

# Oz Kids in Print

**November 2007**

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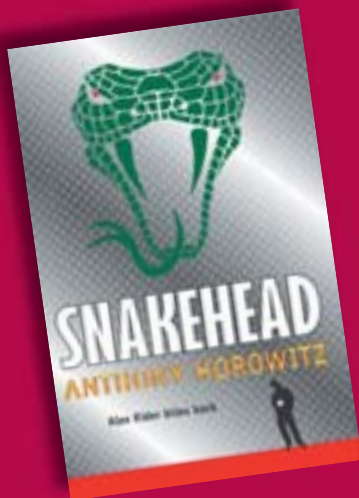
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# Oz Kids in Print

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## *From the Editor's Desk*

Yet another year coming to an end. I have had the pleasure of reading some fantastic stories and poems over the last twelve months. What a wonderful array of stories with fantasy, some with true facts and emotion. Keep up the great work as we look forward to 2008.

Have a happy and safe Christmas and New Year.

**KEEP ON WRITING!**

*Carol Dick*  
Managing Editor



## *Book Review*

*Paul Collins' recently released book:*

### **WORLD OF GRRYM: ALLIRA'S GIFT**

Allira Hart's family trip to the country spirals into a magical journey where fantasy and reality clash.

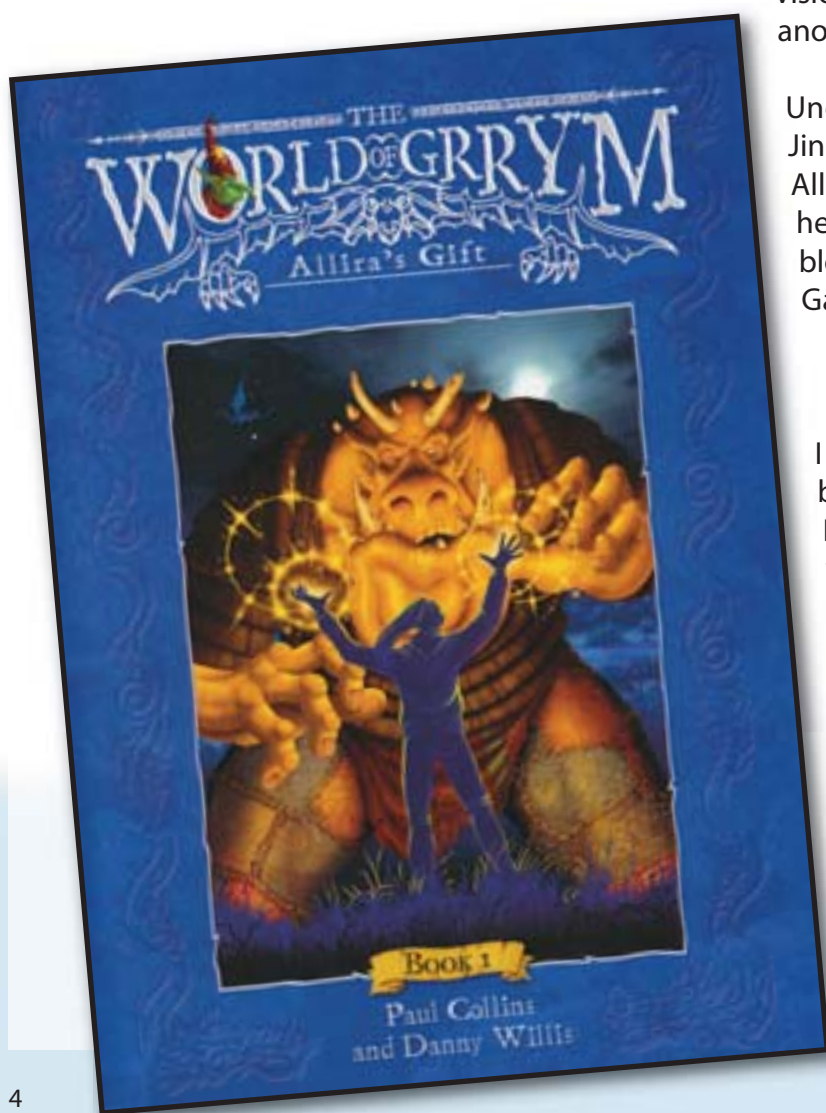
While searching for her missing grandfather, Fergus, Allira soon discovers that the strange visions haunting her are in fact windows into another realm – The World of Grrym.

Under the wing of the courageous dragon, Jinnee, and warrior goblins, the Ra-zumi-Kin, Allira discovers the "gift" that may help find her grandfather. Yet, with the battle cry of the blood trolls trumpeting through the Rainbow Gate, will Allira's gift be quite enough?

★ ★ ★

I found myself smiling as I read more into the book. This is one of Paul Collins' best works. I was totally enthralled as he mixes fantasy with the real world. You have everything from trolls, goblins and dragons to keep you engrossed in this wonderful novel. The drawings made the characters even more real. Congratulations to Danny Willis on his wonderful sketches.

Don't take my word for it, put it on your Wish List and find out for yourselves. You will not be disappointed.





## A Secret

I hear a whisper in my ear  
 A very tight secret  
 Just like a butterfly's wings flapping  
 Silence  
 My lips move when I hear the whisper  
 And my tongue goes bitter  
 My feet go numb  
 And everything is silent



I feel a tap on my shoulder  
 Another secret  
 A shiver goes down my spine  
 I am writing and the bell goes  
 Off to home I go  
 That night I have a dream  
 I tell someone our secret  
 They run down a hill  
 I wake up  
 I hear a roar coming from the kitchen  
 I don't know what it is  
 I think it is dad looking at  
 what I wrote about  
 I feel like a bug  
 Weak and unsafe  
 Now my mum is yelling at me  
 Ouch! My brother jumped on me  
 I pack my bag  
 It feels like trying to load a truck  
 I get to school  
 And run up the stairs  
 I feel a tap on my shoulder  
 Like an earthquake on my shoulder  
 I am writing again  
 My teacher asks me  
 "What are you writing about in your book?"  
 I am writing about a secret

*By Louis Morello  
 Year 7  
 Carey Baptist Grammar School  
 KEW - VIC.  
 Teacher: Bev Steer*

## Do You Believe in Fairies?

Lying on the sun-dried grass,  
 On an early Summer's afternoon,  
 Under a bird bath made of polished brass,  
 I thought I heard:  
 A flutter among the rose bushes,  
 A twinkle in a tall pine tree,  
 I thought I heard a dainty voice,  
 Calling out to me  
 Reaching for the metal grasp,  
 I stood up on my feet,  
 The water's usual stillness had a gentle lapse,  
 I thought I saw:  
 A glitter upon the wooden fence,  
 Moving to the forest path,  
 Stopping by the yellowed wattle  
 And behind the eucalyptus' leafy wrath,  
 I thought I saw a slender arm,  
 Beckoning to me  
 The sun gave laughing rays,  
 The pine tree's smell was fine,  
 From the cluster of the blossoms,  
 I thought I heard a hum not mine:  
 It wasn't from the wind or leaf,  
 Neither was it working bees,  
 I thought it as a maiden's voice,  
 Singing out to me  
 Following her trail of dust,  
 I came upon a clearing,  
 A tiny, tiny little one  
 Beyond the roses' nettle spearing,  
 I'm sure I saw:  
 The maiden I had followed,  
 She was a pretty thing,  
 Hair that lapped so golden on her shoulders,  
 And on her back perched silver wings,  
 Her eyes a melting blue,  
 Her lips the softest colour,  
 And the slightest pink tinge on her cheeks,  
 Only made her look so nicer,  
 I think she knew that I was there,  
 For with a movement like breeze so slight  
 The fairy had leapt off  
 Into the dazzling light



*By Joanne Bui  
 Wellington Secondary College  
 NOBLE PARK - VIC.*

Beyond the land where the ginger nut grows,  
there is a land that nobody knows.  
Beyond the purple, grassy knolls,  
is a city filled with joyful souls.

A bright yellow sun hangs in the sky,  
with a radiant glow for you and I.  
And in the night there will loom,  
a mesmerising paper-like moon.

The bees and squirrels go on by.  
Some animals hop, some animals fly.  
And as for the natives – what can I say?  
They treat you in the most fashionable way.

Attend a feast. It will be a treat.  
Tables filled with various sweets.  
Chocolates, Muffins, Tiramisu!  
Honeysuckle Cupcakes and Chocolate Fondue!

Perhaps a feast is not your style.  
How about a picnic for your trial?  
Or maybe a dance to get your pulse up,  
doing the Polka, Foxtrot and Salsa.

You MUST see the palace! No place for fools.  
Embellished with thousands of dazzling jewels.  
How about the Princess? She's quite the catch.  
Any man in the kingdom, she can dispatch!

Beauty like hers has never been known.  
Her voice-like birds singing, a wonderful tone.  
With (the most) expensive gifts, she has been supplied.  
For everyone wants her to be their bride.

Flowers – they bloom all the year round.  
Birds will chatter with their beautiful sound.  
The Petals from the Cherry Blossom tickle your face,  
the dressers are lined with the prettiest lace.

What a marvellous world. Nobody gets harmed.  
Nobody speaks badly, nobody is armed.  
This good natured city is free from all crime,  
If you just ask I'll take you some time.

*By Melanie Kate Jones  
Age 13*

*McCarthy Catholic College  
TAMWORTH – NSW*

# A Beautiful Place

## Animals I Like

Australian animals are fun,  
They hop around in the sun,  
Birds hum a tune,  
Bears hibernate in June.

Koalas sleep a lot,  
Even when it is hot,  
Horses sleep on hay,  
Kangaroos hop all day.



Bees always sting,  
Butterflies have colorful wings,  
Ants are brown,  
Rats run in town.

Monkeys live in trees,  
Even with fleas,  
Elephants are so big,  
A cricket looks like a twig.

*By Sriganesh Thavalingam, Year 3, Girraween Public School, GIRRAWEE – NSW*



## The Lonely Mouse

ONE sunny day, in Miceville, all of the little mice were playing in the playground together happily, except for one little mouse standing in a corner. Her name was Rachael. She never made any friends at her school. She thought that if she asked them to be her friend that would be mean. She had another problem as well.

The big kids thought they were in charge. They weren't allowed to go to the bathroom without paying the bullies. The teachers didn't realise so the timid ones got bossed around all day.

Rachael got really sad and wanted to leave the school, until one day a new girl mouse came to her school. Rachael thought she was going to be mean but she wasn't. She was shy like Rachael. Her name was Alice.

The next day Alice decided to look for a friend. She spotted Rachael. Alice went over to her and asked "Will you be my friend?".

Rachael said "yes", and they became good friends.

The next week Alice and Rachael decide to take on the bullies. "But how are we going to do that?" asked Rachael.

"Easy", said Alice, "Team work". "Here's the plan, I will distract the bullies while you get the money and hand it back to the mice."



"Good plan" said Rachael.

"Thanks", said Alice. "Well, what are we waiting for, let's go".

"Hey there, you" said Alice to the bullies, "You aren't being nice".

"Says who?" said one of the bullies.

"Says me" replied Alice.

Rachael saw what was going on and snuck over and got the money. Then she went over to the little mice and gave it back. They cheered. It was good timing because the bullies were starting to get mean to Alice, but just then a teacher came over and asked "Is everything all right?".

"These kids have not been nice to us", said Alice.

"Is that so?" said the teacher. "I'll take care of that".

From then on there was no more bullying and Alice and Rachael were heroes. They were best friends forever!

The End

*By Olivia Landrigan  
Year Two, Age 8  
St. Joseph's School  
WOODBURN - NSW*

## Taiwan



On the plane for a long long time  
An 11-hour flight was just divine  
Shopping centres with 18 floors  
Dirty old streets and market stalls  
A friendly tour guide took us for a ride  
Mountains and Sun Moon Lake with temples alongside  
Taxis and scooters zooming by  
Formosan magpies flying high  
Chinese Mandarin was the language they spoke  
Early one morning we all awoke  
To board our plane that goes to Hong Kong  
When we arrived we had to wait long  
A taxi drove us to Disneyland  
That had loads of rides and a café with a band  
When the sun went down we had to go  
Back to the airport nowhere near snow  
We travelled on a Singapore Airlines plane  
Our next holiday was going to be Spain.

*By Mel Pease, Year 5/6R,  
Liddiard Road Primary School, TRARALGON - VIC.  
Teacher: Mrs Dickson*

## *The Hunter*

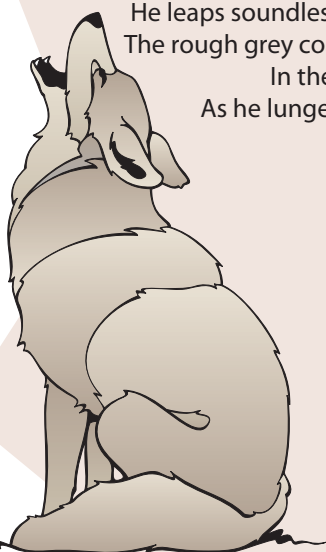
The spider-web of moonlight glints on the shadowed pines,  
As the alpha wolf slinks between the massive trunks.

He is camouflaged,  
A shadow himself,  
Gliding through the freezing snow.

His breath hangs in the bitter air,  
His muscular body tenses,  
His molten-gold eyes glitter.  
He has seen his prey.

Drifting effortlessly,  
He leaps soundlessly across the snowy earth.  
The rough grey coat of the wild hunter ripples  
In the cold night air  
As he lunges and starts to run...

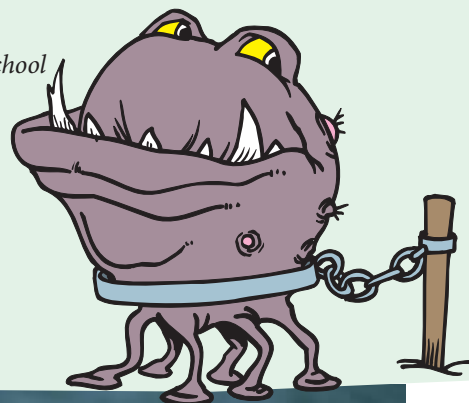
*By Taylah Danae Baggs  
Grade 6  
Mooloolaba State School  
MOOLOOLABA - QLD.  
Teacher: Ms Danette Flick*



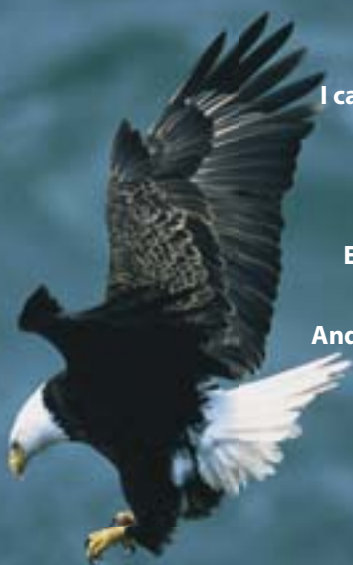
## *My Alien Husband*

Once I went out walking,  
And I got a talking  
With the strangest guy you could ever meet—  
An alien with fifty-nine feet!  
He had an antenna which was kinda weird  
And a funny star shaped beard.  
Eventually I married him.  
It wasn't just a silly whim.  
People realised that he was sweet.  
The star treatment was really neat!  
When all the fuss died down  
We moved out of town.  
We ended up with a great family,  
And everybody was happy as could be!

