

*Young Australian  
Art & Writers'  
Awards  
2007*

*Celebrating the Artistic and Literary Talents of Children*

PROUDLY SUPPORTED BY THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT



# Children's Charity Network

## Creating Chances for Children

Children's Charity Network wishes to extend its gratitude to the following patrons and ambassadors for their contribution and support in 2007:



**Geoff Handbury AO**  
Organisation Patron



**Lady Potter AC**  
Young at Art Patron

### Ambassadors



**Krista Bell**



**Hazel Edwards**



**Lorraine Wilson**

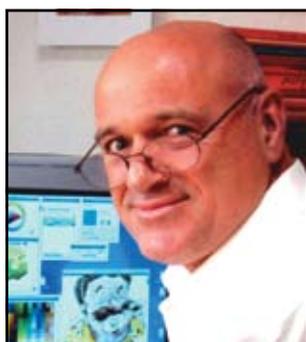


**Anna Ciddor**



**Meredith Costain**

### Young at Art Selection Committee



**Craig Smith**



**Anne Spudvilas**



**Marjory Gardner**



**Paul Collins**



**Libby Hathorn**



# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

## *Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2007*

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*On behalf of the Children's Charity Network and its board of directors we extend our sincere thanks to everyone who has given up their time to volunteer their services to ensure that the children of Australia have the opportunity to access all of our programs. Without the generous support we receive from our volunteer staff it would not be possible to run our programs for the children of Australia.*



# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

## Board of Directors' Profiles

### Associate Professor Margot Hillel OAM

Head of School of Arts & Science (Vic.), Australian Catholic University, Melbourne. She is a Past President of the Children's Book Council of Australia and was Convenor of the Second CBC National Conference held in Melbourne. She has been President of the Victorian branch of the CBC, Judge of the Crichton Award for New Illustrators and Judge of the CBCA Book of the Year Award. She is currently President of the Australasian Children's Literature Association for Research (ACLAR).

### Dr Elaine Saunders

Elaine is the Chief Executive Officer for Dynamic Hearing, a company specialising in children with learning difficulties. She has extensive committee experience, including chairperson; board experience (graduate member of AICD); responsibility for organisational, HR and fiscal management; relevant experience in audiology and related research areas, and educational advisory roles.

### Mr Brendan van Maanen

Twenty years experience across seven multinational companies developing brand strategy and managing communications for corporate blue chip, political and member organisations in Australia and Asia. He has been involved in major repositioning and communication campaigns for Shell, NAB, NSW Liberal Party, St. George Bank, Department of Sustainability and Environment, Members Equity Bank and the Department of Human Services to name a few. In recent years he has focused his skills within social marketing and corporate sustainability.

### Mr Rob Leonard

Twenty-five years experience within the publishing industry including Management and Budgeting, has also been a State Manager for major publishers such as Hodder & Stoughton, Rigby Publishers, Butterworth's Pty Ltd and Harcourt Brace. He was also elected to the City of Croydon Council and spent eight years as a Councillor.

### Mrs Gail Woods CPA

Gail is a senior partner in the leading eastern suburbs accounting firm BWW Accountants. She has been a senior partner for many years and is on many committees and boards.

## Committee Structure



### Australian Children's Literary Board Committee Members

- Mr Anthony Marks – Promotions Manager
- Mrs Carol Dick – Managing Editor
- Mr Rob Leonard – Publisher (Chair)
- Ms Leanne Johnstone – Assistant Publisher
- Mr John Cooper – Consultant
- Dr Margot Hillel – Finals Judge
- Mr Frank Jones – Desktop Publishing & Printing
- Mr Graham Johnstone – National Advertising Manager
- Mrs Linda Purcell – Internet Design & Infrastructure

### Bright Kids Program Committee Members

- Dr John Bench (Chair)
- Dr Elaine Saunders
- Ms Mina Pastore
- Mr Rob Leonard
- Ms Charmaine Sinclair
- Ms Jenny Shaw



### Young at Art Committee Members

- Mr Craig Smith (Chair)
- Mrs Marjorie Gardner
- Mrs Anne Spudvilas
- Mr Rob Leonard
- Mrs Linda Purcell
- Mrs Carol Dick
- Ms Leanne Johnstone





# Children's Charity Network

## Creating Chances for Children

### A Word from our Organisation Patron

In early 2006, Mr Geoff Handbury AO recommended that the Children's Charity Network Patrons' Circle be formed. The Children's Charity Network Patrons' Circle is a small group of dedicated donors who commit an annual financial donation of their choice, to ensure the expansion and continuation of the Children's Charity Network's work in the community.

*'Children's well-being is very dear to my heart as our future depends on them. Ensuring that they grow into confident people with well-developed self-esteem is very important. I am very pleased to be associated with the Children's Charity Network, a not-for-profit community organisation which has as a mission: "To build, foster and nurture confidence and self-esteem in children".*

*The Patrons' Circle is something I am immensely proud to lead and support. I encourage you to join the Patrons' Circle and help the Children's Charity Network to continue the wonderful work it does in the community through its different initiatives for children and expand on those.*

*Your patronage will make a real difference to the life of thousands of children and most importantly it would make a clear statement about your commitment to supporting future generations.*

*I look forward to you joining our Patrons' Circle.'*

Mr Geoff Handbury AO  
Patron, Children's Charity Network

## Community Partners



Australian Scholarships Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION



- Bic Australia
- Australian Scholarships Group
- Dymocks
- 3M Australia
- The Five Mile Press
- Qantas Flight Catering
- Perpetual Trustees
- The Percy Baxter Trust
- CAL (Copy Right Agency)
- FRRR Foundation
- Art Warehouse
- Train Trak
- Ikon Images
- Telematics Trust
- Sunshine Foundation
- Marian & EH Flack Trust
- Lord Mayor's Charitable Fund
- Jack Brockhoff Foundation
- James N Kirby Foundation
- Trust Company of Australia
- Sisters of Charity
- Collier Foundation
- William Angliss Charitable Fund
- The Danks Trust
- The Sentinel Foundation
- Melbourne Newsboys Foundation

# *Australian Children's Literary Board Introduction*



2007 was an important year for the Australian Children's Literary Board. You may have noticed our new look on the cover of our publication *Oz Kids in Print*. We are presenting a new image to our clientele, and we are delivering a new message. We have always been involved in children's literary education, but in our early days, we were only publishers and distributors of literary education programs.

## **Vision:**

To instil the love of reading and writing in the children of Australia, with the aim of enhancing the literary skills of children across Australia.

## **Mission:**

Together with the support of the Australian community and the corporate sector we are aiming to give the children of Australia the opportunity to improve their literary skills to reach their full potential in life.

Our publication *Oz Kids in Print* and Internet site is still increasing in popularity. We are continuously sourcing the corporate sector for their much needed ongoing support.

## **[www.ozkids.com.au](http://www.ozkids.com.au)**

Our refurbished Internet site now attracts over 100,000 visits a year from children. 6,000 of those visits were from overseas countries, and the main reason for the substantial increase in hits is due to all published work being accessible online.

