





# **It's Transformation**

## **Sydney Metro Northwest Places - Bella Vista and Kellyville Precincts**

**with  
Crestwood High School**





## ***ACKNOWLEDGMENTS***

Thanks to all at Crestwood High School who helped to organise this project. Congratulations to the students who contributed time, effort and writing to this project!

This project is supported by Landcom.

Landcom and Sydney Metro are working together on the long-term planning and development of government-owned developable land surrounding the stations on the Metro North West Line. The program, called Sydney Metro Northwest Places, focuses on creating diverse, well-designed places for current and future communities to live, work, shop and play. For further information on the program visit *[smnwplaces.com.au](http://smnwplaces.com.au)*.

Artwork featured on the front and back cover of this booklet was created by Nadia Hernández - *Everything Comes Alive!*. The artwork was commissioned by Landcom for Sydney Metro Northwest Places public art program in 2021.

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Story Factory acknowledges the Indigenous People as the Traditional Custodians on the lands on which we work.

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## ***IT'S TRANSFORMATION 2022***

It's Transformation is a free creative writing project supported by Landcom and delivered by Story Factory with schools in North West Sydney.

The It's Transformation project gave students the chance to think about the history of their local area, the way they exist in their area and the messages they would like to leave for others to think about. In this program students worked with facilitators from Story Factory to create texts to be incorporated in public works and public spaces in the north west of Sydney.

Thirty-eight students from Crestwood and Glenwood High Schools created written pieces for the project. Students completed activities such as: answering ideation questions about their experience of the Northwest and their visions for the future of the Northwest; completing site visits to Nurragingy Reserve and Kellyville Metro Precinct; discussing the history of the local area with elders Aunty Stella, Aunty Daphne and Uncle Elvis. These activities provided rich inspiration for a variety of written pieces exploring the concepts of transformation and change; in particular student's investigated how an individual's view of the world is constantly changing in response to the transformations occurring around us.

## ***Leana***

North West is...

Golden Grove Kings Langley

North West is...

Writing, music, songwriting and composing

North West is...

Cotton-On sweater and flare jeans

North West is...

Hand sanitiser and rubbing alcohol on the Metro

North West is...

Gongcha - peach yoghurt smoothie

North West is...

Construction and artificial sand

North West is...

Warm light from the street lights

North West is...

My own shadow walking home

North West is...

Rouse Hill Metro, my friends, a bus

### **Know Your North West**

The quietness of Rouse Hill Library, only the whispers of students and the typing can be heard.

“Are you going to Towers?” “Yeah.”

Public transport is always a great option.

### **Images of the North West**

Rainy night time at Rouse Hill Shops after studying at the library.

Gentle rain on the windows and streets.

Students hurriedly going to the bus stop

Moon lighting the wet ground

Children with parents

Where do all the people go?

How is she doing right now?

Lemon Stainey Glasses playlist.

## **Kellyville Haibun**

What will stand on the land of our people? Our lives changed by the shapes of the walls, the colour of the floors, the lights of the halls. From empty grass to bright scenery. A new world has begun.

Through winding streets, through the busy lines of the Metro. We meet at the centre. Conversations quietly riddled in the cafes. What stories are told?



## ***KATIE***

North West is...  
Crestwood Reserve  
North West is...  
A story or game analysis  
North West is...  
Jackets  
North West is...  
Citrus, anything sweet  
North West is...  
Lychee and prawn dumplings  
North West is...  
Chatter, cars driving past, music  
North West is...  
Midday sunlight  
North West is...  
Shadows of foliage and trees  
North West is...  
The shopping mall, Mel and my house

### **Know Your North West**

Crestwood Reserve, lots of foliage, dog parks, outside gym, fields and a skate park.

The stupid mud puddle in the middle of the path: "Oh someone cleaned it up." ...Tomorrow... "Nope, it's back."  
(repeat)

It's hilly!

In the future there will be - more buildings and other infrastructure around the area, maybe more of those water things in Crestwood Reserve.

### **What I See**

The cars move, headlights shine in the dusk. Streetlights illuminating a darkening sky, sun glaring on the far side of trees. Kurrajong, Grey Box, Silver Iron Bark. Bicycles riding toward homes.



## **Images of the North West**

Crestwood Shops, sitting on the ground, eating chicken nuggets and Jee spraying sour candy on the ground and Syd asking where their phone is.