*By Jacqui Stewart  
Class 3c  
Tinternvale Primary School  
RINGWOOD EAST -  
VIC.  
Teacher:  
Mrs Lynley Forrester*



# Who am I?



"KICK" I'm soaring through the sky  
I'm soaring like an eagle that can fly  
I'm going over a big white bar.  
I can hear the crowd as I am shooting so far.  
"THUMP" I've just hit the ground  
I can see a giant running hound  
I feel like I'm in a big green bed  
Except for the fact that part of it's dead.  
I've just been thrown up in the air.  
And bounced right off some dark brown hair.  
I feel like I'm up high  
But it's sad that I can't fly  
A boy came by and picked me up  
And said he won the golden cup.  
He put me on a clean white bench  
And said he would use me once again.

*By Jessica Welch  
Age 10  
Our Lady of The Rosary,  
KENSINGTON - NSW  
Teacher: Miss Zena Challich*



## Rain

THE SCORCHING sun blazed down as I stared out at the dry paddock. I was alone in the spacious house. Well, Gran was here but she was sleeping. That's all she ever does these days.

She wasn't always like that. Before Grandpa died, she was as lively as a chicken at feeding time and would dance with me and my dad into the night. Dad doesn't dance much either any more, not in public anyway. He used to, but people just laughed and made racist comments. But on some nights, on some rare occasions, I see him dancing and praying to the gods to stop this drought and give us rain.

Mum and Dad were arguing about something... again.



"You have to get another job – if you don't, the bank's gonna chuck us out!"

"But dancing is the only skill I know!"

"What about asking the farmers for work?" begged Mum.

"You know they hate blackfellas. Don't worry, we'll get out of this somehow. The gods will give us rain".

And then Mum said something that made me feel ashamed. "I gave up believing in the gods a long time ago. We have to deal with our own problems".

And she walked out of the room.

A salty tear trickled down my dad's black face and rolled into his mouth. Then he said something that almost made me cry. "How can I love a woman that doesn't have the same beliefs as me?" He wasn't talking to me; it was as though he didn't even know I was there.

And that's when I realised something was seriously wrong... with everything. I was getting teased at school, the bank was threatening to throw us out, and worst of all, mum and dad were fighting all the time.

And then it came to me. I had to do the rain dance. But I couldn't just do it on the back lawn. I had to find a place where everyone would see me. Suddenly I got it. It was

perfect! The school talent show was tomorrow and everyone was coming...

At the oval there was a big stage set up. When all the seats were full and my turn finally came, I slowly walked up the stairs, my heart beating like cattle stampeding. It was only then I realised how frightened I was. But I knew I must do it and I imagined those droplets of happiness falling into the crowd and everyone dancing with joy. Then the principal announced me and I began. I danced like I had never danced before. I didn't just move my arms and legs. I put my heart and soul into it. And then it was over.

At first nothing came. Then I heard a faint clap from the centre of the crowd. It was Gran, and as everyone started clapping with her, it was as if the rain gods had heard that call. As I started to smile, little drops of heaven lit up the town with happiness.

*By Jesse Giblett  
Year 6, Age 11  
Lance Holt School,  
FREMANTLE – WA*

## I Wish

I wish I was tall, just like a giraffe  
I wish I was funny, to make people laugh.

I wish I could write, like a famous poet  
I wish I had a credit card, but not be in debt.

I wish I could run, like a famous athlete  
I wish I was a champion, so I could compete.

I wish I was tiny, as small as a mouse,  
I wish I was famous, so I could own my own house.

I wish I could swim in the deep blue sea.  
I wish that forever, I will always be me.

I wish I had powers, to help everyone  
I wish I could get all my homework done.

*By Carolyn Love  
Age 10  
St. Michael's Primary School  
LANE COVE – NSW*



## Waterlily

"Bring in something that means something to you, you're going to tell the class about it", that's what Mr. Pock had said. The class had scoffed, but Sam stayed silent. He had walked home and looked around his messy room, he could bring his *Bullet for My Valentine* CD and tell about how he got it, but that didn't really mean much. He walked into the dark hallway and found himself walking to the end where the painting was hung. The painting showed a nice cottage with rose bushes out the front and a white picket fence. On the gate there was a sign. It said *Waterlily*. He took it off its hook on the wall, slid it into a flannelette pillowcase and carefully placed it in his school bag.

And here he was, slouching there, the flannelette giving him goosebumps. Jack had nearly finished and it was his turn next. "No-one else had taken this seriously", he thought bitterly. "Why did I bring this? It's not as if I need the grade help, I don't even want it!"

It was as if he was drawn to the painting, as if its story wanted to be told.

It was his turn now. He sighed and uncurled out of his chair and trod heavily out to the front of the classroom.

He drew the painting out of the pillowcase and reluctantly showed it.

"Wow! That's fantastic!", the students chorused. He stood solemnly, holding the painting until someone called out, "Who did it?"

And he said quietly "I did".

They looked at him in amazement. Calls of "You did

that?" and "I never knew you were an artist" came from the students. Mr. Pock called them all to order, looked at Sam and asked him to explain.

"Let me tell you a story..."

He was only a boy of 12 at the time, young and carefree. She had been 7, so happy and full of life. She was in the pool and he had been in charge of her. It was winter, but she was tough and so was he, to stay out there watching her.

She was playing around in the pool, laughing and splashing. She started to flounder around and when he ran anxiously to the edge, she popped up again, as right as rain. He glared at her and went back to sit down. She did this over and over again, each time shouting "Fooled Ya!" Until he finally said "Next time I'm going to ignore you!"

She just giggled and dove under the water. She started floundering about in the water, but he just smiled and stayed where he was and kept reading his book. She kept going and going. "No", he thought, "You're not getting me again!"

Then it all went quiet. No splashing, giggling, no noises from the girl. He rushed over to the pool...

The class was dead silent when he stopped speaking. Just staring from him to the painting and back again.

"Her name was Lily".

*'By Terese Corkish,  
Year 9, Age 14  
Santa Sabina College  
STRATHFIELD - NSW*



## Teddy Bear Town

### Chapter 1 – Teddy Bear Town

A long time ago there was a town called Teddy Bear Town. The teddy that I am going to be talking about today is called Charlotte. She was the Princess of Teddy Bear Town. She had a pet mouse called Toto. Her friends' names were Fern, Wilbur, Rusty, Snowy and White Ted. Fern and Wilbur's pet was a dog. Rusty, Snowy and White Ted's pet was a rabbit. Every day they came over to the Queen's palace to walk their pets in the Ted Wood Forest.

### Chapter 2 – The Wicked Witch

One day her friends didn't come over so she decided to go walking by her self. After walking for four hours she heard yelling and screaming and an evil laugh. She was scared,

but she bravely went closer and there in front of her in the clearing of the wood was a ramshackle house.

### Chapter 3 – Charlotte to the Rescue

She knew it was her friends. She raced back to the Queen.

"Queen", Charlotte said, "the wicked witch in the forest has trapped my friends".

"Well", said the Queen, "why don't you take some of my knights to fight the witch?"

"Okay!" said Charlotte.

*Cont'd...*





## Teddy Bear Town (Cont'd)

that can fight." Then they crept inside and tiptoed into the witch's bedroom. There on her bedside table was the key. The princess grabbed the key and said, "Let's go to the dungeon to rescue my friends".

But the witch heard and screamed, "No you won't!".

As Charlotte ran to let her friends out of the dungeon the Fighting Prince arrived.

### Chapter 4 – The Queen Dies

The Prince and the knights surrounded the witch. This gave Charlotte and her friends enough time to get home to the palace. After one hour the Fighting Prince faded away and the knights could not fight the witch any longer and they left her house. Secretly the witch followed them to the palace and killed the Queen and put a spell on her so she couldn't come alive again. An angel whose name was Eve saw what the witch did and told the knights the secret of how to kill the witch.

Though she missed the Queen, with the help of her father the King, Princess Charlotte learnt how to rule the kingdom and they both lived happily ever after!!

**THE END**

*By Sara Thomas  
Age 7*

*Tacking Point Public School  
PORT MACQUARIE – NSW*

"But you'll have to go at night", said the Queen.

"But why?" asked Charlotte excitedly.

"So you can steal the key to the DUNGEON."

"Will I have to take the magic lantern?" asked Charlotte. "Oh yes", said the Queen, "but remember Charlotte, you can only make one wish and your wish only lasts for one hour".

"I'll remember", said Charlotte nervously.

So Charlotte and six knights went off into the Forest that night. On the way they decided on a signal for Charlotte to use if she needed help. When they got to the witch's house Charlotte quietly made her wish. "I wish for a prince

JACK woke up early on a summer morning, He was in his last year of school, year 12, with absolutely no idea what awaited him in the near future. He sat, blank mind, he had nothing to say, nothing to do and he saw his destiny living on the street with no family, no money and nobody to care. All his friends knew what they wanted to do and they were walking around smugly with smiles on their faces proclaiming their future professions.

"Dr. M Smith, head of surgery." "Mrs J Chin, a judge of the Supreme Court." As his friends went on the jobs got more and more unrealistic. There was even a "Prime Minister Peter Jay". It was so funny how all his friends knew about what they wanted; they knew what was in their destiny.

Jack was never sure about himself. He would repeat to himself the good things about him and what they could represent in a career. "I'm a good listener, maybe I could be a counsellor, no, no, no WAIT I'm a great cook, maybe I could be a chef. No, wait, I'm a terrible chef. Last time I nearly killed my family by putting in WAY too much salt." He wondered about it all

*Cont'd...*



## *Destiny (Cont'd)*

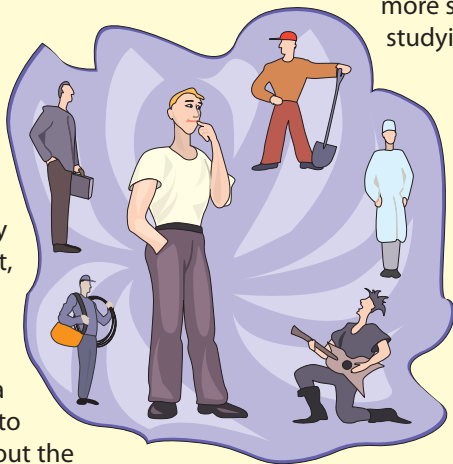
through the night but couldn't find anything. The pressure was sinking into him like water into a sponge. He couldn't take it, he felt he was going to scream until he couldn't breathe; maybe then he could have some peace.

He didn't want to turn all depressed and sulky all his life. He was the sporty, wise, quiet type. He couldn't even go through a day without having to do 100 sit ups or 200 push ups – you could call him a bit obsessive compulsive. This was the way he took out his stress; he couldn't help it, he loved it. All his friends thought it was weird though; he could run around like a 5 year old with endless energy, his friends were somewhat nerdy with the brains of a second Einstein but if somebody blew into one of Jack's ears the wind would come out the other one. His mates were so unfit they couldn't keep up with a warm up in P.E. practical lesson. But they were still great friends and couldn't help but laugh at each other's differences.

Jack was excellent in his sporting teams; he played for representative teams, also he ran for star. He loved that he accomplished so much in sport but he didn't do so well in classes. His yearly report was D, C, E, D, C, E pretty much in that fashion except for P.E. and sport science which were both A's; it truly was amazing.

Jack stressed about his future because of the pressures from his friends, his family and his teachers. He couldn't help it and

thought about suicide many times but he wouldn't dare do it. He studied in the morning before school; during recess and lunch at school and when he got home it was homework and more studying till bedtime to prepare for more studying the next day.



The big day came for his first HSC exam and it flew by, first to finish, best in the class. After all the exams were done he was just waiting on his results that would determine his destiny.

When he got them back he was ecstatic about how he went. He couldn't help the giant smile on his face as he walked out of the classroom thinking of all the opportunities available for him now. He couldn't help but smile as he walked past his mates while they were saying "OH NO I guess I'm not going to be a doctor, I'm not going to be a judge of the Supreme Court, I'm not going to control Australia". All his friends warned him about studying when they should have been warning themselves, but the next year just got better. Because of Jack's excellent scores he was offered a spot on the NRL team the Roosters and he became famous and wealthy and he could not be happier.

*By Thomas Curnell*

*Year 9*

*St. Patrick's Marist College*

*DUNDAS – NSW*

*Teacher: Mrs O'Brien, Mrs Gow*

## **"Less Than Perfect"**

You smother on the make up, but it doesn't help,  
You can still see the zits showing through.  
You're only nearing fifteen, but it's like you're going on twenty,  
There's so little time, with so much to do.

Go to school, get a job, but a car, own a house,  
And you have to think of your appearance too!  
Too thin, too fat, too tall, too short,  
Why can't people just accept the real you?

"Fifty Tips for Great Hair", "Lose five kilograms in a week",  
That's all the magazines ever tell you.  
They never use real women as models, the shots are always altered,  
Only perfect pictures will do!

No one is perfect – I'm certainly not!  
We all have faults – this is true.  
There are only a few people, who you can definitely trust,  
And one of those is you!



*By Chloe Mitchell,*

*Year 7*

*Modbury West School,*

*MODBURY – SA*

*Teacher: Mel Harmer*



## Merry Road

ONCE upon a time, there was a little village, named Green-meadows. There lived three neighbours, Mr. McGee, the farmer; Jarrod, the sailor and Mr. Lee, the carpenter. They always fought amongst each other.

Jarrod's boat trailer always stuck out on the driveway. Mr. McGee's farm animals strode into the back yards and Mr. Lee always made noise with his hammer which disturbed them, especially on the weekends. Country-men always told them to be friends. But they never did.

Spring arrived. The birds sang and the children played. There was good news. For convenience, Green-meadows was going to have a road built right through the farmland, around the houses and the market.

One morning, everyone was woken up by a rumbling noise of diggers, caterpillar tractors, excavators and road rollers. The workmen came and the villagers joined them to help.

Construction got well under way. Soon they needed a horse-cart. They asked Mr. McGee whether they could borrow his horse and cart. He had to agree. Now they needed a trailer to carry concrete and mud. Mr. McGee said, "Well, Jarrod's got a trailer! For once, let's put it to some good use". So came in Jarrod to help.

