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November 2006



The magazine for promoting young Australian writers

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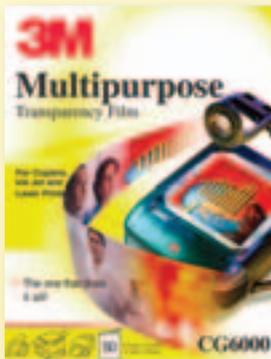
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THE TURN OF THE TIDE

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DON'T GO FISHING

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THE DROUGHT

William O'Keefe, Yarrowitch Public School, Walcha, NSW.

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'RUN'

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GHOSTS AND THE BIG PRESENT

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TREES

Alexandria Bullen, East Marden Primary School, Campbelltown, SA.

THE RULER OF THE JUNGLE

Kireeti Chigurala, Brighton Grammar School, Brighton, Vic.

NOISES AT NIGHT

Troy Tape, Yarrowitch Public School, Walcha, NSW.

FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END

Sienna Tardini, Shelford Girls' Grammar, Caulfield, Vic.

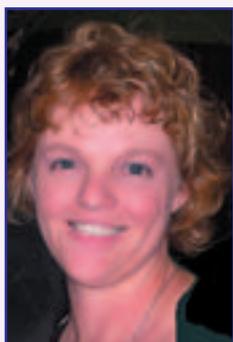
MISS MACK AND OUR MISCHIEVOUS CLASS

Brigid Hansen, St. Ambrose Primary, Newmarket, Qld.

Oz Kidz in Print

From the Editor's Desk

We have just hosted the 2006 Young Australian Writers' Awards. I have had a fantastic twelve months reading all the entries for the year's publications. What wonderful stories and poems we have had the pleasure of publishing. We also hosted the 2006 Young Australian Artists' Awards. This is the first year we have held the Artists' Awards. We were very impressed by the outstanding quality of work produced by our Young Australian artists. Check www.ozkidz.com.au or www.youngatart.com.au for details. Congratulations to all the winners.



KEEP ON WRITING!

Carol Dick
Managing Editor

Hazel Edwards has written an article on Blogging. I normally have a 'Book Review' but Trevelyan's new book co-written with Hazel is one book I am sure you want to know more about. Here is a synopsis of the book due for release in November.

Synopsis

Many twenty- and thirty-somethings intend to "do" an extreme adventure, somewhere exotic, but most just dream or join the coach tour. Trevelyan Edwards dared to do, and now he tells the story of his experience.

Cycling Solo: Ireland to Istanbul explores five months of cycling solo across Europe. From Ireland to Istanbul via the UK, France, Germany, the Swiss Alps, Serbia, Bulgaria, Hungary and Turkey, with kilometres of unforgettable sites and stories in between, this is a journey worth sharing, particularly when told with such candour.

Initially in a weblog format, his story has been edited and complemented by the occasional viewpoint of the family at home.

Bloggng: The New Autobiog Writing

Cycling Solo Ireland to Istanbul

by

Trevelyan Quest Edwards & Hazel Edwards

Bloggng is the new autobiography. Instead of a diary, update your weblog. It's fast writing, but there can be electronic problems too.

Usually I'm just known as Trev. Having a middle name like Quest was a bit of an embarrassment, until I recently spent five months cycling alone from Ireland to Istanbul... That became a bit of a Quest. And a useful name for my blog, scribbled in Internet cafes.

At the start, Irish people took pity on the stupid bloke on a bike who was wet and frozen and brought their pragmatism to my journey.

'Och aye, Istanbul's a long way laddie, you should fly.'

'Well, I want to see what's in between.'

'Drive then.'

'I can't afford that.'

'Train.'

'Trains only go to the cities and they're too expensive.'

'Bus then.'

I have an aversion to buses too. Mate, I've spent days on them travelling around Oz and I don't think I could handle Contiki.

'Well then laddie, if you don't want to drive, and you want to go on two wheels, a motorbike's your answer.'

I didn't have much money; I had time and didn't mind roughing it. So a deadly treadly was my way.

And when you've got an author for a mother, she expects you to write. So bloggng became our family way of keeping in touch.

Cont'd...

Blogging: The New Autobiog Writing (Cont'd)

As a cartographer, I have a professional interest in relevant maps but having next to no budget meant I was used to navigating by free tourist ones.

Reluctantly I *bought* my third map in Sofia and realised that I still couldn't work out which way to get onto the E8. All three maps (a tourist guide to highlights, a map of Bulgaria and another of Sofia) were in the English alphabet and the signs I was looking at were in Cyrillic – to me it was all Greek.

In the end, it really didn't matter. All I had to do was head ESE. On my bike, I had enough food and drinking water for two days and there was enough light to cycle out of the city and find somewhere to pitch the tent. Everything important (food, shelter, water) was set and if I did get lost, there would always be a town available. And someone who spoke a bit of English.

I knew how far (and fast if need be) I could cycle in a day. While Eastern Europe was great for hospitality, I spent most of my time cycling Western Europe. The aesthetic beauty of Scotland's glens, Swiss Alps, France's canals, Germany's bike paths and Austria's fountains will remain with me long after the sore knees, lonely spells and wet weather have been forgotten. Well sort of... it did rain for three weeks straight in Scotland's summer and having your cycling limited by how long your feet have feeling, isn't pleasant.

I communicated in basic French, desperate German and a lot of Ocker. I cycled rural areas where my bike was the most advanced form of technology and others where I was overtaken by Lamborghinis.

Getting anywhere remote or uphill was accompanied by a feeling of great satisfaction. Even without a map, on a nomad's 'journey' from I to I (Ireland to Istanbul) you can find yourself...

With a blog to record it!



Family Viewpoint of Blogging:

Trevelyan introduced us to the blog. Ideally he was to update it regularly and thus only have to type one entry in expensive or remote Internet kiosks, rather than multiple e-mails which often vanished into cyberspace if the wrong key was pressed, or the writer ran out of the local currency.

A blog is public. Anyone can read it. Even your mother.

Many students, backpackers and educators are blogging:

- Provides regular writing experience
- Publishes in one medium
- Shares the immediacy of experiences which would otherwise be lost
- Can be edited and reformatted later
- A means of sharing offbeat or minority viewpoints or perceptions
- A fast way of keeping in touch with a broad audience.

And sometimes, it can be later crafted into a book.

★ ★ ★

Cycling Solo: Ireland to Istanbul by Hazel Edwards & Trevelyan Quest Edwards, published by Brolga and available via Pan Macmillan. (This book has been crafted from the edited blog entries).



Trevelyan Edwards is now back in Darwin at his own flat, with a bed and working toilet, but he has still got the bike for transport until he can afford a Land Cruiser, which may be some time. One day he might buy a watch. He was the three year old mind which inspired 'There's a Hippopotamus on Our Roof Eating Cake' (Penguin) www.hazeledwards.com for links.



MY STREET

One knows a new day has dawned when Mr. O'Shee of number 9 laces up his running shoes and begins his leisurely jog around the block. His pleasant wife rouses herself from her slumber and heads to the kitchen to prepare a warm breakfast for her husband's return. Across the road, elderly Mr. Johns appears on the footpath, coffee cup in hand, to have his customary dispute with the paper boy, today concerning the inferior manner in which the paper happens to be wrapped. Mr. Johns stumbles his way back along his overgrown pavement to his front porch, mumbling something about youngsters of the modern generation. He proceeds to unroll his paper and cast his cataract-clogged eyes, in a rather critical manner, over the issues of the day.



Over the white picket fence and into the property of widow Mrs. Frieda Jacobs where the tantalising aroma of freshly cooked bacon and eggs wafts through the partially open kitchen window. I stalked stealthily through the heavenly hydrangeas, beautiful bluebells and divine daffodils until I settled contentedly in a spot below the window. In my mind's eye I saw a scene that I was only too familiar with. Mrs. Jacobs' two fervent children, with eyes as wide as saucers, bounding into the kitchen and demolishing their breakfasts as hungrily as a pair of wolves. As the mouth-watering scent engulfed my senses, I envisioned the children placing their plates on the bench beneath the window sill and being hustled out of the kitchen by their mother. In one swift movement, I leapt onto the window sill, licked up the bacon rinds and jumped back down again; running my tongue along my mouth to remove any excess, with a grin befitting that of the Cheshire Cat.

My sharp hearing detected a sound coming from next door, so I scurried through Mrs. Jacobs' flourishing flower bed and into old Miss White's unkempt front yard. Her ramshackle house was beyond repair. The shutters that had not survived the last bout of bad weather lay in a heap on the ground. The bricks seemed to cry out for a lick of paint. The garden was completely contrary to Mrs. Jacob's, taking on the appearance of a jungle more than anything else. Treading cautiously through the jumble of weeds, dandelions and other unidentified fragments of rubble and debris, I made my way to the 'welcome' mat and waited as a child does on Christmas Eve. Right on

schedule, Miss White opened the door and her arthritic hands placed a saucer of milk on the ground. She smiled at me warmly, which caused a chain reaction of wrinkles to appear and shifted back inside, probably to brew some herbal tea. I lapped up the milk appreciatively. Undoubtedly, Miss White was the grandmotherly figure of the street and could often be found baking cookies for the children and offering knitting patterns to mothers. Rumour has it that Miss White has lived her entire life at number 14 and I suspect her house has never undergone a single alteration.

Across the road at number 13, the Patterson family were busily adding the finishing touches to their preparations for the day ahead. I darted over hastily, keen to avoid an encounter with the vicious, furry inhabitant of number 11 and sat next to the mailbox, patiently awaiting the events ahead. Chloe emerged first and scratched me affectionately behind the ears, en route to the bus stop at the corner of the street. Next came her brother, who inconspicuously dropped a tasty morsel behind the mailbox, so that his father wouldn't notice. After they had driven away, I ate up the food scrap and continued on my way, deciding to return later when Mrs. Patterson would pop out to retrieve her mail.

Two houses down lived Thomas Gadhamp, a balding middle aged man who happened to be in the gourmet sausage business. He was a forlorn individual; sausages were his only joy and love interest. Each morning we had a rendezvous, at which time I would sample his wares. Not only did I provide him with a valuable insight to his newest taste sensation but also with genuine companionship. The way I see it, I'm doing him a favour.

After devouring enough sausage to fill three stomachs, I dragged myself across to number 18, where I found a spot sheltered from the morning sun. Curling up into a ball and closing my eyes, I sighed happily. "Oh what a life, to be an endearing stray in Golden View Way!"

*By Claire Peoples
Year 10, Sienna College
CAMBERWELL – VIC.
Teacher: Ms Watson*

MARZIBAR'S NEW FRIEND

One day out in space an Alien called Marzibar got bored of living on planet Mars. So he looked on his map and he thought of which planet to go to.

He first wanted to go to Pluto but it was too far, then he thought about Venus but too hot. Finally he thought of all the safe planets but there was only one. That was Earth.

Then he jumped into his spaceship and was on his way to Earth.

The journey took days to get to Earth but still he got there. He landed on the roof of a petrol station. He got out of the spaceship and looked around. He decided that this was a good place to live.

Marzibar made it feel just like his own home in Mars. When he had finished, he went to look for some food to store in his empty cupboards. Luckily, the petrol station shop had a hole in the roof so he could get in. Once he got in he looked for the closest food to Mars food. The food he found was Space Chewing Gum and he also found Comet Lollipops. Marzibar then got some rope and threw it up and out of the hole in the roof. The rope got tightly tangled around a chair leg in the shop.

Marzibar climbed up the rope. Luckily he had tied up the food onto the rope before climbing so he carefully pulled them up as well. Once they were through the hole, he put them away in his cupboard.

He had now everything he wanted but he still felt sad because he did not have a friend. He looked all over

town and the town did not have much things or places. Marzibar didn't find anyone. He felt blue and upset. On his way back to his new home he saw a young and dirty boy stuck in a tree. Marzibar climbed up the tree.

When he was right next to the boy, he got his rope and tied it on the branch and told the boy that he could climb down. Once the boy got down he thanked Marzibar and started to walk away with his shoulders drooping down.

The Alien shouted "Wait, don't go!".

Marzibar the Alien then asked the boy to come to his house for supper and the boy said "Yes, please".

Marzibar asked "Do you like Space Chewing Gum and Comet Lollipops?".

"Yes" said the boy. "And can I live with you because I don't have a home?"

"Of course you can" said the Alien excitedly.

And they both lived happily ever after.



*By Tara O'Neill
Grade 2, Age 7
Kingswood Primary School
DINGLEY – VIC.*

Butterfly

A smile is like a butterfly,
dancing through your dreams
Pride is always happy,
like a diamond when it gleams

Friendship's like a shining instrument
just waiting to be played
Relief's a rushing happiness,
a one that's been delayed

Hope is like a sparkling jewel,
more precious than the world
Temptation's like a silky ribbon,
longing to be twirled



Peace is the calming feeling
when you know that you're at home
Acceptance is like royalty,
a privilege on its own

Surprise is a pink stained rose
that blooms for you to see
It's simple things like this
that make the world, and life – happy

*By Katharine Ahern
Age 12
Marryatville Primary School,
MARRYATVILLE – SA*

Oz Kidz in Print

DOES THOU LOVE SHE

The Dragon that flew above high
In his heart he could only see
And when he saw a fair maiden
He could only think 'does thou love she?'

And his heart would always answer 'no'
For no normal dragon he could love
He craved someone unique and singular
Someone special from above

His life was almost over
When something flew from the black skies
He calls out to her
Before his heart almost dies

She soars down from the forest canopies
And they both give a roar of fire
The pair expands their great wings
And start to fly higher and higher

They settle upon a cliff top
When from below came a crack
There was a poacher shooting at them
And both of them veered back

Then the worst thing happened
The rock started to part
And so breathless from the flight up
She could not dart

He so bold and brave
Had retrieved his breath already
And fled from the cliff top
His flight so strong and steady

Then he realised the pair had parted
And gave a cry of fright
And the sky so suddenly,
darkened equally with his feelings
Like a cold deathly winter's night

He all so soon dived to the ground
And gave a terrible yelp of pain,
as he hit the cold moist Earth
He thought he had started a relationship, a bond
He thought this was the birth

But how wrong he was
When he saw his love in death's hand
He would never find someone so beautiful and special
Even if he searched all the land



*By Samantha Connolly
Age 10
Castle Cove Public School
CASTLE COVE – NSW*

MEMORIES OF MY DAD

(As my dad passed away in May 2006)

Thinking back about my dad
The way he used to be
He was full of life, never sad
and always truthful to me

He would ride his bike to the pier
And watch the waves come in
He would breathe the air and smell the sea
It was then his heart would sing

Strong and serious,
Always fun,
Helped me learn how to ride
Playing games was so much fun
In dad I could always confide

In dad I could always confide.

