



Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards

***Celebrating
the Artistic and
Literary Talents
of Children***

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(2021 Bic Australia Art Award)*

2021



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Children's Charity Network wishes to extend its gratitude to the following patrons and ambassadors for their contribution and support in 2021:



Geoff Handbury AO
Organisation Patron
2006 – 2019



Dame Elisabeth
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Anna Ciddor



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Marjory Gardner



Marc McBride

Young Australian Art Awards Judges



Elise Hurst



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2021

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



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Committee Structure



Australian Children's Literary Board

Committee Members

- Mr Ernest Bland – National Sponsorship Manager
- Mrs Carol Dick – Managing Editor
- Mr Rob Leonard – Publisher (Chair)
- Mr Trevor St John – Advertising Manager
- Professor Margot Hillel AOM – Finals Judge
- Mr Frank Jones – Desktop Publishing & Printing
- Mrs Linda Purcell – Internet Design & Infrastructure



Young Australian Art Awards

Committee Members

- Mr Marc McBride, Judge
- Mrs Marjory Gardner, Judge
- Mrs Elise Hurst, Judge
- Mr Rob Leonard
- Mrs Linda Purcell
- Mrs Carol Dick

A Word from our Organisation Patron

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Geoff Handbury AO
Patron, Children's Charity Network

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- The Percy Baxter Trust
- William Angliss Charitable Fund



Young Australian Writers' Awards

2021

The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

2021

Awarded to

Luke O'Brien

Scotch College, Hawthorn, Vic.

'Songs of Australia'



2021 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Best Short Story from a Primary School

Fosterville Gold Literary Award

Nethya Wijesekera

Gordon East Public School, NSW

The First Outing



Best Short Story from a Secondary School

FGML Literary Award

Elizaveta Fedotova

Bob Hawke College, WA

Come and Sit Next to Me



Best Poetry from a Primary School

Desktop Dynamics Literary Award

Emily Kozaric

Trinity Catholic Primary, Vic.

Growing Older



Best Poetry from a Secondary School

Sedgman Literary Award

Megan Doan

St Dominic's Priory College, SA

My Mother's Daughter



Geoff & Helen Handbury Literary Award

Shamiama Shahid

Roma Mitchell Secondary College, SA

Her Prisoned Liberation

Geoff & Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Chanel Charles

Beaumont Road Public School, NSW

Caught

C.D. Dodd Indigenous Literary Award

Kaylee Jesnoewski

Kinross College, WA

Gubba

C.D.DODD

C.D.DODD

Songs of Australia

I WAS on a school camp. We'd just finished hiking and were now spread out in a dim clearing. All one could hear was the murmur of boys and the crunch of gum leaves under foot. I was sitting on a dead tree, sandwiched between three or four others talking excitedly. Usually I'd be the one to crack a 'witty' gag. But I was silent; across the clearing someone was laughing, and I looked over.

I'd been walking with him for most of the camp, and now he was talking with two or three others. His chin scrunched into his neck, he was giggling. I could hear it, the unashamedly boyish laughter pouring out of him. I watched him closely: how his eyes welled with tears; how his skin pinched at the corners of his eyes as his smile grew wider; how his skin seemed almost to beam. His hands were snug in his pockets, a beanie pulled down over his head. A strand or two of hair fell out of the beanie and across his eyes, and his nose was tinged red from the cold. He was a friend, but I wanted inexplicably to be closer with him. I had no idea why he was so – what was the word? – so interesting to me. I was normal, wasn't I? Not one of those sissies we joked about. But why did he feel different to other friends? Why was he so interesting? Amid my worries, someone nudged me, and out of habit I looked down. And once I stopped thinking

(for a moment) about him, I threw myself back into the chatter around me. We talked about how much we loved footy and cricket and the boys and how hot girls were, am I right? And the laughter I forced out of myself, a refrain of my masculinity, was almost greater than his.

I don't like him, I thought, I've never liked boys before – I couldn't now, could I? No, no, that couldn't possibly be the case because I was your typical Aussie lad and I talked about cricket and footy and girls and I'd never liked boys before and I didn't want to be this because I just wanted to be normal and I wanted to like girls and this boy certainly was not a girl – did this mean I was one of them, one of those faggots?

I felt the fiery spite of that word as if someone had spat it in my face. I almost felt on the verge of tears, but I stopped myself. That was what sissies did, wasn't it. What those faggots did. Crying over another boy. I stared at the dead gum leaves on the ground, listening to the sounds of the boys around me. I'd always aspired to be as tough and masculine as my mates, but now they felt strange and grotesque and foreign, almost as foreign as my feelings for this boy.

While my head was down, he'd walked over to me from the other side of the clearing.

My breath grew short. He sat down on the log beside me, rubbing his hands together vigorously, his legs huddled close into him. I tried to spread myself out, to be a commanding presence, but because there were so many people on one log, I was pressed against him. I felt uncomfortable with how close we were and, at the same time, excited. For a while we chewed the fat, and even though I was glad I could momentarily push my feelings aside, I felt their presence soon after. Every emotion he showed I reciprocated. Whenever I told a joke at which he laughed I couldn't help feeling a soaring happiness; whenever he seemed sad, or whenever he wasn't smiling and laughing, I not only felt dejected but considered it my duty to make him happy again. Despite the tingle of the nerves I felt when he sat beside me, his presence was soothing. I was vulnerable with him, almost controlled by him, and though that was weak and feminine and what those fags did, I still wanted to sit with him and talk with him and laugh with him more. Something in him sung to me.

Some others started to talk to him. He was laughing with them, too, and it bothered me. I'm the one who makes him laugh, I thought. They motioned to him to follow them. He looked to me, then to them, and then back to me. He reached out his hand and placed it on the log right beside my leg. He moved closer to me. His eyes growing wider and fixing on mine, he apologised to me. His eyes were still on mine. I told him that it was okay, and even when he leant in further and raised his eyebrows sadly, searching for reassurance, I repeated that it was okay. He got up slowly and walked with the others, his eyes flicking back to me every so often. He rounded the bend and disappeared behind the gum trees, his giggle not to be heard. My body seemed to grow limp, to sag disappointment.

Though deflated, the feeling he'd spurred in me lingered. The nerves that had overcome me, the excitement with how close he'd been. Once again tears began to form in my eyes. And for a moment, I felt okay with who I was.