Eventually, the road was built and it looked so beautiful! It went winding all through the Green-meadows. Then, the villagers thought that it was wise to build a footpath. Jarrod said, "Why don't we ask Mr. Lee. He is a carpenter and likes doing such things". Thus, even Mr. Lee joined the troop.

The three neighbours scowled at each other. They bumped into each other every now and then, but no one took the initiative to speak. They seemed too proud even to smile at

each other. Soon all got tired, but the job was done. They went home and slept like a log and dreamt of lovely things.

Early next morning, as usual, Mr. McGee took his dog for a walk. Out of nowhere, Jarrod's trailer swooped down the driveway right into Mr. McGee's path. Mr. McGee jumped out of the way, just in time, and exclaimed, "Hey there, Jarrod! Be careful! You might topple someone". Jarrod apologised, "Sorry mate! I'll be watchful next time". And they waved at each other. To their own surprise, they smiled at each other.

Mr. McGee and his dog trotted ahead. Not far away, Mr. Lee was making a letter box for Matthew, the grocer, and tap tap went the hammer. With twinkling eyes, Mr. Lee said, "Good morning mate! Nice day for a walk, isn't it?". Mr. McGee said, "Oh yeah! Nice day for hard work too".

Thus began a new friendship between the three. Even today, the folks of Green-meadows call them as the trio-mates, who never fight or argue. Now they always go fishing, camping and sailing together. They were never as merry as now.

Thanks to the road and the footpath! No wonder, the people of Green-meadows named it the 'Merry road'.

—The End—

By Malhar Palkar  
Age 7  
Parkdale Primary School  
PARKDALE - VIC.



## The Angel

An angel descends from heaven's depths  
To walk the land in peace.  
He has hair of gold  
and an air of calm.

The light precedes him,  
Finding all those in need.  
He heals and helps,  
Guiding all toward the light of righteousness.

He comes bearing the fruits of the spirit;  
Love, joy, peace, kindness,  
These he offers to all he meets,  
encouraging their growth.

Soon the tree of life is bursting into flower,  
Ripe with these fruits.  
Respect and courtesy bloom  
and all are at peace.

His work done, the angel ascends,  
Making his way to heaven.  
He is the angel of salvation,  
For he has saved us all.

By Sarah McGeough  
Age 13  
Chanel College  
GLADSTONE - QLD.



# THE SAVAGE SEA

"Oh, Mac, really? Thank you! We'll be down at the old pier at 10:00, if that suits you?"

"It suits me just fine, Kelly. Well, bye!"

"See you later!"

Two hours later, Mac was down at the rotten driftwood pier. His tiny boat was tied up right next to him. A packed lunch of fish and bread that someone had donated to him was in his hand as well.

"Where are they?" he muttered to no one in particular.

Finally, Kelly raced up, Max hot on her heels. They boarded Mac's boat quickly. Max started the engine and they chugged off out to sea.

It was late afternoon. The heat had been extremely hot all day. They had coped with it, but although there were three experienced fishermen on board, they had caught nothing of a good catch. That afternoon the temperature soared to around 50 degrees Celsius. Dark, heavy clouds started rolling in like cars hurrying to get to their destination. The afternoon's crisp sunlight was now fading fast. The heavens rumbled. Max and Kelly started to pull the anchor up as the first droplets of rain began to fall.

After they had gotten the anchor up, Mac, the eldest fishermen, grumbled softly to himself as he tried to start the old motor. But it wouldn't start! It was clogged up from the intestines of the few fish they had caught and gutted. Now cursing, Mac told the bad news to the others and then put down his anchor so they couldn't drift further away from the shore.

After a quick discussion, it was decided to have a rotation for resting. One would be in the tiny cabin for half an hour at a time. Max was to go first, then Kelly and finally Mac. Max and Mac thought that Kelly should go in first, but Kelly insisted in that order since Max was her younger brother.

Max ran into the rusty cabin, slammed the heavy door and turned on the heat full blast. The others were stuck outside in the now pouring rain, thunder and lightning. Just then, huge waves started to roll in. The first almost flung the boat over. The second did the same. Mac and Kelly stared in horror at the third wave. It was the biggest thing they had ever seen in their lives! Mac whispered, "I-It's a tsunami wave!" Kelly gasped in recognition. The wave hurled itself towards them. Then it struck! Unlike the other waves, the tsunami capsized the boat!

Mac and Kelly were lucky; they could scramble up to the top of the upturned boat, being on the deck. But poor, frightened

*Rumble, crash, splash, roar!* The ocean bed cracked open like a large scar and bubbles appeared by the millions. These were the unseen telltale signs of an underground earthquake. It shook the very earth and swirled itself into a tsunami. The tsunami rolled with great speed towards a tiny village near the sea in Australia. Little did the poor people of the town know; the tsunami would be frightening, huge, and quick and many people would die.

"Hi, Kelly!" Mac was on the phone with Kelly. Mac was an old family friend. "The sun is hot today isn't it?" he asked her. Mac was the owner of a tiny, rusty fishing boat. He put it to good use, for in the small town of Nepri all the villagers were poor and could not buy food. Therefore, they often gathered seaweed, fish and fruit in the orchard. Mac was 60 years old, so he was not able to stretch to pick the fruit or bend right down to gather seaweed, so he fished to eat. "Yes, Mac. It sure is! Why did you ring?" Kelly was a good-natured young fisherwoman at the age of about 24. She was becoming an expert at fishing, and enjoyed it. Her younger brother, Max, was 18. Max liked to daydream of being rich and eating as much as he could, for his family was even poorer than Mac's and did not own a boat to go fishing.

"Well, because it's such a nice day", Mac said, then paused. "Well?" pressed Kelly.

"Do you want to come fishing with me today? And Max of course. You can take home whatever we catch", bribed Mac.



## The Savage Sea (Cont'd.)

Max was not so lucky. Just after the tsunami wave struck and rolled their boat over, the lights of his cabin flickered briefly, then went out. He was stuck in the quickly disappearing oxygen of the cabin room! After about a minute all the air had run out. Max slammed himself against the door, but the force of the water kept it shut. Adrenaline coursing through his tired and battered body, Max slammed himself against the door once more and miraculously, it opened.

As Max swam out of the cabin, the force of the water of the fourth wave was slightly smaller but it pushed him down toward the gritty sea-bed. He rose up again, but halfway up bright lights exploded behind his wide open eyes and his life flashed before him. He needed air! With a searing pain in his lungs, unable to help himself, Max took an unwilling gulp of water. Once he had started he could not stop...

Meanwhile, Mac and Kelly shivered as they looked upon the horrifying scene. They knew that Max must be drowning but could not save him. It was all they could do to cling to the remains of the boat. If they jumped off, the same thing could happen to them! Kelly moaned quietly to herself as her younger brother fought for breath...

...Max was in a drinking frenzy now, gulping down the salty water. His lungs filled up and the living light in his eyes slowly faded. As he began to drift up, his body became tangled up in the anchor chain.

Mac and Kelly had never been so afraid in their lives. Kelly insisted that they bring up the body. Mac undid the chain with slightly trembling hands, and Kelly also grabbed hold of it as well. Suddenly, a dark shadow underneath caught their attention and their sweaty hands slipped off the greasy, heavy chain. They watched as Max's body dislodged the anchor and chain. The weight of the anchor pulled his body down to his sea-bed grave.

Now crying silently, Max and Kelly looked down into the swirling water below. A shape was rising up from the bottom of the ocean! Then a sharp, jagged fin cut through the water like a knife. Slicing through cold water, the fin rose up for Mac to see a huge, glistening shark head heading towards him! His heart in his throat, Mac whispered, "K-K-Kelly!". Kelly sharply turned and found herself staring at the shark's razor-sharp teeth! Luckily for her, Mac was in front of her, staring into the monster's wide-open mouth! Mac suddenly punched it in the side of its head with one hand. With the other, he poked the shark's cold, black pebble-like eyes! *Roar!* It snapped its jaws shut, *over Mac's hand!* He screamed in agony, which seemed to frighten the beastly horror. With its jaws still over Mac's dislodged hand, it turned and swam quickly away, bellowing as it did so.

Mac rolled his bloody stumped arm up in his faded blue shirt. Moaning, he turned white-faced to Kelly. "We *have* to get out!" she half-screamed, half-whispered. They clambered up right to the top. For about an hour, they lay there, clutching

each other. Then, multiple wet shark fins cut through the dark water in the now cold, bitter night's air. "There's more than one!" shrieked Kelly and Mac in unison. Murderous shark heads broke through the water. Mac looked up at the cloudy night sky in horror. Then he yelled excitedly, whilst Kelly watched the sharks swim slowly closer.

"Kelly! It's a helicopter!", he screamed in joy. Again he yelled at the top of his lungs, "Help! Help! We're over h-". But then his joyful cries were cut short as an ugly shark reared itself out of the water and right next to Mac! Mac screamed silently, fear constricting his vocal cords. The old but agile fisherman leaped to the other side of the ruin of his ship.

Then a chopping and swishing noise caught his attention. A swinging rope ladder was in front of him! The helicopter had seen them – it was hovering overhead! "Kelly! We can go! The helicopter – the rope – Kelly –". Again he was cut short. As Kelly turned and started climbing, the sharks all lunged for her foot. The young fisherwoman screamed and swung her foot up higher! Mac grabbed the rope, ready to climb. Kelly had gotten to the top safely. Mac could hear her yelling words of encouragement to him as he clambered up.

The rope ladder swung threateningly and Mac lost his grip! Sliding down a bit, sharks snapping at his lower body, pain in his severed arm, Mac was wracked with agony and pain. *Why didn't I stay home? What did I care about dinner? he thought. I should be in retirement, getting my pension pay, taking it easy, but instead I'm struggling helplessly about some murderous sharks, hanging on for dear life to a flimsy rope ladder!*

But suddenly he realised that he was nearly at the top! Grunting between his gasps of "Help me up", Mac felt his shoe fall off. The nearest shark caught it in its mouth and swallowed it, then gagged it back up again. Kelly grabbed Mac and heaved him into the blue and white rescue helicopter. It was over. They both stood up and told the pilot of their helicopter exactly what had happened. He nodded sadly and turned to his pack. The co-pilot was still at the cockpit.

Mark (the pilot) grabbed some things out of his pack and threw them to Mac and Kelly. They caught them. Inside the brown paper package was a crusty piece of bread, a banana and some water. As the helicopter started flying away, Mac and Kelly stood at the door, looking down onto the sharks, the wreckage and Max's final watery resting place. Tears brimmed in their eyes as they whispered to Max one last time, "Goodbye".

*By Taylah Danae Baggs  
Year 6  
Mooloolaba State School  
MOOLOOLABA – QLD.  
Teacher:  
Ms. Danette Flick*



## What It Means To Be Australian?

The young Australian girl named Matilda  
was given a question at school one day:  
"What does it mean to be Australian?"  
So she took the question away.

She went to see her grandfather, Johnny Lin  
who ran a Chinese take-away shop.  
"What does it mean to be Australian?  
Can you tell me Pop?"

"Well Matilda, Australia's a country  
Where people listen to what I have to say.  
You're lucky to live in a democracy  
Where they don't give your freedom away."



So Matilda walked away thinking  
about what her grandfather had said.  
Then as she walked past the footy field  
she saw her brother near the changing sheds.

"Hey, Shanel!" yelled Matilda. "Got a minute?  
I've got a good question for you!  
What does it mean to be Australian?"  
"Fair dinkum!" he said, "and true blue!"

"You know, Matilda", Shane said, "it's about football,  
and cricket and surfing, you beaut!  
It's about beaches and boardies and barbeques  
and drivin' in a rusty Holden ute!"

Matilda thought about what her brother had said  
as she walked past Australia Zoo.  
She found her friend Bindi soon after,  
feeding the kangaroos.

"Oh Bindi, what makes us Australian?"  
"Well, Matilda, as my dad used to say...  
By Crikey! It's gum trees and goannas  
and good old Botany Bay!"

"It's the Barrier Reef and the Kimberleys,  
The Olgas and Uluru too.  
It's drought and rain and sunshine  
and skies that are crystal clear blue!"

Mr. Weaver, Matilda's neighbour,  
was gardening when she passed by his house that same day.  
"Mr. Weaver, what does it mean to be Australian?  
I'd like to hear what you have to say."

"It's the Anzacs", said Mr. Weaver, "and Kokoda.  
It's about never giving up in a fight.  
It's about standing up for your mates when there's hardship  
and always trying to do what's right."

As Matilda went inside she looked thoughtful.  
Her mother said to Matilda, "What's up with you?"  
"Mum, what does it mean to be Australian?  
I really don't have any clue!"

"Well Matilda, it's people, it's our family.  
It's the community we participate in every day.  
It's the Girl Guides, the Wilderness Wanderers and the Salvos.  
It's the tuckshop ladies and the CWA."

"It's our history, our culture and our folklore.  
It's the first inhabitants of our great land.  
It's welcoming people from every nation  
Living in Australia is grand!"

When Matilda went to school the next day  
she presented her findings to her teacher and her class.  
She said, "I feel proud to be Australian  
knowing all the great achievements of our past."

"We've fought for the freedom of others  
in distant and far-off lands  
We've accepted people from other countries  
and given them a helping hand."

"Our marvellous flora and fauna  
our country fills me with awe.  
We're a nation of sporting lovers  
and barbeque freaks galore!"

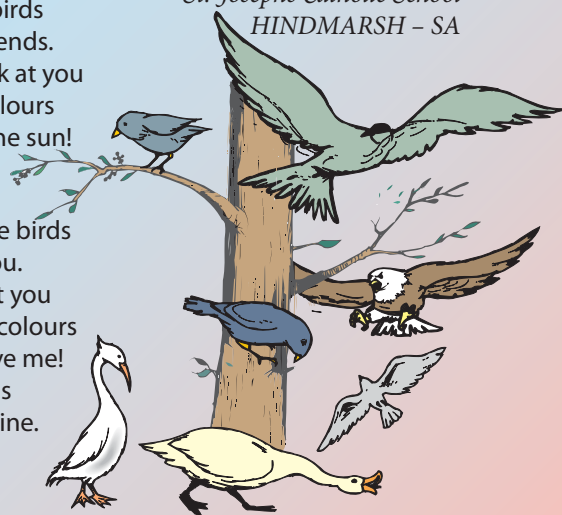
"We always lend a hand to our mates  
and come together as one.  
We fight for what we believe in.  
It's great to be Australian!"

*By Frances Grealy, Year 6, Age 11  
Our Lady of Lourdes Primary School,  
TOOWOOMBA - QLD.  
Teacher: Miss Sandra Rosentreter*

## My Birds

O'my lovely birds  
You are my friends.  
It's so nice to look at you  
Your bright colours  
Are shining in the sun!

O'my lovely little birds  
I care for you.  
When I look at you  
I see patches of colours  
Fluttering above me!  
I little birds  
You are all mine.