*By Jessica Inci
Grade 5, Age 10
Lauriston Girls School,
ARMADALE – VIC.
Teacher: Mr. Glen White*



The Billabong

The trees gently sway in the breeze,
As I watch the wallabies drinking,
As I listen to the kingfisher's song,
As the dragonflies gracefully skim over the water,
As crickets and cicadas sing together in harmony,
As I spot some brumbies grazing on bush grass,
As the frill necks sunbake on some rocks,
I sit and wonder, how much longer it will be here!

*By Stephanie Harden
Age 12
Good Shepherd Lutheran College
PALMERSTON – NT*

THE UNLIKELY KNIGHT

Henry Smith was finally at peace with himself. For many years he had striven to become the strong, yet gentle man his father had been and fulfil his dying wish that he should become a knight. People looked to him with respect, and marvelled at his achievements. Now his horse galloped towards Cassinock, where he would be knighted. But it had not always been so.

Lightning flashed on that night when Henry first stumbled upon Cassinock. "This is no place for peasants, boy. Be gone!" ordered the gatekeeper. That instant, a comforting hand rested on Henry's shoulder, and a tall knight interceded, "That won't be necessary, Thomas. The boy is here under special arrangement".

Sir Arald took Henry aside. Once they were alone, he knelt beside him, searching his face for answers. "Where is Jack? Where is your father?" he asked urgently. But still Henry did not speak, and would tell no one of the tragedy that unfolded on that very road; the road which had left him an orphan.

First he was taught the elementary skills of reading and writing, followed by a strong grounding in the laws of chivalry. After this Henry began his first year in dead earnest. The years that followed were hard on Henry. His fellow apprentices did little to conceal their distaste for his lowly birth. It wasn't uncommon for Henry to be taunted and bullied.

Now in his fifth and final year of training, he would be assigned to a knight with whom he would gain experience. That is what led him into the battle of Durham.

The clatter of armies preparing for battle floated through the air, striking terror into the hearts of all. Horses whinnied in restlessness, adding to the tense atmosphere. Henry sat astride his horse beside his knight, who was trying to calm his own steed. Finally, the General rode to the front, inspiring courage in his men to fight to the death, defend their homeland, and keep their wives and children safe. All of a sudden, a volley of arrows erupted from nowhere, striking him down and crippling the unsuspecting frontline. A deafening blast of horns and war cries sounded as foot soldiers gave way to what seemed like hundreds of charging horses, their riders' armour glinting in the rays of the setting sun.

After a moment of chaos, their forces regrouped and surged forward. Spears were shattered, shields were splintered, and bodies were broken. Many were killed or mortally wounded, but Henry courageously fought

on. Then out of the corner of his eye he saw a knight, surrounded by enemies, struggling to block their attacks. With a surge of adrenaline, he leapt into the group, fiercely hacking them down and fending off their blows, until they all were subdued. The knight and Henry had both been wounded in the process and were lying side by side on the ground.

"Jack, Jack Smith, is that you?", the dying knight spluttered.

"No, I'm his son. How did you know my father?"

"Do you not know?" he asked quizzically.

"Your father was a knight. He fought by my side at the battle of Helford. He gave up his title to marry the woman he loved, a peasant."

The sudden realisation of what this meant filled Henry with an overwhelming sense of pride. His father was a knight. He too was of noble birth.

"Thank you Sir", he whispered gratefully, and with that he shrugged off the pain and charged back into battle. He fought and conquered. His acts of valour would be remembered by all for a very long time.



*By Adam Little
Year 6, Age 11
Middle Ridge State School
TOOWOOMBA – QLD.
Teacher: Mrs Marie Hammond*

THE DROUGHT

A hot dry place
Where the dead trees still stand
Everything is quiet and still
Except the dirty dust
Cratered and soaked up mud
In dams, rivers and creeks
Cattle and sheep perish
In the heat of the sun
Sometimes I feel alone

*By William O'Keefe
Year 4
Yarrowitch Public School
WALCHA – NSW*

DECISIONS

On the cool, tiled floor I lie. Not a movement I make. The cool moist breeze blows over my motionless body. As the energy drains away from my fading self, I drift away like a feather caught in a powerful breeze. Like the light from a lamp it calls for me, I reach out and grasp on to light. A golden chariot with a team of shining silver horses rains down from the sky, coming to take me away. The chariot reaches my feet and my spirit leaves my lifeless body. I reach for the golden reins. As I take hold of the reins, this team of tranquil horses leaps into the sky. With each bound of their muscular legs, a feeling of magnificent harmony falls upon my soul. The chariot gracefully flies around the misty clouds, the bright sun shines off the chariot's gleaming surface and reflects like a crystal back to land, separating into a rainbow of rays. The silver horses give one last leap and come to a firm stop.



They have stopped in front of a golden staircase which leads into a misty clouded room. At the entrance of the enormous room are two marble pillars that have a whimsical feel about them. I cannot see where they begin or where they end. I walk through the magnificent room with ceilings so high I can't see where it ends. I walk to the middle of the room. There is a hall coming off the room but what is that above the door? A sign of some sort, but what does it say? I think it says 'Jessica'. What? But that's my name? How could it be? What does this mean? Where am I? Should I walk up the passage? Thoughts, emotions, feelings are running through my head. I am confused and distressed. I pull myself together and start to walk down the long narrow passageway. The hall is dark, yet it has a feeling of warmth and peace, something that I have not felt much of in my life. I come to the end of the hall and a flickering light is bouncing off the walls.

I walk inside the illuminated room. Where is the light coming from? I can't see any light source; there is nothing on the ceilings or the walls. All I know is that the light is shining like nothing I have ever seen before. It is almost blinding. As my eyes start to focus in on the light I realise that it isn't just a light, it is some kind of movie. I walk to the middle of the room and look at one of the walls. A movie is playing but I can't make it out, what is it? Who is that little girl? Her eyes are a beautiful blue, almost like glass. Her hair is a soft ocean of yellow curls. Her skin glistens with no imperfections. It reminds me of myself when I was younger. As the movie keeps on playing, the little girl starts to play with her dolls – but wait! Those dolls are exactly like the ones I had when I was a young girl. The dolls' clothes are tattered and torn just like mine were. As I look closer it hits me, the girl in the movie is me. I watch intensely as the little girl watches her mother being taken away to hospital and her father sad and depressed. A tear rolls down my cheek and I realise this is my life. The movie keeps on playing, I sit there mesmerised. The movie shows every part of my life from eating breakfast to going to sleep at night, from going on holidays to my first day at work. I watch as my life takes a turn for the worse. I was about 14 when I started to shoplift. It started out as small stuff, you know, pens and pencils; but then it grew to clothes, shoes and CDs. Then I watch as I make the decision that changed my life, a decision that ultimately killed me. I was seventeen and at a party. My so-called friends asked if I wanted to try something new. I said yes. I was so stupid. I started to use cocaine. I became addicted. A year of partying, drugs, arrests, jail and bad decisions passes by. I watch as many years pass, I watch as my life spirals out of control.

The movie is coming to the end, the last few weeks of my life. As each week passes by my life was getting worse but the worst was yet to come. My boss had accused me of stealing from him, my drug dealer had been threatening me and my ex had taken my children from me. There was nothing left for me, nothing that could fill the empty hole in my heart. At that point I made the decision that would change my life forever – I would end my life. I lay in the bath and took the last hit of drugs I had. It was over. I thought ending my life would fill the hole but it only made it deeper and bigger.

The movie comes to an end. The flickering stops and the room fills with darkness. This is where everything finishes, I cannot change what happens next and I cannot change what has happened in the past. I have to live with the decisions I make.

People say it's what you accomplish in life that counts but I say it's the decision you make in life that count.

*By Shaun Bullock
Year 9, Quirindi High School, QUIRINDI – NSW
Teacher: Mrs Anne Scott*

GHOST

The moon, a silver, ghostly light
 Cast deep upon the waves,
 Glides swiftly, softly overland
 And frowns upon the graves.
 Worn by years of savage storms;
 Blown straight from Hell's lone gate,
 They stand together, row on row
 To tell of someone's fate.
 The few sad words are faded
 The stones are cracked and chipped.
 The weeds sway slowly, side to side
 The flag is torn and ripped.
 And here in this forgotten place
 When the moon frowns on the lake,
 The ghosts rise slowly from their graves;
 To make the children quake
 In silver robes with lace and silk
 Drawn tight beneath the chin,
 They slowly glide about the glade
 And gloat and laugh and sing.
 A breeze blows softly, warm and damp
 The salt hangs in the air,
 A thunder growl, a lightning flash
 Strange men are standing there.
 The ghosts exchange wild looks of glee
 They narrow eyes and grin.
 For never have they had the chance,
 To play with wandering men.

*By Ciatlyn Payne, Year 7
 Burpengary State School
 BURPENGARY – QLD.
 Teacher: Ruth Nichols*



'RUN'

A flash of red
 A raging stampede
 Soft panting breath
 And the raging call of man

Run little fox
 Run for your life

Night falls
 With still no answer
 In this game
 With only one winner

Run little fox
 Run for your life

The race is coming to an end
 The guns start shouting
 One slip
 And it's all over

Run little fox
 Live your last breath.



*By Jessica Damiani
 Age 13
 Padua College
 MORNINGTON – VIC.*

GHOSTS AND THE BIG PRESENT

I see shadows on the wall.
 The spooky ghosts have come to call.
 They dance around the bedroom floor,
 They close the window and lock the door.
 Their clean white bodies fill the room.
 I'll be sick of this pretty soon.
 I close my eyes and snuggle in tight.
 But the ghosts will stay there all the night.
 The Father ghost came in with his wife.
 I hoped they would not cause any strife.
 It is morning now, the ghosts are gone.
 I wake up fresh, and I am alone.

*By Lauren Branch, Age 8
 Covenant College
 GORDON – ACT*

LITTLE RAINDROP FREDDIE

One day there was a big storm. Little raindrop Freddie tried to hang on to Mother Cloud. His hands were sweating. He couldn't hold on. All of a sudden the storm stopped, but little raindrop Freddie could not hold on because his hands were so sweaty. Then he fell. Plonk straight on to a little girl's head.

Freddie had no idea about where he was headed. To Freddie's surprise the little girl was heading straight to a river, to go for a swim. Freddie recognised his big sister Bel. She was on the little girl's father. Then the little girl dived into the water, Freddie floated down the river on his back. Then in the sky he saw Mother Cloud looking sad, and a bit further away was Daddy Cloud, he was in no better condition than Mother Cloud. Freddie wondered why they looked so sad. Then he remembered the storm that had happened. They were sad because they had lost Bel and himself. Freddie waved and yelled out, "Mother and Daddy Cloud". Then his sister Bel caught up to him, together they yelled out, "Mother and Daddy Cloud". Luckily they heard, but they couldn't just come down from the sky and pick them up, but they wished they could.

Down the gentle river Bel and Freddie went. Then suddenly there was something pulling very hard at them, it was taking them down the river. They had no

idea where they were going after this rapid ride. Then it stopped and started again. This time Bel and Freddie went in different directions. Freddie went for the ride of his life and then he felt something soft and green. Then it occurred to him that he was on grass and he was covered in dirt. He stayed there hopelessly until the next week.

Bright and early in the morning he got taken up into the air by Mother and Daddy Cloud. When he got up into the air he saw Bel already there. He gave all three of them a hug.

*By Courtney Hill
Grade 2
Paynesville Primary School
PAYNESVILLE – VIC.*



BUSHFIRE

Burnt flowers and trees fall, and
Underneath there are dead roots and all.
Sadly it is not attended, so it has well and truly ended
Hot and Clammy, is the tractor's engine,
Fences fall at every mention.
It has been a tragic fate,
Roads were burnt when it was too late.
Eerie sounds surround the place, but you
should see the look on my face.

*By Ailis Relihan
Year 3, Age 7
Seaforth Public School
SEAFORTH – NSW
Teacher: Mrs Emma*



Untitled



Upon the soft sands,
Above stormy skies,
Beneath turbid seas,
In abundance it lies,

In the grass beneath your feet,
In those that you love,
Deep within your being,
In the heavens up above,

It is not what you see,
Nor what you feel,
Yet you know that it's there,
You know that it's real,

And though it may be everything,
It may be nothing still,
You must find what was always there,
And challenge your will,

Rich are those who find it,
Lost are those without,
It compels you to persist,
Consoles in times of doubt,

Search until you find it,
Traverse the dusty plains,
Many things you will learn,
Much it will explain,

So wherever you may find it,
That's where your path does cease,
Once you find it hold it close to your heart,
It brings you inner peace.

*By Lara Cavanough
Year 10
Stuartholme School
TOOWONG – QLD.
Teacher: Daniel O'Brien*

COMMANDS

A story of a man,
Who is trapped in a dream.
He feels rather scared,
But he may not scream.

He may not wipe the tears from his eyes,
As a hail of shrapnel falls from the skies.
He must not show upon his face,
The speed with which his heart begins to race.
He may not lower his gun and stop his shelling,
To avoid shooting the children he is rapidly felling.
He may not slow and tell his comrades to wait,
Even though the pain that he feels is quite great.
He may not stop in the street to save a young girl,
From the rocks the militia are beginning to hurl.

Though she may die in these streets,
It will not end there, this battle's for keeps.
He must not show mercy to the man who's but a boy,
Who points towards him a weapon he holds like a toy.