## The Writing, Wings & Words Workshop

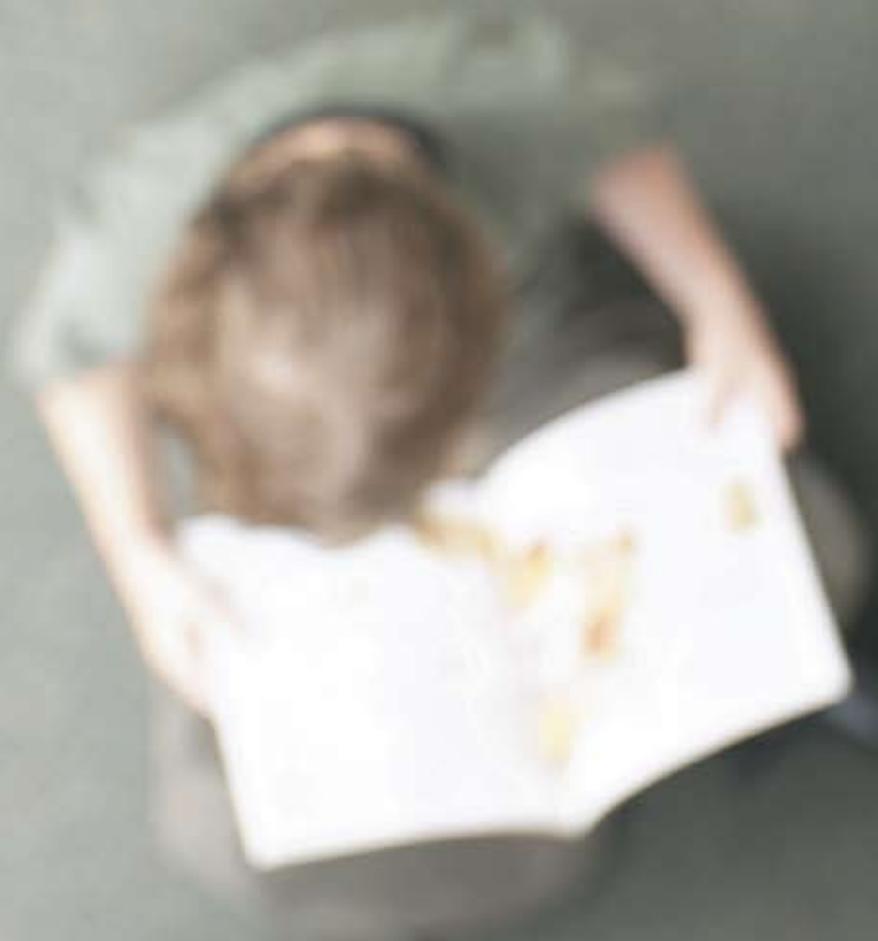
*Learn to write with clarity & purpose.*

We have delivered numerous **Writing, Wings & Words** workshops. These workshops are designed to give disadvantaged and at risk children literary workshops in regional and remote areas of Australia. Our vision to hold *Writing, Wings & Words Workshops* throughout Australia is one step closer to coming to fruition. We have been lobbying the Federal Government and have produced a positive outcome; financial support for these programs is not far out of reach if circumstances remain in our favour.

The **Virtuoso Weekend Writing Workshops** were aimed at disadvantaged and at risk children who enjoy reading and writing and want to extend their literary skills by being involved in writing workshops that they could not otherwise access.

The 120 children who attended the first of our many planned workshops were from a broad spectrum of areas. They came from as far as Apollo Bay to Frankston to South Morang to Ashburton to Lower Templestowe to Carrum and Langwarrin. To have disadvantaged and at risk students enthusiastically working from 10am till 4.30pm on the weekend was a tribute to the success of the program, which was designed by co-ordinator Krista Bell.

***Young  
Australian  
Writers'  
Awards  
2007***



# The BIC Australia Young Writer of the Year Award

## 2007

Awarded to

### Shaun Bullock

Quirindi High School, Quirindi NSW  
for

### *Surf, Sand and Sea*



## *Surf, Sand and Sea*

I watch from the beach as the waves crash down to the endless blue ocean. The waves are like eagles flying high into the sky and diving straight down to the earth at high speed. I stand and watch the waves as the sun rises in the distance, the light is blurred as the waves crash and a spray of mist shoots up into the air. I place my towel on the beach and put my surfboard on my shoulder and walk down to the beach. As I tread on the sand it squelches between my toes and warms my feet as I walk down to the water's edge. My feet touch the water and a warm breeze blows down my surfboard and over my chest. I take the surfboard off my shoulder and place it on the gentle tide. I walk out in the water until I can't walk any further and then I climb and sit up on the surfboard. My surfboard is like a lion that strides effortlessly through the jungle; it has the power of a lion but I have to tame and harness the lion to be able to ride on its back.

As I paddle out towards the break, the salty mist blows on my back. I watch from my surfboard as a young woman starts to paddle out to catch a wave. With each stroke of her muscular arms she propels herself through the water at high speeds. The waves gurgle and gargle behind her, rising from the pits of death. She climbs to her feet and stands on the surfboard. She is the tamer and the board, her lion. The wave

is a perfect barrel. With the water closing in behind her she has two choices: ride the wave or let the wave take her under and hit the reef below. Like a vixen, fierce and untamed she chooses to ride the wave. As she passes through the barrel, the wave closes in on her.

In an instant she is out the other side of the barrel. As she rides to shore she turns back and smiles.

She has harnessed the lion, she has tamed the lion.

After watching the girl ride that incredible wave, I wondered if there was a wave out there for me. I scanned the horizon just waiting for that killer wave, the wave of a lifetime. As I watched from afar, a rise of water crossed the glistening sun. As the rise of water was heading towards me, I knew this was it. This was my wave of a lifetime. As the wave got closer I was prepared, I was ready, I was now the tamer.

I started to paddle and with each stroke I propelled myself through the water at high speeds.

*Cont'd...*

## Surf, Sand and Sea (Cont'd.)



I felt the push of the wave on my feet getting stronger and pushing me faster. I rise to my feet and take my stance. I am the warrior; I am ready for the wave. The time has come; I look behind myself and see the wave rising and falling. I have tamed and harnessed the lion, I am the tamer. I move to the

back of the board and I feel the power of the wave. The wave is just beginning to barrel. I feel splashes of water falling down onto my back. I am in the zone. I am going faster and harder than I ever have before. I surf the wave, I seize the moment. The ride is amazing! As I reach the beach, I turn around and shout, "I am the lion tamer, my board is the lion!"

I climb back onto my board and paddle back to the endless blue ocean. I sit and wait. The hours go by, but there is nothing; the ocean is still. I watch the sunset, beautiful red and yellow splotches on a blue canvas. I paddle pack to shore propelling myself further through the water with each stroke. I reach the shore and ascend from the water with my board on my shoulder. As I walk across the sand, I turn and seize the moment. I had surfed an amazing barrel.

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

2007 Young Australian Writers Awards

## Dymocks Literary Award Short Story – Secondary

*Awarded to*

**Stephenie Constand**

Ravenswood School, Gordon, NSW  
for

*Two Faces of a Canvas*

**DYMOCKS**  
BOOKSELLERS

## Two Faces of a Canvas

**T**HE quiescence of the bush envelops my awakening senses. The kind bronzed sun, like a star of morning dew, lets his light stream over gentle undulating slopes of lavish green. Sleepy mangroves arise in the descending sunlight. Sunken in a dewy fragrance, the drowsy Earth begins to stir in the veiled orange of first light. *I am painting. I am painting a crystalline memory of lucent gold and caramels, milky azures and a most luscious emerald.*

Springing from the freshness, a streak of light snakes away from the awakening sun like a golden ribbon. It floods the forest undergrowth, immersing the majestic ironbark in its generous warmth. Threading through myriads of snake-like branches and quivering leaves, it awakens a nesting wattlebird. He strains to the sun as he gazes at the silhouettes of winged insects. Translucent wings with tiny pulsing veins,

caught in spider webs draped with beads of dew span between leafy branches.