*By Elaine George  
Year 1  
St. Joseph's Catholic School  
HINDMARSH - SA*





**R**EGARDLESS of the sun dozing off in the distance, the birds outside were chirping louder than usual. Too lazy to get up from bed, Wendy turned on her back and tossed her quilt aside. Only 5:30am. Only another few hours until I have to get up for school anyway – might as well have an early start to the week, she thought. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, Wendy slowly got up from bed, shoved her cold stubby toes into her fluffy pink slippers and stumbled downstairs in search of something to eat.

As she made her way down the staircase, a hushed voice echoed down the hallway. “Wendy, is that you?” her mother said, sleepily.

“Uhh... yes, mum, I’m just getting a drink.”

“At 5:30am?”

“Yeah, I’m a bit thirsty”, Wendy replied, not sounding very convincing.

“Well, I’ll have to be at the lab at 7 today, honey, so you had better get ready quickly.” “Great. I guess no more sleep for me”, she sighed.

You see, Wendy’s parents were scientists; they studied insects and were currently working on finding a way to morph bugs into humans – or any other life form which can communicate with earthlings or speak English for a start. Sounded crazy, didn’t it?

“WOAHH... Oh my gosh–”

Wendy just tripped and landed face-first onto the hard, tiled floor. Not only did she temporarily injure her nose, but as she gripped the bench with her frail hands, she spilled over one of her parents’ lab tubes, containing a thick red liquid. Wendy could only watch in uncertainty as the sticky substance oozed out the window, showering an ant’s nest. “Ew”, she thought.

Diverting her attention back to breakfast, she reached out into the cupboard to get her cereal box, but instead, picked out an hourglass.

“Where the hell did this come from?” Wendy exclaimed, “It’s probably one of dad’s antiques or something”. Wendy felt a sudden urge to turn the hourglass upside down – a voice in her head was talking...

“Wendy, turn the hourglass upside down and you will find your destiny...” Without thinking, Wendy slowly tilted the hourglass upside down...

Everything had disappeared. Wendy wasn’t in her room any more; she was in some sort of forest. Her heart leaped into her throat. Here she was, stuck in the middle of “nowhere” and still hungry. Wendy wandered down a narrow trail and started calling for help, but the only listeners were echoes rebounding off the tall green hills.

Suddenly, she heard several loud hooves patting against the earth. The sound was getting nearer. She immediately turned around in shock, to find a stampede of giant ants charging right at her! Not knowing what to do, she let out an ear-splitting scream. They were getting nearer, only a few metres away now. Wendy whizzed around and ran like she never ran before. They were so close that she could practically feel the towering mutants exhaling. As Wendy continued her sprint, she was pulled by an arm into the bushes, away from harm.

“Phew”, sighed Wendy, “That was close!”

Sitting next to her was a rather tall girl. She had long brunette hair which levelled at her shoulders. She glared at Wendy with these deep brown eyes. She was of Asian appearance and was about 12, the same age as Wendy. After running from the gigantic monsters, the stunning look on Wendy’s face had not changed.

“Err, lady, whoever you are... WHERE THE HELL AM I?!”, Wendy blurted out.

“Hello newcomer, my name is Rosemary”, she replied with a string Chinese accent.

“OK, Rosemary, can you answer my question please – where am I? Because I’m *meant* to be in my house in the USA, 2006, you know.”

“What?! You must be crazy, this is Antville (in 2136) and I don’t see any house around here!” replied Rosemary.

Oh, my gosh. It all suddenly clicked in. As Wendy tipped the hourglass upside down, she must have been transported into the future. But why was the future like this? Wendy always imagined the future to be all hi-tech. and futuristic, with flying cars, talking animals, world peace etc. but this was far from it. In fact, it looked exactly the way it was in 2007. Who could have caused all of this? And what was up with the huge ants? Wendy’s brain piled up with so many unanswerable questions.

*Cont’d...*

## Ant Future (Cont'd)

Wait – FLASHBACK. Wendy spilled a strange substance onto an ant's nest... BINGO! This liquid must have caused the ants to resize and take over the world. But why? And was this procedure rewindable? All if these mind-boggling questions became *too* much for Wendy, she started to panic and eventually passed out...

The next morning, Wendy woke up to find herself in a small cottage with that Rosemary girl. What part of the weirdo race did she come from? Never mind, she thought. There were more important things to focus on, like finding a way back to her *own* house.

"Good morning, Wendy! I see that you have recovered. That's grand! Now, what would you like for your breakfast before we contact your parents?" asked Rosemary. "My mum said that you could stay with us until your health is fully restored, we'll have lots of fun!" "Uhh, Rosemary... I'm sorry, but I have to explain. I... I need your help", Wendy replied. So she began telling the whole story to the stranger.

"Oh, I see! So... you're not *really* from 2136, are you?"

"No Rosey – I'm from 2007. But thank you for listening to my story. I have one more query – why are there big ants around the place?" Wendy asked.

"*You don't know?* Well, many years ago, it's said that a foolish young girl deliberately sprayed a toxic chemical onto an ant's nest, making them re-size into enormous mutants. The mysterious substance also mind-controlled them into "*taking over the world*". Ever since then, earth has been closely monitored by these humungous bugs – scary, right?"

Wendy started to feel a pinch of guilt down her neck. *She* had caused this catastrophe. If she hadn't knocked that tube over, everything would be OK and none of this commotion would have occurred. Wendy let out a long sigh of regret.

"Rosemary, I have a confession to make", Wendy admitted. "Yes, go ahead."

"Rosemary... I was *that* girl. But the rumours are wrong! I didn't tip that weird fluid over on purpose! It as an accident. I must have caused this whole problem, and now, the only way we can fix it, is if I go back in time and replay the scene without spilling the tube over." There was a long, awkward silence. Finally, Rosemary spoke. "I know just who can help you", she remarked.

Early next morning, Rosemary and Wendy set off through the crowded bush land on their way to the tall mountain surrounding the village, making sure they were not seen by the humungous ants.

"Where are we going again?" Wendy questioned.

"I'll tell you when we get there", Rosemary answered.

After trekking tirelessly through the forest, they finally arrived at a dark fortress overlooking a broad valley. Only then did Rosemary start explaining her plan.

"In there, lives the infamous witch – Jessica, or *the Dark Empress* (as she likes to call herself), a bit too full of herself if you ask me. Anyway, she's the one lady I know who practises magic. She should be able to aid us, and could possibly even transport you back in time!

"Well, let's hope so", replied Wendy.

The two daring girls tip-toed across the wooden bridge, finally arriving at the tall brown castle doors. Rosemary stretched her hand out and quietly knocked. The old, wooden doors creaked and out came a *very* short, young girl. She had jet black hair a bit longer than shoulder length and big pink cheeks. She fluttered her lashes over dark hazel eyes as her think wispy hair covered her face.

"So, people, what do you want?" Jessica said, tediously. "Hello, Jess–"

"The Dark Empress, thank you very much", Jessica corrected.

"Hello, Dark Empress, we have travelled here all the way from Antville."

"Yeah, yeah, get to the point, I have more important things to do than to deal with some random people – I have to help the Queen Ant take over the world, so make it quick" she said.

"Well, you see, my friend Wendy has accidentally teleported through time – she has come from the year 2007", Rosemary explained. At this, Jessica's eyes widened with curiosity.

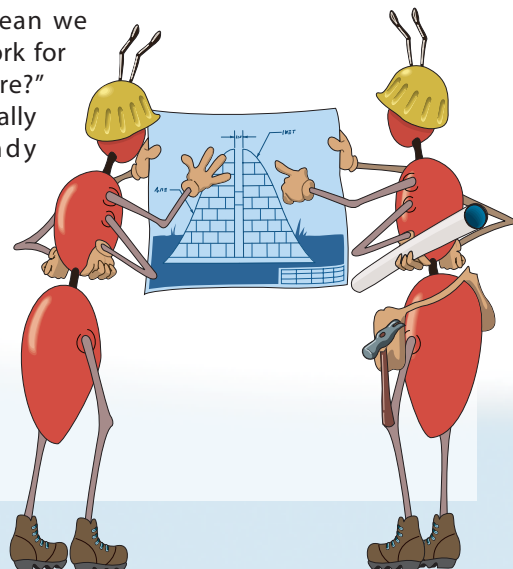
"We have figured out that if she was able to be transported back through time, she would be able to free us from the ants' slavery!"

"REALLY? You mean we won't have to work for the ants any more?"

"If we can magically transport Wendy through time."

"Come in! Come in! We can do this together", insisted Jessica.

Cont'd...







Jessica led the two girls through a maze of dusty bookshelves and sorcery equipment, and finally, to a highly secured locked up chamber.

"This is the only room in the place that the ants do not have access to. Here, I conduct my own creations. Luckily for you, I have already designed a time machine. Using this technology, you will be able to save the whole world!"

"Yeah, can I go home now?" said Wendy, impatiently.

"But first things first, thank you Jessica for your assistance", Rosemary said gratefully, "We really appreciate your kindness towards us"

## *Ant Future (Cont'd)*

"Oh, it's my pleasure – anything for being freed from these bossy ants..."

"Well, I guess it's my turn to speak, and thank you. I am extremely sorry for all of you to have suffered from this disaster, but I will not fail you. I will change the present and will make sure you won't ever have to be tortured like this again. And thank you so much for caring for me Rosemary. Maybe we will meet in the future (If I live for that long!). I must return to 2007 now. Farewell my friends."

Wendy stepped into the time portal, and before she knew it she was back in her room. With the painful image of the towering ants, Wendy carefully observed every move. Before she headed downstairs, Wendy looked at herself in the mirror. Her raven black fringe was bordering her face as she stared at herself in the mirror with her small glassy eyes. Wendy headed downstairs and this time *didn't* fall over (luckily). From then on, Wendy was always careful with listening to her intuition – after all – EVERYTHING counted towards the future.

*By Mithila Zaheen*

*Year 6*

*Westmead Public School*

*WESTMEAD – NSW*

*Teacher: Jodie Pearce*



## **QANTAS FLIGHT CATERING LIMITED MELBOURNE**

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## *Sketches In My Mind*

Inspired by scenes, thoughts and words  
Ideas push their way to the forefront  
Of my imagination.  
First lines and squiggles,  
Then cloudy images.  
But nothing is final,  
Not even when pencil meets paper.

Determination, frustration, exasperation –  
Wanting to express myself  
But no one else understands  
Though it means everything to me.  
Forms take shape,  
Images emerge,  
But they are not to my liking.



I erase mistakes  
That only I notice.  
Some lines are made bolder,  
Others are destroyed  
I attempt to capture what I clearly see  
But what others struggle to find

And when I finally make progress,  
What do I have to show?  
They won't display my art,  
They'll tell me what I "should have" drawn  
And how it "could have" been sketched  
But it won't matter –  
I'll hang my picture  
In the gallery of my mind  
I'm the keeper of my precious images.

*By Isabella Athaide  
Year 6, Age 11  
St. Christopher's Primary School  
AIRPORT WEST – VIC.*

## *Night Fall*



### **Nightfall**

Looks like a dark cloud following you in the sky;  
It stays there with you mocking your soul.

### **Nightfall**

Smells like a cold tear rolling down your cheek;  
You can almost smell the sorrow in the sky.

### **Nightfall**

Tastes like raw meat;  
A sickly taste that sticks to your mouth.

### **Nightfall**

Feels like a lonely star;  
Small and alone in a dark, mysterious sky.

### **Nightfall**

Sounds like a screaming banshee;  
A screeching sound that haunts you forever.



*By Ruby Tribe  
Grade 5  
Sacred Heart Primary School,  
CROYDON – VIC.*



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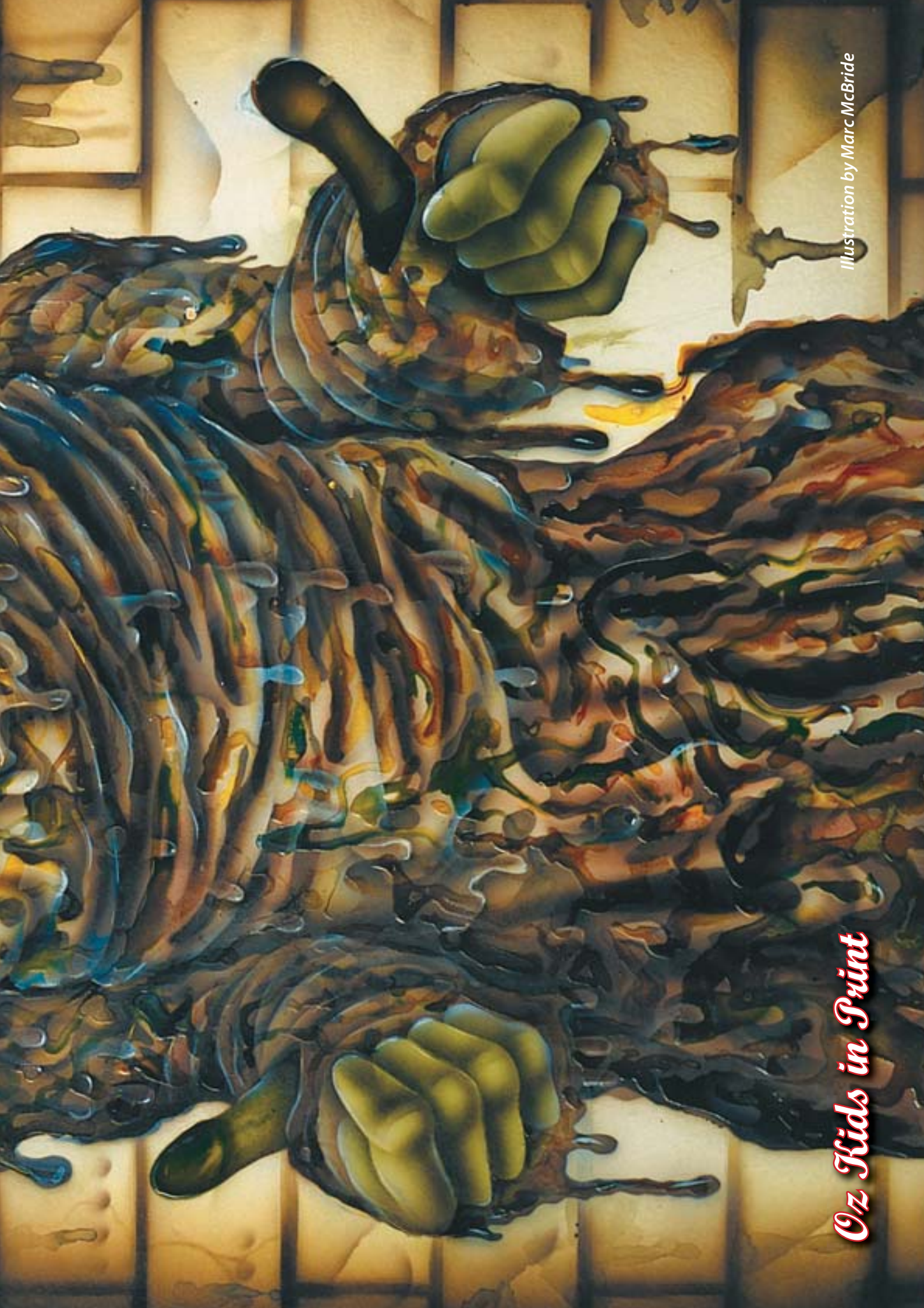


Illustration by Marc McBride

*Oz Kids in Print*



## Ambassadors



☛ **Krista Bell** is an award-winning author of twenty-one books for young readers. Krista has been professionally involved in children's literature for over thirty years, as well as being the mother of three sons, all of whom are good readers and writers! Krista's middle son, Damien, is the illustrator of her junior novels. Having grown up in Sydney, Krista had her own bookshop, was a publicist for a publishing company, then a book reviewer on ABC Radio for fifteen years, and during that time moved to Melbourne with her family.

