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May 2006



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AWARDS FOR SHORT STORIES

THE CASE OF THE MYSTICAL MAGICAL BEAD
Jess Coates, Manly West Public School, Balgowlah, NSW.

DOWN IN THE DUMPS
William Host, Marmion Primary School, Marmion, WA.

THE MAGIC MUSHROOM
Elisabeth Sandbach, Camberwell Girls' Grammar School,
Camberwell, Vic.

A SAILOR'S HAT
Laura Spiviak, Mount Scopus Memorial College, Burwood, Vic.

TIME MACHINE
Anna Xu, Manly West Public School, Balgowlah, NSW.

SPIDERS
Senney Wang, Belmont High School, Belmont, Vic.

SPACE RACE
Maya Boerne Marcus, Summer Hill, NSW.

GAME ON
Rachael Fitzpatrick, Pascoe Vale Girls' College, Pascoe Vale, Vic.

AMY'S DREAM
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KITTY'S DIARY
Nikita Singareddy, Mount Waverley, Vic.

CAUGHT IN A NATURAL DISASTER
Matt Akon, Park Orchards Primary School, Park Orchards, Vic.

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ALIEN IN MY CUBBY HOUSE
Eamon Orr, Rostrevor College, Woodforde, SA.

SEARCHING DEEP
Georgie Farrelly, Manly West Public School, Balgowlah, NSW.

KOLY THE KOALA GETS LOST
Alexandra Olijnyk, Shelford Girls' Grammar School,
Caulfield, Vic.

ELLA'S MAGICAL ADVENTURES
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NEVER FORGET
Leora Light, Mount Scopus Memorial College, Burwood, Vic.

THE FAMILY OF SHARKS
Jeremy David Commerford, Manoola, Qld.

FALLING
Ashley Ware, Oak Flats Public School, Oak Flats, NSW.

PLUTO'S OVERHEATING
Ewan Mahone, Mornington Primary School, Mornington, Vic.

AWARDS FOR POETRY

BENEATH THE PURPLE RAINBOW
Clarissa Wilson, Ashgrove State School, Ashgrove, Qld.

THE HUMAN MACHINE!
Samantha Rankin, Holy Saviour Primary School, Vermont Sth., Vic.

THE DAY
Kyle Kenos, Hoppers Crossing Secondary College,
Hoppers Crossing, Vic.

A MINER'S LIFE
Emily Schenk, Alfredton Primary School, Alfredton, Vic.

THE TREASURE GARDEN
Maddy Bennett, Bulimba State Primary School, Bulimba, Qld.

ASHES TOUR
Adam Little, Middle Ridge State School, Toowoomba, Qld.

BROTHERS
Courtney Sullivan, Mt. Beauty, Vic.

A DAY OF PLAY
Cheryl Chen, Mentone Grammar School, Mentone, Vic.

I WAS KNEE HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER
Ellen Hayward, Tallebudgera, Qld.

FAIRIES AND UNICORNS
Sarah Bayliss, Officer Primary School, Pakenham, Vic.

SPRING
Laura Ann Stasinowsky, Logan Reserve State School,
Boronia Heights, Qld.

TREES!
Jashmina Shetty, Croydon, Vic.

TOMORROW
Liam Diacci, Diacci Homeschool, Fennell Bay, NSW.

RAIN SONG
Gemma Larsen, Palmwoods State School, Palmwoods, Qld.



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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

For Victorians we are in Term 2 already after hosting the Commonwealth Games in Melbourne. My family was lucky enough to get tickets to a couple of events and thoroughly enjoyed them.

I still receive so many entries based on sadness, death and war. I am sure there are many topics one could write about. The stories are written brilliantly but the topic is not for all age groups who read this magazine. So your entry may be discarded because the topic is not appropriate. Also, if you write about a purple horse with three legs (as an example) illustrations are most welcome to accompany the story. As a suggestion for a topic in your next creative writing adventure why

not use some of your own adventures or heroes and create a fantasy story/poem out of it. Or consider the topic of our CEO Miranda's article of a person you would look up to as your hero.

Hazel Edwards has written an article discussing 'HOW TO CREATE A BOOK COVER'. We also have an article by Lorraine Wilson titled 'WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS?'. Our Author Patrons continue to give us some great insight into getting started, writing skills and getting work published.

KEEP ON WRITING!

Carol Dick
Managing Editor

BOOK REVIEW

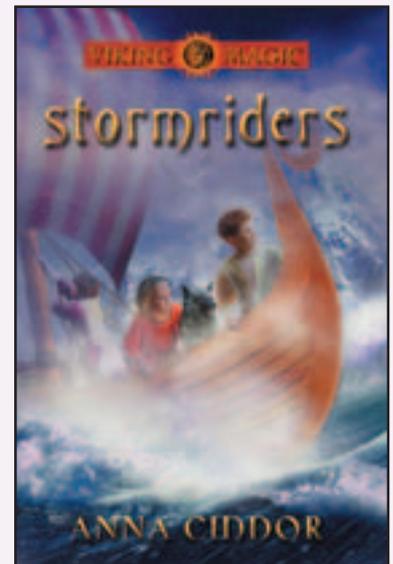
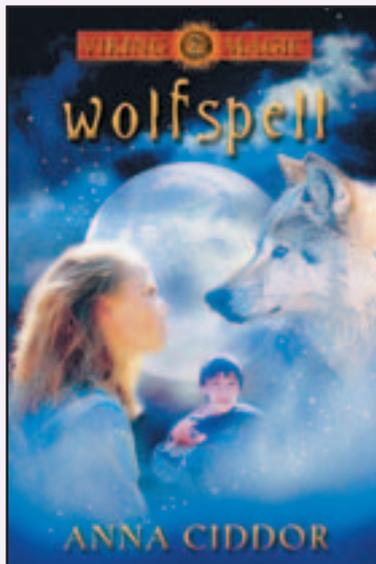
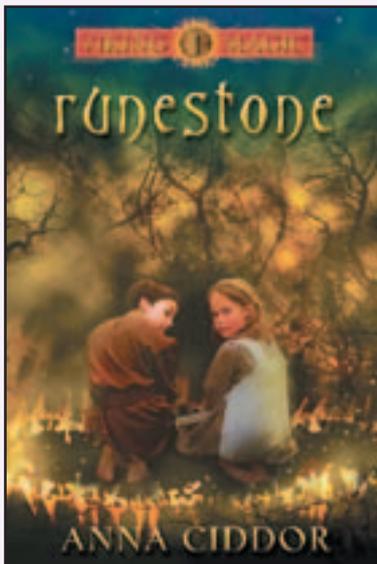
My review for this Issue is *Viking Magic* by Anna Ciddor.

There are three books in this series: *Runestone*, *Wolfspell* and *Stormriders*

The main characters, Oddo and Thora, are two children born on the same day but swapped at birth. The babies are swapped because boys are considered more valuable in the Viking World. The problem is Thora is living in a family of magic powers and can't do any

and Oddo has magic powers but lives with a non-magical farm family. Together they go on adventures and draw strength from one another to achieve their quests.

I loved these books and had trouble putting them down. This is a fantastic series from author Anna Ciddor that contains a blend of history and fantasy, with Vikings, Runes and magic and is easy to understand by all ages that enjoy stories about magic and spells and have a rich imagination.





A MESSAGE FROM THE CEO

Dear Readers,

What a great first school term (and a short one for Victorians) we had with Melbourne hosting in "style" the Commonwealth Games. I believe the Games united the whole nation together and it did not matter whether you were from Sydney or Queensland

any more as we were all sharing together our sporting teams and athletes. And with the high number of gold medals we got we can only thank all those athletes who went out there and tried their hardest to win a medal for our country. One thing we have to be grateful about is not only the athletes who won medals but all the ones who dedicate their lives to training so they can represent our country with pride. Always remember that winning is not everything, but trying is the best!

In this issue I am not writing only to talk to you about sport and winning but about far more important things. This year our organisation has introduced a new Award: "The Australian Philanthropist of the Year Award". This Award is dedicated to people who went far and above the call of duty to help less fortunate people. You might know of a neighbour, a teacher or someone in your class, who does in his or her small way "extraordinary" things and who inspires you with an example to follow, so please nominate this person for this Award by checking our website: www.aclb.com.au. You need to email us the person's name, details and the reason why you are making the nomination, and include your name and contact details.

I cannot stress enough how important it is to have, from an early age, a role model. We are very lucky that we live in a country like Australia where we are surrounded by wonderful, generous people, who have a genuine desire to help others. We should really give them the public acknowledgement they deserve and listen to their stories so we can learn from them.

To start the ball rolling and encourage you to write about your "hero", I will tell you something about my hero or heroes. Yes, I do have more than one hero I aspire to be like, and the list seems to grow every time I encounter some new wonderful people who do their own little bit for the community. My first hero was my mother as, since I was a child, I could see first hand how she dedicated all her life to charity work and encouraged me to do the same. Since I came to Australia, I was blown away by the generosity of some people and one of them is without a doubt Dame Elisabeth Murdoch AC, DBE. The more I got to know Dame Elisabeth, the more I grew in awe of her dedication to helping others, especially the way she carries out her commitments and duties in a simple and gracious manner and often not in a publicised way.

Well, I hope the above has given you enough inspiration to send us beautiful stories about your "hero" and who inspires you. The other day my son Xavier (pictured with Dame Elisabeth and my daughter Isabelle) brought a picture from school to colour and next to it was this sentence: "Those who get, but never give, choose a foolish way to live. When that night the rich man died, not one person even cried". I thought: "how true"... So I leave you with these thoughts and good luck with your writing!



Miranda de la Masse-Homsy
CEO – Australian Children's Literary Board

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Pandemic: Covering ‘Outback Ferals’ An article about designing book covers

By Hazel Edwards • www.hazeledwards.com

Ever wanted to design a book cover?

Few student graphic artist-illustrators get the chance to design a book cover for a book about to be published. Melbourne-based Lothian publishers were prepared to encourage young talent.

Melbourne author Hazel Edwards’ ‘Outback Ferals’ novel is set in the Northern Territory, David Liston the graphic designer is from South Australia and the pandemic theme is international.

So how lucky was that?

Initially, South Australian TAFE graphics lecturer Katherine Bradfield requested work-experience for her students in designing book covers. Hazel responded to the initial request on PIO (Pass It On), an electronic children’s author newsletter, for ‘brief’ opportunities to give graphics students real-life ‘work experience’. She offered the ‘brief’ for her next book cover, but explained that it was only a cover practice and not a commission because she was not the publisher.

In the beginning, the students were just doing ‘work experience’ by designing a book cover, and using ‘Outback Ferals’ as the example. There was no promise of paid publication.

Three students (David Liston, Nathan Benger and Jason Wood) took up the challenge, and kept re-submitting their work three or four times after comments by the author and the publisher. Then preparation met opportunity!

Suddenly the book publication date was advanced to September 2006, partly because the ‘pandemic’ theme

was so topical and a ‘real’ cover design was needed immediately.

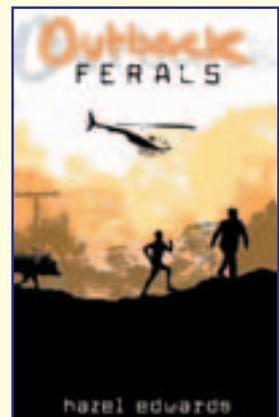
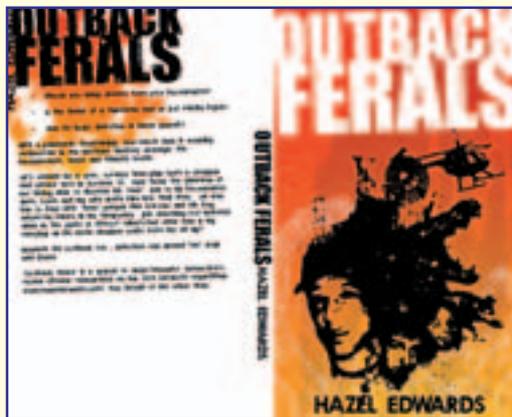
So the three students had a chance for a commission.

Q. What was the brief?

A. Author Hazel Edwards provided the following background brief for the graphic artist contestants.

‘Outback Ferals’ Brief:

- Currently the YA novel ‘Outback Ferals’ is contracted to Lothian publishers and scheduled for Sept. 2006 release. It is a sequel to ‘Antarctica’s Frozen Chosen’ (Lothian 2003), a recent radio serial.
- A YA (young adult) novel of 30,000 words, it is set in Darwin, Northern Territory and could have future filmic possibilities as real settings involving crocodiles, choppers, the Night Markets and the Beer Can Regatta have been used.
- Potential readers are males and females 12–17 upwards.
- The cover needs to look active, adventurous and male orientated.
- It could be photographic or symbolic.
- Other material could be designed such as: bookmarks including the cover, author’s website and publisher website.
- Activities for competitions for newspapers or magazines.



(Left to right): Sample final covers from David Liston [drliston@hotmail.com]; Nathan Benger [image_is_everything_nb@hotmail.com]; Jason Wood [jayse_05@hotmail.com]

Q. What are the author's expectations of the book cover designer?

Hazel's Answer:

- Read the book, before designing the cover, and as it is a sequel, also read the previous title and consider the appropriateness of the earlier cover. (I think the 'Antarctica's Frozen Chosen' cover looks a little too textbookish and not like an adventure but the green iceberg was used to tie in with the Jade character and the Jade berg.)
- I'd like a strong contrast such as orange/black silhouette, so that the cover would reproduce well in black and white newspaper reviews.
- Check my website (www.hazeledwards.com) for the cover of 'Antarctic Writer on ice' which symbolizes a 'window on Antarctica'. This would be my favourite cover.
- Title needs to stand out well against background.
- Could be a wrap around cover, and you will need to design space for the blurb and bio for the back. (I can provide these).
- Author photo is not vital on cover but one can be provided.
- If you have time, check my website also for the teachers' notes and resources on how 'Antarctica's Frozen Chosen' was written. I'll attach a background article on how 'Outback Ferals' was written which may give ideas for a cover.