I set up my tent in the secret sanctuary of the gum trees. I run my fingers over the scars of a squiggly gum; a trail of a history I cannot decipher.

It's not until you hide unseen amongst nature that it reveals to you its mysterious secrets.

I put brush to canvas.

I paint children running among the trees; flashes of red and



*Cont'd...*

## Two Faces of a Canvas (Cont'd.)

yellow performing a dance of shadow and light in the thicket of the forest. I hear the swelling sounds of cascading water as the gorge thirstily swallows a creek. Dripping rocks gleam and leafy pools glisten as the sunlight spills onto the wetness. Nearby, a scaly body emerges from a sun-drenched stone.

Life emerges from the rock.

Young feet playfully patter and pounce over sleeping rivulets, capturing fluttering insects in simple nets. In a splash of brilliant reds and yellows, a flurry of flecked and speckled wings vainly flaps towards the sun. *Nature's pointillistic images of perfection.* Pulsating laughter shakes the stillness of the air.

A rich smell of sweetly scented fragrances drifts into the afternoon air and blends with the intense scent of eucalyptus. All around me, the forest walls explode in a sea of brilliant colours and perfume as a cluster of petals bursts open in unison. An ensemble of birds performs nature's symphony. A spectacle for the senses. Below my feet, neat brown lines of ants, like a regiment of soldiers, march with military precision through the thicket of the forest. *My swift brush strokes almost missing the miracles underfoot.* The rhythm of the festival of the forest resonates deep into the bush. The forest pulses with life. *Happiness in the details.*

The wattlebird trills as he dances out of the late afternoon bloom. His glassy black eyes follow the descent of the retreating sun, gradually filling with the glow of the night. Scaly flashes of silver and orange swim just beneath the water's surface, casting ripples across the image of the Southern Cross above.

The air begins to thicken with the damp smell of the nightfall. I feel my way through the darkening forest floor as groping leaves brush against the incomplete images on my canvas. From the sanctuary of my tent, I capture the dark secrets of the forest.

A torrent of leaves spins in an angry tempest. Carried on the breath of the wind, they descend on the water. A

*universe of green and ochre. A collage.* There grows a great nervousness among the animals of the bush when the night steps into the forest. As the creatures of the sun retreat, darker shadows emerge from the damp eucalyptus-flavoured blackness. Birds of prey eye their hapless victims in the concealing dimness.

I place my sabeline brush into a glass of water and watch the colours of the forest slowly blend with the liquid. I look outside my tent and put brush to canvas again.

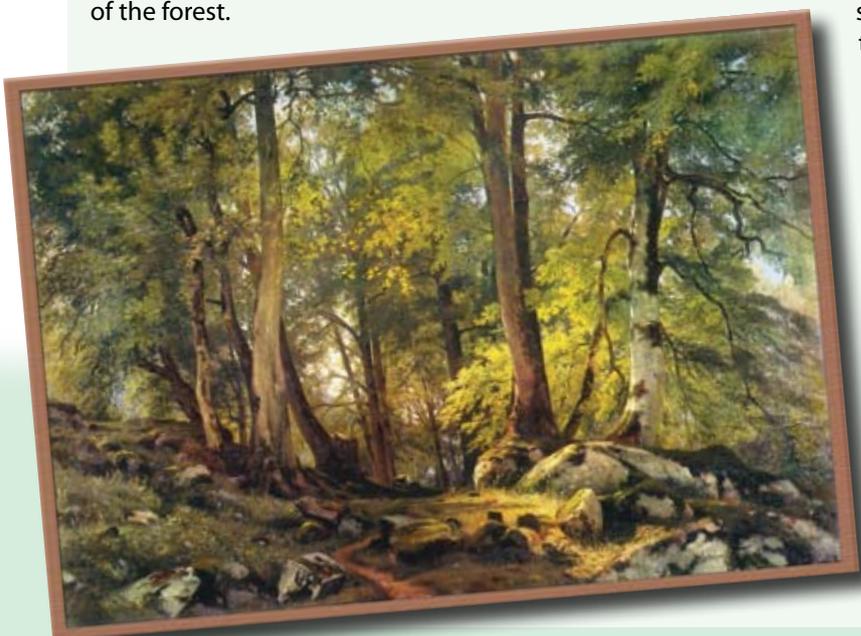
In the blurred and distorted reflection of the pond, the sun's nightly companion shimmers with a ghostly glow. A menacing sliver of moonlight penetrates through the gathering silvery clouds, immersing the forest floor in an eerie paleness. A deep rumbling shakes the air.

Succinct intense flashes of light pierce the black brilliance of the night sky. Booming echoes chase through the forest like the claps of a giant as imposing silhouettes of trees menacingly encircle my lonely tent. Illuminated for a second, and then plunged into darkness. *I paint nature's fireworks – the temper of the forest.*

The fierceness of the bush scorches the sizzling earth around the foot of the ironbark, and in a violent crash, a nearby hollow gum tree splits its trunk. A shower of twisted branches hits the ground. Divided into two parts, the falling trunk slices through the foliage, and crushes the old ironbark. The smell of singed wood and leaves permeates the air as the storm reaches deep into the heart of the bush.

I sense the tension of the forest as I lie listening. A deathly silence of the fury of the night.

Two faces of a canvas I love.



*By Stephenie Constand  
Year 12, Age 17  
Ravenswood School  
GORDON – NSW  
Teacher: Mrs Helen Jones*

2007 Young Australian Writers Awards

# Qantas Flight Catering Literary Award

## Short Story – Primary

Awarded to

**Ryan Hirsch**

Reddam House, Woollahra, NSW  
for

*The Pigeon Lady*



# The Pigeon Lady

couldn't see her eyes. She sat next to a bag of bread which she jostled innumerable times.

Her hand dug in the bag, then swept across the sky like a rainbow behind a rain of crumbs. The ancient woman muttered under her breath and croaked, 'Here my pretties, come to old Lilly.'

The ragged, old madam was tucked in a woollen shawl and had a hook-like nose. Her wrinkles were so deep that they were like lines on a topographical map. She reached slowly for her cane and mumbled, 'That's all for today,' as she shuffled off keeping one piece of bread for herself.

This happened day after day, week after week until I built up the courage and asked her, 'Why do you feed the pigeons?'

'It's a long story,' she muttered, 'and it took place a long time ago, when I was thirteen. You see that tree over there? I watched her hand point straight as an arrow towards an old willow tree. 'There used to be a tower over there... A tower as tall as the tower of Babel. No-one knew why it was there or where it had come from. All they knew was not to go inside the tower.'

Every day I came to this park; I became more and more curious until one day I finally decided to go inside. All that I saw was a staircase, so I climbed it stair by stair, hour by hour, until I walked past a window. It was then pitch black outside,

except for the brief flashes of lightning. As it flashed, I thought I saw the outline of a giant bird, but I reasoned that I must be just tired. I sat down to rest on the step below the window, and must have fallen asleep.

In the morning, I looked around and saw the staircase, without a beginning and without an end. I trudged upwards, not knowing where I was going. Time passed as I continued climbing, but how much time, I had no way of knowing, as there were no more windows.

Eventually I reached a door without a handle. Without thinking, I pushed the door, and surprisingly it swung open. To my surprise, all I could see was a bird in its nest. I sat down to rest and must have fallen asleep once more.