It was in Melbourne that her first book, *JEZZA*, a picture book illustrated by Kym Lardner, was published in 1991. Krista calls the way she writes *FIBTION*, because she takes real life experiences, embroiders them with fibs and turns them into stories.

Krista lives with her sons and transport planner husband next to a railway line so she can quickly catch a train to the MCG to watch a football match, or go to the theatre, a concert or the National Gallery in town, or visit South Bank or Federation Square where she can be a professional "stickybeak", collecting story ideas. Visit [www.kristabell.com](http://www.kristabell.com).

**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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://www.plasticine.com/mcostain)

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



## Conservation

Have you noticed how different our earth is now?  
We need to protect it,  
The question is HOW?

Our Biodiversity is disappearing fast,  
What can we do to help it all last?  
Every plant, every leaf, every bird and its feathers,  
It all helps to keep our environment together.  
Some of Australia's wonderful features,  
Are vanishing along with our native creatures.  
We are slowly losing our Great Barrier Reef,  
The loss of our beautiful coral and fish would only bring us grief.  
So, what can we do to change this predicament?  
We can all work together to save the environment!  
Don't chop down our forests,  
Don't cut down the trees,  
The koalas will thank us and their extinction would eventually cease!  
We can reduce the greenhouse gases by using less power and fuel.  
We can use solar energy and ride our bikes to school!

So come on everybody,  
Give nature a hand,  
Think about our future,  
AND LET'S ALL MAKE A STAND!!!

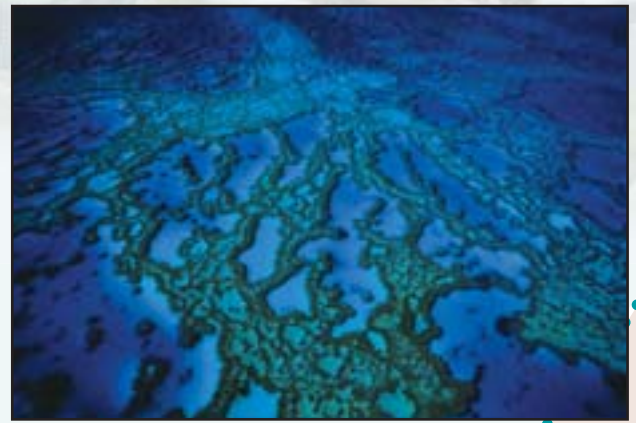
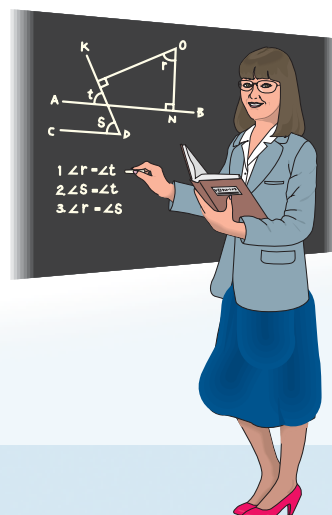
By Laura Boehm  
Age 12  
KANGAROO FLAT – VIC.

## TEACHER

Teachers are really smart – English, math, P.E. and art  
Each day they educate effortlessly  
Always there for their students' articulation  
Caring for you and me in civics and citizenship  
Helping me with history and homework  
Economics is made easier  
Really making things right for you and me alike!

This is dedicated to my teacher  
Mrs Welsh, who is an absolutely  
great teacher!

By Jane Krauss  
Grade 6, Age 11,  
Wodonga West  
Primary School,  
WODONGA WEST – VIC.



## What Is Hard For Wildlife

What lovely wildlife  
I hope they survive  
Out there in the wild  
Where they can't revive

Mammals die out there  
In the sea  
Get tangled in fishing line  
Plus eat plastic bags for tea

Kangaroos and wallabies  
Out in the desert  
They have to look really hard for food  
But they manage and the family shares it

Birds flying in the sky  
Get hunted down  
And do die

Slithering snakes eat frogs  
Poor little things  
They would rather be dogs

Look after our wildlife  
They are so precious  
We want them to be safe  
So don't be careless

By Madeline McGuire, Age 10  
West Moreton Anglican College, KARRABIN – QLD.

## Cassie Hard

CASSIE Hard, teenage super spy works for K73 Missions. When she's not working she lies low at St Lester's Orphanage. At the moment she is at a training camp called STAPLE [Special Training At Private Land East].

It was hot. That was all Cassie could think of as she lay on the scratchy cotton sheets in Cabin C. There were 5 other girls in her cabin and Cassie had the feeling that they weren't happy she was here. Not that they said anything to her, but that was precisely why she was sure they disliked her. As she lay on the bed she wondered why this was and came up with the most likely reason. Her age. She was 14 and the others she guessed looked late teens or early twenties.

After a restless sleep she was blasted awake by the speaker system at 5:30. She pulled on the uniform she had been given the day before which consisted of long sleeved camouflage pants and shirt, thick socks, big, hard boots and dark green paint stuff that she had to smear on her face. It stunk of rotting cabbage but she had to admit to herself it did look very cool.

At the food hall she helped herself to Weetbix and juice. She was about to get some more when Sergeant Krust came up to her. "Nymph, [that was her code name] today you go on Drill 43, it is quite tough but you'll just have to cope." He passed her a backpack. "This contains all the equipment you will need including a map of the grounds. Meet me at the coordinates J3".

Instead of Sergeant Krust there was a clipboard at J3 containing the following information.

*Nymph, your mission is to rescue the dummy from Crow House. It will be a tough journey and the house is full of traps. If you wish to abort the mission at any time type in the digits 1234 into your calculator and someone will come to get you out of your position. Good luck.*

Instead of going straight onto the track she decided to tip out the contents of her backpack to see what was in it. There was mountaineering equipment, a helmet, a wetsuit, high tech lumovision goggles and a calculator.

It was humid and wet. The likelihood of tripping on sprawling roots or getting a boot stuck in thick mud were both very great. To put it simply, Cassie was not having a good time. As she rounded a new corner the trees ended and she found herself face to face with a rugged cliff face. It became immediately apparent that she must have to climb the cliff face.

She took a few paces back and walked parallel to the wall until she found what she was looking for. They were big, thick metal loops that were stuck into the wall. She took out the mountaineering equipment and slipped into her harness and tightened it and attached the black diamond karabiners to it.

She attached the 2 clips to different metal loops and started to climb the cliff face.

It was tough work and very unsatisfactory because it took ages to gain a lot of height and there was always a scary moment when she had to take both of the karabiners off to reach the next loop. After an hour she had scaled a third of the mountain and felt drained of her energy. She stood horizontally swaying slightly and sipped some water from her small bottle and leant back to get some rest which was a surprisingly nice feeling considering that she was 50 metres off the ground.

After a few minutes she started to move again. After 60 metres she couldn't go further because her limbs were aching and after another 60 she couldn't go further if she had wanted to. She was at the top! She scrambled over the edge and took off her equipment. She then looked over the edge to see what she had done and was shocked to see how far she had gone.

The cliff top had no trees, instead there were lots of bushes and shrubs, most of them taller than her. She pushed back a few bushes and in front of her stood Crow House, surrounded by a big pool of water. She walked around to the other side. There was a bridge. "Ha, too easy", she thought as she walked across it. Once on the other side she tried to open the door but it was locked. The only thing on the door was a note saying:

*The key is in the water*

She quickly changed into the wetsuit and put on the goggles and dived in.

It was cold and murky under the water and she was grateful for the equipment she had been given. The water was only about 2 metres deep, which was good because if it was any deeper her ears would pop and that would make it a whole lot harder. She came up for a breath and pressed a button on her goggles and went under again. The vision was so much better with the goggles turned on and she was having quite a fun time. In the end it took her 1 hour to find the key. It was freezing out of the water and it was then she realised that she had no towel. She struggled back into the clothes she had been wearing, went across the bridge, unlocked the door and stepped inside.

Inside there were heaps of bright red lasers pointing in all different directions. Then Cassie noticed something that made her laugh. Both the walls had half-pipes and grinding poles. At her feet was a skateboard. It was a pretty cool deck with black and white skulls. The wheels were really good too.





## Cassie Hard (Cont'd)

Before she started she warmed up doing ollies, kick flips, 360 pivots and stops. She was ready.

She went up and down, back and forth until she had gathered enough momentum, and then she started. Judo 360, Stalefish, Indy Nosebone, Forwards Revert, Backwards Lip Slide, No Comply, Nose Manual, 50-50 Grind, 180 Ollie, Eggplant and finished with a 540 Flip. Triumphantlly she grabbed the dummy and punched in the numbers 1234 and let out a whoop.

Cassie Hard was journeying back to St. Lester's Orphanage. She was not allowed to tell anybody what she had done but was to keep a normal orphan's life awaiting her next mission.

— The End —

*By Jemima Milton, Age 11  
Turramurra North Public School  
NORTH TURRAMURRA – NSW  
Class teacher: Mrs Jane Grimshaw*

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## Comedian

YOU know that I have always wanted to be a comedian, making a room full of people laugh and yell my name. Imagine standing on a stage and your jokes fill the room, your jokes cover the audience, and your jokes make the audience forget about their problems. But I would never make a good comedian; I can't make jokes. To make a good joke you need to have a funny life. That's why I couldn't be a comedian; my life had nothing funny about it.

How can you laugh at abuse?

"Get in the basement and stay there!" my father yells. I run down the cold metal stairs and sit in the corner of the dark wet room. My life is meaningless, my life is like a blank sheet of paper which has the potential to be a great novel or an opera but if the pen doesn't hit paper it is nothing but a dull, blank page of paper. Loud footsteps come down the stairs and I brace myself for the worst. It is my father, drunk and wild. He bursts in and screams and curses at me.

Why must I be degraded to such a pitiful life? Must my life be dripped away dripping constantly like a tap? I must try to get away from here, I must try to escape. When my dad turns around and stumbles up the stairs with whiskey on his breath, I shall run and push him over and try to escape into the bright light of the unknown world. My father climbs halfway up the stairs and I slowly creep up to my feet and dash up the stairs. I bowl him over in one fell swoop. I dash into the kitchen and race around the table, my father screams, his loud voice yells at me to stop. I get to the front door and place my small white hand on the door. For the first time, I will see what it is like to walk on grass with the sun shining. I quickly race out the door as my father yells out, as if I am his animal to command.

You should never take your childhood for granted because someone out there is yearning for the same attention and love that you receive. I was a child that was never loved and never talked about. I was like a silent listener to every conversation, the silent guest at every meal. But my life was not only filled with people that despised and did not love me. Yes there was a woman that loved and cared for me.

How can you deal with your love dying?

I sit on the park bench; it is a cold and foggy morning. I watch as the runners run and the walkers walk on the dark grey path and then I hear a loud bang from amongst the trees. A woman has fallen and hits the ground, she is lying on the ground and I think to myself, "Can she get up, should I go over there and help her?". I get up out of my seat and run over to her. I help her up and introduce myself.

Many months pass and we soon become close. I fall in love with her golden locks that frame her temples and her deep green eyes. It seems that you could look into them forever and you would never see the bottom of them.

Then one dark and dreary morning a phone call breaks the ill sound of pattering rain. I answer the phone call and as the person talks I know I have heard the tone before; it's the tone where someone acts sorry but is not.

"Hello, I am sorry to inform you but your girlfriend has been found dead at the bottom of Misery Cliff."

I slide down the wall like a limp piece of fruit thrown against the bin. Later that week I go around to her house and take one last look at her empty lifeless apartment. As I look through her draws I find a letter.

*"To my dearest Toby, my love and my life I am writing this letter because I love you dearly. I have taken my life so you do not have to deal with the pain I will cause you. I have a tumour in my brain that is slowly killing me but before it takes my life it will make me a vegetable and you would have to look after me and that is something that I would never want you to do. So please find it in your heart to forgive me. I have done this because I love you. Yours, love Lucy."*

Is there anything funny with that? Your love leaving you, my soul mate, the only person that has ever loved me. She thought that she was doing me a favour but what she really did was rip out my heart. I would have done anything for her just to be in her beautiful glow, her magical ambience, her energising presence.

My life has been nothing but heartache and pain. What has happened before is the past and to get over the pain of the past you need to look at the future for only then will the past disappear. The pain that I have felt is because someone else has caused it.

Before Lucy died she told me a story of a little boy.

"There was a rude little boy who was always rude to everyone he met. He would tease all the kids at his school. One day his father sat him down and said, 'Every time you are mean I will hammer a nail into the fence.' A few months passed and the fence was covered with nails. The little boy went to his father and said, 'Dad I don't want to be mean any more.' So his Dad replied, 'Okay, every day you are nice I will take a nail away from the fence.'

A few more months passed and all the nails were gone from the fence. The little boy looked at the fence and he saw all these holes."

Lucy said, "Even though you can say sorry there will always be a hole in the person's heart from where you hurt them".

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



## Never Forgetting

I thought it would be great,  
To go and see the world,  
But war is not all fun,  
That's why I lay here curled.

After all our training,  
I had to go to the front,  
And when you're tired and want to talk,  
The best you can do is grunt.

After all the bombs have fallen,  
I went insane and started crawling.

My best mates pulled me to my feet,  
And I said I must be strong,  
But then came a horrible moment,  
As down rained a bomb.

I don't know how I lived,  
I should have really died,  
But when I saw my best mates,  
I cried and cried and cried.

Eventually we left in the middle of the night,  
Now I can still remember the terrible, horrible fight.

And when my grandkids are old enough,  
I'll tell them about the war,  
I'll tell them all the truth about the tears and blood and gore.  
And year by year as we march, there is one less more,  
For I am glad to have survived to teach about the war.