Q. What are the major ideas in the book?

Answer: Points for 'Outback Ferals'

- Authentic Northern Territory setting of outback Australia which is a last frontier. Active adventure chapters with crocodile chase and feral pig aerial survey by low flying chopper.
- Strong but sensitive male protagonist who deals with the moral issue of mateship and whether you should put the person or the issue first.
- Humour and fast pace of The Can Regatta, Night Markets and the Bottomless Boat race which are real tourist attractions
- Satirising Survivor Reality TV shows.
- Eco-issues of quarantine, bio-infection, possible pandemic and the role media plays in creating or diluting a THREAT.
- 'Rust' on vines is a real eco-issue and data attached at the end of the manuscript.
- Strong but varied male and female characters.

- Quirky characters like A.N. Zac the Long Grasser and Aunt May the aboriginal elder.
- Entrepreneurial young people across cultures.
- Indigenous art and whether this should be shared commercially.
- The role of the older, wiser woman as mentor helping indigenous youth.
- Backpackers' lifestyle.
- Housemates in a tropical Top End climate.
- Importance of sport, especially football across cultures and the 'scratch' semi final for the under 14s where most weren't.

Q. What words (under 200) should be included on the back cover ?

Answer:

'Outback Ferals' Back Cover Blurb (176 words)

Should you keep secrets from your housemates?

Is the threat of a Pandemic real or just media hype?

How do bugs, infection or ideas spread?

With a pandemic threatening, eco-sleuth Kyle is working undercover in the Northern Territory amongst the backpackers, ferals and friendly locals.

He's chased by a croc, surveys feral pigs from a chopper and almost acts in Survivor TV. Kyle faces the dilemma of not being able to disclose his 'real' job to his housemates Rem, Coco and Ng who invite him into their lives. He also has to deal with 'feral' people like A.N. Zac and his dog whom he meets in his temporary job checking rust-infested vines in the yards of difficult clients. And what else is Ng carrying on his extra chopper loads from the oil rig?

Beneath the outback fun, infection can spread fast. Bugs and ideas!

The real 'Outback Ferals' ISBN 0734409354 at \$17.95 RRP, is released by Lothian in September 2006 and will include the commissioned cover designed by David Liston.

Cont'd...

Hazel Edwards

'Outback Ferals' is a sequel to Hazel Edwards' Antarctica's Frozen Chosen researched on her 2001 Antarctic expedition. www.hazeledwards.com has details of her other titles.



Pandemic: Covering 'Outback Ferals' (Cont'd)

Your Turn:

Now, why don't you design your own 'Outback Ferals' book cover for this brief. Include this information below for your back cover blurb but cut it from 170 to 100 words.

'Outback Ferals' outline

Cool Kyle is now hot!

University science student Kyle spent the previous summer tagging elephant seals in the Antarctic polar ice and now he's getting more work experience, on a special scientific project in the Australian outback. Darwin is a last frontier township for the Northern Territory with 'long grassers' and backpackers as well as friendly locals.

But humid Darwin during the Build Up season offers

more than a serious change in weather, there are special challenges with quirky mates, a rust infection on vines and a possible pandemic spread by feral pigs. Rem's 'Outbackpackers Rap' is used in the Outback Reality T.V. program but Foot and Mouth disease is more than Kyle putting his foot in it, by talking when he shouldn't. What if the Top End of Australia had to be quarantined and shooters and choppers brought in to remove the feral animals? Kyle flies in a chopper, surveying ferals with his chief suspect. What if, Kyle's summer job as The Negotiator was bigger than he thought?

It is.

Hazel Edwards 2005

www.hazeledwards.com

Check out the website for further hints.

THE CASE OF THE MYSTICAL MAGIC BEAD

As I get up from my cosy bed, I feel the cold morning breeze flow through my long black dreadlocks. I look at my "Mad about Soccer" calendar and worry that I might not score for the tenth week running.

As I sit in my room pulling on my socks, with the lucky tomato sauce stain, I pray that I will score a goal and not hit the post, the goalie, the ref or crowd control.

On the way to our Blacktown game we stop to pick up my Nan from the Funkyville Retirement Village for cool and hip Nan's. As I enter the building I smell Nan cooking wicked rumballs. I rush to her room and give her a big squeeze hug and tell her my tale of woe – twenty attempts at goal resulting in two bent posts, one flattened ref, two angry seagulls; one psycho spectator but noooooo goals.

My nanna patiently listens and then replies "Oh Robyn, Oh Robyn, I think I've got the thing for you, I have this magic hippy bead from Brazil that will help score!".

I take it not really sure how it will help, but as I love my nan I take the bead to the game and give it a great big squeeze.

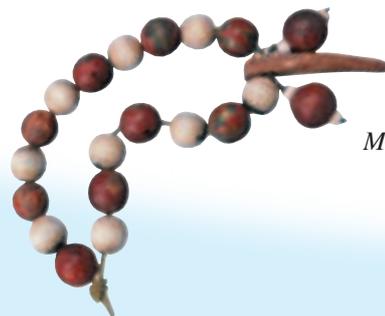
A miracle happens. I take a shot that goes to the top right corner. The crowd goes wild – I finally scored!!!!

The season progresses with me the top scorer. We play so well we go all the way to the grand finals.

On the way to the finals in the country, I feel the fresh air flowing through my hair and feel really good about life. I decide it is time to carefully examine the hippy bead I have been given by my Nan. It is purple and has wonderful hieroglyphics written all over it. It is the most beautiful bead I have ever seen. I lift it to the sky, it glints in the sun, and then the wind gusts it right out of my hand and out the window. I am distraught!! I ring my Nan on my mobile straight away in floods of tears and I tell her what has happened. Nan laughs and says "It's not the bead, it was never magic, I just made that up, it was inside you all along". Then she whoops, "Go get 'em Robyn" and hangs up.

I sit in confusion for a minute or two and then it hits me. All those goals weren't magic, they were me!!!!

Nowadays I score nearly every week, and my Nan is my biggest fan!! By the way I have since discovered you can buy the "magic" beads two for \$1.00 at the Hippyland Market.



By Jess Coates

Year 6

Manly West Public School

BALGOWLAH – NSW

Teacher: Mrs Street

**D
O
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IN THE DUMPS



AN UNEARTHLY stench wafted into every nook and cranny of the bombed out Chevy. Stefan the leader of the dump hissed as one of his cronies fell out of the car into a pile of rusting tin cans. Stefan's deep brown eyes portrayed a sharp intelligent glint to them and his fur was always stuck to his skinny body.

"We've only got one chance at thissss."

One of his cronies replied. "But they always come this way". "Shut up, when we attack they won't be coming backsss."

"Oh."

"Humph, I can't believe I'm not a town cat", thought Stefan angrily, "in fact I reckon I could be owned, my good looks and me".

In the distance a clatter brought him back to reality and three well fed cats were scrambling down the stinking piles of muck. All the dump cats tensed. Between them the town cats carried the biggest fish they had ever seen; well, the only fish they had ever seen.

They all leaned back in anticipation, ready to spring when the same cat fell out of the car making a huge clatter. The town cats quickened their pace but were still not suspicious. Luckily for the Dumpies the amazing stench overwhelmed the Townies' sense of smell.

The first and third cats were Burmese with soft brown coats; the second was a pretty Russian Blue. She tore off a huge chunk and belted off. "CATCH HER!" screamed Stefan and hissed quietly. "You four come with me."

Stefan and the four cats cornered the other two in a matter of seconds, slashing viciously they reduced them to a pile of lacerations and bruises. As Stefan crouched behind a pile of smoking tyres the Russian came bounding around the bend chewing vigorously on the last of the fish. In desperation Stefan made a swipe at it. But all too late, the Blue had eaten it. Screaming, Stefan slashed at it again and again until it lay bleeding on the ground. He snorted and turned away...

*By William Host
Marmion Primary School
MARMION – WA*

BENEATH THE PURPLE RAINBOW

Remember how we'd sit beneath the 'jac' when it's in bloom?
We'd look above, and watch, in love, an orange sunset play.

Then we'd look afar to the grass, and watch the criss-cross
patterns of orange-pink and purple inks in a relaxing sway.

A flower would drop onto my home, I'd pick it up to see
its blue hues, a peaceful cruise inside my mind's creation.

Moist the ground, harsh the bark, and yet no hurt feelings.
It's like you flew, and never knew, inside your imagination.

But for now we'll rest for a minute, we'll shut our eyes in a daze,
And remember how we'd look to the 'jacs', to see their flowers in bloom.

Then the night will come, show its stars
While the jacaranda, resting in the dark, will loom.

*By Clarissa Wilson, Year 7,
Ashgrove State School, ASHGROVE – QLD.*



THE MAGIC MUSHROOM

Lucy Truffle, an ordinary eleven year old girl, had no idea about the extraordinary things which were going to happen to her that day. She was the kind of girl from a pleasant family to whom nothing ever happened. They went on "nice" picnics to lovely places. This was just another one of those outings off to ride the little steam train. Puffing Billy, on Easter Saturday...

Lucy Truffle had only been on Puffing Billy once, and that was when she was little. She was quite excited about the day before her, but she didn't want to show it to the rest of her family.

Puffing Billy arrived at Lakeside where the family were going to stop by the banks of the lake and eat their delicious picnic lunch Mum had packed. Chocolate cake, chicken sandwiches, donuts, fruit, jam biscuits, vegetables and dip, homemade orange juice and not to mention Lucy's favourite, Grandma Tucker's apricot pie! It was a shame, Lucy thought, that no one else liked her Grandma's apricot pie.

After they had eaten, they went for a walk around the crystal lake edged with luscious green trees and ferns. The sun, thought Lucy, really tires you out as she kicked through the autumn leaves. She seemed to be dragging her feet while the rest of her family walked happily together up in front. Was it something she had eaten? Maybe it could be the apricot pie, or was it just the warmth of the day, she pondered. Her family was hoping to buy ice-creams before the long trip back, so they told Lucy that they would meet her back at the station's kiosk. Lucy agreed because she had to admit that she was taking much longer than her sisters, Harriet and Claire.

Her sleepiness seemed to be taking over as she lay on the soft green grass to have a rest. When she sat up about 5 minutes later her family was out of sight. She thought to herself she may as well keep walking when she came across a very unusual looking mushroom.

The mushroom was orange with a brown stalk and white spots all over it. But the oddest thing about it was that it was missing a piece cut out from it very neatly in a triangular shape, a bit like a single piece taken from the apricot pie. Lucy was very puzzled. She stood there wondering who or what could have taken that piece?

Then suddenly out of nowhere, there was a roll of thunder. Lucy's head started to spin and she felt really dizzy in the head. The world around her seemed to shower her with stars and the mushroom was growing

very big indeed. Lucy started asking herself questions, and wondered what would happen next.

To Lucy, the big mushroom had a magical touch, but she didn't know what it was. Suddenly a door mysteriously appeared with a big brass knocker. The piece was still missing though. The door was brown and camouflaged with the stalk so that if you didn't look closely, you might not see it. Lucy thought she had no choice; it was either enter this curious world or return back to the station where the mystery would stay unsolved.

Something told her to go in. So she took two steps forward and knocked on the door three times. A cute little pixie answered the door. The pixie said in a squeaky voice, "Aah we were expecting you, come in". Lucy was too surprised to speak. She felt her hand being led by this little pixie. She just managed to squeeze out:

"Who are you?"

"Sorry", the pixie answered, "it was very rude of me not to introduce myself. My name is Splish and you have just entered the land of the Enchanted Fairy Folk. I am the door monitor". Lucy was being led down a hallway that wafted with marigold scent. Then Lucy asked "Where are we going?"

"We are going to visit Her Majesty Queen Amber, so make sure you are on your best behaviour", answered Splish. Then they entered a lovely, cosy room. "She has come Your Majesty", announced Splish. Up on a golden chair was a fairy. The chair was edged with dazzling jewels, which made Lucy's eyes squint. Around the chair were other fairy folk such as pixies, fairies and elves.

"Good afternoon, I am Queen Amber", introduced the Queen.

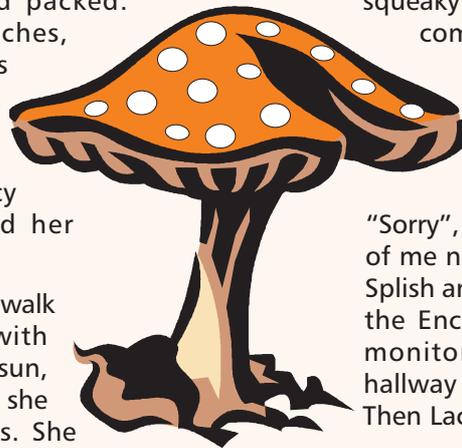
"Good afternoon Your Majesty, my name is Lucy", she replied.

Without further ado, the Queen desperately said, "Lucy, we need your help. You might have noticed that our mushroom home has a piece missing out of it. Well, if we don't get that back before sunset our fairy folk will start to die out".

All the fairy folk beneath her chair gasped with horror! Lucy looked stunned and was finding it hard to take this all in. "We need a human we can trust to return to the world of men and search for it", added the Queen.

"I will try my best", answered Lucy.

Cont'd...



THE MAGIC MUSHROOM (Cont'd)



"Thank you and good luck on your quest Lucy", said the Queen.

Then Lucy was shown to the door of the human world. Before she left, Splish told her the magic passwords, "Magic lies here and the door will appear". She quickly stood outside the mushroom and watched it shrink and the door disappear.

She ran as fast as she could, back to the station, and on the way thought about why nobody else could enter the mushroom... maybe it had something to do with the apricot pie she had eaten.

The busy, crowded Lakeside Station seemed untouched by Lucy's adventure. Her family were enjoying their "Honey-crunch Sundaes" on a park bench. They would never understand the seriousness of her quest.