I woke up with the bird looking down at me murmuring my name. I was dumbstruck. How could a bird talk? Then it started talking again... 'Good, you are awake. You are the one I am looking for.'

'Huh?' I said (or something to that effect).

'I said, good, you are awake and you are the one I am looking for.'

'Oh,' I mumbled, recovering from the shock of meeting a talking bird.

'My name is Pigeon, and yours is Lilly,' said the bird.

'Hi Pigeon,' I responded, 'How do you know my name?'

'You are the chosen one. Now I will reveal to you something that I haven't revealed to anyone else.'

*Cont'd...*

## *The Pigeon Lady (Cont'd.)*

As he said this, he grew bigger, and as he grew bigger, his beak became more and more crooked, until it resembled a lightning bolt. His wings grew into a hand-like shape, with ten feathered fingers on each. He said, 'Jump on!'

I did as I was told. I mean would you risk making a ten foot tall bird mad? As I hopped onto the super sized 'pigeon', he started to fly. I suddenly remembered the giant flying bird that I had seen through the tower window in the flash of lightning, and realised that the lightning had actually come out of his mouth. With a start, I asked him, 'Do you make storms, thunder and lightning?'

'No', he said, 'I only make thunder and lightning.'

Before I knew it, I looked down and noticed (I had not been at my most observant, being in a state of abject terror), that we were no longer flying over our earth, but were now over another planet. Almost in answer to my thoughts, the bird said, 'Aviopia, home to all birds, including pigeons. Our eggs were stolen, and now our babies have to continuously flap their wings to keep Ava alive. I later learnt that Ava is an evil man-bird exiled from both worlds, bent on taking over both worlds.'

'I need you to merge with me so that we can become Pag', (apparently the term for a pigeon-human combo). 'If you

agree to do this, then we will be able to kill Ava. Then we can unmerge again. You will be mostly in control!'

'Uh, Okay', I stammered and the words had hardly left my mouth before a big ball of light hit me, and I was out like a light.

When I awoke, I had wings coming out of my arms, but with normal hands at the end. I had a crooked back, like a pigeon, and I was seriously petrified.

The bird's voice sounded in the back of my mind, 'Calm down', he said. From then on, he must have taken over. I assume this, because all I can remember are brief flashes of flying, letting the pigeons free and then unmerging.

Then I woke up in a tree.

Sometimes I wonder if it was all a dream.

I looked at Lilly, really shocked. She must be crazy, and it must have been a dream.

Mustn't it?

*By Ryan Hirsch, Year 6, Age 12  
Reddam House, WOOLLAHRA - NSW  
Teacher: Mrs Sharon Shapiro*

*2007 Young Australian Writers Awards*

### **3M Literary Award** Poetry – Secondary

*Awarded to*

**Lucy MacLeish**

Cathedral College, Wangaratta, Vic.

for

*A Poem for Darcy*

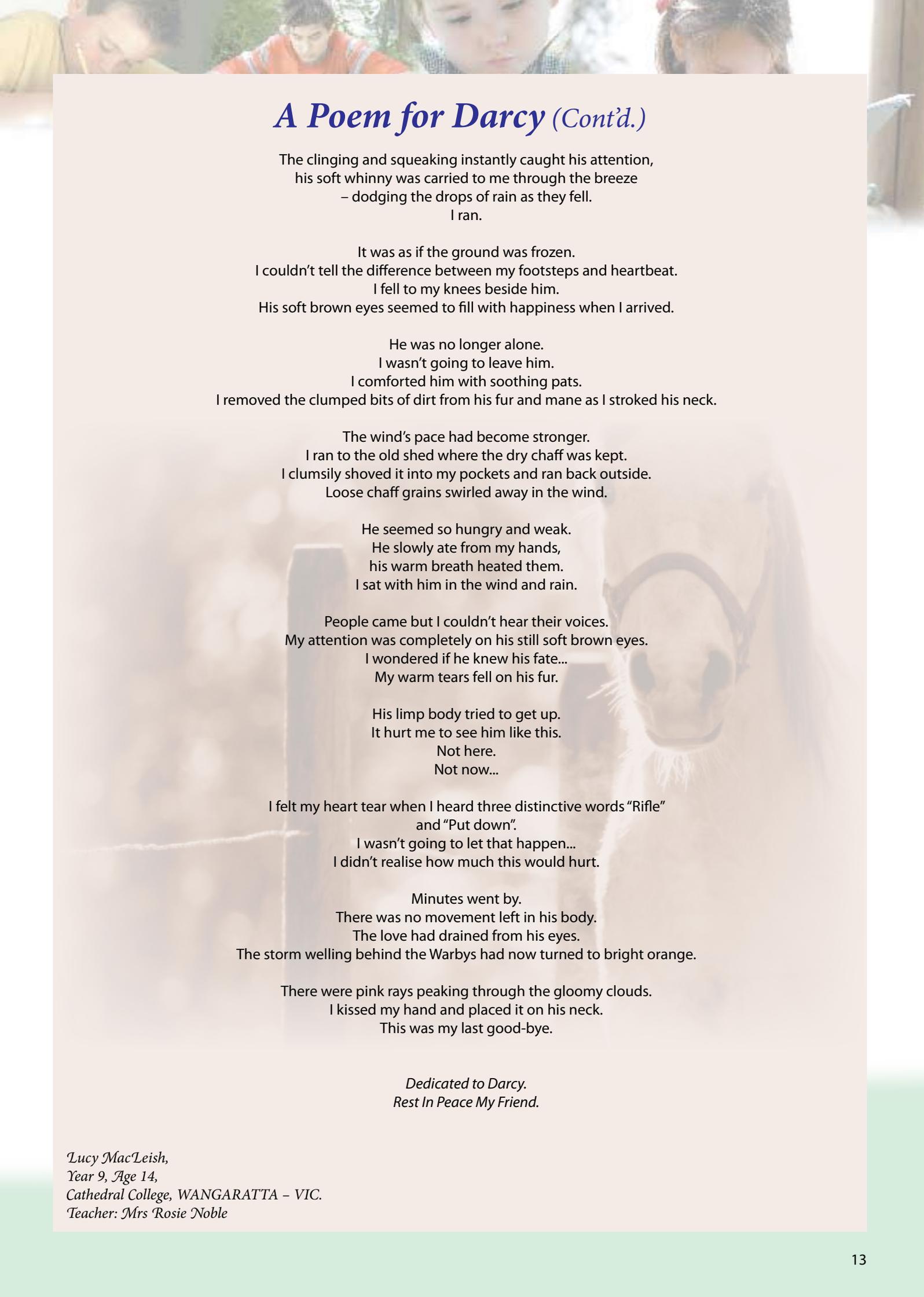


### *A Poem for Darcy*

The wind was cold against my face.  
I shouldn't have been out there.  
Not with the cold I had.  
There was an innate feeling of fear welling up inside me.

It was obvious there was something wrong.  
The gate was cold and rusty.  
The mixture of dusty horse hair and small pieces of dirt  
that had dried in the paint was still there as always.

*Cont'd...*



## *A Poem for Darcy (Cont'd.)*

The clinging and squeaking instantly caught his attention,  
his soft whinny was carried to me through the breeze  
– dodging the drops of rain as they fell.  
I ran.

It was as if the ground was frozen.  
I couldn't tell the difference between my footsteps and heartbeat.  
I fell to my knees beside him.  
His soft brown eyes seemed to fill with happiness when I arrived.

He was no longer alone.  
I wasn't going to leave him.  
I comforted him with soothing pats.  
I removed the clumped bits of dirt from his fur and mane as I stroked his neck.

