

# Oz Kids in Print



*A great tool to  
improve literacy  
in schools!*

Print Post Approved  
P.P. 334553/00001

**June 2009**

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

Cover design by Marc McBride

**Incorporating  
The Young  
Australian  
Writers'  
Awards**

**FREE ENTRY**

**TO STUDENTS IN PRIMARY OR SECONDARY SCHOOLS**

**PROUDLY SUPPORTED BY THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT**

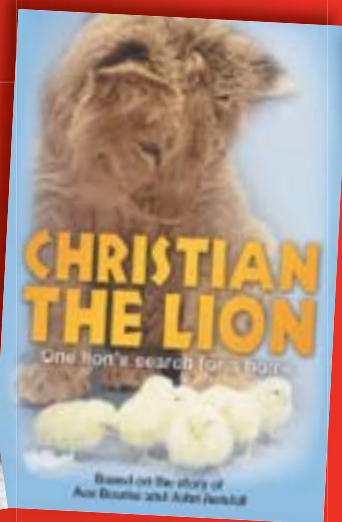
DYMOCKS BOOKSELLERS PROUDLY SPONSORS

# THE 2009 YOUNG AUSTRALIAN WRITER'S AWARD

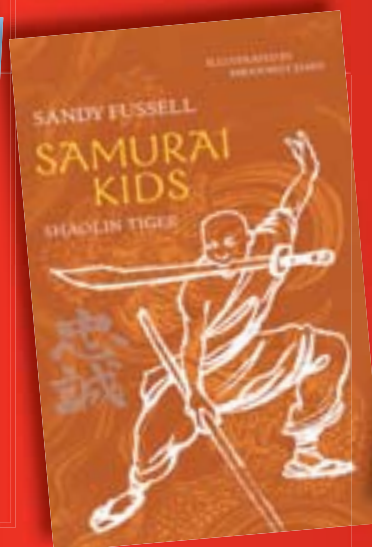
COME IN AND BROWSE OUR HUGE RANGE OF  
EDUCATIONAL AND CHILDREN'S TITLES!



**Skulduggery Pleasant:  
The Faceless Ones**  
Derek Landy



**Christian the Lion**  
Ace Bourke  
& John Rendall



**Samurai Kids:  
Shaolin Tiger**  
Sandy Fussell



**Silas and the  
Winterbottoms**  
Stephen M. Giles

Visit our website for more information [www.dymocks.com.au](http://www.dymocks.com.au)

**DYMOCKS**  
FOR BOOKLOVERS

# Oz Kids in Print

Published by:

Australian Children's Literary Board  
(an initiative of the Children's Charity Network)

ABN 58 109 336 245

Phone: (03) 5282 8950 Fax: (03) 5282 8950

170 Forest Road, Lara, Victoria 3212

Postal Address: PO Box 267, Lara, Victoria 3212

The Selection Committee:

Managing Editor: Carol Dick

Editors: Clifford Mann, Bronwyn Jarman

Publisher: Robin Leonard

Assistant Publisher: Leanne Johnstone

Consultant: John Cooper

Finals Judge: Associate Professor Margot Hillel OAM  
Australian Catholic University

Promotions Manager: Tony Marks

Advertising Manager: Graham Johnstone

Fund Committee: Gail Woods CPA  
Paul Warburton CPA  
Rob Leonard

Directors: Assoc. Prof. Margot Hillel OAM (Chair)  
Brendan van Maanen  
Dr. Elaine Saunders  
Gail Woods CPA  
Rob Leonard (Executive)

Layout/Pre-press: Desktop Dynamics, Geelong

Website Production: The Media Warehouse  
www.mediawarehouse.com.au

<b>Southern Land</b> .....	31
<i>By Eloise Hirshman, Reddam House, Woollahra, NSW.</i>	
<b>Terra Australis</b> .....	32
<i>By Natasha Norford, Homeschooled – Africa on-line, Malawi, Africa.</i>	
<b>The Naverlatch</b> .....	32
<i>By Caitlin Foster, St. Mary's College, Hobart, Tas.</i>	
<b>London to New Holland</b> .....	33
<i>By Oliver Richards, Reddam House, Woollahra, NSW.</i>	
<b>True Liberty</b> .....	34
<i>By Evangeline Yong, Box Hill North, Vic.</i>	
<b>In the Middle of the Night...</b> .....	37
<i>By Phoebe Leung, Pinewood Primary School, Mount Waverley, Vic.</i>	
<b>My Mystical Land</b> .....	39
<i>By Julie Fenwick, Mapleton, Qld.</i>	

## AWARDS FOR SHORT STORIES

<b>Gold in the Woods</b> .....	6
<i>By Caitlyn Lightner, Westminster School, Marion, SA.</i>	
<b>A Girl and a Mouse</b> .....	8
<i>By Rachel Firmstone, Edmonton</i>	
<b>That Last Day</b> .....	9
<i>By Alexeya L Mowat, St. Mary's School, Strathfield, NSW.</i>	
<b>The Box</b> .....	12
<i>By Rishi Hyatt, Essington School, Darwin, NT.</i>	
<b>The Jolly Game</b> .....	13
<i>By Kaitlyn Esposito, School, Darwin, NT.</i>	
<b>Bruno, the Bump Who Didn't Want To Hibernate</b> .....	14
<i>By Yohan Schmalzer, Kelvin Grove State College, Kelvin Grove, Qld.</i>	
<b>...</b> .....	15
<i>By ... Castle Hill High School, Castle Hill, NSW.</i>	
<b>...our, A Monochromatic World</b> .....	16
<i>By Emma Randall, Glendal Primary School, Glen Waverley, Vic.</i>	
<b>...</b> .....	18
<i>By ... The Marian School, Curralong, Qld.</i>	
<b>... They Fall – Heroes</b> .....	18
<i>By Zac Slattery, Kingswood College, Box Hill, Vic.</i>	
<b>On the Way to School</b> .....	23
<i>By Grace Reaby, Thornbury, Vic.</i>	
<b>Walking Into the Wind</b> .....	24
<i>By Montana Delane-Pegrum, St. Mary's Anglican Girls' School, Karinyup, WA.</i>	
<b>My Hat</b> .....	24
<i>By Annieka Williams, Calvin Christian School, Kingston, Tas.</i>	
<b>Endless Night</b> .....	26
<i>By Catherine Chandler, Methodist Ladies' College, Kew, Vic.</i>	
<b>World Creation</b> .....	29
<i>By Emily Jackson, Erskine Park High, Erskine Park, ACT.</i>	
<b>The Gigantic Bump</b> .....	30
<i>By Bonnie Doyle, Mildura, Vic.</i>	
<b>Enter Sandman</b> .....	31
<i>By Sophie Thomson-Webb, Taroona High School, Taroona, Tas.</i>	
<b>Word</b> .....	35
<i>By Brigitte Landers, Pacific Lutheran College, Caloundra, Qld.</i>	
<b>Daddy Dear</b> .....	36
<i>By Ashleigh Maihi, Castle Hill High School, Castle Hill, NSW.</i>	
<b>Beauty</b> .....	37
<i>By Annabel MacDonald, Westminster School, Marion, SA.</i>	

## AWARDS FOR POETRY

<b>The Victorian Bushfires</b> .....	4
<i>By Seyoon Ragavan, Beecroft Public School, Beecroft, NSW.</i>	
<b>Taking Me Under</b> .....	4
<i>By Brigitte Landers, Pacific Lutheran College, Birtinya, Qld.</i>	
<b>Don't go my loved one: You're all that I've got</b> .....	9
<i>By Sissy Austin, Daylesford Secondary College, Daylesford, Vic.</i>	
<b>One Last Meal</b> .....	9
<i>By Darcy Waters, Wellers Hill State School, Wellers Hill, Qld.</i>	
<b>Crafty Crocodile</b> .....	9
<i>By Lydia Paine, Winton, Qld.</i>	
<b>Bees</b> .....	10
<i>By Jessica Tiele, Mueller College, Rothwell, Qld.</i>	
<b>A Sunny Day in November</b> .....	10
<i>By Caitlin Methven-Kelley, Beechworth Secondary College, Beechworth, Vic.</i>	
<b>Jock</b> .....	11
<i>By Sophie Holcombe, The Hamilton and Alexandra College, Hamilton, Vic.</i>	
<b>Night Sky</b> .....	11
<i>By Amishaa Nagar, Southmoor Primary School, Moorabbin, Vic.</i>	
<b>Curse of the Princess</b> .....	12
<i>By Tegan Irene Alexandra Dando, Geelong East PS, Geelong East, Vic.</i>	
<b>Titans of Earth</b> .....	13
<i>By James Randall, Caulfield Grammar School, Wheelers Hill, Vic.</i>	
<b>Goodbye</b> .....	15
<i>By Scarlett Vollmer, Nambour Christian College, Nambour, Qld.</i>	
<b>Black Saturday</b> .....	25
<i>By Adrian Harper-Gomm, Kambrya College, Berwick, Vic.</i>	
<b>Does it ring a bell? Of course! It's a cell!</b> .....	29
<i>By Iniya Manickam, Ferntree Gully, Vic.</i>	

## From the Editor's Desk

Hi all,

It is great that our website is becoming more popular for submitting entries. It is a much better way to send in the stories and poems as we do not have to scan or retype your entries.

One problem, however, is the 'Entry Form'. Please check that all your details are completed correctly on this form before you send your entry in. You must fill in all areas so your details are complete.

In this edition we have a section called *Focus on Independent Children's Publishers* featuring **Ford Street Publishing**. The article contains independent reviews of some of their books.

I have read several of these books and they are terrific. I am very fond of the Quentaris Series. If you like magic and mystical creatures then you will thoroughly enjoy these books. I have just finished reading *Quentaris Princess of Shadows* and was not disappointed.

*The Ice Cream Man* was a surprise as I thought it was going to be funny, but it was a lot more adventurous and entertaining than that. This book is definitely more for the teenager. Read the review for more info.

Another article is by the very talented illustrator and author Elise Hurst describing the illustration technique of cross-hatching. Try out her techniques next time you send an entry in and we will put it with the entry.

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



**CHILDREN'S CHARITY NETWORK SUPPORTS CHARITIES  
AND ORGANISATIONS WHO SUPPORT US!**

*Carol Dick*  
Managing Editor

## 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.

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.

# DISCOVERY

I'VE NEVER been an important person in my tribe. The leader, Shiki-Lan Vuntuska is a lot more important than me. He wears a large, shining, gold lion's mane around his smooth, bald head. This mane shows his bravery, independence and his responsibility he has to take care of the tribe. I want to be the leader when I grow up, but that will just have to wait.

My friend and I went out to fish on a large, planked raft with a bare mast looking lonely in the centre. I caught a lot of fish that day, skinned them and brought them back to our tribal home. In the last, tiring, hot trip I found a crumpled, old piece of paper sticking out of the grainy sand. I picked it up, it had all the history of the ancient Wallpida, the large stone that had many wonders that everyone longed to receive, but no-one ever did.

I set off without notice, and with Lunsha, my friend following. I found an ancient cave, the one I used to think held the Wallpida. Slowly but surely, I crept in, careful not to make a sound. I looked around, Lunsha was close behind. Suddenly, I was knocked over by a swarm of grey, red-eyed rats! I tried to fight them off, squishing and shaking them. Finally, the red eyes that seemed to glow in the darkness just, vanished. "I guess they were scared" said my quiet friend Lunsha that hadn't spoken since we came, I nearly forgot he was there! "Yeah" I replied.

I crept into the darkness; it closed in all around me. My teeth were chattering, knees knocking as if in time with some sort of music. I had to admit, this was so scary! I crept closer, I found the glowing, multi-coloured Wallpida resting solemnly on the smooth, solid, dirty ground. I crept up to it, said the mysterious words that were: "Open for me, give me power, do what I want in the name of Kiki! Jumbugahoomda!" Then all was black, I couldn't see a thing, I heard a voice saying "Shiki-Lan Vuntuska is dead, you are the new leader!". I was delighted and had the



power of the 4 elements! I wore a large, shining, gold lion's mane around my smooth, bald head. This shows I am the tribal leader! My many powers helped our tribe survive and defend against evil. Even in my years to come, I will never forget this day.

*By Rachel Trim  
Grade 5C, Age 10  
Sacred Heart Primary School  
MONA VALE - NSW*

## Truckin' Outback



I feel like a cowboy on my horse of steel  
The clip of hooves on the dusty dirt road  
With the wind wispig wildly through my hair  
I feel indestructible  
As another truck rounds the bend  
Like a huge monster unleashed  
I watch the dance of headlights  
As they perform for me

It's 4am and the Nullarbor comes to life  
Yellow kisses orange  
Red embraces pink  
And the majestic colours of the sky  
Bend to meet the awaiting horizon

*By Jess Buckmaster  
Year 10  
Eynesbury Senior College  
ADELAIDE - SA  
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann*

# THE MEANING OF FREEDOM



**W**HAT is the true meaning of freedom? That is the question that is continually circling through my head as I sit in my damp, musty jail cell in the heart of Turkey. This is my story; my story of how I came to this place and my experiences along the journey...

My time as an army officer has been eventful, as such. It is nothing like what I thought it would be, all the sadness seen on the battlefield, all the gruesome scenes of bullets penetrating human bodies, explosions tearing limbs from their sockets, all the sick, all the wounded, my friends, my comrades. The worst part is all the death that we are forced to witness. Why do nation's need to wage war on each other? Is it for power, for freedom or for pure evil?

My next assignment is to invade the Turkish city of Gallipoli and eliminate the Turkish soldiers in the vicinity. My current encampment is somewhere in the south of France and tomorrow we will be setting off on our journey towards the Aegean coast, where we would then move out to Gallipoli. For now though, it is time to sleep...

"Soldiers, get your lazy arses out of bed, we're moving out!"

I clamber out of my hammock and slip into my uniform. I look down at the badge sewn onto the chest area, it reads, ANZAC and then underneath in smaller font, Australia New Zealand Army Corps. After a short trek down to the docks, we board our boats and set sail. My cabin is small and damp, but I don't mind, I am used to it. I sling down my bag and lay down, the hammock rocks in motion with the waves, the motion is quite soothing really and it soon sends me to sleep. I wake up a few hours later, my stomach growling. I go to grab a bite to eat and then retreat back to my cabin. I stay here for most of the

journey, coming out for fresh air and for food. There isn't much to do on board ship, so I mostly write in my diary.

The journey is long but when it finally comes to an end, we are sent out to the coast of Gallipoli, to set up camp. Little did we know the fatal surprise that was awaiting us. We do not expect an attack on us; we are not on our guard!

We jump out of our boats, one by one, but before we could even set foot on the sand, the Turks are upon us. The men do not stand a chance. They are being picked off one by one by the Turkish machine guns. I see Lt. Kemal leading his Turkish force. It was my turn up next. I rush out into the waist deep water, it stings my body but I press forward. Unlike the others, I dive underwater for cover and it does me well enough to get to the sand. I look back and see the other men doing the same, their bodies a blur in the blood red water. I pull out my gun and let loose; I take down two Turkish gunners. Bullets are screaming past me as I rush forward. As the adrenaline kicks in, I leap and land in front of another Turk. I smash his face in with the back of my gun then move on. The bullets are still whizzing past. One of them catches my arm, I scream and fall to the ground. My head hits a rock and the last thing I see before blacking out is the red sunrise, illuminating the red color left in the water. Illuminating the red color of my comrade's blood.

Next thing I know, I wake up in a damp, musty old room and however we have not come to my question yet. As my vision returns to me, I see that I am in a jail cell, written on the walls were some words in Turkish that I can't read. I realise I have been captured by the Turkish during the Gallipoli battle; they must have kept me asleep somehow. A guard walked by at that moment and screamed something at me that I could not understand. Another guard approached my cell and unlocked

# THE MEANING OF FREEDOM (CONT'D.)

it. I jump up, but he hits me with a metal pole and I slump to the floor, the last thing I remember before blacking out again was the guard putting something lumpy on the floor. When I wake, I realize that it is oats. I wolf it down, not caring for the taste, the hunger was everything at the moment. With my hunger satisfied, I lie on my bed and think about the things that have happened to me. The next day the routine was different; in the morning the guards allowed the prisoners out for exercise, as if we were a pack of dogs. I spit in the face of one of the guards when he laughs at my accent. I was determined to be defiant until the end, however spitting was not a good option as he hit me with his metal pole and I wince in pain. The afternoon is spent in the prison cell and after an evening meal I am taken by the guards to a secluded room. There is one table with two chairs in the centre and the room has a horrid stench in the air, which when I breathed in, tasted of old socks. A man comes in at that moment and throws me into one of the seats. Questions are fired at me left, right and centre. It appears this man can speak English. I tell them nothing. He screeches something in Turkish at the two guards and they take me to a room with a tub of brown water. The man who could speak English tells me it was sewer water. I vomit in my mouth. The man drags me over to it and shoves my head in the tub. When my breath begins to deplete, he pulls me out and asks me the same questions as before. I still do not answer. They take me back to my cell after at least an hour. My stomach is empty due to the excessive repetitive vomiting I endure throughout the torture, so I eagerly jump at my cold oats when they arrive. I make a mess of it but it satisfies me for now. This routine is repeated every day for the next weeks, or months, I've lost track of the days. Our exercise is cut short one morning as all prison guards are summoned to listen to Lt. Kemal address the nation. His speech was not very interesting to me, but one sentence caught my ear. "When we take this world, one country at a time, we will be free, that is the true meaning of freedom!" I go back to my cell thinking to myself, what is the true meaning of freedom?

