

# OZ KIDS IN PRINT

**Issue 1, 2022**

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

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Tiarn Garland  
BIC Australia Art Award  
(Joint Winner)

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improve literacy  
in schools!*

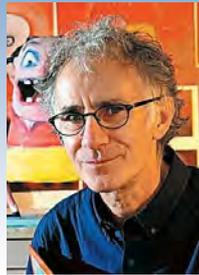
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Take a look at Creative Net. We have authors and illustrators who you won't find on other speakers' agency sites. Better still, Creative Net is the only speakers' agency in Australia that doesn't charge a booking fee. Our services to you are completely free.

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Ask us about our national PD seminars for TLs/educators, too. (We organised the four highly successful *Keeping Books Alive* seminars in Victoria and NSW.)

We can be contacted by phone on (03) 9416 4062 or email [terrie@creativenetspeakers.com](mailto:terrie@creativenetspeakers.com).

**Terrie Saunders**  
*Creative Net*

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# OZ KIDS IN PRINT

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**'Emerge'**  
Front cover image by  
**Tiarn Garland**  
2021 BIC Australia Art Award  
(Joint Winner)

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## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

It has been a crazy start to the year for us all. Students are back to a new normal. 2022 saw fires in the East of Australia. 2022 has seen floods in Queensland and New South Wales. We are thinking of all those who have lost their homes and/or possessions from it all. It has been another disastrous start to the year. Covid is still here with us.

Entries are streaming in fast now. The website has been redesigned, so please be sure to get all the details filled in.

- Carol

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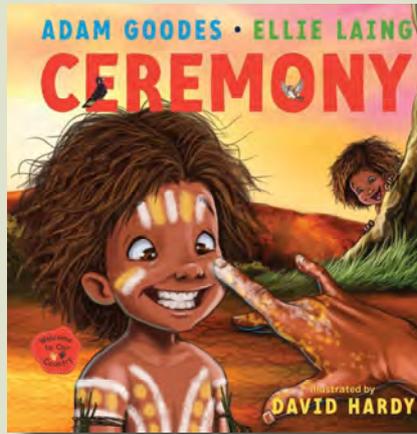


**KEEP ON WRITING  
(TYPING)!**

*Carol Dick*  
Managing Editor

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

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From footy legend Adam Goodes comes the eagerly awaited sequel to the 2021 breakout hit picture book *Somebody's Land*. Tag along with a tribe of Adnyamathanha people as they prepare for Ceremony. There will be food! There will be music! And most special of all, Ceremony will envelope you in the warmth of a community upholding an age-old tradition.

An essential for all young Australian readers, this is a rare opportunity to learn about one of the world's oldest continuous cultures. The gorgeous graphics by David Hardy seamlessly immerse you into the Australian outback rich with its unique flora and fauna. Ceremony also weaves words from the Adnyamathanha people's language throughout the story and includes a helpful visual index plus a QR code to a reading by Adam and co-author Ellie Laing.

Recommended age: 4 to 8 years

Review by Emmelyn Vincent



Vale Frank Jones



It is with great sadness that we lost our wonderful friend who was also our Layout/Pre-press magician.

Frank Jones transformed the magazine for over 20 years. He took it from two colour clipart to a full colour well designed Publication. One thing, I didn't know, Frank was a teacher, prior to starting his own business. It certainly showed in his attention to every detail and making sure the grammar was correct.

We will be striving to keep the standard he set.

# THE DAM

The sky was brewing with fury like a volcano about to erupt, darkness spread over the mid-day sky. The air was thick and damp like muggy soup, the wind whistled softly teasing the leaves and branches, which gave a subtle warning.

Everything stopped. The people of the suburbs sensed something catastrophic. A small young girl hopped past a broken manhole to oblivious to notice the deserted streets and freeways of this usually happy and joyful metropolis.

The child continued, jumping over cracks in the sidewalk, without any shoes. The sky ripped open, smothering the silence in the roads. The girl looked around like a toucan, hearing a huge rumble, but nevertheless, continued to waltz along the broken side walk.

Then the sky exploded. It shot out from the sky like a horrifying spear and flew back up again, in the blink of an eye. Along with a massive but quick down pour of heavy and big hail, a giant scary breath of thunder shook the suburbs to it's centre, forcing the desperate souls left behind running for their miserable lives.

Without time to think, multiple streaks of lightning ripped through the clouds and continued shaking the city, only a few metres from the young girl. The girl was left breathless after finally looking around. She saw the horror. She shook in fear and began quickly running back to the safety of her relaxed house... Was it too late?

In the distance, a tiny bolt of lightning, had struck the front of a dam, which spawned a

small crack on it. Water was rushing out of it. The emergencies team, hanging of the side of the dam, were hastily trying to

By plug the hole, but not fast enough. The hole expanded 10 times the size, and was spiting out water as fast as it possibly could, engulfing the emergencies team

The gigantic wave of water was quickly sprinting through the city, eating any houses that got in its way. Small building and houses were shredded and destroyed, the horizon was pure water and zero buildings. The girl had wandered a long way from her house, playing on the sidewalk. Was he going to die?

Was this how she went out? Would she escape? The rain and hail had gotten heavier, and was gaining on the girl, Mother Nature was threatening her life. The heavens were destroying her clothes. Rubble was flying at her, kissing her baby smooth.