The wind's pace had become stronger.  
I ran to the old shed where the dry chaff was kept.  
I clumsily shoved it into my pockets and ran back outside.  
Loose chaff grains swirled away in the wind.

He seemed so hungry and weak.  
He slowly ate from my hands,  
his warm breath heated them.  
I sat with him in the wind and rain.

People came but I couldn't hear their voices.  
My attention was completely on his still soft brown eyes.  
I wondered if he knew his fate...  
My warm tears fell on his fur.

His limp body tried to get up.  
It hurt me to see him like this.  
Not here.  
Not now...

I felt my heart tear when I heard three distinctive words "Rifle"  
and "Put down".  
I wasn't going to let that happen...  
I didn't realise how much this would hurt.

Minutes went by.  
There was no movement left in his body.  
The love had drained from his eyes.  
The storm welling behind the Warbys had now turned to bright orange.

There were pink rays peaking through the gloomy clouds.  
I kissed my hand and placed it on his neck.  
This was my last good-bye.

*Dedicated to Darcy.  
Rest In Peace My Friend.*

*Lucy MacLeish,  
Year 9, Age 14,  
Cathedral College, WANGARATTA – VIC.  
Teacher: Mrs Rosie Noble*

2007 Young Australian Writers Awards

## Percy Baxter Trust Literary Award

Poetry – Primary

Awarded to

**Isabella Athaide**

St. Christopher's Primary School, Airport West, Vic.  
for

*Sketches In My Mind*

**Percy  
Baxter  
Trust**

### *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.

2007 Young Australian Writers Awards

## ASG Literary Award – Secondary

Awarded to

**Emma Young**

Enfield, SA  
for

*Three Brothers and the Twins*



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

### *Three Brothers and the Twins*

**T**HE time comes in some families' lives when the decision of moving their mother into a nursing home must be made. This time was now for three brothers Timothy, Alexander and Wilbur. The brothers unanimously decided to sell their mum's house, split the money between them and use their share to build their own houses.

Timothy, the eldest, was an archeologist and his work was his life. Therefore he was building himself a mud and straw hut.

Alexander, or Alex, was a dedicated Christian and donated half of his money to the Salvos. With the money left over he planned to build himself a wooden house with a tin roof.

Wilbur, the youngest of the three, had always been his mother's favourite and had the best of luck. He had grown up spoiled, receiving only the best of things. His house was to be made of brick and have a tile roof. It would consist of many rooms, as Wilbur's girlfriend of 3 years was moving in with him. She was tall, blonde and beautiful and her name was Charlotte. Wilbur dated her identical twin sister, Elizabeth, for a few weeks before deciding Charlotte was a better match. This resulted in breaking the life long bond between the two sisters who used to be best friends.

In the three months it took to build the houses, chaos was unleashed into Wilbur and Charlotte's lives when Elizabeth was discovered to be missing one night. No note was left, no clothes were packed and nothing was disturbed. Charlotte took it hard, blaming herself for Lizzie's disappearance.

"Her life had revolved around you" Charlotte said, pouring her heart out to Wilbur. "So when you broke up with her and got together with me, her whole outlook on life changed. Whenever I'd come back from a date, I'd find Lizzie in her room, bawling her eyes out. She would frequently lose control and threaten to run away unless I broke up with you."

Wilbur was very surprised to just be hearing about this now and was worried about Elizabeth. He hugged Charlotte and tried comforting her by whispering in her ear. "There's nothing you could have done to prevent this. It isn't your fault." Charlotte quickly snapped back, "Yes it is. Only yesterday she threatened me for the millionth time, but I thought nothing of it and just told her to buzz off. If I had taken her more seriously, she would still be here now".

When the houses were completed, everyone stopped stressing so much and returned to their everyday routine. The ordeal with Elizabeth had just brought Wilbur and Charlotte closer. So, on their first night in their new house, Wilbur proposed and Charlotte accepted.

The following Friday night just after sunset, Timothy was involved in his work when out of the corner of his eye he saw something pass by his window. He approached his front door just as he heard the knock. He opened it to see a tall, blonde woman standing in front of him.

"Hi Charl..." he stopped mid-sentence because he saw her eyes glow a deep red. At that moment his straw roof burst into flames and then his clothes caught alight. As his skin began to peel he let out a bloodcurdling screech. He saw his house collapse just before his eyeballs poached and fell on the floor.

At 8pm on the same night, Alex heard a knock at the door. As much as he hated being interrupted while he was praying, he figured it was rude to keep someone waiting. He rose from his kneeling position and opened his front door. There stood a tall, blonde woman with a fiery look in her eyes of which Alex was instantly terrified. He began backing away, only to find flames licking at his wooden walls. The demonic blonde had him backed into a corner and soon enough his hair was on fire. He looked down at his hands to find blood



*Cont'd...*

## *Three Brothers and the Twins (Cont'd.)*

boiling out of his palms and squirting out from under his fingernails. When Alex looked up, the murderous lady was only a silhouette in the thick smoke that was choking him and slowly but painfully killing him. That woman was the first person ever to hear Alex scream God's name in vain.

Friday night was movie night and Wilbur began to watch the DVD he had borrowed. The doorbell rang and so he peeled himself away from the television and made his way towards the door. He was taken aback when he saw Elizabeth standing there with her eyes red as fire. Elizabeth started to become frustrated because the tiled roof and brick walls would not

catch alight. Then with a swift arm movement she flung Wilbur into the nearest wall where his head collided against the brick and he fell unconscious.

Charlotte was having a steaming hot shower when she heard the bathroom door open. A tall, female figure then emerged through the steamy mist. "Hello again sis. I heard about your engagement. Congratulations. Too bad I won't be able to make it to the wedding. But then again, neither will you."

*By Emma Young  
ENFIELD – SA*

*2007 Young Australian Writers Awards*

## **ASG Literary Award – Secondary**

*Awarded to*

**Aharani Ganeshamoorthy**

Baulkham Hills Primary School, Baulkham Hills NSW

for

*What Pleases Me*



**Australian  
Scholarships  
Group**

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

## *What Pleases Me*

*By Aharani Ganeshamoorthy*

*Age 11,*

*Baulkham Hills Primary School*

*BAULKHAM HILLS – NSW*

The smell of salty brine  
The seagulls in a line  
The sound of the fisherman's oar  
And palm trees galore  
The feel of soft warm sand  
Of shells running in a band  
The sight of diamonds distant  
The soft warm breeze resistant  
And over there a royal blue sea  
But all of this fails to pleasure me

A sunlit sea daubed with white  
Brings a light awfully bright  
Prairies filled with spots so vibrant  
A distant star prominently radiant  
Mountains visible but so hazy  
A pleasant smell as fresh as a daisy  
Pointed soldiers protrude out of the ground  
Next to a sleepy mole's mound  
A decrepit house but a treasure  
All this brings delightful pleasure

2007 Young Australian Writers' Awards

## Helen Handbury Literary Award

Awarded to

**Joanne Bui**

Wellington Secondary College, Noble Park, Vic.  
for

*Do You Believe in Fairies?*

2007 Young Australian Writers' Awards

## Helen Handbury Bright Kids Achievement Award

Awarded to

**Dorcas Obai**

Southvale Primary School, Noble Park, Vic.  
for

*A Fairy's World*

### *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 rosey 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

### *A Fairy's World*

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Cindy. She lived with her grandma in a farmhouse in Queenstown. Cindy never has fun because she has no brothers, sisters or friends to play with.