How long has it been? Weeks? Months? Years? The Battle for Gallipoli is probably over by now, all my comrades dead. Still the question fills my thoughts, my mind, and my entire essence. Until I find the answer to what I seek, I will not give up, I will not let anybody down in the process and I will not DIE!!

The torture does not happen today, nor the next day or the day after that. The man who can speak English comes into my cell after exercise time and gives me some extremely grave news. "Your execution is tomorrow? Any last requests?" Then it hits me, the answer to my question, the only way for me to be truly free! I realise the stage of my execution is the perfect place to make this happen. Maybe, if I was truly free, the true meaning of freedom would come to me. "My last request, sir, is to meet Lt. Kemal." And that night I begin to plan.

The next day, the guards lead me down the hall for the final time. This time they take me out of the prison walls, where the gallows are set up. A crowd is already there and I can see Lt. Kemal standing up front. He begins to move up the wooden steps and towards me. Wait for it, wait for it. I said to the guards holding me, "May I please have the honour of shaking this great

leader's hand"; after all my time living in this prison, I have picked up some Turkish words and although poorly spoken, the guards understand. They let me go and I stretch out my hand. The man, Lt. Kemal, stretches out his own hand and the moment I can grasp him... I pull him close to me, reach to the holster at the side of his pants and grab the gun. I yank it out and point it towards Lt. Kemal's head... The gunshot could be heard from a mile away.

I look down at my blood-soaked jersey and my stained beard, then I look up at the rifle-man who has his barrel pointed directly at my chest. "Freedom..." is the last word that ever comes out of my mouth.

My question was answered that day. Freedom does not have a true meaning. Freedom does not even exist, no matter what we do, no matter what we say, someone will always be there to put us back into place, which means none of us will every be truly free. So I say to you, whoever may be reading the story of the 18 year old army officer, Richard Parker, that freedom does not exist in this world, and as long as there are people who have more power than others, it will never exist. Until the day humanity finally learns from its mistakes that is...

*By Richard Parker  
Year 9, Wheelers Hill Secondary College  
WHEELERS HILL - VIC.*



## small things

HER face is a white iceberg rose with flaming pink cheeks. The effort to keep her emotions held back is obvious, she is trying to be a big girl and big girls don't cry, well not according to her older sister who is considered a big girl at six and a half years old.

"Don't cry Amy, only babies cry!" Jessie had reported only an hour before.

Yet when I look across at Jessie I see wetness in her eyes, uncommon for her, she is the bossy older sister, always in control. She is the sister who will always play Barbie and make her younger sister play Ken.

It is a very brisk winter's morning, the frost is white on the grass, and it sticks up in irregular white clumps, giving an eerie feeling of being on another planet. The wind is icy and when I breathe it feels like my throat is being ripped open, white steam floods from all our rosy wet noses. My husband stands beside the girls, slightly hunched against the cold; he looks detached and lost, I can see the grey circles under his eyes where he has had a lack of sleep, work is keeping him up.

The highly polished black box is very plain and simple; there are no decorations just a single gold cross in the middle. It sits on the ground between us and its future resting place, the dark gaping hole behind it. The sight of the hole brings short gasps of disbelief and amazement from my girls.

The box is lowered deep in the dark and damp cold earth.

It is the first time either of my children have confronted death so close to their hearts. I can see it's breaking Amy's heart; her body begins convulsing and shuddering in my arms from a mixture of despair and coldness. Tears begin streaming out of her unusual eyes, one brown, one blue and down her face, into the wisps of fine golden hair flying erratically around her face in the bitter wind.

I remember the first time I experienced a death. I was not much younger than Amy, and I remember my grandmother directing me up towards the coffin. I was too young to understand what death was, no one had prepared me for what it was. I did not shed one tear at my grandfather's funeral. To be honest I'm completely surprised Amy relatively understands, when I told her Walter was in a better place now and that he was not coming back, she shook her head with a frown on her brow and whispered with an air of wisdom, "No mummy, Walter is always going to be here, you just can't see him."

Amy walks towards the hole and gets close enough to drop the letter she wrote. It floats towards the ground like a butterfly in the spring time. She had spent all of the night before preparing the letter, she used glitter, stickers and paint but she still would not let anyone read it, not even Jessie. She stays squatting, bent over the hole, the wind roaring at her back and I see her mouth moving ever so slightly, but her precious words are lost in the wail of the winter gale.

I look over at Jessie, the corners of her mouth are slightly turned down, her usually rosy lips are purple and blue, I realise we can't stay out in the cold for much longer and signal to John, my husband, that it is time to go.

Amy's golden hair is now plastered around her porcelain face, her eyes are puffy and her face is blotchy. She totters over to me and I reach down and embrace her.

"All finished?" I ask.

She opens her mouth to say something, but nothing comes out, instead she gulps and slowly nods her head.

Everyone is huddled together, four backs against the icy wind. As John and Jessie walk inside to the comfort of a cosy house to make steaming mugs of hot chocolate with marshmallows, Amy is still quietly sobbing in my arms.

"Don't worry sweetie" I say to her, "I'll get you a new goldfish tomorrow."

As we slowly walk away from the tiny grave site a golden ray of sunlight fractures the clouds and the wind howls in anguish.

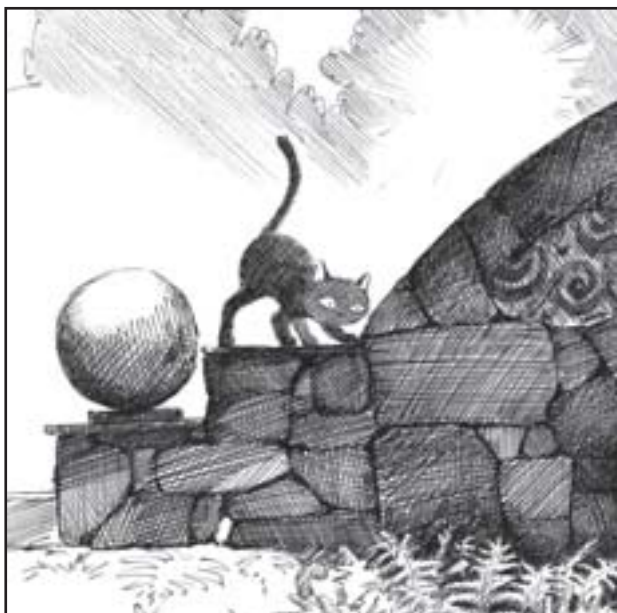
*By Lauren Grusauskas  
Year 12, Age 17  
Star of the Sea College  
BRIGHTON - VIC.*



# Illustration Tips: Crosshatching

By Elise Hurst • [www.elisehurst.com](http://www.elisehurst.com)

CROSS-HATCHING is a drawing technique that uses lines which cross over each other to create shading. In my picture book "The Night Garden" I used this technique for all of the drawing. Here is a little section of one of the pages.

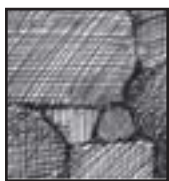


Drawing with a fine pen is great for doing lots of detail but what about if you want to just shade a wall a bit or draw something round? I like to make things look three dimensional and that means I have to draw using tone – light and dark.

Have a look at your face in the mirror. Where is the lightest part? Where are the shadows? Can you see how the shadows get deeper the further away from the light they are?

If I was using pencil I could draw your face, leaving the light parts clean and gradually colouring it in darker and darker as the shadows get deeper. Smudging the pencil with my finger would help to make those shadows happen gradually.

So what do you do when you're using a pen? Cross-hatch! Let's have a close look at some bits of that drawing...



Here is some stone work on the bridge. It's not too tricky. I started by drawing the outline of each stone. Then I drew lots of regular parallel lines going in the same direction. See that top left stone? Firstly I drew a line starting at the left and going straight across to the right. Then another one below it, just the same. I kept doing that until I'd covered

that whole stone evenly. Next I turned the paper a bit and covered the stone again with parallel lines, but this time cutting across the first set at a different angle.

Because the other stones needed to look different I have used different patterns of cross-hatching so they stand out. The ones with less lines are lighter, the ones with more lines are darker.



This next one is a bit harder. The top has bright moonlight shining down on it so that needs to be light. And the bottom is in deep shadow so that needs to be quite dark. Can you see that I have still used parallel lines? The more lines you have, the more the shadows will build up. So we have none at the top, then we start our first set (the up-and-down strokes), then a little lower the next set cuts across them until finally at the bottom there are lots of different sets of parallel lines all criss-crossing to make it really dark.

As the ball is round, you want your shadows and light areas to look round too, so the end points of each line are following an invisible curve – which you can really see on the top of the ball.

Once you get the hang of it you'll find it lots of fun. You'll be able to do heaps of details and, unlike drawings in pencil, these won't smudge. Have a look at old etchings and the drawings on bank notes. They use the same technique and they look amazing.

*"The Night Garden" by Elise Hurst (ABC 2007) was short listed for the 2008 CBCA Early Childhood Book of the Year.*

You can see more of her work at her website: [www.elisehurst.com](http://www.elisehurst.com) and her blog: <http://journal.elisehurst.com>



The moon shone brightly, illuminating a lonely figure on the horizon.  
 His long limbs swayed gently in the breeze, his smooth face carved into calm perfection.  
 His mind floated into his past,  
 A light bulb flickers, shedding a glow over dust-covered laughter, pain, pride, memories.  
 He didn't need any of them.  
 So he clasped his mind with thin white fingertips and threw it over the cliff.  
 He watched as it tumbled down, bouncing into the black waves.  
 A bitter wind whipped him in the face, he tasted salt. It dried his tongue and bit harshly into his cheek.  
 He had never tasted anything so good.  
 He crept over jagged stone, searching for the place he knew was his.  
 A smooth rock with a sharpened edge, threatening his milky skin.  
 Ancient roots twisted over its cool surface, a grotesque frame in the silver shadows.  
 He folded his legs over his seat, hair whipping violently over his eyes.  
 A thin smile crept across his lips.

# Moonshine

*By Annabel MacDonald  
 Year 11, Westminster School  
 MARION - SA  
 Teacher: Ms Rathmann*

## Dear Daddy

Dear Daddy  
 How could you do this to us?  
 Seeing as,  
 We loved you so  
 How could you banish us?  
 From our,  
 Beloved home?  
 Our lives are a mess!  
 Our happiness,  
 Gone.  
 I just cannot stress,  
 That what you did,  
 It was wrong.  
 You hurt us all daddy,  
 And we all loved you so.  
 I promise you  
 I'll get you help.  
 As long as you decide to go.  
 All the time  
 That you wasted  
 Hitting  
 And yelling  
 Being angry  
 Being neglectful  
 Being mean  
 Being scary I  
 thought,  
 That that's what happened  
 To every kid  
 I knew  
 I didn't know  
 That it was wrong  
 Until you see,  
 I grew



I learnt to see  
 That what you do  
 It is wrong Daddy  
 So wrong.  
 So why  
 Do you do  
 What you do?  
 Is it because you had  
 Too much to drink  
 Because we play and fight  
 Because I learn  
 And read  
 You see  
 I'm not as dumb,  
 As I might be,  
 But still you tried to hurt us daddy.  
 And I just don't get why,  
 Why after all that we've been through  
 Through all the hurt  
 Through all the lies  
 I think it's time we left you daddy,  
 I think its time we say goodbye  
 This time you'll get what's fit  
 For such a loathsome, abusive, half-wit!  
 You decided to abuse your power daddy  
 And now we're done and gone  
 Away from all those ugly memories  
 From all those wretched wrongs.

*By Bernadette Chapman  
 Year 10  
 Loganlea State High School  
 LOGANLEA - QLD.  
 Teacher: Mrs. Shale*

# I WANT A PET!

I've always wanted a pet. But Mum makes up many excuses, like "It is just too much responsibility". It is so annoying. Well... it could be because I always ask for a hippo.

Then Mum says, "A HIPPO?"

She thinks I'm joking. "Why would you want a hippo?"

"So I can get one?"

"Of course not!"

I then ask if we can go to the zoo. I love it when we can because then I see hippos. And there the story begins. When I got home from the zoo one day and went on the computer to search for a hippo for a cheap price, the cheapest I found was \$8,000,000. I figured it was cheap enough. So I go to buy it. One problem—I only have \$5 and I am 7. I suddenly remember that some rectangular plastic thing Mum has money on it. Mum did say it was only for emergencies. I think to myself, this is an emergency. So I buy my hippo.

I thought ahead of time for the name. I will call it Nuched. Nuched was coming on Monday. Today is Sunday, so it will be here soon. The problem is I'm going to be in jail when it is delivered. By jail I mean school. I go to Bungbush Public School. It is a horrible school. And I mean HORRIBLE. But the matter is not about how horrible my school is. It is that I won't be home to collect my hippo. If only Mum had let me have a hippo. I decide to tell her.

She takes it well enough although she doesn't believe me. I ask her why I couldn't have one in the first place. I say it is only the size of a mouse.

"More like the size of a house," Mum says. "OK. So when is this hippo coming?"

"Tomorrow."

"How much was it?"

"\$8,000,000."



"\$8,000,000! How did you pay for it?"

"Oh, that rectangular thing that you said was only for emergencies."

"My credit card!"

"Is that what it is called? Yeah I must have."

Then Mum calms down and says, "I want you to return it tomorrow."

"OK." So I return it and get the money back. And everything becomes fine again.

But I've always wanted a pet. Mum makes up many excuses, like "It is just too much responsibility". It is so annoying. Well... it could be because I always ask for a whale.

*By Katy Dagleish  
Year 6, Manly West Public School  
BALGOWLAH - NSW  
Teacher: Ms Lo*

## STARSIGNS

My head rests on my hands,  
I gaze around sleepily,  
Stars form in deep blue sky.

Black cats claws as white as pearl,  
Glimmering in darkness like golden whirls,

Spiky horn on the Capricorn,  
Emerald eye blinking.

Tap Tap Tap,  
Crabs' claws clicking crazily.

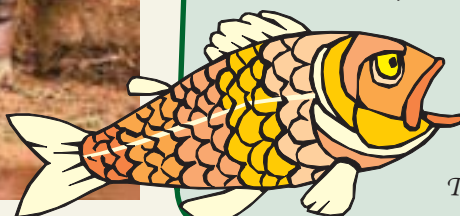
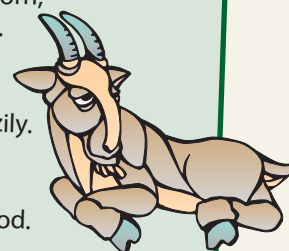
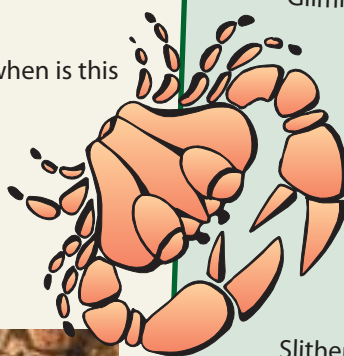
Swish Swash Swish,  
Fish frantically finding food.

Slithering snake curls around a soft cloud,  
Beady red eyes sends shivers down my spine.

Sizzling saucepan waiting for food,  
Mysterious monster tall and mighty.

Stars seem close though so far,  
Memories of day return,  
I slowly drift off to a peaceful sleep.

*By Lauren Taylor  
Year 6  
Nambour Christian College  
WOOMBYE - QLD.  
Teacher: Mrs Linda Van der Hulst*



# LITTLE STAR



HE CYCLES past my house each day but he does not smile or wave at me any more. He just keeps his eyes avidly concentrated on the cobbles ahead of him. I sit at the top of the stairs waiting for him but knowing deep down that he will not look at me the way he used to.

The small star that I must wear sewn onto my sleeve changes everything. Before the little star he would stop and wave at me. I would run down the stairs and walk beside him as he slowly cycled around the cobbled lanes. We would often end up at the small park on the other side of the village, sitting under the shade of the broad trees. Conversation flowed effortlessly as it had from the very first day I had moved here. As of that day, we shared a friendship that I believed was indestructible. Now it has been burnt to the ground by hate and prejudice. My family, and others like us, have been isolated from society. Our friends are no longer permitted to speak to us or us to them.

I do not want to go back inside, even though it has been over two hours since he cycled past. I cannot bear to watch my mother pack up our life into small boxes and suitcases. I know we do not have a choice, leave this town or be forced into a concentration camp. I sigh and lift myself up from the top step. I take one last look down the street and realise that he is not going to return. I make my way down the hall and turn into my bedroom which is empty but for a stack of boxes. I walk over to one of the boxes and open it. I lift out a photograph of my family. My father smiles warmly into the lens, my mother is laughing, I am smiling meekly and my sister is grinning.

My mother walks in behind me and folds her arms around my shoulders. I turn and rest my head on her chest. She begins to tremble and we cry. We weep for the loss of that happiness. I drop the photograph and we begin to rock backwards and forwards, trying to comfort each other. The star on my sleeve glows like a red hot beacon, burning my skin, branding me like a prisoner.

★ ★ ★

I wake up and my mother's arms are still wound tightly around me. It is 3.45am but I hear a car approaching outside. My mother stirs and sits bolt upright when the sound of a car door slams. Her eyes are large with fear as heavy footsteps are heard making their way up the staircase. A knock at the door and my mother silently rises. She gestures for me to remain silent and cautiously asks who is there. I hear my father's voice answer in reply and a surge of relief rushes through my body. I realise what is happening and hastily reach for my carry bag. My mother and I rush from the house. I see my father, whose face has aged since I last saw him, holding my sister in his arms as she sleeps. I gaze into his tired eyes and see the fear and exhaustion that his strong face is desperately trying to hide. I feel a hand on my shoulder and my mother gently pushes me into the awaiting car.