In her rush, she nearly knocked over a man. A most curious looking man hunched over on the platform. He was tall and thin and completely covered by an old fashioned, ragged cloak. His glasses slipped down his nose, revealing a very kind look in his eyes. He clutched a glass jar which bumped to the ground shattering into a million tiny pieces. Tumbling out almost with a life of its own came the missing wedge of mushroom. Lucy darted down to the ground and seized the precious slice. It seemed her encounter with the fairies had filled this little girl with courage and determination.

"What are you doing, child? That is a very rare sample of mushroom. It is called the oxylandros-pickypoo. I am a scientist and I specialise in mushrooms. I am taking this sample back to my lab to do some scientific tests on it."

"No", Lucy said. "You don't understand, this belongs to the fairy folk."



Then an idea popped into Lucy's head. "Wait here", said Lucy.

Lucy rushed back to her mum and asked for another piece of apricot pie.

"Sure Lucy, I am glad you like it so much!" answered her mum.

Lucy rushed back to the strange man and said to him, "Here, have some of this."

The man took it happily. Once he had finished it, he asked, "That was very nice, child, where did you get it?"

"My Grandma makes it", replied Lucy. Then she added shyly, "So can I have the sample of mushroom?"

"Yeah, sure, little one, always remember though, science has a touch of magic!"

"Thank you so much, I am very grateful", said Lucy, quite relieved.

Just then Puffing Billy's whistle blew and the driver called out "15 minutes until departure".

Lucy knew she had to be quick.

She ran back to the magic mushroom and said the magic words. The mushroom grew, the door appeared and the familiar head spinning, thunder, dizziness and the stars all came back, but this time she wasn't scared. Splish answered the door again, but this time the Queen was behind her. Lucy happily handed over the missing piece of mushroom. The Queen looked delighted and then she carefully handed it over to some elves that went to put it back where it belonged. Then the Queen pulled a small present out of her robe and told Lucy it was her reward, but she had to open it when she was out of the mushroom. Lucy took it carefully. Then a distant sound came, it was Puffing Billy's whistle again. But this time the driver called "5 minutes until departure."

"Thank you for everything and I hope we will see each other again soon", said Lucy in a sad voice.

"You will", said Splish. "Just keep eating that apricot pie!"

By Elisabeth Sandbach
Year 5

Camberwell Girls' Grammar School
CAMBERWELL – VIC.

Teacher: Annabelle Bodsworth

A SAILOR'S HAT

"Sailor Girl", "Fish Breath". It was a group of girls. They were calling me names. The ones I had thought would be my friends.

I remember what I wore. A long black tunic with a navy blue shirt that was the uniform. I also wore a sailor's hat, which was my lucky charm.

I am 10 years old and used to live in Sydney. I had to move to Melbourne for my dad's work. School was fun in Sydney. I went to a small school where everyone knew each other. I wasn't the most popular girl but I had a small group of really close friends. When I told the girls that I was leaving to come to Melbourne they gave me a surprise going away party and they gave me the sailor's hat as a goodbye present. That was how it became my lucky charm.

I began school that day in Melbourne. That day was the worst day of my life. My worst nightmare.

I walked onto the tan bark in the schoolyard with a smile from ear to ear. I was so excited. I thought I was going to have the time of my life.

I was at this new school in Melbourne and there were children running in all directions. Everyone seems to know each other but no one knows me. A group of girls were running up to me and they were laughing. I thought that I was about to make some new friends. I thought that they were going to make me happy. I thought wrong.

"Sailor Girl", "Fish Breath". They were calling me names. They wanted to make my life more miserable than it had ever been. At first I couldn't understand and then I realised that they didn't like my sailor's hat. They thought it was dorky. But I liked it. Now they were judging me *by my hat*. They don't even know what I am really like.

The bell rang and I found my classroom and sat by myself. The rest of the class gradually came in and seated themselves, but no one wanted to sit next to me. I heard the other children whispering to each other, they were making rude comments about my hat and about me. How could they judge me before they even talk to me or get to know me? It just isn't fair.

Our teacher came in, his name was Mr. Holiest and he seemed like a really nice teacher. Mr. Holiest introduced me to the class and asked for someone to volunteer to sit next to me and show me around the school. No one volunteered. Mr. Holiest then picked someone to

sit next to me. She was not happy, she was also one of the girls who had called me names in the playground before the bell rang. However she had no choice and came to sit next to me. Whenever Mr. Holiest turned around she would grab my hat and whisper nasty things. At lunchtime she wouldn't show me around or introduce me to the other girls.

I would spend lunchtimes alone wishing that I was back in Sydney with my other friends. I was lonely and upset. I couldn't understand what was happening. This hadn't happened to me before. My other school had not been like this.

I tried to talk to my parents and they told me that I had to give it time and that people would want to be my friend once they got to know me. They also said that you don't need to have hundreds of friends you only need one good one.

Things didn't really change at school. They would tease me every day about something different, about my hat, my name or even my uniform even though they had to wear one too. It was all because I wasn't one of them. The rest of the year went by. The year seemed more like a century. The end of year school break came and I was glad to get away from the bullies.

I went back to Sydney for a holiday to see my friends again. I wanted to stay in Sydney and wasn't looking forward to leaving at all.

A new school year was about to begin and I had to go back to that school and face those mean bullies again.

I got to school just as the bell rang. I ran to my new classroom and of course I sat on my own. I could hear someone sobbing at the back of the classroom. I turned around to see who it was. I saw a girl standing there wearing a long black tunic with a navy blue shirt which was our uniform. She was also wearing a sailor's hat just like mine.

I stood up and walked to her. I smiled and took her by the hand and led her back to our desks. I had found my friend.



*By Laura Spivak
Year 5, Age 11
Mount Scopus Memorial College
BURWOOD – VIC.
Teacher: Mr. Philip Barkla*

Bodies are amazing when you come to think,
Muscles are moving in one single blink.

There are lots of parts in the human body; there are arms, legs, stomach and nose
Basically everything from head to toes.

The nervous system is a very important part
Sending messages to the legs, arms and even heart.

The skeletal system is also a major need
You need to look after your bones, to make it all succeed.

The digestive system does its job fine
Digesting the food from the mouth to the intestine.

The heart pumps blood through the arteries and then back through a vein
The human bodies are clever, from your ribs to the human brain.

Your body is always working, even when you're asleep
Your body lets you move, from a crawl to a leap.

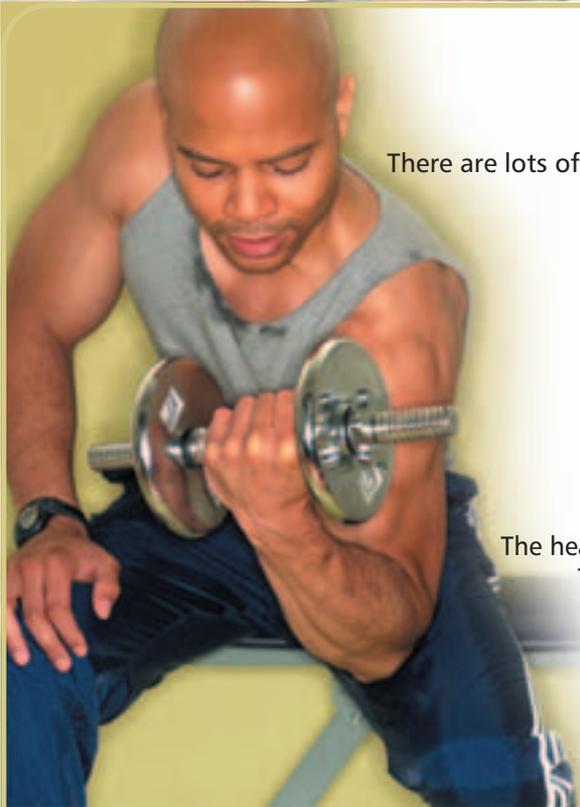
Everything has a job to do
Which makes a system inside of you.

You've got to keep healthy, which also includes being clean
Nothing beats the human machine!

*By Samantha Rankin
Year 6*

*Holy Saviour Primary School
VERMONT SOUTH – VIC.*

THE HUMAN MACHINE!



TIME MACHINE

I have jumped into a time machine, and the year is 5000. I am living on a newly discovered planet that's similar to Earth, named Colonia.

In Colonia there are only three land masses and each is the shape of a thumb. I live on the largest piece of land named Ornit.

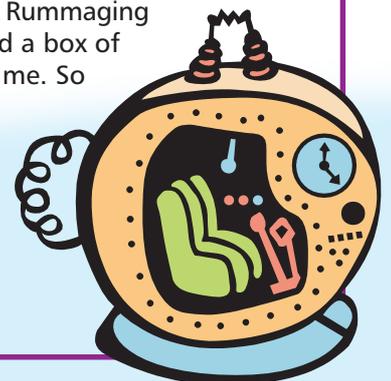
Ornit is a beautiful country that's peaceful and quiet. The ground is yellow and the sky is orange. All the plants are purple and the animals are black. Here it is a tradition to empty garbage onto the roof each week. The only food you would find in the supermarket would be rectangular blocks with the word 'loop scoops' written on it.

The houses are enormous and the apartments each contain eighty-four levels. Each home includes twenty-one kitchens, two hundred and ninety-six bedrooms,

fifty-four living rooms and nineteen bathrooms. Nothing in any room is the same colour.

After having lived here for one week, I learnt that the citizens are friendly even though they are weird creatures. They have faces that change colour, wild hair, three toes on each foot and yellow eyes. Every day someone would knock at the door to sing me a song. I decided to give each one of them a special gift that is rare or dear to me. Rummaging through my suitcase, I found a box of opals that my parents gave me. So I gave every citizen an opal.

*By Anna Xu
Year 5
Manly West Public School
BALGOWLAH – NSW
Teacher: Brenda Street*





Spiders!!! The word just makes me shiver with fear, everything is bad about them, the way they move, their colour and so on. I just hate them. Especially when they were the ones that led to my humiliation at my school camp in front of all the Year Sevens...

It all started a few days ago, we were rolling along, and our bus was cruising towards our camp destination, Anglesea at a cool 90 kms per hour. It was a pleasant drive, I sat with my friend Kenny and we chatted excitedly about the cool things that could happen at camp, like bike riding, mountain climbing or abseiling, but deep inside I was shivering with fear. I kept on asking questions to myself like: What if there were spiders? Or, what if they were on the floor where we slept? I shivered at the thought, right now I was as scared as a deer being chased by a cheetah. Just trying to get away but ending up being caught. I was interrupted by my thoughts when the bus suddenly stopped with an ear piercing screech that could have shook the world. I made my way out of the bus when suddenly I saw a spider creeping on the bus seat. I started running when suddenly bumped into Trista, a girl in my class.

"Hey!" Trista said. I didn't answer until I was off the bus and patting myself. "Sorry!" I said, but I think Trista didn't hear me.

We were met by a tall, young man, aged around twenty something. He led us to a building when I saw a spider crawling up a wall. I yelled, soon faces turned towards me as I saw myself reddening every second. Thankfully the man said something to get back the attention.

"Now as you can see", said the man, "this building is quite old, there is a recreation room over there". The man pointed to a room which seemed quite small. The man who we soon knew to be called Sam blabbered on about behaviour and stuff, and I nearly fell asleep, my head was drooped on someone's shoulder when suddenly the word "spider" took me by attention.

"There are a lot of spiders around here, just be careful they don't bite you, it could be poisonous." Sam said the last part in a serious tone, but all around me I could here laughter like it was the funniest joke they have ever heard. It was at this moment that I regretted coming to camp, of all the pros, there was always a con that spoilt the whole thing. I wanted to run to the bus and drive myself back to my spider free home but I knew I couldn't do that, even if I did I would probably end up sprawled on the chair with blood coming out.

Sam led us inside and told us to get ready while he was preparing lunch. I set up my sleeping bag on the floor, carefully looking around me to see any danger, just like a lizard seeing if any crocodiles were nearby. It looked all right to me so I put my sleeping bag down. Kenny greeted me and laid his sleeping bag next to mine.

"Cool place, hey!" Kenny told me looking around the place. I stood to his attention not realising that sweat was pouring down my face like rain. "Yeah!" I stumbled out.

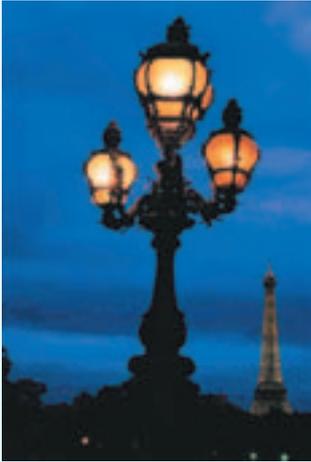
As I was preparing my things for tonight Sam poked his head out of a door and said: "Lunch is ready!". We all gathered around that door like poor people gathering around a person, ready to receive a little pile of food. So you got the main idea of how hungry we were.

After gobbling down a delicious lunch, consisting of chicken, potatoes and brussels sprouts (Yep, my favourite!) I hadn't realised that my fears of spiders were gone. Kenny and I played table tennis in the recreation room and discovered the room was quite big, while some others were outside playing games.

The day went on from afternoon to dinner to night. Sam put in front of us a large widescreen T.V. and put in the DVD: 'Ice Age'. While this was going on, I was in the shower, preparing myself for the Ice Age movie, everyone said it was really funny; I was looking forward to it. When I was just about finished and wiping myself with a towel I saw a spider in the cubicle, my eyes widened and my mouth opened in horror. I ran out screaming with the towel wrapped around me.

What happened next was the worst thing that could happen to any thirteen year old. As I ran heads turned and stared at me like I was a clown that couldn't juggle. I heard some chuckles and saw that Sam was even smiling. My fear turned to humiliation as I saw my face redden. I must have looked like a boy with red paint splattered all over my face right now, that's how red I was going. I looked around and saw that

Cont'd...