Her grandma looks after her and doesn't like her going anywhere without her in case she gets lost around the town.

In the town, there are lots of strangers. Some kids could get kidnapped because of the strange men that drive around the whole town in their black cars. Some people say "If you see a black car, you must run very fast into your house, and shut the door after you".

One day, Cindy woke up. It was a warm summer day. Cindy couldn't wait to play outside. She quickly ate her breakfast and ran into the backyard. She saw a magical fairy sitting on a bright yellow flower at the end of the garden.

The fairy whispered something to Cindy then gave her a shiny letter. It said, "Dear Cindy, tomorrow at 12 o'clock, I will meet you at the end of the garden".

Cindy said "OK" to the fairy, as she flapped her wings and flew away. Cindy couldn't wait. She ran into her room. She was so excited. She helped her grandma cook dinner. After dinner it was time for bed. Cindy had a shower, brushed her teeth then went to bed.

The next morning when Cindy woke, she ate her breakfast and ran to the end of the garden to meet the fairy. The fairy pointed her magical wand at Cindy and took her to Fairy's world. Cindy was dressed in a pink shiny dress with soft light blue wings. She couldn't believe her eyes. She always wanted to look like a fairy and had always wanted to visit Fairy's world.

She saw colourful flowers and trees around her. All the other fairies started to teach her how to fly. Then Cindy started to fly all around the trees. She went to the fairy's bright rooms that were built out of the petals of the flowers. The fairy that found Cindy took her to the visitor's room, it smelt of roses. Cindy told her new friend that she had always dreamt of being a fairy and was really happy that she had made a lot of new friends at Fairy's world.

She lived and played happily ever after. Sometimes she makes a visit back home to her grandma, who knows Cindy will never come back home to stay at the farm house in Queenstown.



## **Overview of our Bright Kids Initiative for children who suffer from specific learning disabilities (SLD)**

This program is specially designed for children with learning disabilities. After becoming aware of the lack of government assistance for children with learning disabilities at school age and, more importantly, the lack of understanding throughout the community, the Bright Kids program was commenced in order for our organisation to take the initiative to do something about this issue. A special Award will be presented to children with learning disabilities.

This year a series of initiatives has been designed and has come into effect, under the advice and guidance of our committee. These include the screening and assessment of disadvantaged children who suffer from specific learning disabilities (SLD).

The Specific Learning Disabilities handbook has been released. This publication will be distributed to schools and is also available on the Bright Kids website, [www.brightkids.org.au](http://www.brightkids.org.au).

The Bright Kids objective to fight learning disabilities and promote literacy amongst children whose learning disabilities has gone unrecognised came to fruition with the opportunity to incorporate the Bright Kids project with the existing projects run by the Children's Charity Network. Once the opportunity presented itself to build on promoting literacy and encouraging children who suffer from learning disabilities to develop their literary skills through a series of projects, a new program was launched to directly support those children who suffer from learning disabilities.



### **Aims and objectives**

- Screening and assessments of disadvantaged children, along with the education into the various learning disabilities' conditions and monitoring progress of children from the same age with the same learning disabilities. Putting them through different available programs currently available with other organisations such as SPELD, The Royal Children's Hospital Learning Difficulty Clinic, as well as the services offered through various community health centres, in order to make recommendations to the government about which is the best program available to assist the children.
- Educate kindergarten and primary school teachers to recognise early on the signs of learning disabilities, especially before the child hits school, as government funding is usually only available for children in pre-primary schools as far as speech therapy and psychologists are concerned.
- Raising awareness about an issue not often discussed which needs to be de-stigmatised. Kids that might be labelled as 'dumb' or 'naughty' may in fact just be suffering an improvable condition. A shift in community awareness will go a long way in lifting a child's self-esteem and confidence as their condition is now better understood.
- Lobbying government so children already in school that are diagnosed later than those whose LD is recognised in pre school still have the accesses to the same facilities for free.
- Ensuring better screening is conducted in all kindergartens and childcare centres so children with learning disabilities are quickly identified. Early intervention is crucial for the existing services such as speech therapy, occupational therapy which are already available.
- Further projects to be announced at a later date once they have been given approval from the Bright Kids Committee and the CCN Board.

Our aim is for this pilot program to be tested over a three year period in order to see a real progress in education and monitoring. This will provide adequate time for the Government to develop relevant policies and programs.





**BRIGHT KIDS**  
A CHILDREN'S CHARITY NETWORK INITIATIVE

[www.childrenscharity.com.au](http://www.childrenscharity.com.au)



**Young**  
**Australian Art Awards**  
*A Division of A.C.L.B. Limited*



# The Young Australian Art Awards

The Young Australian Art Awards were launched at the beginning of 2006. To launch this initiative, the Children's Charity Network distributed promotional posters to all schools in Australia, who were asked to display them in their computer and art rooms. The CCN received an extraordinary number of entries, in each of the categories, from students from all over Australia.

With the help of our web site administrator, Linda Purcell

(from The Media Warehouse) and our Selection Committee, we had many fine works of art entered into this year's awards. Despite the fact that the program is in its second year, the response has been extremely positive. We are looking forward to the future of this worthwhile initiative.

We envisage that The Young Australian Art Awards will grow in status over the next few years and also receive recognition from within the arts industry.

## About our Judges: Painting, Drawing, Computer Design



### Craig Smith

Craig Smith's warm, exuberant illustrations have delighted children for over twenty-five years. With several award winners to his credit, his titles appear regularly on Children's Choice Award shortlists. Finding humour in domestic, family and school situations, and a fondness for unusual perspectives and energetic characterisation are features of his work.

Craig grew up in South Australia and studied graphic design at the SA School of Art. While his early aim to be a political cartoonist never came to be, he worked at a variety of jobs while building a career as an illustrator. He has now produced over 300 picture books, junior novels and educational readers.

His best known titles include the classics *Whistle Up the Chimney* (winner of the NSW Premier's literary award), *Dreadful David*, *Sister Madge's Book of Nuns* and *Billy the Punk*. Other notable titles include Phil Kettle's *Toocool* series, Paul Jennings' *The Cabbage Patch* series and Rachel Flynn's *I Hate Fridays* series.

Craig lives in Melbourne with Erica. They have grown up children.

Craig's website is at [www.craigsmithillustration.com](http://www.craigsmithillustration.com).



### Marjory Gardner

After studying graphic design at RMIT, Marjory Gardner worked in various design studios before deciding to become a freelance children's book illustrator. Since 1980 she has illustrated a wide range of educational and trade books

and magazines, published in Australia and internationally. Her work is distinctive for its humour, rainbow colours and appealing characters.

Marjory also loves to visit primary schools and libraries to give workshops and presentations, encouraging children to develop their own drawing style. This has taken her from the Northern Territory to Tasmania, and many parts in between. Not only does she love working with children, it is a valuable source of feedback from the audience she illustrates for. Marjory's trade titles include *Playschool: the Blue Book* (ABC Books), *One Little Bunny* and *Three Little Ducks* (Brolly Books).



### Anne Spudvilas

Anne Spudvilas is a multi-award-winning illustrator of children's books and an established portrait painter working predominantly in oils.

In 1996 Anne was awarded the Crichton Award for Illustration for her first picture book *The Race*, which was awarded CBC Honour Book the same year. In 2000 she won CBC

Picture Book of the Year, with Jenny Angel, which was also shortlisted for the NSW Premier's Award. In the same year her portrait of fellow artist Leigh Hobbs was a finalist in the Archibald Prize.