By Luke O'Brien,
Year 12, Scotch College
Hawthorn – Vic.
Teacher: Kathryn Lindquist



Come and Sit Next to Me

"COME and sit next to me for a little while, my lovelies, moi golubki", said grandma, as she gave both of us that deep affectionate look that always made us feel warm and cosy. As usual, she offered us a plate with freshly baked pirozhkis and a glass of icy cold kvass. She always made those for us, rain, or shine, and she always joked by saying that every time we come to eat her pirozhki adds one more day to her life. We loved our babushka for her kindness and wise sayings. We loved her for many other things too, but we absolutely adored her for her stories, which sounded so real that we honestly believed they were. This was one of them.

The Mueller Catacombs

When my brother and I were your age, she started, we didn't have computer games to play. We made our own toys from whatever we could find around the house or in our father's shed. We also spent a lot of time in the local park chasing butterflies and collecting beautiful leaves for our herbarium.

She closed her eyes, smiling, and continued.

Your great grandma once told us that our little local park in Subiaco was named after a very special person, Baron Sir Ferdinand Jakob Heinrich von Mueller, a German explorer and botanist who discovered and named thousands of plant species found in Australia at that time, including the Macadamia tree. He examined previously unknown Australian Alpine vegetation and established a National Herbarium in Victoria, which can be visited even today. Many animals, plants and places were named after Baron von Mueller all over Australia and New Zealand. Species named in his honour typically contained the root "muelleri" or "ferdi", such as Eucalyptus Muellieriana, nowadays known as the Yellow Stringybark, and Terminalia Ferdinandiana, also called the Billygoat Plum or the Kakadu Plum. The Mueller-mania gave us, kids, lots of great inspirations at that time and filled our days with tremendous joy and everlasting fun. We tried to collect as many samples of these "muelleri" species as we could and made quite a progress, you know!



Babushka poured herself a class of kvass and went to take something from the mantelpiece. She then made herself comfy in her favourite armchair with large yellow buttercups and lavender prints on the old-style upholstery. She treated that piece of furniture as a family member. We knew that because she had a funny habit of naming things that were special to her. The armchair was called "Rosalia Petrovna" or "Sleepy Rose". Babushka spent lots of time with Sleepy Rose reading or knitting. Sometimes she even called Rosalia Petrovna her personal beautician, which we guessed had something to do with her daily beauty sleeps that happened there.

One day a miracle happened, Babushka continued softly. On the last day of our summer holiday, my brother and I were chasing a strange-looking creature around the Mueller Park. It moved like a butterfly, but it wasn't one. It was beautiful! We've never seen any such thing before and were absolutely mesmerised by it. Suddenly, the ground under our feet gave way and we began falling down a large and slippery tunnel. At first it felt much like the rabbit hole, through which Alice fell into the Wonderland. Except in our case, we didn't land in a fairy-tale, we landed in another place, which looked dark and miserable.

A little while later, when our eyes adjusted to the dark, we saw a dim yellow light shimmering afar. After a short stroll we reached a strange looking entrance resembling a spaceship hatch. It suddenly slid open in front of us. We were absolutely terrified but could not resist the temptation to enter. As we walked in, we were greeted by a small group of people covered in white from head to toe. They all wore surgical masks, goggles, and plastic gloves. These people introduced themselves as the last human survivors on Planet Earth.

According to their story, Planet Earth became uninhabitable many years ago. All trees have died, all rivers have dried. There was no oxygen to breathe. All animals and humans have disappeared. The surface of the Earth was ruled by the little plastic men, called Legi. They built plastic cities and plastic cars. They made plastic trees and plastic food. The plastic they produced had suffocated our Planet and destroyed all forms of life.

Men in white then told us that if we don't want a future like that, said Babushka softly, we must alter something the "past", where my brother and I came from. We haven't had a chance to ask what we needed to do because next moment we saw a bright flash of light, and when our eyes had adjusted again, we found ourselves in the middle of the Mueller Park, holding this – our Babushka stretched her arm and gave us something that we felt was very special to her. This is what my brother and I were chasing when the crust beneath us gave way that day, she said. You can keep it, she continued, closing her eyes. She was slowly dozing into an afternoon nap.

We were about to tip-toe out of the room when, suddenly, she opened her eyes and whispered ever so gently, "We did what we could, my lovelies, moi golubki, and now it's your turn".

We stopped to have a better look at our present. On a palm of Mishka's hand sat the most extraordinary creature we've ever laid our eyes on. It was gentle and exquisite. No wonder Babushka kept it secretly for so many years. Everything was perfect about it, except for one thing – it was made of plastic.

By **Elizaveta Fedotova**
Year 7, Bob Hawke College
Subiaco, WA
Teacher: Ms Taylor



The First Outing



SCUFFY the dog had only been at his new house for a week, and although there were still lots more to explore in the house, he wanted to go out into the neighbourhood too. Ginger, the house cat who lived next door, whom he had made friends with, was unsure about this, in case he got lost. But, seeing that Scuffy really meant to go, she suggested that she go too, to show him around next week, because everyone would be too busy to notice.

A week later, Scuffy leapt eagerly to the front gate as soon as the children of the house had disappeared. Surprisingly, Ginger simply pounced over it.

“How do you do that?” asked Scuffy curiously.

“Practice”, replied Ginger as she unlocked the gate with her furry orange tail. “Now, quick!”

Cautiously, Scuffy stepped out. Cling! Ginger had shut the gate.

“Where are we going?” asked Scuffy.

“I’m going to take you to the park.” Ginger said. “There aren’t that many people there at this time of the day, and my friend Barker, who is a dog too, lives there, as a stray.”

“You must have a lot of friends”, Scuffy

remarked as he followed Ginger down the road.

“I refer to myself as a dog, so I do have a lot of dog friends”, Ginger replied, but without looking behind.

Scuffy looked around to see if there was anything interesting happening on the street. Right in front of him, a big jolly lady was wearing a maroon hat with a blue feather. Scuffy smiled, but Ginger backed away at once. She stepped into a pile of dead vines and hissed, “Duck to the side! Duck to the side!”

Scuffy had heard of an animal called a duck, and looked around to see one. Ginger was still whispering to him. Then suddenly she shrank back. The big lady had approached them. There was a greedy smile on her face.

She bent down to look at him and laughed shrilly. “A golden retriever, I see.” She stroked his fur. “You are obviously, or else you wouldn’t be so clean. Just good enough. Just good enough to sell.”

Suddenly, Scuffy understood the urgency in Ginger’s voice. This lady intended to sell him! She picked him up, cradled him in her arms and kept on walking.

