisher. I sprinted into the hall and grabbed the fire extinguisher. While I was running into the hall, I cut my elbow on the door handle and a minor amount of blood trickled out. I only noticed this when I ran back into the bathroom. But it wasn't because of the blood.

When I arrived in the bathroom, the situation had gotten worse. Instead of just one piranha, there was now at least twenty.

And every single one of them was looking at my elbow. I looked down at my elbow. Blood was trickling out of it. One of the piranhas snapped its teeth. The rest followed suit and started approaching me at a very fast pace. I pointed the nozzle of the fire extinguisher at them. I pulled the handle. Foam poured out of it and onto the piranhas.

The fire extinguisher worked. The first row of five flopped over onto their fins and died a painful and slow death. I sprayed

the next row and then the row behind that. None of them seemed to notice the effect the foam had on their colleagues. I sprayed the final row and searched around for any more. When I had finished my thorough search, I called my dad and told him we needed a new fire extinguisher and shower curtain. He asked questions but I didn't answer them. I swept the place up and cleaned off the blood on my elbow.

As I lay in bed that night, I contemplated about my mini adventure that day. I wondered how the piranhas had got there but mostly I wondered on how they could stay out of water for so long. I was contemplating for a while but then sleep took over me and I had to give in.

When I woke up the next morning, my dad asked a lot of questions so I decided to tell him the story. He looked at me in disbelief but when I showed him the dead piranhas, he dialed animal control. As he was talking to them, I wondered why I hadn't called them last night.

Animal control and two policemen came over within fifteen minutes. They scanned the area while I ate some pop tarts. They interrogated me and I told them my story.

"I think I know where they came from. The drain. They must have climbed up it" Detective Dermot stated. He gave me a stern look. "Filthy little creatures they are, biting and-"

"They are a rare species and if you ask me-"

"Nobody did," the Detective retorted. An awkward silence followed. My dad scuffed his feet.

"Dermot! DERMOT! Would ya come up here?!" the young officer called from upstairs. The detective grunted and marched grumpily up the stairs. We all followed him, except for the offended animal control officer.

"Look at this, Dermot. The drain has a light at the end." Dermot looked down into the drain.

“Where does your drain lead?” Dermot asked my dad.

“Under the neighbour’s house. The one at the left,” my dad answered. Dermot sprinted down the stairs and into our front garden. He walked calmly into my neighbour’s front garden. He rang the doorbell three times until my neighbour, John, answered.

Dermot shoved him into the door and walked past him. I followed him while the others helped John up. Dermot opened a door and walked briskly down a flight of stairs into John’s basement. This startled me a lot because my house didn’t have a basement and my house was identical to John’s. I followed Dermot down into the basement and looked around.

There was a massive tank of Peruvian blue-finned piranhas there. Dermot looked at it briefly and then marched briskly back upstairs. All though I longed to see more, I followed Dermot. When I caught up with him, he had grabbed John by the collar and was handcuffing him.

“OFFICER! Make a report of everything that is in that basement and record it as evidence,” Dermot shouted. The officer marched down there with a slight spring in his step at having found the light at the end of the drain. Dermot led John away. At this point nearly all of my neighbours were watching what was happening.

“How did you find out, man?” John asked, nearly in tears. Dermot smiled and pointed at me. It was a very ugly smile.

“I would have gotten away with it, if it weren’t for that meddling kid!” John yelled as he was shoved roughly into the police car.

By,

Jenny Harrington. 2G

It was a Peruvian blue-finned piranha, one of the rarest and most dangerous fish in the world. But what was it doing in my bath...

I touch it ouch! Its real I'm not dreaming but I haven't eaten in hours maybe if I eat something it will go away.

WWHHAATT!!!

I've eaten why is it still here!

'Tina ' I shout in the phone what do I do? 'stay calm and get a huge net catch it and bring it to the zoo' Tina says. How do I stay calm! Ok I hang up and run to the nearest hardware store.

300 euro for a net that's crazy but that piranha has to go! I'm broke now, this better work.

YES!! He's in the net and I'm on the subway going to the zoo. Everyone is staring at me like I'm crazy. I reach the zoo. I almost die when

the zoo keeper says they could have caught it for me. 300 euro down the drain.

What the my teacher dancing in her underwear. I wake up with a huge fright it was just a dream I need a bath. Oh no there is a blue-finned piranha in my bath. I know what to do this time as I grab the phone and call the zoo.

What a weird dream that show dreams come true literally!!

THE END!!!!

Bronagh Murphy 1B