There is a girl waiting for us in the car. Her face is stained red with tears and her expression is a perfect reflection of dread.

My mother is sitting next to me and whispering comforting words in my ear. I glance out the window and spy a familiar boy watching me from his upstairs bedroom. I begin to cry and wave at him. He cries too but turns and closes the curtains behind him. The light turns off, causing the lane to plunge into sudden darkness. The car slowly begins to move away and approaches a corner. I look out the side window and sigh as tears roll uncontrollably down my face. I see his bike and the staircase to my home. I nestle into my mother and say a silent goodbye to the life that I so loved.

*By Ashleigh Maihi  
Year 10, Castle Hill High School  
CASTLE HILL - NSW*



## New Born Creation

As she looks into her father's eyes,  
As he sings her lulla-byes,  
All her thoughts have been whisked afar,  
In God's creation just like a star,  
The young infant looks around,  
And hears many peculiar sounds,  
Created so perfectly in her father's mind.  
MADE BY GOD!!!

*By Olivia Caitie Lobwein McNamara  
Year 6, Nambour Christian College  
NAMBOUR - QLD.  
Teacher: Mrs Van Der Hulst*





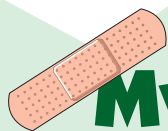
# THE HARDSHIPS OF WAR

The constant sound of aeroplanes  
 Circling the sky  
 Cries of mercy  
 Penetrate her ears  
 Screams of pain  
 Sound like knives scraping on metal.  
 A bomb hits her town  
 Crumbling houses, shattering glass.  
 A man ahead of her falls  
 Soldiers! She runs, runs for her life.  
 Bodies lying sprawled on the ground,  
 All limp and lifeless.  
 She runs on.  
 Children's cries of terror,  
 Mingle with the wails of the injured,

Neither of which can be subdued.  
 The air is rank with fumes  
 Piles of debris lie along the dusty road  
 And still more men fall.  
 She hears a gun fire  
 Then a sharp pain on her back  
 Her breathing becomes laboured  
 She falls to the ground  
 Fighting for breath  
 Then a second passes and she lives no more.

*By Emily Byrnes-Muchow  
 Year 7*

*Melbourne Rudolf Steiner School  
 WARRANWOOD – VIC.*



## My Abysmal Holiday

THE cool, sea breeze blew on my sunburnt face. I stood next to Dad and slowly cast in my bait. Attached to my rod, I knew there were many little creatures down in the water, as my bait kept disappearing. About to give up, I felt a huge bite. My arms ached as I had to wind in my rod quickly. There, at the end of my rod was an enormous, silver, shiny fish. As Dad cut the hook out I decided to jump in the lake. The murky, brown, water tasted disgusting, so I decided to get out. Not seeing the steps, I pulled myself up. Instantly I noticed I scraped my leg. Blood was pouring out everywhere, like a waterfall. I felt sick in the stomach. My heart was beating a 1000km per hour and my arms would not stop shaking. Mum came running down from

the pool as fast as a cheetah and wrapped my cut in a pool towel, to put pressure on it. Mum and Dad rushed me to the nearest hospital and when we arrived, I got to jump the queue. I saw the doctor and he cleaned it up and decided to glue it back together. This was an abysmal way to start my holiday!

*By Alice Grotjan  
 Year 8, Sacre Coeur  
 GLEN IRIS – VIC.  
 Teacher: Delrine Lee*



# Remember Her Smile

"We've found her" Linda said, with an expression of triumph.

I could feel my eyes protruding out of my skull with surprise, I raised my hands up over my gaping mouth, and a single tear fell calmly down my cheek. They had found Maggie.

I could not hold back my emotions any longer. A loud guffaw escaped from my chest, I started to laugh uncontrollably. I feebly stood up out of my armchair and held my carer's hands.

"They've found my sister, Sally!"

"Yes Frank. It's marvellous!"

"Yes, yes it is!"

I lowered myself back into my chair and rested my chin in the palm of my hand, shaking my head for side to side in disbelief.

Linda spoke.

"She lives in Scotland and she is looking forward to seeing you again after so long. Her flight over here is booked for the..." Linda shuffled through her bag, extracting a piece of paper. "Ah, the 10th of December."

The 10th of December? That was over a month away, though a month seemed so small after 66 years.

"I cannot thank you enough, Linda", I exclaimed.

"I'm glad this was a success, Frank", Linda said with a warm smile.

After Linda had left, Sally suggested that I should go to bed.

"It has been a very exhausting day Frank! Goodnight."

I settled myself into my bed and covered myself up to my chin with blankets. I closed my eyes and pictured the last time that I had seen my sister.

It had been a tearful goodbye at the train station back in 1942. My parents had made the heartbreaking decision to evacuate my sister and I to the countryside. Living in central London was not exactly safe in the middle of World War II.

I remember waving out from the train window as it moved away from the platform. My parents' tear-stained faces smiled and waved back. As it turned out, that was also the last time I saw my parents. They were killed in an air raid a few months later.



Maggie and I played cards on the way to the countryside. I remember getting frustrated with her because she could not understand how to play Last Card. I had to settle for old-fashioned snap in the end. She was only five at the time. I must have been about eight.

The train came to a halt at a small platform surrounded by rolling hills and pastures rather than high rise buildings and street lamps. Maggie and I were ushered out from the train and were instructed to line up in order of the number that we had around our neck. Mine was 348, Maggie's was 347.

A tall, slight woman walked towards me and Maggie and leant down so that we were at eye level.

"Hello. You must be Frank."

Her eyes were cold and expressionless which was a stark contrast to the sugary way she had greeted me.

I nodded and took the smallest step backwards.

"I'm Miss Davidson. You are going to be staying with me."

I had not realised that Maggie had been separated from me. I turned around and saw her with a couple who looked to be in their 60s. She was chatting with them eagerly.

Everything happened rather quickly. Miss Davidson seized my arm and proceeded to walk out of the station. I yelled to Maggie. She turned, smiled at me and waved excitedly. I do not think that she understood what was happening either.

★ ★ ★

I felt a gentle nudge on my shoulder. Sally was waking me. I opened my eyes.

"Breakfast is ready."

Today was the day I had been waiting for, the 10th of December. I was going to see my baby sister again. I jumped out of bed and made my way into the dining room.

My stomach was doing back flips as I sat at the table surrounded by the usual morning chatter. I felt so overjoyed and thrilled! However, I must not have shown it.

"Frank, you really should eat something."

"I'm not that hungry. I can't wait to see her!"

## Remember Her Smile (Cont'd.)

I took a piece of toast though, so that Sally would not worry.

Every minute seemed like an hour, but soon enough, the time had come. Sally and I began to walk down the outdoor path beside the pond.

We found a bench to sit on and stared out into the pond. Neither of us spoke for we were so anxious we physically could not.

I suddenly felt Sally's hand on my knee.

"Oh, goodness, Frank, she's here."

I looked up to see a young woman pushing a grey-haired bespectacled woman in a wheelchair. I did not recognise her at first but then she smiled. Her smile made her face glow, just as it had 66 years ago. I smiled in return and stood up.

"Franky", Maggie said, through tears.

I began to cry as well. I leant down and embraced her. Her eyes were still those blue, excited, five-year-old ones that I had not forgotten.

"My, Franky, you haven't changed a bit!" she exclaimed, "You haven't said a word!"



"I'm sorry Mag, I've missed you ever so much." That was all I could manage.

Sally put a hand on my shoulder.

"Frank? Rachel and I are going to go inside for a while, OK?"

I nodded.

Maggie and I sat outside for hours. She told me about her foster parents, Mr and Mrs Stevens, and how wonderful they were. I told her about Miss Davidson and how utterly horrid she was. She laughed. We spoke about what we had done with our lives; our children, grandchildren and family pets that were buried in our backyards. Once we had run out of things to say, we just held each other's hand and watched the ducks. We must have been

sitting in silence for hours but I savoured every moment.

Out of the silence, Maggie spoke.

"I learnt how to play Last Card Franky", she said with a smirk.

I turned to her. "Fancy a game, sis?"

*By Ashleigh Maihi  
Year 10, Castle Hill High School  
CASTLE HILL - NSW*

## THE DESERT

The endless sand,  
The craggy rocks,  
The dryness all around

The flowers fadeth  
The grasses withereth,  
Here, God lets dust wind blow.

The great red sun,  
The sky blue,  
Up in the cloudless air  
All seemed dry and dead

But...  
Under the sand wriggles with life  
That shall be hidden for infinity.

*By Geoffrey Hall  
Year 3, St. Ambrose's School,  
NEWMARKET - QLD.  
Teacher: Lynece Cavanough*



## SECRET vs EVIL

KARAN was wondering where her spy pad had got to. "Benny, have you seen my spy pad?" Benny was her dog.

"Woof!"

"Good boy, bring it here, drop! Good boy! Now", said Karan, "we need to pack because it might take us a long time to find the parallax, even with directions from the spy pad".

Benny was however thinking, "Mmm, do I need to pack my bones as well as my blanket? I think so".

So off we went together on the expedition to find the parallax. (Oops, did I mention why we were doing this? No? Well you see my cousin Cameron is trying to kill me, so I need to hide.)

Now if Benny and I are going in the right direction the first porthole should be here. Then suddenly Benny took a step and disappeared!

"BENNY" yelled Karan, then she too took a step and disappeared. They had found the parallax.

"Pphht yuck sandy – and hot, very hot. I think we are in a desert." It struck Karan they must have gone through a porthole, "Yes", she cried, then she heard a voice.

"Well, well well. If it isn't my cousin and her pathetic dog."

Suddenly everything went black! Karan was feeling dizzy when she finally woke. She also had a funny wood taste in her mouth and wait where was she. Benny and Karan were in some sort of laboratory, Cameron's laboratory.

"What am I doing here, where is Cameron and why is he doing this? I mean I know he's trying to kill me but why?" she thought.

"So Karan you're probably wondering why I am doing this."

"Yes as a matter of fact I was", said Karan.

Cameron debated whether or not he should tell her or not because he was actually doing it for revenge. All his life he had thought that Karan's parents had murdered his. But Karan was going to tell him otherwise.

"Okay so you won't tell me. I will use my powers to know", Karan thought to herself.

"WHAT my parents did not ever commit a murder so you have no right to take revenge on me." Karan was startled.

It was only then that Cameron realised that she had read his mind! "Are you telling the truth, Karan?"

"Yes" she said.

"Woof"

"Oookkkaaayyy", thought Cameron. "Should I believe her or not – it can't hurt to believe her. I never had real proof anyway and I do need a home. All this lying just gets me into more trouble so maybe I could go live with Karan. Maybe.

Of course Karan had been reading his mind the whole time and cried out, "Yes you could, mum and dad wouldn't mind if I explain".

"Well I could" said Cameron.

"Please, woof."

"OK"

"Rrrrrruummbllleeeeeerrrrwhhhhhhhhhrrrrrr!"

"WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?" screamed Karan.

"Karan, stay calm. We need to find a way out of here and quickly because that was the machine that I have programmed to blow up this whole world. We have to get out but how I don't know where the portholes are. Do you Karan?" "Yes come on". And at that very moment Benny was thinking, "Where did I leave my bones and blanket?".

"Kkkkaaaaabbbbboooooooooommmmmmmrrrrrr!!!!!!!"

As they went through the mist of rainbows every one was feeling a bit strange. "That was amazing going through the parallax, but where are we now?" asked Cameron.

"We are in my bedroom", replied Karan.

"Oh" said Cameron.

"Now Cameron, you stay here and I'll go see if I can explain to mum."

Then just as she was about to walk out the door Cameron said something but only one thing and that was, "THANK YOU".

The end

*By Olivia Turner  
Year 3, Mueller College  
REDCLIFFE – QLD.  
Teacher: Miss Harden*

# That Was Fantastic!



"That was fantastic!" shouted Will. "Great fun." Will's ship, the Black Widow, had just taken down a great merchant ship. The merchant's name was Leopold Lokk of Turkey. Sahin the Falcon had hired him to destroy them. The Black Widow was a privateer for King Edward. Her crew rowed through driftwood, sinking barrels and lovely goods. Will stood up the front of the small rowboat, armed with a musket and prepared for attack. Who knows what could be around here?

Will and his men collected up the goods and sailed for America, where he would make his fortune. "All hands! All hands! To starboard! Prepare the guns!" shouted the bosun. The lookout had sighted a ship. There were men scrambling all over deck, lowering sails, scrambling up the rigging, getting ready for vicious battle! Will could already feel the ice, cold blade piercing his heart. He knew many were going to die. Many he was friends with. The crew prepared for battle with a chill in their bones.

The ships came up right next to each other. "Pirates, I knew it.

We have no chance!" said Will sadly.

"We will fight together and die together, Cap'n", said a brave soul on board ship.

"ATTACK!" shouted Will.

Guns were fired rapidly, sailors fell overboard, and swords slashed. Will, with great strength, threw a huge, iron hook, pulling the ships closer together. Swords were drawn, pistols and muskets fired, not to mention the bombarding cannons! The battle went on for three hours. Will lay on the ice, cold deck of his allies, a bullet wound in his chest. He chilled once, and drifted off into a long dark sleep.

*By Patrick Stratmann  
Year 5, The Hamilton & Alexandra College  
HAMILTON - VIC.  
Teacher: Mrs Helen Mackarness*

The Amazing Sandy Beach is as hot as the sun's surface, with water as blue as the sky.

Some people call it smashing beach because the waves are like tornados.

The sand is as soft as fur and you see dolphins every day.

My friend called Ewan comes down to see me and we swim until I get all wrinkled.

Sandy beach can be closed some days, but it is normally open.

I always dig holes as deep as the Grand Canyon and castles as tall as sky scrapers.

But most of all I swim in the water as clear and wonderful as can be.

I hope you come one day!!!!!!

## The Amazing Sandy Beach

*By Daniel Heyworth  
Year 3S, Manly West Primary School  
BALGOWLAH - NSW. Teacher: Ellen Lo*

# TREASURE ON SAHARA MOUNTAIN

ONE early morning at 4:00am a girl called Chrissie Dale lugged her overloaded bags to the airport. Chrissie had golden brown skin, with long silky chocolate hair and beautiful green eyes. Her hobby was travelling non-stop all around the world. Chrissie's desire for travelling had started two years ago. She had travelled to India, America, Italy, Tasmania and China. Now she was going to England.

While the aeroplane was in flight, the engines died. The plane plummeted towards the desert below. Cries of distress could be heard across the cabin. As the plane swooped low over the soft sand everyone dived out. Chrissie looked all around her. Somehow she had been separated from the group. She was in a desert. She knew she couldn't stay in that one spot. She needed to find shelter. Then she noticed far away in the distance a little hut. Chrissie was pooped by the time she reached the top of the dune where the hut was. A man must have seen her because she didn't even get to knock before the door swung open.

"What do you want?" the man asked coldly.

"My plane crashed and then saw this hut and thought I could seek shelter here" Chrissie answered. The man hesitated and then stepped aside.

"My name's Chrissie by the way, what's yours?"

"Tom", he replied.

Tom and Chrissie were soon friends and talking about their lives, but then Tom hushed his voice and said, "I like travelling to and I've found out where a lost treasure lies under the sand. You can be my assistant".

"Really!" Chrissie cried.

"Of course, we leave tomorrow at dawn".

The next morning Chrissie was already up and packing. Quickly without a sound they left the house and walked up over the sand dunes.



"We outwit it, you go one way and I'll go the other" Tom replied.

Chrissie hoped it would work, then she ran. Tom ran one way and she went the other, then the tornado went backwards and accidentally blasted the trap door open. This was their chance. They ran faster and slid through the door just in time.

"Close call, but this room is full of sand too," Chrissie said.

"Exactly, we just need to find the sinking sand," Tom said eagerly

"Wait, it seems that you know everything. Why did you— aaahhh!!!" Chrissie had fallen through a patch and had begun to sink.

"Well I found the sinking sand for you," Chrissie said shakily.

"Well done Chrissie," Tom said, and jumped in too.

By the time they came out the other end they were panting and spitting out sand. Then they turned around and gasped.

"Oh my gosh! That is amazing."

They stared at the chest in awe. They had done it. They had actually done it. Tom and Chrissie had found the treasure from the Sahara Desert.

"This is so awesome, we found it!" Tom cried. He ran to the chest and wrapped his arms around it.

Suddenly a bang rang out and then a creaking sound filled the small room. A door came out of the wall.

"Wow, I didn't realise that would happen," Chrissie said.

"Neither did I," Tom exclaimed.

The two friends decided that they'd take only a small amount of the money, then they would leave through the secret door. They did and then said goodbye to each other and left.



Suddenly everything began to blow around them and a big tornado of sand blew up and began coming towards them.

"What do we do now?" Chrissie cried over the wind.

"We run around it because it's guarding the door to the chamber!" Tom yelled.

The two ran but the tornado glided after them. "Now what?" said Chrissie.