Scuffy wasn’t pleased when he was put in a dirty cage in someone else’s house. He

was longing to be back at home, where everything would be all right. The lady had left the house a few minutes ago to go shopping. Scuffy had never felt so lonely and scared, not even at home.

“You didn’t expect me to abandon you, did you?” A familiar voice came from behind him.

“Ginger!” cried Scuffy as he turned around.

Ginger smiled. Flicking her tongue, she let the cage lock flick open with her tail.

“Thank you!” Scuffy burst out of the cage.

Ginger laughed and said, “That’s all right. I’ll open the window for you, and just follow me. I’ll do the rest.”

Scuffy threw himself out the window as Ginger pushed it open. She pulled it down and hopped onto the grassy area that Scuffy was standing on. Scuffy followed behind and leapt onto the pavement.

“Good”, Ginger gave him an approving look. “Now do you want to go back home, or meet my friend Barker at the park?”

“I’ve had enough excitement for one day, and I’m exhausted”, Scuffy said. “I’ll meet your friend Barker another day.”

And so, the dog followed the cat down the smooth pavement, back home.

By **Nethya Wijesekera**
Year 4, Gordon East Public School
Gordon – NSW



My Mother's Daughter

The children of immigrants don't get to be children.
We lose our innocence watching our parents' backs bend,
break.

I am an old soul because when I was young,
I watched my parents' spirits get slaughtered,
broken.

Childhood is a luxury my family cannot afford.
Their dignity is not spared,
my innocence is ignored.

Humiliated and traumatised daily,
I've become a nurse to their trauma.
Told too much,
know too much.

So, I am wise beyond my years.

They say,
"a wall built so thick and cold,
around your inner you,
that hides your feelings, keeps your soul,
so sadly, out of view".

I exist somewhere between
amicably mysterious and irrevocably dorky.
Led by a script or a view of life.

Seen through blue-eyed, pale skinned figures—
greeted in hallways, but never invited to their beer-drenched parties.
Never experiencing the highs and lows of high school,
but most definitely not the 'highs', the smoke hazed plumes of highs.

I will never play Spin the Bottle.
I will never play Seven Minutes in Heaven.
My mother tells me she is protecting me from boys,
but the hidden truth is,
after I do my homework,
I'm brought back to another reality.
My parent's alternative world, so different from mine.
Sat in front of a document brought from the adult world,
she wants me to type up another family friend's
résumé or resignation letter.

At home I am a bridge,
a cultural interpreter,
a spokesperson,
a trusted ally,
an Australian who is Vietnamese too,
but too foreign for the Australians,
and too Australian for my own.
I do not have generational wealth,
but rather generational trauma.
Truly two worlds apart—
hard to come to a middle ground.

What do you do when a home crumbles,
but the house still stands?

A home is a heartbeat.

A pair of hands.

But not in this one.

So, Mother, how truly alive can I be
when I'm living with ghosts that are called family.

I am labelled a child of grief.
And I know I am strong enough
to do this life alone if I have to
because—

I'm my Mother's child.

I was born with the world on my shoulders where
love was driven by hate
and a hate also driven by love.

So, Mother, don't be afraid that I'm growing up now
because I'm more grown than you think.
I'm my Mother's daughter.

By **Megan Doan**

Year 11, St Dominic's Priory College
North Adelaide – SA
Teacher: Sara Nigro

Best Poetry
from a
Secondary School
Sedgman
Literary Award

HER PRISONED LIBERATION

A symbolic narrative with two different perspectives – inspired by a pen

Her Prisoned Liberation

"IT'S PERFECT!", she gasps as she tears the gift wrap off from around the packaged pen in her little hand. Anna's eyes swell with joy, seeing a lifetime of stories within the small pink instrument she holds ever so tightly within her protective grasp. "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" she showers her beaming parents with hugs and kisses, utterly grateful for their interest in her passion to become a writer.

Hope radiates from within the pen as it promises to fulfil her unconventional endeavours. A tear rolls down Anna's right cheek as she begins to recognise the meaning behind the diamond which is propped on top of the pen. It is rare yet strong, and so are writers like herself. She quickly glances over the back of the package, the words: 'MADE IN CHINA' written beside the barcode. She gives the label no further thought; everything is made in China, it is the cornerstone of merchandise after all.

This pen is an emblem of novel beginnings; Anna commits to never let it leave her hand. As she frees the pen from within the confined plastic packaging, invincibility traces her mind; like she has been freed from the burden of pursuing an alternate career path which does not align with her interests. Sounds from the television interrupt her thoughts, a spokesperson from the Chinese Communist Party is being interviewed by an Australian news agency. "As I've said before, we are not harming our Uyghur people, we are simply helping them become better citizens of China." He speaks. "Then how do you explain this evidence?" The interviewer challenges, as pictures of torture cover the screen. Shivers travel down Anna's spine as her attention falls on a woman being separated from her twin children, two boys crying out of fear. Her face fills with anger as she attempts to break free from the chains holding her back with her frail arms, painted in blood. Anna quickly grabs the remote and turns off the television, unable to witness such torment.

Anna's eyes fall back on the pen in her lap. As the warm Australian sunlight reaches the pen's diamond, a prism of rainbows

escapes from its interior. She smiles down at the most beautiful birthday present she has ever received, completely unaware that she found hostage in another person's prisoned conflict.

The moment they engulfed my frail figure within their lethal embrace; I knew my fate was poisoned.

"It's not your fault." I murmur to myself, "It's... not... your... fault... It's... not...", the silent whispers leave my trembling lips, entering a world tainted with cries and conflicts... death and dismay. It has been a while since my skin glistened under the blazing sun and I smiled freely, strolling through life on my own accord, in full control of the path I led. It once felt like the ink which writes out my destiny would never run out; it was limitless and I was free. I could manoeuvre the pen in every direction, writing down my experiences and sketching out my dreams. Now it feels as though the ink has run out, ending my life with a full stop. Am I living or is this mere survival?

My natural identity as a Uyghur Chinese is a threat, so they forcefully burnt the



**Geoff
& Helen
Handbury
Literary
Award**

humanity from within me and turned me into a living corpse. Day and night, I laid in a prison cell, draped amongst sixty-two other women. Last week they sterilised me, an effort to repress my kind. The week before they left me wailing on a tiger chair, weighed down by rusted steel chains as they snatched my twin sons from within my embrace. This week I am a slave for the global merchandising industry.