Other picture books are *Bright Star* by Gary Crew, *In My Backyard* by Nette Hilton, *Baby Days* by Ian Bone, and *Woolvs in the Sitee* and *Big Cat Dreaming*, both by Margaret Wild.

Anne was invited to act as Participating Advisor on Children's Literature to the Australia Council in 2003, for the selection of successful grant applicants in the Literature Fund.

She lives in Melbourne and works in a busy studio with eleven other artists.

**The Lady Potter Art Award**  
Young Australian Artist of the Year

**2007**

*Awarded to*

**Kat Phillimore**

Yarra Valley Grammar School, Vic.

*'Dad'*



*A1 coloured pencil on paper. Photorealism portrait of my father.*

2007 Young Australian Art Awards

## Bic Australia Art Award

Painting – Senior

Awarded to

**Jessica Shipard**

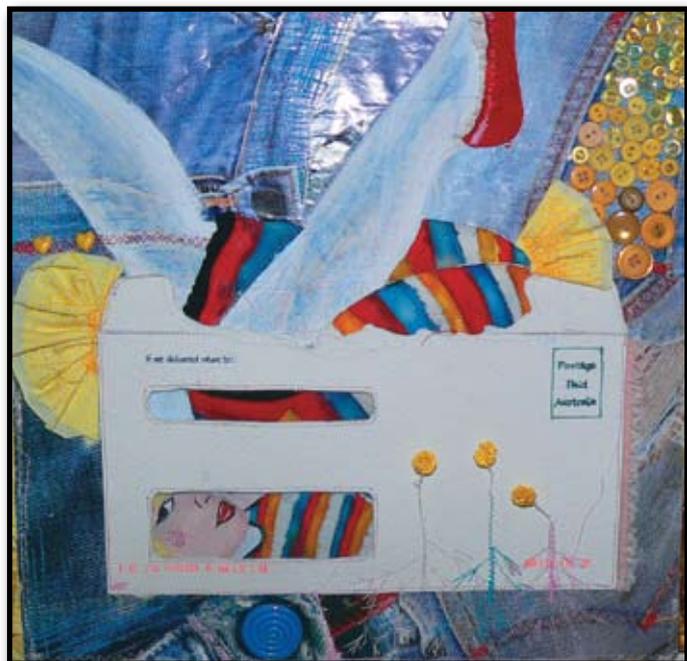
Mount St. Bernard College, Qld.

*'Please Don't Send Me'*

The major concept being studied in this work is the journey. The journey is symbolised through the girl in the envelope. The envelope symbolising travel, and the girl being in it symbolising the way people 'send themselves' to the world. The way people send themselves is often very different to how they actually feel and who they are.

PROCESS:

- Collated materials for rough idea of composition
- Lots of crazy machine embroidery
- Painted on figure with acrylics, stitched on stripy dress after painting with a mix of inks and acrylics.
- Sealed with the envelope, added buttons, flowers, fabric gathers and more.
- Finally I decorated the sides of the frame with fabric, paint and buttons.



2007 Young Australian Art Awards

## Percy Baxter Trust Art Award

Painting – Primary

Awarded to

**Jacob Lambell**

Oakleigh Primary School, Vic.

*'Forest'*

I have always been interested in art since I was young and had a hobby for drawing. When I started art classes with Beatrice, my art teacher, I have been extended a lot more. With Beatrice, I have been able to try out many more mediums and experiment with different techniques.

Forest was an experimental painting that I painted with oil paints, one of the first oil paintings I tried. I painted it using a palette knife and brushes, giving it lots of texture and I tried to give it an abstract feel. I like the effect of texture that I can get with oil paint.

I hope to keep up with my art and continue to paint and draw for the rest of my life.

**Percy Baxter  
Trust**



2007 Young Australian  
Art Awards

## ASG Art Award

Painting – Junior

Awarded to

**Connor Donnelly**

Caboolture State School, Qld.

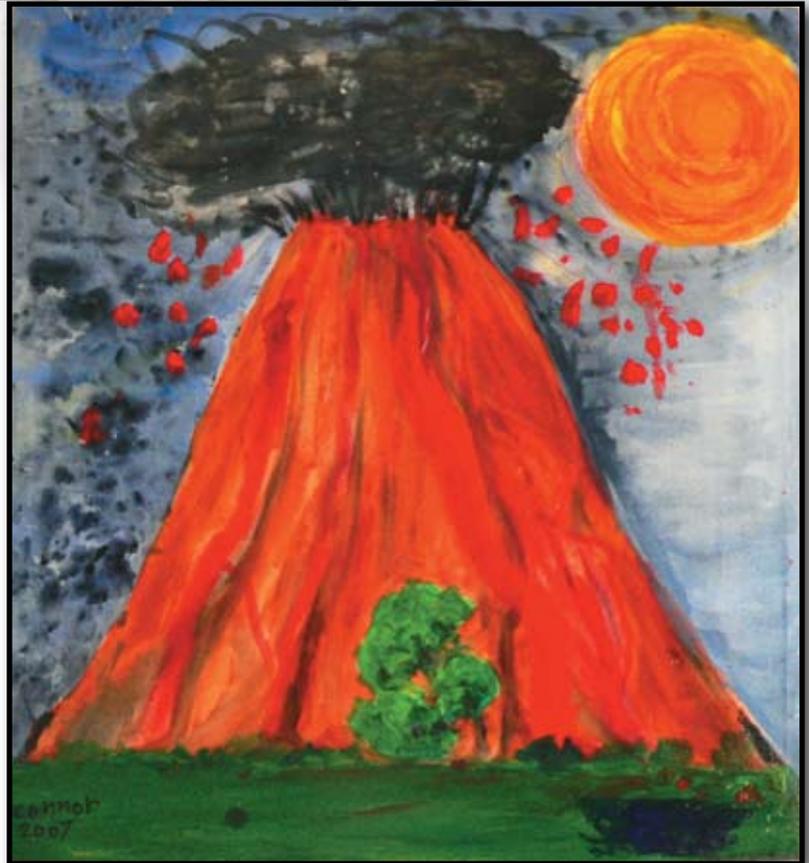
*'Volcano'*

*My volcano is all powerful. It has very bright colours with dark, explosive clouds and lava. I love the changes between the oranges and the blues. The vibrant greens make the tree really stand out, as it is about to be covered in lava. The blazing sun is burning hot and fills the sky.*



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2007 Young Australian  
Art Awards