*By Jessica Tiele  
Year 6, Mueller College  
ROTHWELL - QLD.  
Teacher: Miss Harden*

# 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.annaciddor.com](http://www.annaciddor.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)



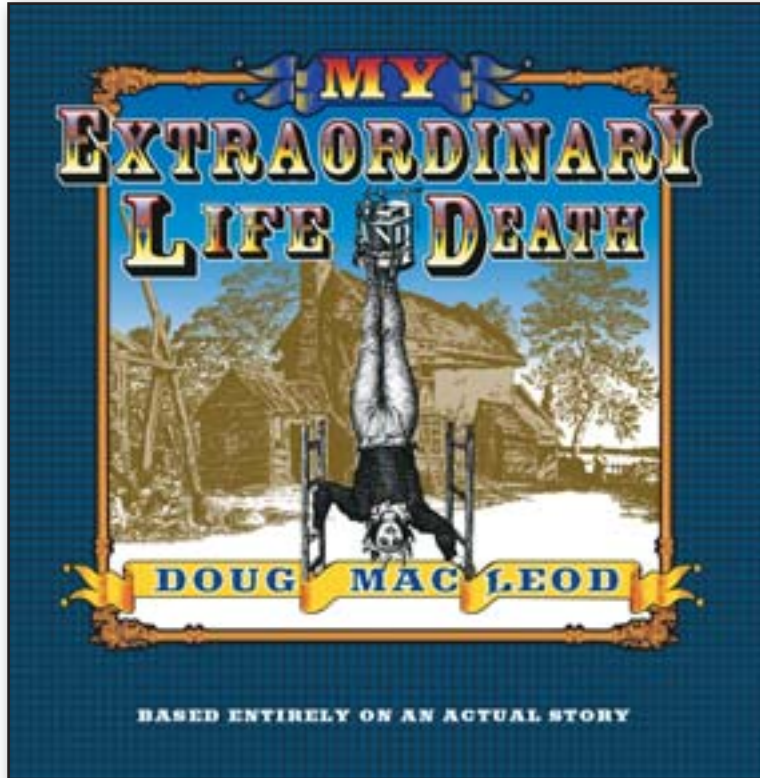
# Focus on independent children's publishers

Ford Street Publishing

## *My Extraordinary Life & Death*

By Doug MacLeod

Reviewed by Jenny Mounfield



Q: What might you get if you threw Lemony Snicket's *A Series of Unfortunate Events*, and Andy Riley's *Bumper Book of Bunny Suicides* into a blender?

A: *My Extraordinary Life & Death* by Doug MacLeod.

This is one for those who like their humour left of centre. As a long-time fan of weirdness in all its forms, this book had me laughing out loud from start to finish. Delivered in a formal off-the-cuff tone, with equally formal line art that adds an extra dimension to the dark humour, the narrator chronicles his incredible life, from his delivery by the stork (which was later shot by his parents), to his untimely death.

After a jolly early childhood, which included training ants that turned out to be house-eating termites, and blowing grandma up with static electricity, our narrator was then packed off to St. Brendan's boarding school where the animals were mutants and the school chef glowed in the dark.

Some of the highlights of our narrator's later life include: membership to the tight trouser club, marriage to Lucy, whom he wooed with toadstools and threats of death, and the acquisition of sixteen children who all met dubious ends.

This is a tale of few words that even the most bibliophobic child will have no trouble finishing. It can easily be read on the

school bus, or during a particularly boring work meeting for that matter. Here's a sample:

*'I could sense Father was cross with me.*

*Father had a no-nonsense approach to discipline. If Denise or I were naughty he would tell the gardener to bury us for several hours.*

*But my sister Denise and I were happy children. Denise would chase butterflies and eat them. I invented an invisible girlfriend, whom I would embrace regularly.'*

*My Extraordinary Life & Death* is an attractive book that will make a valuable addition to this year's Christmas gift list – particularly when it comes to buying for that impossible person, we all know who, has everything. This teeny tome is silly, pointless and an absolute must read!

MacLeod is a veritable king of Australian comedy having worked on iconic TV shows, such as: *The Comedy Company*, *Full Frontal* and *Kath & Kim*. His contribution earned him an Australian Writers' Guild award in 2008. In addition he has authored a number of books: *Sister Madge's Book of Nuns*, *The Clockwork Forest* and *I'm Being Stalked By A Moonshadow* to name a few.

For more on *My Extraordinary Life & Death* as well as information on how to successfully operate the book's IBF (inside back flap), visit: [www.fordstreetpublishing.com/melad](http://www.fordstreetpublishing.com/melad)

Jenny Mounfield is the author of three novels for kids: *Storm Born* (Koala Books), *The Black Bandit* (Lothian) and the recently released, *The Ice-cream Man* (Ford Street Publishing). She lives north of Brisbane in a cave with approximately two thousand bats.

## *The Spell of Undoing* *Quentaris – Quest of the Lost City* By Paul Collins

Reviewed by Jenny Mounfield

Imagine a city wrenched, harbour and all, from the earth and flung into a void where it is destined to float from one world to another like an untethered island. Welcome to Quentaris.

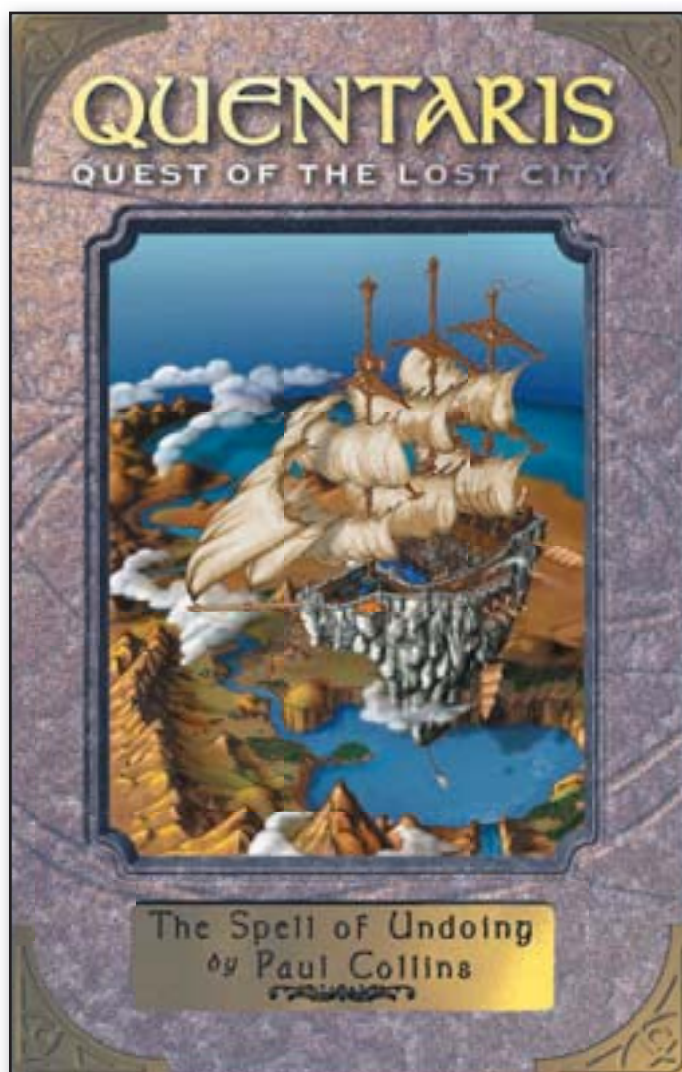
More than anything orphan Tab wants to be magical. But when she is tested by the Magicians' Guild there isn't a scrap of magic to be found. So it comes as quite a surprise when, after being coerced by the cowardly actor Fontagu into stealing an icefire crystal, she discovers an ability to mind-meld with animals.

Fontagu flees with the crystal. Tab follows and discovers the actor's true intention is to use the icefire to cast the spell of undoing and bring ruin to Quentaris. But the bumbling actor makes a mistake and uproots the city instead.

The industrious Quentarans soon adjust to life aboard a flying city. Giant sails are erected in order to gain control over their flight and it would seem their only real dilemma is finding the way back to their own world. But little do they realise the botched spell also caused the enemy city of Tolrush to be thrown into the void. And with murderous intent, it is closing in on Quentaris. With her new-found ability, Tab discovers Tolrush's plot and with the aid of a friend or two (and the despicable Fontagu) sets about saving Quentaris.

*The Spell of Undoing* is an action-packed adventure of the highest order; the image of a flying city so seized my imagination that it stayed with me long after finishing the story. Without a doubt Collins is a master of the fantastical. His description is rich and vivid and his characters well-drawn – and at times all too real. This is essential reading for fantasy fans – and would-be fantasy fans – 10 to 100.

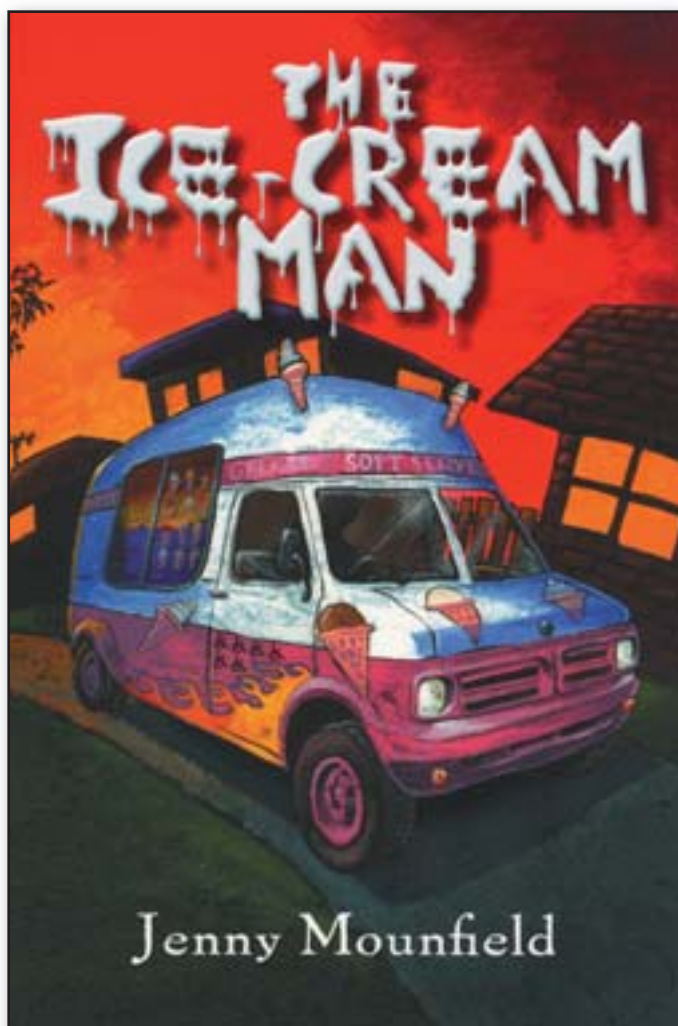
It should be noted that this is the first in the second series of Quentaris Chronicles. Series #1, which consists of 26 stand alone titles, was published by Lothian Books. Stay tuned for the forthcoming titles in the Quest of the Lost City series, *The Equen Queen* by Alyssa Brugman and *The Gimlet Eye* by James Roy.



## *The Ice-cream Man*

By Jenny Mounfield

Reviewed by Hypatia



Queenslander Jenny Mounfield is a relative newcomer to the writing scene, but she has already created a niche for herself with her first two books, *Storm Born* (Koala, 2005) and *The Black Bandit* (Lothian 2006).

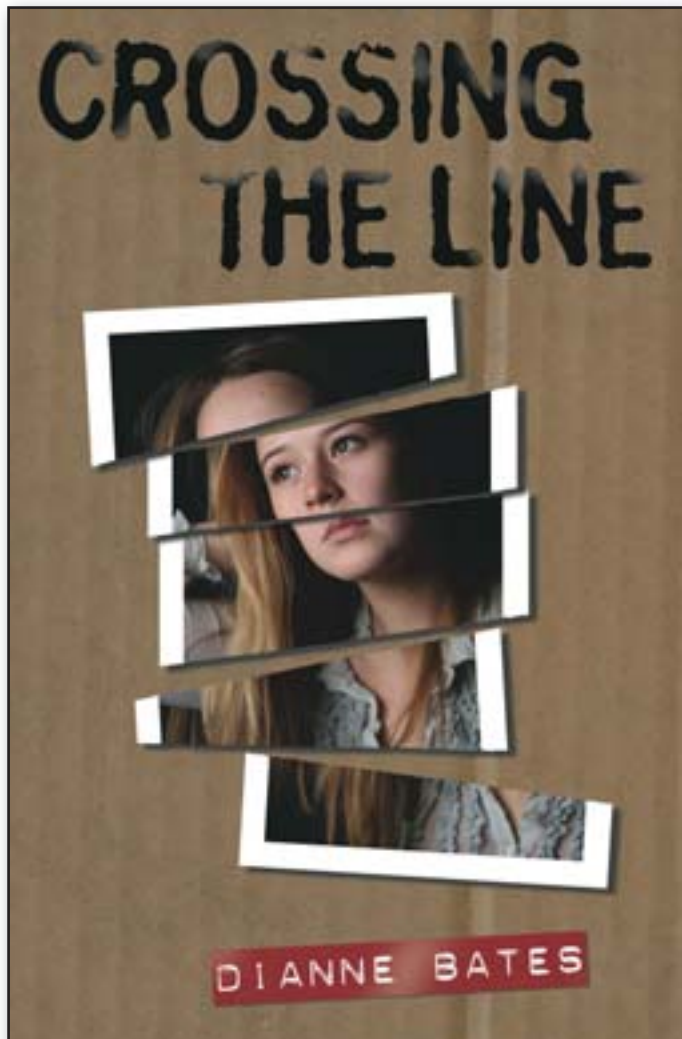
In this new book, Marty, Rick and Aaron form an unlikely friendship when fat-kid Aaron is bullied in the schoolyard. The three cruise the neighbourhood, visit the local billabong and hang out. When Rick targets the local ice-cream man's van for a series of pranks, the boys are shocked at what follows. The ice-cream man stalks them via email and then mobile phone. Terrorised by a series of incidents, the boys know that the ice-cream man is coming — and he knows just where to find them. But they don't have proof of the stalking, and if they did, would anyone believe them? Nope, they're going to have to sort this out themselves. A multi-layered and entertaining read, containing a whiff of "horror" and which tackles issues affecting today's kids: bullying, family dysfunction, grief; mental illness and friendship, this book is likely to appeal to the upper primary to lower secondary school age group.

*Hypatia is a regular contributor to Specusphere.*

## *Crossing the Line*

By Dianne Bates

Reviewed by Ivana Wright



Neglected and abandoned by her mother and then rejected by her aunt and uncle, Sophie has finally put the foster family merry-go-round behind her and moved into a share house with Amy and Matt. But as hard as she tries to put her demons to rest, they just won't stay quiet. When her chaotic emotions become too much to bear, she cuts herself. Physical pain is the only thing that keeps her from tumbling into the abyss.

When Sophie slips into depression, her psychiatrist orders her into hospital where she meets a new doctor, Helen Marshall. Desperate for a mother's love, Sophie becomes obsessed with Helen and on leaving hospital, is in a worse state than when she entered.

Not since reading Joanne Greenberg's *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* as a teenager have I so completely empathised with a character. Sophie will break your heart, but so, too, she will fill you hope, for no matter how barbed life is, there are always roses to be found. Sophie's roses are Amy and Matt, whose friendship is offered freely and without conditions. With their help, Sophie is finally able to pull herself back from the brink.

Bates understands well the key to keeping readers turning pages is creating characters the world cares about. Sophie's story, delivered in first person present tense, is potent and immediate. Through Sophie's mind Bates shows readers how it feels to live with mental illness – how utterly soul-destroying it is. But more importantly, she shows us how it is possible to work through such seemingly insurmountable problems and find a semblance of peace.

*Crossing The Line* is a thought-provoking read that is certain to be an invaluable resource in the classroom.

This is a story that stays with the reader long after the last line is read. It was short-listed for the 2009 NSW Premier's Literary Awards.

Highly recommended.

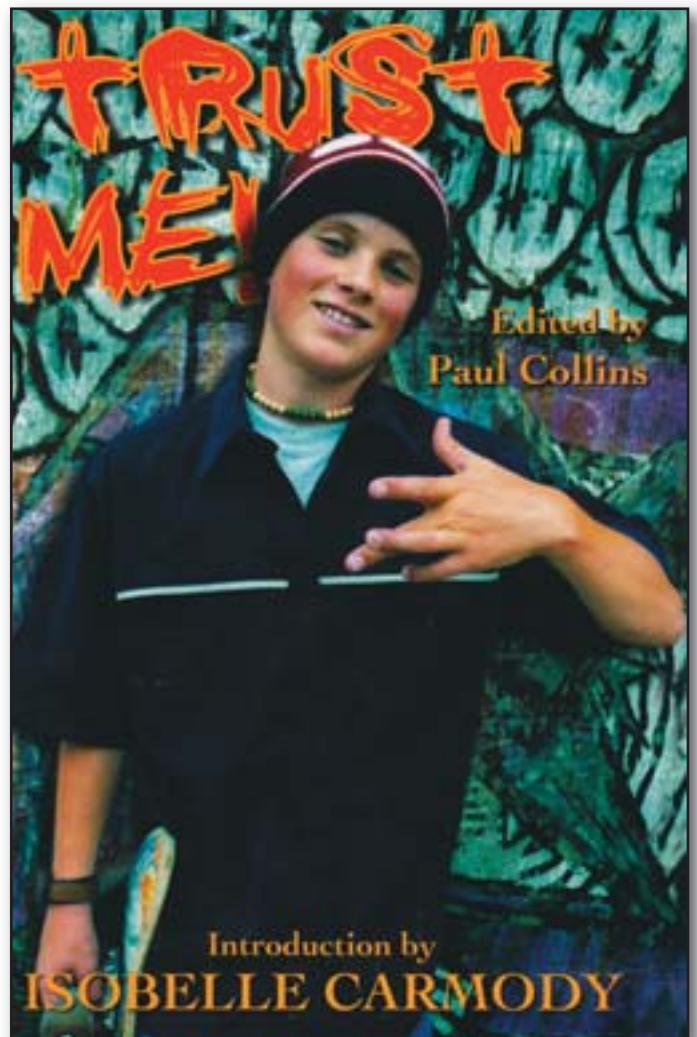


## *Trust Me! – Anthology*

Edited by Paul Collins

Reviewed by Astrid Cooper

Isobelle Carmody's introduction states: 'This fat and juicy collection is like one of those dessert plates where you get to try a little bit of everything, so you can decide what you'll order



next time as a full-sized portion. Like all good collections, it can be dipped into and explored in any order, depending on a reader's mood. Enjoy your introduction to genre, and to the various contributors in this collection, and use it as the starting point either to pursue further works by the contributors or to seek out more of the genre you enjoy. Trust me, genre is an addictive pleasure...'