Concrete ground, skate boards, shop banner, alcohol shop, bread shop, candy, phones, bags.

Is Syd blind?

What to do next?

## **Haibun**

I sit on the uneven slab of rock

Leaving my eyes open to the rough voices wavering with emotion.

The sun sinks deeper as someone strikes at sticks,

A deity graciously gives us warmth.

I dig me teeth into stringy meat, the bitterness filling my mouth,

I close my eyes for a moment, feeling the chill of the night hit my skin.

I breathe in the fresh Australian air.



## ***carmen***

North West is...

Crestwood Reserve and Chapel Lane

North West is...

Drawing - digital and traditional

North West is...

Pink T-shirts that the neighbourhood mothers wear while walking with their knee straps

North West is...

The smell of mowed grass in the small park near my house, the smell of my flute tutor's house

North West is...

The yum cha at Burwood, the ha gow

North West is...

The rustling of trees above and birds chirping

North West is...

The light that shines down on the street I walk on the way home, illuminating the whole street like a fairytale

North West is...

My house bathed in shadow, while houses in the distance are bathed in light

North West is...

The light, friends, company

### **Know Your North West**

The park near my house where I used to have picnics each Friday in primary school - Kate Bird Park.

"Let's go to the skate park and slide down!"

On the road home the sun brings out the colours of the entire street. You can see the street slope down and up again.

It's so beautiful.

In the future there will be - new modernised houses, the bridges constructed now will be worn.

### **What I See, Think and Wonder**

Looking out my window to the other houses bathed in light.

Thick curtains pulled to the side, messed up blankets cushioning me.



Lights off,  
Only light is calm light from the window.  
Muffled sounds of the TV below,  
So far away,  
Trees gently rustling.

4pm, clock blinking at me.  
Houses outside are bathed in golden, rich light,  
so far away.  
Laughter and talking,  
Life bathed in light,  
Far away.

A feeling I cannot name,  
Yearning so deep.  
I want to take it away for myself.  
The calm light in my room  
Is not  
The joyful, bright light like theirs.  
I want to run away and chase after that light,  
I want to bathe in that light forever.  
It is so close,  
Yet so far away.  
It has left me.

## ***Paige***

North West is...  
The playground down the road  
North West is...  
Dancing all by myself  
North West is...  
An old rugby jersey stripped in white and blue  
North West is...  
The smell of native flowers  
North West is...  
Apple cinnamon muffin from Muffin Break  
North West is...  
Buzzing cars on busy streets  
North West is...  
Flickering street lights  
North West is...  
Shadows from the gum trees  
North West is...  
Art, music and a good cup of tea

### **Know Your North West**

Busy Saturdays at Rouse Hill Shopping Centre where friends are drinking smoothies and kids are running through water fountains.  
“Did you see the footy game last night mate?”  
The buses are never on time!  
In the future there will be - solar panelled cars and tall apartments, kids riding hoverboards and another female Prime Minister.

### **School Haibun**

Small silver cars buzzing through the morning fog. Kids are yawning, blinking, not yet awake. Autumn leaves greet the damp concrete. So many stories, so many lives we never really noticed. What will they do today? Where will they go? Years will pass by and I will move on. But will this place follow me in my memories for all the years to come. Nothing is quite as normal in the silence of the future.



Small cars are buzzing  
Autumn leaves greet the damp concrete  
Tired eyes awake

### **Park Haibun**

Dust covered trees sway in the cool breeze. The sacred ground is welcoming like a warm embrace. The carvings on the ancient wood tell a thousand stories. So many walked these paths before us. How many more will come? Nature is our Motherland, she gives without taking. I hope one day we will all unite. No races, only love.

The dust covered trees  
Sacred ground is welcoming  
They walked before us

### **Kellyville Haibun**

Colour paints the pathways and walls, spreading its warmth. Young children smile and laugh, "Higher!" they shout. Tired workers returning to the smiles of their families. All cultures live as one. The future welcomes everyone in a warm embrace. The sunlight gazes down at a new world and brings something for everyone. Home isn't a place, it's a feeling. The future of North West is a future of love and opportunity.

