

# Oz Kids in Print

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**March 2009**

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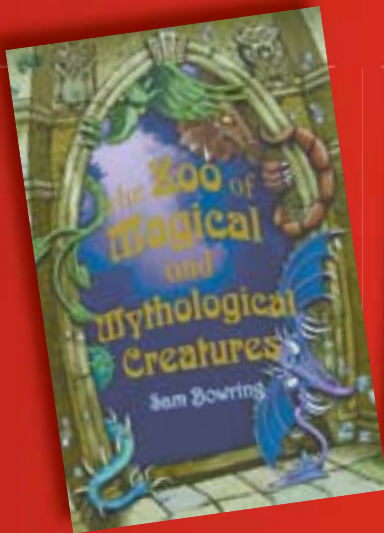
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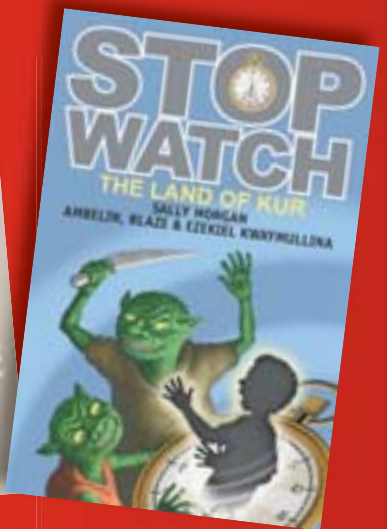
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**Mascot Madness**  
Andy Griffiths



**The Adventures  
of Nanny Piggins**  
R. A. Spratt



**Stop Watch:  
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# Oz Kids in Print

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## From the Editor's Desk

The beginning of another year for our wonderful Oz Kids. To all of you keep safe in 2009.

Victoria has had a tragic summer with devastating bushfires and the loss of many lives. At the same time our Northern and Western neighbours have had floods. Victoria and Adelaide have sweltered in record temperatures.



The one thing that stands out above all is the way Australians band together and help the ones in need. From giving money to volunteering their time – WELL DONE AUSTRALIA!

Don't forget you can enter on-line. Keep on writing (typing)!

*Carol Dick*  
Managing Editor

### The Victorian Bushfires



The raging assault of Victorian bushfires  
Put everyone in plight  
The dispossessed and displaced were sleeping in tents  
In the dark gloomy night

Many have lost their loved ones  
My heart goes out to them  
I thank the great Lord that many  
People escaped mayhem

Even Kevin Rudd was moved  
Why, he almost broke down  
Now those wicked fires have proved  
That fire destroys everything around

Thanks to our valiant heroes  
Yes, that's right, the fire fighters  
For saving hundreds of those  
Who knew no way out of the drastic fires

Let's make donations every day,  
Sacrifice something from our life  
Now I bow my head and pray  
That never again will such disaster strike!!

*By Seyoon Ragavan*  
Grade 5, Beecroft Public School  
BEECROFT – NSW  
Class teacher: Mrs Glenda Luscombe

### Taking Me Under

Throwing my hands in the air,  
I can't hold on much longer.  
Complete state of despair,  
This thing is so much stronger

It's taking me under,  
And I don't think I'll survive  
By why I wonder,  
Do I feel so alive?

So close to death,  
I can almost see the light,  
I take my last breath,  
And hold on real tight

They say this things magic,  
But I disagree.  
Drowning is tragic,  
Please, let me free.

So hard to admit,  
But it's so true.  
I love it,  
But I absolutely hate it too.

I'll tell you the truth now,  
Why I want to stay above,  
It's because I can't stand the blow  
Of drowning in love.

*By Brigitte Landers*  
Age 14  
Pacific Lutheran College  
BIRTINYA – QLD.





## *Don't go my loved one: You're all that I've got*

Don't die my loved one, you're all that I've got  
I love you through all seasons, cold or hot  
Don't get on that train, wave out the window and watch me as you go away  
Don't go my loved one, you're all that I've got

I stand at the top of the mountain and watch you roll down the grass  
Don't roll too far my loved one, you're all that I've got  
I see you fade away through the foggy white frost  
Don't fade my loved one you're all that I've got

I see you on your bike, ride off into the distance  
Don't ride too far my loved one, you're all that I've got  
You run and try to catch a rainbow  
Come back my loved one, you're all that I've got

The last thing you said was about meeting the sunset  
I start to worry, it's been too long  
Every minute without you seems like an hour  
And every second feels like a minute  
It's been months now, where are you?

I watch that wooden box lowered into the ground  
Please don't go my loved one, you're all that I've got  
I feel a tear roll down my terrified face  
And try to catch it but it falls to the ground

You're gone my loved one... what have I now got?

*By Sissy Austin  
Year 8*

*Daylesford Secondary College  
DAYLESFORD - VIC.  
Teacher: Margaret Murphy*



## ONE LAST MEAL

Once there was a danger in the forest,  
A prowling wolf who loved to eat anything he could  
get his greedy paws on,  
He didn't care it was pork, lamb or goose,  
He didn't care if it was human or not, or perhaps...  
even caribou...

Mr Wesley wolf lives in the deepest dark forest,  
If you come near,  
He'll eat you with a sneer,  
If you travel by, he'll laugh  
but you'll cry.

When at last he turned old and grey,  
I bravely walked his way... to say "hey"  
The wolf died suddenly from dismay,  
I have to say, he was exquisitely tasty that day...

*By Darcy Waters  
Year 3, Wellers Hill State School  
WELLERS HILL - QLD.*



## Gold in the Woods

FOR A wood so moderate at a glimpse, the routes and trails twisting around trees and brush seemed more extensive than was physically possible. And, in spite of the menacing grey clouds looming outside, the deeper recesses of the forest were radiating an almost unethical life. Birds twittered, leaves whistled, and he could swear that something was twinkling merrily in a patch of shrubbery an arm's length away. Treading carefully, so as not to disrupt the serenity, the boy felt his way further into the emerald depths, hands grazing the airy mosses on the tree trunks and entwining themselves in the leafy tendrils brushing tenderly at his unruly dark hair. Slightly abashed by the contrast he created with his pale yellow top and tattered blue jeans, Jem could feel his feet slowing and gradually hardening until he was Marble – a statue amongst the quiet trees.

Only his eyes moved then – green as the haze in this magical place, and only ceasing their rapid excavation to linger on a spring gurgling happily to his left. Upon seeing it, the marble melted away and his footfalls began to rustle the deciduous carpet as the pool inched closer.

It was glorious; a soft, pale cerulean hue, and the surface sparkled like diamonds, only broken when the occasional koi would poke its head through and whiff at the woody taste of the forest. Once it had its fill, the fiery orange head would disappear again, to be replaced by the sparkling blue. A smile broke his statue-face, and a chill dragged down the length of his spine as a distinct giggle shattered the silence. Disrupting the pattern of soft, graceful movement, his head snapped around as he searched accusingly for the source of the disruption. Unless, of course, he'd imagined it. Mother always said that he needed to pull his head out of the clouds.

And so it was hardly reluctant that he let his focus divert back to the spring. He had grown accustomed to the comments regarding his attention span, and paid them no heed.

The second time an echoing cry reverberated through the wood, he was on his feet. The reason being that he knew his mind wouldn't be so naughty, but also because the sound didn't stop. It would crescendo and drop, trill and sing, but never stopped. Not until Jeremy laid eyes on him.

Him, standing nobly within arm's reach, and with a troupe of mice and rabbits following at his hooves. Him, with the smile sculpted from pearls, with the honey eyes so lush he was certain they'd start dripping sumptuous nectar.

As he ogled, he'd hardly noticed the strong, leathery gold hand

that had clasped his shoulder. Every inch of his bare arms and torso was radiating a living, pulsating aura of warmth and comfort. And where his spine tapered off into a glossy coat of muscle and sinew, every crevice and contour became smooth and sculpted to build a body that echoed the strength of the trees, the serenity in the forest, and the untapped power of the scene itself.

So utterly entranced, and so fascinated with the reality of the situation, Jem had also failed to notice that the singing pan pipes had fallen silent, and were now hanging in His hand. It was hard to believe that a tool so plain in comparison to the beast

that wielded it, could have borne a melody so lovely. Breaking the trance, he tore his eyes away from the curving shoulders of the centaur's equine half and forced himself to focus on His molten gold eyes. Hardly surprised by how dry his throat had become, he gulped for air and clutched at the hem of his shirt, feeling like much like one of the tiny koi in the presence of a great marlin.

"Jeremy."

It wasn't a greeting, but a mixture of one and a commanding statement. His knees buckled and a shudder rocked his body as He spoke again.

"Jeremy, it's time to go home."

Minutes later and he was frozen again – again he was Marble, and very much in awe of the towering creature that had dropped him so effortlessly onto His back. The same curving shoulders

were shifting and leaping beneath his legs, and the bountiful waves of gleaming raven hair tenderly grazing his cheeks.

The ride was silent, despite the fact that the centaur's footfalls should have thundered through the vast woods. Jeremy spent most of it listening to his own chest rising and falling with raspy gasps, and watching the muscles of the human half tense and twitch with an anxiety he couldn't place.

"Aurum?"

Another tingle touched his spine. The taste of His name on the boy's tongue felt bewitching, and he let it roll in his mouth before acknowledging the attention he was now receiving.

"Thank you, Aurum."

The centaur dazzled him with another smile, and thereto further ignited the boy's curiosity. Looking wildly about for another topic of conversation, his gaze rested on a familiar pink bloom.





## Gold in the Woods (Cont'd.)

"Snapdragons..." he gasped, recognising the feathery petals. "They're just like the ones from Mum's garden." Prepared to ask how it was that the flowers were able to grow in such a dense forest, his breath caught as he spotted a break in the trees that created a window of sunlight, each ray catching on powdery particles in the air and making them glitter. Clutching at his chest, Jem returned to marvelling the intense beauty of the wood as Aurum began to speak.

"Lovely, are they not? The snapdragons are the only dragons around here, though. Dragonflies tend to stick to the outskirts, and" – *a toothy dragon snarls fiercely at a brave silver knight, both figures frozen on the page of a book* – "the fire-breathing ones keep to the mountain ranges."

Still awed by the flashback interrupting Aurum's explanation, Jeremy forced a meek grunt in response as he checked himself over. He was still very solid, like his Marble, and so dismissed the images.

"Can you smell that Jeremy? I think I just caught scent of" – *make sure you're home before dinner* – "your mother's cooking."

Nodding weakly in response, Jem released the puffs of air that had collected in his chest in a single, defeated huff. His fingers grasping at a velvety frond hanging limply from one of the majestic willows, he strained to hear the hissing of the – *a tiny, remote controlled motor boat zipping from bank to bank* – river. Aurum was right, they were getting close.

And no matter how hard he wished, no matter how tightly he latched himself onto the centaur, the breaking sunlight grew closer and closer until he could see a veranda in the distance. Choking back a quiet sob, he turned hastily to take in the marvels one last – *everything comes to an end; both the good and bad* – time. Ruefully clambering off of the steed, he met His gaze with a heavy heart. In a moment, he found himself locked in the centaur's grasp, with Aurum's hot breath tickling his ears with its sweet perfume.

"I'm glad you came, Jeremy. And I'm so glad you could enjoy my home, and enjoy it for the trees and the rocks and the life. I'm so blessed."

After all of the experiences today, Jem had hardly expected the centaur to be the thankful one. Still mystified by His sudden epiphany, the boy watched timidly as the towering creature reached up to pull a shining silver something from his hair, releasing a thick lock of rich black curls that hung beside his delicate gold cheeks. With both of his quivering hands now

clasped in Aurum's soothing grip, the boy licked at his dry lips as he fumbled over his words.

"You showed me something miraculous today, and my only wish", he added, running a thumb over the intricate flowers lining the curve of the glistening silver comb, "is that I might be able to share it". His cheeks flushed as he finished blurting out the words, and pressed his face further into the strong, warm hand that cradled his chin. The honey-sweet puffs of breath moved from his ear to his hair as – *a father's lips crushing themselves against his head as the little boy awoke to a hearty 'good morning'* – a pair of warm, soft lips tenderly grazed his forehead. The hand moved from its supportive stance beside his cheek, one finger lingering to swipe at the impregnated tear that had started its descent down his face. Feeling the centaur's glittering smile, one of his own finally cracked the statue-face and he turned, without once looking back.