I agree wholeheartedly with Isobelle's words. This is an offering of the very best from many of Australia's top YA authors, poets and illustrators. Almost every fiction genre is represented: from horror to romance, to crime, to fantasy to contemporary 'hip'. The tone is as eclectic as the collection: there are some light-hearted works and some truly chilling stories; ones to make you think, laugh, smile and cry. A favourite — from so many favourites in this anthology — is Leigh Hobbs' two page artistic commentary on 'The Joy of Being an Author' — it will strike a chord with every writer. From the frustrations of slaving

over a manuscript, to the 'working up to a pitch' where the character is literally chewing at his own leg with frustration (I can empathise with this!) to the final result, 'at the book launch'. Another favourite is 'The Leather Jacket' by David Rish — a fast, snappy romantic story with a surprise twist. Another was the haunting 'The Babysitter' by Lili Wilkinson — the image of green teeth remains with me days after I read the story... Then the chilling 'Backup' by Michael Pryor; and Gary Crew's poignant 'The Returning Tree'.

In the space available here, it would be impossible to give each and every work the mention it deserves. Congratulations must go to Paul Collins for his hard work in compiling the entertaining and diverse material in the anthology. An editor's job is never an easy one. All I can say is Trust Me!, you will want to buy, read and enjoy this anthology over and over again.

*Astrid is a regular contributor to Specusphere.*

# Oz Kids in Print

Promoting the literary work of Young Australian Writers

**Support Australian children and subscribe NOW!**  
**Individual Subscription from just \$33 a year**

- ☐ Individual Subscription **Oz Kids in Print** for \$33 annually (1 copy per quarter)
- ☐ Group Subscription **Oz Kids in Print** for \$99 annually (5 copies per quarter)
- ☐ Community pack \$165 annually (10 copies per quarter)

## Subscriber's Details

Name: .....

Address: .....

Suburb: ..... State: ..... P/Code: .....

**Payment Details:** Enclosed is a cheque or money order for: \$.....

Please make cheques payable to **Children's Charity Network**.

**Return Details:** Please send all remittance with this form to:  
 Oz Kids Subscription, PO Box 267, Lara Victoria 3212.

# INCENDIA

Silver wisps of telling smoke billow in a breath of wind  
to write danger in the sky with scorching fingertips  
Crimson flames craft a blushing horizon  
with each lick of their red tongues;  
Staining emerald blades forever black  
Death devilishly howls torture  
through the blazing leaves of trees,  
But the skies do not weep rain  
for lives and land he takes  
The wind whips through veils of suffocating smoke,  
whispering the melody of an Earth devoured

*By Kate Veale  
Year 10  
Eynesbury Senior College  
ADELAIDE – SA  
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann*

## The Flame

The roaring beast threw up its head,  
The anger never tiring,  
Its presence could only be described as dread,  
As it left the people dying.

Like crimson waves of water,  
The thing we needed most.  
Humans and animals being slaughtered,  
Controlling it an unlikely hope.

We stood helpless, a blade of grass,  
Watching a foot go down on top of it,  
We knew that our belongings could not last.  
The spark of mourning had been lit.

All we have are our memories,  
The sound of rain, or the whisper of wind,  
But we'll always keep these sweet reveries,  
Because, finally, the fire fighters win.

And yet here we stand, ages later,  
With our family intact, our house in heaven  
But we will forever remember that fateful date,  
The Dark Weekend, from February seven

*By Imogen Whittaker  
Year 7, Methodist Ladies' College  
KEW – VIC.  
Teacher: Jo Ryan*

# THE TIME-TRAVELLING TREE

**T**AHLIA and her family had moved to the country to live. Tahlia's friends Jasmine and Harriet came over to play and see the new house. The three girls were playing hide and go seek and Jasmine crept around behind a tree looking for a place to hide. Her skirt caught on something on the tree and nearly ripped when she tried to move. Jasmine pulled the skirt and when it came loose she was surprised when she saw a doorknob on the tree trunk. The door was a silky brown colour and looked just like part of the tree.

Jasmine felt scared as she opened the door and hid inside the hollow tree trunk. She quietly closed the door and it only made a small creak. It was darker with the door closed and it smelt a bit musty.

"I wonder if Tahlia already knows about this hiding place," Jasmine thought.

Tahlia and Harriet could not find her. Jasmine heard them calling her name. They sounded very far away. Jasmine opened the door and showed them where she was hiding.

"What?" exclaimed Tahlia.

"How did you get in there?" asked Harriet in surprise.

"Easy!" said Jasmine. "My skirt caught on the doorknob and I opened the door."

"Come on Harriet, let's go inside the tree," said Tahlia.

"All right, I'm coming," said Harriet.

When they were all in the tree they talked about the project they were doing at school on the Amazon. When they were bored they opened the door to look out. The girls were stunned to see they were not in Tahlia's yard. Instead they were in a jungle. They saw masses of trees filled with vines and tropical birds. A toucan sat on a branch above them. The vivid colours were amazing.

"Where are we?" asked Harriet.

"How did we get here?" asked Jasmine.

They realised they were in the Amazon. It looked dark, creepy and mysterious.

"Cool, let's go out and explore," said Harriet.

Do you think we'll see Indiana Jones?" asked Tahlia excitedly.

"This rocks!"

When they went out of the tree it disappeared without them noticing. They realised they were in jungle clothes. They found notebooks and pens in their pockets. The girls used them to write down everything they saw, heard and felt. Tahlia, Jasmine

and Natalie finished exploring and went to where they thought they left the tree.

In its place there were... A THOUSAND RATTLE SNAKES!!! The rattle snakes were really loud! The girls screamed. They ran like the wind. Harriet looked over her shoulder.

"Hurry, they're getting closer!" she screamed.

Jasmine rummaged in her pockets and found a bag of toffees. She threw a handful at the snakes. The snakes at the front of the pack sank their fangs into the toffees. They stopped and shook their heads, trying to get the toffees off their fangs. The snakes collided into them. The snakes started to fight each other.

After frantic searching Tahlia found the spot where the tree should be. They realised the tree hadn't disappeared at all. It had grown smaller.

"How are we going to get into that?" asked Harriet, glancing back anxiously at the fighting snakes.

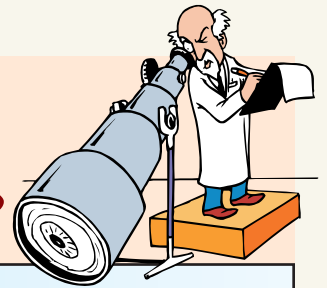
Suddenly the girls could feel tingling all over. They were growing smaller. Now they could fit through the door. They dived through the doorway and slammed the door shut.

After five minutes of silence they opened the door a crack and peaked out nervously. They were relieved to see they were back in Tahlia's yard and back to normal size. They were very happy to be home!

The next day at school the girls handed in their project and got an A++.

By Meghyn Mathison  
Year 4, Mueller College, ROTHWELL - QLD.  
Teacher: Rachel Harden

# Take a look at Australia's leading children's authors and illustrators



Deb Abela	<a href="http://deborahabela.com/Aurelie_Welcome.html">deborahabela.com/Aurelie_Welcome.html</a>
Goldie Alexandra	<a href="http://www.goldiealexander.com">www.goldiealexander.com</a>
Pamela Allen	<a href="http://www.eddept.wa.edu.au/cm1s/eval/fiction/authors/at1.htm#pallen">www.eddept.wa.edu.au/cm1s/eval/fiction/authors/at1.htm#pallen</a>
Felice Arena	<a href="http://www.bookedout.com.au/authors/Felice_Arena/index.html">www.bookedout.com.au/authors/Felice_Arena/index.html</a>
Stephen Axelsen	<a href="http://www.stephenaxelsen.net">www.stephenaxelsen.net</a>

A

Allan Baillie	<a href="http://www.allanbaillie.com.au">www.allanbaillie.com.au</a>
Jeannie Baker	<a href="http://www.jeanniebaker.com">www.jeanniebaker.com</a>
Duncan Ball	<a href="http://www.harpercollins.com.au/selby">www.harpercollins.com.au/selby</a>
Graeme Base	<a href="http://peregrin.jmu.edu/~ramseyil/base.htm">peregrin.jmu.edu/~ramseyil/base.htm</a>
Dianne Bates	<a href="http://www.enterprisingwords.com">www.enterprisingwords.com</a>
Catherine Bateson	<a href="http://www.catherine-bateson.com">www.catherine-bateson.com</a>
Anita Bell	<a href="http://www.anitabell.com">www.anitabell.com</a>
Krista Bell	<a href="http://www.kristabell.com">www.kristabell.com</a>
Patricia Bernard	<a href="http://www.geocities.com/patriciabernard2001/#Patricia%20Bernard">www.geocities.com/patriciabernard2001/#Patricia%20Bernard</a>
Dyan Blacklock	<a href="http://www.allen-unwin.com.au/Authors/apBlackl.asp">www.allen-unwin.com.au/Authors/apBlackl.asp</a>
Susy Boyer	<a href="http://www.susyboyerart.com">www.susyboyerart.com</a>
Janeen Brian	<a href="http://www.janeenbrian.com">www.janeenbrian.com</a>
Lorette Broekstra	<a href="http://www.bookedout.com.au/illustrators/Lorette_Broekstra/index.html">www.bookedout.com.au/illustrators/Lorette_Broekstra/index.html</a>
Karen Brooks	<a href="http://www.karenbrooks.com">www.karenbrooks.com</a>
Errol Broome	<a href="http://www.allen-unwin.com.au/Authors/apBroome.asp">www.allen-unwin.com.au/Authors/apBroome.asp</a>
Allyssa Brugman	<a href="http://www.allen-unwin.com.au/authors/apBrugman.asp">www.allen-unwin.com.au/authors/apBrugman.asp</a>
Sue Bursztynski	<a href="http://greatraven.blogspot.com">greatraven.blogspot.com</a>

B

Isabelle Carmody	<a href="http://www.bookedout.com.au/authors/Isabelle_Carmody">www.bookedout.com.au/authors/Isabelle_Carmody</a>
Brian Caswell	<a href="http://www.bookedout.com.au/authors/Brian_Caswell">www.bookedout.com.au/authors/Brian_Caswell</a>
Christopher Cheng	<a href="http://www.chrischeng.com">www.chrischeng.com</a>
Anna Ciddor	<a href="http://www.viking-magic.com">www.viking-magic.com</a>
Margaret Clark	<a href="http://www.margaretclark.com">www.margaretclark.com</a>
Sherryl Clark	<a href="http://members.optusnet.com.au/sherrylc1">members.optusnet.com.au/sherrylc1</a>
Paul Collins	<a href="http://www.paulcollins.com.au">www.paulcollins.com.au</a>
Bill Condon	<a href="http://www.enterprisingwords.com">www.enterprisingwords.com</a>
Meredith Costain	<a href="http://www.plasticine.com/mcostain">www.plasticine.com/mcostain</a>
Gary Crew	<a href="http://www.home.gil.com.au/~cbcqld/crew/crew.htm">www.home.gil.com.au/~cbcqld/crew/crew.htm</a>
Phil Cummins	<a href="http://www.philcummins.com">www.philcummins.com</a>

C

Andrew Daddo	<a href="http://www.hha.com.au/authors/andrewdaddo.html">www.hha.com.au/authors/andrewdaddo.html</a>
Justin D'Ath	<a href="http://www.justindath.com">www.justindath.com</a>
Kim Dale	<a href="http://www.bookedout.com.au/illustrators/Kim_Dale">www.bookedout.com.au/illustrators/Kim_Dale</a>
Terry Denton	<a href="http://www.terrydenton.com">www.terrydenton.com</a>
Garry Disher	<a href="http://ehlt.flinders.edu.au/english/GarryDisher/GarryDisher.html">ehlt.flinders.edu.au/english/GarryDisher/GarryDisher.html</a>
Ursula Dubosarsky	<a href="http://www.ursuladubosarsky.com">www.ursuladubosarsky.com</a>


D

Nick Earls	<a href="http://www.nickearls.com">www.nickearls.com</a>
Anthony Eaton	<a href="http://www.anthonyeaton.com">www.anthonyeaton.com</a>
Hazel Edwards	<a href="http://www.hazeledwards.com">www.hazeledwards.com</a>

E

Vashti Farrer	<a href="http://www.vashtifarrer.com">www.vashtifarrer.com</a>
Max Fatchen	<a href="http://www.adelaidecitycouncil.com/childrenslibrary/authors/maxfatchen.htm">www.adelaidecitycouncil.com/childrenslibrary/authors/maxfatchen.htm</a>
Anna Fienberg	<a href="http://www.allenandunwin.com/authors/apFienbe.asp">www.allenandunwin.com/authors/apFienbe.asp</a>
Pat Flynn	<a href="http://www.patflynnwriter.com/html/main.htm">www.patflynnwriter.com/html/main.htm</a>
Elaine Forrestal	<a href="http://members.iinet.net.au/~forrie/NEW">members.iinet.net.au/~forrie/NEW</a>
Mem Fox	<a href="http://www.memfox.net">www.memfox.net</a>
Pamela Freeman	<a href="http://www.allenandunwin.com/Authors/apFreema.asp">www.allenandunwin.com/Authors/apFreema.asp</a>
Jack French	<a href="http://www.jackiefrench.com">www.jackiefrench.com</a>

F

Kim Gamble Susanne Gervay Libby Gleeson Morris Gleitzman Alison Goodman Bob Graeme Armin Greder Andy Griffiths	<a href="http://www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=42">www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=42</a> <a href="http://www.sgervay.com">www.sgervay.com</a> <a href="http://www.libbygleeson.com.au">www.libbygleeson.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.morrisgleitzman.com">www.morrisgleitzman.com</a> <a href="http://alisongoodman.com.au">alisongoodman.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=504">www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=504</a> <a href="http://www.home.gil.com.au/~cbcqld/greder">www.home.gil.com.au/~cbcqld/greder</a> <a href="http://www.andygriffiths.com.au">www.andygriffiths.com.au</a>	
Penny Hall Richard Harland Christine Harris David Harris Libby Hathorn Rosanne Hawke John Heffernan Rolf Heimann Steven Herrick Simon Higgins Nette Hilton Odo Hirsch Leigh Hobbs Rob Hood Simmone Howell Michael Hyde	<a href="http://www.laterallearning.com/authors/hall.html">www.laterallearning.com/authors/hall.html</a> <a href="http://www.richardharland.net">www.richardharland.net</a> <a href="http://www.christineharris.com.au">www.christineharris.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.davidharris.com.au">www.davidharris.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.libbyhathorn.com/lh">www.libbyhathorn.com/lh</a> <a href="http://www.rosannehawke.com">www.rosannehawke.com</a> <a href="http://www.spudplus.com">www.spudplus.com</a> <a href="http://www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=395">www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=395</a> <a href="http://www.acay.com.au/~sherrick">www.acay.com.au/~sherrick</a> <a href="http://users.qld.chariot.net.au/~doctorid">users.qld.chariot.net.au/~doctorid</a> <a href="http://www.nettehilton.com">www.nettehilton.com</a> <a href="http://www.allen-unwin.com.au/authors/apHirsch.asp">www.allen-unwin.com.au/authors/apHirsch.asp</a> <a href="http://www.leighhobbs.com">www.leighhobbs.com</a> <a href="http://www.roberthood.net">www.roberthood.net</a> <a href="http://www.simmonehowell.com">www.simmonehowell.com</a> <a href="http://www.vulgar.com.au/hydehome.html">www.vulgar.com.au/hydehome.html</a>	
George Ivanoff	<a href="http://www.georgeivanoff.com.au">www.georgeivanoff.com.au</a>	
Anne James Paul Jennings Carol Jones	<a href="http://www.booksillustrated.com.au/Bookshop/annjames.html">www.booksillustrated.com.au/Bookshop/annjames.html</a> <a href="http://www.pauljennings.com.au">www.pauljennings.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.caroljones.com.au">www.caroljones.com.au</a>	
Victor Kellehur Phil Kettle Gretel Killeen Stephen Michael King Robin Klein Guundie Kuchling	<a href="http://www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000000997">www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000000997</a> <a href="http://www.philkettle.com">www.philkettle.com</a> <a href="http://www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000002429">www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000002429</a> <a href="http://www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=50">www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=50</a> <a href="http://www.penguin.com.au/PUFFIN/Authors/author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001022">www.penguin.com.au/PUFFIN/Authors/author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001022</a> <a href="http://www4.tpgi.com.au/guundie">www4.tpgi.com.au/guundie</a>	
Kym Lardner Sue Lawson Alison Lester Deborah Lissom Dave Luckett	<a href="http://www.kymlardner.com">www.kymlardner.com</a> <a href="http://www.suelawson.com.au">www.suelawson.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.allen-unwin.com.au/authors/apLester.asp">www.allen-unwin.com.au/authors/apLester.asp</a> <a href="http://www.geo.net.au/~lissomd">www.geo.net.au/~lissomd</a> <a href="http://www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=75">www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=75</a>	
John Marsden Penny Matthews Jeni Mawter Marc McBride Meme McDonald Sean McMullen David McRobbie Geoffrey McSkimming Jen McVeity Stephen Measday David Miller Kim Miller James Moloney Josie Montano Junko Morimoto Jill Morris Kirsty Murray Sally Murphy	<a href="http://www.panmacmillan.com.au/johnmarsden">www.panmacmillan.com.au/johnmarsden</a> <a href="http://www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=320">www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=320</a> <a href="http://www.jenimawter.com">www.jenimawter.com</a> <a href="http://www.marcmcbride.com">www.marcmcbride.com</a> <a href="http://www.mememcdonald.com">www.mememcdonald.com</a> <a href="http://www.seanmcmullen.net.au">www.seanmcmullen.net.au</a> <a href="http://www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001248">www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001248</a> <a href="http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/GeoffreyMcSkimming">ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/GeoffreyMcSkimming</a> <a href="http://www.highlightingwriting.com/jenmcveity">www.highlightingwriting.com/jenmcveity</a> <a href="http://www.laterallearning.com/authors/measday.html">www.laterallearning.com/authors/measday.html</a> <a href="http://www.golvanarts.com.au/miller.html">www.golvanarts.com.au/miller.html</a> <a href="http://users.tpg.com.au/kkmiller">users.tpg.com.au/kkmiller</a> <a href="http://www.home.gil.com.au/~cbcqld/james.htm">www.home.gil.com.au/~cbcqld/james.htm</a> <a href="http://www.booksbyjosie.com.au">www.booksbyjosie.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.jpj.org.au/jartists/m/morimoto/morimotojunko.htm">www.jpj.org.au/jartists/m/morimoto/morimotojunko.htm</a> <a href="http://www.greaterglider.com.au/jill/indexjm.html">www.greaterglider.com.au/jill/indexjm.html</a> <a href="http://www.kirstymurray.com">www.kirstymurray.com</a> <a href="http://www.sallymurphy.net">www.sallymurphy.net</a>	

Cont'd...