A river of blood from his body now flows,
He is hurting like crazy and it definitely shows.
A burst of enemy fire strikes him in the chest,
He trips and gravity does the rest.

He calls to his friends "Please help me I'm hit",
There's nil they can do
But hold at bay the rebels trying to steal his kit.
They must leave him there to probably perish,
They may not take the man
whose presence they cherish.

Just another casualty to add to the thousands,
Of those innocent men just obeying commands.

From politicians who think they know about war,
Who have never faced the bullets like those that tore,
Through the flesh of a soldier whose wife will miss,
The lips of the man she will never again kiss.

Just another casualty to add to the thousands
Of those innocent men just obeying commands

*By Andrew Reid
Grade 9
Sacred Heart College
NEWTOWN – TAS.
Teacher: Mrs Keirney*



THE SERPENT AND THE EGG

I finally had it. It was an egg – smooth, emerald green, streaked with the deepest purple. I heard a screech. It came from a huge vulture-headed snake-bodied serpent, with wings made out of only bone. I was terrified. It came screeching towards me. In my panic I dropped my egg. "ARR!" I screamed as it hurtled to the ground. I leapt for it but my leap was in vain. "NO-oo...!" I wailed as the serpent grabbed the egg and flapped triumphantly back to Dark Man's Cliff.

I was shattered and angry especially because the serpent was mocking me. He was swooping over my head and pretending to cry!

So there was only one thing to do. I grabbed a climbing pick and began to climb. When I reached halfway there I noticed something had changed about the cliff. Instead of fresh air, there was a stench of rotting flesh, old bones and spilt blood. It was like the very stench of death itself. The further up I climbed the stronger it got, until it became unbearable. I was at the top of the cliff.

As I peered cautiously over the top I heard something. Although the serpent's mouth was shut this was coming from it;

*"As I fly across the sky, I make you tremble with fear.
As I fly over the farm, I eat their sheep and deer.
Run away intruder or die a painful death.
Run away yes run, or down the back of your neck you
will feel my breath."*

I was terrified but still filled with determination. I crawled towards my egg which was just behind the sleeping serpent. As I inched towards it, to my shock and horror, the serpent woke up! I was so scared I threw my climbing pick clear away. I bolted to the

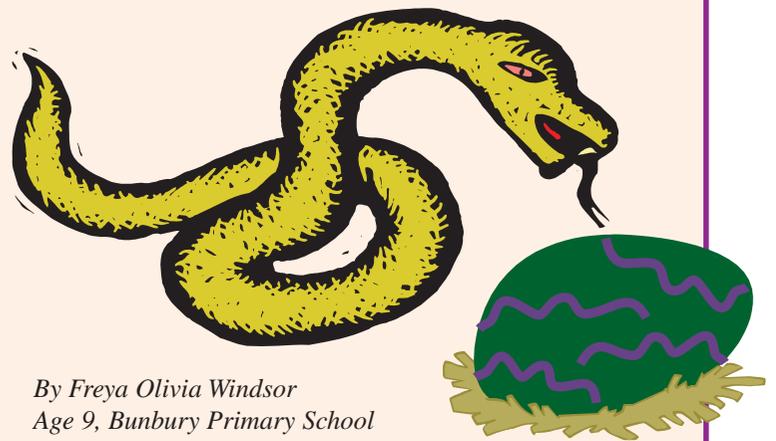
edge of the cliff, tripped and clung to the edge for dear life. The serpent flew over the edge towards me. I held my breath but then "what?" the serpent plummeted to the ground. This might seem like a miracle but there is a logical explanation. When I threw my climbing pick it got jammed in the serpent's wing.

As it sat there dying, still with its mouth shut;

*"I the greatest hunter powerful and strong.
Nothing that stood in my way would be there very
long.
I crushed all and had no mercy.
For blood not water was I thirsty.
Miles around could hear my hiss.
A great serpent has come to this."*

When I was sure he was silent, I scrambled up to my egg but it was not an egg any more. It was a baby dragon with the same pattern as the egg.

So began the journey down.



*By Freya Olivia Windsor
Age 9, Bunbury Primary School
BUNBURY – WA*

STEVE IRWIN

Steve Irwin, the crocodile hunter was brave and smart,
The love that he had for animals came straight from his heart.
Although his favourite animal of all was the mighty croc,
He stood his ground like a great big rock.
His home was a zoo where people come and go,
Until this tragic accident happened not so long ago.
He was stung in the chest by a sting-ray,
That's also how everyone else felt that day.
His family was stunned and his friends were surprised,
That on that horrible day Steve Irwin died.



By Danielle de Brenni, Age 11, ALICE SPRINGS – NT

TREES

By Alexandria Bullen
Year 6, Age 11
East Marden Primary School
CAMPBELLTOWN – SA

From seed to seedling,
Sapling to tree,
Their appeal and bling-bling
Is easy to see.

Some undress in autumn,
And blossom in spring.
Sleep in winter,
And celebrate in summer.

They breathe in our rubbish,
And breathe out our life.

They shelter and nourish us,
Through thick or thin,
And give themselves up
To our every whim.

If trees could talk,
And I to them,
I'm sure they'd be the mother
And I the spoilt child,
Needing to go to bed.



THE RULER OF THE JUNGLE

He prowls through the trees
As silent as the night
And eyeballs his prey
With his remarkable sight

He pounces at his target
And through the air he swerves
His prey is down in a second
And his meal is finally served

With his gorgeous striped coat
Into the environment he blends
As he hides from the dreaded poachers
To avoid his life's end

At the end of the day
He lies down with ease
To regain his energy
To again prowl through the trees

This is the life, the life of a Tiger
Of a beast that isn't humble
For you don't want to be caught unawares
By this ruler of the jungle

By Kireeti Chigurala, Age 14,
Brighton Grammar School, BRIGHTON – VIC.



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THE GOLDEN RABBIT FABLE

Jamie, a 16 year old boy from a small village in Norway, was on a quest. But this was no ordinary quest. It involved capturing a legendary golden rabbit and bringing it back to his village and slaying a fearsome serpent with a reputation for devouring livestock. The chief had decided the only way to get rid of Jamie (because he hated him) was to send him on this "quest" which would almost certainly kill him.

Jamie had spent the evening packing and saying goodbye sadly to friends and family alike.

Then the morning came. Everyone in the village came to see him go, and he headed north across the fertile pastures towards the dark musty forest, his hunting dogs trotting obediently behind his horse.

Jamie had been dreading meeting the serpent ever since he left the village. Hours went by, and he wondered if he would ever see his family again. He was thinking of giving in and turning back, but what happened next made that impossible.

He had found the serpent's lair.

"The rabbit!" Jamie breathed. "It's in mortal danger!"

The serpent seemed to be involved in the difficult task of getting the rabbit in its mouth. It would get about halfway in before the rabbit kicked him. The serpent seemed pretty annoyed and every time the rabbit kicked, its eyes went even redder.

Finally, the serpent lost its cool. Jamie watched in horror as the serpent wrapped its body around the poor, defenceless rabbit and poised to bite.

Suddenly, the serpent felt a sharp pain in his slender body. It dropped the unconscious rabbit and turned to Jamie, who was holding a crossbow. Jamie had shot the creature.

"Right", thought Jamie, "here we go!"

The monster reared up to strike... POW! It had suddenly gone blind in one eye. The human had shot him again! The serpent bit the crossbow in half.

Jamie pulled out his sword, but it was flicked away.

Suddenly, the monster whirled around. There, snarling and growling sat Jamie's hunting dogs! They leapt onto the monster, biting and clawing.

Meanwhile, Jamie had picked up his sword and thrown it at the serpent.

With a horrible squelching noise, the sword sliced the head clean off its slimy body.

Jamie decided to take the head with him in a sack. With that, he left the cave behind and set off for the village. When he returned, he was treated to a hero's welcome. The rabbit was put in a cage for the villagers to gawk at and for the chief to admire.

In the next two months, there was a second rabbit sighting. Then a third. Soon the villagers were seeing rabbits all over the place. At last, people began to realize what they had just done. Since the serpent was the only thing keeping the golden rabbit numbers down, well, the forest was in a bit of a mess. The crops would be ruined.

So the chief sent Jamie scampering back into the forest on another important mission: to kill the rabbits and bring back a serpent...

Which, dear reader, is exactly what he did.
Moral: Don't mess with nature and it won't mess with you.



By Matthew Anderson
Hartwell Primary School
HARTWELL – VIC.
Teacher: Simone Davis

NOISES AT NIGHT

When my room is dark and I snuggle in bed,
My eyes should be closed but they are open
instead.
I hear the birds chirping in the trees.
I hear the dogs barking in their kennels,
But I can also hear the rustling fleas.

By Troy Tape
Age 6
Yarrowich Public School
WALCHA – NSW

A TIME OF HOPE

I lay in the darkness, listening for any signs of life, but all was silent. I closed my eyes, savouring the peace. I knew it would not last. As dawn broke and the light of a new day crept forward, he would be there too. My master. The man who had taken me away from my family. As I tried to persuade sleep to come in the cold silence, I imagined my family. Tears welled in the corners of my eyes, as I realised that my memories of them were so vague that I could no longer recall their faces, remember their comforting voices, or imagine their laughter breaking the black stillness of the night that so cruelly encased me in its loneliness.



I ran, over the hill and out of sight until the sounds of the farm were no more than a distant hum. I did not stop. I ran through scrub, while the evil fingers of bushes and vines clawed at my rags. I ran over rock, ripping into the paper-thin soles of my sandals. In my blind desperation, I stumbled upon a poultry truck. It is still a blur how long I travelled with the birds, living in the filth I had come to associate with my life on the farm; drifting in and out of consciousness and living off the same foods the hens ate.

Terse words woke me from a troubled sleep, and in the shafts of light flowing through the doorway of the shack, I saw my master. To him, I was nothing. An object, only useful for lightening his workload. I followed my master outside, squinting in the dazzling sunlight of the morning. He left, without another word. He had come to assume that I would follow instructions, after viewing the punishments others suffered for their disobedience. But I didn't care about my daily tasks today. Today was different. Today I would not go to the paddocks, and watch over the livestock of the man who enslaved me. I shut my eyes, telling myself, "Today, you will be free".

There was a cruel breeze that day. It taunted me, burning my lips and stinging my eyes.

It was time.

How I got to the camp I do not know. Those days living as a fugitive seem surreal. But I was welcomed like a brother. There was singing, laughing and something I had not felt in a long, long time. Hope.

I sat at the camp fire which was still emanating warmth from the red coals. I lifted my head, to see the colour-spattered sunrise of a new day; its light reaching in to the far corners of the vast plains. I glanced at the woman beside me. She too was mesmerised by its beauty. Her young face showed the signs of battle, of hardship. Her eyes were filled with the sadness of loss, but there was something else there. A glimmer, a tiny ray of hope. There was a faint smile on her lips, faint, but a smile. A smile, I knew, of new beginnings.

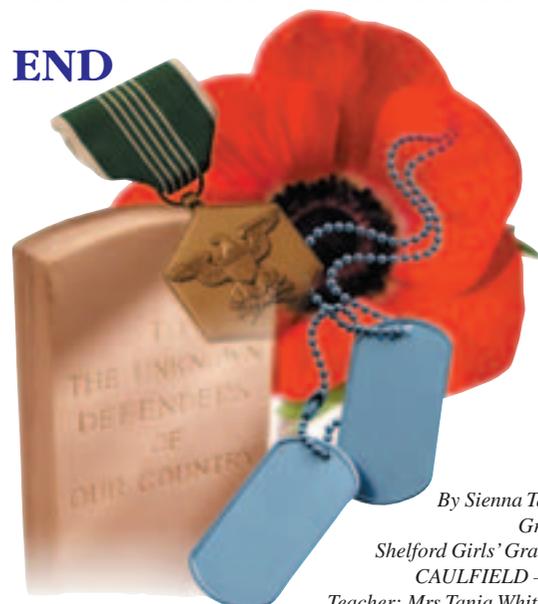
*By Anna Brasnett
Age 15, Saint Ursula's College
TOOWOOMBA – QLD.*

FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END

Ten thousand Australians, all young all scared
Were sent to Gallipoli, all unprepared.
They arrived on the shores, the battle had started
Climbing over the hill many friends were parted.

They lived in trenches, the conditions were rough,
But Aussie soldiers, stayed mates and were tough.
In the bloody battles, not many survived
Our Friends, our family, many of them died.

On the Gallipoli fields red poppies bloom
They remember that day when they left at noon.
Many families awaited their loved ones to come home
But tragically many were left alone.



*By Sienna Tardini
Grade 6
Shelford Girls' Grammar
CAULFIELD – VIC.
Teacher: Mrs Tania Whitehead*

THROUGH DIFFERENT EYES



"Hello mum, remember me?" a voice boomed. How could she ever forget? The voice of Annabelle's only son rang like church bells in her ears.

"Oh my dear Charlie. Charlie is that you?" she whispered, holding out her hand in anticipation of his familiar hands, she would never forget the feeling. A concerned grimace swept over her son's face.

"No mum, it's me, Harry", he said, encouraging Annabelle.

"Oh yes, sorry dear. Yes that's who I meant. It's just that you sound so much like your father Harry, damned if I ever could tell your voices apart!" she creaked, beckoning him to join her in the house.

Harry leapt up the stairs, two at a time, and watched his frail mother totter behind, feeling along the path's edges with her faithful stick. Pity swept through his body, and he extended an arm for his dear mother to cling to. As the pair entered, Harry couldn't help but notice the state of the house. Crystal cobwebs nestled in the nooks, dust spread like a blanket over every welcome surface. This wasn't the house he had remembered, old times when he would run around the kitchen while mum was preparing the evening roast, smells wafting into every room, scenting the house with their intense aromas. Everything had its own place, and seemed, should have little name tags telling them where they should go when they get lost.

Harry couldn't help but remark "Mum, this house. What have you done with it?". "How could you let it get so chaotic?" he said, looking around. But his mother was blind to the chaos. "It would have to have lost at least half its value since dad died", he proclaimed, and then realised the comments that just escaped his mouth stabbed his mother's heart like a dagger.