Cultures live as one  
Children smiling and laughing  
The future is here

## ***CAITLIN***

North West is...  
Baulkham Heights Estate  
North West is...  
Creating art in any form  
North West is...  
Piercings - nose, ear, face  
North West is...  
Wattle flowers and nature  
North West is...  
Fat Budda Thai and this one pork roll place at Chisholm  
Centre  
North West is...  
Speeding cars, Metro, planes  
North West is...  
Car lights at night  
North West is...  
The shadows in my bedroom during golden hour  
North West is...  
My art, my friends, my bedroom

### **Know Your North West**

The intersection between my house and my Nanna's, it's busy and fast and overwhelming...but familiar.  
"Those apartments are still empty."  
Avoid the particular area of Stockland Mall near the bike racks.  
In the future there will be - there's lots of apartments that never have been filled.

### **School Haibun**

Golden light streams through the blinds. Shadows throw themselves at the walls, the shelves, the bed. Fear and peace waft through the air, clogging the lungs of the inhabitant. Disembodied voices fill ears with hope and happiness and the will to create again. Memories of creation and the possibilities of its growth bloom in the haven. Here there is safety from the world and from self.



Golden light growing  
Breathing lungs and open eyes  
Holding onto hope

### **Kellyville Haibun**

Whistles cry as a metal bullet whirs into place. Busy minds and hearts fill the room with chatter and noise. Neon green windows spill colour into place as friends say goodbye or hello. Homes, new and clean, open their arms to the weary. These people change with the years but parts of them will always remain.

Tired limbs and eyes  
Come with open arms to home  
Changed or same they leave

## ***sarah***

### **Know Your North West**

All the conversations at the dinner table between my mum and I.

There's a lot of old people and it feels very homey.

In In 2030...I can see myself no longer living here.

### **School Haibun**

The myriad of plants and trees blackening as the sun simmers into the horizon. My spotify metal playlist blasting out Life is Killing Me by Type O Negative while my assignments gawk at me. When will my Mum come home and what will I have for dinner? My day was horrendous, I had so many exams. The ambience of the metal music blasts my ears as I ponder tomorrow.



## ***Luna***

North West is...

The park near my house

North West is...

Spending time with Phoebe

North West is...

Middle aged men wearing polo shirts, usually red or blue  
and tan cargo pants

North West is...

The smell of Phoebe

North West is...

The sushi place in Stokeland

North West is...

Dogs barking - specifically my dogs

North West is...

Afternoon fading light

North West is...

My dogs following me (not literal, but they are like shadows)

North West is...

Phoebe, food, my pets

### **Know Your North West**

Friends, classes, brick buildings

Boat man

In 2030-50...I am still questioning my life choices, probably  
haven't found a career yet.

### **Haibun**

The cars move, headlight shimmer at dusk. Streetlights  
illuminate a darkening sky, sun painting on the far side of  
trees. Kurrajong, Grey Box, Silver Iron Bark. Bicycles whir  
toward home.

Maps have been changing, new roads traced over gravel.

DSirt roads surfaced, viaducts, the wind of trains in motion.

Houses sit behind their lawns. People we might know resting  
in lounge rooms: families, babies, friends, teenagers waiting  
for new change, a new day.

Each evening is a painting of yesterdays.





# ***Anonymous***

## **Haibun - School**

Midday sun pours through the tight glass, covering crisp, dusty pages with golden beams. Children sit cross legged on the wooden floor, silently absorbing written knowledge.

The stories they need are fillers with fiction, fantasy depiction and conversation.

The library is filled with things: people, memories, fiction and fact. The books whisper their secrets to willing ears.

Their stories a gift to those who seek it.

Memories of time

Captured in yellowed paper

Stories fill the room

## **Haibun - Nurragingy Reserve**

Gum leaves sway in the afternoon breeze making rippling shadows on the dusty earth. Curling paperbark lies on the concrete paths.

People sit and ponder, heads tilted in concentration. Ancient stories and memories fill their minds, the whispers of 1000 years breathing their stories into the wind.