## Australia's leading children's authors and illustrators

John Nicholson Deborah Niland Kilmeny Niland Garth Nix	<a href="http://www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=360">www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=360</a> <a href="http://www.deborah-niland.com.au">www.deborah-niland.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.kilmenyniland.com">www.kilmenyniland.com</a> <a href="http://www.garthnix.co.uk">www.garthnix.co.uk</a>	<b>N</b>
Sally Odgers Narelle Oliver Wendy Orr Matt Ottley	<a href="http://www.sallyodgers.com">www.sallyodgers.com</a> <a href="http://www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=367">www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=367</a> <a href="http://www.wendyorr.com">www.wendyorr.com</a> <a href="http://www.mattottley.com">www.mattottley.com</a>	<b>O</b>
Michael Panckridge Anna Pignataro Natalie Jane Prior Michael Pryor Felicity Pulman	<a href="http://www.michaelpanckridge.com.au">www.michaelpanckridge.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=425">www.scholastic.com.au/Profiles/ProfileDisplay.asp?ProfileId=425</a> <a href="http://www.thedolls.com.au/about_the_author.htm">www.thedolls.com.au/about_the_author.htm</a> <a href="http://www.michaelpryor.com.au">www.michaelpryor.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.geocities.com/felicitypulman">www.geocities.com/felicitypulman</a>	<b>P</b>
Emily Rodda James Roy Gillian Rubinstein	<a href="http://www.emilyrodda.com">www.emilyrodda.com</a> <a href="http://jamesroy.com.au">jamesroy.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.gillianrubinstein.com">www.gillianrubinstein.com</a>	<b>Q R</b>
Michael Salmon Moya Simons Craig Smith Marquerite Hann Syme Anne Spudvilas Elizabeth Stanley Ruth Starke	<a href="http://www.michaelsalmon.com.au">www.michaelsalmon.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.moyasimons.com">www.moyasimons.com</a> <a href="http://www.craigsmithillustration.com/00.htm">www.craigsmithillustration.com/00.htm</a> <a href="http://www.adelaide.sa.gov.au/childrenslibrary/authors/margueritehannsyme.htm">www.adelaide.sa.gov.au/childrenslibrary/authors/margueritehannsyme.htm</a> <a href="http://www.bookedout.com.au/illustrators/Anne_Spudvilas/index.html">www.bookedout.com.au/illustrators/Anne_Spudvilas/index.html</a> <a href="http://www.uwapress.uwa.edu.au/titles/index/deliverance_of_dancing_bears">www.uwapress.uwa.edu.au/titles/index/deliverance_of_dancing_bears</a> <a href="http://www.ruthstarke.itgo.com">www.ruthstarke.itgo.com</a>	<b>S</b>
Shaun Tan Colin Thompson Kim Michelle Toft Alan Tucker	<a href="http://www.bookedout.com.au/illustrators/Shawn_Tan/index.html">www.bookedout.com.au/illustrators/Shawn_Tan/index.html</a> <a href="http://www.colinthompson.com">www.colinthompson.com</a> <a href="http://www.kimtoft.com.au">www.kimtoft.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.alantucker.net">www.alantucker.net</a>	<b>T</b>
James Valentine Julie Vivas	<a href="http://www.jamesvalentine.net">www.jamesvalentine.net</a> <a href="http://www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001856">www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001856</a>	<b>U V</b>
Jenny Wagner Michael Wagner Bruce Whatley Nadia Wheatley Sue Whiting Margaret Wild Tim Winton Lorraine Wilson Kim Wilkins Carole Wilkinson Dianne Wolfer Stephen Woolman (dec) Patricia Wrightson	<a href="http://www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001860">www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001860</a> <a href="http://www.michaelwagner.com.au">www.michaelwagner.com.au</a> <a href="http://www.harpercollins.com.au/authors/author_interview.cfm?Author=WHATLEY__BRUCE">www.harpercollins.com.au/authors/author_interview.cfm?Author=WHATLEY__BRUCE</a> <a href="http://www.laterallearning.com/authors/wheatley.html">www.laterallearning.com/authors/wheatley.html</a> <a href="http://www.suewhiting.com">www.suewhiting.com</a> <a href="http://www.allen-unwin.com.au/authors/apWild.asp">www.allen-unwin.com.au/authors/apWild.asp</a> <a href="http://www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001952">www.penguin.com.au/authors/author-author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001952</a> <a href="http://www.lorrainewilson.com.au">www.lorrainewilson.com.au</a> <a href="http://fantasticthoughts.wordpress.com">fantasticthoughts.wordpress.com</a> <a href="http://www.carolewilkinson.com.au">www.carolewilkinson.com.au</a> <a href="http://members.westnet.com.au/dianne">members.westnet.com.au/dianne</a> <a href="http://www.frontierisp.net.au/%7Ewoolman">www.frontierisp.net.au/%7Ewoolman</a> <a href="http://www.penguin.com.au/PUFFIN/Authors/author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001970&amp;Author=Patricia%20Wrightson">www.penguin.com.au/PUFFIN/Authors/author-profile.cfm?AuthorId=0000001970&amp;Author=Patricia%20Wrightson</a>	<b>W</b>
Markus Zusak	<a href="http://www.teenreads.com/authors/au-zusak-markus.asp">www.teenreads.com/authors/au-zusak-markus.asp</a>	<b>X Y Z</b>

# Mona Lisa

Who am I?  
No one really knows  
A blank face  
Shh, shh, shh  
Eyes transfixed on a distant landscape

Where am I from?  
A faraway, foreign, fantasy land  
Landscape of flowing rivers  
Swish, Swoosh, Swish  
Forests of tall pine trees  
With leaves of a greater scent

What do I do?  
Caring for flowers in orchards afar  
Great vines climb my walls as they scramble for life  
Birds soar in the sky to reach their nests  
Looking for insects on my garden beds

What am I thinking?  
Thinking of my life my days left  
Questioning myself  
Wondering where to turn  
Searching for something

What am I feeling?  
Calm just sitting  
Feeling quiet, peaceful, still  
Will I ever feel like this again?  
Hoping this moment will keep.

*By Hannah Carlisle  
Year 6, Nambour Christian College,  
WOOMBYE – QLD.  
Teacher: Mrs Linda Van der Hulst*



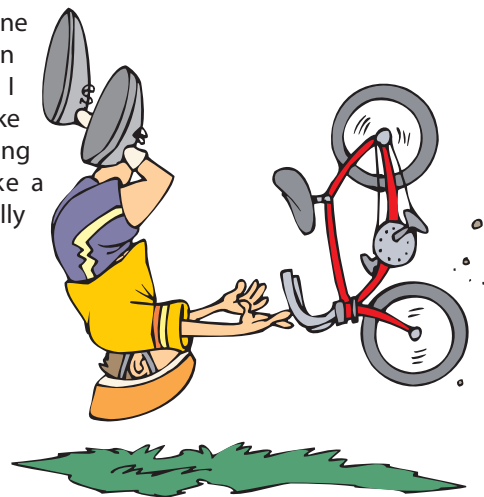
## A DISASTER ON CHRISTMAS EVE!

**I**T WAS a superb Christmas Eve, my favourite time of the year, the best time of the year! I had waited for this for 50,000 years, well that's what it felt like. I was outside on my bike with my brothers, sisters and friends. Eager to seek some attention, I went to the end of my street and bellowed out, "watch me". They turned around to see me coming down the street like a racing train with no protection. I accidentally hit the brakes, I did a full flip into the air and crashed! My two front teeth went through my top lip. I could see blood rushing from my lip running down the road. I looked over at my older brother who looked like ghost, I thought



he was going to faint looking at all my blood. My friend's sister ran into the house to get Mum, who was fake tanning. Mum rushed me to the hospital with one white leg and one brown leg! I was lying on the bed bleeding like I had just been attacked like some wild cats. On Boxing Day my lip looked like a blistered bull-frog, a really ugly, blistered bull-frog!

*By Alison Gilbert  
Year 7  
Sacre Coeur  
GLEN IRIS – VIC.  
Teacher: Delrine Lee*



# The Magic Ride



I AM about to go on the best ride in my life. It has twists and turns and a huge slide that goes down.

We line up ready; I have our tickets and was so enthusiastic to go inside. The gates opened. I sped inside and appeared in the seat as quick as you could blink. It was so annoying because my brother Jason was walking just to annoy me because he knew I was so excited to go on this ride.

Finally Jason arrived sitting on the seat ready to go. The controller pressed the GO button and we slowly started to move forward.

Up the hill was slow going. I was just too excited and I nearly jumped out of my seat! Oh, I can see a twister up ahead coming towards us.

Here we go. This is going to be amazing and so cool, ready whooo! This is so much fun! I love this ride! Oh no! Here comes the biggest slide I have ever seen! Here we go, oh my gosh ahh!

This is so much fun! Huh? Why is there a door over there? What's going on? Why is it opening? Ah! What's happening, where are we. We seem to be in a chocolate and lolly land!

This is so cool! I wish I lived here! When we left the strange land we went through a couple of other twists and turns and eventually we came to the end of the ride.

Mum took Jason and I from the ride and we prepared to go home. We hopped into the car. When we arrived home we had a rest, a drink and some food. After a couple of minutes I told Mum about the exciting adventure we had on the ride.

"Mum, there was a magical door that appeared right in front of us and automatically opened for us. It was so amazing!"

She never believed me, but I know it will always happen when we return to this ride again and I can't wait!

*By Molly Bianchini*

*Year 3S*

*Manly West Primary School.*

*BALGOWLAH - NSW*

*Teacher: Ellen Lo*



## QANTAS FLIGHT CATERING LIMITED MELBOURNE

*Management & Staff*

**PROUDLY  
SUPPORTING**  
*Oz Kids in Print*

# Description of a Place

THE entire world stretches out before me. I can glimpse the wasteland where my family resides, the scarlet rock and sand swirling in the air. I gaze in the opposite direction and what I see marvels me. The sun is drooping behind the skyline and the moon is awakening from its slumber, the absolute splendour of the view enchanting me, pulling me in, I can not look away. I can see the towns and cities lining the coast line, they are shining in the dusk sunset. The sun is turning the water into a deep, rich crimson and the sky into a luminous purple. The two colours mixing and mingling, forming a swirling mass of delight.

I can smell a damp smell in the air. The sky near the edge of my wasteland has turned black as night. A storm is approaching. The taste of rain is profound now and the clouds are tumbling and wrestling to be in front, it seems as though they are planning the destruction of the coastline and all that get in their way. I take one last look at the sunset, the moon is high in the sky, illuminating the rolling blue and green waves in a ray of silver light, the sun has been replaced with the moon but the beauty remains.

I arouse a few hours later, only to see the entrance to my cave blocked by a waterfall of water. I can see numerous flashes of

light in the sky and the occasional BOOM of thunder. I walk up to the cave entrance; the clouds are trying to get on top of each other, their fury making the thunder claps. The sky is lit up by another spark of lightning, the water turns a purple and blue colour for a second before the lightning disappears. I return to my cave, I would be getting no more sleep tonight.

When the storm rolls on and the sun begins to rise in the early morning, I leave my bed and go to take a look at what the enraged fists of the storm has done to the land. My wasteland was just a colossal pool of mud and dirt; the rocks were austere, the crimson dust having been washed from them to join the swirling water below. The coastline is beleaguered with fallen trees and debris. The towns look bleak and lifeless and the rolling waves are now black. In the distance, I can see the storm unleashing its fury elsewhere. I feel a sudden relief wash over me as I see the storm in the distance, for now at least, I am safe from its vehemence.

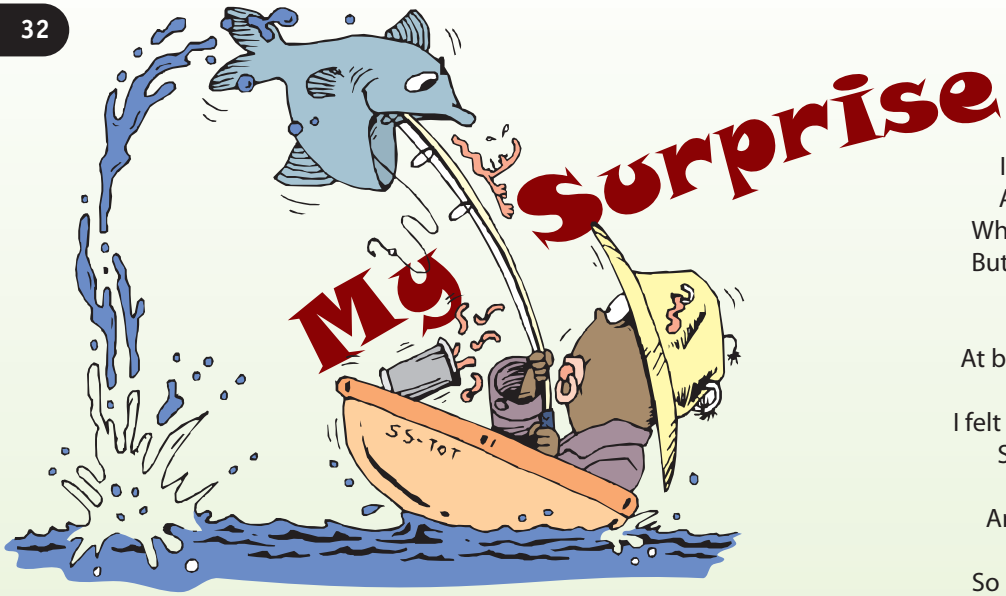
*By Richard Parker  
Year 9, Wheelers Hill Secondary College  
WHEELERS HILL – VIC.  
English teacher: Miss Harmon*



*By Bernadette Chapman  
Year 10, Loganlea State High School  
LOGANLEA – QLD.  
Teacher: Mrs. Shale*

Your lips, once red, now blue  
Your eyes, like pearls, now grey  
Your jaded heart is broken  
Your smile has gone away  
Your hearty laugh now quiet  
Your breathing's gone astray  
All your thoughts, now silenced  
They've taken you away  
So now, I'm left here all alone  
Standing in the dark  
My sunshine's gone,  
I'd give the world  
Just to have it back  
To see your smile

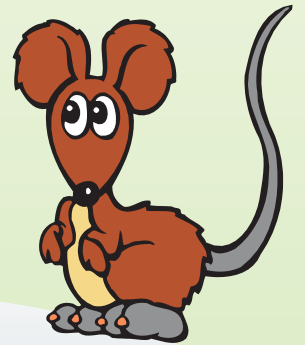
To feel your warmth  
Or your radiance  
Or your passion  
Your heartship  
Your trust  
Your love is what I crave the most  
Your face is still and lifeless  
Your hands are broken and bent  
My heart is filled with sadness  
To heaven you are sent  
I wish you could come back to me  
My Belle, my love  
My broken heart you'll never see  
From heaven, up above.



One day I went fishing,  
I caught a big fish.  
So I cooked it up for dinner,  
And made a special dish.  
It was unusually hard to swallow,  
So I had a drink to follow.  
I jumped out of bed and looked at the clock,  
I rubbed my tummy,  
It was 12 o'clock.  
My tummy started to rumble and roar,  
And it was a little bit sore.