"Oh Harry dear. I don't mean for the house to be like it is."

She paused, "It's just, ever since your father passed on", her voice dropped to an intense whisper, "and you know, my sight, everything seems to be too overwhelming for me to deal with".

"I understand mum, and now that you are 93 years old, I think it's time for you to move into town and live in one of those nice nursing homes that we went and saw a few years ago." Once again, Harry opened his mouth before his brain took the time to think.

"But I don't want to live in a nursing home!" Annabelle screeched, but with an angry fire in her voice Harry had never heard before, not even when he knocked over her crystal vase which once sat on the bedroom dresser.

"I know you don't want to live with mum, but you can't cope with this huge house any more, and the nursing home is lovely." Harry flicked through promotional pictures, his mother sensing how pretty they would look, but she knew of their ugly core within. "You even said so yourself. You and dad told me that was the place you would grow old together", he told her, trying ever so hard to be comforting.

"Yes, that is just it, your father and I would grow old, together." Annabelle felt a solitary tear trickle down her cheek. "Now that he has gone, life no longer has any point."

"But mum", Harry reassured. "All the ladies in town at your age are all so happy with life, they still play bingo every Tuesday afternoon."

But life loses its sparkle when all you see is darkness. Annabelle didn't want to play bingo, she didn't want to socialise with her old friends, she just wanted to be with Charlie. Couldn't Harry just understand that?

Obviously not. Harry just had to push that bit further. "Well mum, I'm sorry but I'm taking you into town this afternoon, so hurry and pack your bag. The ladies at the nursing home are expecting you." Harry had no idea what those cruel words meant to his mother.

"No Harry", she whispered, the last words he would ever hear from his mother. But he didn't hear, he had started hurriedly packing up her belongings in the next room.

If no one in this world would help her be with Charlie, she would have to do it herself. Annabelle staggered towards the direction of the kitchen, and her withered hand traced the outline of the medicine cupboard and pulled out an aspirin packet. Never before had her blood-thinners been so appealing. She listened for the crackle of the packet which let her know the tablet

Cont'd...

THROUGH DIFFERENT EYES (Cont'd)

was free. Down they went, one, two, and three. After a moments' pause to catch her breath, Annabelle continued. Four, five, then six and seven in one mouthful, their tasteless innocence comforting. Her blind eyes seemed to guide her as she waltzed over to Charlie's armchair, where they would gaze into the horizon on warm, summer nights, together. Then, in an instant, she was gone.

Charlie had wrapped his arms around her and told her "be with me, dear wife". All the while Harry was carelessly shoving his mother's belongings into a bag, unbeknown to him that Annabelle was already in heaven frolicking with her angel.

Her beloved Charlie. In her eyes he was the only thing that mattered.



*By Alissa Dart
Year 12, Quirindi High School
QUIRINDI – NSW
Teacher: Mrs Anne Scott*

SUCKED IN

"Catch", I screamed to my older brother as I hurled the ball heartily in his direction. The scorching sun shone like a fiery ball blazing in the midday sky. There had been so much rain that the greenness of the garden pierced the eye with pleasure. The long grass swayed lazily in the gentle breeze like skinny ballerinas in class. Our favourite hiding places were army bunkers well camouflaged from the adults who called us for lunch.

Just before we ran inside to eat lunch, James catapulted the ball in my direction. I was so focused on the ball and so determined to catch it that my feet were running, but I could not bring myself to look down. Suddenly, my foot was caught in what seemed to be the cold metal handle of a large trap door.

James rushed to my rescue like a lion to its cub. Together, with straining muscles, we tugged at the heavy metal door. Eventually the door flung open like the lid on the ice cream but being opened by hungry children. As soon as the door was ajar we were viciously sucked into another dimension. My heart was a ticking time bomb waiting to explode and James' face was as white as a crisp white sheet on washday.

Unexpectedly, we heard an unusually deep voice echoing from the depths of the darkness that

engulfed us. The first thing I noticed as he emerged from the dimness, was a long, tangled pale beard snaking its way up to his sharply pointed chin.

The frightened children faced the wizard and stared deeply into his white eyes. They stopped quivering when they realised he was a generous, welcoming soul who didn't wish to hurt them. "There is a reason you have appeared before me", he bellowed, "I have special gifts to bestow upon you". The startled children gaped in amazement and waited in silence for his next words. "You will learn to appreciate the gifts of capability, compassion and courage. Before I send you home safely, I wish you good health and happiness in your world."

"Ring" – the alarm clock sounded shrilly and Kelly awoke, realising that her exhilarating adventure was a very thrilling trip to another dimension, but only in a dream. She rubbed her eyes sleepily while trying desperately to decide whether their adventure was real. She looked around at the familiar walls of her bedroom and bashfully decided not to share her invigorating dream with the other members of her family. She knew that she would treasure the gifts of capability, compassion and courage even though they came to her in a fantasy!

*By Brittany Nabarro
Year 5, Reddam House
WOOLLAHRA – NSW
Teacher: Mrs Shiparo*



EUREKA

Lara put the finishing touch on to her invention. It was the reverse button. She had been working on her invention, a machine made out of scrap metal, ever since drought had overcome her home town of Roma, a small gold mining town.

She moved away to examine her machine. She stared in admiration at her creation. It would turn water into gold. At least, that was the idea. Lara decided to put it to the ultimate test.

She took a deep breath and poured half a cup of water into the machine. There was a faint grinding noise. A huge cloud of dust blinded Lara, she couldn't even breathe. Then the dust disappeared. Not slowly but suddenly. As quickly as it had come it had gone. Then, just like magic, a nugget of gold emerged. It was truly amazing.

All those hours working in the dusty old shed had been worth it. She had done it. She had made gold from water. Lara shrieked with joy. She poured all the water she could find into the machine. Soon she had a pocketful, then a basketful of gold. She ran up the steps into her house to show her parents. They weren't quite as thrilled as Lara had hoped. In fact, Lara thought, they seemed upset, angry even.

"Whaat'ss wrrrong?" she asked cautiously, her voice wavering slightly.

"What's wrong?" her dad repeated angrily. "I'll tell you exactly what the problem is. You have just wasted the only water left in Roma."

"Calm down darling", said her mum. Then she turned to face Lara. "But he's right you know, you've wasted the last water in Roma. The town is completely cut off from the rest of Australia for two weeks and we've no water. All the gold in the world can't help us now."

Lara burst into tears and rushed back out through the door she had left open in her haste to her parents. Still covered in dust she rushed to find her best friend, Sophie. Friends since kinder, they were always there for each other. Instead of surprising her friend with her great invention and a nugget of gold she just needed to be with her friend. Some inventor she was!

Sophie listened sympathetically to Lara's story. She at least was amazed by the invention and asked Lara to describe every little detail of her brilliance and how she had managed to create such a machine – at least it would take their minds off the water crisis.

Lara sniffled a bit but slowly began to describe how she had collected scrap metal and gradually came up with the plans for the machine. Her eyes shone and she began to talk more enthusiastically as she spoke of the funnel she had placed at the top so that water could easily be poured in. The funnel connected to a pipe that ran through to the processors of the machine.

The outside of the machine looked fairly odd, Lara explained, as it had been put together in secret and only with things she could find at the tip. But even Lara was proud of the control panel built from bits of an old car with its dials and levers and buttons. "I even remembered to include a reverse button – all proper machines have a reverse button", she sniffled.

"A reverse button eh – ever thought of pressing that one?" asked Sophie casually, grinning from ear to ear.

"Sophie you're a genius", Lara gasped.

Sophie was all business. She grabbed a pen and paper and began to scribble down some quick calculations. "How much gold do you reckon is in this town?"

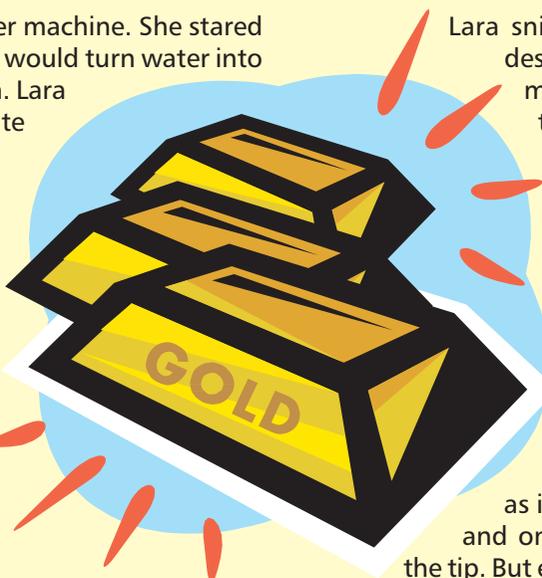
"Underground or above ground?" Lara asked a little smugly. The two girls laughed.

Sophie continued writing, then stopped suddenly and said, "Come on, let's get this show on the road!"

They raced into the centre of town and began yelling to everyone to come to a meeting. The water crisis had meant lots of meetings so people were used to urgent crisis meetings. People came from everywhere and soon the whole town was there, even Lara's parents. Lara however was nowhere to be seen.

Sophie climbed onto the stage in the town hall and said in a quiet voice, "Give me your gold".

Cont'd...



EUREKA (Cont'd)

People immediately started yelling, but Sophie just stood there until it was quiet. Everyone was staring at her when Lara entered carrying what looked like a heap of scrap metal (let's face it, that's what it was – on the surface at least).

Lara's mother took a deep breath and unclasping her gold bracelet, thrust it into Sophie's outstretched hands. Sophie handed the bracelet to Lara.

Lara, feeling sure of herself held her mum's bracelet for a second before placing it the funnel and pressing the reverse button. She stepped backwards.

The girls looked at each other. "You", said Lara to Sophie.

Sophie stepped forward and pressed the button Lara had labelled "GO".

Lara then raced around to the other side of the machine and cupped her hands under a pipe just as water spilled out. Everyone gasped.

"Three cheers for Lara and Sophie", cried the town people. "We are saved!"

*By Laura McArthur
Hartwell Primary School
HARTWELL – VIC.*

*Teacher:
Simone Davis*



BIANCA'S BELL

Once upon a time there was a pig named Bianca. Bianca found a magical star Sandy who gave her magic dust, which turned into jewellery with a bell. Bianca wanted to wear the jewellery so she put it around her neck. But when Bianca wore the jewellery, the jewellery broke with a loud BANG as the bell fell to pieces.

Then Bianca went to see Sandy to ask how to put the pieces back to the bell. Sandy told her that she needed to find 5 friends to get five things to help her. Those were a strong net, some growing liquid, a magic brush, some warm wool and a loud sung nursery rhyme. And these five things had to be found in five days so that the pieces could be put back to the bell.

The first friend Bianca went to ask for the help was Tim the spider, as he had a very strong net. Tim was very happy to help Bianca and put the pieces into his big strong net.

The next day, Bianca went to her second friend, Charli the cow. She asked for the growing liquid from Charli, that is MILK! They put the pieces with the net into the milk. On the third day, Bianca the pig visited Kathleen the horse, Kathleen was so friendly

that she brushed the pieces with her magic tail. On the fourth day, Kellie the sheep came to visit Bianca, the pig showed Kellie the broken bell and asked Kellie to give her some wool. Kellie said 'I am happy to give you some wool for the bell, here you are!'

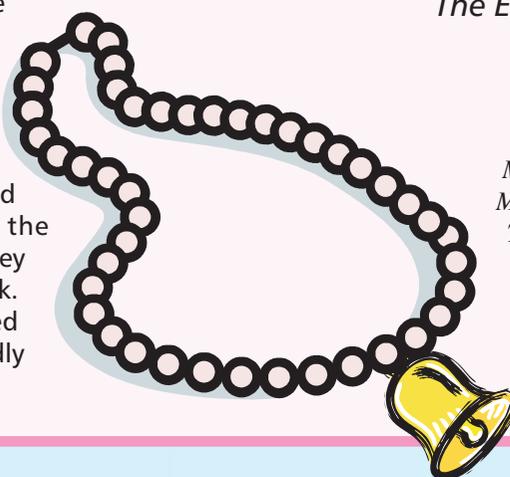
On the last day, Bianca needed one of her friends to sing a loud nursery rhyme for her broken bell. Then she went to see her fifth friend, Nathan the rooster. As Nathan had a very loud voice, he could sing a nursery rhyme loudly. He sang: 'CoKa DoDaDo! My dame has lost her shoe. And master lost his fiddle stick and doesn't know what to do'.

And suddenly a flash came out from the broken pieces and they were back to the BELL! The bell rang: 'Five in the air, let's do it together! Hi-5!'.

The End

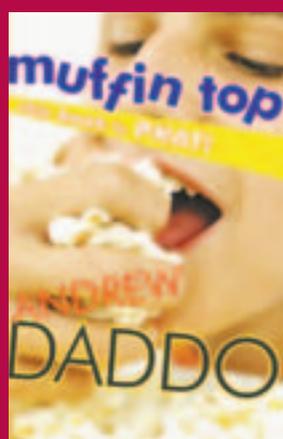
*By Bianca Zhang
Age 5*

*Miami State Primary School
MERMAID WATERS – QLD.
Teacher: Mr. Daniel Gorton*

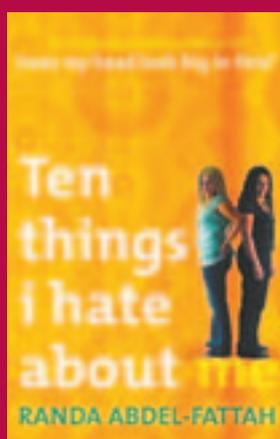


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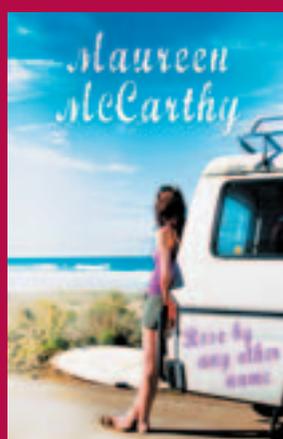
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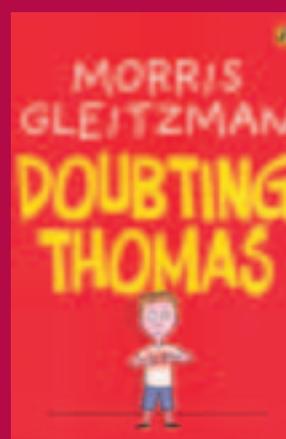
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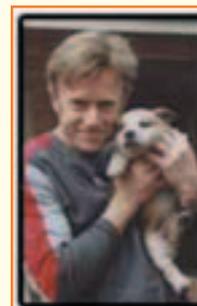
When Don Burke is not busy, he likes to read and nothing could be better than reading short stories and poetry from our young Australian writers in *Oz Kidz in Print*.