The chain scrapes over bruises that are yet to heal, tying me down to a chair and inhibiting any chance of escape. Six thousand Uyghurs sit beside me in this caged warehouse, skilfully crafting goods that the world will soon cherish. I cautiously polish the diamond, propping it on top of the thin pen; a light rosy pink with gold detailing. I twist the pen to make sure that it is in working shape. This twist... mirrors the frightful twist I felt in my stomach when a guard ripped my hijab off my head last week. Little did he understand, his act also stole the beliefs I held since birth, my identity, my safe haven. Gruesome flashbacks of my cries from within the confined prison cell invade my mind as I slide the pen into its translucent packaging and restrict it in place with a cardboard lining, similar to how the heavy metal chains restricted my frail body in

place. For the rest of the world, Uyghur concentration camps do not exist... we are translucent. The Chinese government reject any rumours regarding our struggles and remove our existence from the world map like a dead fly scooped out of a teacup. I notice the scratches that already cover the newly packaged pen... then I look beneath the table to the fierce red scratches which blanketed my skin and let out a hysterical chuckle, refusing to process my tormenting reality.

I pity these pens; they are weak, carrying a weight much greater than their capacity with dainty gold arms. Diamonds. I've come to despise them. I recall university, where I learnt that corporate greed made diamonds a rare luxury. In the same way, the Chinese government's greed to maintain xenophobia against the Uyghur minority caused the extinction of my people. We were now rare.

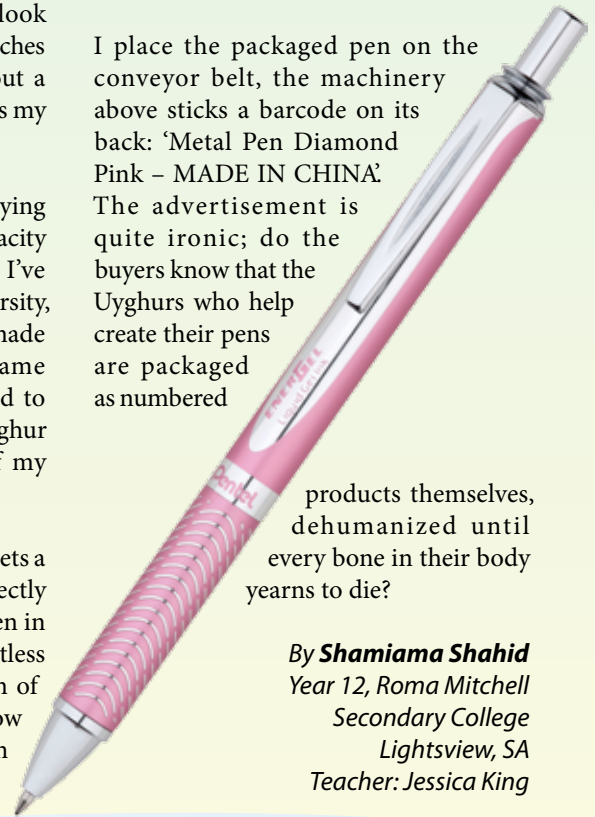
An inviting crack in the brick ceiling lets a trickle of sunlight shine through, directly onto the diamond of the packaged pen in my hand. The light refracts in countless different directions; forming a prism of rainbows. It reminds me of the glow which once radiated from within me, when I was a fortunate mother

of two young boys, happily married and filled with ambition. Now, smiling is a foreign affair. Thoughts of my children added colour to the grey-scale life I live now, they are my rainbow; the rainbow which is now forever confined within this irritating diamond.

I place the packaged pen on the conveyor belt, the machinery above sticks a barcode on its back: 'Metal Pen Diamond Pink – MADE IN CHINA'. The advertisement is quite ironic; do the buyers know that the Uyghurs who help create their pens are packaged as numbered

products themselves, dehumanized until every bone in their body yearns to die?

By **Shamiama Shahid**
Year 12, Roma Mitchell
Secondary College
Lightsview, SA
Teacher: Jessica King



Growing Older

As I opened my eyes,
I see my first glimpse of light.
I feel warmth,
I feel safe and loved.
As I open my eyes,
My mother holds me with affection and love.
My father looks at me,
Crying tears of joy.

I'm running across my backyard,
Playing tag with my parents.
I'm happy and loved.
My body is small,
like the height of a table.
I'm growing everyday,
with my parents helping me,
and supporting me.

My hand is writing,
on a piece of paper.
I'm much older now,
I feel responsible like an adult.
I'm almost there,
I'm almost an adult.
As I keep growing,
My parents are growing older with me.



I've grown much older now.
I close my eyes thinking about,
the great memories I've had.
I feel my soul,
drifting away from my body.
My heartbeat gets slower and slower.
Is this the end?
Has my time growing older ended?

I feel my body getting lifted up!
I see a tunnel and go down it.
I see light at the end of the tunnel,
I go walking through the light.
I see my parents.
My parents come up to me,
I hug them tightly.
Growing older...

By **Emily Kozaric**
Year 5, Trinity Catholic Primary
NARRE WARREN SOUTH – VIC.
Teacher: Rima Darwish

Caught

I turn to Mum and half listen, half not, as she tells me where she's going,
I watch the door close,
Finally, it closes.
I wait ten seconds and then close the lid of my laptop,
which I am supposed to be doing homework on, I jump onto the couch and turn the TV on.
Lightning fast I press the numbers to my favourite channel,
though to my disappointment there are only those super boring education shows on.
Defeated.
My eyes drift towards the kitchen. I go into the kitchen and stand on the table,
making sure that I am high enough to reach the cabinet, where my parents keep all the good food in.
By good food I mean the chocolate, lollies, all of the above.
I open the door and ruffle through the cabinet,
pushing protein bars and bags of healthy chips out of the way, which my parents put there as decoys.
I push my way to the very back of the cabinet.
A smile tugs at the corner of my mouth as I spy the lollies, bags upon bags of low nutrition wonders.
I am examining my options when I spot an already open bag of lolly snakes.
I'm about to dig in when I notice there are only six left.
I decide it's too risky and put the snakes back,
Then I see a bag of fruit chews.
These are Mums favourite and I automatically know they are hers.
I stick my hand in the bag and pull out a massive handful.
I run back into the living room,
do a forward roll and land in the middle of the couch.
I turn on the TV and watch while I eat the delicious chews.
Victorious.
When I'm finished, I run upstairs, to my sister's room.
I stuff the evidence under her bed, making sure to spread it out,
as if she had been doing it over a period of time.
Then I run downstairs and back to my laptop,
I turn it on and open up youtube.
Which my parents never let my watch,
I browse through the options to see what to watch.
I am about to choose something,
When I hear the ominous click of the door.
Mum is home.
I swiftly turn off youtube and go back to my homework,
and plug in my headphones.
Pretending to watch one of those educational videos, teachers set so that she won't disturb me.
I act like I can't see her as she walks past me towards the kitchen.
And that's when I remember... I forgot to close the cabinet door.