I got a hot water bottle,  
And gave that a cuddle,  
Which helped me fall asleep.  
But then I saw a little mouse.  
I saw its peeping eye,  
All shiny and white.  
At breakfast the next morning,  
I wasn't very bright.  
I felt a little tickle on my tummy,  
Something wasn't right.  
I lifted up my shirt,  
And sitting on my tummy,  
Was that little mouse!  
So I screamed and screamed  
Until I was out of breath  
Then it all went blank...  
And I woke up in my cosy bed  
With my sister's hand on my head  
And just when I thought it was a dream  
I saw the little mouse with a big wide grin.

*By Harrison Symons  
Year 3  
Scotch College  
HAWTHORN - VIC.  
Teacher: Ms Turner*



## Our Cat

My family has a cat  
He's really, really fat  
He sat on daddy's hat  
Now daddy's hat is flat.  
Daddy's arms are long and strong  
He knew that kitty did something wrong  
So, by holding Kitty by the paw  
He threw Kitty out the door.  
I never saw our fat cat after that,  
So I bought my dad a new hat and  
that's the end of that.

*By Nicola Di Censo  
Age 11  
BULLEEN - VIC.*



# Just a Girl

A dark light of heavenly likeness dabbles playfully in the dark swirl of your life  
As does the bright sun, dipping its fingers in the cool sea

Your life changes for better or for worse  
That's for you to decide  
But people start to notice  
Like a whispering gabble, a rumour spreads untruthfully told  
But fluently spoken

But you don't care  
You have caught the eye of another  
The thought of her lulls you to sleep  
And you look to her with undying love  
But for all this you receive nothing in return  
Nothing more than the occasional glance that I full of heartlessness and cold rage  
Like a raging flame spluttering hot embers with every uncontrolled breath

You are driven away by the pulsating heat and yet you long for more  
Or is it that you can't bear to be rejected by one so cold and heartless that she could be your equal  
But now you stop your heart impeded deep in your chest kept behind lock and key  
No one can pry the door to your heart open and the key died when you did  
So now you walk this wilderness alone

You sit and think of the past and what is to come  
A childish smirk creeps silently across your face  
Like the salty sea lapping at the sandy shore  
You laugh slightly as you realise what you are going to do  
You will write about all she did and read it aloud for all to hear  
So you get going, pen and paper; glee and revenge working as one

So it is done  
Are you happy?  
Nothing can be as cruel and as heartless as this  
And yet you aren't happy, guilt pulls you back  
Like a dog on a leash  
She is no beast  
She is a human just like you  
She has no evil thoughts and her heart shines bright  
She is  
Just a Girl

*Riley Alexander*

*Year 10*

*King Island District High School*

*KING ISLAND – TAS.*

*Teacher: Miss Peta Lyn McFadzean*



# A Red Scarf

I AM not going to introduce myself; you will get to know me soon enough. It just takes time. Time is a funny thing. It never stops. Like the sun or the moon. And what is it? A thing? A someone? A place? I will never know, so neither will you.

Our story starts with a girl. Her name is Lara. She has a little brother called Paul. You do need to know Lara because she is the main figure. Her and her little brother called Paul.

When humans disagree, they fight. Violence solves everything. Most of the time it is just a little punch here or there but sometimes it gets more serious; people die. That's where I come in... Another issue with humans is that they are never satisfied. They want more clothes, more money and in this case they wanted more space. So what do they do to get it? They don't cry or stamp their feet; no. They raise armies. They train people to make other people cry and they all learn to stamp their feet. It can pick up quite a nice rhythm actually.

This is where Lara and Paul's father went. Except he didn't have a choice. He didn't want to stamp his feet. Lara didn't want him to go either. She knew there would be guns and times when he wouldn't be there. And that scared her. And her little brother.

The sun is not yellow and shiny. It is orange and it glows. People do not give the sun its due respect. So I will start with it. On this particular day the sun was still in bed. But Lara and Paul weren't. But only just. Heavily, they trudged to the kitchen, rubbing their eyes. A single kerosene lamp stood on the table; trying feebly to replace the sun. It didn't really work. Their parents, Sarah and Michael, stumble around the dark house collecting last minute things. Sarah found a red scarf she had made for him and secretly tucked it at the bottom of his bulging khaki bag. She thought it would bring him luck; what a stupid thing to think.



As the sun woke so did a sudden realisation that this was it. The last time they would see each other blah, blah, blah. So what? They weren't the only ones who had to do it. But I took particular interest in this family at a great risk. I almost forgot to do my rounds. I took a quick glance over the world; taking a few clumsily. Secrecy or surprise are not my favourite but I can't run at everyone arms and legs flailing.

A truck came and left; like their hope that he would come back. Sarah steered the two tear-streaked faces back inside, quietly sobbing to herself. She sat them down and told them that Daddy had gone away to fight the baddies so that they wouldn't get hurt; fat lot of good that did. Lara wasn't stupid (thank God for that). She knew her Daddy probably wasn't going to come back.

Over the next few weeks I kind of lost interest. They all walked around the house like zombies. Real interesting! No. I went and did my rounds.

## ***The Result of My Rounds***

*A baby (pneumonia)  
An 8 yr old (measles) and  
A Grandma (lung cancer)*

Not too bad. Just the usual.

I rejoined Sarah, Lara and Paul when they got hungry. One of them stayed in the room, staring at a photo, one of them cried and one of them went to the kitchen, (guess who did what). There Lara made food for her brother. It wasn't much but it worked. They didn't have a telephone so they couldn't call someone. They couldn't read or write. So they had to wait. They drew pictures of what looked like a bad dust storm but was in fact the next door neighbours' cat. Who cares? I do. I like cats. Their souls stay warm for the longest. Longer than dogs anyway.

The days seemed to get longer as time went on (again with time!) they didn't really but that's how it seemed. Drawing was boring and they were running out of paper.

You might be wondering where this story is heading. Or you might not be. But Michael plays a pretty big part in this. Daddy and his stamping friends. When he had set up the camp with the others, they all sat down on their beds waiting for the dinner bell.

That night almost none of them slept. Rather than the soft breathing of Sarah there was muffled gun fire and planes whizzing ahead. The war had started. I had already taken a few souls. There are still so many though.

The next important thing is that he finds a scarf. Tucked in the bottom of his bag was the red scarf Sarah had knitted him for luck. Why it was red he didn't know. But it was cold so he wrapped it around his neck and his chin; the smell of cat fur and the smoke from their fire at home filled his nostrils.

# A Red Scarf

Under his shirt he wore the scarf. It was always clearly visible so he put on his big jacket that covered it.

After about a month Michael went back into battle. It was only just becoming light. Overnight a heavy fog set in. Their leader had ordered them all to keep close. The frosted shiny grass crunched under their feet. No one talked. Daddy shrunk further into his coat.

One of the men sneezed causing everyone to jump; the suspense broke. The leader whispered for someone to give him their coat before he killed them all. Michael had a scarf so he handed his over. The man thanked him; Daddy readjusted his gun.

## *The Immediate Future*

*An enemy shoots  
A red scarf falls  
Grown men shoot  
More men fall*

I swoop down and cut the souls from their bodies. I left Red Scarf till last. He lay there. I stood there. With a quick, elegant movement he had gone from this world to a better one; one with no humans who stamp their feet. The sun broke through the fog causing the grass to shine. A brilliant, orange glow. Not shiny. Or yellow. It was warm. As I ascended the last thing I saw was the red scarf. In a way it killed him. If he didn't have it the enemy would never have seen it. Oh well. I am quite obnoxious aren't I?

About a week after this Sarah received a parcel. In it was a letter; a letter and a red scarf. That day I took a 32 year old woman. She died of grief. A couple of days later I took a ten year old and a seven year old. They died from hunger. The ten year old I kept with me. I did not allow her to pass onto the escalator with no

top. I trained her so that when I get tired I can, one day, join the cold souls on the escalator.

Lara never quite understood. I think it was why I chose her that puzzled her the most. She was only ten. I think it was love. I cared too much. I couldn't see her go. And curiosity. I wanted to know what being a father was kind of like. I felt it was my duty, like the father I never had. And maybe that's what time is; a father. He watches you grow and mature but at the same time is making you grow and mature. He makes you wait but can also let you fall behind.

Life is hard. It always has been. But death?

No; I'm easy.

*By Kate Michelle Lindley  
Age 13, Bunbury Cathedral Grammar School  
BUNBURY - W.A.  
Teacher (English): Mrs Anne Osborne*



## INTO THE DARKNESS

THE woman stared nervously into the darkness. She tried to reassure herself that nobody was there – but she knew she was not truly alone. The ominous silence did nothing to calm her nerves; neither did the thick fog that impeded her view. She reached into her shallow pockets and retrieved a small pocket watch – given to her by her mother. It was the only object of value she carried, in both sentimental and monetary worth. Her mother had given it to her on the day of Queen Victoria's golden jubilee. What a day of celebration she thought.

It was almost midnight. She stumbled along the cobbled road, coughing as she went. The cold had worsened her already bad condition. She thought she would not need to work on the street any more after she was married, but her husband was not all she had hoped. He hit her and forced her to work even more to support his addiction to drink. She had grown tired of

hoping her future would be brighter. Her youthful optimism had been abraded by the harsh realities she had learnt on the street. However, those worries were drowned out with the fear of the present moment. She knew she was being watched. All the girls working here knew it had become dangerous lately.

The tired woman continued to stand by the corner, a solitary figure tucked away in the fog amongst the morose, gloomy backdrop of pubs and butchers. She decided it was becoming far too risky, so she hastily made her way into the shadows. She slunk down a dark alley, seeking refuge from whatever sinister force was accosting her. The woman's breathing eased once she had found safety. She leaned against a damp stone wall, resting her weary body and trying to console her frenzied

*Cont'd...*

# INTO THE DARKNESS

mind. The woman took a deep breath and had a sudden attack of conscience. She looked at her dress. She looked at what she had become. Her tattered, grimy dress did not reveal her gentle upbringing near the banks of a river in a quiet Scottish town. Her worn and ill fitting boots did not reveal her inner artistic nature; she liked to sing. She would sing when she was alone in her room at the brothel. She would sing old songs she learnt as a child. Her sombre voice would shatter the musty silence that pervaded the old whorehouse. She was singing to remember the happy times. She washed all the other memories away with whisky. The woman's concentration was broken by a police officer walking towards her. The policeman asked, "Are you all right?", noticing the plight of the woman. "Yes", she lied.

A man strode across the uneven road, cutting a path through the horrid fog. His long black coat flapped in the occasional gust of wind, creating an intimidating silhouette. He had seen his target only moments before, but she had vanished from his sight. Perhaps she had sensed his presence. He gave comfort to his cold hands by sinking them into his deep, warm pockets. He continued to walk along the street peering down each dark passageway in hope of finding her again. He needed to find her. His mind had been overtaken by a slur of deranged sadistic impulses. He knew what he was doing was wrong, but it was the only time he felt at ease. This was a time when he could rid the inhibitions society placed upon him and he could be his

twisted self. His trail of thought was cut short by the sight of the woman down the passageway. He froze for a moment; his eyes fixated on the woman. She looked like an artist's afterthought in an oil painting of a nightmarish place nobody wanted to be. He noted the sadness in her poise. He nearly quivered for a second. But then he continued; he couldn't let petty emotion hold him back.

The woman had enough time to calm her emotions. She was left shivering and wondering why she was out on such a cold night. No man would venture out on this night. Unruffling her dress, she trudged along the pathway casting a long shadow against the glow of the moonlight. She walked a considerable distance until she saw the soothing light of her dwelling up ahead. The light managed to illuminate a path through the fog. It was a path to her only sanctuary. It was her refuge from an uncaring world. She opened the thick, splintered wooden door. Her nostrils flared at the familiar musty odour of tobacco and spoiled liquor. She gave a whimper of misery then began pouring herself some brandy as she undid the tight corset that agonisingly pushed against her protruding ribs. The woman thought she was now safe. However, in her disturbed state she made the mistake of leaving the door slightly ajar. The man had followed her to the house and he lurked outside for a while unpacking his grisly instruments.

The man burst through the door of the tiny one-room dwelling, a wicked expression upon his face. However he did not receive the reaction he expected. The woman continued to sit on her bed, looking down. Only when he prompted her did she raise her head.

"No, go away, I'm too haggard tonight", she said.

The man was taken aback by this. She had grown so numb to danger that even a stranger rushing into her home did not shock her.

"I'm not here on any kind of business", the man said.

The woman looked up.

"Then please leave. Thank You Sir", she replied brashly.

The man stared coldly at her, making the woman uneasy. She had not felt like this in a long time. He moved forwards, closer to her.

"What is your name?" the man demanded.

"Mary", she replied uncomfortably. The man moved closer still.

"They call me Jack", he snarled as he raised his cleaver.

*By James Kelsey  
Year 12, Eynesbury Senior College  
ADELAIDE – SA  
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann*



# FIRE

Smell the smoke  
The dark red clouds  
Darkness  
Creeping over the hill  
Heat in your face  
Fire

You can't think  
Like a statue  
While it comes  
Closer...  
Sparks fly  
Fire

Children screaming  
Bush burning  
In your heart  
You can feel  
The agony because of  
Fire

Running  
You keep going  
Can't stop  
Don't know where  
Just run away from  
Fire

Lungs burning  
You collapse  
Don't care if you die  
Just cry  
You can't stop nature  
Fire

Then  
A hand on your arm  
A familiar voice  
It's Jimmy  
Not scared of  
Fire

You lie  
In the back seat of a car  
Don't know who  
Who you loved  
Didn't escape the  
Fire

Don't know  
What to feel  
What to think  
You don't feel whole  
Any more  
Fire

Babies crying

Families talking  
Don't hear it  
Cause of  
Your memories  
Fire

Back home  
No flowers  
No Poppy  
Wagging her tail  
Nothing after the  
Fire

The money  
From people  
You don't know  
Money can't bring back  
What you lost in the  
Fire

Slowly  
Things start up  
You learn to laugh  
But without Sal, Dave, Maddie  
Gone with the  
Fire

This is Fire  
And it burns deep

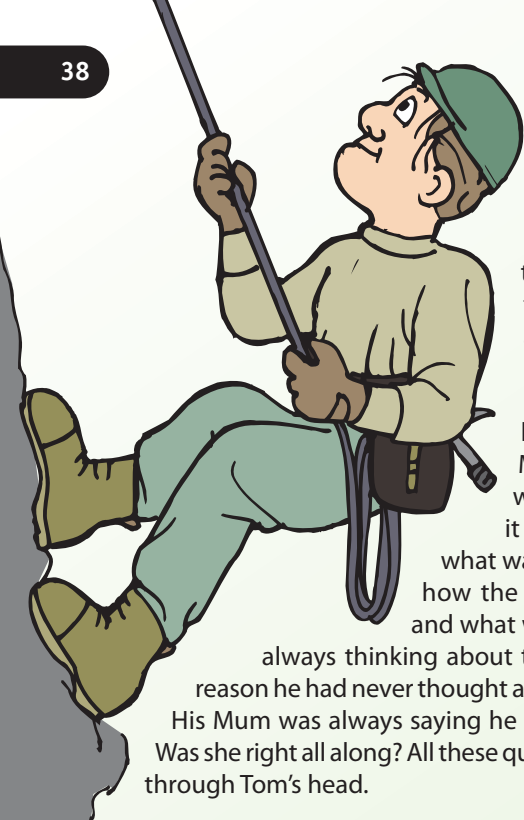
*By Lihini Jayathillake*

*Year 6, Age 10*

*Mount Eliza North Primary School*

*MOUNT ELIZA - VIC.*





**M**Y BROTHER Tom was walking through the sunflower field looking through all the flowers. He was standing exactly in the middle of the field. He looked up to Mystery Mountain. It was covered with mist at the top, so it was impossible to see what was there. Tom wondered how the mountain came about and what was at the top. Tom was always thinking about the world but for some reason he had never thought about Mystery Mountain. His Mum was always saying he daydreamed too much. Was she right all along? All these questions were now going through Tom's head.

"No one has ever climbed Mystery Mountain," he said to himself. "Maybe I could."

Then Tom told himself off for being ridiculous. But maybe not, maybe he had just thought of a brilliant idea.

He went back into his house. Tom had two sisters; Anne and the other was me, Isabella. At that very moment, Anne and I were fighting over who could brush our Border Collie, Cara.

"YOU brushed him last time!" yelled Anne.

"Well you NEVER hold the lead when we take her for a walk!" I screamed back.

"And neither do you. Tom said calmly.

"That's true." I said.

Anne and I said sorry to each other and made up. Normally Anne was the sporty one, Tom was the smart one, and I'm the quiet one, but I have my moments. Anne and I went into our room and Tom went into his. Tom decided to tell us what he was thinking about in the sunflower field.

"Anne, Isabella, there is something I want to tell you."

"What?" Anne and I said in unison.

"In the sunflower field I was thinking, why hasn't anyone ever climbed Mystery Mountain?"

Both of us paused for a couple of minutes and all of us stood there in silence.

"I don't know" I said. "Maybe because it's too dangerous."

"Maybe" Tom said. "But I won't know if I am absolutely mad until I say this to you. Should we climb Mystery Mountain?"

## Mystery Mountain!!

We all paused again and the room was silent. After about five minutes, Anne said quite quietly, "You're not absolutely mad. Maybe there is a reason no one has ever gone up there. Maybe we should do it."

"It would definitely be an adventure" I said. "I think we should do it."

"OK" said Tom, "let's do it!"