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

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IN THE TREES

As the storm swelled above so did the sea. White horses riding on the crests of the waves. As the wave broke, little bubbles surfaced and when the water receded, treasures of the blue lay uncovered. The wind howled and the sea became a jungle, messy and covered.



The sea wind blew harder as if trying to push everything away from the deserted beach. Everyone left at the first sign of the storm but I stayed under a tree near the shore. The storm grew wilder and drew closer and closer. I slowly stood up and made my way up a small sand dune, looking for a safe place to wait out the storm.

Behind a forest of trees, I saw a tiny shack made of pine wood and corrugated iron. The shack creaked in the harsh cold wind and I knew it was my only option to stay dry.

When I opened the door and it flung open in the wind, I walked in and the door shut tight. It took a few seconds for my eyes to adjust but when they did I didn't like what I saw! Inside the shack it was damp and smelt of dust and dirt.

A small coffee table sat in the middle of the room, it was about thirty centimetres high. It was covered in dust like everything else in the room and the wood was slowly rotting away. On top of the table was a small chest which strangely wasn't covered in dust.

Floor boards creaked under my feet with every step I took on the old, pine wood. The chest was smooth and was the colour of a delicious, sticky toffee. The hinges seemed new and didn't make a noise as the box was opened. I peered inside this mysterious chest and saw a golden key, a crumpled up, coffee-stained map and a mouse that was staring me in the eye.

The mouse moved towards me and I screamed. The cry scared the mouse and while I wasn't looking it jumped out of the box and ran to the back of the room. When I caught sight of the mouse it had

disappeared under a large, blood-red moth-eaten rug. I dashed over to the rug, picked up an end and threw it away. The mouse had vanished!

I looked closer and my eyes caught sight of a knocker. I grabbed the knocker and pulled. A trap door opened and a bottomless hole was revealed. It wasn't bottomless of course but it was very deep!

I was an adventurous risk taker, so I put on my brave face and jumped into the tunnel.

If you have ever been on a huge slide it was a bit like that. I tumbled. I turned, and I suddenly stopped. I had hit the bottom of the tunnel but the only light I could see was a lantern hanging off a nail in the wall. I grabbed the lantern and walked further into the tunnel.

Finally, I saw sunlight shining from the end of the tunnel. I threw the lantern down and ran for the end. When I got there I was stunned. It was early morning and a bright sun was rising behind a large castle in the middle of a dense, green forest.

Before me was the mouse. "Well, you beat me here!" I said to the mouse. It seemed to smile at me and then it ran off. I watched the mouse until it disappeared. I followed it this far and look where it has brought me! So I ran away after it.

I ran into the evergreens and stopped to catch my breath. I looked up, ready to run again, and noticed something. The trees! They were moving! Not in the breeze, but moving, with a mind of their own! They were enclosing me as if I were in the middle of a football scrum. The trees were running at me, pulling their roots out of the ground and running at me, with arms outstretched! I made my way slowly backwards but only to be grabbed on the shoulders by a giant oak tree. It lifted me clean off the ground and started to walk away with me in its arms.

The tree took me to what seemed to be a Cuckoo Clock, with a clock face and two little doors up the top where the cuckoo bird can be placed and, to my surprise, it was a Cuckoo Clock! But the bird wasn't attached to a spring; it was a real live blue bird. It flew down towards the trees and I.

"The Lord has been calling for you the last half an hour! He is now very impatient!" the bird squawked at the trees but they replied in a deep, scratchy voice "We have found an intruder on the Lord's land and will bring it before him and his court!"

Inside the clock was dark and dreary, the only light coming from a crack in the Cuckoo door. Trees were

Cont'd...

IN THE TREES (Cont'd)

holding both my arms and I couldn't see a thing! I heard a door open and then, saw nothing but a piercing light. I wish it had stayed dark when I saw what sat before me! Many, many trees stared me in the eye and sitting right in the middle of them all was the tree I recognised as the Lord. He was hideous!

The Lord was gnarled at the roots and branches. He had no facial expressions whatsoever, except for a frowning mouth, revealing horribly yellow chipped teeth. "Where have you been, my... unfaithful servants?"

The trees replied "We have been searching the Fierce Forest for trespassers and found an awful human girl wandering on your land!"

The Lord gasped. "A human!" He roared, "An ugly, tiny, horrible little girl in the forest!"

"I am NOT ugly or horrible and I'm ACTUALLY the tallest girl in my whole entire class!" That, I later found out, was the biggest mistake I had made while in this realm, and already I had made a few! The Lord was in such a fury, he took me to the Dungeon HIMSELF! "Let's see if you speak like that to me after one hundred years in here without ANY food OR water!" And with that he slammed the door shut and threw away the key!

The Dungeon was a small room with leaves on the floor. The leaves had blown in through a single window covered in thick metal bars. I thought I was alone, but suddenly I heard a faint whimpering sound and then, I saw some leaves rustle nearby. I moved towards the leaves and brushed them away and saw a girl, with hair as white and soft as silk, and clothes, tattered rags. As the blanket of leaves was pulled away, she awoke from a nightmare. She stared at me with big round pleading eyes, like those looks puppies at the Pet Shop give you as you walk out the door and walk away.

She stood up and out of her rags emerged the mouse. It jumped off her shoulder and onto the floor. As usual, it ran away from me, but this time the mouse stopped at the back wall. It climbed up some bricks and then, tried to push away one of the stones. The stone moved! And again! The mouse kept pushing the stone until it fell to the ground on the other side.

I turned to the girl "Have you ever seen this mouse before?" I asked.

"Yes" she replied. "It's my best friend, he brings me food from the outside world". Then, she ran for the mouse, I followed and we watched the wall.

The brick above the gap fell away and the one above that, like the Domino Effect! This kept happening until there was a gap big enough so that the girl and I

could fit through the gap and escape. We jumped out and ran away as fast as we could. Behind us we heard the trees checking on their two prisoners. I imagined what the Lord would say to the Servant Trees. "You fools, you let them escape!"

We ran until I reached a wide, stormy sea, just like home. I realised I WAS home! "Look there's the tree I was sitting on just this morning", I thought. I walked over to the tree and sat down, just like this morning and the girl followed along behind.

Suddenly, I felt my pocket weigh me down, I reached in and felt something. Something cold. Hard. I pulled it out and saw the key in my hand. The same key I found in the chest in the shack! I looked out to sea and saw a ship. It came closer... and closer... and closer. Until it stopped, near the shore.

"Well, what are you waiting for, you two? All aboard the S.S. Scottie!"

I don't really know why, but I hopped on the boat with the absolute stranger. It was always the first thing Mum said as I went to school every morning "NEVER EVER GO ANYWHERE WITH A STRANGER!". But I just did.

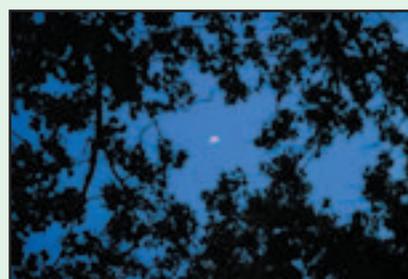
I seemed like we were on that boat forever! So I asked the Scottish Sailor "Where are we going?"

"Home" the sailor replied and, as if by magic, the shack appeared!

"This isn't home!" I cried but the boat and the sailor had disappeared. I ran towards the shack. "The man is barking mad", I said to myself. The girl tried to open the door but it was locked. The girl had seen the key and said to me, "You had a key remember, see if that works!". I put the key in the hole and it fitted. I twisted the key and the door flew open!

I stepped in and I found myself in the hallway of my own house. The girl had vanished but I still heard her voice whisper in my ear "Thank you, ever so much. You have finally set me free!"

"Mum, I'm home!" I yelled up the stairs and as I was dashing upstairs I thought to myself, "Maybe, just maybe he ISN'T as mad as I thought he was!"



By Lauren Heyward
Year 6,
Lara Lake
Primary School
LARA - VIC.
Teacher: Bruce Wood

MISS MACK AND OUR MISCHIEVOUS CLASS

We called the roll to start the day
Miss Mack asked "Are you here today?"
Replying with a "yes!" was Claire
While Tom was playing with his chair.

Billy, Jordan and Maddy too,
Didn't even have a clue,
While David, Georgie, Soph and Jess
All replied with a plain "yes".

The rest of us sat still and quiet
The class insisted on starting a riot
"Be quiet for a while" she said
"I have to help at the sick bed."

Our class began the master plan
As we turned on the classroom fan,
Finally the class designed
A devious plan that was divine.

Miss Mack returned to the classroom
When Jordan made a loud "KABOOM"
She turned and screamed "evacuate!"
She always knew it was her fate.

Bill then gave us the all clear
We told Miss Mack "please just stay here"
Then Alice got the box of tacks
And Jackson binned the homework stacks.

Reeve and Maddy got the tape
And from the kitchen got the crepe
While they were there, got a bucket of ice,
The devious plan was looking nice.

She hated crepes so terribly
As if we were to owe a fee
She said "I'd rather eat some bees!
"Or Brussels sprouts, or even peas!"
But she ate it, she must have been cold
And alas, even the mould!
We then made her put on a cape
And covered her mouth with tape.

Her tummy rumbled and her liver
And then her mouth began to quiver
The tape burst off, and from her mouth
Was spew and it was heading south!

We then made her mop the floor
And then we made her mop some more
And when she was done she got a broom
We made her sweep the entire room.

The next day our principal said
"Miss Mack's very sick and she's lying in bed."
Everything in our heads seemed clear
She'd finally be gone for a year.

But when this teacher does come back
We will have something for Miss Mack!

Belle went to the cleaning shop
And got a very stinky mop;
While Tess went to the janitor,
Grabbed a broom and closed the door.

We all assembled near Miss Mack.
We told her she could come back
"Get in your positions", said Jack
It all came with the planning pack.

Everything was in position
We sorted out what was our mission
And when Miss Mack came into the room
We knew she would be faced with doom.

First she sat upon the chair
She sat down with extreme care
And stood back up and started to yelp
It sounded like she needed help.

Then her insides were swelling madly
While our class was behaving badly
She looked sweaty, she needed ice
And gulped it down not once but twice.

Her face went cold as if to freeze
She was shivering in the breeze
So Tess got her a nice warm crepe
With cream so sweet she said "don't gape."



*By Brigid Hansen
Year 7, St. Ambrose Primary
NEWMARKET - QLD.
Teacher: Lynete Cavanough*

WEREWOLF CHILD

Night, forest,
This is where I belong now,
Your dark shadow
Moving through the trees,
Knowing your scent,
Dear forest,
Wet earth,
Mother of my wild heart.

My humanness has scampered away cowardly
Like a frightened toad.
This knowledge of who I am now churns me,
Deepens my soul,
Pushes me through past, present and future.

I know everything now.

I know where a fox and deer have walked.

Where a turtle had crawled,
Where a badger has crept.
I know now the happiness of the hunt.

The temptation is powerful.
To run, to be free,
Free as the wind whistling through the forest trees.
A new shape moved under my skin,
Shattering my flesh,
pulling me inside out,
Pressing me down to the earth,
My tongue pressing against new, sharp teeth.

I am the animal.

Dripping blood is on my lip.
I smile.
The temptation to kill has wandered away.
The reason?
My desires have been fulfilled.
I am now satisfied.
The first rays of morning spread across the land,
The fingertips of dawn stretching.
I knew what was coming.
I had done it times before.
To change from human to beast,
From beast to human
I am the human.

*By Brook Reynolds
Year 6, Ivanhoe Grammar School
IVANHOE – VIC.
Teacher: Helen Page-Wood*



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A NEW HOPE

Vanessa stood quietly in front of him. Her pale face and ill expression did not even force the man to show a hint of sympathy. Her eyes began to flutter as she realised that resistance was futile, so she sat on the park bench and let the man speak.

'How could you do this to me?' His words seemed cross and insecure. 'How could you tell him that you loved him, when all the while you loved me?'

Vanessa began to pant softly, her mind bearing so many thoughts that she wanted to rid herself of. The cool afternoon air drifted past the two of them as the man stared at Vanessa anxiously.

'Answer me!' he cried, his voice floating above the silence that made Vanessa feel unprotected and worthless. Suddenly, a whisper came up her throat and out.

'Because you mistreated me and hurt me. Mitch gives me a strength that makes me feel happy and sure of myself. You, though, you gave me nothing. Just pain and disrespect.'

She began walking home, her head bowed low. The man stood in disappointment, watching the girl he loved walk away.

The commercials rolled on through the television like endless waves hitting the shore and then going calm again. Vanessa sat on the couch quietly, dipping her spoon into the ice cream repeatedly and then transferring the mixture to her mouth. She wasn't a plump girl, but she had a tendency to eat when she was unhappy. Her pyjama collar began to itch as she reached for it.

She continuously blinked as her eyes began to tire from the bright light and glowing shapes. She slung her palm over the remote and clicked the television off. Drowsily, she made her way to the bathroom and selected her toothbrush from the cabinet. She smeared the toothpaste over the thin bristles and then placed them in her mouth. Then she cleaned her gums and rinsed, and made her way upstairs to her bedroom. She petted the cat that lay pathetically on the end of her throw rug.