*By Claire Brooks  
Year 6  
Elmore Vale Public  
ELERMORE VALE - NSW  
Teacher: Mrs Meredith*



## ANZAC Poppies

My leaves are emerald green.  
I am a sign of peace.  
I represent our silent hopes,  
When all the wars have ceased.

I lie here on the lush green grass.  
I'm red and black and beautiful.  
I'm a symbol of war and of the past.  
Of actions brave and dutiful.

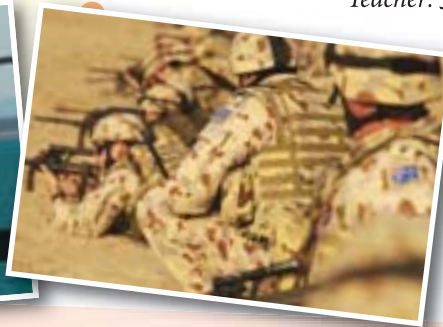
I am a flower as you can see.  
Twist and tumble in the breeze.  
I am a flower of bravery.  
And soldiers' camaraderies.

My petals are as red as blood,  
My pollen, black as night.  
I symbolise remembrance,  
And bravery inside.

I lie here where a soldier lies.  
He represents all those who fell.  
Here he fought and here he died,  
And here we say our last farewell.

The ANZAC trumpets call his name.  
They sound both near and far,  
Listen to their proud refrain.  
All you beneath the southern star.

*By Meredith Cohn  
Grade 5/6G, Age 11, Manly Vale Public School  
Teacher: Mrs Lynn O'Grady*



## AT WAR

The wind was dry, But as the flag went up,  
It was full of sand; I was shot to the full,  
It stung your eyes, I coughed up blood,  
And buffeted your hands. It was red with drool.

I seized my gun, I woke up the next day,  
I held it to his head, In a hospital bed.  
He became a prisoner, I had a strange feeling,  
My tears were shed. That I should've been dead.

He fell to his knees, Then I cried all day,  
He didn't beg for any more, I cried all night,  
Except one thing, As it all came back to me,  
"STOP THE WAR". That terrible fight.

He was taken away, I asked the nurse,  
Shot and killed, How many survived,  
The man who did so, "You were the only one",  
Was dreadfully skilled. She sadly replied.

We ran and ran, So now you know,  
From dawn to dusk, What it was like,  
"When will it be over?" Against those people,  
The question was asked. Who we once disliked.

*By Michelle Lloyd  
Age 12  
St. Malachy's Primary School  
EDENHOPE - VIC.*

## *Runner of the Future*

I am a girl.

I am all the things of my past,

I am my father's height,

I am my mother's athleticism,

Racing down around the track.

I am all that I see.

My friends in the crowd cheering me on,

Putting me off,

But making me smile.

I am all that I hear.

My deep breaths,

As I wait for the starter's commands.

The loud shot of the gun as I push off my blocks.

The cheers of my mates as I come into the home straight.

I am all that I feel.

My sore burnt fingers and knee,

From the red track on a hot day.

The lactic acid coming over me with fifty metres to go.

The sweet, sweet relief of the finish line.

I am all that I taste.

Red frogs to calm my nerves.

The cool water running down my throat.

I am all that I remember.

Walking into the Olympic Park stadium,

Buzzing with the excitement of competing.

Finishing the one lap of the track under one minute.

Taking free bottles of water from the post race room.

I am all that I have been taught.

The race plan for the perfect four hundred metres.

Start the race fast off the starting blocks,

Hold the fast pace down the back straight,

Kick at the two hundred metres to go and again at the one hundred and fifty,

Come off the last curb as fast as I can and

DO NOT slow down!

I am all that I think.

"Will I run well?

I don't want to do this,

No. I can do this,

Don't worry it's only one lap."

I am like a bird waiting for something,

But one day I will build up the courage,

To spread my wings,

But I will not fly; I will run like the wind.

Because I am,

The runner of the future.

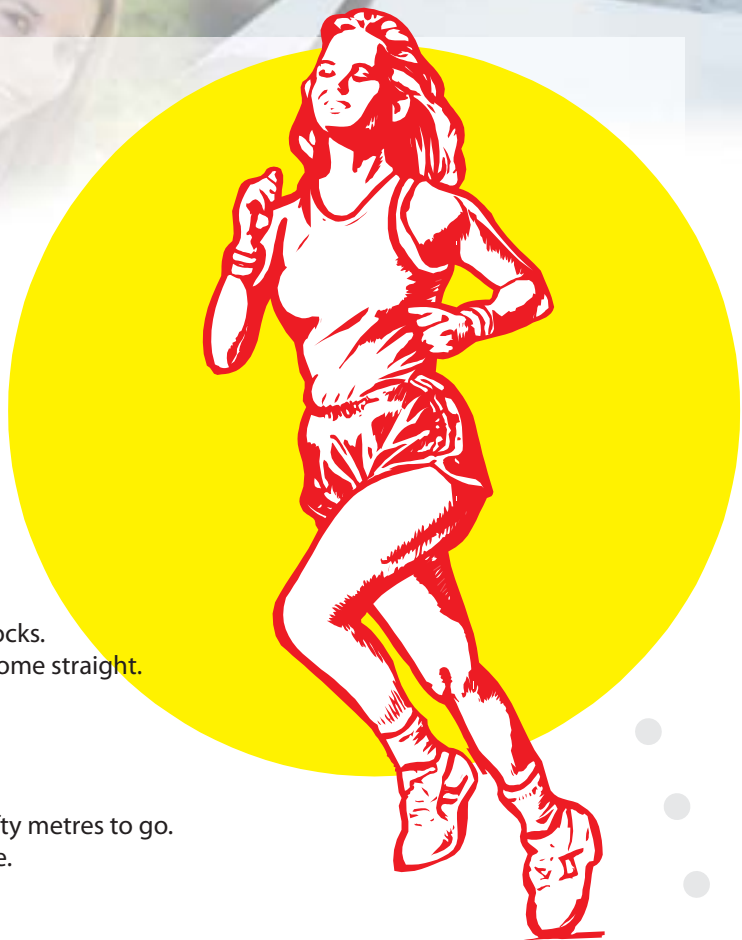
*By Haylee Wilson*

*Year 9*

*Brighton Secondary School*

*BRIGHTON - VIC.*

*Teacher: Mrs Forrest*





## The Call of Nature

**M**Y MOTHER'S voice was one of the few sounds in this world that I truly despised. It was tediously high-pitched and managed to seep through walls. I sighed and gazed idly around the room.

Doesn't she ever shut up?

"No", I replied, miserably.

Ha! Welcome back. Decided to stop ignoring us?

I panicked and pressed my sweaty palms hard against my ears, desperately trying to block out the almost tantalizing voice.

"Shut up, shut up!" I chanted, softly.

Oh, nice try, Frank! But sorry, you can't block us out of your head. WE'RE ALREADY IN IT!

A terrifying cackle echoed inside my head, sending shivers down my spine. The growing nausea in my stomach was debilitating and made my vision swirl. I stumbled blindly toward the door and shoved it open. My vision suddenly cleared as I escaped the choking confines of the room and spilled out into the carpeted halls. I felt the grasp of hands and lurched to the side, clumsily knocking over an expensive vase of flowers. The plush carpet cushioned the fall of the vase but it didn't stop the terrified screams from leaping into my head.

"Be quiet", I hissed, hastily scooping the flowers back into the vase.

I scrambled to my feet and began to run aimlessly. I detoured through the emergency exit and burst into the yard. I stepped out onto the freshly mown grass and heard indignant voices cry out in protest.

Oi!

Watch it!

Ouch!

Get off!

What's your problem, punk?

"I'm sorry", I cried over my shoulder, trying to tread lightly on the grass.

I paused to catch my breath, resting my hands on my hips. A strong gust of wind swept through the courtyard, rustling the trees and sending dozens of leaves spiralling randomly through the air.

Weeeeeeeeeeeee...

The delighted voices were a huge and welcome change for my aching head. With an amused smile I watched the free leaves whip around wildly, performing all manner of admirable acrobatic acts. Eventually the wind died down and they all floated gently to the ground and came to rest amongst the grass clippings.

My mother and my shrink, Dr. Trapp appeared beside me. Their gaze was anxious and wary.

I glanced over Dr. Trapp's shoulder and gasped in horror as I spotted a man lower his high-powered chainsaw to the limb of a large tree. I rushed forward, realising this was why I had been chosen.



Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

The scream was so loud and piercing it drowned out my own screams. I collapsed, a splitting pain erupting in my head. I half-staggered to my feet, in a last desperate attempt to save the tree. But it was too much and Dr. Trapp was forced to hold me up.

He hauled me away from the tree and forced me back inside.

You can't save us all, Frank. Better luck next time.

I glanced up at the pot plant by the door and smiled.

*By Joelle Cronin  
Age 16*

*Heatley Secondary College  
HEATLEY - QLD.*





## DEVASTATION

Newcastle, Newcastle where do I start,  
The trees have practically fallen apart.  
The wind has blown a mighty gust,  
Pulling roofs off houses,  
And leaving towns in disgust.  
The devastations we're left with now,  
Will make people remember but wonder how.  
Working in the dark for a couple of days or more,  
Hasn't been that bad,  
It's been fun all in all.  
The damage that has left us now,  
Is like a jigsaw puzzle that had been smashed around.  
As one by one we pick up the pieces.

But through all this destruction,  
An icon was born,  
A big red hulk,  
Has come out of the storm.  
It now sits on the beach at Nobby's,  
The Pasha Bulker has become everyone's hobby.  
It is an amazing site,  
Which people look at in awe.  
Even if it is taken away,  
The memory of the Pasha Bulker is here to stay.

*By Amy Boswell  
Year 7  
ARCADIA VALE - NSW*

## The Big Little Turtle

ONCE upon a time a mother turtle was digging in the sand to lay her eggs. She could not stay to look after her eggs because the beach was full of hungry seagulls.

A few months later the baby turtles started to hatch from the eggs. They scuttled down to the water, all except one baby turtle who hatched out of her egg late.

The baby turtle was about to cry until she heard shacking in the seaweed. Suddenly out jumped an old, wise crab. "I know you think you cannot find a way to get back to the sea because you think you're too small, so think big." The

little turtle closed her eyes and thought, when she opened them the wise old hermit crab was gone.

The little turtle went back to her idea, she drew a picture of herself in the sand with her foot and covered it with seaweed to make it look green. At last the seagulls saw the fake turtle and swooped down to get it, while the seagulls were distracted the baby turtle sneaked around and swam happily away.



*By Jeevni Morgan  
Age 9  
Strathfield South Public School  
STRATHFIELD - NSW*



## A Shared Mind

"Abby, dinner's ready!" I slowly closed my book and looked at my wall clock, 6:25 – that's five minutes past the average time. I slowly slid off my bed and skipped downstairs. "Hey mum, what's for dinner?" I looked up at my mum trying to feed my brothers. "Well, because this is your last night eating at home, I made your favourite, Brussels sprouts." I looked down at my plate. "You're kidding right?" I looked up at her hopefully. "Why would I 'kid' about something like that?" I reeled around and silently walked up the stairs. "I think I'm going to pass on dinner tonight". I walked up the stairs and turned the light in my room and ran my eyes down the clothing list. Yep, everything was ready. You see tomorrow I'm going to a girl's soccer camp for 2 weeks and hopefully I'll make some new friends there...



"Bye mum!" I pulled up my suitcase out of the car and walked over to where all the other girls were standing.

"Hi, my name is Abby." The dark-haired girl looked up from what she had been doing.

"That's nice but I don't really care, okay?" I gave a small smile and slowly backed away. *Gee, looks like it's going to take a while to get some friends around here*, I thought. I walked around looking for someone that looked like they were in the same situation as me. I looked down at the girl I had just bumped into.

"Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. Are you okay?"

I held out my hand for her to hold onto. "Let me help you up". I slowly pulled her up.

She finally decided to say something. "Thanks. My name is Ashlee. What cabin are you in?"

I dug my hand into my bag and pulled out my wrinkled-up information letter. "Here it is, Cabin 7".

"What about you?" said Abbey.

Ashlee rustled through her backpack and looked up. "Same" she mumbled.

★ ★ ★

I pulled my bags up the stairs and dumped them on top of my bed. I looked around to where Ashlee was sitting. Her head was down, looking at a picture. I walked over to her. "Are you okay?" She kept her head down and slowly looked up, wiping the tears away from her eyes. "I'm just a little homesick, that's all". I looked down at the picture she was holding. It was a small picture of her mum and dad. I tried to cheer her up. "Don't worry about it Ashlee, you'll have tonnes of fun here". Things seemed to get worse. Ashley stood up and walked out the door. Through the window I could see her sit down on the grass, still glaring at her picture. *I feel so sorry for her. It must be hard.* Just then Ashlee quickly reeled around and looked around. *What is she doing?* Again Ashlee turned around but this time said, "You don't need to know what I'm doing".

By Dinali Daluwatte

Year 6

Glendal Primary School

GLEN WAVERLEY - VIC.

## I Am

**I am the centre of a swirling mass,  
Dark shapes and bright colours,  
Spinning in a whirlpool of thought.  
A twisted epicentre.**

**A clouded grey mirror,  
Smoky. Cracked.  
Reveals a figure.  
Long, dark hair,  
Black eyes,  
A metallic grin.  
Only a mask,  
Hiding the soul beneath.**

**Interconnecting differences.  
Honest Liar.  
Clever Fool.  
Friend, Foe or Ally?  
Ever pleasing,  
Never gratifying.  
The truth is always changing.**

**A black sky,  
Littered with pinpricks of light.  
How I long to fly among them,  
Brushing their light with my fingertips  
Soaring through space on open wings.  
Oblivious to the worries of life.  
Supreme.**

By Hannah Kerber

Grade 8, Age 14

Launceston Church Grammar School  
MOWBRAY HEIGHTS - TAS.

## On the Line

AS IS his daily routine, Paul Barber felt for his answering machine under a pile of unfinished assignments, managed to press the play button and let the sound of the day's telephone messages echo around his studio. While his hand fumbled around in the freezer in search of his next microwave dinner, in the next room he could overhear the monotonous voice of his editor mentioning something undeterminable about work. "Probably the feature article about the Lunley bat community. They always give these sorts of assignments to the cadets", he groaned. He knew he should get around to finishing it some time in the next week, but lately the lack of exciting stories in this town had just seemed to sap the life out of every journalistic bone in his body.

As if on purpose, he let his plate escape from his grasp, leaving it to crash noisily on the floor. He had been receiving the same message for days now. Habitually, he switched on his remote and placed himself in front of the television. The small dark screen in the corner of the room lit up with images of the town's local news. Just as he was about to change the channel, the name of his local town caught the corner of his eye. *Lunley* was printed underneath a photo of an old crime scene that looked to be about twenty years old. The reporter's voice told the story of an unsolved disappearance of a young woman. *Right in my own backyard*, thought Paul. His journalistic instincts told him that this might be something to investigate. The assignments he has been receiving lately from his editor have been far from challenging.