Cara, who had been asleep until now, looked up and wagged her tail.

"Look" said Anne happily, "even Cara thinks it's a good idea!"

That made us all laugh, then Cara got up and started to lick everyone. That made everyone laugh even more! We all decided how we would trick our Mum and Dad into letting us go. We would pretend to go on a school camp! We made up a form on the computer and gave it to our Mum and Dad. They signed it and looked very happy about it. I'm guessing we did too!

The next day at school, we told almost everyone about our trip to Mystery Mountain. Cassie, a girl in Tom's class, began to get worried because she had a big secret at the top of Mystery Mountain.

"I have to stop them" she thought. "I can't let my secret get out".

The next day we had gotten our supplies and were about to set off. It was very exciting and we had to have a very, very big breakfast. To be truthful about it all, I was actually quite scared and I think Anne was secretly too. I didn't want to be a spoilsport though, so I didn't say anything to the other two. We walked through the sunflower field and went up the base of Mystery Mountain. As it was the weekend, we had two days to climb it while the school wouldn't call and Mum and Dad wouldn't demand that we come home.

We walked slowly up the mountain. There was no proper path and lots of bushes scratched our arms. A few times, Anne and I stumbled on little rocks but we didn't mind because we were so excited about getting to the top. Beads of sweat rolled down our foreheads and half way up the side of the mountain, we stopped to have a long drink of water.

We didn't know it, but as we walked up the side of the mountain, Cassie hid at the top and tried to keep out of sight from us. She saw a huge boulder and suddenly an idea came into her mind.

"Surely they won't stay if they think there is going to be an avalanche?" she thought.

We had sat down for a few seconds when we noticed a huge boulder above us start to look a little bit uneasy. Seconds later, BAM! The boulder started to roll down the mountain. We all huddled together into the side of the mountain in silence. My

## Mystery Mountain!! (Cont'd.)

heart was beating faster than ever before. Just then we heard this huge crash and when we looked down, we saw the boulder below and knew it was safe...

"Drat!" said Cassie, sounding annoyed, and huffing and puffing from pushing down the boulder. "If I can't stop them, I'll have to let them see my secret," she said to herself.

Just at that very moment, we finally reached the top of the mountain! After a little while sitting down and resting we began to look around. What met our eyes amazed us all, there was a huge pile of treasure (and I mean absolutely HUGE!) Suddenly, we all started screaming in delight and doing little happy dances, but if we had been paying any attention at all, we would have noticed Cassie standing here with a massive frown on her face.

"WHAT on earth are you doing here?" she said in disgust. That stopped our happy dances right away.

"Well, what are you doing here?" Tom asked her.

"This" she said, waving a hand over the pile of treasure, "is mine!!"

"We didn't know" said Tom, disappointed that it was hers.

"You need to leave here now," said Cassie, angry and annoyed. However as we turned to go and no one was looking Anne delayed in turning around to leave. She did something no one was expecting...

When we got home, we told Mum and Dad the truth all about our adventure. Mum was in absolute shock and Dad was

hanging on our words with excitement. Once our tale was told, Dad was a little disappointed that we had left all the treasure behind but Mum was relieved that we were all OK.

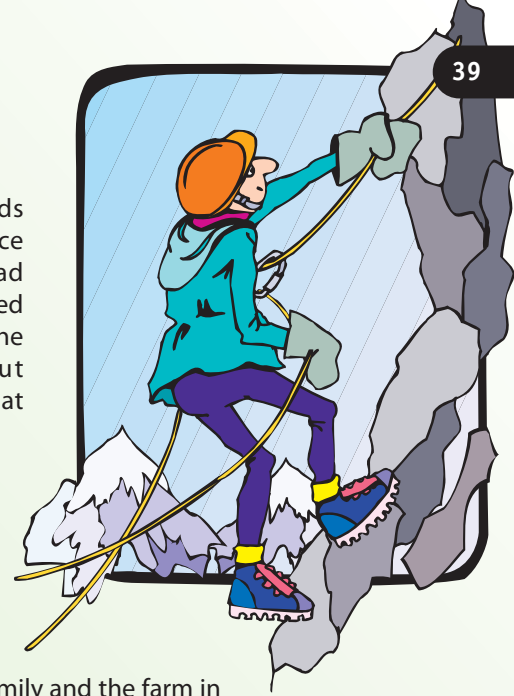
"I'm glad you're all fine too" said Dad, "although I have to admit that just a little bit of that treasure would really have helped all the family and the farm in these times. Things have been really hard around here lately!"

"But" said Anne, taking something shiny out of her pocket, "while Tom was dealing with Cassie and Isabella was looking for the best way down, I snuck over and got a little bit of the treasure to help us out!". She opened up her palm and there was a huge diamond there.

Then I don't really remember what happened because we all started screaming in delight again. But I do remember that we all lived happily ever after.

THE END!!!

*By Aisling McEvoy  
Year 5, Mueller College,  
REDCLIFFE – QLD.  
Teacher: Miss Harden*



## River

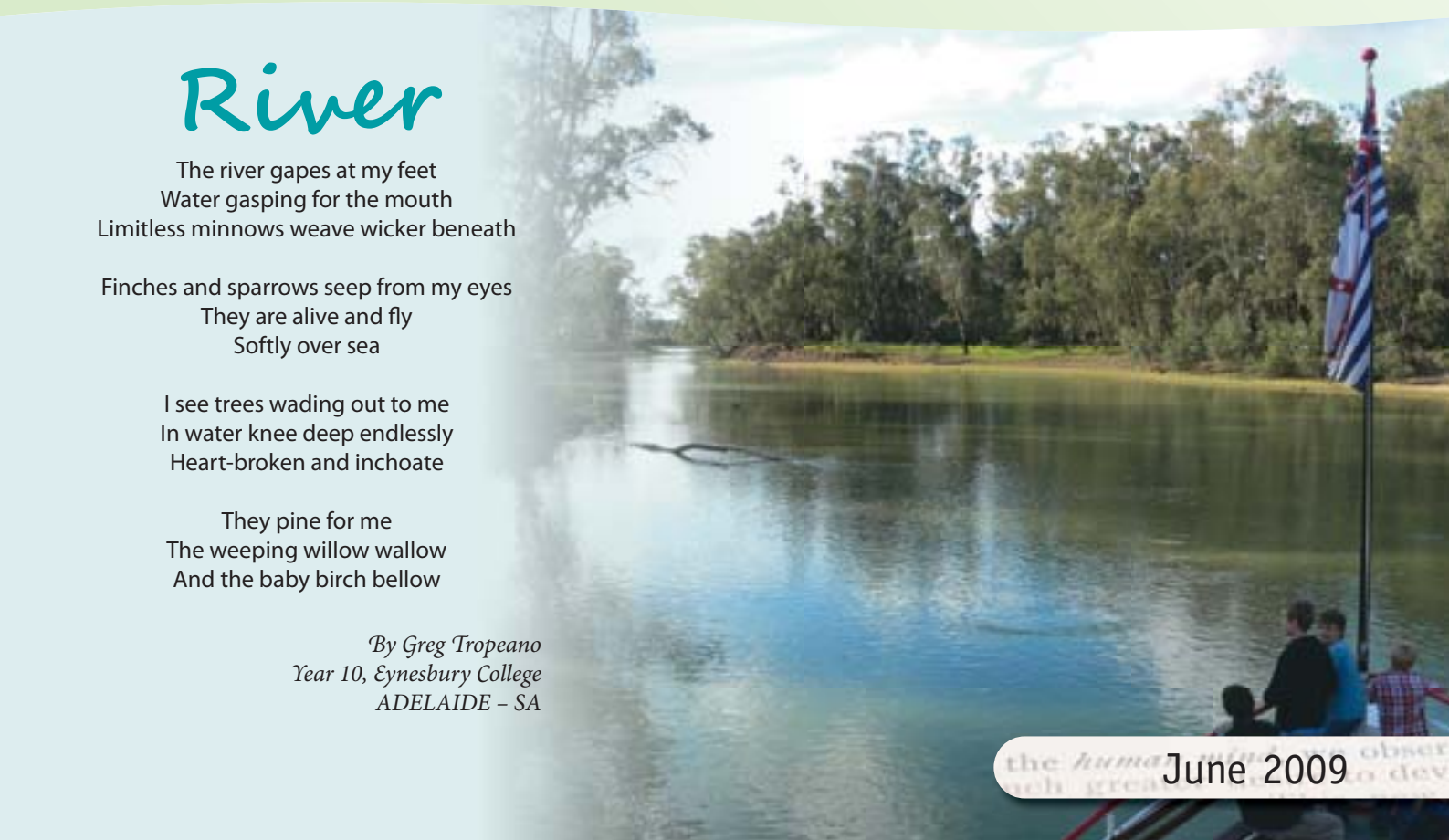
The river gapes at my feet  
Water gasping for the mouth  
Limitless minnows weave wicker beneath

Finches and sparrows seep from my eyes  
They are alive and fly  
Softly over sea

I see trees wading out to me  
In water knee deep endlessly  
Heart-broken and inchoate

They pine for me  
The weeping willow wallow  
And the baby birch bellow

*By Greg Tropeano  
Year 10, Eynesbury College  
ADELAIDE – SA*





# GONE FOREVER

Lifeless plains,  
Stretched out  
Further than I can see.  
Once magnificent rainforest  
Gone forever.

What was it like before?  
Towering trees  
Ruling over the land and animals.

Walking over crumbling land,  
Trudging across the dirt,  
Sitting on a tree stump,  
Examining the ground.  
No life.

Walking back to the car,  
...a little seed!  
Hope.  
Pick it up,  
In my pocket.  
Excited,  
Worried,  
My secret.

In the car,  
Watching the cracked, crumbled earth  
Flashing past.

"Stop!"  
Digging the hard soil  
With my hands,  
Dirt in my fingernails,  
Starting the rainforest again.

A month later  
A tree shoots.  
The rainforest grows again.

How can you help  
The rainforest come back?

I could,  
You can.

Dear Lord,  
Help us to realise  
How important  
The rainforest is  
To us,  
And the animals,  
And the plants.

*By Eleanor Gershevitch  
Age 10, Our Lady of the Nativity  
LAWSON – NSW*

# LOST IN I-GEN

"What, are you stupid?"

Four voices filled the air simultaneously as each reasoned with the other how their view on things was correct. They had found it in an old junk yard, along with a cord of sorts, and pieces of paper with diagrams depicting the object on it. The first three were young kids, only ten or eleven, but the oldest one was sixteen, and he had seen something of the world outside their isolated community, so he found it easier to keep up with science and technology than the younger ones.

"Listen, Michelle" cried one of the boys, "The thing is big, black and shiny, has a switch and a middle button labelled 'OK/Fire'. There is a wheel surrounding that button and that must help the tool aim. What do you think it is, huh?"

Without waiting for a reply, Marcus shouted "It's a gun, of course! See, that centre button is a trigger and at the top is a safety catch – labelled hold, and the wheel helps fire the gun. The barrel is that tiny hole at the top."

"You're an idiot. What do you think that is, a mechanized, self-aiming peashooter? As if a tiny barrel like that could hold huge bullets like those you were talking about just before?"

"Well, have you got a better explanation, Daisy?"

"You're silly. This is my idea. Here, see this so called barrel hole? You plug this cordy thingo in and when you press that triangle next to the dashed lines, sounds come out. Pictures start moving on the screen and we see other people. It's either black magic or a Save Our Souls call for help."

"Save our souls? It's one of those distress signals that you send out when you're in trouble. Like the one they sent out on the *Titanic*. But, they sent it too late, and a lot of people on board died. So if we don't respond to the SOS very quickly, these people inside the screen might die!"

"And how long do you think these people have been asking for help, don't you think by the time we found this thing, they'd be dead anyway? This seems like a really inefficient way to pass on an urgent message to me."

"Yeah, listen to those scary screams those guys are making with those ukulele things, and that girl with a ball through her tongue really looks as though she's in pain."

"Yeah, sure. Haven't you ever heard of heavy metal music?"

C'mon girl, why would people who are shaking with such happiness and ferocity carrying bizarre stringed thingos and huge hollow tubes be calling for our help. How could it be a black magic when none of us are even getting hurt from this thing? You need a slightly more logical way of thinking. Look, it seems to make noises, give us light in the dark, move motionless pictures and allows the impossible to come true... It must be a... um... new scientific thingy. Like those things... you know?"

"No, I do not, Michelle."

"Mm... I have seen one of these in an advertisement before."

"What, you saw one of these when you went out to the city? Wow, what is it?"

"Well, it depends the way at which you look at it. You are right to call it a gun, you can play shooting games like duck hunter and Doom on it. You are also right to call it a device of black magic, a way to communicate something. For example, each artist in the songs is passing his or her feelings onto the audience. And finally, for calling it a scientific thingy is the most correct, and this is all of those – it's actually a new piece of technology. It's the new craze, a digital media all in one – an iPod."

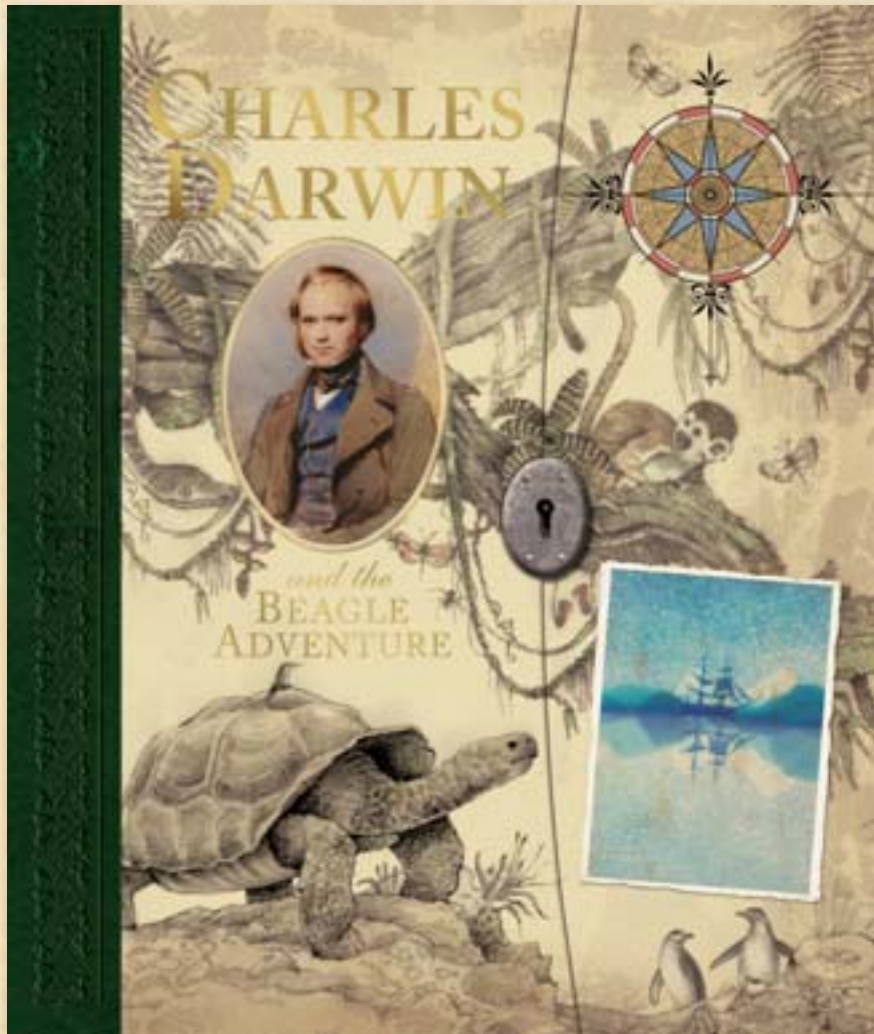
*Author Unknown  
Year 10, Sydney Boys' High School  
SURRY HILLS – NSW  
English Teacher: Ms Barry*



# NEW BOOKS

## from The Five Mile Press

Celebrating the bicentenary of Charles Darwin's birth.



ISBN: 9781742114446 RRP: \$29.95

Witness an eye-opening exploration of our globe and uncover the path that led to the cornerstone of natural history: the theory of evolution. Includes extracts from Charles Darwin's diary and later works.

Celebrating the 40th anniversary of the first lunar landing July 2009.



ISBN: 9781742114460 RRP: \$29.95

A collection of all the best moon-landing memorabilia and mind-boggling photographs. It's also packed with the latest amazing space science, including information on the future of space travel.



ISBN: 9781742112275 RRP: \$24.95

With 80 information-packed pages, this richly illustrated book tells the dramatic story of the voyage to the moon. Includes a bonus DVD of documentaries on Apollo 11, Apollo 13, and other space flight footage.

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

# Let us pay her school fees.



Selecting a school for your child is a challenge. And if your child isn't on a scholarship, paying high upfront school fees can be an even bigger challenge. That's where *School Plan* can help.

*School Plan* was established specifically to help alleviate the financial burden of these lump sum payments.

This simple yet unique service, offered by over 150 of Australia's top independent schools, assists families to budget for school fees and ensures that they are always paid on time.

*School Plan* pays your child's tuition fees directly to their school on a term or semester basis. Parents are provided with the convenience of spreading their commitment into twelve, easy-to-manage instalments.

Join the thousands of families who never have to worry about paying lump sum payments again.

Call **1800 337 419**  
or visit **[www.schoolplan.com.au](http://www.schoolplan.com.au)**



---

School Plan Management Pty Ltd ABN 70 006 832 408  
23-35 Hanover Street Oakleigh Victoria 3166