## Perpetual Trustees

### Art Award

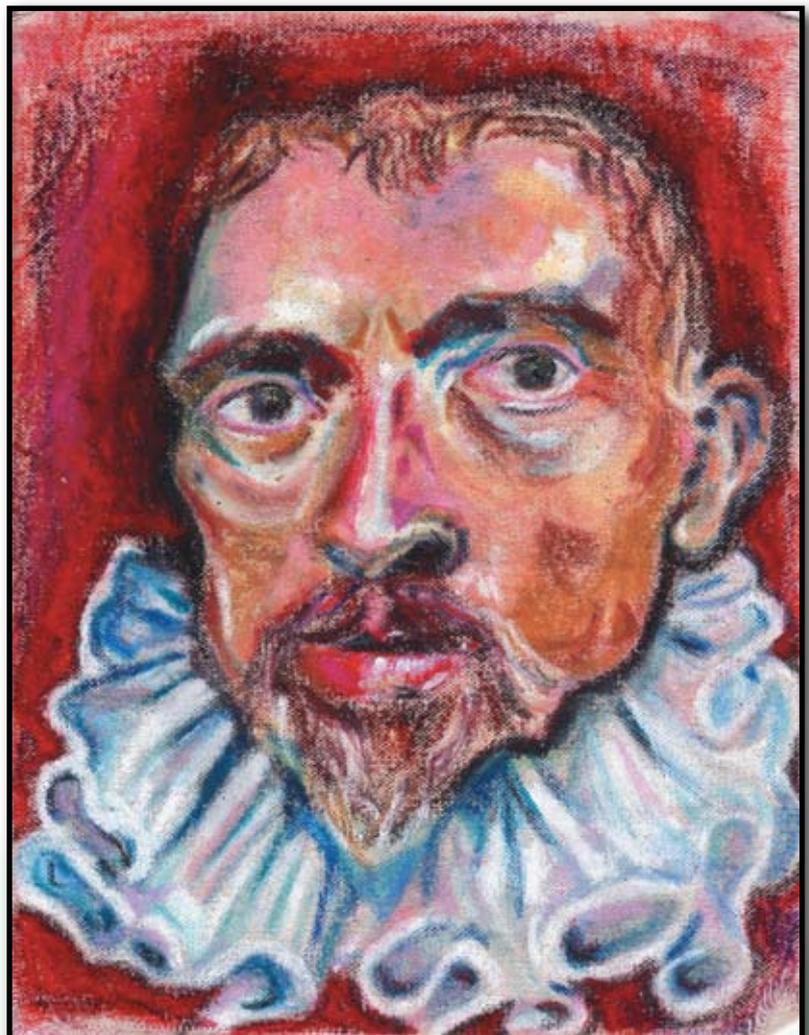
Drawing – Senior

Awarded to

**Emma Halfpenny**

Star of the Sea School, Vic.

*'Prince Peter'*



# Perpetual

2007 Young Australian Art Awards

**Perpetual Trustees  
Art Award**  
Drawing – Primary

Awarded to

**Zac Slattery**  
Kingswood College, Vic.  
*'Redfin'*

*I used soft pastels to draw this picture of a Redfin Fish. The picture has been scanned into a JPEG file.*

Perpetual



2007 Young Australian Art Awards

**ASG Art Award**  
Drawing – Prep-4

Awarded to

**Liam Irving**  
Beaconsfield Upper Primary, Vic.  
*'Tree on Fire'*

*The tree burning was set on fire by the eyes of the fire bats which can be seen along the bottom edge of the artwork.*



Australian  
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SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

2007 Young Australian  
Art Awards

## Bic Australia Art Award

Computer Design – Senior

Awarded to

**Cecilia Jin**

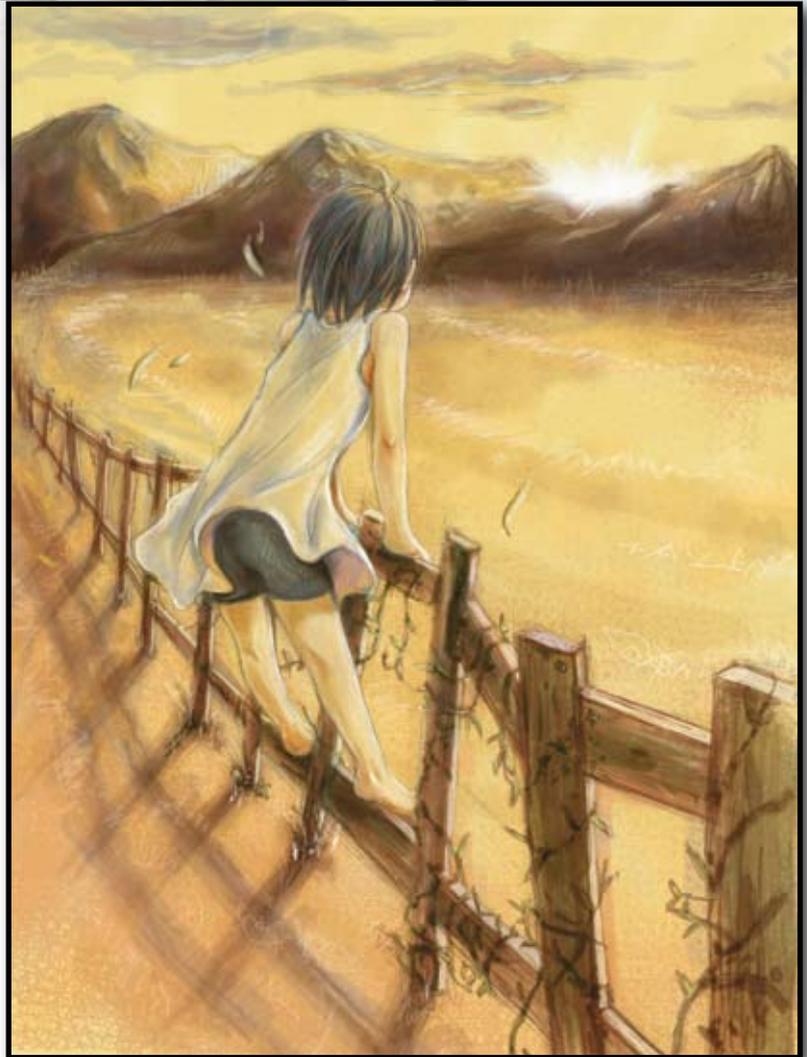
Cheltenham Girls High, NSW

'Childhood'

This picture is dedicated to my mother on her birthday, a remembrance of her precious childhood in the carefree countryside. For this picture I wanted to bring out a soft nostalgic feel through various watercolour and ink brushes on Photoshop.

The first step of my process was to sketch a suitable scene. I chose this pose and setting mainly because it brought out the playful and anxious nature of a child yearning to reach a destination; in this case, the past. Almost like a reference to the cliché of our 'inner child' telling us something.

After the sketch I scanned it onto my computer and, using various layers on Photoshop CS, I inserted the very basic background colour to set the scene. After this I set the original layer to multiply and placed it on the bottom. From here I just made several layers on top, each for a new section, and continued to add layers of colour on normal mode. After the general gist of it I added lighter tones such as highlights in hair and on skin with my WACOM tablet.



2007 Young Australian  
Art Awards

## The Media Warehouse Art Award

Computer Design – Middle

Awarded to

**Samantha Borg**

Colyton High School, NSW

'Cross Your Heart'



To create my entry "Cross Your Heart" I used the graphics programs Adobe Photoshop CS2 and Macromedia Fireworks MX 2004.

Firstly I created the large heart graphic; once drawing an outline shape on a piece of paper, I then scanned it in. I heavily manipulated it using different brush techniques on the graphics programs.

Then I thought of what text to write, which font to use. After doing all this I put it all together in a larger graphic and made the finishing touches.

The Media Warehouse

2007 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**ASG Art Award**  
Computer Design – Junior

Awarded to

**Jessica Slattery**

Kingswood College, Vic.

*'Train in the Window'*



After taking this photo in Japan on a digital camera, I have used Microsoft Photo Editor to put chalk and charcoal edges on the picture. It is a picture of the train I was on at the station, looking through a mirror.



Australian  
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TRAIN  
TRAK

2007 Young  
Australian Art Awards

**Ikon Images**  
Art Award  
Photography –  
Middle

Awarded to

**Rachelle Fewster**

Cervantes Primary School, WA

*'Truck'*



2007 Young  
Australian Art Awards

**Train Trak**  
Art Award  
Photography – Senior

Awarded to

**David Cartier**

Beerwah State H.S., Qld.

*'Magic Moon'*





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