The screen showed some old footage of the victim's family pleading for the community to come forward with information. Instinctive thoughts piled up in his head. *What about the victim's family? Why has the case been shelved for so long? Why did they give up on this case?* All these thoughts circled around in his mind. He made himself a mental note to see if he could find out more about the case.

The next day he purposefully avoided his editor, knowing he hadn't made any headway on the bat community article. The story from last night had preoccupied his mind all day. He wanted to get some more in depth information to see if it could lead him to a breaking story, so he made his way to the archives. Thousands of old newspapers lined the walls of the archive room. He searched for the microfiche reader to sift through some of the old articles in the hopes of finding what he was looking for. He managed to locate two brief clips on the disappearance, but it seemed quite odd to him that such a bizarre disappearance would not have attracted more media attention. While he was filing away the few newspaper articles he had found, Paul couldn't help but feel a little disappointed, and he left the archives room with not much more than he went in with. But he did have an idea as to where he could find the information he was looking for.

Hoping to get more detailed information on the case, he headed for the central police

archives. There were countless shelved cases all meticulously ordered by date and name, but he knew who he was looking for. *S, Susan Douglas...* he whispered to himself *...who are you?* He searched along the endless rows of names, *so much suffering hidden in forgotten puzzles.*

After searching along the row of what seemed like endless unsolved stories, he found what he was looking for; small, seemingly insignificant, hidden away in the façade of the shadows. Detailed cobwebs, carefully crafted, were draped over the box. It had not surprisingly gathered dust which he brushed off before he peered inside. Paul traced the movements of the small particles of dust settling back onto the shelves. He expected to find copious amounts of paperwork, lab tests, catalogued evidence, witness statements – all waiting for their histories to be unravelled. But his heart and hopes sank as he removed the lid. Something about the contents of his box seemed incomplete. He scraped up the few bundles of paper from the bottom of the box and placed them on the table.

Inexperience told him to shove the files back into the box, to just give up, but something kept him from doing that. He couldn't just shelve them away – as all the others had done; he needed a link that could put a story behind the name. He needed to solve the mystery.

Something about the emptiness. The bareness of the box didn't sit right with him. As he returned it to the shelf, something inside it glimmered slightly in the dull light. From a photograph, he could see the face of a young woman staring up at him. It was the victim. *Susan*. His mind went back to the old footage of the grieving family. *Maybe there was a reason why they just left this case to settle. Maybe there was a reason why no one pursued the perpetrator. Who was he? What had happened to him?* he began to think to himself. The visit to the police archives had brought more questions than answers. In the twenty years since this young woman disappeared, no one seemed to have cared enough to answer any of these questions. He realised that this would be a cold case forever

Cont'd...



## On the Line (Cont'd)

unless he delved into the past to shed light on the crime.

Paul flipped open his notepad and scribbled down the name of the detective who originally investigated the case. *John Staedtler*.

He had to find out more, he resolved, as he returned the box to the shelf. It may be a long shot, but he just had to find out.

After the long drive home, Paul sat at his desk weighing up his options. He looked at the growing pile of assignments. If he didn't complete them, he wouldn't get paid – and he was *desperately* short of money – but he felt compelled to continue his quest for solutions to the mystery. He felt a duty to bring answers to this small town, something it has been missing for years.

The phone rang. Paul didn't move. He let the answering machine take the call. He could hear his boss' voice instructing him to get the bat story to him by lunchtime. His call reminded Paul about the reality of his current situation; logic told him to forget about the cold case and focus on making a living, but he was becoming more and more drawn to cracking the case. His excuses with the boss were beginning to run thin.

*If I do not have your report by the deadline, it won't be the only thing missing from the office.* The words looped around in his mind like a broken record. Paul had so much to lose.

He flipped through the pages of his notepad, looked around his sparsely furnished studio, and reached for the phone book.

Paul wiped the mist off the window with his sleeve as he put on his coat and gloves. He glanced back at the pile of overdue assignments and stuffed the copy of the police file into his backpack. While on his way to see John Staedtler, many thoughts raced through his mind. *What should I ask him? What could he answer? Would he remember the case?* How much would he have forgotten? Paul sat in his car wondering if he should go ahead with this. He *should* be at work right now – his career as a journalist could be jeopardised by doing this.

"Good morning, Mr. Staedtler. I'm Paul Barber from the Lunley Times. I'm wondering if you wouldn't mind talking to me about a case that you worked on twenty years ago."

"Look, I'm retired. I've got nothing to do with the police force any more," replied the man.

"I realise that, but I thought you might be able to give me some information on the Susan Douglas disappearance. She



went missing in August of 1986 – her kidnapper was never found. I brought with me copies of the police reports, but there are just so many questions unanswered. Could you..."

"Look, I've told you. I'm done with the department and I can't help you," he replied. "Excuse me, Mr. Staedtler. It just seems so bizarre that at the time the media didn't cover much of the story, and the police records also seem to be incomplete. I'd really appreciate it if I could come in and

have a chat with you. I won't be taking much of your time", Paul continued.

"I'm sorry; I really have nothing to say about this."

And with that the retired detective slammed the door in Paul's face, but not before he could stick his card through the small door opening.

*That went well*, Paul thought to himself. He trudged his way back home wondering if this whole thing would ever get him anywhere. He knew it certainly wasn't doing any favours for his career.

At home he opened up the police file, stared at the scribbled notes and the single photograph of the victim. He picked it up and blue-tacked it on the wall above his desk. He placed some sketches of the crime scene next to the photo and stared blankly at them. The phone interrupted his thoughts. He picked up the receiver not knowing what to expect. Half listening, he heard a woman's voice telling him that the police department was "sorry, but unable to grant your request to re-open the Susan Douglas case as no new evidence has come to light". He started to think if any ever would.

Paul had never put himself on the line for someone he knew, let alone someone he had never met. Until now he never thought about getting involved in something in which he might never gain anything out of. But this time it was different. The wall above his desk gradually filled with shades of grey and white clippings surrounding the Douglas case. His boss had given him an ultimatum, one which he had not so much as ignored, but rather forgotten about. *Deliver the story by Monday or don't bother coming back to work.*

Not only did he now have no job, but he didn't seem to be making any headway on the Douglas case.

*Am I doing the right thing – putting it all on the line? For what? To find a kidnapper who may not be able to be traced? To bring justice? – For whom?*

Cont'd...

## *On the Line (Cont'd)*

The phone rang. Paul wasn't in a hurry to pick it up, but when he heard the raspy voice of John Staedtler on the answering machine he rushed to respond. "I've got something to tell you."

As he drove down the snaking streets of Lunley on his way to John's house, Paul wondered what the meaning was behind those six words.

"I've thought about what you said last time you were here", said John, gesturing Paul to sit down. Paul's attention was drawn to a small folder lying on the table across from him.

"You were right about the Douglas case. There *is* something odd about the investigation and the way it was handled at the time."

Paul had been waiting for confirmation of his suspicions. He had a feeling from the start that there was something wrong with the case.

"It's all in here." John reached for the folder and handed it to Paul, both of them realising the weight which the documents carry.

"This contains all the missing pieces from the case. I've kept this secret for almost twenty years. I think it's time for somebody to know the truth, not just someone who has the initiative to investigate the case, but someone who has the guts to do something about it... whatever the costs may be."

He paused, contemplating what he was about to say next. "There was a cover up." The words rang clearly through the air.

John continued, "Pieces of evidence were purposefully withheld by the commanding officer. I stumbled across the truth by accident, but I didn't say anything because I didn't want to be implicated".

This was more than Paul had expected. *A cover up?*

"All the evidence at the time pointed towards a well known public figure as the perpetrator. He had connections in town and was able to have the case buried."

*That's big*, thought Paul, *real big*. The kidnapper is still out there somewhere in the community.

Paul left John's house with the folder, yet not sure what to do next. Should he go public? What were the consequences John warned him about? And if he did go public, who would he go to? The police department – who was the one covering it all up in the first place? All these questions were turning around in his head while he was walking home. He decided to take a shortcut

through some office blocks when suddenly, somewhere in the distance, he heard a car accelerate. A door opened and a man pounced on him from behind. Instinctively, Paul clutched the file. The attacker jumped up on him, trying to force the folder from his grasp. A scuffle broke out and Paul was pulled to the ground. The stranger tried again to release the folder from his arms. Paul felt the folder gradually slip away from him. His palms were sweaty but he held on determinedly to the documents. Surprisingly, the assailant loosened his grip and ran off. A security guard who had been taking his nightly round was attracted to the scene. He approached the victim, but he had already fled.

He wondered what he should do. The ordeal had shaken him up. Was it a coincidence, just a mere mugging, or was it a planned attack? He decided that he needed to take action before he himself becomes the second victim of this case. For Paul, there was only one option.

He picked up the receiver and listened to the phone signal for a while before dialling. "Hello, is this the Lunley Times?" He paused, "Could you please put me through to Stan Pines?". Paul waited with anticipation to hear the once dreaded voice of his editor. "Editor's desk, Stan speaking."

"This is Paul. I've got a story for you."

As is his daily routine, Paul Barber felt for his answering machine under a pile of unfinished assignments, managed to press the play button and let the sound of the day's telephone messages echo around his studio room. While his hand fumbled around in the freezer in search of his next microwave dinner, in the next room he could overhear the monotonous voice of his editor mentioning something undeterminable about work. Habitually, he switched on his remote and placed himself in front of the television.

The small dark screen in the corner of the room lit up with images of the town's local news. He listened to the reporter as she told the story of a young writer who risked so much to free the truth.

"Due to the courageous efforts of one young cadet journalist, the family of this victim can finally have some closure regarding this long lasting ordeal. The police have agreed to officially re-open the case and the secrecy surrounding the suspicious disappearance of Susan Douglas has now been revealed."

He picked up the newspaper lying on his desk to see the familiar face of Susan Douglas smiling up at him and he knew then that it was all worth it.

*By Stephanie Constand  
Year 12, Ravenswood School,  
GORDON – NSW*





# into the white

THE PEOPLE whizzing down the slope looked so graceful. Ski, turn. Ski, turn. I would join them soon. It was my second day at Perisher. I'd been attending lessons. Learning the basics was good, but it wasn't what I'd imagined, which was me, the child prodigy, racing down black runs on his first holiday at the snow. I had to talk Dad into taking me on an easier green run.

"Nearly there", he commented as we shuffled though the lift line.

"Remember, when I say NOW, you slide to that red line. See the one?"

"Ye-es", I confirmed, peering through the mass of bodies. As we neared the front, I gazed up at the mountain. "Mmm, it looks easy enough..."

"NOW", ordered Dad.

Startled, I grabbed the turnstile to push myself forward, but too late. The turnstile slammed shut. Dad took off on the chairlift.

"See you at the top of the hill", he shouted.

Next time I was ready at the turnstile. Off I pushed. Seconds later, the chair hit my legs and I sat down with a thump. A quick whoosh, and the chairlift and I climbed into the air. "Wow!" I exclaimed. This was my first time on a chairlift.

The lift slowed down at the top of the mountain. I scrambled forward and snowploughed off.

I surveyed the vista like a connoisseur, savouring it. I breathed in the cool, eucalyptus-scented mountain air. The mountains

stretched out for kilometres, an unbroken line of peaks that reached high into the air, covered by the whitest, softest snow imaginable. The peaks were dotted with eucalypts and rocks, the sky a pale grey. Snowflakes danced around me, settling on my jacket and face. I smiled, because they tickled.

Dad broke my reverie, grinning.

"Great sight, but right now, you should probably be looking that-a-way instead". He pointed down the slope. "Ready to show us some of that smooth skiing you've been raving about for weeks?"

"Oh". The mountain was quite a bit steeper than it looked from below. Now I wasn't so sure. The butterflies had awoken again. "I can do this", I told myself, "just take it slowly". "Stay calm", my ski instructor's voice said inside my head. I started off. My skis whistled over the soft white snow, creating the sensation of flying. Air flew past me. I smiled. This was what I had come for. Trees soared on either side. I was in heaven.

Suddenly my ski caught in the snow. I pirouetted. Now I was skiing backwards extremely fast, the mountainside rushing away in front of me. I screamed and pushed my foot hard. Spinning around to face forwards again, I was skiing downhill, still extremely fast. I was so astonished that I promptly fell over. The skis unclipped and I slid, out of control. Dad skidded to a halt beside me, worried, checking for injuries. My only injury was that I could hardly breathe from laughter. I felt like the luckiest boy on Earth.

*By Max Singer  
Class 6H, Age 12  
Neutral Bay Public School  
NEUTRAL BAY - QLD.*



# Magic

## Chapter One: The Magic Wand

Once upon a time in the Land of Magic a strange thing happened. This was the problem; the sun would not rise! All the people in Magic Land tried their best to magic the sun up, but it was no use. Everybody in Magic Land sat down to think, then after an hour the Fairy Queen Tarnia said "Has anyone got any ideas?" One of the unicorn foals said, "Maybe a mean

magic robber has made the sun stay down so he can steal things". "Oh yes, why didn't we think of that?" said Queen Tarnia, "Now everybody go and search your house to see if anything is missing".

Selena the Sparkle fairy went home and found all her potions and papers were gone. She was supposed to be teaching Kelly the baby unicorn to fly but she couldn't find the instructions that had the "Tips for Flying"!

Soon Kelly came over crying with her friends. Their brushes and blankets had been stolen. "It is true" she said, "there is a robber". Then they heard a wicked laugh. Selena and her friend Grace the Glitter fairy told the Fairy Queen that they would follow the voice to see if they could catch up with the robber.

## Chapter Two: Selena and Grace to the Rescue

When they eventually caught up with the robber they saw that the Queen's magic wand was sticking out of his bag. "How are we going to get it back?" whispered Grace.

"Hmmm" said Selena, thinking. "I know, let's turn ourselves invisible so we can take it from the man's bag."

"Good idea" said Grace. "Let's run so we can catch up to him" puffed Grace who had already started to run.

"Okay" said Selena, "but I think it would be much faster to fly".

'Great idea!" said Grace. "There is no time to waste, let's go!"

When the magic wand saw them it lit up brighter than ever. The man thinking he was magic took the wand out of his bag and waved it around happily singing "I am magic, nananana naaa naa".

Then the fairies saw him open the door to his house. Before he could go in Grace and Selena swirled sparkly glitter all around him.

"Help, help!, I'm in a snow storm, help!" In his panic he accidentally dropped the magic wand.

Selena grabbed the magic wand and the fairies quietly flew away home to the worried Queen.

"Did you find out where he lived?" asked the Queen.

"Oh yes" said Selena. "He lives in the old ramshackle cottage in the Magic Land wood."