GAME ON

Drip, drip, drip. Beads of sweat were running down Georgia's forehead. Her hands were clammy and her throat was dry. She had been waiting for this moment since the beginning, so why was she so nervous? Her heart was beating so hard and so fast she figured you'd be able to

hear it from at least one million miles. She knelt down against the cold concrete floor and waited for her moment to pounce. She was being held in an old abandoned storage shed, although calling it a shed wasn't quite giving it the credit that it deserved. It was more of a high-rise building. Then BAM!! Georgia was up and running, it reminded her of the good old times when she was on the track team at school. She bounded over mountains of boxes, zigzagged through shelves and offices. She knew they were coming. She had known they were coming since the beginning of the chase because that's what they always did. Then she heard the shouts.

"Code Alert, she's on the run at the North side! I repeat Code Alert!" She knew what was coming, the dogs and the guns, with the bullets. She was breathing hard but she wasn't tired, she couldn't be, she had been running towards the North Side entry for more than 10 minutes and it was only now, the bullets started whizzing past her head. Still dodging and leaping at top speed. She passed mountains of shelves with boxes stacked up to the roof. She didn't know what was in them but she wasn't sure she wanted to find out. It couldn't be good.

She was halfway to freedom and it seemed like she had a chance. Her long, lean legs were strong enough to carry her all the way, even with her old ankle injury. Snap. Georgia felt it before she heard it, as she hit her shin against a splintered wooden leg of an office desk. She fell. Very hard and very fast. Pain shooting through her entire body. She felt as though she could just curl up into a ball and wait for it to be over, the pain too intense to go on but she knew she must. If she didn't they'd be all over her in a minute. And then it was game over.

She slowly rose, putting all her weight onto her right leg, she tried to pick up speed but her left leg crippled her in agony, slowing her pace. Although she kept going, as a new energy burned through her, while they kept shooting at her from way above her head. She was surprised she didn't have a bullet in the back

of her head yet. Then, there it was. The shining open door to freedom, fresh air and the wind in your face. Georgia had been in the hot, stuffy and suffocating air of the self-storage building for months, yet here she was, at arm's length away from salvation. She let a smile, just a small one, creep across her dirty, sweaty face for the first time in a month. It vanished as she saw a shape off to her left, then another and another three off to her right. She heard the growls of dogs behind her and the footsteps of men. Geez, they were fast. Georgia realised they were closing in on her and the only weapons she had were the butter knife stuffed down her sock and the wooden bat she held in her hand. That didn't really compare to the automatic rifles they carried around 24/7. It would only take a couple of them at the entrance to the door to stop her. She couldn't afford that; she'd fight. She was strong, stronger mentally and physically than most women, most men even, but she had two injuries now and that slowed her down.

She could feel the blood dripping down her leg from where she hit it. Seemed to be oozing out, maybe it was worse than she suspected, no time to look now, worry about that later. Now she needed all her energy and concentration on the door. Simple enough, get to the door, well it was until one of them stepped right in front of it. Georgia had about 10 seconds to react. The cold, hard stare of him told her, he wasn't going to usher her gracefully out the door. She was rushing through all the possibilities. Don't hesitate. He'll know you're scared but how to get past? The only real option she had was to barge at him with full speed and the wooden bat sticking straight out towards him. So she did, and it was only at the last moment that he realised she wasn't going to stop. Terror filled his eyes, his mouth dropped open and then she hit. The full force of her body weight smashed against him, the bat sticking right through his stomach, blood splattering all over her blouse as they hurtled outside. Even in a situation like this she had never felt more reassured and relieved to be outside. They slid over twenty metres until finally coming to a standstill. Her fall cushioned by his body. She removed the bat with a sickening squelch and was up and running. She had to get out of the grounds before she could allow herself to relax at all.

She leaped at the metal fence and pulled herself over the top. The dogs were barking loudly from behind it. She didn't mind them any more that they were there. As long as they couldn't get their sharp vicious teeth into her. But no time for games, it was 1 am, the street lights weren't on and she needed to get

Cont'd...

GAME ON (Cont'd)

into the shadows. She headed straight into the many yards of neighbouring houses. Leaping over fences, scurrying through bushes and bolting down alleys, her long run for freedom was not over yet; she still had to get to the border. That would take till dawn. If she could survive that long.

She was exhausted, hungry, cold and hurting. Her energy levels were at 25%. The constant blurring of sirens and alarms didn't help. The whole town was looking for her but she wasn't going to let them win. She kept going, pushing herself harder and harder, determined not to stop. She squinted through the darkness, though quite suddenly, she was blinded by light. She cursed to herself silently. They were thinking fast, damn it. She started searching for a place to hole up for the night. No time. She could hear someone; she surged into the nearest bushes. Ouch. She desperately wanted to nurse her aching wounds, new and old. It hurt like hell. Great, just what she needed. Patrollers.

"Hey, we've been searching for at least three hours, she'd be well clear of this area by now. Come on, let's take our break", one of them said.

"Yeah, all right", unsure, the other replied.

They were giving her more credit than she could handle. But she didn't stop to think about that. They strolled towards her, unaware she was so close. Her breathing was rapid and out of control, she needed to stay calm otherwise they'd hear her. She was beginning to cramp up, pounding with pain and it had only been a few minutes. How was she going to keep control for God knows how long?

She needed a distraction, or an escape route. OK, so how to get rid of them? Georgia was thinking, hard. They could stand there for a half an hour or two more minutes, either way her body was still throbbing with pain. She had to hold on for as long as it took, all she knew was she wasn't going back to that place. God, there was too much blood leaking out her leg. She knew it must be bad, but how bad? Her health levels were draining. She was using all her strength, all her energy to stop herself from screaming out loud. She had been through lots; she should have been ready for this agonising torture.

They were still droning on about their insignificant rumours right in front of her without the knowledge of her presence. OK, back to thinking of a way out, she didn't even have a weapon any more. Natural materials suck. She scanned her surroundings, dirt, shrubs and trees, and to think she was excited about

those things just hours before. Oh! Right in front of her the whole time, a rock. She silently pulled her arm back for a long pitch into the trees to her left. She threw it and heard the satisfying thud. The patrollers in front reacted quickly, pulling out their automatic rifles. Those would have come in handy. If only, if only. They crept slowly towards the shadows of the shrubs. She was in real pain now and she would grab any chance she had to run. They were going further and further away and had their backs turned so she slowly raised her aching body.

Please dear God, my sins will be dealt with later, just let me escape to freedom in peace! Snap, apparently she wasn't all right with God at the moment. A twig broke and she quickly ducked to the ground. Phew, they hadn't even turned around. She carefully jogged along the edge of the parkland and dodged around the corner. Her back was crippling from the position she had been in only moments ago. She snuck a glance down towards her leg, shouldn't have. She knew her pants had felt damp: her own blood was soaking deep into the cotton of her overalls. Instead of the ugly orange they were rich within a hideous crimson red. She began to feel sick, she could feel the breakfast of yesterday coming back to say hello. Disgusted with herself she dragged on, only just realising she was dripping a trail behind her. The streets were quieter the further she travelled and she only had to lunge into the bushes once every half hour. Her blood was becoming a dark reddish brown and it wasn't stinging with pain like it had been, just a dull throbbing. As she limped on she began to think about what she had done and the consequences of her actions. Georgia huffed in frustration as her thoughts became too much for her to bear. Her life was perfect but now it's all in tatters just like the cut on her leg.

Her eyes began stinging: she was alone in this world of nothing. She had been so preoccupied with her mindless chatter that she hadn't heard the approaching car. Its sirens began blaring and lights began flashing. Oh! she was in deep now.

Georgia raced past street lamps with cars hot on her heels. She sprinted long and hard, with the continuous blaring of sirens behind her; she might have been able to outrun men on foot and dogs but speeding cars were a different story. She whipped around a corner to cut across parkland dotted with trees and shrubs, darkness swallowed her up but it wouldn't help, they had outdone her. She was beginning to panic, eyes wide and her chocolate brown hair damp with perspiration. Overalls unbuckled at her waist with her

Cont'd...

GAME ON (Cont'd)



hands clenched into tight balls, as she ran. Thump, snap, bang. She was heaving her feet up and pounding them back down, it was too much noise. She stopped. Crouched down and stayed with her knees tucked into her stomach, still and sound. This was life or death, matter of survival; she thought she had a chance, so she took it. These people chasing her now were *not* a couple of deadbeat patrollers, they were the real deal.

BANG!

Game Over. She was dead before she hit the ground.

I let my hands slide off the grubby console. I'd been at it for hours. I let myself take a deep breath. This was the only video game that took my mind off the realities that controlled my life. Between school and homework I didn't have much time for anything else. But when I had that brief moment to myself, I entered the world of wonder, power and destruction with Georgia. It was the only thing I had to get away.

*By Rachael Fitzpatrick
Year 9*

*Pascoe Vale Girls' College
PASCOE VALE – VIC.*

AMY'S DREAM



Neptune... it's so fascinating. My name is Amy Collins and you can guess what my favourite planet is... Neptune!! I've never been sure why

but I just like it; it's blue (my favourite colour), and it's cold there (I like cold better than hot...). I'm also one of those people who have wanted to do something for ages (I want to be an astronaut). I mean, wouldn't you like to see space...

But now I'm in university and study at the "University of California". I'm a long way away from home; my family is in Australia while I'm here in California. And because I'm through a couple of years in university I keep a diary of what's going on ...

*California, USA
Sunday
29th May*

*Dear Diary,
The Californian University is huge!!!
I've been lost twice but it's worth it.
I've had tours of most of the space shuttles that Andy Thomas recently was in!!! Now I'm studying "Long Term effects of being in space".
I have to go and study now!
Amy.*

That night when I went home at 8:30. On Thursday morning I got a call from...

They were looking for an astronaut in training who had done 2 years at university, to go to the ISS (International Space Station). Of course I said yes (why would anyone ever refuse?!?) and he said we're going on the **23rd of June!!! I can't wait!!!**

N.A.S.A.

*California, USA
Friday
3rd June*

*Dear Diary,
I'm going to the ISS on 23rd June!!!
YAY!!
Amy*

Finally it was that day... the 23rd June. We were going to leave at 2:45. The time was 2:30, 15 minutes and we're off! We had a meeting talking about the 14 day trip and how we all had a 50% chance of dying and 50% chance of staying alive, but we are only doing it because we have always wanted to do it...

*California, USA
Thursday
23rd June*

*Dear Diary,
I'm minutes away from going into space. I've got butterflies in my tummy. I am so, so nervous; I'm trying to use those*

Cont'd...

AMY'S DREAM (Cont'd)

relaxation methods Mr. Walker thought me in year 8. You never know; you might die.
Amy

As we were going I had a long nap... when I woke up the ISS was in sight, I stood up and it felt like no one else was there. I went to the control room (I wasn't allowed to go in there but this was an emergency!), as I thought no one was there, luckily I knew how to fly a space craft. I tried to steer... nothing happened... I looked outside and saw the crew on Neptune acting in my favourite television show "Charmed". Chiew

Peng, Russell & Andrew were the "charmed ones"!! Suddenly they froze... but then came back to life; except way paler. I ran to the computer, typed an e-mail back and hit the "send" button. They were actually clones each with an atomic bomb in their hands. The bombs dropped right towards earth...

*By Dinali Daluwatte
Year 4, Age 10
Glendal Primary School
GLEN WAVERLEY – VIC.*

KITTY'S DIARY

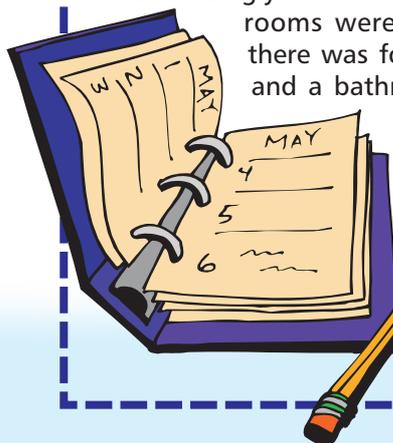
20/9/87

Dear Diary,

Today seemed like a new world was being created. My father had tickets for a trip on the *Titanic*. We were all spellbound in amazement. Who would give my father, poor old Roger, tickets for the *Titanic*? I tell you diary, the moment I heard it, I started to pack. All my dirty, ragged clothes plunged into my grandmother's suitcase. Kiara, my sister was complaining while Tom and Tim were clinging to mother. My mother, her body scarred with plague marks was as happy as ever.

We waited at the bus stop for ten minutes. An old bus drove slowly up the road. Diary, the driver was scary with his rotten teeth and breath. We stepped into the bus and found out it was pretty empty. Father paid him our fare. He was giving away all he had earned. The bus driver took the money and let us get on the bus. It was a long journey into the night, but finally we got to the dock. There was a crowd of people but still we got onto the ship.

We amazingly had tickets for the second class. Our rooms were beautifully decorated and there was food. We had two bedrooms and a bathroom. I could have gone on deck, watched the sea or go to the library, there were so many things to do, but diary I just stayed to write to you. I'm getting a little sleepy so I'll just lay my head down to rest...



21/9/87

Good Morning Diary,

We were surprised this morning by a woman who brought us breakfast. She gave us marmalade on toast and milk with biscuits. We had much fun in the morning, enjoying catch in the corridor and playing pranks on people. Today the library was empty so I just explored and read books.

We went to the restaurant for lunch and ordered spaghetti. Father asked us how much fun we were having and we all answered in a splutter and ended up laughing our heads off.

It is night and I stare out of the window. The slumbering night sky is putting me to sleep. I watch the blue blanket cover the sleepy stars. I look down and see water. WATER! I pace across the rooms, waking up my family. We panic but secure our life jackets and are out of our rooms.

In the corridor, we see people making their way to the deck. We follow and try to get into a boat. My family get into different boats. I jump into my mother's boat as it is lowered into the ocean.

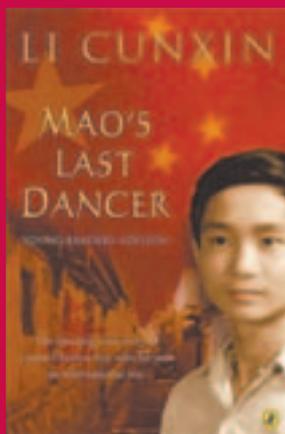
We are far from the ship now. I look back. I imagine all the people still in that ship, whose dreams had been shattered. And that is my memory of the *Titanic*.