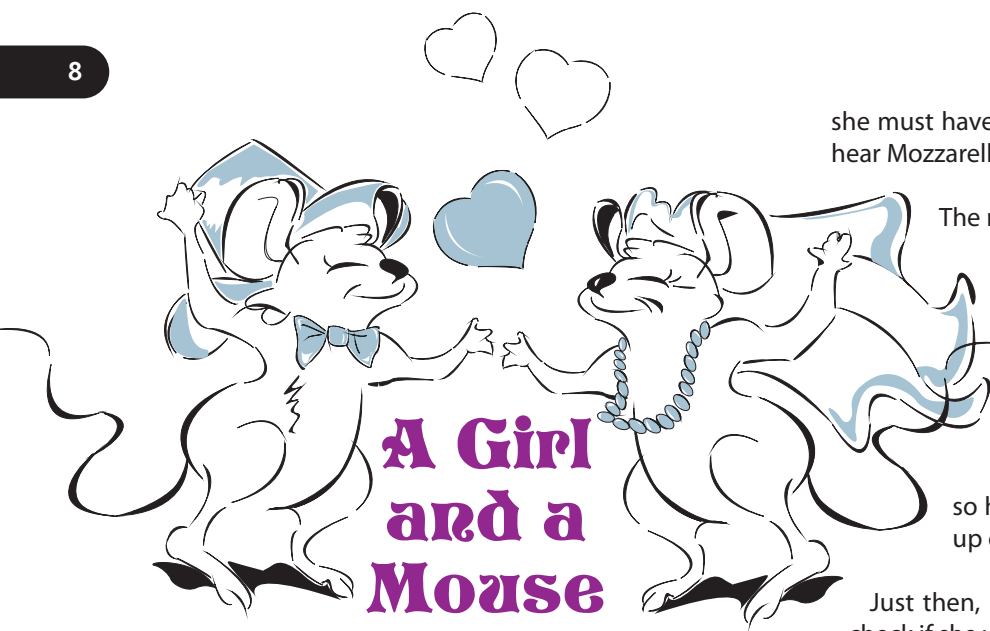
– *our little secret, kiddo* –

It was hard not to squint at the transition from the glittering green woods to the harsh, unfiltered sunlight. As he crossed the backyard, clutching the silver comb so tightly that the petals of the dainty flowers and the gleaming prongs dug into his palms, familiar sights began to take shape. A slender book bound with fake leather sat on the glass table, the ruby-eyed dragon staring grimly from the cover. A remote controlled power boat perched amongst the grass, the shiny white plastic in the

late-afternoon sun. And in the window, he could see his mother setting a table for two; even at a distance her eyes were sullen and sunken, a shadowy paleness touching her cheeks. The screen door easily gave way at his touch, and at its creaking the tired woman offered a hollow, strained smile. Moving instinctively to stand behind the chair she'd seated herself in, he went to put a comforting arm around her shoulder only to find himself noting how dull and lifeless her dark hair was. Pulling a thick lock away from her face, he found the silver comb in his hand and ran it through the curtain before entwining it with the handful he'd taken out from her eyes. Stepping back, he watched with a newfound wonder as her hair, her complexion, and the gloomy room itself seemed – *snapdragons in the summer* – to bloom.

By Caitlyn Lightner  
Year 11, Westminster School  
MARION – SA  
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann





## A Girl and a Mouse

ONE day a sad little girl decided to go for a walk because she was bored and had nothing to do. The girl's name was Elizabeth. She had no brothers or sisters to talk to or play with. She didn't have any school friends because she was home schooled. She was hoping to find someone to play with when she went for a walk.

Sadly, all she found was a mouse.

Elizabeth had always believed that a mouse could talk.

That second, the mouse said "Hello, my name is Mozzarella Mouse. I am a magic mouse. You may have one wish. Just be careful what you wish for, as you might regret it one day."

Elizabeth stood on the pathway staring at the mouse. She couldn't believe that a mouse was really talking to her.

Mozzarella mouse said "Well, come on, make a wish. I am your magic mouse now".

Elizabeth said "I don't want to make a wish. All I really want is for you to be my friend".

Mozzarella mouse was full of joy. He said "I live alone because my Mum and Dad were killed by a big ferocious black cat when they were stealing some crumbs from the floor for dinner.

Suddenly Elizabeth started to cry because that was the saddest thing she had ever heard in her life.

Elizabeth asked Mozzarella if he wanted to come and live with her.

Mozzarella said "Yes please, I would like that very much".

"I will have to keep you a secret because my parents don't like mice" said Elizabeth. "My Mum is terrified of mice and my Dad will squish any mouse he sees".

They decided that they could hide Mozzarella under a loose timber floorboard in Elizabeth's bedroom.

That first night Mozzarella stayed with Elizabeth, they talked all night. Elizabeth's Dad overheard her talking but thought that

she must have been talking to herself because he could not hear Mozzarella's soft little voice.

The next night when they were up talking all night, Elizabeth went and got a block of cheese to share with Mozzarella, They couldn't eat all of the cheese so Elizabeth put it on her bedside table and they went to sleep.

Later on that night, around about midnight, Mozzarella woke up feeling hungry again. He knew that there was still some cheese left over so he sneaked out from under the floorboard and up onto the bedside table.

Just then, Elizabeth's Dad opened the bedroom door to check if she was asleep. Mozzarella gave a loud squeak!

Mozzarella jumped onto the floor and started to run to the loose floorboard. He jumped under the floorboard and was safe. After half an hour, Mozzarella jumped up out of the floorboard to see if anyone was there. Although he thought the coast was clear, Elizabeth's Dad was hiding behind the bedside table where the cheese was.

Mozzarella jumped back up onto the bedside table to eat the cheese. He had a little nibble and then WHAM, Mozzarella had been squished by the fly squatter Elizabeth's Dad was holding in his hand.

Suddenly, Elizabeth woke up and said "Dad, what are you doing in my room?".

He said "I just squished a mouse that was on your bedside table eating cheese". Elizabeth looked over onto the bedside table and started to cry. She screamed "Dad, that was my only friend I have ever had and you killed him".

Her Dad replied "But it's a mouse".

She said "That wasn't just any mouse, it was a magical mouse and it talked to me. Its name was Mozzarella".

"But mice can't talk" replied Dad.

Elizabeth, her eyes filled with tears, picked Mozzarella up and took him outside onto the grass. Elizabeth's tear fell onto his body as she said "I wish you were still alive."

Then, all of a sudden... Ting! Mozzarella's nose and whiskers moved.

Elizabeth looked closer. She didn't know whether it was her imagination or it was real until... Mozzarella looked up at her and said "You used your one wish very wisely. Thank you".

The End

By Rachel Firmstone  
Age 12  
EDMONTON - QLD.





## That Last Day

Yesterday was a horrific day; and now I am dead.

I knew this because I sat on a piece of floating debris looking at my motionless

body float on the water as the last survivors clung to buoyant objects. Having just died, I was processing everything that was going on very slowly in waves of shock. I watched a dark haired young boy who was around mid-teen swim over; see my body and start crying, saying:

'Leilani! Leilani!'

He is Michael and he is my twin brother. I wanted badly to comfort him, but I couldn't do anything because I was a ghost so it wouldn't make a difference. Finally he stopped crying and put my body onto the piece of debris I was sitting on. My curly orange hair was dark with seawater but my skin was pale as always. I looked peaceful and I wanted Michael to see that and be happy. I wasn't sad or angry or upset, just peaceful.

Suddenly Michael looked at me. I nearly fell off the driftwood in shock. He can't see me! Then I noticed he wasn't looking at me, he was looking through me. Others were as well. They were looking at the fluorescent orange lifeboat behind me. Michael would be safe and so were others and I felt a release in me. Then I knew I had to go. But I should tell you my story. So this is what happened.

Michael and I were going to New Zealand to spend a holiday with our cousin, Marisa. She invited us for our 15th birthdays, but we had no empty spaces in our schedule until three months later and so there we were, boarding a plane that would take us on holiday. I was wearing a blue summer dress and I left my crazy curly hair out. Michael was just wearing a red T-shirt and cream jeans and his hair was gelled into spikes. He is such an energetic person that energy radiates off him like a light. It's impossible to be anything but happy around him.

We had been on the plane for two and a half hours and sunlight was pouring through the plane windows. The sky was blue with

a few wispy white clouds floating beneath us. Sea stretched underneath us all around, a deep blue. I stood up to go to the WC past the air hostess coming down the aisle. Then there came explosion. Everybody heard it and felt it come from the left side of the plane all around where I had been sitting. Only the air hostess and I were standing so we were the only ones I know of that got hurt. I fell down and hit my head on a nearby seat. 'Leilani, are you OK!?' Michael asked. I was barely listening. The air hostess was screaming in pain. 'My arm is broken!' she moaned as I helped her up. She cradled her arm in her left hand. 'Sit down', she added in a panicked voice, 'That was probably an engine'.

She spoke too soon. The plane started to dive and I slammed into the lights. Blood started to trickle down my face before my startled mind registered the pain and then I screamed. Suddenly, we were in the water and the plane was slowly rising upwards as water trickled in around the edges of windows before the windows exploded and water gushed in and people were swimming out. Michael gave me a panicked look but I told him to go. I would not make him wait for me.

The plane was starting to sink before I gathered enough strength to get out. The saltwater stung my head and slowed me down. I was running out of air and I was so far from the surface. I tried to swim harder, but it didn't do much good. My lungs filled with water and I stopped mid-swim as I felt the shock when water net down my throat. There was pain, oh so much pain. Like someone was ripping me apart. So much for 'painless death.'

That brings me to where I am now. Michael is safe and I am happy. Others died in the plane crash, I've seen them. They are mostly children and elderly people, but I've seen the air hostess here and there. I didn't see her get out of the plane. Now I have to go. I let the wind blow me to a better place.

*By Alexeya L Mowat  
Age 11  
St. Martha's  
Primary School  
STRATHFIELD - NSW*



## CRAFTY CROCODILE

Slowly, silently  
Gliding, glowering,

Stalks the crocodile

Scavenger, scuffling  
Tearing, terror,

Lunges the crocodile

Killing, Karumba  
Death roll, drowning,

Dines the crocodile

*By Lydia Paine  
Grade 3, Age 7  
WINTON - QLD.*



# Bees

Bees work for a living  
 Just like humans  
 They work for their queen's bidding  
 While the sun is bright,  
 Without a fight  
 To get their share of food  
 Collecting nectar all day long  
 Bringing it home in a happy mood

*By Jessica Tiele  
 Grade 3  
 Mueller College  
 ROTHWELL – QLD.  
 Teacher: Liz Murphy*

## *A Funny Day in November* *A tribute to my best friend Emma*

Your treasured soul  
 Shall now lay still  
 As you've been put to rest  
 But you've left in me  
 A hole to fill  
 To ace this painful test

A test that took your life  
 And left me with such grief  
 Now I fall down where I stand  
 Just like an autumn leaf

You've always been so loving  
 You're thoughtful and you're kind  
 And now what beautiful memories  
 You have left us all behind

To show off all your beauty  
 And show off all your strengths  
 With your loving support  
 That stretches for boundless lengths

You always do your best  
 Your heart is true and tender  
 You lived for the ones you love  
 And those you love will remember

Your journey is now over  
 Your job is finally done  
 It's time for you to rest  
 But you're still my number one



So now I'll celebrate your life  
 And wish you well on your way  
 As you slowly float to heaven  
 Though I wish that you could stay

You were a very special friend  
 Too special for words to say  
 I will love you forever and always  
 Even though you have to go away

But, I will always feel you  
 Deep inside my heart  
 As long as I feel this way  
 We are never far apart

They say it's a beautiful journey  
 From the old world to the new  
 Someday I'll take that journey  
 To the stairway that leads to you

And when I reach that garden  
 Where all are free from pain  
 I'll put my arms around you  
 And we will never part again

Emma, you're my best friend  
 And I will always remember  
 Those last few moments I spent with you  
 On a sunny day in November

*By Caitlin Methven-Kelley  
 Year 8, Age 13  
 Beechworth Secondary College  
 BEECHWORTH – VIC.  
 Teacher: Rod Sangster*



# Jock

I got home from school,  
And looked through the window to outside,  
And saw something horrid,  
With beady eyes.

I looked at my sister,  
Who looked ever so pale,  
And all of a sudden,  
She gave out a wail!

Jock! Jock!  
He's out with that snake,  
All by himself,  
Someone save him, how long will it take?

Our neighbour, Liz,  
Came to help out,  
So she got a broom and then walked out!

The snake heard Liz,  
And slid away,  
Therefore she was,  
The saviour of the day!

But this poem doesn't end there,  
It still continues on,  
We needed to know,  
What the snake had done!