**Geoff
& Helen
Handbury
Achievement
Award**

By **Chanel Charles**
Year 6, Beaumont Road Public
West Killara, NSW
Teacher: Mr. Gadsden

GLEAMING down on me, the sun roasted my skin like a marshmallow on a campfire and my feet charred in the scorching, red dirt around me that enveloped all land as far as the eye could see. The lofty, metal clothesline cast many reedy lines over the ground and the bronzed skin of my two siblings who sat in front of me. I watched as two drops of sweat travelled down my arm, it reminded me of the race that I had just won against my babana and djurumin. The neighbourhood was strangely quieter today than usual but it didn't seem to bother us.

Regaining our energy, we sat outside swigging small glasses of tepid badu, preparing ourselves for another game. We were to play hide and seek next.

Placing our glasses down on the table, we paused to decide who would be 'it' in our first game. As we came to a decision, the fun was put on hold when our Wiyanga rushed out of the house and demanded that we come inside immediately, her usually joyful voice now sounded tense and uneasy. Almost immediately, we stood up and began the gloomy walk to the front door when thunderous noises came from behind me and all of the dirt where we had sat was suddenly lifted up from the ground in an immense garaguru of red smoke. From this dust arose a copious number of figures.

These figures were hefty, square-shaped containers that after further observation seemed to be carrying people, but not just any people. They were Gubba. Forcing us into the bathroom, my Wiyanga locked the door behind us. Did she want to play hide and seek too? She could have just asked. Waiting around for a while, my siblings and I became curious of the events occurring beyond the thick wooden door that blocked our view. Placing our heads against the door in an attempt to hear any sort of sound that could give us a clue as to what was going on, we heard our Wiyanga scream. There were many continuous bangs and yells until all of a sudden, there was silence.

Gubba

This silence brought us both hope and worry. We hoped our Wiyanga was ok, but what if she wasn't? Attempting to see the brighter side of things, we were ready to leave the bathroom, past the locked door, assuming our Wiyanga awaited us on the other side. Just as we had hoped, the door's lock began to open. Exhilaration engulfed my body, filling it with warmth like a hot chocolate on a cold day. But I was wrong. A tall figure emerged, his eyes were the gross green of a swamp and his hair was brown like tree bark. But there was one feature about him that throughout my life, I had learned to dislike. He was gubba. Followed by many other maiyal who looked almost identical to him, he leant down in front of us and reached for my arm. Lifting me into the air, he carried me out of the bathroom. Whilst trying to break free, I saw each of my siblings being carried away too, screaming and punching in their attempt to break free.

Leaving the house, I was horrified, pinned down on the porch by three more gubbas, was my Wiyanga. I wanted to break free of this maiyal's grasp, I needed to help my dyinuragang, but this thoorgala was too strong. Wrapping one hand round my legs, the other my arms and torso, he had complete control over me. He carried me to one of the strange vehicles. It was

short and box-like with a shiny black coating, the top was covered in windows and underneath were four round dish-like objects that seemed to hold it above the ground. Ramming me into the room on wheels, he locked me in and it started to move, the house slowly left my view, so did my mudjin.

Arriving at an outlandish house, nothing like the one I was accustomed to, the thoorgalas yelled a strange gibberish that I couldn't understand. Pulling my hand, they dragged me inside where a petite, plump dyin stood at the door waiting. Feeling trapped, all I wished for was to go home. To return to my Wiyanga. But this was expected to be my home now, with the gubba, never to see my mudjin again.

Translation:

- Gubba means white man
- Maiyal means stranger
- Babana means brother
- Djurumin means sister
- Wiyanga means mother
- Dyin means woman
- Dyinuragang means old woman
- Badu means water
- Garaguru means cloud
- Thoorgala means man
- Mudjin means family

By **Kaylee Jesnoewski**
Year 9, Kinross College
Quinns Rocks, WA
Teacher: Juliana Forbes



2021



The Young Australian Art Awards

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

With the help of our web site administrator, Linda Purcell (from

The Media Warehouse) and our Selection Committee, we had many fine works of art entered into this year's awards. The program has now been running for many years, and over this time the response has been extremely positive. We are looking forward to the future of this worthwhile initiative.

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

About our Judges: Painting, Drawing, Computer Design



Marjory Gardner

Marjory Gardner was born in Malaysia, and moved with her family to Australia at the age of eleven. Her favourite subject was Art. It still is.

After studying Graphic Design at RMIT, Marjory worked in various design studios before going it alone as a freelance children's book illustrator. She has illustrated a wide range of trade and educational books and magazines, published in Australia and internationally. Her work is recognised for its humour, rainbow colours and appealing characters.

Marjory loves to visit libraries and schools to present workshops, always encouraging students to extend their creativity and develop their own style. She has travelled all around Australia, from Darwin to Hobart and many places in between, promoting The Young Australian Art Awards.

Marjory's website: www.marjorygardner.com



Elise Hurst

Elise Hurst started out as a traditional artist, painting and drawing from an early age and selling her first works while still at school.

Coming from an artistic family, she always expected to have a side career in art but didn't imagine it would become her profession – being drawn more to writing, history and archaeology. Then in her final year of an Arts degree (studying Old Norse, British Mythology and Archaeology), she was spied doodling in class and offered her first illustration jobs.

That year she handed in a thesis on Palaeolithic Art and the illustrations for two books focusing on, by happy coincidence, Vikings and King Arthur. She decided to give illustration a go for a couple of years and see what happened.

Since 1996 she has illustrated over fifty books, using her fine art background to change styles and techniques throughout her work. She does a range of work from illustrated novels and covers, to picture books and chapter books, some of which she has written.

Her best known book, 'The Night Garden' was short-listed for 2008 CBCA Book of the Year award (Early Childhood). She works from her studio at home in Melbourne, and regularly visits schools to talk about illustration and draw very odd pictures, as instructed by the kids.