Kitty Barnett

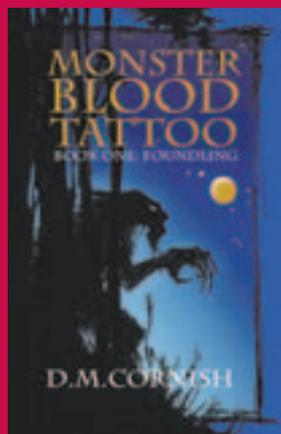
*By Nikita Singareddy
Age 9
MOUNT WAVERLEY – VIC.*

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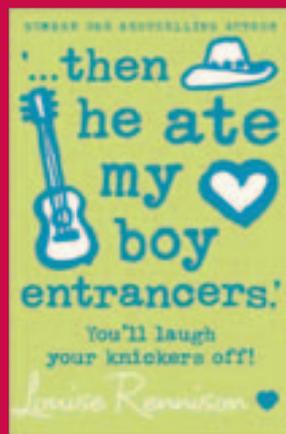
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When Don Burke is not busy, he likes to read and nothing could be better than reading short stories and poetry from our young Australian writers in *Oz Kidz in Print*.

Paul Collins was born in England, raised in New Zealand and moved to Australia in 1972.

In 1975 he launched *Void*, the first professional science fiction magazine Australia had seen since the demise of the joint Australian and British production *Vision of Tomorrow*.

His first fantasy novel for younger readers was *The Wizard's Torment*. Paul then edited the young adult anthology *Dream Weavers*, Australia's first heroic fantasy anthology ever. This was followed by *Fantastic Worlds*, and *Tales from the Wasteland*.

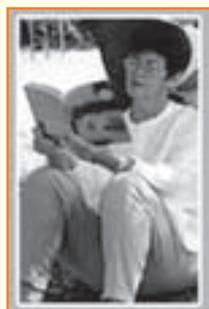
Paul's recent works include the highly successful fantasy series (co-edited with Michael Pryor), *The Quentaris Chronicles*, to which Paul also contributes titles (*Swords of Quentaris*, *Slaves of Quentaris*, *Princess of Shadows* and *Dragonlords of Quentaris*); The Jelindel Chronicles, in which *Dragonlinks* was the first title, and *The Earthborn Wars* trilogy, of which *The Earthborn* was the first title. Visit www.paulcollins.com.au for more. ➔



☛ **Hazel Edwards** is the author of 150 books including the classic *There's a Hippopotamus on Our Roof Eating Cake* (Penguin 2005); *Hand Me Down Hippo* (Penguin – April 2005); *Antarctica's Frozen Chosen*; *Fake ID*; *Duty Free*; *Stalker* (plus audio from Bolinda Audio); *Muscles*; *The Giant Traffic Jam*; *Astrid the Mind Reading Chook* and many more great titles. Visit www.hazeledwards.com for details of her Antarctic books.

Anna Ciddor has always been fascinated by the question, 'What if I lived in another time or place?'. She changed career from maths teacher to author so she'd have the excuse to spend lots of time doing research. She has written and illustrated over fifty books, including the highly popular and exciting Viking Magic trilogy: *Runestone*, *Wolfspell* and *Stormriders*. Bravery, friendship, and a dash of magic are the keys to these adventure stories, which are based on real Viking history. *Runestone* was chosen as a Children's Book Council Notable Book in 2003 and has been shortlisted for many awards. You can find out more about Anna and her books at www.viking-magic.com.

Anna keeps in touch with her readers through school visits and her website, but she is also keen to encourage the writing efforts of budding young authors through the Young Australian Writers' Awards. ➔



☛ **Lorraine Wilson** writes extensively both reference material for teachers and books for children. She has now written over two hundred books including: *Write me a Sign*; *Write me a Poem*; *Bubblegum*; *My Mum has False Teeth*; *Footy Kids*, *The Lift-Off Kids*, *I Have Two Dads*, and *I Speak Two Languages*.

Libby Hathorn is an award-winning Australian author of more than forty books for children. Her work has been translated into several languages and adapted for stage and screen. She was awarded a Centenary Medal in 2001 for her work in children's literature. More recently, her CDROM *Weirdstop* won the AIMIA Award (Australian Interactive Media Industry Awards) as Best Children's Product of 2003; her picture storybook *The River* won the Society of Women Writers' Bi-annual Award for Younger Readers; and *Over the Moon* was a Children's Book Council Notable Book in the same year. See extensive booklist and awards at www.libbyhathorn.com . ➔



☛ **Meredith Costain** lives in Melbourne with her partner, fellow children's author Paul Collins, three chooks, a cat, a kelpie and a red heeler. Her work ranges from picture books through to popular fiction and non-fiction for older readers, and she is the editor of national children's magazine, *Comet*. Meredith's books include *Freeing Billy*, *The Sandpit War*, *Rock Raps* and *Musical Harriet*, which was adapted for television by the ABC. She regularly presents writing workshops for kids and adults in libraries and schools. Visit her at: www.plasticine.com/mcostain

For some ideas on how to get ideas for your own stories, visit this link: www.pearsoned.com.au/schools/magazines/yawaTips.asp



The Day

By Kyle Kenos
Year 9c
Hoppers Crossing
Secondary College
HOPPERS CROSSING – VIC.

A shady sky, for a shady day
It started off perfect, everything OK

Come to find out, if it was bad for you
Something flowing in your mind, which would make me feel blue

I went on as normal thinking nothing was bad
While the whole time inside you were sad

I had a better day, just before it got late
I wouldn't have planned it any different, only for you to wait

I did things I'd normally do, and others without you
But I wanted to take you with me, not knowing if your feelings grew

I'm sorry for your pain and the pain I put you through
I just want to wonder, Did you ever love me too?

I'm just waiting here for our silence to end
Because I loved and love you, I don't need to pretend

I spent that whole night crying
Just sitting full of tears
And what was said and done was one of my biggest fears

I knew it was coming, but never knew how soon
I prayed every night for it not to come, not to meet my doom

You changed my life in so many ways, that you don't even know
I wish I could start things afresh from when I first said hello

Although I can't travel back I've learnt from this whole thing
That me and love will never last, so what's the point of living

A Miner's Life



Chip, chip, chip
five chains down.
Chip, chip, chip
that muffled sound.
The sweat, the toil,
in flickering light.
GOLD FEVER!
A miner's plight.
Aching and weary,
at the end of the day
a little gold dust
for his pay.

Up the rickety ladder
he begins to climb
Yearning for fresh air
at the top of the mine.
Potatoes and stew,
wash off the grime
Couple of ales
then it's bedtime.

Chip, chip, chip
five chains down
the grey dawn breaks
to that relentless sound.

By Emily Schenk
Age 12
Alfredton Primary School,
ALFREDTON – VIC.

THE TREASURE GARDEN

Every garden has a treasure,
A very special one.
Like butterflies, silken webs,
And sparkling rain drops in the sun.
Lots of people lock treasures up,
But treasures in gardens
Can not be locked up
Because a new one comes every day.



By Maddy Bennett
Age 7
Bulimba State
Primary School
BULIMBA – QLD.

Caught In A Natural Disaster

I heard my mum calling me for breakfast. I went downstairs and sat down to eat. Mum left the room.

Typical. A really gloomy Saturday morning. I looked out the window. A cardboard square rushed past. "Perly Pig's Matter Fun!" But that's my two friends (Anthony and Dylan's) game! But they don't live ... wait a minute... I ran to the front door and looked out.

"Oh my goodness!"

Thousands of items were flying towards me in a swirling wind that blocked my view completely. A tornado!

I bolted inside and called my family, at the top of my lungs, but they didn't come. I just threw open the front door and ran, but it was too late. The tornado was upon me. I was yanked into the air, and then spun around ferociously. I

couldn't breathe. I'm going to... then I saw it, the eye of the tornado. It was so calm there. I had to reach it. I thrashed around furiously until I finally reached the eye. It was really calm. You would think that the eye of the tornado would be the most violent, not the least. How would I get out?

"Help!" I shouted over the roar of the wind.

"HELP!!!" No reply. Then I started yelling my head off, for the wind got louder. I yelled and yelled and yelled... until I could yell no more. I collapsed on the ground, and everything went black...

I woke up. My eyes stung. I was in hospital staring a blur.

"Mum?" I asked.

"I'm here Matt, I'm here."

By Matt Akom
Grade 4

Park Orchards Primary School
PARK ORCHARDS – VIC.



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ASHES TOUR

As Billy McDoogle walked into the ground
Music from grandstands began to pound
He turned round with his big cheesy grin
As the crowd roared aloud and made a great din

The pressure was on when he made to the crease
He swung hard and belted the ball with much ease
McDoogle was rampaging, rattling the attack
The ball flew at bowlers with a thunderous crack

Sixes and fours, his innings thundered on
He scored his one hundredth, back-to-back ton
His runs came faster than Brett Lee could bowl
400 runs in one session he stole

The bowler was furious as he began his run
This mockery of his bowling just wasn't any fun
The bowler was tired, his legs felt like lead
His watched in dismay as it whizzed over his head

For 918 Australia retired
There were hoots in the crowd as the drinks cart backfired
McDoogle was an all rounder, a good one too
Waited on was the batsman, who was still on the loo



When the first ball was bowled
1000 beer cups were sold
Beach balls were flying
Babies were crying

It smacked through mid stump
Hit first slip with a thump
The batsman walked off
He was hoping to loft

The ball through mid-wicket
And over the picket
But up to the crease walked Michael McLox
Quickly, the ball shot into his box

He yelled out in exclamation
"This ball's a rigged damnation"
The ball rolled along and knocked off Leg bail
His efforts to stop it were to no avail

Two for none and two golden ducks
This batting wasn't first class, nor was it deluxe
His hector protector was smashed into half
There were jeers in the crowd as Aussies did laugh



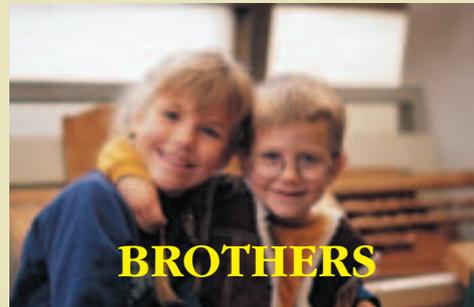
Next to destruction was Daniel Fitzpatrick
McDoogle was trying to get his twelfth hat trick
Daniel smiled with a slight touch of arrogance
Truth of the matter was he never really had a chance

Fitzpatrick swung wildly and edged to the keeper
The shame felt like a hit from a railway sleeper
He couldn't believe it, he was lost in the shock
Eccentric fans began to mock

McDoogle had reached his expected twelfth hat trick
All to the thanks of Daniel Fitzpatrick
Australia had won before stumps on day one
The Poms didn't score a solitary run



*By Adam Little
Year 5
Middle Ridge State School
TOOWOOMBA – QLD.
Teacher: Phillip Smith*



BROTHERS

They never shower
They always stink,
Their bedroom smells
They never think.

They use up weekends
With footy and cricket,
If the dog won't move
They just kick it.

Throw a pillow and you'll get punched,
Call him a name and you're just plain lunch.

See him follow the girls at school,
See them make a face saying "eeeew"

They are never quiet
And always loud.

Learn to co-operate,
You are allowed!!!

*By Courtney Sullivan
Age 13
MT. BEAUTY – VIC.*

MY WORLD

The wind blew quick and sharp as it brushed against the hollow, still Jarrah trees and the tall luscious grass. The full moon was out and it lit up the midnight sky and had made it that bit easier to see. It was so peaceful at night, nothing was to be heard except the stray cats that lurched about in the night scavenging for food. Not a car zoomed down the dull streets, no-one about to disturb the silence. No-one until now.

"That's a nice house" Tamara told her mother Charlotte. "Yes, it is" Charlotte said to the Tradesmen, "We'll take it thank you".

The Tradesmen just kept smiling and showed Charlotte the price, it was paid there and then and the house was ours.

It was a lovely two storey house, the colour of white, and at the top veranda it overlooked the hills, in here all the trees flapped about and the wildlife had their fun. There were no other houses to be seen, ours was the only one.

It seemed very strange because it was all so quiet, all the time.

"I'm just going outside" Tamara shouted to her mother.

Tamara walked out the front door and wandered out into the wilderness. Tamara soon came upon an old



abandoned shack. She walked inside the shack, and outside the shack, and all around it, when something caught her eye. It was a window, a small glass window and in it were pictures that changed within five seconds.

Tamara lent forward and touched the window. She fell through it and into a world of war, there was fighting and grenades going off leaving the dead bodies on the floor. Tamara walked about, a bullet zoomed past her, nothing seemed to even notice her, she was invisible to them. She then suddenly fell through the

ground, but she had just stepped into another window that led to the Under World.

There was the Devil, red as a tomato, and held his pitchfork as he watched his slaves work, and bear their punishment, once again she was invisible. Tamara walked past the Devil and soon walked into and through the wall, and ended back outside the shack. Tamara stood amazed at what she had just experienced. Tamara thought this should be known to no one, to be kept a secret. Tamara found a large rock and threw it at the window and smashed it, and life was back to normal, but then again life is never normal.

*By Zoe Henry
Year 7*

*Gidgegannup Primary School
GIDGEGANNUP – WA
Teacher: Trevor Dent*

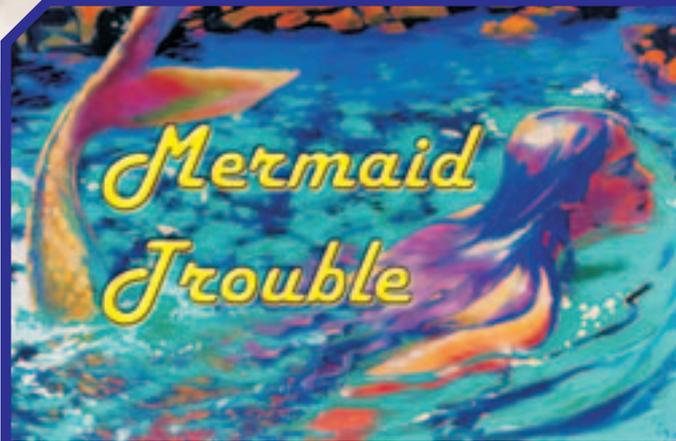
A DAY OF PLAY

When the sun peeks out from its horizon bed,
It's time to raise your sleepy head.
Brush your teeth,
Wash your face.
Make haste,
There's no time to waste!
Slip something on,
Gobble up your breakfast.
Hip hip hooray,
Now we can play!
Skipping,
Jumping,
You have to come,
It's so much fun!