We took Jock inside,  
Where he was panting like mad,  
This was unfortunate,  
It was terribly bad!

We called the vet,  
To tell them we would be in with Jock soon,  
This felt like the passage,  
The passage to doom.

After an interesting trip,  
My emotions were high,  
I just couldn't,  
Couldn't let Jock die.

He was a part of my life,  
A real big chunk,  
By then my heart,  
Felt like it had sunk.

We got called to the room,  
Where they were treating Jock,  
They told me what was to happen,  
Then my feelings started to rock.

Jock was to get put down,  
His life was taking over by a snake,  
That's why I hate those mean old things,  
That horrible species is what I hate.

We shared happy memories,  
Of our great little Jock he'll always be,  
Like the time on Pet's Day,  
He chased a cat up a tree!

When we got home,  
We went and buried him under the mulberry tree,  
Rest in peace Jock!  
My dear little dog you'll always be.

I'll never forget you,  
I'll be yours forever,  
I'll be with you,  
Always together.

*By Sophie Holcombe  
Grade 5, The Hamilton and Alexandra College  
Teacher: Mrs Helen Mackarness*

## Night Sky



My hair swishes,  
My eyes sparkle  
And my smile twinkles,  
As the moon's light shines on me.  
The stars glow,  
The cool breeze calms,  
And the waves ripple,  
Soothing the town.  
I see a child's dream,  
A seeker's hope,  
And a mother's happiness,  
Hovering through the Night Sky.

*By Amishaa Nagar  
Southmoor Primary School, MOORABBIN – VIC.*





The box sat in the corner of the old, musty shelf. Unlike the other items on the shelf – a broken alarm clock, a voodoo doll and a smashed light bulb, which were all in large piles – it stood alone. The room in the house was empty, except for a dim light and the shelf. The light around the box seemed to shimmer like the hot air above a stove. It was completely silent; not even an owl was hooting.

"What do you think's in it?" asked my friend, Ciller.

"I don't know," I replied vaguely. The box seemed to be calling my name: Digit, Digit ...

It sat on the shelf, beckoning me, daring me to touch it. Did it twitch – or was it my imagination? I tried to resist, but I couldn't – it was as if invisible ropes were pulling me towards it.

"Let's get out of here, Digit" urged Ciller. "I don't want to spend another minute in this haunted house."

My fingers reached for the box, grasping the air ...

I picked it up. My skin tingled and a shiver ran down my spine. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. It was like the feeling you get from collecting static electricity, but it was spreading all over my body.

"Let's get out of here," I said. Ciller nodded and we ran out of the house together.

I took the box with me.

When I got home I stared at the box. It was made of black wood and had a white lock on it. I walked away from it slowly, but the further I got, the more I wanted to go back to it. It was as if an invisible elastic band was connecting me with the box.

I walked back to it. It was still sitting there. It seemed to be laughing at me, taunting me. There was only one way to end this: I had to open it.

I grasped the lid with one hand and the bottom of it with the other and pulled. It didn't come off.

Finally, I put it back down. I stared at the white lock. There was something strange about it. I stroked it gently with my index finger – and it popped open. I stared inside.

Two fingers lay there. There was a fingernail on each and small bones sticking out of the ends. The bottom of the box was stained with blood.

I screamed and screamed.

I opened my eyes. Behind me was a pillow, and a blanket lay on top of me. It was all a dream.

I looked around. I was in my room. It was empty except for my bed – and a shelf. It was completely silent, which was a bit strange – my alarm clock usually ticked loudly. I looked at it, sitting there on the shelf: it was broken.

An eerie glow radiated from something sitting in the corner of my shelf. Something box-shaped.

The dim light shimmering around the object shone onto my hands. I looked in shock at the places where my index fingers should have been.

But there was nothing there.

*By Rishi Hyanki  
Year 7, The Essington School  
DARWIN – NT*

## Curse of the Princess

Beyond the hills lies a castle and sea,  
with a princess soon a queen to be,  
there she lies in a golden tower,  
surrounded by its magic power,  
there she will stay,  
from night till day,  
cursed in her own home.  
She will be awakened in the light of a king,  
she will have no voice not to speak not to sing.

And that is the curse  
of the princess!

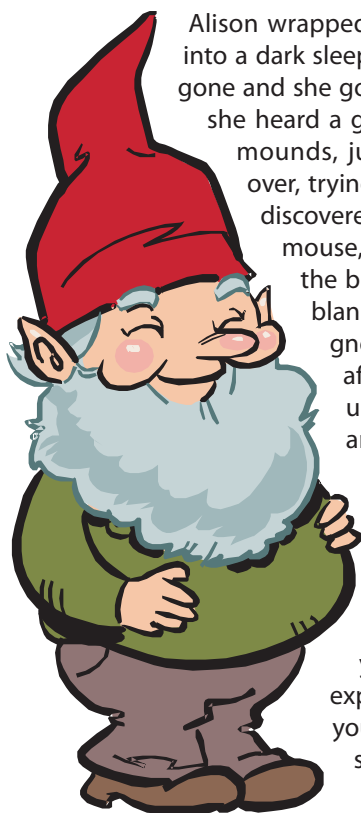
*By Tegan Irene Alexandra Dando  
Grade 5, Age 11  
Geelong East Primary School  
GEELONG EAST – VIC.  
Teacher: Mrs Jan Burrell*





# The Jolly Gnome

Wind howled through the night carrying a scent that would change the world as Alison, bare-footed stepped into the cold sand she heard a sound in the mounds.



Alison wrapped herself up in blankets and fell into a dark sleep. By morning her blankets were gone and she got up off the wet sand. Suddenly she heard a growling noise coming from the mounds, just like last night. Alison crept over, trying not to make a noise. Then she discovered it was a gnome growling at a mouse, because he was trying to steal the blanket. She ran up, snatched the blanket and ran back. The very angry gnome stomped his feet as he came after Alison. "Give that back, I was using that," shouted the gnome angrily. "I am Mr Gnome and I want my blanket back!" Suddenly a cold gasp of wind blew past the angry gnome. It seemed to change him a little because he was wearing a pink shirt with a purple heart and pretty yellow silk pants and a different expression on his face. "May I have your blanket back, I am very cold?" said the gnome pleasantly.

Suddenly the ground started shaking wildly and a huge white and blue wave came up behind Alison. She was as scared as a caterpillar about to get stomped on. Alison and the jolly gnome were swept up by the wave and carried into the water. There was nothing but sand and water left on the wet beach.

After a while Alison and the gnome were washed up on a tropical island which was as beautiful as a sunflower. Alison was so amazed that she didn't even notice black and white mice were surrounding them. To their surprise the mice could talk and stand up. "All hail strangers!" declared the black and white mice squeakily.

Alison's watch ticked to 12.05pm, as Alison and the gnome fell into a dreamy sleep. In their dream they woke up in a beautiful paradise. The mice were serving them food and drinks all the time. So, Alison decided to do something for the black and white mice. She and the gnome went down to the shore to collect salt for a special meal. As Alison was filling up her last bag of salt, a huge cruise boat appeared in front of her. She ran back to gather all the black and white mice, so that they could go on the boat as well. By the time they came back the gnome was on the boat and they were about to leave. Alison and the black and white mice hurried on the huge cruise boat. They just made it! On the ship they went fishing, swimming and diving... "Wake up," squeaked the black and white mice. "The rescue boat is really here!" Alison and the gnome woke up from their dream and followed the mice.

After a few hours they arrived back at the same beach where Alison met the gnome. Alison ran back into the house beside the beach where she lived, arriving just in time for dessert.

Back at the beach, where the gnome lived a sudden wind blew past him and his nice clothes disappeared... flapping in the wind was Alison's blanket.

*By Kaila Gordon  
Grade 4  
Essington School  
DARWIN - NT  
Teacher: Selena O'Connor*

## TITANS OF EARTH

Oh, we once were  
the Titans of Land,  
We rose from the seas,  
and conquered the continents,  
and no islands were not taken.

Our presence remains,  
as Titans of Nature,  
our roots go far,  
the earth we nurture.  
From cycad to maple,  
we are spread far.

From ice to sand,  
we took the deserts for our own.  
From apes to birds,  
We are their homes,  
We are their Guardians.  
We, Titans of Air.

Yet through the years we've seen,  
There have been so vile deeds past,  
as cruel creatures tear us apart,  
so as to make waste the Earth,  
For their own desires.  
And now, we are dying,  
We, Titans of Earth.

*By James Randall  
Year 10, Caulfield Grammar School - Wheelers Hill Campus  
WHEELERS HILL - VIC.*



# Bruno, the Bear Cub Who Didn't Want To Hibernate



Bruno was a fluffy young Brown Bear with huge brown eyes. Like all other bears, he lived in the woods. He loved being a bear, however, there was one thing that he wasn't looking forward to, his first hibernation. He had heard that all bears hibernate in winter. Every day he would say to himself why do bears hibernate? They would miss out all the fun of throwing snowballs, making igloos and eating snow.

Days passed as the hibernation neared. His mother told him that there was only one more day till the hibernation. Bruno had to think of a plan and fast. The day had come. It was time for the hibernation and Bruno hadn't thought of a plan yet. As his mother and other bears were busy scouting for burrows, caves and hollow tree roots for their long winter sleep, suddenly it came to him, he could just scamper! Bruno bolted off!

After a few minutes of doing some rapid scuttles like a bear doing a solo stampede, Bruno bumped into something big! BOM!

Yuck! It had a foul smelling breath. He looked up. To his horror, it was a wolf! He tried to hurried away to beat it! But it followed his every move. When he zigzagged, the wolf zigzagged. When he scurried, his predator skittered. When he sprinted, the wolf chased behind. The wolf was imitating his every lope, hie, and stretch of a leg. The wolf was such a copy 'hound' that even when Bruno dawdled, he did likewise. The wolf never relented. Bruno was being 'still-hunted'!

After what felt like hours, Bruno was able to outsmart the wolf. He knew that he couldn't escape the wolf by scurrying. So, Bruno stood on his hind legs, growled, padded his paws on the ground fiercely and fluffed up his fur to make himself looked bigger! In a dash, the wolf hastened away!

Bruno was exhausted. He found a cave with some scattering of dried leaves in which he could rest in. After resting for a few hours, Bruno decided to go back to his home. But when he arrived, there were no bears!

He searched all the caves and the bush but no matter how hard he searched, he couldn't find them. Some of the dried leaves stuck on his fur dropped off as the bushes scratched him at every turn. Bruno started to growl the grizzliest cries in distress! Almost instantly, he saw a big brown figure moving straight towards him! It was his mother! "Mum!" Bruno shouted!

Bruno was overjoyed to see his mother.

*By Yohan Schmutz-Leong  
Grade 4*

*Kelvin Grove State College Junior School  
KELVIN GROVE – QLD.  
Teacher: Miss Lynn Lancaster*



# Home

I stood outside the front door of their pristinely kept terraced house with one hand in my jeans pocket trying to wipe away the sweat that had developed on my palm. This was it, I had found them. After months of searching, I had found my parents. My home. Though, to me, this looked more like the perfect setting for a Hugh Grant-style romantic comedy.

I shook myself out of my stupor and clumsily reached into my satchel, searching for a familiar crumpled piece of paper. I found it right at the bottom of my bag and squinted to read the untidy scrawl:

*18 Jonquil Terrace  
Coogee*

I had the right address, now all I had to do was walk up the pebbled path and knock on the door.

I'd always had an image of what my biological parents would be like. They'd open the door with warm smiles, welcome me in and offer me a warm cup of tea. All the while, they would be watching me with admiration and just before I go to bed they would pull me into an affectionate embrace.

These thoughts made me smile and with this new found confidence I pushed my hair out of my face and walked purposefully up the pebbled path. At this point I could swear a chorus was going to jump out of a flower box and break into song. The thought was unnerving.

I was at the foot of the stairs to their front door when a thousand questions started to rush around in my head. What if they don't like me? What if I don't like them? Why did they give me away?



I started to shake and my breathing got faster. I could feel my heart beating against my ribs like some madman in a straightjacket trying to escape a room with bouncy walls. I turned around and sprinted straight back down the path and onto the pavement.

I stopped. What about Mum and Dad? They had been so supportive of me and my search for a home. I couldn't give up now. Mum and Dad, who were they? They certainly did not live at 18 Jonquil Terrace.

I took one last look at 'Notting Hill' and began to march back to the bus stop.

★ ★ ★

I woke up because my head had started vibrating against the bus window as it stalled at my stop. I slung my satchel over my shoulder and stepped off.