Elise's website: www.elisehurst.com

Elise's blog: www.elisehurst.com/journal



Marc McBride

Marc McBride was educated in Northern Ireland at Bangor Grammar School. Graduating in 1990, he moved to Western Australia to study design at Curtin University. His final year project was the design and manufacture of the Dracula's Castle at Adventure World in Perth. As a set designer for television commercials and short films, Marc was the winner of the 1995 WA Film and Video Festival for Best Art Direction.

In between his design work, he painted murals for various restaurants across Asia including Dome Cafés. He also began illustrating for magazines and stamps around the world. This association soon led him to book illustration where he has illustrated over 150 book covers and eight picture books.

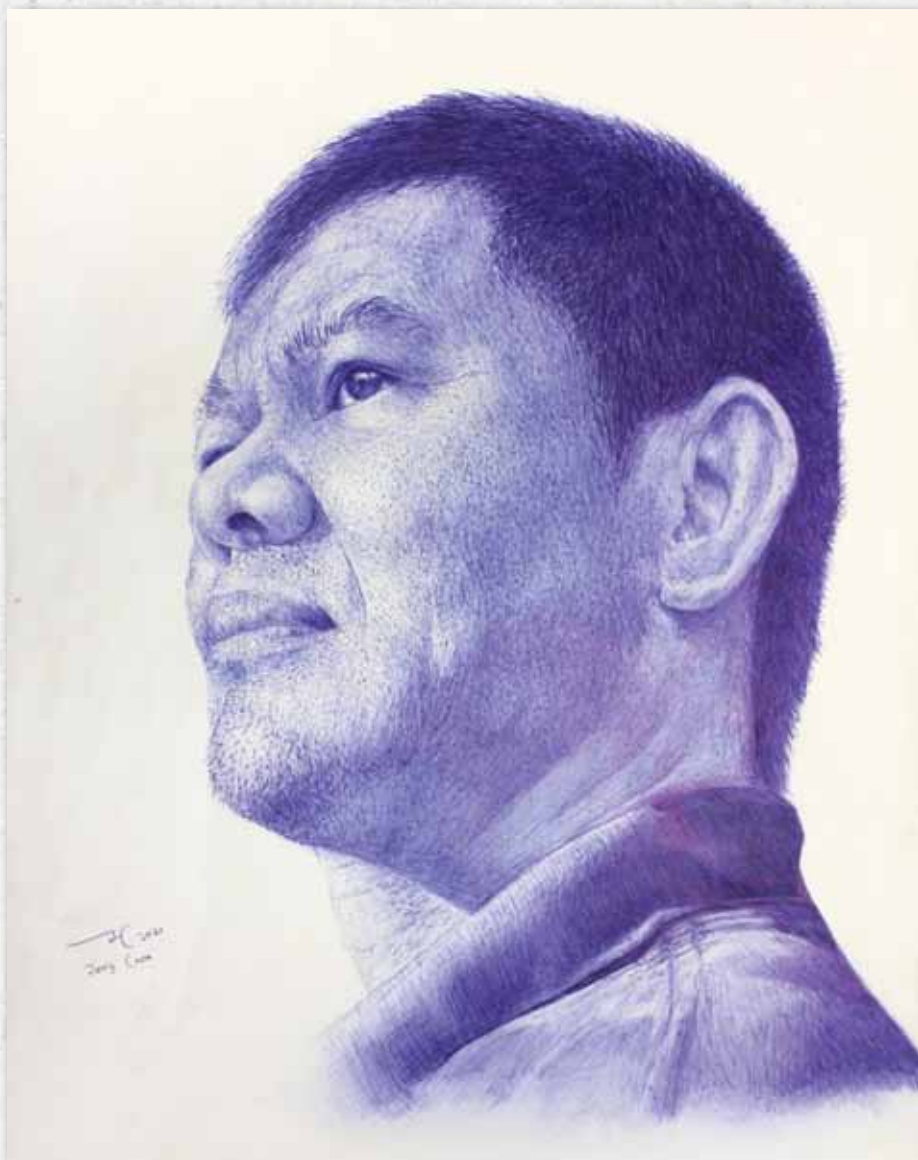
Marc has had work exhibited with the New York Society of Illustrators and won the 'Aurealis Award for Excellence' for the *Deltora Quest* series and for *World of Monsters*. His book *Secrets of Deltora* is an illustrated travel guide through the world of Deltora.

His picture books include *The Kraken*, *Old Ridley*, *The Deltora Book of Monsters*, *Journey from the Centre of the Earth*, *Tales of Deltora* and *World of Monsters*.

Marc's love of fantasy began when he was a young boy watching Star Wars for the first time. His heroes growing up were animators like Ray Harryhausen who worked on movies such as Jason and the Argonauts and when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, Marc would reply "King Kong"! His influences for his work range from tacky B-grade movies about giant ants from outer space through to the pop artists of the sixties such as Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein and other illustrators such as H R Giger, who created the Alien and the set design for the movie *Alien*.

The Dame Elisabeth Murdoch Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year

2021



Awarded to

Jerry Chen

Delany College, NSW

'My Father'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Senior (Joint Winner)

Commonwealth Bank



Awarded to

Allie Bourke

Bunbury Senior High School, WA

'River Child'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Senior (Joint Winner)



Commonwealth Bank

Awarded to

Lauren Luchs

Queensland Academy for Health Sciences, Qld.

'Michael Luchs'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Middle (Joint Winner)



Commonwealth Bank

Awarded to

Wenya Gao

Ruyton Girls School, Vic.

'My Violin Teacher'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Middle (Joint Winner)

Commonwealth Bank



Awarded to

Kobe Wu

Rosalie Primary School, WA

'Good Luck, Grandma'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Fosterville Gold Mine Art Award

Painting – Junior (Joint Winner)



KIRKLAND LAKE GOLD

Awarded to

Rita Ye

Redeemer Baptist School, NSW

'In the Field of Hope'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Fosterville Gold Mine Art Award

Painting – Junior (Joint Winner)



KIRKLAND LAKE GOLD

Awarded to

Lucas Dang

St Stephens Algester, Qld.

'My Grandpa'





2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Bic Australia Art Award

Drawing – Senior (Joint Winner)



Awarded to

Laura Zhang

Ravenswood School for Girls, NSW

'Peace of Mind'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Bic Australia Art Award

Drawing – Senior (Joint Winner)



Awarded to

Tiarn Garland

Ravenswood School for Girls, NSW

'Emerge'





2021 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**
Drawing – Middle



Awarded to

Iris Hon

PLC Croydon, NSW

'My Great-Grandma'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**
Drawing – Junior



Awarded to

Jin Zhao

Tara Anglican School for Girls, NSW

'Lotus Pond'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell Art Award

Computer Art – Middle

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Meera Nirmalendran

Abbotsleigh, NSW

'Hooded Gaze'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell Art Award

Computer Art – Senior

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Shimone Yan

St George Girls High School, NSW

'Post Metropolis'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell Art Award

Computer Art – Junior

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Olivia Shimada

Anzac Park Public School, NSW

'Breaking the Earth'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Senior



Awarded to

Georgia Farlow

Whitsunday Anglican School, Qld.