*By Cheryl Chen, Age 10,
Mentone Grammar School, MENTONE – VIC.*

Giggling,
Laughing.
That was the best,
Now it's time to rest!
Tuck into your dinner,
Have a shower or a bath.
Come on,
The sun's nearly gone!
Brush your teeth,
Slip into your P.J.s.
Now the Sun's rest its head,
So you should be in your cosy little bed!



Chapter 1

The Mermaid

Celina dipped her head under the salty water at the beach. It was a wonderful sunny morning and the round sun rose with streaks of orange, yellow and red. There were very few people around at the wide beach.

She dipped her head under again and when she rose her wet tangled hair slapped her cheek.

Down she went again, when something or other caught her unexpected eye.

Rubbing her eyes she stared into the clear still water and she saw a large tail with shimmering scales enlightening the tail. Not sure if she was dreaming or not she curiously looked again, and there she was, a beautiful mermaid.

The mermaid saw her and smiled. Slowly and carefully she swam up to Celina so she was only a few centimetres away.

Chapter 2

The Shell

The mermaid then spoke true and clear.

“My name is Jewel and my kingdom is in fatal danger because if it rains my kingdom will turn to stone and it will be nothing but rock.”

Celina was clearly frightened but the mermaid’s kind soft voice lessened her fear.

With that Jewel spoke again.

“Here is a shell that will call you when you are needed, bye.”

She swam away leaving Celina feeling full of questions. How could she help? Why did they need her? Was

this a hoax? Would she have to risk her life? Did she want to?

Chapter 3

The Sweet Melody

As Celina walked home she felt the smooth shell in her hand. She was curious and anxious and maybe a bit frightened at the thought of the mermaid at the beach.

When she got home she headed for the shower and placed the shell on the kitchen table and got into the shower.

When she was in the shower the shell began to sing a beautiful breathtaking melody. Celina of course couldn’t hear and when she got out of the shower she heard the melody. It was so sweet that she forgot what she was doing. When at last she came to her senses she quickly got dressed and grabbed the shell and headed down to the beach.

Chapter 4

They’d been turned to stone!

When at last Celina got to the beach she dove in to the water where she was met by Jewel. Jewel was looking forlorn and troubled. She told Celina to drink the magic potion in the blue crystal bottle, that was in her hand, so she would be able to breathe under water.

As Celina drank, Jewel began to tell Celina about the horrific accidents because Celina was late. How all of the food and crops had perished and how all of the mermaids scales weren’t as shiny and glittery. She told Celina that they had to swim to the kingdom before it began to rain. So that the kingdom wouldn’t turn to stone and that it was a family curse from hundreds of years ago.

As they swam to the underwater kingdom it began to rain heavily. Celina tried to swim faster but the flooding water was pushing her back. When at last they reached the kingdom, there were magnificent stone statues everywhere. They’d been turned to stone!

Chapter 5

The Marvellous Idea

Jewel began to cry unhappily over the loss of her family and kingdom. Celina was amazed and frightened at

Cont’d...

MERMAID TROUBLE (Cont'd)

the heavy rain falling though the water. It was quite dull and gray as Celina watched Jewel sit on the hard ocean floor crying loud tears.

Suddenly Celina remembered that the sun and a rainbow would make the rain go away. She turned abruptly and asked Jewel if they could make a rainbow appear and the bright yellow sun could come out. Suddenly Jewel had an idea that made her face shine with utter excitement and relief. She asked Celine if she still had the cream shell that she gave her earlier.

Celine quickly retrieved it from her pocket. Jewel told her that she had to wish for the rainbow with the shell. She told her to place the shell at her heart and to focus on her wish with her eyes closed. She did exactly that and then she suddenly felt like she was flying.

Metallic colours zoomed past her eyes and voices met her ears. Then she fell into deep darkness still clutching the shell over her chest.

Chapter 6

The End of an Adventure

Celina awoke at the sun shining brightly over the yellow sand on the beach. She looked around wondering where Jewel was when suddenly she felt the shell in her hand. She watched the sea, calm and still, when she saw a head pop out of the water. It was Jewel and she waved her hand.

THE END

Epilogue

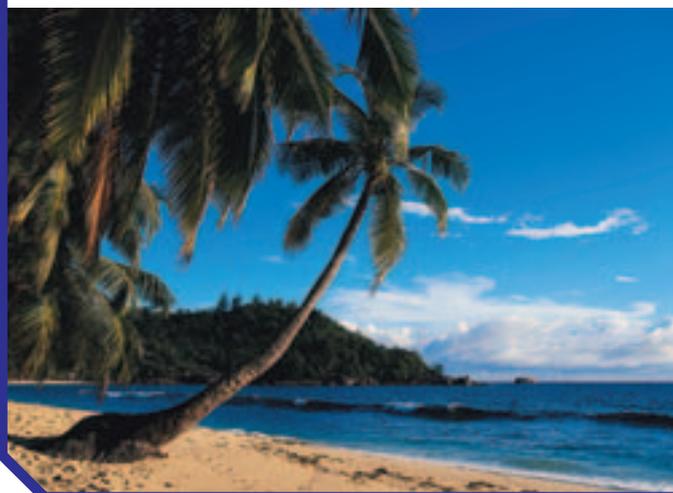
Determination, trust, friendship and confidence helped her through the adventure of her destiny.

Celina's visits to the kingdom were daily. Jewel and Celina became loyal friends.

She grew up with the gift of an imagination no adult would ever have.

*By Lucy Gan
Grade 5*

*St. Damien's Primary School
BUNDOORA – VIC.*



ALIEN IN MY CUBBY HOUSE

CHAPTER 1

One day I went outside to see what my dog was doing. She was trying to tell me that a spaceship was about to land on our house. Ten seconds later the spaceship landed right on top of our house. The second it landed it broke into little pieces. Inside there was a video saying, 'We are from the planet Mollybrok', and after that it said another spaceship will come in two more weeks.

CHAPTER 2

Two weeks later there was a funny noise coming from my cubby house. I went out to see what it was and it was the spaceship. When it landed on the grass I went to say hello to the aliens. Two green men came out of

the spaceship. They said, 'We are going to destroy your house in two days'. Two days later they came back with special guns on their spaceship so I told Mum and Dad. So then Mum got out her makeup mirror. They fired and their laser went back at them. Then their spaceship blew up and they said, 'In two more weeks more aliens will come'.

CHAPTER 3

Two weeks later a whole army of aliens came. Just then out of the television came all the Superheroes like OB1, Batman and lots more. The war went for two days. At last the aliens were destroyed. After that the Superheroes went back into the TV.

Cont'd. next page...

ALIEN IN MY CUBBY HOUSE (Cont'd)

CHAPTER 4

Two weeks later there was a funny noise coming from the cubby house. I went to see what was happening. I went in and there was an alien egg. I went to touch it but before I could it hatched. It looked like green jelly. It went running around the house. I went to get a net to catch it, but before I could, it got out the back and the alien went over the fence.



CHAPTER 5

Before long we caught the alien. We decided to make a spaceship and send it to its planet. After that we never saw the aliens again.

*By Eamon Orr
Grade 3, Age 8
Rostrevor College
WOODFORDE – SA*



I WAS KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER

One day I awoke up from a strange reverie,
And found myself small as a grasshopper's knee.

I made my way across the floor;
It took a good three hours or more,

And to my surprise, I fell outside,
And knocked upon a door.

Out hopped a grasshopper, green as a pea
"Tut-tut", said he, and measured me.
And indeed I was up to his knee!

We shared some lunch, French flies and peas,
And to wash it all down, warm nectar and bees.

The kind old grasshopper hopped me home
(By that time I was up to his dome)

I said goodbye, and he gave me a fly.
We both said good night, I went out like a light,
Dreaming of French flies and bees.

*By Ellen Hayward
Age 11
TALLEBUDGERA – QLD.*

Fairies and Unicorns



The fairies ride their unicorns,
On the way to school and kinder.
I see them flying up so high,
Their wings so soft like angels.

Some are pink,
some are purple,
some are white.
They look just like a rainbow.

The unicorns have such shiny horns,
Shining in the sun.
The white ones look like clouds floating about.
I wonder if they see me?

*By Sarah Bayliss
Age 5
Officer Primary School
PAKENHAM – VIC.*

"Tina, hurry up", shouted Jason who was up ahead. As I was walked on I heard the gurgling and the constant sound of water falling. I could feel the dried clay and sharp gravel under my feet. The pungent smell of rotting wood and leaves filled my nostrils and reeled me back. Suddenly I came to the most beautiful place.

There was a deep waterhole that was slightly overflowing, creating miniature waterfalls down the rock face. There was a tall rock that you could jump off and beyond that a small waterfall that had carved a natural waterslide. It was beautiful. It was Mumballa Falls.

I laid my towel down on the heated rocks and readied myself to catch some of the sun's warm rays. The wind gently tickled my face with its feather fingers. I eyed the water nervously and watched it lazily lap over the edge of the waterhole. Jason was scrambling up the rock face, holding onto the trees that spread their roots through the cracks in the rocks so they wouldn't fall.

He finally made it and started doing a silly dance. I propped myself up on my elbows and watched. A wave of coldness washed over me as I saw Jason stumble and fall, hitting his head on the way down. Jason's eyes rolled like marbles and I could tell that he was unconscious as he dropped into the water like a stone.

SEARCHING DEEP



Terrified, I wondered what I could do. One lone bubble popped to the surface. That one bubble gave me hope and courage. I stared into the murky water and reminded myself how scared of water I really was, but I knew what I had to do. I flung myself into the waterhole!

The cool, inky water felt strange on my skin. I couldn't see so I had to use my other senses to find Jason. I pushed myself deeper and deeper and I could feel the water pressure thumping in my ears. I ran my fingers over the uneven rock floor. There were decaying fish bodies and then my fingers found something different. Jason!

I found an inner strength which I never knew I had and I pulled Jason up with me to the surface. Hauling him onto the rock, I pushed his chest. A little eruption of water spurted out of his mouth. He jerked and came back to life.

Spluttering, coughing and shaking, he weakly said, "Thanks Tina". Jason had a nasty bump on his head but I knew he was going to be all right. I shook the crystal droplets off me and gleefully jumped back into the water.

*By Georgie Farrelly
Year 6*

*Manly West Public School
BALGOWLAH – NSW
Teacher: Mrs Street*

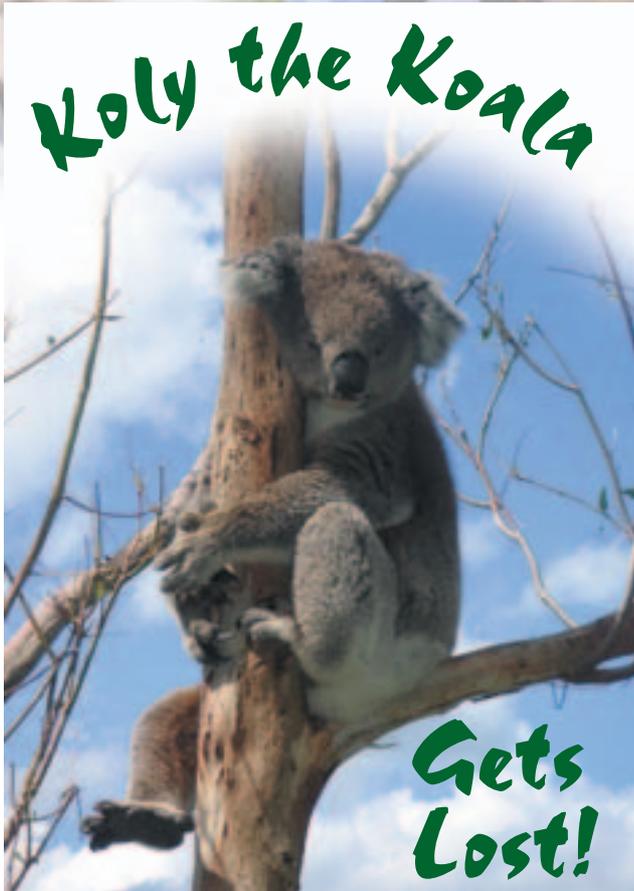


Spring

The love of nature is all around
Just look and listen,
You'll hear the sound
Birds twittering
Here and there,
It's hard not to stop and stare

Rain drops falling
On the ground,
Oh what a lovely gentle sound
Leaves rustling
Everywhere,
A beautiful fragrance in the air
This is the beauty of spring

*By Laura Ann Stasinowsky, Age 10
Logan Reserve State School, BORONIA HEIGHTS – QLD.*



Hello, my name is Koly. I am a koala. Today I'll tell you the story about when I got lost...

Once upon a time, quite a long time ago – I can't remember when exactly – I was a little koala. I was in my burrow with my mum.

"Mum, can I go exploring?"

"Yes, but don't go far!"

"I won't", I said.

Later that day when I was getting ready I heard a noise. I looked out the window to see what it was. Nothing was there, so I went outside to try to see what it was.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"I'll just have a small search." A few minutes later I was exploring far away from home.

"I'll just go back home" I said.

When I turned around there was only bushland! Then I realised I was lost! I sat down on a rock and started to cry.

Suddenly a possum came along and said "Why are you crying?"

"I'm lost!" Koly replied.

"Well, it's no use crying about it. Come on, I'll help you find your way back."

"You will? Koly snuffled.

"Sure!" said the possum.