I walked the couple of blocks to my house like a zombie. My feet seemed to automatically know their way. When they stopped, I looked up at the little cottage they had led me to. Smoke billowed out of the chimney and a comforting glow radiated from the windows. I walked up the path and pushed through the door into the warm familiarity of the hallway. My mother poked her head out of the kitchen and smiled at me. I grinned back and at that moment there were two things I was certain of, my name was Emily Green and I was home.

*By Ashleigh Maihi  
Year 9*

*Castle Hill High School  
CASTLE HILL - NSW  
Teacher: Ms Parsons*



# Goodbye

I look into their crystal clear eyes,  
the colour reminds me of a river floating by.  
I say goodbye, as I reach out my hand,  
and when they throw their arms around me,  
I know I don't want to leave.  
As I withdraw them from my trembling arms,  
I notice their face is shining with tears.  
I pick up my bag and slowly pace towards the waiting car.  
Before I close the door of my car,  
I turn to yell, 'I love you!'  
but my mum has already gone.

*By Scarlett Vollmer  
Grade 5, Nambour Christian College  
NAMBOUR - QLD.  
Teacher: Mrs Eracleous*

## *In Search of Colour – A Monochromatic World*

Long, long ago, in a galaxy far, far away, there was a planet of red. T'was a peaceful planet. The scenery was a sort of scarlet, and the people on it, who were known as Crimsonians, were shades of bright crimson, so you could tell them apart. One peaceful day, the Crimsonians looked up and saw something very strange! The Bluish from the Blue planet were coming for a visit! Everyone hurried to make their planet presentable. The mothers hurried the children to fetch red wine. Farmers hurried to get all their red animals and crops ready, just in case the Bluish needed some. But when the visitors arrived, it was clear that they didn't want crops or wine. The leader marched up and said, "GIVE US YOUR COLOUR!". But the Crimsonians didn't know how to shed their colour, nor did they want to. The leader marched up to a red sheep and grabbed at the air just beside it. Suddenly he pulled his fist up, and with a tearing noise, all the sheep's red came off to leave... leave... NON-COLOUR! The people were horrified!

Later that night, with the Bluish camping outside, the Crimsonians all slept in their leader's hut. The leader tried to calm everyone down. "We must flee, and seek homes with, maybe, the Greenics". A small voice spoke from the doorway. "If you are looking for colour, you won't find it there." Whoever had

spoken was in the shadows. Puzzled, the leader said, "Then perhaps, the Purpletons?". "Nope", said the voice. "The Pinkans, then", the leader said crossly. "No", the voice said quietly. The leader said, "Show yourself!". Slowly out of the shadows crept a Bluish girl. Quite a few of the Crimsonians tensed or growled. The leader said stiffly, "Speak your business". The girl said, "You aren't the only planet who's having their colour taken". The leader said in puzzlement, "What do you mean?". The girl said, "My kind has been taking the colours from all the planets, not just you."

The Crimsonians tried to stifle gasps. They didn't manage it very well. Shocked, the leader said, "Why?". "Bluish aren't as tolerant of their single colour as the other people are. They're sick of blue and are taking colours from other planets to make a rainbow planet just for themselves and no-one else. If we don't do something quickly, they won't take just one sheep's colour, they'll take the entire colour from the planet!" All the Crimsonians gasped without bothering to stifle it this time. The Crimsonians' Priest said, "We must stop their plan". The leader said, "Wait, I have a plan."

Later, a few of the Crimsonians crept slowly out of the hut, being careful not to be spotted. Conveniently, the Bluish had not left the spaceship very close to the camp. Also, conveniently, they had not put a lock on it. And, conveniently, it didn't need keys to start it! In other words, the Crimsonians were going to do the obvious, they were going to fly off in the Bluish spaceship.

Soon, they'd started up the spaceship and were leaving the red planet's atmosphere. "We need to get to the Blue planet," said the Bluish girl, whose name was Skye. After about two hours' flying, they finally reached the Blue planet. It had undergone an amazing transformation since the last time the Crimsonians had been there. Instead of being their usual blue, all the trees had become green and brown. The butterflies that usually flitted around the flowers were all sorts of colours, as were the flowers, instead of just blue. Besides from forget-me-nots and bluebells, the sky was the only thing that was still blue. A few things were plain black, obviously intended to become red.

Soon the Crimsonians got to work. They tore up a little bit of colour off most things, like a bit of blue from the sky, orange from Monarch butterflies, some pink from camellias and many other colours. Eventually they had lots of sets of rainbow colours. Next they travelled to the once-green planet, which was now a dirty grey colour. The Greenics there were picking at little things like bits of wood and wool miserably. When they saw the Crimsonians, they all called out, "Don't look for colour here!". The Crimsonian leader jumped out of the spaceship with a handful of different colours. The Greenics stared in wonder at all the colours.



## *In Search of Colour – A Monochromatic World (Cont'd.)*

The leader shoved the colours into the Greenics' leader's hand. He said, "These are for your planet". The Greenic leader nodded thanks. Soon, the Crimsonians had done the same with the Pinkans and Purpletons. Eventually they had given all the planets rainbow colours. As quickly as they could, the Crimsonians went back to their planet, leaving the ship exactly where it was before. They all crept back to the leader's hut and there Skye departed. "There is nothing that makes us as grateful as we are now. How can we ever repay you?" asked the leader. Skye smiled. "Don't tell the Bluish I helped you, for a start."

The End

PS. A few days later, the Bluish left. The Crimsonians managed to hide the rainbow colours and a little red, so when the Bluish left, they took out the colours and spread them over the planet like margarine over bread. If you had seen the planet from two miles away, the colours covering over it were a most glorious sight.

*By Gemma Randall  
Grade 5  
Glendal Primary School  
GLEN WAVERLEY – VIC.  
Teacher: Christine Gilligan*

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March 2009

# Nara

IN GREECE, a long time ago, there was a beautiful girl called Nara. She lived in a town right near the sea where they got a beautiful sea breeze, she also lived next to Mt. Olympus. She lived with her mum and dad, Alena and Marquess. She thought her dad was mean because he was making her marry someone she didn't love, his name was Konsiec. Konsiec lived in the underworld as the person who took care of all the mythical beings. Nara thought he was ugly and mean. Nara didn't want to marry him because of those reasons and that she was in love with another person called Posedies. Nara's mum, Alena tried to tell Marquess that she didn't like Konsiec and that she wanted to get married to Posedies because he is much more handsome and brave than Konsiec.

Posedies loved Nara as much as Nara loved him. In time Posedies went to straighten things out with Nara's dad. As soon as Posedies said "Look here Marquess, Nara does not love Konsiec". Marquess let out a roar saying "My daughter will not get married to you" as soon as Konsiec heard the words that Marquess yelled he came up straight from the underworld to see what had happened, as soon as he saw Posedies with his dashing looks Konsiec was furious.

Alena told Marquess to straighten things out with Konsiec before he sends mythical beings to attack. Marquess didn't listen to Alena, Alena kept on telling Marquess to straighten things out. In time Alena got sick of Marquess and she left him. Marquess felt sad he did not care that Konsiec was starting to round up all the mystical beings to attack Posedies. As soon as Nara heard what was happened she quickly ran to tell Posedies what was happening. As soon as Nara said "Quick go away, Konsiec is going to kill you with help from his mythical beings!". Konsiec roared up from the underworld and set up to attack.

Posedies quickly ran, as fast as his legs would carry him straight to the top of Mt. Olympus to ask for help from the gods. Athena the goddess of war and Ares the god of war came before him with a sword, a shield and a helmet. The helmet gave him the power of out thinking a person. The gods blessed him on his quest. Bravely he went down to Mt. Olympus to fight Konsiec and his ugly mythical beings. With the blessing of the gods he fought and fought and he outsmarted his enemy's and defeated Konsiec. From then on Nara and her mum hated Marquess and they locked him up in a chamber for a thousand years.

The gods were so pleased with Posedies' victory that the gods held the biggest wedding on Mt. Olympus. Hera, the goddess of all gods planned the wedding. Apollo, the god of music and poetry made the music and Aphrodite, the goddess of love joined Nara and Posedies together in holy matrimony. Nara and Posedies had a beautiful baby girl called Lurana.

The End

*By Darcy Moran  
Grade 6*

*The Marian School  
CURRAJONG - QLD.  
Teacher: Jude Anderson*

## As They Fall – Heroes

Though all were different, they were sent as one. Status meant nothing, family, jobs and accomplishments irrelevant. The emerging battle never to be forgotten, it's scale so incomprehensible. Incredible hardships endured, a fight of courage, spirit, determination, passion and death. "The duty clear before them," was made so unclear by the blood, death and stench.

Landing at Gallipoli they were welcomed by a heavy rain of shells and gunfire. A deadly combination against an advancing army made up of struggling men in rowboats. A mistake by the British Military meant that the ANZACS fell in colossal numbers at the start of the Gallipoli campaign. During the war many were standouts, though all were heroes. Fighting and in many cases dying for one thing, FREEDOM OF FUTURE.

Above anyone and everyone, they are heroes.



*By Zac Slattery  
Grade 6*

*Kingswood College  
BOX HILL - VIC.*



# 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)



# The Young Australian Writers Awards 2008

The BIC Australia  
Young Writer of the Year Award



**ELIZABETH NEWELL**

*Great Southern Grammar, Albany, WA*



## ◀ **Dymocks Literary Award**

*Short Story – Senior*

**GEMMA LARSEN**

*Suncoast Christian College,  
Woombye, Qld.*

## **Qantas Flight Catering Literary Award** ▶

*Short Story – Junior*

**YOHAN SCHMUTZ-LEONG**

*Kelvin Grove State College, Kelvin  
Grove, Qld.*



**DYMOCKS**  
FOR BOOKLOVERS



## ◀ **ASG Short Story Award**

**SARAH PARKER**

*Heany Park Primary School,  
Rowville, Vic.*



## **ASG Poetry Award** ▶

**ISABELLA CAGNES**

*Lane Cove, NSW*







### ◀ The Five Mile Press Literary Award

*Poetry – Senior*

**CZENYA CAVOURAS**

*Westminster School, Marion, SA*

### Percy Baxter Trust ▶ Literary Award

*Poetry – Junior*

**JASON KWOK**

*Reddam House, Woollahra, NSW*



The Five Mile Press

**Percy Baxter  
Trust**



### ◀ Helen Handbury Achievement Award

**IMOGEN WHITTAKER**

*MLC, Kew, Vic.*

### Helen Handbury ▶ Literary Award

**MELISSA DAVIES**

*Glen Katherine Primary School, Eltham  
North, Vic.*



(Above) Award winners and sponsor representatives at the Awards Night, 21 November 2008. (Right) Kathy Robertson, Qantas Flight Catering, with Yohan Schmutz-Leong.

All photos Carol Dick & Frank Jones





**Sentinel Foundation Art Award  
Painting – Senior**

JANE LEE  
*Varsity College, Qld.*



**RACV Club Art Award  
Painting – Middle**

YOSHNI CHANDRA  
*Peakhurst West Public School, NSW*



**ASG Art Award  
Painting – Junior**

MEGHA SHETH  
*St. John's School, Scarborough, WA*



**ASG Art Award  
Computer Art – Junior**

BRIDGET GREEN  
*Lindisfarne Anglican Grammar School, NSW*



**DEN L. SCHEER**

*Northam Senior High School, WA*



**ASG Art Award  
Drawing – Junior**

CONNOR DONNELLY  
*Caboolture State School, Qld.*



**Ukonekt Art Award  
Computer Art – Senior**

SUSAN LI  
*Hornsby Girls' High School, NSW*



**Trust Company Art Award  
Photography – Middle**

DAISY GOODWIN  
*Lindisfarne Anglican Grammar School, NSW*



**Bic Australia Art Award  
Drawing – Senior**

NAOMI BIYING PAN &  
LORALEE NEWITT  
*Joint Winners*



**Percy Baxter Trust Art Award  
Drawing – Middle**

CEDRIC LUK  
*Wesley College, Vic.*



**Perpetual Trust Art Award  
Computer Art – Middle**

AANAH NAKAO  
*Lindisfarne Anglican Grammar School, NSW*



**ASG Art Award  
Photography – Junior**

ALISON OMMUNDSON  
*Arndell Anglican College, Qld.*



**Train Trak Art Award  
Photography – Senior**

LAUREN BASSER  
*The King David School, Vic.*



# On the Way to School

Once upon a time there lived two kids named Grace and Marcus. Also, there were two grownups named Steve and Alison and a cat named Charlie.