'Oh, Tiger', she sighed happily. She flung herself on the bed and snuggled deep into the covers. She pulled her braids over her shoulders and closed her eyes slowly. She dreamt that she was kissing Ben. The man that had confronted her not an hour ago. She woke up panting heavily. Her startled eyes glanced across

to her bedside clock. Twelve-thirty she read in her mind.

She lay back down and slowed her breathing to a steady pace. When she went back to sleep, however, she dreamt nothing. But she had a strange feeling that Ben was going to haunt her, and she was not usually paranoid.

The next day, however, Vanessa had completely driven Ben from her mind. She was with Mitch, a silly, but charming boy who respected her and made her feel worthy of what she really was. Nothing like Ben at all. Vanessa was a good person and proud of it.

*By Emma Black, Age 13
HEATHCOTE – VIC.*



Flower

Furry pink flower

Soft petals

Green smooth, shiny leaves

Long, skinny stem.



*By Harry Pointing
Age 6
Yarrowitch Public School
WALCHA – NSW*



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THE DRESS...

Marilyn was walking through an old antique shop. As she was walking out she noticed that there was an old vintage style dress next to the window. The dress was white with red polka dots on it. Marilyn was in love with it the moment she laid eyes on it. She walked out of the shop with the dress wrapped up under her arm.

The dress lay unwrapped on Marilyn's bed. It seemed to have some sort of power, as if it were somebody's soul, a broken soul. Marilyn seemed captivated by it as if it were a person drawing a picture. She still hadn't put the dress on. Marilyn wanted to put it on badly but it was as if there was a force telling her not to.

The dress hadn't moved, but it was as if it were telling a story. A story about love and yet it was a story about pain. Marilyn thought she was going mad, how could a dress be telling a story? And why was the feeling that the dress was giving off so strong? There were a lot of questions and all the answers seemed to be pointing in the direction of Marilyn putting the dress on.

Marilyn was standing in front of the mirror with the dress on. It suited her perfectly, even though it looked a little big when she was sizing it up against her when she was buying it, but now it was perfect as if it were especially made for her. However, when she was looking in the mirror she wasn't looking at herself – she was looking at a completely different woman, a woman she had never met before. The woman in the mirror had brunette hair and blue eyes. The dress had scorched marks on it. She looked very sad. Her mascara had run down her cheeks as if she had been crying. Everything about her looked sad.

Marilyn wanted to know more about this woman; she wanted to know why she had been crying and what had made her cry. The dress was old so Marilyn wanted to know whether she was alive or dead. This woman was intriguing, everything about her seemed fascinating and Marilyn was curious.

Marilyn decided to take the dress off and see if there was a name tag or anything that would give her a clue to this woman. To Marilyn's luck,

there was a tiny tag in the seam near the zipper. The name tag said 'Melinda Taylor'.

Marilyn put the dress into her handbag; she didn't want to leave it behind in her apartment. She was treating the dress as if it were a real person. Marilyn decided that the library would be the best place to find some information about Melinda.

She walked into the library and asked the librarian where she would be able to find the old newspapers. Marilyn followed the librarian into an old looking part of the library and the librarian then unlocked the door. Marilyn walked into a room with small wooden bookshelves and newspaper clippings hung up around the room. Marilyn took a folder from the shelf and sat down at the tiny wooden tables.

Marilyn flicked through the yellowish pages of the old newspaper. She didn't know where to start. She had no clue of when Melinda was alive. She didn't know what year to start looking in, so she examined every article for one word that even resembled "Melinda Taylor". Marilyn didn't even care how long she was going to be there looking for something, anything, as long as she found it, whatever it was.

Five folders later Marilyn had found nothing. She had been there for hours, but she still didn't care. Marilyn was getting a little bit frustrated by this time; all she wanted was to find her name, an article, anything. She was in a way desperate. Then she found it, an article. 'Couple burned to death in own home'. Marilyn started to read – something really bad had happened to this woman.

'Next door neighbours quoted that the house just went up in flames, there was nothing they could do'. The story of Melinda and her boyfriend was really sad; it was as if they were locked in their house. The article read 'neighbours said they heard screaming and banging. They thought it must have been just a fight until they realised that the owners weren't coming out of the house when the fire started'. The article said that the owners thought that the couple were maybe locked in the house.

Cont'd...



THE DRESS...

Marilyn sank down in her seat. She wished she hadn't let her curiosity get the best of her, but still it took over. Why was Melinda stuck in the dress? Marilyn got a photocopy of the article. She took it to the fire house to see if they could tell her anything about the fire that killed Melinda.

She was sitting in the office of the fire house. There were newspaper articles on the walls and medals all over the place. The chief fireman who was old looking, almost bald and had grey hair and a beer belly, walked in and sat down behind his desk. Melinda asked him about the house fire. The chief said that the whole house had burned down, but there was something unusual about the house. He said that everything was burned, everything except for an old vintage style dress which was Melinda's favourite. The chief said that he knew Melinda and her boyfriend. He told Marilyn that

they were happy people, lucky people and that Melinda loved that dress – he often saw her wearing it.

Marilyn walked back to her apartment; the dress must have been haunted, why else would Melinda be able to be seen in the mirror? When Marilyn got home the dress was in the exact spot that she had left it. But Marilyn didn't want it any more. Marilyn took the paper bag that the dress had come in; she walked outside of her apartment and towards the bins. She opened the lid and placed the dress in.

*By Casey Thompson
Year 9, Quirindi High School
QUIRINDI – NSW
Teacher: Mrs Anne Scott*

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

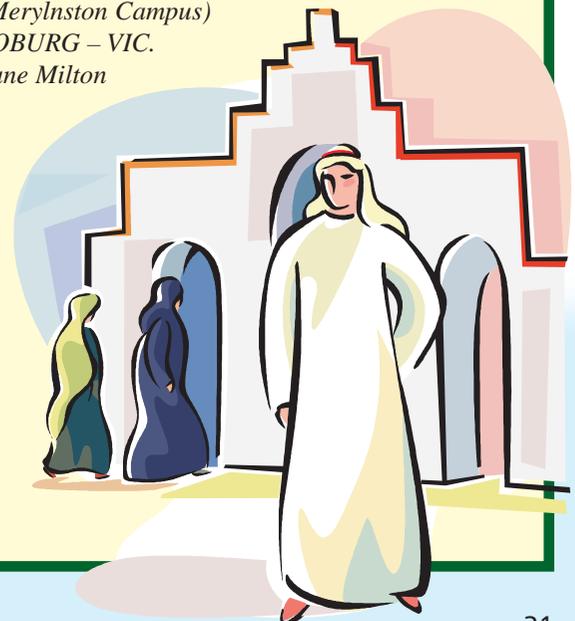
In a heaven which is unknown
The wind was whistling in my ears
The grass green, flowers forever blossoming
My heart was at last complete: I found I was at home again
Such an unexpected task finished
The last letter of my book dried. I knew my task was complete
I was at last at home

Driving in the car, castles laid before me, walls shrieking with history
The mountains were snowcapped as I started to see that the sky was turning dim.
Villages huddled together, with warmth glowing out of the meadows
The atmosphere seemed everlastingly at peace.
As we approached the side of the mountain, the water shined as it unfolded the history of the Mediterranean, little Bedouin camps shone like little stars, as the music echoed across the valley.
I saw birds whistling with delight as the carts came past filled with the aroma of freshly baked bread.

But! The sky became dark, as dirt filled the mouths of young ones, the mothers screaming with trepidation. The history of Notanamous gone
In a moment the tranquil atmosphere had vanished
Bombs flying, children dying, hunger is now what exists in the city of Notanamous

The history and the culture had gone and now everything seemed to perish
Evil is proliferating in Notanamous: all that existed was loss and pain
As soldiers leave their loved ones and their faces covered with fear
Now was the turn of the tide and the beginning of a new world
A world of dangerous minds, dangerous people
And the turn of the tide...

*By Fatima Merhi, Year 9C,
Australian International Academy,
Melbourne Senior Campus
(formerly Merylnston Campus)
NORTH COBURG – VIC.
Teacher: Jane Milton*



Oz Kidz in Print

below the surface

As the sun shone down upon Jessica, she ran across the warm sand towards the broad blue sea. Hesitantly she entered the water. She waded out until the water was shoulder height.

Then suddenly someone or something pushed her and she lunged forwards and hit the water with a huge splash! The 'thing' that had pushed her was Nick, her brother. He was the worst brother you could ever imagine.

Jessica was drowning. And worse, she couldn't swim. She attempted to get back up, except she was so weak. Her eyelids twitched for a moment and suddenly shut. Then she was caught in a twirling sensation. It was just as if she was caught right in the middle of a huge whirlwind, except for one thing, somehow she felt relaxed and relieved.

The whirlwind stopped all of a sudden and she was thrown against a cold hard floor. She opened her eyes and slowly she regained strength and stood up. She looked around, underneath her lay a cold, hard marble floor and in front of her stood a large wooden door. Next to it was a gold embroidered chest.

The chest was full to the brim with pearls and scrolls. Jessica then thought it would be a good idea to maybe read a scroll, so she slowly walked over to it.

Then she suddenly realised she was able to breathe, see, walk and talk under water! She was so excited about this that she almost forgot what she was going to do.

She picked up a scroll that had fallen out of the chest and read:

*Dear Jessica,
I know you will never get to know me, but I hope you will at least know who I am.
I am a merman and I am also your own father.*

Please remember that I will also love you forever and ever.

As these are my last words to you.

Yours truly

Your Father

Jessica was shocked, her father was a merman! Mum had said that he had left her to study animals in the Amazon Jungle.

Suddenly Jessica heard footsteps. As quickly as she could, she ran and tried to open the large wooden door, which took a short while to open. She ran for her life and turned back once to see if anyone was following and luckily for her nobody did.

She bumped into a young girl that looked about her age.

"Hi! I'm Mary-Anne", the girl said enthusiastically.

"Hi, I'm Jess", replied Jessica trying to sound cheerful, but she was tired from all that running.

Remembering she was stuck in another world, she asked, "I was wondering if you knew anyone who could help me get back to where I belong?"

"Sure, I can!" replied Mary-Anne. "Just eat one of these." Mary-Anne handed Jessica a small green bean.

Jessica ate it and Mary-Anne started chanting Jessica's name.

"Jessica, Jessica..."

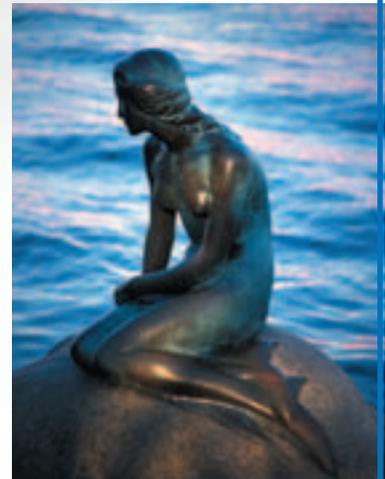
"Jessica." She woke in bed and found her mum was gently shaking her.

"Mum..." Jessica began.

"Jessica I know it's all been sorted out, Nick will be grounded for a few months and we're going out for dinner tonight without Nick", Mum said quite quickly.

Jessica then thought it wasn't such a good time to bring up the subject after all. But she knew it hadn't all been a dream because she still had the scroll.

*By Angie Hu
Hartwell Primary School
HARTWELL – VIC.
Teacher: Simone Davis*



THE MAGIC SHEARS

Mary was a ten year old girl who lived in Sydney. She dreamed of one day becoming a famous garden artist. Every day she imagined that she would be able to cut hedges into many different shapes. Her favourite shape was a unicorn.

After months of saving her pocket money, Mary had enough money to buy some garden shears. She went to her local garden shop which had lots of plants, trees, packets of seeds and had a really strong smell, just like a jungle. Mary decided to buy a nice pair of shiny red shears.

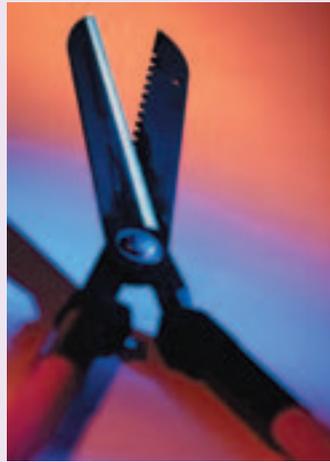
Mary ran straight home and wanted to create her first masterpiece immediately. Mary's mum, Mrs. Nicole Bluegum, told her that she could practise on the old bushes down the back. Mary was so excited and started straight away on her unicorn.

Mary was not sure where to start but decided to start cutting. After cutting for a few minutes the bush did not look anything like a unicorn. "It must be the wrong type of tree", she thought, so she moved to another bush.

This time she decided to try to make a ballerina, but after cutting for ages the bush was a total mess and Mary was getting angry that it was not working. She thought that the old bushes were no good for garden art and decided to try on one of her mother's beautiful rose bushes.

Mary thought she would create a Centre Point Tower out of the rose bush but all that happened was another mess. Mary's mum came out to the back yard and screamed "No! You have wrecked my favourite rose bush". Mrs. Bluegum took Mary's red shears away and told her she couldn't do any more garden art. Mary was so upset she ran to the garden shed crying. Her dreams of becoming a famous garden artist were ruined. In amongst all the tools, bikes and rubbish she saw some old rusty garden shears. Mary thought that she could try again to create some shapes but she would not try on the rose bushes.

She went down to the back of the yard to try the unicorn one more time with the rusty old shears. When she started cutting, the old shears seemed to have a mind of their own. They were moving all over the bush while she held them but she was not really controlling them. Soon she had made a great unicorn. The shears were magic!



Mary ran to tell her mother but she didn't believe her, but then Mrs Bluegum saw the unicorn. She was shocked. "Do more shapes" she said. So Mary made an ice cream, a harbour bridge, a ballerina and a mouse.

Mrs Bluegum thought the art was great and called the local newspaper to look. The next day Mary was in the paper with pictures of her art. Soon people were asking Mary to shape their gardens and some even wanted her to shape their frizzy hair. She was famous!