## **MOSS**

North West is...  
Castle Towers, Golden Grove near the trees  
North West is...  
Reading  
North West is...  
Piercings  
North West is...  
A hint of smoke, coffee and raspberry  
North West is...  
Kellyville bakery and sushi  
North West is...  
Cicadas. Mr V being woefully disappointed in both C and  
Celine  
North West is...  
Soft, purple haze, like the one in a million storm  
North West is...  
Clouds  
North West is...  
Priya, Carmen and Me

### **Know Your North West**

My room: bright, comforting, lovely, relaxing.  
'Why is Carmen on the ground?'  
Priya is dangerous. The people are scary. Too many trees  
In 2030...I'm probably in Uni or an architect

### **Haibun**

The cars move, headlight glimmer in the dusk. Streetlights  
illuminate a darkening sky, sun dying on the far side of trees.  
Kurrajong, Grey Box, Silver Iron Bark. Bicycles trundle  
toward home.

Maps have been changing, new roads traced over gravel. Dirt  
roads surfaced, viaducts, the wind of trains in motion.  
Houses, people accumulate behind their lawns. People we  
might know existing, talking, living in lounge rooms:  
families, babies, adults, teenagers conversing, creating,  
existing.

Each evening is a collage of yesterdays remembered, futures suggested. The whispers that might have been between these walls - confessions, arguments, love and anger - They're all gone, long forgotten. Now their language is lost and changed, never remembered. They talk to me in hidden whispers, small chunks of life. I listen to all the things they promised to say, but never got the chance.



## ***Anonymous***

North West is...  
Castle Hill Shops  
North West is...  
AGC  
North West is...  
Navy uniforms  
North West is...  
Hot chips and chicken salt  
North West is...  
Crestwood Shops, hot chips  
North West is...  
My neighbour's loud dogs  
North West is...  
Flood lights  
North West is...  
May cat running after me  
North West is...  
Luna, my cats, food

### **Know Your North West**

My room - where I spent most of my time.  
'Why does this look gay and staright at the same time?'  
'Clap closer to your body, you look dumb on stage.'  
Pull the chairs out from the bench if cat food is there.  
In 2030...I am still questioning my style.

### **Haibun**

The cars move, headlights shimmer at the dusk. Streetlights  
flood a darkening sky, sun hiding on the far side of trees.  
Kurrajong, Grey Box, Silver Iron Bark. Bicycles stutter  
toward home.  
Maps have been changing, new roads traced over gravel. Dirt  
roads surfaced, viaducts, the wind of trains in motion.  
Houses hiding behind their lawns. People we might know  
waiting in lounge rooms: families, babies, kids, teenagers  
craving a world filled with wonders.

Each evening is a repeat of yesterdays remembered, futures suggested. The people that might have been between these walls - go silent, quiet - They're all living without meaning. Now their language is silent. They talk to me in whispers, in actions. I listen to all the things they promised to say.

## **PRIYA**

North West is...  
The long white path on the way to school  
North West is...  
Reading books  
North West is...  
Chunky shoes, usually white  
North West is...  
Sweet, cold grass  
North West is...  
The hot chips at Crestwood Shops, slushies  
North West is...  
Wind, people saying that it is cold  
North West is...  
Warm, dim sunset light  
North West is...  
Shadow of trees dancing  
North West is...  
Pens, people, the dinosaur on my bed

### **Know Your North West**

The school library with large books, comfy seats and fancy texts. It's always warm.  
'It's way too cold.'  
'It's way too hot.'  
'Look at the flowers and trees.'  
It's very grassy.  
Too blue sky...way too blue.  
In 2030...there will be more concrete.

### **Haibun - School**

The sky is way too blue. The grass is far too abundant, but the school library is warm and dancing trees offer a calming breeze. There's always someone saying hello. Uprturned umbrellas. Who planted all the plants. It's all walking up rolling hills to get to school. There are always people with slushies. Will everyone stay in ten years time? Why are there always neon yellow jackets making loud noise?



It had never occurred to me that there was a giant dolphin standing in the middle of the room. Standing with a trenchcoat and a tophat, it looked at me, one beady eye enlarged by its brilliant monocle. It's hard to tell whether this dolphin is looking right at me, or rather through me as this feeling of not really existing washes over me. I look behind me to find myself face to face with a giant, more than human-sized pink pen. It blinked at me in a way that only a more than human-sized neon pink pen could. Its smooth surface swaying from side to side as it alternated from one smooth foot to the other. The dolphin then appears next to me, having somehow made its way over to me despite the fact that it had hidden behind the curtains of its elegant trench coat. I don't like walking, I've decided. I think I'd much rather float. So float I did.

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