The kids were on their way to school and they were running late because they were stuck in traffic on the freeway. Suddenly, they saw a helicopter passing by overhead. They had a long piece of rope in the back seat and they decided they could open the window and throw the piece of rope over the helicopter like a lasso. They all climbed up the rope and left their car on the freeway. They felt like they were flying in the air.

Then they realised they were too heavy and suddenly the rope started to break and they all fell in the sea. The cat couldn't swim so Grace saved him and finally they all safely swam to shore.

They didn't know where they were. "What are we going to do?" asked Marcus. Grace replied "And how are we going to get to school on time?"

Alison suggested they catch a tram but Grace and Marcus thought that was way too boring. Alison asked the kids how they thought they were going to get to school then. Grace replied "Well, I don't want to be late, so maybe we should yell out for help". Just as they yelled for help an aeroplane passed overhead but they didn't hear them and Grace said, in a yucky voice, "Well, that didn't work" and Marcus said the same thing to Grace.

Steve and Charlie expected that something would happen but then they all realised that nothing would happen unless they decided to do something about it themselves. So, Steve thought "if the tram is too boring then what should we do that's a bit more

adventurous"? And Charlie meowed (because he's a cat of course!).

All of a sudden, a gang of bikies rode past on their big, shiny, black Harley Davidsons. Steve flagged them down and Alison wasn't too pleased with this plan but it was too late. The bikes pulled up and a big, mean, nasty looking biker named "Reabs" came over and said "Whatchya doin dudes"? Steve said "We are running late for school and we were hoping you'd all be to give a lift on your cool Harley's. Reabs the biker yelled out to all his mates "Hey dudes, we're on a mission to get these kids to school on time". So, they all got on the back of the Harley's and even Charlie the cat got on the back of one as well.

The bikes were so loud and cool. They rode extremely fast and everyone they passed waved at them.

Eventually, the bikes pulled up out the front of school just as the bell went. Steve, Alison, Grace and Marcus thanked the bikers and Charlie meowed (because he's a cat of course!) The bikes then rode off into the distance.

Steve, Alison and Charlie decided they better catch the tram home. They said goodbye to the kids and Grace and Marcus went into class and told their friends about their big adventure but no-one believed them. Grace and Marcus thought "Oh well, we both know what happened and we'll never forget how we got to school on time that day".

THE END

*By Grace Reaby*  
Age 7  
THORNBURY - VIC.



## Walking Into the Wind

"Let me go! Let me go!"

Anguished cries resound across the barren plains accompanied by grief stricken wails. Mother Aunts cringe and clutch their breasts as suppressed memories erupt and trickle down black cheeks in silent tears.

Yet another young half-caste has been kidnapped, ripped from his mourning mother's clinging arms, stolen, leaving a never healing scar. Collapsing in the red dust, head bowed in acceptance, a woman weeps as her only son claws helplessly at his captors, pleading, "Please, let me go."

Two hearts break in unison, two lives shattered, two prayers whispered.

Stolen.

Bathed in a pool of sweat Kyeema awakes from his tormented slumber, knuckles white as winter snow, the terrible visions and distant memories silently invade his mind, flashing from one frame to another like an ancient horror show.

Remnants of a once flaming fire waft into the moon-lit dorm, the only noise the gentle breaths of infants carried on the cool night air to mourning mothers.

A rustle of sheets. Concealed sobs. Silence.

Distant odours signal a westerly.

These smells remind him agonisingly of his home from which he is thoughtlessly deprived. Misery devours him, circulating through every particle of his body; Kyeema can't bear the pain, he has to escape.

Rummaging through his meagre belongings for the necessities for a strenuous journey, Kyeema plots an escape route. Night fall: there is no light except for a sliver of moonlight piercing the clouds as silhouettes claw relentlessly at the horizon. Leaping from his wrought iron bed Kyeema grabs his bundle of belongings and flees into the desolate terrain.

Gasping for breath, Kyeema sprints through the arid bushland surrounding the school. Heart pounding he continues to run

despite his aching legs roaring for rest, he must escape the boundaries of that God forsaken hallow of suffering. Suddenly a glistening river comes into view. Finally Kyeema is certain that he has crossed the line of pain, he is free.

Resting his throbbing legs at the river's edge he scoops countless mouthfuls of the rejuvenating water into his parched mouth. Kyeema lays back and indulges in sensations as refreshing water cascades through his body and the magnificence of the Southern Cross gleams from above.

★ ★ ★

The breeze ruffles Kyeema's hair as he sit tranquilly with his Grandchild gazing upward as the Southern Cross salutes the night sky, perpetually yearning, longing, desiring his childhood family's embrace like many children of the Stolen Generation.

Are five simple letters every enough to compensate for the suffering of the children of the Stolen Generation?

S O R R Y

*By Montana Delane-Pegrum  
Year 7, St. Mary's Anglican Girls' School  
KARINNYUP - WA  
Teacher: George Diamantopoulos*



## MY HAT

*(This is a story that is written from a hat's point of view during the convict years.)*

**M**Y journey starts right here in the itchiness and darkness of this closet. I'm at the headquarters for holding cells for convicted criminals. I hear Governor Arthur speaking to a soldier about a young man called Thomas who has being caught stealing a loaf of bread and a watch. I wait nervously.

A few days later the closet door is opened by one of the governor's men. He reaches in, grabs me and some other pieces of clothing. He carries me to where I see a young man who is being held by two strong guards. I see the fear and stress in his eyes. When I'm placed into his shivering arms, a tear rolls down onto me. He lets out a little sob. One of the guards slashes him twice across his back with a mean look on his face.



# MY HAT (Cont'd.)

The boy places me on his head and puts his pants and jacket on. The soldiers are standing in the cell door waiting for Thomas to finish getting dressed. When he is fully dressed, the soldiers place heavy brass rings around his wrists and his ankles and join a rusty chain from each set of rings. The soldiers put a very heavy black ball onto the end of the chains that are joined to his feet. I slowly slid down his head as He slouched down trying not to cry as he entered a dark, damp cell. This is going to be his room for the next few weeks.

The next day was very dark and gloomy day. Thomas had not slept well, for he had spent most of the night crying into me. If only I could tell him he is not the only one who has cried into me at night.

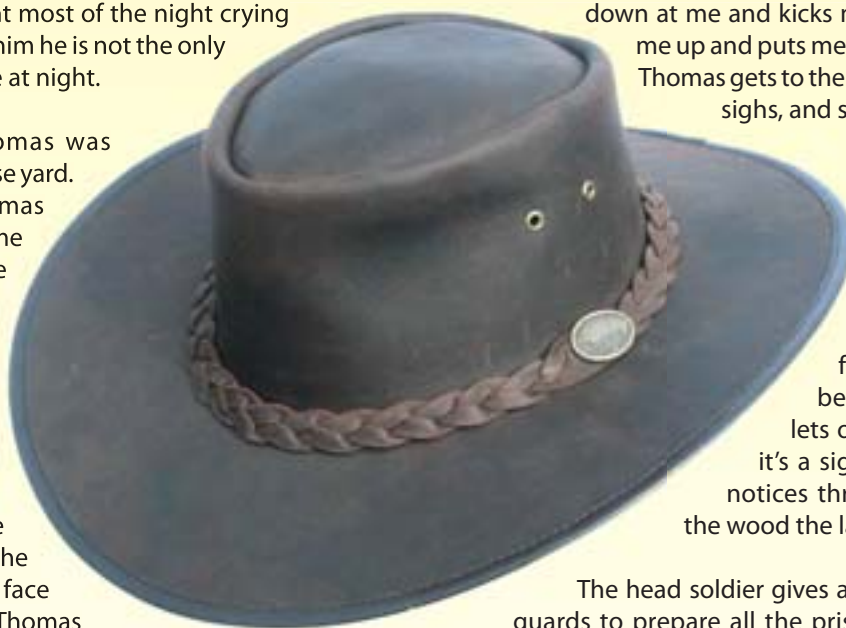
Early that morning, Thomas was ordered to go to the exercise yard.

When we got there, Thomas removes me and places me on the cold hard floor. I see Thomas standing at the fence gazing out at the horizon. I hear someone coming. A prison guard! He stares at Thomas for quite a while. The guard walks over to Thomas and talks to him. I can't quite tell what he is saying but the look on the young man's face is a look of disagreement. Thomas strolls sadly over towards me, I can tell he is not happy. Thomas picks me up and places me back on top of his head. The guard comes over to us and holds Thomas by his arm and leads him to his cell. The guard instructs Thomas to get ready to leave for a place called Van Diemens Land.

Late that afternoon, a soldier came past with an extremely long chain. The guard ordered him to come out of his cell. This

guard was holding a chain. Thomas turned around to notice that all the other convicts were joined onto this chain as well. The convict behind us was a very skinny man with long hair and a dirty face.

As we approached the boat I notice Governor Arthur on the top of the boat. He is looking straight at Thomas. The soldier who is directing the convicts orders us to the far back corner of the lower deck. Thomas knocks his head on the tiny door way. I fall off and land on the ground. The man with the long hair and dirty face steps on me and flattens me. The soldier looks down at me and kicks me to Thomas. He picks me up and puts me back on his head. When Thomas gets to the far corner of the ship, he sighs, and sits down.



About halfway through the journey to Van Diemens Land, Thomas falls deeply asleep. But soon is woken by a soldier yelling at a man for complaining about being squashed. Thomas lets out a sigh, but this time it's a sigh of relief, because he notices through the small gap in the wood the land ahead.

The head soldier gives an order to all the other guards to prepare all the prisoners to exit the ship. Thomas tries to stand up, he groans in pain as his legs have cramped up from been curled up for so long.

As Thomas stands at the top of the boat ramp, he stops and looks around. We see land for the first time. Thomas and I both know that this place that we are travelling towards holds our future.

*By Annieka Williams  
Grade 8, Calvin Christian School  
KINGSTON - TAS.*

The crackling sound of fire in the hot, breezy air  
Heat so intense that nobody can bare....  
The thick pluming smoke resembles cumulus clouds  
The flickering, burning flames in which it shrouds....  
Taste the soot on your dry, cracked tongue  
The fire's nearing, the warning bells have rung....  
The landscape is blackened and badly charred  
Many lives lost and countless souls scarred....  
Such horrid devastation in many country towns  
Wildlife severely burnt and singed for miles around....  
The hazy filled skies are widespread with smoke  
These Black Saturday bushfires are far from a joke....  
Many are left homeless with nothing to spare  
Thank goodness the world pitches in and shows how much they care.

## BLACK SATURDAY

*By Adrian Harper-Gomm  
Year 7  
Kambrya College  
BERWICK - VIC.  
Teacher: Mrs Odile Oliver*

# Endless Night



I was a fugitive on the run. Escaping from the Nazis. Fleeing from their deadly peril. I could hear the echo of their machine guns shattering windows and smashing everything in their path. I could run but I certainly couldn't hide. They were coming. They were coming to take me and my beloved family away to one of those fearsome concentration camps. I couldn't abide my family being deported and me never seeing them again. Although I do have one secret weapon. The locket Felicia bestowed upon me the day she was murdered with her family. Her parents were Nazis. The locket shows a picture of them. Felicia's father with his uniform and her mother beside him. This was the one thing that could save all of us if I could prove to them that they were related somehow to us. It had to work. Otherwise we would be in a mass deportation to a nightmare of a place. It's horrifying what they do to the people there. It's what they were going to do to us if we didn't get our skates on quick enough.

When Mother told me about the mass deportations and murdering, I was horrified. I couldn't accept the fact that millions of Jews were being killed each day. Simply because they were Jewish. I had considered myself to be Polish up until then. Now I was a classified Jew and my family and I were wanted. Even our friends were willing to hand us in for the money. The traitors. What they did to us just when things started to get better. When they kidnapped my father and handed him over to the SS officers, their desire was to hunt the rest of the family down and have them turned in and deported. All this that was thrown at me with lethal force was devastating and very overwhelming. It took ages to finally overcome the loss of my dear father. It's still hard to understand now.

We took our chance to find a safe hiding place. We unfortunately had to split up and then call each other to the first hiding place found. That was our temporary plan. It would work. For now. We made it through the forest and into a large clearing. This would be the perfect spot to divide to find a place. But if we didn't get to the other side quick enough, the Nazis would shoot us for sure. Mother and Feliks went in one direction and Lucja, Hanna and I went in another. My heart was pounding as I saw a large bush that would possibly fit three small girls. I took a chance and dragged Lucja and Hanna behind me. Before long, we were at the bush I had spotted. The girls attempted to scramble inside. Oh no. It wasn't big enough. I was short sighted but it couldn't have been that bad. The bush only just fitted Hanna. We were going to have to find somewhere else in order to hide together. We heard gunshots. Hanna and Lucja dived into the nearest bush and I took cover inside a hollow tree.