'Great Uncle Peter'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Middle (Joint Winner)



Awarded to

Auri Mahar

Bunbury Senior, WA

'Icy River'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Middle (Joint Winner)



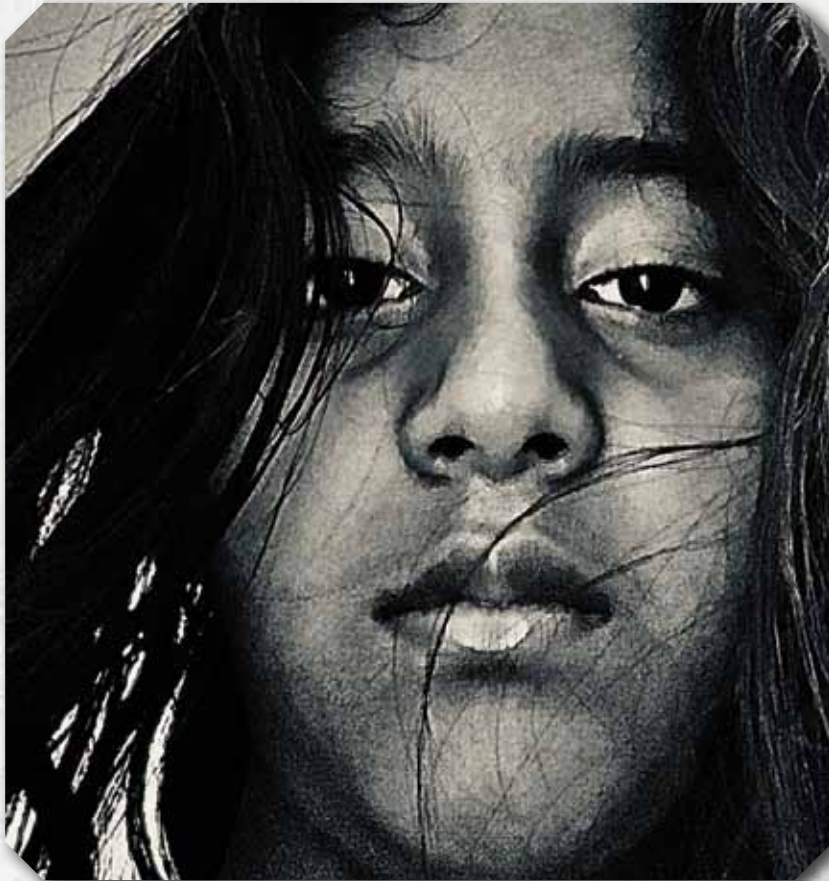
Awarded to

Chloe van der Hoeven

Pedare Christian College, SA

'Staring Into My Soul'





2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Junior



Awarded to

Anahita Singh

Our Lady of the Rosary, Qld.

'Poverty'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Judge's Choice Award

Elise Hurst Art Award

Awarded to

Emma Y Wang

Roseville College, NSW

'The Little Ladybug'





2021 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award

Marc McBride **Art Award**

Awarded to

Tillie Moyle

Moreton Bay College, Qld.

'The Happy Farmer'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award

Marjory Gardner **Art Award**

Awarded to

Dylan Lu

Serpell Primary School, Vic.

***'What You Throw Into
the Ocean Will End Up
In Your Stomach'***



The C.D. Dodd Indigenous Art Award
Young Indigenous Artist of the Year

2021



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

**C.D. Dodd
Indigenous
Art Award**



Awarded to

Emily Milne

Cairnlea Park
Primary School, Vic.

'Guragalung'

— Indigenous Art Awards —



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Sandfire Resources
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Milla Causovski

Gilson College, Vic.

'A Slithering Snake'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Fortescue Metals
Indigenous Art Award



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore

Awarded to

Dyneeka Jones

Southern River College, WA

'Nature Connection'





2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Sedgman
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Jinkatha Flanagan
Southern River College, WA
'Wild Life'



Although I am an Aboriginal student, I did not want to do my painting in the traditional style of my community. I chose to get inspiration from lightning in the sky because it makes the atmosphere and environment look mystic and scary. At the same time it shows how powerful nature is. My community has a lot of respect towards nature.

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Balnaves Foundation
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Kyle Prieto
Southern River College, WA
'The Storm'

— *Regional Indigenous Art Awards* —



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

**Whitehaven Coal
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Jacinta Annandale
'The Land of the Emus'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

**Pantoro Ltd
Indigenous Art Award**



PANTORO

Awarded to

Mitchell Rodney
'All Together'





2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Capricorn Metals
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Sonya Clarke
'Food and Journey'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Metro Mining
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Chloe Rodney
'The Rainbow Snake'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Bardoc Gold
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Vihara Lathpandura
'Baby in the Womb'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Ausmex Group
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Matilda Annandale
*'Encounter of the Snakes,
Kangaroo and the Emu'*



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

**Central Petroleum
Indigenous Art Award**

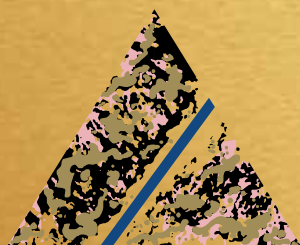


Awarded to

Mykah Barlett
'Meeting Place'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