In no time at all they set off looking for Koly's way back. Meanwhile, at home, Koly's mother started to worry.

"Where is he?" his mother said and she started to look.

She looked under the bed. She looked in the tree house. She even looked in the washing machine but Koly was not there and his mother shouted:

"It's all over! I'm doomed! I'll never find Koly!"

But, Koly and the possum were already looking for Koly's way home. Just then *they* stumbled onto a gum tree. There had not been gum trees for miles. Koly ate some gum leaves but just then they heard laughter. A kookaburra flew down from the tree top. The kookaburra said "Are you trying to find your way home?"

Koly said "Yes, I am".

"Well, I know this bush from top to bottom. Now, tell me about your home."

"Well", said Koly, "it's at the top of a gum tree".

"Go on." "We can't wait for the bush to go dark, can we?"

"It is right next to the mountain."

"I know that place!" and off they went. Soon they came to Koly's house.

"Goodbye kookaburra!" said Koly and the kookaburra flew away.

"I'm home!" said Koly.

By Alexandra Olijnyk
Grade 2

Shelford Girls' Grammar School
CAULFIELD – VIC.

Teacher: Mrs. Marion Piper and Ms. Sarah Pacini

ELLA'S MAGICAL ADVENTURES

Ella didn't feel right. She knew she was different, she just didn't know how. She felt lonely, just lonely. She felt as if no one understood her.

Then one day her brother, Tom, went missing. Ella and her family looked everywhere but he couldn't be found. Ella was really worried, so she went to her little hideout under the jacaranda in the back yard. Suddenly she felt very sleepy.

She closed her eyes and the next thing she knew, "Hi!" "Huh!?" She opened her eyes and saw a lush field with purple or yellow flowers scattered around. On the edge there was a little cottage with some string holding up some silver and blue, patched clothes like a clothesline. All around her were blue mountains, one with a black castle halfway down and the sun was setting.

Right in front of her was a girl with purple eyes and brown hair that covered one eye a bit. She was wearing a silver choker with purple studs, a silver top, two blue armbands with purple studs, a pair of jeans and some navy blue slip-on shoes.

"I said, hi!" said the girl, a little louder.

"Um, where am I?" Ella asked.

"Ezmajicka."

"Oh. Is that on Earth?"

"Where's Earth?"

"Never mind."

"Who are you?" asked the girl.

"Ella, and you?"

"Skyla. Come in, dinner will be ready soon."

They went into Skyla's bedroom and Ella saw herself in the diamond mirror. "Ah!!" screamed Ella, her hair was blue!

"What!?"

"M-m-my hair!" replied Ella.

"You must have been in a non magical world before. The magical world brings out your true features!" said Skyla.

"Dinner's ready!" yelled Skyla's mum.

Next day

The night before, the girls had discussed where to go to find Ella's brother. Skyla had suggested that the Black Witch had captured him, so, after breakfast, Skyla and Ella got ready to climb the mountain to the

Witch's house. They took some weapons just in case and off they went.

The climb was hard and it took five days to get to the castle. When they got there, Skyla took a small key out of her bag and put it in the giant padlock. It instantly clicked open.

"WOW!" said Ella as the gates swung open.

"It's a magic key", whispered Skyla. They quickly ran in. The courtyard was deserted. They tiptoed down some stairs and into the dungeon. They saw the Black Witch in her black robes tormenting Tom. Tom now had red hair and looked a lot older.

"Ella!!!" he yelled. The Witch spun, smiling evilly.

"They've finally tackled my bait."

Ella screamed and drew her sword.

"Ahh!!!!" screamed the Black Witch, "Okay, you can have him!"

Later

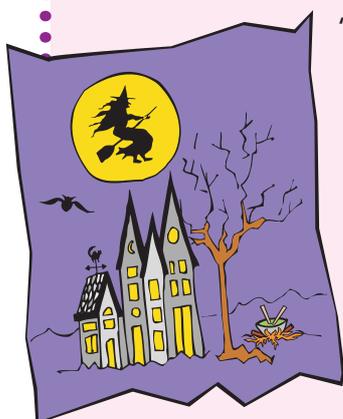
"That was easy", said Ella. "I can't wait to get to your house."

"Yeah."

When they got back, Ella's mother and father were there. That night they had a party.

Ella now lives in a house on the other side of the hill and Ella and Skyla are best friends.

*By Morgan Lawrence, Age 9,
Five Dock Public School, FIVE DOCK – NSW*



TREES!

Trees are green
And make the air clean.
Some trees are tall
But others are small.
Some trees have fruits
But all trees have roots.

Trees are places for animals to rest
And their branches help birds
to make a cosy nest.

*By Jashmina Shetty, Age 7,
CROYDON – VIC.*



NEVER FORGET

The staircase was a well of darkness. Flashes of lightning bled through the gap in the front door. A lone silhouette stood at the top of the stairs, grasping a tattered, grey bear in her chubby hand.

A flash of lightning lit up the hall, revealing wooden stairs flanked by gritty walls dripping water from the cracks. A little girl with brown hair tied in plaits stood before the winding stairs, tears running from eyes that matched a powdery blue dress with blossoming flowers lining the hem. The light fled from the scene, followed by a loud clap of thunder. Her family had been hurrying down the stairs just minutes before, too fearful to notice her quiet departure from the group after realising she had left her teddy in the room she shared with her older sister, Bronia.

Rain pounded on the roof of the house, a mere background noise to the cries of pain and distress coming from outside.

"They're here!" her father had cried just ten short minutes ago.

"They're coming for us! Oh Mima!" Moshe had yelled, using his childhood name for their mother, though he was already seventeen.

"Quick, follow me to the cellar and whatever you do, don't make a sound." They had been enjoying their Shabbat dinner when the sound of boots on pavement had exploded through the streets, followed by the screams of their neighbours.

The candles had been lit when the sun had set, casting a soft glow through the room, their gold shine matching the sunset's peaches and fluorescent oranges that deepened to incandescent blood oranges and then fiery reds. Aba had just said the blessing over the Chalot and the chicken was already sitting peacefully on its board that had been placed by Chana on their best white tablecloth.

Now she waited at the top of the stairs, too afraid to descend into the darkness of the cellar, where monsters lurked and mice hid. She hugged her bear to her chest, not noticing the tears running into its matted grey fur. The boots were getting closer. Not just one pair, but a whole army of them. Kicking and pushing and beating and stamping. The front door banged open, letting in the cold and rain. The girl



turned and ran into the cupboard before the stairs, hiding behind a stack of boxes, her eyes wide with fright.

She waited and waited. She strained her ears, but all she could hear was the sound of the booted men laughing in their husky voices, smashing most of her family's possessions and pillaging the rest.

Until... the door was pulled back and light spilled into the small space, illuminating her shoulder that was unhidden. A rough hand grabbed her, pulling her shivering

form from behind the box. She tripped and fell, hitting her tiny skull against the unforgiving floor, too shocked and frightened to rise. A shiny, black boot flashed before her eyes and then all she felt was a sharp pain above her left ear and darkness.

A young man with stubble growing across his sunken cheeks and haunted, brown eyes pushed back the wrought iron gate. He winced at the sound of its squeak; too similar to the high-pitched screams he had so often heard. He was accompanied by a small girl with wispy brown hair that was cropped short and a scar on her right cheek the size of an Etrog smelled on Succot. She babbled and dribbled, and by the way she walked it was clear she was retarded. She grasped his hand and he looked down sadly at this young girl who had endured so much at the hands of Nazi doctors during the war. He remembered the first time he saw her, the day he woke from a deep sleep to find that his brother had been killed and he had nearly joined him. The doctors had been experimenting on her and he watched as she was carried to her prison, her head lolling back and blood dripping from her forehead into her glazed eyes. From that day, he had watched out for her; the sick Jewish girl that suffered with so many others.

"This is your house?" he asked softly.

She nodded eagerly, squealing in delight, bobbing her head, her short hair moving to reveal a thick scar above her left ear. The man looked at the derelict house and sighed. There was no chance her family was still here, but he should try.

Two minutes later he stood at the stairs that descended into the cellar, tracing the cracks that scarred the concrete wall, so similar to the scars that marked his back. It was obvious that the house had been

Cont'd...

NEVER FORGET (Cont'd)

abandoned years earlier and yet something led him to the cellar, where he lifted a ring in the floor, revealing an almost hidden trapdoor opening up to three or four wooden steps, dusty and rotten with age. There, he read a poem inscribed on the inside of the moist wood.

The staircase is a well of darkness.
Flashes of lightning bleed
Through the gap in the front door.

The hall is a tunnel of death.
Forgotten faces stare
Though they see no more.

The room is a broken box.
The sky's tears cascade
Down the square of glass.

The kitchen is a place of death.
Knives sink their teeth
Into a long forgotten past.

The girl is a silenced crust.
Her blue eyes gaze
At closest death, so forlorn.

My body is an empty shell.
Without bones it has no weight
Without skin it has no form.

He didn't realise that tears had been running down his face, or that his hands shook so badly. He had been a teacher before the war and was accustomed to reading poems, but none like this. When he ascended the stairs, Chana was waiting at the top. He took her hand silently and led her outside

"Let's go home", he said softly, "where I will show you my twin brother's memorial candle – even its light cannot compare to the light that once shone in his eyes". Chana nodded wordlessly and they walked through the cobbled streets. To passers-by, they were just liberated Jews. But to each other, they were so much more.

By Leora Light
Year 8, Age 14
Mount Scopus
Memorial College
BURWOOD – VIC.



THE FAMILY OF SHARKS

Once in the ocean, there lived a family of sharks, who lived in Sydney. One fine spring morning the sharks were searching for food. Just then they saw the food they wanted and they gobbled it all up.

The next morning the mother shark could not get up. It was because she was having two baby sharks and they needed food. But one day when they were five years young they lived happy together. At 1.00 a.m. in the middle of the night, on the top of the sea, a boat was going to drop a net on one of the youngest sharks when a sharp toothed fish saved his life from being caught. In the morning, at sunrise, the whole family woke up at the same time – and had breakfast. At 5.15 p.m. the two little sharks were playing basketball when their Uncle arrived. They loved their Uncle coming over to visit. Their Uncle loved them very much.

A few days later the sharks were getting excited because it was soon to be Easter. It was going to be a celebration and also they got to search their garden for Easter eggs. They counted fifteen eggs each. They ate them which made them very sick. The sharks had a rest after lunch which made them feel much better.

When they woke up Daddy shark had arrived home from work. Big cuddles all around because they missed their daddy.

At 4.00 p.m. the shark family decided to play a game of football in the back yard. At 5.15 p.m. the two young children were called in to have a shower and get ready to go out for tea. They were going to a fish and chip shop. The sharks enjoyed a different breed of fish. All the children would think about was the next time they were going out for tea and what they would be having. In three month's time it would be their mother's birthday and they were going to be having a hammer hamburger and a strawberry fish milk shake. The sharks all went home tired and thanked their mum and dad for a lovely day.

By Jeremy David Commerford
Grade 2,
Age 7
MANOOLA – QLD.



FALLING

Liz was falling. It seemed like she was falling down a practically endless pit. All she could see was darkness like a night sky.

"Owww", Liz cried out as she hit the ground with a deafening crash. Now she was face down in the dirt, with a painfully throbbing left ankle.

"Now what are my chances of ever getting out of here?" she asked herself.

Liz lay still, thinking about her mother, about how she'd left the house without telling her. And about how she'd been exploring the bush and suddenly started falling. Liz could still see nothing when she lifted her head.

"Oh no, I'm all alone in a cold, dark, underground cave", Liz groaned. Or so she thought.

Liz once again tried to lift herself up, this time using the cold wall to balance against. Standing on one leg, she hopped forward, even though she wasn't sure where she was going. Liz really thought that she may run into a wall, but surprisingly there was nothing in her way. Although it felt like she'd been hopping for at least a few minutes, Liz knew it must have only been seconds.

Suddenly the darkness grew brighter until Liz was standing in an open area in the cave. The only light was coming from two shining lanterns growing dimmer by the second. Her leg was getting really tired now from all the hopping so she decided to lay down on the ground and sleep until morning. "Oh yeah, there is no morning in an underground cave", she chuckled.

Liz opened her eyes and looked straight ahead. She had no idea of how long she'd been sleeping because she'd forgotten to put on a watch when she snuck out of the bedroom window. It seemed much brighter now than before. Liz could see into every corner of the cave except for where she'd come in. That side of the cave looked like it had a black blanket hanging from the ceiling.

Liz carefully stood up, not putting much weight on her left ankle. It felt like her ankle was healing. She looked around – something caught her eye. Liz slowly walked over to it. It looked like some kind of painting, so she examined it closely. Yes, she was right, it was a blood red finger painting of a deer. She touched it with her fingertip. The painting felt coarse under her finger. Liz was so weak that her shoulder fell against the wall where the painting was but her whole body



started to fall. Then suddenly she was laying once again face down in the dirt.

Liz decided to see what her ankle felt like now that she'd had yet another fall. She wriggled her left ankle – it felt okay. It's a bit scary how my ankle healed itself so quickly, she thought as a shiver ran down her spine.

She lifted her head and gasped. She just couldn't move. There, in front of her, were two big bulging eyes, glowing like torch light. There was a low angry growl. Liz's heart was hammering against her chest, then a face appeared out of the darkness near the ground. It was now a cute little puppy that was only a few centimetres tall.

Liz suddenly had a warm, calming feeling sweep over her, then it pounced. Liz dodged. The beast didn't look like a puppy any more – it looked fierce again. Then she was flying over the beast and into light so bright she had to shut her eyes.

"Aaagh", Liz screamed as she soared through the air as fast as a jet. "Oww", she cried as she again hit the ground with a thud.

"You are safe with me", whispered a soft voice in her ear.

"Where am I?" Liz groaned.

"You're in Paranoia, a magical world below the surface of the earth", answered the voice.

Liz turned and saw two beautiful blue eyes staring back at her. They belonged to a fairy.

"You look so beautiful", complimented Liz.

The fairy boasted, "Fairies always look pretty".