I was panting and gasping for breath. My lungs were on fire. My heart was racing and it wouldn't slow down. I was in shock. I couldn't understand the eerie silence amongst us. Mist was seeping through the trees. Morning had arrived. It was probably only about five o'clock. It was only just getting light and obviously still fairly early. I collapsed down onto damp grass. The moisture seemed to slow the pace of my heart down. I couldn't even think what might have been waiting for us just round that bend. What was that noise? At first it was a blur, but slowly, it got much clearer. It sounded like river rushing over jagged rocks and then falling down into what gave me an impression of some kind of ravine. That means it must have been a waterfall. I staggered to my feet, hoping that the soldiers were not there. I found my sister, Lucja, lying



## Endless Night (Cont'd.)

down under a thorn bush. There next to her was Hanna, three years older than her. Hanna was wheezing and struggling for breath. I held out my hand. Hanna took it. I summoned all of my energy and hauled her out of the thorn bush. She winced, but then gave a grateful smile. Then I had to do the same for Lucja. She wasn't responding. I felt a wave of panic wash over me. Gently I rolled her over so I could see her face. Her eyes were closed. I looked for any signs of life in her. Thank goodness! Her chest was steadily moving up and down. I saw that she was in a terrible condition. I had to get her out of there. I scratched my way through the thorns so I could pick her up and get her out of there. She must have hit her head or something. Then, she awoke suddenly with a loud wail. She began to sob. She was saying something that sounded like a foreign language to me. Hanna came along and helped me rescue her. She noticed me staring at something on Lucja's neck. It was a huge burn. I couldn't figure out where it had come from. We had been fleeing through what seemed like endless forest with damp crevices and clammy corners. There was no way she could have been burnt in a fire or blaze. So what could it have been? There was no way we could find out right at this very moment either. Suddenly, Hanna and I both knew that there was something dangerous out there. Something very dangerous.

The minutes passed by. We had no clue of how long we'd been there for. We felt lonely. Lucja was slowly regaining consciousness. As I was the oldest, I ordered Hanna to mind Lucja while I began a frantic search for Mother and Feliks, who had mysteriously disappeared after being with us for at least one hour or so. I ran wildly through the scrub and forest, trying to recover any sign of recognition of them. If Feliks was awake, I'd hear him crying and weeping over the fact that his sisters were not there to comfort him. He was only three and had no chance of surviving on his own. He hadn't achieved the skills that you'd probably need to survive out here. At least for a while. Though if he was with Mother, he had a good chance of living. Suddenly, I heard a frenzied wail. It was coming from where I had just left Lucja and Hanna. I started to sprint back to where I had last seen the girls. I stopped violently in my tracks. My blood froze. I was sure I was turning white. Standing there, rifles pointed at Hanna's head were four Nazi soldiers.



I ducked down, praying that the soldiers wouldn't see me. Oh no. I sensed someone behind me. I heard a clicking noise as another Nazi soldier got his rifle into action. He aimed at my head. I closed my eyes and waited. Nothing happened. He started barking out orders in German. I couldn't understand a lot of German, but I could understand a little bit because of where we used to live on the border of Poland and Germany. We also lived in a Nazi occupied area where you had to understand German otherwise they would shoot you. I think he was saying something like turn around with your hands raised and stand next to your sisters. Something like that anyway. I slowly turned away, being careful not to make any sudden movements that might trigger a Nazi to shoot someone. I stood silently next to

Hanna and Lucja, who was still trying to recover from impact, and prayed.

The last thing I can remember is that we were being loaded onto a truck with hundreds of other people. Presumably Jews. I was frightened. Hanna, being a confident, convinced person told me to grow up, stop worrying and to think about the fact that I was thirteen at the time. She was a good little girl. Always making jokes and laughing. Always telling Feliks to clean his glasses. Constantly snapping at Lucja because she couldn't keep up, even though she was only five. It was so pleasurable just being around her. I heard a crash and a clatter from the other side of the truck. While I was thinking, Hanna had squeezed her way through the women, men and children and knocked over about half a dozen crates that were full of... of... gunpowder or something. I wasn't too sure. Hanna suddenly burst into tears and stumbled over to me. She collapsed into my arms and told me about what had happened to her in the past seven minutes. She explained all her problems to me and then started crying again. There were plenty of other children sobbing aboard that truck too, and I had my own problems to think about.

People like Lucja don't stay still for very long. Although she was concussed from a severe blow to the head, she was getting fairly restless. She was kicking her legs and wailing, as she didn't like being imprisoned in my arms. I couldn't let her run around on that truck, not there was any room for that. Because she was concussed, I didn't want her walking around the truck

because it didn't have any sides. So I was left hanging on to Lucja for dear life. Another issue was that Hanna was going around and asking people, particularly children without anyone with them, if they had parents. If they either said no or refused to answer, she would tell them that she's very sorry your Mummies and Daddies are dead. It was getting ugly because she was scaring the living daylights out of little children who could understand what she was saying, just not speak to her. Everything gradually grew worse and worse. Every minute that slowly ticked by was a disaster. Children wailing for their parents.

Parents sobbing over the loss of their children. All Hanna could think of was that we'd find Mother and Feliks and be reunited once more and live a happy, prosperous life.

The truck suddenly came to a halt. Muffled whispers rippled around the truck. I could tell people were anxious. Suddenly we heard screaming. A large group of Nazi soldiers were gathered around the parked truck. They immediately began shouting out orders in German. Most people couldn't understand a word they were saying and continued to sob and yell. The Nazis couldn't tolerate this nonsense and pulled them off the truck, lined them up on the wall and shot them. A ghostly silence swept its way around the seated passengers. In an instant, Lucja started weeping heavily. I couldn't let this happen because then the Nazis would probably shoot her too. I put my hand

Cont'd...



## Endless Night (Cont'd.)

soldiers let go of Lucja and grabbed a shotgun and clubbed Hanna over the back of the head with the end of the gun. I was horrified. I couldn't turn around and do anything, otherwise they'd hurt me too. But I had to. As they strode away, Lucja turned frantically to me and mouthed something. The next thing I knew, she was belted over the back of her head with a gun.

Now we were loaded back onto the truck and were headed to the centre of that dreadful place. There was what looked like a doctor assembling us into groups. Male and female. He then inspected every single one of us. When it was my turn, he instantly waved me over to a group that was full of children. I looked carefully at the group. There, sitting on the cold cobbles was Feliks. He had survived. After all that, he had lived to see his older sister for what would be the last time. He ran to me with his arms wide open. He hugged me tight. I could feel his hot tears drenching my shirt. I couldn't help but cry too.

Then the devastating news arrived. He told me that Mother was gone. Gone forever. At first I meant Feliks had lost Mother in the crowd. Then I saw the horrible truth in his brimming eyes. Mother had been sent to the gas chambers.

firmly over her mouth and gently stroked her soft brown hair. The moaning eased, and soon she was once again fast asleep. I felt a wave of relief washed over me. I think we're going to be all right, I thought to myself. At least for now anyway.

Daylight was slowly creeping into the early morning mist. We could hear the sounds of factories in the distance with their grinding cogs and wheezing machinery. Where were we? We had no time to think about that now. We had other problems to worry about. The fear of being shot that was hushing the crowd was easing, and everyone began to feel curious. So curious that they just jumped off the truck and ran away into the mist and fog of the morning. It was all very strange really. But one dreadful thing was stopping them. The guards on the gates were heavily armed. There was no way the people were going to escape. No way at all. I wondered how the system worked here. I'd heard of the concentration camps and what they did to you there, but never how they did it. They would torture you, suffocate you in a gas chamber, and all sort of other unimaginable things. I heard the sounds of children screaming and crying. Then I heard a Nazi soldier utter a deafening shout. Then a gunshot. All fell silent.

We were then hauled out into the centre of the filthy, gravel road. Muffled whispers slowly flowed around the large group of Jews. We were going to die. I was sure of it. Then, fairly abruptly, a Nazi soldier with a rifle with a bayonet on the end began to stride out from the interior of one of the buildings. He looked bewildered. It was as if there was something about the group that had specifically caught his attention. Then suddenly, I realised that he was staring open mouthed at the considerable burn on Lucja's neck. He cocked his head to one side and then took one look at her again. He shouted something at one of the other soldiers. He nodded slightly and then called for another soldier. They grabbed her arms and walked briskly away. I had a feeling that that would be the last time I would ever see poor Lucja. Before anyone could speak or respond, Hanna was on her feet. She was yelling at the soldiers in Polish. One of the

We were cantering along a great big building that had a chimney. I'd seen pictures of this sort of place before. We were headed for the gas chambers. We were asked to search through a pile of deceased bodies to see if any of our relatives were there. If so, we could be cremated with them. My hands were shaking. I couldn't make any sense of the situation. Oh no. I had seen what Feliks had just found. Hanna and Lucja were lying sprawled on the ground. Not moving. Not breathing. Dead. That couldn't be. Then I felt a surge of grief rush up from all the way down near my toes, but I locked it down with my throat. I had to get my revenge. But before I could do anything, everyone of our group was shoved into a cramped up room. Then Feliks told me, before I die, I want you to know that I love you. And then I told him, I know that very well. Your sisters loved you and me. And Mother and Father too. Then we stepped into the room where our last memories would be. Before I did die, I thought to myself, Lucja and Hanna would've been holding hands when they died.

Nightfall had come, and we still hadn't done anything after being shoved in the room. Then a strange man came in wearing a gas mask. He threw some crystals of something into the air. Soon after he had disappeared, people began to choke and cough all around me, including Feliks. I love you, he told me. I replied, I love you too. And that was the end of our endless night.

*By Catherine Chandler  
Grade 6  
Methodist Ladies' College  
KEW – VIC.  
Teacher: Jenn Murray*



## World Creation

LONG ago, way before any of us existed; there was only the Moon God, Tsukuyomi. He protected the world by himself and he was very lonely. The world he protected was dry and windy with hardly any water. The winds made it hard for anything to exist but there was a small animal called a cayaine. It was small compared to Tsukuyomi but it had a great plan.

One day, the cayaine suggested that Tsukuyomi make another God, a Sun God. He thought it was a great idea and focused his energy into making another form of life but it didn't turn out the way he planned. Instead it formed into a great long beast with a huge and glorious tail and wonderful claws and teeth. Tsukuyomi looked at it and named it Sasuno, the Ocean God. Sasuno was the God of all water things. He created rivers, lakes, streams, creeks and oceans. Things started to grow as the water flowed over the land but Tsukuyomi was still unhappy.

The cayaine then went up to the Ocean God a few days after he was created.

"Sasuno, will you join with me in creating a Sun God?", it asked it near its home, The Great Yama River.

Sasuno closed its eyes for quite a while as its tail churned the water to make small waves against the shores, finally he opened his eyes.

"A Sun God would be magnificent young one, the flowers would then finally bloom and the trees would bare their fruit. Things will start to grow," he growled softly.

The cayaine then ran towards a mountain overlooking The Great Yama River, he then began to howl with Sasuno roaring in unison. The music they were making soothed the world and a small ball of flame appeared. It slowly grew bigger and bigger until it shone

brightly. The flowers began to bloom and trees bore fruit, at last a Sun God appeared.

"Her name shall be Amaterasu, and she will be the Sun God. Her job will be to make it day and Tsukuyomi will be night," he said to Sasuno.

From then on the cayaine was honoured as the creator and the God lived in peace and harmony.

*By Emily Jackson  
Year 7, Erskine Park High  
ERSKINE PARK - ACT*



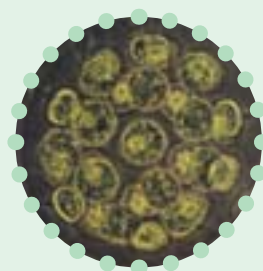
## Does it ring a bell? Of course! It's a cell!

Cells are something very small,  
Just for protection, they have a cell wall.  
Plant cells and animal cells are two different cells,  
As plant cells have extra organelles.

Every single organelle in a cell's body,  
Has its very own job which it carries.  
The Golgi apparatus processes protein,  
When chloroplasts are very green.

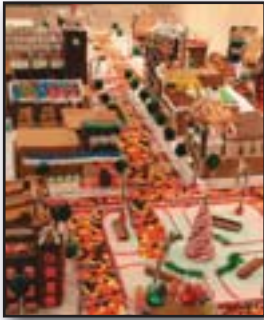
The endoplasmic reticulum helps transport material,  
The lysosome destroys invaders such as gruel.  
The control centre of a cell is the nucleus,  
Chromosomes are called its very own peers.