Mary's friend Rebecca called from Melbourne. She had seen her in the paper. Rebecca's mum was the mayor of Melbourne and wanted Mary to do some diamond shapes on her hedges. Mary said "OK" and carefully packed the magic shears in her brown bag.

The next week she flew to Melbourne and was met at the airport by Rebecca. She was very excited and happy to see her and she collected her brown bag. When she arrived at the mayor's lovely house there were two large hedges that led up to the front door. There were a lot of TV crews waiting to watch Mary do her great art. Mary opened her bag to get the magic shears but realised she had got the wrong bag from the airport. The mayor found some other shears in the big shed and gave them to Mary. Mary tried to make an excuse not to do the hedges but the TV people were wanting her to start right away. She started to shape the hedges but it became a huge mess. The mayor was very cross and told her to stop. "You have wrecked my beautiful garden", she said. Mary was very upset and did not know what to do.

Rebecca called the phone number in the brown bag and talked to the owner and they lived just around the corner. The owner came straight around and they swapped the bags.

Mary quickly found the magic shears and started to fix the hedges. Mary created two beautiful figures exactly like the Mayor and her daughter Rebecca (both with diamond crowns).

The mayor was very happy and on TV that night there was a story about Mary – the famous garden artist.

THE END

*By Melissa Regan
Grade 2, Age 7*

St. John's School, NARRAWEENA – NSW

Oz Kidz in Print



She observed her reflection, ghostly in the fathomless depths of the huge black orb. Her image vanished momentarily, obscured by an opaque veil, but it was enough to jolt her to her senses and make her take a hasty step back, so she could view the magnificent bird properly. The body was a conversely sorry sight to its hypnotic eyes; a confusion of golden feathers twisted left and right, sticking up at unnatural angles.

The eagle opened its beak, but only a smothered hiss escaped its parched throat. Arden chanced a glance about her anyway; who knew who was listening? But the alley was empty, excepting a few crickets uttering a vibrating ostinato in increasingly monotonous voices.

Throwing caution to the wind, she bent and wrenched open the rusty door of the cage to liberate the captive. It remained motionless, regarding her balefully with its great black eyes.

Were those voices? Arden leapt to her feet, heart pounding in her throat as echoing footsteps and laughter reverberated in her ears. The narrow mewses made it impossible to pinpoint their origin. Scarcely thinking, Arden seized the cage, pushed the door shut, and, stumbling awkwardly under its weight, carried her precious burden into the darkness.

Years of living as a street urchin had provided Arden with a profound knowledge of the city. Who knew where to get the best food? Who knew the best escape routes? Arden was a street queen, mistress of the back alleys. She crept down Brackhurst Pass, half-bent under the weight of the cage and its occupant. She had to stop herself from laughing at her shadow, projected onto the wall by the lamplight, looking like some grotesque hunchback.

The eagle suddenly emitted a harsh cry, the terrible sound mingling with that of a man's shout. Arden rushed towards the quay, cursing the bird. She leapt down a flight of steps, her legs crumpling as she landed, sending her charge clattering off into the darkness. Dazed, Arden scrambled to her feet,

conscious of a metallic taste. Was that blood? She could feel each mark that her teeth had left in her tongue.

Now she had to rely on touch to guide her along the pitch-black laneway until she felt cold steel beneath her fingers. Why the hell was she willing to die for this crazy cuckoo? She hitched the cage up on her back, swearing silently at herself, at the bird.

Ahead, the ocean beckoned. With an effort, she hurled the cage indiscriminately into a small boat, ignoring the eagle's angry shrieks.

Suddenly, as if propelled by some sixth sense, Arden flung herself down, hearing a hiss and crack as the bullet hit the stone pillar marking the dock's end.

Exhausted, she staved off the wooden pier, bullets flying blindly around her. With the boat in open water, she collapsed on deck, gulping the fresh night air, the voices of cheated assailants fading into the distance. Turning to look at the eagle, Arden chuckled wearily. "Damned bird."

*By Frances O'Brien
Age 15*

*Baulkham Hills High School
BAULKHAM HILLS – NSW*

THE DAYS OF GOLD

Oh, I remember the days of age
and the rivers flowed of gold.
And when the gold was gathered,
for high prices it was sold.
But now, it has run out,
but I still search for more.
I sift and pan and gather,
then rest as my body's sore.
If I thought I could get rich,
I must have been a fool.
So I packed up and set for home,
within my barrow were my tools.
But "Back to the goldfields!" said a voice,
it seemed to come from the gold,
But now I just ignore it,
for I am too old.

*By Hugh Smart
Year 5
Denistone East Primary School
DENISTONE – NSW*



THE WHITE ROSE Love is Simple.

There was a soldier once,
On his way to battle,
Who passed a girl in her sunlit garden,
Planting roses of pure white.
Which would climb upward, shyly,
Constrained by a lattice.
And that girl, quite fair of face,
Picked the one unblemished rose that flowered
on that day
Freeing it from its interwoven tower,
And gave it to the soldier,
He smiled and continued on his way.

Years pass, and his face is
Now rusting and decaying
In her mind she searches unceasingly
In every long forgotten corner of her heart.
Behind every rasping door or chamber
Under every dusty floorboard
Or abandoned tapestry,
For just a whisper of a clue.
Until she finds
Up in her mind
A single thread of golden silk
Woven long ago
By his and her tender fingers
And on that thread of hope
Which she breaks and bends everlastingly,
She finds the memory,
Which they once forged
Together.
Then an image of nightly shades
Appeared to her, depicting
The gentle and placid features
Of her beloved.
Her eyes skipped from
his glowing wavy hair,
To smiling mouth, shaped like a crescent moon,
To rest finally on the soldier's ghostly hand.
It held a rose of waxen white
With a myriad of countless thorns.
They pricked his gentle hand,
And a single orb of dewy red
Sprang out.
The dream was but as palpable
As sunshine through a window pane.
And never did that beloved soldier
from battle arise
And never did the tears cease to flow
from her fair eyes.



By Monique Fischer
Age 13
Pymble Ladies College
PENNANT HILLS – NSW

DOWN BY THE DOCKS

Down by the docks
Where the cruel winds blow
There is a place
Where no one dare go.

The icy water crashes
Against the sides of ships
As booming thunder claps
Across the sky, lightning rips.

This cold and gloomy place
Where no one dares to go
Is haunted by a young girl's ghost
Who in this place, met her foe.

One night while out in a boat
A storm began to brew
They were too far out to sea
Of their whereabouts, no one knew.

A mother's cry was heard all around
Her daughter swallowed by the sea
The mother was so despaired by this
Never again her daughter she'll see.

This small ghost wanders the docks
Not knowing she is dead
Trying to find her parents
Her heart full of dread.

Down by the docks
Where the cruel winds blow
There is a place
Where no one dare go.

By Emily Mackie
Year 5
St. Peter's Anglican Primary School,
CAMPBELLTOWN – NSW



DON'T GO FISHING

I have a plan for the story. These two boys they go fishing. It's about going fishing. It's about not going fishing because they were in a boat and they were tackled by a shark.

Twenty three years ago there was a ten year old boy called Rowan, and a twelve year old boy called Patrick. It was Saturday. The boys were on a small rowboat in the deep water of the sea.

(I've done less than three inches of work! I'm just ruling up some lines, I need to draw some pictures. He draws up the lines and numbers them.)

All my pictures of the row boat are going to be different, from different sides. (He draws a bow and arrow. "The string is really tight, but you don't want it too tight or it will snap, won't it.") "What's that got to do with it?" said Rowan. "You will see, you will see" said Patrick.

They were on a beach with a shark bite boat.

It was a shark attack. The shark attacked the boat. It thought the boat was food because it was hungry, In fact there were two sharks. One went for the boat. The other one went for the other shark. The small one went for the boat, the big one went for the other shark.

While they were fishing two sharks came along. One came up from under the boat, and you couldn't see it. It took a big bite from the bottom of the boat. The other came from the side

and took a big bite out of the boat and ate the other shark. They used their oars to help themselves. Patrick and Rowan were paddling wildly back to shore. They had brought a hammer and planks of wood along, and they rowed and rowed together in time. Luckily they were good swimmers. The boat was a wreck. They had to balance all their things (fishing gear, bow and arrow) on their heads. And they had to repair the boat. They took the hammer and planks of wood, a screwdriver and screws. They started to head for home and it started raining, pouring rain. They looked at the river but it was too wide and deep and swift. Too wide as well. When they had crossed it before it was only as wide as my feet apart, but when they went to return home across the river it was too wide and they couldn't cross.

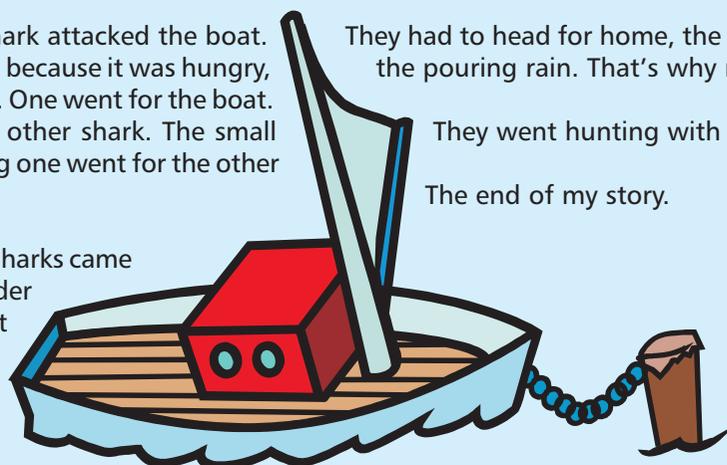
How wide was it? Just a moment, I'll measure. It was over two metres and twenty centimetres. Previously it was only thirty centimetres wide.

So, you want to know what happened in the end?

They had to head for home, the long way around. In the pouring rain. That's why not to go fishing.

They went hunting with the bow and arrow.

The end of my story.



By Shaun Smart
Year 3
Denistone East
Primary School
DENISTONE - NSW



At my school there is a secret garden.

At midnight, when all is still, my two friends sneak into my house and wake me up. I climb out of bed, I put on my hat and coat then tiptoe out of the house and set out into the night.

I push through the breeze as it battles against me.

We run past the haunted house at the corner of my street, past my two favourite trees which have dark green vines hanging down from their thick brown branches, past the old puffing billy that puffs along the track at midnight and there, standing in front of us is our old moonlit school.

Cont'd...

MY SECRET (Cont'd)

We help each other climb over the school gate locked up by a huge metal chain which can be opened by the school gate key.

For a few seconds, I gaze up at the full moon as I wait for my two friends to climb over the gate.

My two friends climb over the gate and we run past the adventure playground and the tennis court, around the classrooms, past the library and we find the underground tunnel which leads into the secret garden.

My two friends and I are the only people who know about the secret garden because it is hidden by a few green ferns which camouflage the entry.

My two friends and I slide down the underground tunnel one by one, I slide down second. "Weeee", I say as I slide down the tunnel. My two friends and I reach the bottom of the tunnel.

I push the ferns cautiously out of my way and my two friends and I enter the secret garden. My two friends and I have to watch out for fierce black midnight tabatha cats which unexpectedly creep out sometime after midnight.

My friends and I tell secrets to each other as we sit and relax under a fern.

We gaze up at the full moon like before but this time I had a feeling we were in danger! I turned my head and there standing behind me was a fierce black midnight tabatha cat ready to pounce!

We raced to the closest fern and sat under it. The cat purred and crept away. The danger had passed and we fell asleep under a fern. Everything was now still.

We wake up when the sun rises. Now we can go home and nobody knows our secret.

Back over the school gate, back past the puffing billy, past my two favourite trees, past the haunted house, down my street and into my house. I say goodbye to my friends, climb back into bed and fall back to sleep.

The next morning my mum asked me why I was shivery, but I just winked to my two friends that were still there peering through the window in images of love.

*By Sophia Elliott
Year 3, Age 7*

St. Roch's Primary School, GLEN IRIS – VIC.

MIRACLES DON'T HAPPEN IN PAIRS

Once upon a time in a land far, far away, (an excellent start to any fairy tale) there lived a peasant girl, (all good stories need at least one poor and needy heroine) who lived with her parents next to a river. Their thoughts rarely ventured to the other side of the river where there lived a prince (we need a prince) called Michael who also lived with his parents (or King and Queen if you will). One day Michael went out into the world searching for his true love (yes it is amazing that the rich and powerful need to go looking for love). He had only crossed the bridge near his castle, (King, Queen, prince and castle, it goes together) when he saw the peasant girl. It was love at first sight! (Now great fairy tales usually throw in a dragon or a wicked witch just about now but I don't want to be too predictable). Michael soon found out the girl's name was Jenny and he took her to meet his parents, (oops forgot to mention she is a stunner) who liked her from the start. After two years of friendship, Michael asked Jenny to marry him; she said "of course I will". They were married in spring, (with all the usual pomp and

ceremony). A week later Jenny got sick, so sick she was going to die. Michael kissed Jenny goodbye, (here's the miracle bit) and to everyone's amazement Jenny recovered, it was indeed a miracle. Then Michael was struck down with the same illness and as he had done for her she knelt over him and kissed him goodbye. He died (wasn't expecting that, were you?); miracles never come in pairs.

Post script

Jenny fell in love again, married and lived happily ever after.

The End

*By Heather Emilija Frith
Age 11
St. Joseph's Primary School
BORONIA – VIC.*



CHOICE

"We were running. Running to get away from it, running to get away from them. There was no time to think. No time to feel. All there was was instinct, just the instinct to run, the instinct to rotate our leg-muscles with every stride. Yes, we were running, running against all the odds. Running with the will to survive."

I stared into his eyes as he searched for lost tales, hinting flickers of excitement each time he caught a forgotten memory. His wrinkles danced as each expression was made. Old and forgotten, he was slowly coming back to life with the memories rekindled. I scribbled down his disjointed words, correcting grammar and joining thoughts, doing what had to be done. It wasn't my choice to be here. Nothing is ever my choice. Community service brought me to this hidden, musty room that was tucked away and hidden from any evolution of the 21st century.