## Chapter Three: Baby Unicorns Learn How To Fly

Queen Tarnia told Selena and Grace and their most powerful friends to turn themselves invisible and carefully fly into the dark woods back to the robber's ramshackle house to get their things back. When they arrived they sat quietly on the roof of his house and patiently waited for him to leave to get wood for his fire. As he walked out of the door, feeling very proud of himself, the fairies sneakily and quickly flew in through the door above his head.

Once inside they split up and carefully flew around the house looking for the sun spell and the bag of stolen things. Grace found the bag in the robber's smelly wardrobe. She turned them invisible and happily flew back to the front door which was the meeting place. Meanwhile Selena found the sun spell hidden in an empty honey jar in the pantry. A few seconds after Grace had arrived at the front door Selena arrived with the sticky sun spell. All the fairies gathered at the front door and flew out when the robber came back in. When they got to the edge of the forest they turned themselves and their things visible and then continued flying back to Queen Tarnia, who was delighted.

Queen Tarnia handed out everybody's belongings. Selena got the potions and papers back that she owned including the "Tips for Flying". Selena and Grace and all the other powerful fairies then discussed how to get the sun spell to work.

On the count of three all the fairies pointed their magic wands at the eastern sky. As the lovely orange sun began to rise everyone clapped and cheered. Then Selena and Grace called the baby unicorns down to the smooth, grassy meadow and with the help of "Tips for Flying" the fairies taught them how to fly. Soon they were soaring amongst the fluffy white clouds with Grace and Selena flying alongside.

## THE END

*By Helen Thomas*

*Age 9*

*Tacking Point Public School  
PORT MACQUARIE - NSW*





## Memory Unlost

Down nearby,  
...the trees verdant,

Between the red fences, slanted inwards with age,  
Behind the old patio, a mass of moss, muck, a maze,  
Overlooking the crisp, cut lawn of the oval field,  
Smelling of lemons, apples, oranges, all freshly peeled,

Lies the only place worthy to be called home.

It remains unchanged,  
...a burnt image in mind,

Of night and day and all the times of excited stampedes,  
Of all the midday runs, the falls, the prickly weeds,  
It watches forever and always, a silent audience to a quiet actor,  
Sprinklers, Hoses, Water bombs, even spying on the old red tractor,

It will always make me remember.

Its owner plays,  
...no part at all,

In its strength of beauty and wonder, it will always be my favourite,  
Trees will grow and flowers will die, and yet time will never take it,

A house for a tent, a space for a ball,  
A path for a friend, a grassy, wilder beast wall,  
A spot for reflection, a seat for the game,  
A battle ground wide, nothing else is the same,

As my home among strangeness, the memory of life,  
Down nearby,  
...the trees verdant.

By Josh Chalkley,  
Normanhurst Boys' High School  
NORMANHURST - NSW

## Poetry, Thou Art Spiteful

I hate a rhyming poem, with similes and strife,  
With unhappy common people penning down their life.  
I hate exaggeration, its looming twists and lies  
And when the poet jots it down, pride swells within his eyes.  
I hate the metaphors that they believe they use so well,  
This hate's a raging beast inside me, writhing up from hell.  
I hate their stupid stanzas, some excruciating and long,  
And when you think it's over, out breaks its wretched song.  
This hate so strong and wicked, like a maddened vicious beast,  
Gorges on your heartfelt words like a banquet... a feast.

By Caitlyn Lightner  
Year 10, Westminster School  
MARION - SA

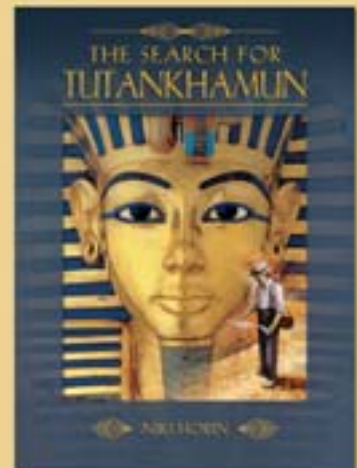


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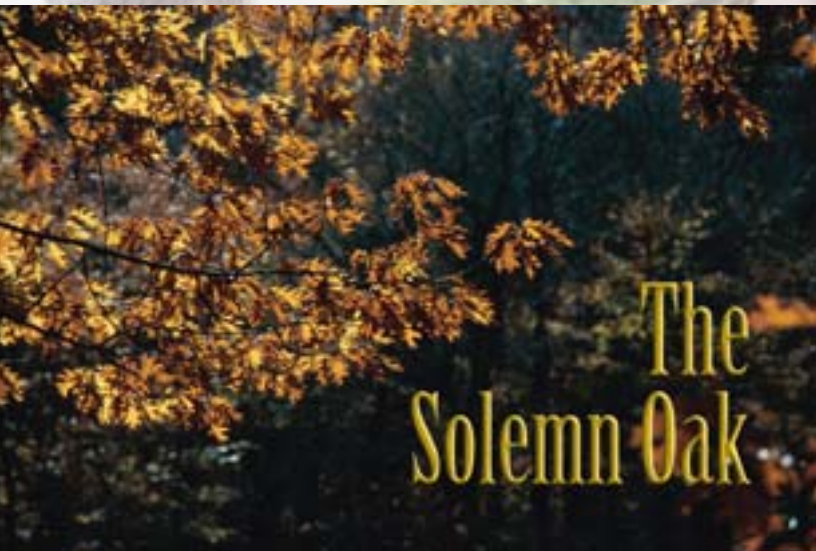


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Herewith I'll tell you of a crime,  
That befell a pair of known,  
Who knew not of the other,  
But who met 'neath the solemn oak,  
The only witness of that night,  
That nought will speak,  
Of what it saw.

Tell I will of what I did,  
I will not relent to shelter my mind,  
For hide, I have, for long enough.  
The due time for punishment,  
Must be heard, or else,  
The lost will not rest,  
For rest she shall,  
And rest she must.  
Not will I ever sleep like her,  
For part, not as deeply,  
So long as poisoned are my dreams,  
Poisoned by my conscience:  
The one I never thought existed,  
The one thing that begs to be released,  
From its shortened tether,  
To run unrestrained,  
Back to me.

While drown I did 'neath and o'er,  
As sins relent to take my eye,  
As eye from her I did take and make,  
From the pure a darkened scrawl,  
That none of good would want to bear.  
She wanted to seek forgiveness,  
For she had come to me,  
As I had gone to her once before,  
And asked, "Will you be my rock?  
"My eternal, the spark,  
"That will not let my hearth's light die?"

To this was said, "Die not,  
"Because as of now to you I hand,  
"My life so none will take,  
"What can only be given and loved,  
"But never can be owned."

So, here I stand with this knife,  
Which I put to my throat,  
So those of law could unite,  
The lost to her blood,  
So that her blood may find some clarity,  
For on that night the sky cried,  
But not for my broken heart,  
But for hers, the one I tore out.  
The fairest beat that relayed upon my hand,  
Undone as vivid crimson,  
Poured forgotten regrets, left undying.  
As the last tears fell,  
A single beat was all I felt,  
Afore the weeping ceased.

When I saw her 'neath the oak,  
A look of terror frozen on her face,  
Like the touch of frost that leads Winter,  
A tyrant 'gainst the green domain,  
It came to me that such a simple death,  
Was not simple at all,  
But rather, adorned with malice that eventually,  
Will turn to guilt before eating me alive,  
From the inside out.

The knife within her chest,  
The blade that cut the rose,  
And allowed a flourished bloom to shrivel,  
Was abandoned, as I am,  
As I was by the fallen, as I watched,  
The last petals turn grey and to ash.  
*Fedelta* was not a word you understood,  
You left me and fled, hoping I'd never find you,  
But I did. I wish I didn't.

My love, my dear, betrayal I bleed,  
Just as you did 'neath the oak.  
And as such I will receive,  
A lesser pain than you endured.  
Am I, as you were, to meet,  
The lost and bear their misery?  
For I came before you all today,  
Forced to do so by free will,  
For to release the tourniquet from my heart,  
Another must be placed upon my hands,  
Around my throat, and through my head.  
I regret to say that I put my heart in your hands,  
As she put hers in mine,  
To end, to forget, to repent,  
To beg, let the punishment be dealt,  
Let my heart stop forever!

*By Den L. Scheer  
Age 14  
Northam Senior High School  
NORTHAM - WA*





## Elise Hurst

I've been illustrating and writing picture books for over ten years now – but that wasn't the original plan. Oh no. I envisioned myself with little tools slung from my belt, dusty knees and a pith helmet upon my brow. Yes, archaeology was to be my calling and I studied it

joyously for four years at university.

However, I could never stop doodling in class – neither at school nor uni. Of course I'd *matured* in my doodling. I'd moved on from slightly unflattering pictures of my teachers. Now skulls, fair maidens, dragons and empty-socketed zombies skulked around (and frequently over) my notes. Mythical creatures and Celtic knotwork obliterated Greece. Rome sank beneath pirate ships. And Turkey was awash with slippery serpents and gargantuan giants. Then one day as I mentally prepared myself for a life of hunching, sunburnt and scorpion-stalked, in a desert somewhere – someone tapped me on my shoulder in a lecture theatre and said they knew someone who needed an illustrator. I tossed my pith helmet (well, all right, I never actually got the hat), and started drawing... *for money*. An honest-to-goodness bona fide illustrator was born.

Since then I've done over fifty books. Good decision, I think. (I never looked too fabulous in beige safari gear anyway.)

When not doing my hermit-impression in the studio, I love to come out to schools and teach (play) – drawing empty-socketed zombies, fair maidens and unflattering pictures of all sorts of people. So not much has really changed there...

I also love thinking about the theory of writing and illustrating picture books. So here's one of my favourite things. Colour. If you'd ever seen me you'd know I have a bit of a *thing* with colour. I have a lot of it on my head for instance. When you're drawing and you have to pick a colour scheme for the picture – think about if there is an emotion you could identify with the scene. Now think of places and times when you have felt like that. I often find that I am happiest in summer – when the sun comes out I get a big grin on my face. So for happy pictures I often have warm summery colours. And for sad pictures I might use cold wintry dark colours. Doing pictures set at night time is interesting too. If you want it to be scary I find that rather dense black is good because we can't see what's hiding in the shadows. If you want it to be dark but *not* scary – I tend to use soft deep purples and blues.

And a fabulous tip for all those people who have ever done a picture they like in pen or pencil and then totally messed it up when they coloured it in... (yep, I do that all the time too.) Don't colour in the original – make some copies on a

photocopier (you can even do it onto nice watercolour paper) and colour the copy. That way, if you make a mess you can just keep doing copies and trying again. Your original picture will be safe.

So there we go. Nice chatting to you. My latest book coming out Right Now is called *The Night Garden* published with ABC Books. And if you want to have a squiz at some of my pictures it's very easy – I've got a website:

[www.elisehurst.com](http://www.elisehurst.com)



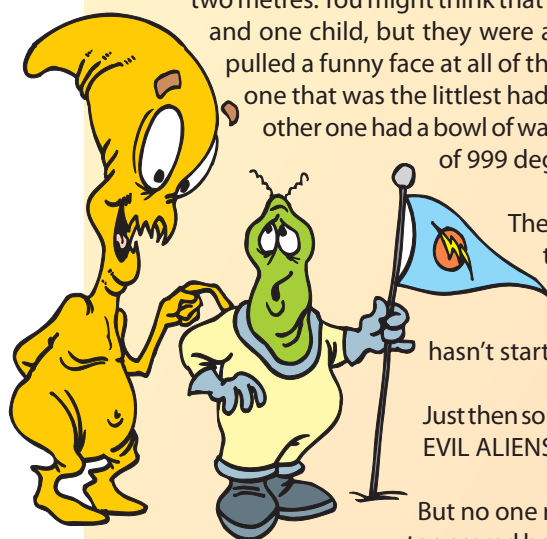
# *The Adventures of Captain Clean*

## **Chapter One**

### *The attack of the aliens*

It was a very peaceful day when all of a sudden the ground shook like wild! Some people thought it was an earthquake, others thought it was a tornado, but if you were to sit on top of the highest building, you would know what was going on.

What had happened was, two aliens had landed on the earth, there was one about the size of a foot, and the other one was two metres. You might think that there was one adult and one child, but they were actually twins. They pulled a funny face at all of the people there. The one that was the littlest had a shotgun, and the other one had a bowl of water at a temperature of 999 degrees.



They were aiming at all the citizens like they were in an army, except the army hasn't started yet.

Just then someone yelled "HELP! EVIL ALIENS ARE HERE!"

But no one ran away, they were too scared because they thought if they even blinked, they would be roasted or cooked.

Captain Clean heard the man yell for help and then flew to the aliens. The aliens started firing at Captain Clean but he was too fast. Finally, the aliens ran out of bullets and hot water, so they tried to get more resources but Captain Clean stopped them. There was no way the aliens were going to fight with him, so they gave up and ran to their spaceship before Captain Clean could reach them and flew away.

## **Chapter Two**

### *The aliens' revenge*

The two aliens were very depressed, and they wanted revenge.

So they got a more powerful weapon, it was in their spaceship. It was called the micro blaster three-thousand. Because the people on earth watch lots of television the aliens had a cruel plan in their mind.

They were going to stop everyone from using electricity or else they will shoot them. So the two aliens flew back to earth.

The aliens got on the tallest tower and said "If you won't stop using electricity we will blow your city down and kill you!"

All the humans were terrified and ran around the city like mad! But the aliens didn't know that Captain Clean had a magic signal that told you when someone was in trouble. The signal flashed and beeped so Captain Clean looked around to see what was going on. "It's those aliens again" he said to himself.

He dashed to the shop and bought a bottle of Coke. It was a very large bottle of Coke that could hold seven whole Litres!

Captain Clean shook the bottle up and then pointed it at the aliens and opened the bottle.

The Coke went straight on the aliens, no doubt about it. The aliens tried to shoot at Captain Clean but he was faster than anything. The aliens fell off the building and broke their glasses and breathed in the oxygen that was poisonous to them. Captain Clean saved the day once again; everyone cheered and clapped for CAPTAIN CLEAN!



*By Lachlan Stuart*

*Age 9, Holy Family Primary School  
MENAI - NSW*

## *The House*

The House is Quiet, the House is Asleep,  
When I came in and had a peep,  
It was dark, it was tall,  
The beds were large, as big as the wall.

The table is brown, the chairs were black,  
I saw Molly, Rylie and Jack,  
I saw their Parents, I saw their Chubby,  
I saw some Kids, and I saw a Bubby.

I saw their Nanny, and I saw a clock,  
And I better go for it's seven o'clock,  
And now that I'm out they're wide awake,  
Thank Heavens and Goodness sake,  
For they were snoring out very loud,  
A dusty, dirty, old cloud.

*By Molly Ann Young,  
Year 3, Age 8,  
French's Forest  
Public School  
FRENCH'S FOREST -  
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