All these functions help a cell do its job,  
But when they work together, they look like a blob.  
So now you know what a cell really is,  
It ain't just a box, it's also something you can't afford to miss.



*By Iniya Manickam  
Year 8, Age 13  
FERNTREE GULLY - VIC.*

# The Gigantic Bump



## CHAPTER 1

Once upon a time there lived a king in a castle. The king's name was Professor P Poopy Pants. The king was called that because the children named him that and they called him a clown, because he was silly. But there was always a problem at the castle, because when the king was sitting at the table with a drink, the drink spilt

all over his clothes. The drink spilt because of the bumping that has been happening the last couple of days. One day a royal messenger from the king in the next town came. He said "King Plumps has sent me to your castle because he has found a better royal messenger and then he kicked me out of his castle".

## CHAPTER 2

The royal messenger was forced to go down the tunnel and find out what the bumping sound and then come and tell the king. So he did. When he reached the bottom he just stared in surprise and then fainted. The pixies that lived in the town found him and gave him some refreshing water. After a few hours the royal messenger woke up and found that he was in a pixie town surrounded by mushroom houses and the large flowers were used as beds for the baby pixies. There were also cars that were made out of bark and the wheels were made out of round flower petals. There was also fairies that lived there.

## CHAPTER 3

Every thing else was candy. The royal messenger ran back up the tunnel and told the king the whole story. The king ran all the way down the tunnel and when he reached the bottom he was so surprised that he fainted. The royal messenger said to the pixies to take him to the hospital. When the king woke up, he ran out of the hospital and started to eat a house. The police pixies came along and saw what the king was doing, they arrested him immediately. The king cried in jail all day.

## CHAPTER 4

The pixies said we will let you out if you don't eat our houses. The king agreed. The bumping sound was the pixies cutting the roots and using them for fire wood. The king said for your kindness I will give you lots of fire wood. But in return I am allowed to eat ten of your candy flowers. "OK" said the pixies and the king spent a week eating all the flowers.

## CHAPTER 5

The pixies weren't happy because they were so fat. The king gave them lots of vegetables. The pixies stayed healthy and the king never spilt a drink again.

They all lived happily ever after. The end!!

*By Bonnie Doyle  
MILDURA - VIC.*



**QANTAS  
FLIGHT  
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# Enter Sandman

I hate the dark.

The pitch black of my bedroom, unfamiliar in the gloom, seems to barely mask a horde of sinister shadows.

It frightens me.

I lie on my bed, eyes starting to close as the first tendrils of sleep slither into the edges of my ever-cluttered brain. Suddenly my lids snap open as a soft whisper jerks me back from the abyss of uneasy slumber.

I hardly dare to look.

I fear that even the smallest movement could give me away to any number of unknown horrors lurking in the dark. I finally muster the courage to peek into the blackest corner of my room, not moving a muscle but those in my straining eyes.

A shape is moving in the dark.

Eyes frantic, I watch it twisting, sliding into form, a little too far away in the murky gloom for my tired eyes to reach. I stay desperately motionless, heart beating a wild rhythm in my now heaving chest, watching in silent horror as the shape, now fully formed, emerges into the soft glow of my night light.

It is a man, or it might have been once.

Now it is hunched, crippled, inhuman, even small, but horrendous and powerful in its manifestation. Surrounding hard black eyes, devoid of human emotion, its skin is a thousand grains of sand, which shift and ripple under my horrified gaze. Those eyes stare hungrily from beneath the brim of a black trilby, boring into me, taunting me as a cat plays with its helpless prey, before ending its life with one fell swipe.

*By Sophie Thomson-Webb  
Year 8  
Taroona High School  
TAROONA – TAS.*

Great Southern Land,  
Untouched by white man,  
Your burning sun,  
Guarding your secrets well.

Your pristine mountains and forests,  
Shielded by the spirits,  
Only marked,  
By the symbols of the past.

Your native people,  
Give not take,  
They cherish the wholesome land,  
Just as you treasure their culture.

The streams and rivers,  
Long and winding,  
Each drop of water,  
A memory from the past.

You are a voice of a young child,  
You are the career of an elderly man.  
You are the ragged clothes of a lonely traveller,  
And yet, you are so hard to understand.

You are Australia,  
The barren land,  
The calling bids,  
And a holding hand.

*By Eloise Hirshman  
Grade 6  
Reddam House  
Woollahra – NSW  
Teacher: Mrs Sharon Shapiro*

# SOUTHERN LAND

## Terra Australis

There were a few, to venture there  
To start anew, to plough their share.

A convict maid, no husband with  
She stands afraid, now but a myth.

An early settler, hoe in hand  
No prize to win, this sweat soaked land.

Unknown places, Unknown ways  
A barren land, for all their days.

They gasped their last, to die and fade  
Now but forgotten, the sacrifice made.

To come to a country, a life unfair  
A desolate wilderness, of beauty rare.

Of strong willed courage, of hearts to dare  
Our ancestors – one hope to share.

On the docks, a mother wept  
For her son, shackled and kept.

Now on the red earth, he stands forever  
A nameless hero, a nameless father.

A hope of passion, one of heartache  
And for their children, a life of heartbreak.

We are their children, their life's one mean  
Why they lived and why they died, and why we are the free.

In tears and laughter, in pain in gladness.  
In battle, in hearts, in strength in sadness.

To our pioneers, we owe our debt  
We live their dream,

Lest we forget.

*By Natasha Norford  
Age 15  
Homeschooled –  
Africa on-line  
MALAWI – AFRICA*



## My Christmas Poem



I woke up this morning and what did I see?

A reindeer standing in front of me!

I followed the reindeer outside the door,

And in front of me was a pile of snow!

I looked up where the snow had been,

And saw the biggest sight I've ever seen.

And Santa Claus was on the roof,

Snoring like a reindeer, then POOF ...

A magical fairy just appeared,

And all the reindeer clapped and cheered.

The fairy gave me powers I loved,

And then I became all dressed and gloved.

I had become Santa Claus!

And it was all for a good cause.

I jumped up on the big, red sleigh,

And off I went to save the day.

I raced off fast to every house,

And down the chimney like a mouse.

I delivered presents all over the place,

In and out of houses like a horse in a race.

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I raced off fast to every house,

And down the chimney like a mouse.

I delivered presents all over the place,

In and out of houses like a horse in a race.

I had saved Christmas, the Christmas this year,

And all the reindeer gave a big, loud CHEER!

*"To the kid who saved Christmas, the Christmas this year,  
May we all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"*

*By Nathan D'Souza  
Age 11  
HAMPTON PARK – VIC.*



## London to New Holland

Darkness smells, death hung strongly in London,  
A beacon of poverty, and destruction among green fields.  
Like a pin-prick sized pimple among beauty.  
Tall buildings, sucking light out of the very souls of people,

On the long withering roads.  
Righteous stars hanging off invisible lines from the sky,  
Shone brightly, losing a lost battle  
To protect London.

Baffled by smells of death and disease,  
Rising from London, like smoke from a toxic candle.  
Fearful people, huddling behind windows,  
Like mice trapped behind a wall of thieves.

Thousands of convicts, lying in hammocks,  
Being flung from side to side, by the angry snappy sea.  
The smells of captivity, hate and disease,  
Hung like a black cloud above row after row of convicts,  
Slowly awaiting to be in the land of freedom and emptiness.

White tents stood straight in the new land  
With dirt tracks leading to small mud houses  
Surrounded by hastily planted farms.  
True, natural beauty inescapable to any eye.

Ancient Aboriginals, mercilessly murdered by angry men.  
Falling prone to deadly diseases  
Making them lie down for their final rest.  
Gentle gum trees, swaying in the whooshing wind,

Obscuring the unknown like clippings of grass in a tiny world.  
Soaring eagles covered the sky like a white blanket  
Of mysteries, troubles and change.  
Diving like missiles to the untouched land,

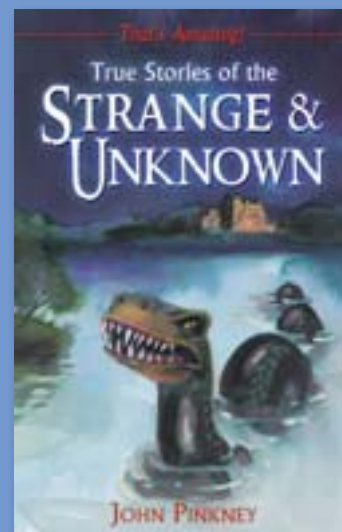
Suddenly aborting and swooping  
Up to the highest eyrie, in this beautiful land.



*By Oliver Richards, Grade 6  
Reddam House, WOOLLAHRA – NSW  
Teacher: Mrs Sharon Shapiro*

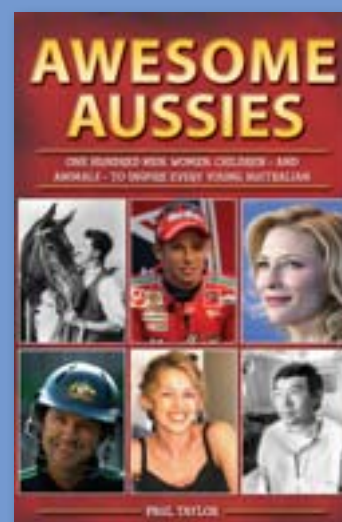
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Australian scientists, soldiers,  
inventors, sports stars, explorers,  
entertainers, heroes and more.



The Five Mile Press



# TRUE LIBERTY

The dusk does fall upon the land,  
Shrouding it in ghostly hand.  
They gather about the garden dark,  
Below the silver shine, the tree's bright bark.

The father's face, pale and grave,  
The sparkle gone from the mother's eye,  
Amidst them the lad who is to go,  
To the blood-bathed fields of long-ago.

He says, tone sure, 'Good-bye, both dear,  
'I'll see you when the time draws near,'  
Oh that each mother's son would come  
From the war-fields unscathed,  
To waiting family – home, sweet, home.

Oh, youth, golden with laughter fair  
Is gone, laugh swift replaced by care,  
The air hangs thick with fire's mist,  
Oh, why must war and strife exist?

Then he goes, pride and courage  
gathered 'round, standing tall,  
His ear ringing sharp with the Piper's call:  
'Come, my children, come to me'  
But why must blood be shed for liberty?

The train's whistle, brusque, fills the air,  
The young soldier, fiery with spirit's dare –  
The girl remaining, with shadowed brow,  
They clasp their hands in earnest vow.

'I'll come back soon, and you and me  
Will live in hard-earned liberty'  
Yes, liberty, which men's blood paid,  
Is this true liberty of which is said?

Then he goes, pride and courage gathered 'round, standing tall,  
His ear ringing sharp with the Piper's call:  
'Come, my children, come to me'  
But why must blood be shed for liberty?

I pray the brave will not fight in vain,  
Will ever true liberty war and strife gain?

*By Evangeline Yong  
Age 11*

*Homeschooled  
BOX HILL NORTH – VIC.*



# Word

There was a connection. It was obvious. There always had been. And there always will be. A special connection. A connection like two strangers' eyes meeting from across a crowded room as their hearts sink into their bodies as each of them believe that their fairytale might come true. A connection like an elderly woman releasing her rebellious inner teenager for the last time. A connection between lives. Their connection was like that, but it had that spark. Love was the word they used to describe it. A four letter word that supposedly meant so much but, when broken down, it was just a word. Really, it had no more relevance or importance than other words. It was just a word. Four letters. They were just four letters in the twenty-six-letter alphabet, which were so special because of the way they were arranged. One-Seventh. It was just one-seventh of the basis of the English language.

Love was something Sharon felt for one person. But in comparison, it was nothing. It was obvious. No one spoke of it though. No one wanted to disturb a thing.

They had something special. It was undeniable. Love wasn't the word for it though. It was more than that. More than a word. More than letters. More than a small fraction. It was everything. And anything. Their connection could be spoken about for hours on end, using every letter and word in the dictionary. Surely that would mean more than one simple word.

Sharon stared at Luke; there was an obvious bond between the two. No one dare speak of it though. No one wanted to disturb a thing.

It wasn't clear to me how two people could feel such so much for one another. Not a word had been spoken between the two for so long, but that spark was still there. When someone stood in the area between the two, a feeling of anguish would come over them. They would feel the necessity to remove themselves from what felt like a red carpet, reserved for only the important ones, reserved for their glance.