"We were drained. All energy had been used... sucked from us. But we were alive, we had made it. Artillery fire drummed hard into our ears. No man was safe so no rest was made. Shouts of pain, and shouts of horror, and shouts of order and command was all we heard of the human voice. The rest was just the sounds of mechanical monsters, who roared with their thirst for blood. I was afraid. We were afraid."

He was old, a victim to Time's grasping hands, but more so a victim of the atrocities of war. His lungs wheezed as he inhaled and his voice was raspy. I listened though, and wrote each word for his book. I don't know who'd buy it, and why they would, but I still wrote the words.

"Command after command. What was a command? Who had the right to command us? But we followed, some to our deaths. We never questioned, never asked, we just followed. Together we fought, but alone we died. Men fell beside me. I wanted to cry. I wanted to feel the pain. But I couldn't, there was no time to think, no time to feel."

He soon finished his stories, and I soon finished the writing. I sent it for publishing, and the book would soon be complete. It was a book of courage, a book of self-sacrifice, a book all people can learn from. I still visited him, even though I had done the hours. It was my choice.

He died two days before the book was printed. He didn't give up. He didn't surrender. He knew I would complete his last wish. It was his choice. And it was also mine.

*By Enya Kajal Widdicombe
Year 9, Age 15
Star of the Sea College, GARDENVALE – VIC.*

THREE YEARS GONE

A sister; a lover; a child; a friend,
Surely this is not the way it must end.

Rubble surrounds your broken heart,
Why, oh why did you have to depart?

My days... well, they were black and white,
You bought a rainbow into my life.

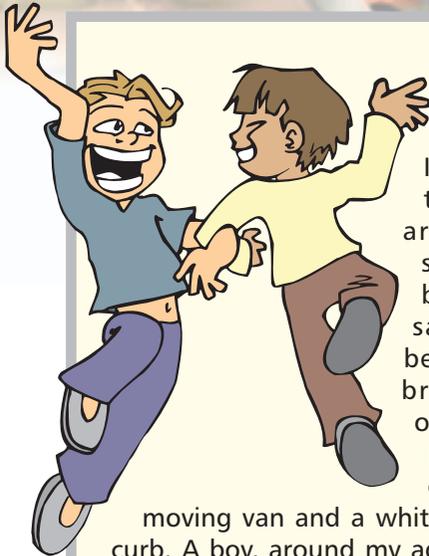
Our love was like a wonderful dream,
Where every turn proved nothing was as it
seemed.

Saying goodbye, I can't find the words,
I don't want anything to go unheard.

One day maybe I'll see you again,
So remember our love until then.

*By Rebecca Atherton
Year 9,
Upwey High School
UPWEY – VIC.
Teacher:
Denise Firth*





THE NEW BOY

I will never forget George, the way he had silently arrived and left. I never seemed to understand him, but we were friends all the same. He arrived at the beginning of the summer break. The people who owned the house opposite me had just sold it, and only a week later a big moving van and a white Toyota pulled up at the curb. A boy, around my age hopped out of the car, carrying a big box and walked to the front door.

The day after the boy moved in, I decided I wanted to be friends with him. A couple of days before he arrived, I complained to my gran that I was bored as my friends were all away, and in return she told me to make a new friend. This boy was going to be that friend.

I walked up to the door, and knocked. The boy's mother answered it, and I asked her, "May I come in?".

She replied, "Wait a sec" and that's what I did. She went back inside, I heard voices but I couldn't comprehend what they were saying. The boy's mother returned and told me that they were too busy that day, and they were too busy the next day, and the days that followed.

I became so curious about that boy, that I decided to follow him, to find out more about him. When he finally left his house, I followed him straight away.

We walked all the way to the cemetery, when we arrived, I came up to him. When he saw who it was he started shouting at me, "First you bug me and my mum! And then you follow me out here! What next?".

I was so startled by his rage that all I could do was squeak "I just wanted to be friends". Then he calmed down. "Come on, let's go back home".

While we were walking he told me that his name was George, and that his mum and dad had just divorced so he felt very sad and confused, and didn't want to talk to anybody.

Once we reached his house it was clear we were to be friends.

George and I became very close friends. He practically lived at my house, and I practically lived at his.

But then one day he was gone. Vanished. That night, at dinner, my mother gave me a note. It was from George. Before I went to sleep that night, I read his letter. In the letter George explained that his mother had found work somewhere else so they had to leave. The final words in the letter were, "I'll miss you Jess".

I whispered out into the night, "I'll miss you too".

*By Gabriella Gluch
Year 5, Reddam House
WOOLLAHRA – NSW
Teacher: Mrs Shapiro*

TEDDY BEAR PICNIC

A feast to enjoy
To share secrets with friends
To play and laugh
And wish the day would never end
This is what it's like
At a teddy bear picnic

Baskets and baskets of delicious food
Biscuits, munchies, things to eat
Sandwiches to fill us up
Marshmallows are a special treat
Fruit kebabs are what we need
At a teddy bear picnic

Running round, singing and dancing
Swimming in the duck pond
Racing, racing till the end
The teddy bears begin to bond
Skipping, jumping, tired bears
At a teddy bear picnic.

*By Jade Toomey
Age 7, Our Lady of the Sea,
TERRIGAL – NSW*



Oz Kidz in Print



It was Christmas Eve and Santa Claus was getting ready. He had his red suit on, his beanie and his long black boots. The reindeer were lined up in order with Rudolf at the front. The elves were busy packing all the presents into Santa's sacks and piling them high on the sleigh.

After kissing Mrs Claus goodbye, he was off travelling over mountains and fields and eventually reaching the villages and cities. Silently he landed on each rooftop, humming quietly as he squeezed himself down the chimney. After admiring the decorations on the tree, he would carefully lay out the children's presents and smile as he thought of the looks of joy on their faces. Then he would say the magic words that would send him back up the chimney and onto the sleigh. He had been delivering presents for hours and was just leaving a house when all of a sudden, Rudolf sneezed and the sleigh got all tangled up in the power lines leaving Santa hanging upside down.

"Oh No!" said Santa. "What a mess. But I know what to do. Mrs Claus gave me a number to call if I ever have an emergency. Now where did I put that piece

of paper?" He began checking all his pockets then finally remembered that it had fallen into his boot. He huffed and puffed and grunted and groaned and tried to reach into his boot but he was so unfit (because of all the milk and cookies that he eats). Eventually he pulled out a piece of paper that read:

1 cup of flour 2 eggs $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk

And so on it went. "Oh great", Santa thought, "this is that recipe that Mrs Claus was looking for. Now what am I going to do!" He scrunched up the paper and chucked it away into a rubbish bin below. Then he remembered that his mobile phone was in his pants pocket, so he dialled the number that Mrs Claus had programmed into his phone. The display said "1800 NTH POLE".

All of a sudden, three of his elves magically appeared. "Hello Santa, how can we help you?" they said in squeaky voices. Santa growled at them, so one elf picked up Santa's glasses from off the ground and the other two lifted him back up onto the sleigh and untangled Rudolf and the other reindeer. They gave Rudolf a magic potion which cleared up his cold straight away. The next minute, Santa was off delivering presents again. He managed to finish his run in time and all the children of the world awoke on Christmas morning to find wonderful presents under their Christmas trees.

When Santa got home, Mrs Claus had hot chocolate and a cake waiting for him. The cake looked a bit flat and tasted very strange.

"I'm sorry Santa, but the cake didn't turn out as well as I planned. I couldn't find the recipe anywhere"

The End

*By Nicola McPherson, Age 10
Ipswich West State School
IPSWICH – QLD.*

THE COSTUME

The boy fell into the snow, his face landing on the bear's claw, a low moan escaping his lips. He curled over, his face half buried in the blood red snow, his eyes skirted to a log cabin. A scream echoing through the air and the sound of pounding feet was the last thing the boy heard.

It is said that your life flashes before your eyes when your life is at an end. In this case, that is true.

Johnny slowly picked up the bear costume his mother had made.

'It looks so *real*, thanks so much Mum', Johnny gasped.



Cont'd...

THE COSTUME (Cont'd)

'It's only for Halloween darling, I'll need it back.'

Johnny pulled on the costume and picked up the candy bag. He spun around with his arms out, almost knocking over his Dad's hunting rifle. He ran out the door to join his friends.

'See ya!' Johnny yelled to his friends as he ran across the road into the crisp Canadian snow that covered the forest floor. Johnny heard quiet footsteps behind him, he quickened his pace. The footsteps grew closer and Johnny glanced behind him. Six boys were following him, one of them yelled,

'Come 'ere kid!'

Johnny turned and started to run away.

'I said come 'ere, I want some candy!'

The boys ran at Johnny and tackled him to the ground. The boy who had yelled out grabbed his candy bag and rummaged through it.

'It's all bloody rubbish, didn't you get any money?'

He threw it into a nearby tree. It caught on a high branch and hung there. The boys let him go and walked off snickering. Johnny picked up a rock and threw it at them. It hit one of their shoulders. He spun

around and ran towards Johnny. He thumped him hard in the stomach. Johnny crouched over, the wind knocked out of him, the boys started to laugh as they sauntered off.

Johnny's older brother, Ben, stared out the cabin window, in the distance he could faintly see a small bear crouched over in the snow. He raced to the family room and grabbed the hunting rifle off the wall.

Johnny stood up taking a deep breath and started to try and climb the tree to get his candy back.

Ben crept out to the mound he liked to shoot from; the bear was now attempting to climb the tree. He figured it must be injured, because it kept falling off the tree. Ben positioned himself and took aim, his finger quivered over the trigger. The bear slid back down the tree and stood still. Ben pulled the trigger and the bear fell to the ground. Lifting the binoculars to his eyes, Ben stood up slowly. The bear curled up and faced the cabin. Ben took a look at its face.

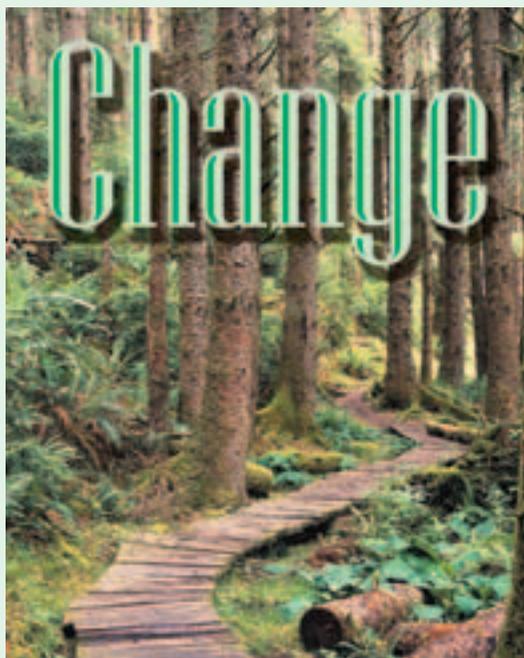
The binoculars shattered on a rock as a scream pierced the night.

By Melanie Treweek

Age 11

Matthew Flinders Anglican College (MFAC)

BUDERIM – QLD.



Change can be a wonderful thing,
Like when a butterfly grows its wings.
Change can also be bad,
Like when things make you mad.
Change can be good, change can be bad,
Change can also make you sad.

But don't lose hope because if that dies,
You might as well close your eyes.
If you do the jokes on you,
For in the light it seems like night.

Keep your hope and there's your rope,
Away from your despair
To who knows where.

Life's a journey with twists and turns,
And sometimes you can get a burn.
There's ups and downs,
And funny sounds.
Change is everywhere,
From here to who knows where.

By Sarah McGeough, Age 12, Chanel College, GLADSTONE – QLD. Teacher: Mrs Michele Chapman

Oz Kidz in Print

BEGGAR CHILD

A hand brushes you as you rush on to work
You stop, turn around and look to the ground

A small beggar child looking empty and bare
Catches your eye and you can't help but stare

All dirty and muddy with her hand held out
A voice in your head starts to shout

"Give her some food, some money, something"
The voice gets louder and your ears start to ring

You decide not to worry just walk on by
Trying to look away from the glare in her eyes

You start to walk off with a look of disgrace
Hoping nobody had noticed your face

So the child sits there
With a look of despair
And all you can think of is reputation
Being the Mayor

So many times a child is ignored
Passed on by
Instead of adored

Such a horrible thing has happened to these kids
So young and vulnerable
So many opportunities they've missed



*By Caitlin Garamy
Age 12
Mount Alvernia College,
KEDRON – QLD.*



VicHealth

Quit.

● The Quit logo is a registered trademark of the Anti-Cancer Council of Victoria



Insurance



Rushing ever onwards in the darkness,
The wheels keep turning, driven by their own
momentum.

Others are there in the darkness.
You can see them, but their faces are hidden.

A warning light, straight ahead in the darkness
Telling you to stop, that it's not going to work.

But you don't stop.
You just keep charging ever onwards.

The darkness is oppressive.
It weighs you down like a thick fog,
Yet there is nothing there, just darkness.
It creeps over you and tries to find a way in
But you resist, all the time knowing
That you must sometime give in.

For no one can fight this darkness.
It is too strong for one to fight,
Yet no one will help you.
You wonder why.
But they are oblivious to this darkness.

You are feverish and hot.
The darkness terrifies you.
Yet it is cold, so cold out there.
When will this end?

But you keep rushing ever onwards in the
darkness,
Past the warning light, not a word is spoken.
You are swept along with everything else.
You can't stop.
When will daybreak come?

*By Claire Oakley
Age 13
LARA – VIC.*

Stick to BIC for Glue

- Ideal for Children
- Washable
- Acid Free
- Photo-safe



CODE	DESCRIPTION	COUNTER DISPLAY QTY
2561	Glitter Glue BP/6	12
2562	Neon Glitter Glue BP/6	12
2564	Glue Stick 8g	30
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
2570	White Glue 37ml	18
2571	White Glue 118ml	12
2573	Glue Pen 40ml	30



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