Liz snapped out of her confusion and sat up straight. "Why am I here?" she asked. "Because the Wizard God sent for you to go on a quest for us", she said. "Follow me to the palace, and he will tell you more."

Liz stood up and went with the pretty creature past flowers and forest that looked wonderful. They passed five waterfalls in a row and saw elves and dwarfs playing there.

On the way to the palace Liz asked the fairy her name.

"Oh, my name is Roxan", said the fairy. "I know your name is Lizzie." "No, no, no", she complained. "I like to be called Liz."

Cont'd...

FALLING (Cont'd)

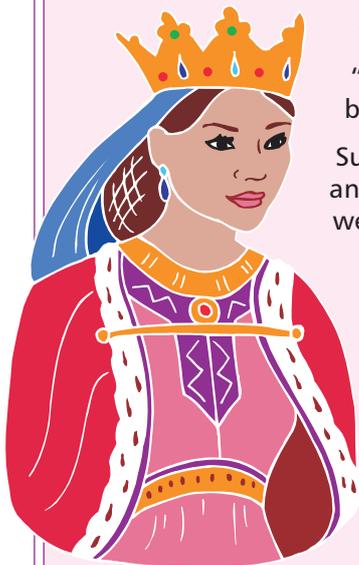
"OK, I'll try to remember that!" smiled the fairy. "But we'd better hurry, we don't want to be late."

The palace doors looked grand. They were gold, with tiny ruby, sapphire and diamond stones around the frame.

As Liz and Roxan approached, the doors opened automatically. Above the doors were tall towers with gold tips. The palace was amazing, with marble floors that shone in the sun. There were two stairways leading to a second floor, and the ceiling was a huge skylight.

Roxan led Liz up a stairway, then they climbed through a smooth rock tunnel into a new room. Liz stopped and twirled around, amazed at the beauty of all the coloured stones on the roof, walls and floor. She thought about how she'd love to be rich and live in a palace like this.

Suddenly, Roxan pulled on her arm and led her to a door. It looked like solid gold. Liz's instinct was to knock, so that's what she did.



"No!" cried Roxan, but she was too late.

"Don't knock on my door!" boomed a man's deep voice.

Suddenly the door swung open and out stormed an old man wearing a cloak and tall hat.

"Oh, forgive me for yelling, Liz and Roxan", he apologised. "I thought it was those pesky little gnomes again. Both of you come in and sit down."

They both entered the room and sat on pink fluffy cushions. All the window panes were different colours and streaks of coloured light

came through the room.

"I am Wizard God", he told them. "Liz, you have been chosen to go on a quest to find the *Book of Very Powerful Magic and Curses*. You must search all of Paranoia to find it. If you succeed, we can learn the powerful magic and defeat the evil Worno Merchant. If you do not succeed, he will take over all of Paranoia, and kill the innocent creatures that live here, including Roxan."

"I'll do it for the creatures", said Liz.

"Great! Roxan will help you on your way. She knows a few weak but useful stun charms. If you search in

the right places, you should find food and water. I'll give you a riddle to help you...

*Two heads the journey make
One more the journey break.
Does your tummy really pound?
Look up, something will be found.*

*See dark clouds far away
Shelter is the answer — sleep there for a day.
Find a beast that threatens you
Use your brain and wisdom too.
Search for clues along the way
The journey will end in a bale of hay.*

"We'll try to remember that, sir", Liz said as he led them through the back door of the palace.

"Worno Merchant's evil spell has already begun to take effect", said Wizard God. "When you go into the forest you will see."

Outside, the sun was shining brightly. Flowers were blooming and ponds were sparkling.

"Leave!" Wizard God boomed in Liz's ear. "Your journey will now begin." He pushed them down the stone steps.

Liz and Roxan's feet sunk further into the ground with every step they took into the forest. Either side of them were pine trees with brown crumbling leaves. The soil had turned to mud and all the flowers were dead. Now Paranoia had lost its beauty. In the distance stood rocky grey mountains with snowy tips. Liz was afraid that she'd have to climb them, because it looked cold up there, and all she was wearing was a pink floral dress, black hiking boots and a purple ribbon in her hair.

"Because I'm a fairy, I have wings", Roxan began. "Unfortunately, I'm only allowed to use them in emergencies. That's because when I was younger I used my wings to hurt another fairy, so Wizard God, being the king, had the power to ban me from using my wings unless in an emergency. So, my only help to you is my magic and my wisdom." She changed the subject. "I could teach you some magic."

"I'm a human being", answered Liz. "Humans can't use magic."

"Humans can do anything they believe they can do", Roxan promised. "Maybe in the morning I'll try to teach you, but first we must find food and water. Better be quick, the sun is setting."

Liz and Roxan spoke the riddle together, thinking it might help them find shelter, food and water. "Two

Cont'd...

FALLING (Cont'd)

heads the journey make, one more the journey break',” they chanted. Liz said “Two heads the journey make’ must mean that you and I make the Journey.” “So ‘one more the journey break’ would mean that if one more person came on the journey it wouldn’t work”, Roxan added.

“I think you’re right”, agreed Liz. “That wasn’t much help, but let’s continue.” So they read through the riddle again and tried to work it out.

“The riddle says that to find food we should look up”, said Roxan.

All around them were coconut trees, and Liz offered to climb one to pull out a coconut. Bit by bit she heaved herself up the trunk, using all her strength. As she neared the top, Roxan called out “Come on Liz, nearly there”, surprising Liz and causing her to fall a long way and to land in a pile of dead leaves.

“Oh, Liz! Liz! Are you okay?” Roxan cried.

“Fine”, Liz muttered. “Couldn’t be blaperdin blyer”

“What’s your name?” Roxan asked, concerned.

“Coffa dong”, Liz answered, and let out a sigh as she fainted.

“No, your name is Liz. I’ve got to get you to the *Fountain of Cry No More*”, Roxan told her as she lifted the girl onto her wings.

The *Fountain of Cry No More* was a fountain that healed people if they were hurt physically, emotionally or mentally. Liz seemed a little brain damaged.

Roxan took off into the air and flew towards the setting sun, and knew that this time it was okay to fly since this was an emergency.

At last Roxan found the fountain and landed gently on a patch of grass near it.

Suddenly a large pink and purple bird swooped down from a nearby palm tree and was heading straight for Liz. Roxan froze with fright and let out a squeak. The bird stopped in mid air and dropped with a plop to the ground, seeming dead.

“Hello girls”, called a voice from nowhere. “Are you looking for something? By the way, that’s my bird, Norman, who for some strange reason faints when he sees someone else who has fainted. Don’t mind him.” And with that, Norman’s head suddenly popped up and looked at them.



“We actually were looking for something”, Roxy admitted. “A book, as a matter of fact. That was until my friend Liz fell from a tree while trying to collect coconuts.” The strange creature answered “Were you looking for the *Book of Very Powerful Magic and Curses?*”

“Oh yes! How did you know?” Roxan asked as she dripped healing water from the nearby fountain over Liz’s forehead.

“A little birdie told me”, smiled the creature, “and I know where the book is!” It pointed behind Liz and the fairy, over to a bale of hay.

Roxan gently dropped Liz to the ground and raced over to the book. It had a gold cover with sparkling glitter all around the edges.

When she returned to Liz with it, Liz woke up. They opened to the first page and began to read quietly. The shocking truth was suddenly before their eyes – the creature with the bird was actually the evil Worno Merchant, and he had amazingly led them to the book.

“Okay, okay”, whined the creature. “I surrender. I’m so tired of trying to rule all of Paranoia because everyone hates me now and I just want to live in peace.”

Since Worno Merchant was no longer the evil creature that Wizard God had warned them about, they didn’t need to learn the magic after all. Liz and Roxan happily returned to share their great news with the king and everyone else.

The next morning a party was held in the palace to celebrate peace throughout Paranoia. Later that afternoon Liz was taken home by Roxan, and the two reluctantly said goodbyes.

Now Liz knew for sure that fairies were real, and miracles do happen!

By Ashley Ware
Grade 5
Oak Flats Public School
OAK FLATS – NSW
Teacher: Barbara Butterfield

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS?

By Lorraine Wilson

I am often asked by children, 'Where do you get your ideas?'

This is possibly the most frequently asked question of children's writers.

While I attempt to answer this question here, I remind young writers that all writers write differently. There is no one right way to write, or so I believe.



My ideas come from the world around me. I write from reality not fantasy. My eyes and ears are observing life around me, each and every day.

Some of my Country and City Kids Books are about my own childhood. Take for example 'Going to the Toilet'. I grew up in country Victoria. Our toilet was never inside the house. It was always somewhere down the back yard. Country kids dreaded going to the toilet during the night time, for it was scary going down the yard in the dark. It was scarier inside the dark toilet with the shadows, cobwebs and spiders.

'The Sick Chook' is a true account of what happened when one of my elderly Mum's chooks died. She buried it in the back yard, but not being very strong, she did not bury the chook deeply enough. The cats could smell the dead chook through the soil and each morning when my Mum got up, the cats had dragged the dead chook to the back door. She had to bury that chook four times before it stayed buried.

The idea for 'Meat Pie' came from sitting with children while they ate their lunches at Helen Street Northcote Primary School. I observed very young children struggling to eat hot meat pies from paper bags, without burning themselves or losing all the juice on their clothes. The same kids used to have a meat pie every day, while others had lunches brought from home. The smell of the hot pies was very inviting. The healthy cheese or salad sandwiches had no smell.

My many years of teaching informed my writing of 'Excursion to the Zoo'. Excursions are not always easy for teachers. There are always some children who do not want to stay in line or who climb on the wrong side of barriers, or who injure themselves, while inevitably some child gets lost.

So in answer to the question, 'Where do you get your ideas?' I suggest that young writers keep their eyes and ears open. Don't think

that each piece of writing has to be a great mystery or grand adventure. Simple experiences you are part of or observe, may be a stimulus for a great piece of writing. After all, there is nothing fanciful about outdoor toilets, sick chooks, meat pies or excursions to the zoo.

Wilson, L. 1996, *Meat Pie*, Thomas Nelson Australia, South Melbourne.

Wilson, L. 1982, *The Outdoor Toilet*, Thomas Nelson Australia, Melbourne.

Wilson, L. 1983, *The Sick Chook*, Thomas Nelson Australia, Melbourne.

Wilson, L. 1997, *Excursion to the Zoo*, Nelson ITP, South Melbourne.

Lorraine's latest book published this year, has been written for teachers: Wilson, L. 2006, *Writing to Live: How to Teach Writing for Today's World*, Heinemann, Portsmouth.

TOMORROW

Its pink fingers slowly crease the sky,
gently pushing against the overwhelming darkness.
For a while it tries,
then all of a sudden its over. The darkness flees,
its yellow head rises from out of the sea. The mountains,
the plains,
For hours it stays, lighting our days,
until we tire of it and wait for it to leave.
Waiting for the return of the comforting blanket of darkness,
so that we may rest our sleepy heads and prepare ourselves for tomorrow.
When its pink fingers slowly crease the sky once more.

*By Liam Diacci, Age 14
Diacci Homeschool
FENNELL BAY – NSW*

RAIN SONG

Water droplets fell
From the dark clouds in the sky
And in amongst the clear ones
Bright colours passed by

These segments of rain
Were different from the rest
They spun and danced and glowed
For sure they were the best

Yet at a closer look
They weren't raindrops at all
They had wings and stunning eyes
They were sprites, oh so small

Gracefully their feet touched the ground
And into a dance they broke
And in their singing voices
They spoke

"To the dazzling rain lord
The bringer of new life
Bring this land a storm
To bring the plants to life"

Then as the sprites parted
Light flashed and etched the sky
As the giants above danced
No more bright colours passed by

Only clear raindrops fell
Plants became green
And the dusty old buildings
Once again washed clean

By Gemma Larsen
Aged 12
Palmwoods State School
PALMWOODS – QLD.



PLUTO'S OVERHEATING

"Warning! Pluto is overheating". That was the news coming through on Shapeshifter's identity ring.

It was true the tiniest planet's temperature was rising as its elliptical orbit drew it closer to the sun. Shapeshifter, a superhero, who lives on Pluto, was worried. Could this be the work of arch enemy, Flaming Horse? Flaming Horse, the *evil cyborg* from Neptune, tried again to overheat Pluto! So, he travelled in his quick transport pod to a place called *New Inventions* that was on a travelling asteroid. It had all the latest things. They got ideas from old inventions like: super pogo stick, yummy candy machine, snow ball thrower and other inventions. Flaming Horse got a suit that kept you cold no matter what! He wore it... And you guessed it... he managed to overheat Pluto.



He used a tractor beam that changed Pluto's orbit, pulling it closer to the sun. Shapeshifter saw that his friends were becoming sick because their protective suits were melting.

"I have to help them before it's too late!" said Shapeshifter. He asked the wise Chameleon what to do. "Seek the wisdom within yourself", said the wise Chameleon.

He thought and thought, and he finally got it. Shapeshifter had to find the Nice Ice Queen to make Pluto get back to its normal temperature. He got into his spaceship and set off on his terrifying journey.

Firstly he had to dodge a huge meteor shower. Just when he could see the Nice Ice Queen's secret castle in the distance, suddenly he was blinded. The cat sphinx statue guarding the castle was shooting laser beams from its eyes. Shapeshifter quickly switched on the force fields to deflect the beam and safely entered the castle. He convinced her to help him to turn Pluto back to its normal temperature.

They got into his spaceship and blasted off. The Nice Ice Queen froze the tractor beam with her ice staff. Pluto went back to its normal orbit. Slowly the temperature fell and Pluto became cold again. Shapeshifter's friends became healthy again. Pluto went back to normal but the shadow of Flaming Horse will always be in the background.

By Ewan Mahone
Year 3
Mornington Primary School
MORNINGTON – VIC.

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2565	Glue Stick 15g	20
2566	Glue Stick 21g	20
2567	School Glue 37ml	18
2568	School Glue 118ml	12
2569	School Glue 236ml	12
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2571	White Glue 118ml	12
2573	Glue Pen 40ml	30



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