Luke glanced back at Sharon, he felt guilty for feeling warmth and affection as their eyes met. The red carpet was created again between the two as their eyes locked in position. No one dare move between them. No one wanted to disturb a thing.

They shouldn't feel the way they do. It was almost criminal. It was easy to automatically assume the worst of the two of them and scorn them for having the connection they did. But when they were in the others presence, the spark flared once again, and all who noticed it could no longer despise them for their feelings. Everyone knew it was bigger than them. They couldn't help it, even if they tried.

Sharon and Luke looked away as they became occupied with other people. The only thing keeping them from announcing the truth was the truth. Sharon and Luke were both oblivious to the fact that the truth was already

common knowledge to everyone except Justin; no one talked about it though. No one wanted to disturb a thing.

Truth is, everyone was jealous. Although they knew that such a strong connection could be a burden, they all looked on in envy as sparks like fireflies flashed.

"I do", Sharon whispered, tears gushing from her eyes. Everyone quietly gasped, in shock of the words that had just left her mouth. No one said anything though. No one wanted to disturb a thing.

Luke lowered his head in disbelief of Sharon's words. Those two small words had done so much damage. Three small letters had created a lifetime of regret. He knew it would happen. It had to happen. But he had a sudden realisation as the words left Sharon's very own mouth.

The connection had been broken.

Sharon made her way back down the aisle with Justin on her arm. She tried frantically to create the red carpet with Luke one last time. The words had distraught him. The reserved pathway couldn't be created.

To love someone was something. But a word-less, indescribable connection was something else.

*By Brigitte Landers  
Year 9  
Pacific Lutheran College  
CALOUNDRA - QLD.*



## Daddy Dear

**M**Y whole body trembled and heaved. Tears streamed down my cheeks and I folded myself into a foetal position, rocking forwards and backwards, trying to comfort myself and recover.

I had run as fast as I could from that house. The house that I thought I knew, the house that held so many beautiful memories. Memories that were now tainted by the screaming, the pleading, the drunken arguments and the shattered dinnerware.

I lifted my throbbing head and tentatively raised my fingers to the deep, bloody gash above my left eyebrow. I winced as a sharp pain rushed around my head obstructing any rational thought and leaving me teetering on the edge of consciousness.

I hate him. I HATE HIM!

Anger pulsed through my body bringing sinister and disturbing images of my mother, bruised and battered, curled up in a corner. My father, red-faced with rage, screaming so hard that the veins in his neck expanded and stuck out. Me, standing in the doorway, stunned, my feet rooted to the floor.

"No!" I had yelled as I suddenly found the strength to run at my father and feebly try to restrain his arms.

He shrieked in my face and threw me mercilessly against the wall.

"Stay out of it you stupid little girl!"

His breath smelt like stale beer.

"I won't stay out of it Dad!" I screamed in reply, "I will not!"

Pain, shock, disbelief.

The blood dripped calmly down into my eyes. The repulsive taste of blood mixed with tears seeped into my mouth.

My mother screamed, my father cried and weakly tried to apologise. I ran.

I ran faster than I had ever run before. I did not know where I was running to. I just knew that it had to be as far away from that monster as possible. My legs brought me to the grimy, unclean corridors of Strathfield train station.

I looked up and saw a commuter, smartly dressed and well groomed, passing by and deliberately avoiding my eyes. She knew nothing. I pictured in my mind a happy household. Three smiling children and a loving husband. The perfect family portrait.

Another tear rolled slowly down my cheek, bouncing over the lumps of dried blood. I tried to stand up but swayed

precipitously from side to side, my vision blurred. I walked a couple of uneasy steps and found a rhythm.

The walls were spinning and the people around me were morphed into strange beings with large heads and scrawny bodies.

I managed to find my way out of the maze of corridors and began to walk up the main street towards the medical centre. I am met with a mixture of concerned and scolding looks from the people with no problems. I do not care. What would they know about what I am going through?

I push through the clear glass door of the medical centre. The cheery ding-dong indicates that I have arrived. The sound rings in my head making me light-headed.

The receptionist peers up from her tidy desk.

"Good evening, may I help you?"

I did not reply. I felt disorientated; the lights were too bright, my head pounded.

"Are you okay?" She asked, concerned.

My head was spinning, she was running towards me, her arms outstretched, fear plastered across her face.

"No" I thought to myself and I fell into a crumpled heap on the pristine blue carpet.

My head felt fine.

*By Ashleigh Maihi*

*Year 9*

*Castle Hill High School*

*CASTLE HILL - NSW*





## Beauty



It was a different bus today.

Small and round and chirpy, its doors opened for her with a squeak.

She carried yellow roses. With a clunk her mud-splashed shoe hit the step. The bus driver nodded, the man with the beard sitting at the stop stared.

She sat. She let the bouquet fall across her lap.

Sunshine petals lay limply atop of the dull green of her school dress, gasping for air in the thick warmth.

The bus jumped and slipped down the asphalt, humming a little along the way. And although entering was a struggle (she was followed by an air thick with learning, heavy with new assignments, and it scraped against the sticky blue seat covers), she was grateful for this new bus. The other was a grumpy bulk of hot metal, groaning and moaning at every corner.

She peered out the dust-speckled window at the trees dancing past. The bus glided through green and she was falling towards the ocean.

A warm breeze crept in. It stroked her neck and softly kissed her cheek.

As her eyes dodged the sharp white sunlight and she gazed down at the perfect ledge of blue sky dropping into a sparkling sapphire sea, she realised.

She felt beautiful.

No, she did not feel pretty or attractive; her hair was a tangle and green tights were not the height of fashion.

No, it was different.

She felt beauty touch her hair, breathe on her cheek, hold her hand, tickle her fingers, warm her leg, caress her skin, wrap its arms around her tightly.

And it was the most beautiful feeling.

*By Annabel MacDonald*

*Year 11*

*Westminster School*

*MARION – SA*

*Teacher: Ms Rathmann*



In the middle of the night  
When everyone else is sleeping tight  
I creep out of my cot  
As quiet as a log  
I peek out of the window  
I see willows, meadows and many wild animals  
A possum is eating a gnat  
Two koalas are having chit chat  
Three kangaroos stand still on the path  
Four kookaburras being silly and laugh  
Five wombats use all their might to dig  
Six echidnas try to poke a slithery snake  
Seven flying foxes are ready to glide  
Eight baby bandicoots want to have a ride  
Nine dingoes on tip-toes and creep  
Ten Tasmanian Devils fall asleep  
I love the scenery  
But my eyes are weary  
I'd better return to sleep  
When the night is still deep  
Zzz...

## In the Middle of the Night...



*By Phoebe Leung*  
*Grade 4*

*Pinewood Primary School*  
*MOUNT WAVERLEY – VIC.*  
*Teacher: Mrs Jessica Murphy*

# How To Write Stories to Music

## Hazel's Ten Hints: How to Bumble Around, Writing a Children's Story to Classical Music, When You're Not Very Musical...

By Hazel Edwards • [www.hazeledwards.com](http://www.hazeledwards.com)

- What's your favourite kind of music?
- Does it have words?
- Does it have actions?
- Or can you create a new combo?

Do you have an all-time, favourite piece of music?

Mine is 'The Flight of the Bumblebee' because it's fast paced and I can picture a story to the music.

Music can be a great way of exercising your imagination, AND your body, as you dance or exercise. Lots of kids have created their own dance-fit movements to pop songs.

But... ever thought about writing your own story to go with the shape and sound of that music? Or maybe your own song lyrics?

Obviously, the music belongs to the person who originally created it, as well as to the listener.

But, some out-of-copyright traditional music, like opera which is a kind of story in song, folk tales, or even ballet, can be updated or adapted with YOUR new story.

Lots of schools put on their own rock musicals or end of year performances. Maybe you can write, and record on web-cam, mobile phone or video, your original story to go with the music.

In between, try drawing or sketching to classical music.

Some authors also use music for inspiration while they are writing, to get in the mood. Try it.

### Hazel's Ten Hints:

*How to Bumble Around, Writing a Children's Story to Classical Music, When You're Not Very Musical:*

- 1 Only work with music you genuinely like. Luckily 'The Flight of the Bumblebee' is classical music with Oomph! I've always like that fast, short piece, which moves at my pace.
- 2 When Sophia Whitfield, the New Frontier publisher invited me to write the first 'new' story in the Music Box series, as a picture book, I was honest with her.

*'I'm not a classical music fan, but writing a new story to fit the 'bee flying' music sounds a challenge.'*

- 3 The actual music runs about three minutes. The story had to fit the musical sequence. I listened constantly, even in my car.

- 4 I found out about the Russian composer Rimsky Korsakov and the original story behind the music. I liked the idea of a bee prince, but he needed a problem.

The basis of any story is a character who must solve a problem by their own efforts. Maybe the bee prince has a flying problem?

- 5 I checked the facts on Queen Bees, Drones, workers and honey.

I've worked with illustrator Mini Goss previously. Her unusual perspectives are especially well drawn, so a bee's eye view was a perfect challenge.

- 6 About seven drafts were written. My husband loves 4 hour long Wagnerian opera. I don't. But my husband did share the 'Flight of the Fumblebee' joke about the radio announcer who practised so much; he got it wrong on the crucial occasion.

- 7 I did try out movement to music. I did pretend to fly like a bee. So I knew wing flapping and ZZZing would work for those who like to exercise to music.

- 8 Getting the viewpoint right was the next challenge. Should it be an 'I' first person story from the perspective of the young bee, or a more distanced third person as he or she? A narrator was easier. Later I was delighted Antonia Kidman was to read it for the CD within the book.

- 9 How could the bee's flight problem be solved? It had to work as a story. If I thought of him as a trainee pilot, he'd need a flight plan. Maybe flying to music, or movement to music was the answer. Then children could do their own 'cool' actions for whirring flaps at the hive opening... or they could zoom and buzz with arms outstretched.

- 10 I've really enjoyed this musical-literary challenge. And even after I'd listened for weeks, on a musical loop in my office, I still like 'Flight of the Bumblebee' music and have even written a classroom play script too.

What a buzz!



Run to the next page...



### Sample Activities:

- Experiment with your own music, using any instruments. Compose your own 'Flying' music.
- You are the personal trainer or coach. What kind of exercises will you suggest for a bee who needs better wing flapping? Show us.
- Work out a pollen dance which lasts 1 minute. You may dress up.

### Your Turn:

- Choose a favourite piece of music (It doesn't have to be classical).
- Keep playing it, until you can think of a new story to fit that music. The shape of the story must fit the movement of the music.
- Draw pictures to go with the music.
- Design a cover for your story. Picture book? DVD? CD?
- Make sure you have acknowledged the original creator or sought copyright permission. (Check link from [www.hazeledwards.com](http://www.hazeledwards.com) to the Copyright Agency.)
- Maybe you can adapt your musical story for a school performance.



### Flight of the Bumblebee

Written by Hazel Edwards and illustrated by Mini Goss  
 Audio CD – read by Antonia Kidman, Foxtel TV presenter  
 \$27.95 – HB & CD included  
 ISBN: 97819210422508  
 Release date: Feb. 2009

Included at the end of a book is a short biography on the composer Rimsky-Korsakov and the opera the music (Flight of the Bumblebee) is taken from, *The Tale of Tsar Saltan*.

Conductor Sir Charles Mackerras has written a testimonial for the Music Box series. And others will follow in the innovative introduction to classical Music for children.

<http://www.newfrontier.com.au/home.htm>

[hazel@hazeledwards.com](mailto:hazel@hazeledwards.com) for interviews

Teachers' notes with activities and reviews at

[www.hazeledwards.com](http://www.hazeledwards.com) and links to publisher website.

## My Mystical Land

This land is a place  
 That only I can find  
 A mysterious land  
 Where magic combines

I'll visit this world always and ever  
 My mystical world  
 I'll love you forever

The joy and the sadness  
 The leaves that fall down  
 The bugs that crawl and  
 The lion with his crown

The sparkling rivers  
 The moss covered rocks  
 The vines that hang down and  
 The beautiful pink box

The snow is enchanting  
 The sunrise is slanting  
 Oh how I love to be there

I can see the children, playing in trees  
 The weather is nice  
 A cool summer breeze

Everyone's so happy  
 So happy to be alive  
 And this land will live forever  
 It will magically thrive

Because its only situation  
 Is in my imagination

*By Julie Fenwick  
 Age 12, Mapleton State School, MAPLETON – QLD.  
 Teachers: Ms Lisa Wickins and Mr. Gregg Everitt*



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