**Saracen Metals
Indigenous
Art Award**

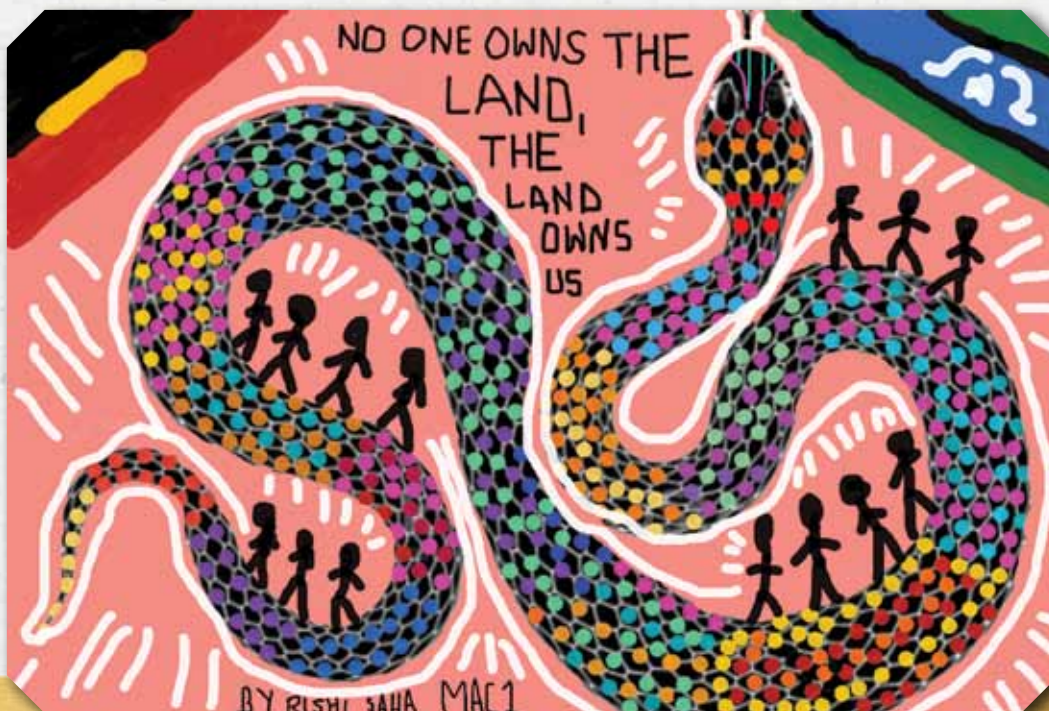


Saracen

Awarded to

Amelia Murphy-Taylor
'My Favourite Animal'





2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Calidus Resources
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Rishi Saha
'The Land Owns Us'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Oz Minerals Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Anahita Singh
'Kangaroo Island'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards



Rex Minerals Ltd
Indigenous
Art Award

Awarded to

Zechariah Ford
'The Land'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Impact Minerals
Indigenous Art Award

impact.
MINERALS

Awarded to

Michael Raines
'Cultural Meeting'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Gascoyne Resources
Indigenous Art Award

GASCOYNE 
RESOURCES LIMITED

Awarded to

Kobi Philbin
'Rayuko Maru'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Kin Mining Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Kobi Philbin
'The Rains'

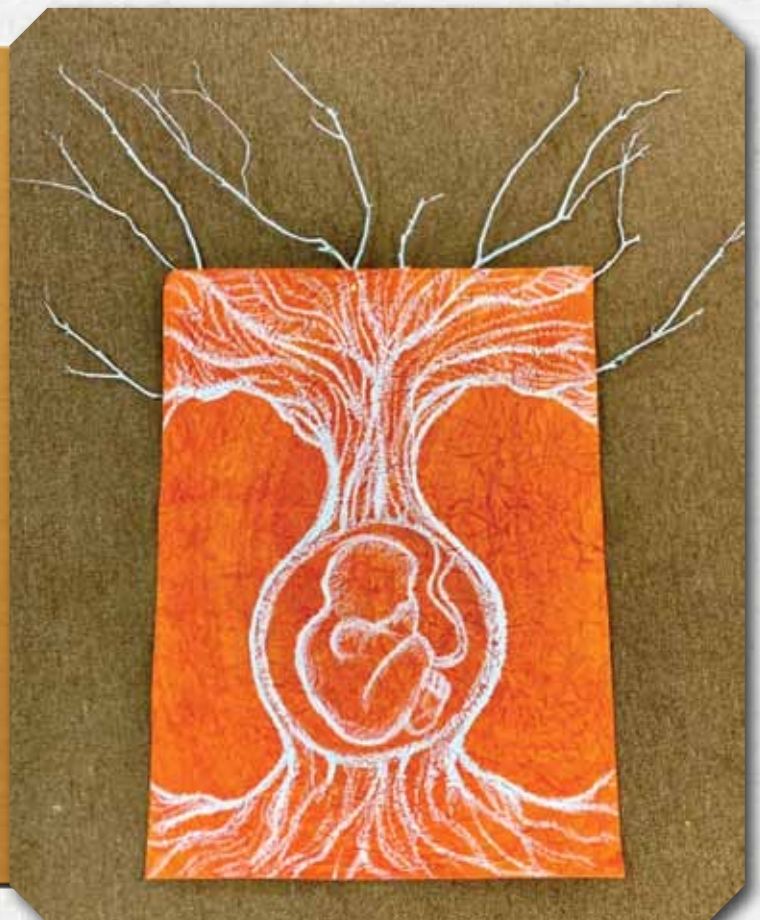
2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Element 25 Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Phoenix Lorbach
'Born of Country'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Auking Mining Ltd Indigenous Art Award

AUKING

Awarded to

Hilton Rodney
'Emu Track'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

BCI Minerals Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Jacinta Annandale
'Spirit of the Kangaroo'



About our Indigenous Art Patron



John McGuire

The Board of the Children's Charity Network welcomes Mr John McGuire as a Patron of the Arts for its Young Indigenous Art Awards program.

John's lifetime has been one of accomplishment, including the captaincy of the Centenary Cricket tour of England in 1988 to celebrate the anniversary of the first Australian Cricket tour of the UK in 1882. That was an all Aborigine team, as was the 1988 tour. He also excelled as a premiership league footballer.

He is iconic not just in the sporting world, but also as an advocate for young Indigenous development in every sphere; academic, creative and personal endeavour, and is an ideal role model for the thousands of Indigenous children our program will reach in remote and outback environments throughout the year.



GET CREATIVE WITH CANDY NG!

Introducing Candy Ng, a Melbourne based artist who uses creativity to explore her thoughts and emotions.

Scan the QR code to download Candy's activity and free your creative spark!

**SMILING MIND.
CREATES**



Pause. Imagine. Create. – Explore mindfulness through creativity!

Mindfulness is a whole lot more than meditation! To celebrate the launch of the BIC® Intensity Range, Smiling Mind has collaborated with BIC® and a series of Aussie artists to help you discover how to support your mind through creativity and take a moment to pause, imagine and create.

Scan the QR Code for videos, activities and more!



Share your creations with us!

#FreeYourCreativeSpark #SmilingMindCreates



@bicintensityanz



@bicintensityanz



BIC Intensity Australia & New Zealand