In an instance, the girl came up with an insane idea and began to run as fast as she could back to the broken manhole. Her fat sausage like fingers worked until they almost broke to lift the cover 100-kilogram cover, destroying anything that stopped her survival. In she went, deeper and deeper down a luckily placed ladder stuck to the wall, until finally she was under the surface.

The child hastily pulled the manhole shut. A tiny bit of light ebbed through the cover, and a few drops of water fell down from the side of the wall, it was a few seconds before you heard the drops hit the puddle that had accumulated at the bottom of the ladder, this suggests that the bottom of the ladder is at least 15 metres down.

Instinct told this girl that this way the only way to escape this fabricated reality. Above ground, the flash flood washed over, harmless to the girl, who was glad to be alive and underground safe in this tiny wet, disgusting and sad sewer. Hours passed, but they felt like years, eventually Mother Nature released her iron fist on the poor town, sending the flash-flood out to the ocean. The houses and small towers were destroyed and washed, power lines were shooting out electricity and smoke.

The town that once amazed many with its jaw dropping beauty had now turned to a destroyed dump. The scarred town dotted the horizon as far as the eye could see. Safe under the manhole cover, the girl wriggled then slowly emerged up to the surface with a few stains of water on her shirt. Looking confused, the girl felt a drop of water land on her head. She looked up, not a cloud in the sky.

After a few more drops of water she finally awoke to her dog's saliva dripping on her face.

"We have to go to the council and get them to fix this crappy broken manhole outside," shouted her mum happily from down the stairs.

"No don't!" The girl yelled back, genuinely concerned, while quickly sprinting down her stairs. The end

**By Lucas Gronberg**  
Category: Middle  
Greenslopes State School  
Greenslopes, NSW  
Teacher: Mr McCallum



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&  
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Pictured: Marjory Gardner, Meredith Costain, Phil Kettle, Marc McBride, Paul Collins and George Ivanoff.

# CLANCY OF THE OUTBACK

By Phil Kettle & Bob Andersen  
Illustrated by Shane McGowan

Dec. 2021 New Releases

Welcome to the Clancy of the Outback series.

Eleven-year old Clancy, has been thrust into life out woop-woop. These are his stories of his outback adventures at his uncle's sheep station, Overflow Station.

Best Suited 7-10 years

## Chookshed Blues

Dad decides to build a chook house with encouragement from Mum. Big Bill's ute is used to bring in the wood and corrugated iron and wire netting for the chookhouse. Dad and Clancy build it and ensure that the run is protected from foxes. Dad's chook house is a bit shakey. Dad and Clancy buy the chickens at the Farmers' Market. The trouble starts when a large fox gets into the chook yard and Clancy and Mum notice that the chooks are very big and growing very fast. Eventually Big Bill works out what's wrong but the annual school Christmas fete is a great success.

ISBN : 9781925308570

## City Slicker

In this book, we are introduced Brutus and Butters Clancy and Little Bill's dogs. Clancy has a lot to learn, and Little Bill makes sure he begins to understand the rules of country living. She takes Clancy for a tour of the property in the old ute and when they are a distance away from the homestead, she lets Clancy take control of the vehicle. The result is disastrous when Clancy mistakes the accelerator for the brake. The ute is undriveable and so they must walk back to the homestead. Clancy is exhausted and goes to bed straight after dinner. He has a nightmare about being a racing car driver.

ISBN: 9781925308372

## Roadkill Rescue

In this book, the school bus runs over a mother kangaroo outside the gate to Overflow Station and Clancy and Little Bill find a joey in the pouch. Eventually the whole family become involved in looking after the joey. The story becomes more complicated when Big Bill announces a kangaroo cull. Clancy and Little Bill decide to mount a campaign to save the local wildlife which coincides with Little Bill declaring herself vegan. Nevertheless, the campaign goes on and is a huge success.

ISBN : 9781925308594

## Shearing Time

In this book, Big Bill decides to bring the shearing forward and Mum and Little Bill and Clancy clean the shearers' quarters. Big Bill is keen to see if Mum will do the cooking for the gang but in the end a cook arrives with the shearers. Little Bill shows Clancy how to throw a fleece and then the rain arrives which means that the whole shearing process must stop. The cook has had enough. When shearing resumes some weeks later Mum does the cooking and it's a great success.

ISBN : 9781925308556



# Welcome our new Young Australian Art Awards Judge ANNE RYAN

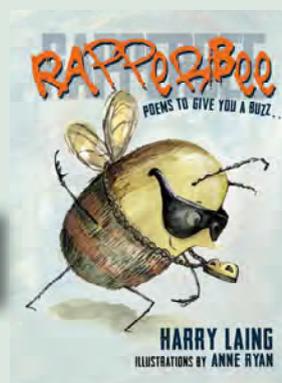
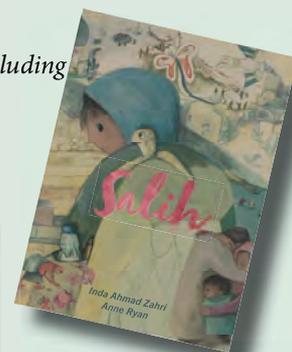


Anne Ryan is an illustrator, artist and art educator living in Melbourne. Through school visits, artist-in-residence programs, workshops and Visual Arts Specialist teaching, she has enjoyed sharing her creative processes and storytelling with young children for many years.

As an author/illustrator, her first picture book was *Unforeseen Circumstances*. Anne participated as an illustrator on the Australian creator's stand at the Bologna Children's Book Fair in Italy 2017 and 2018 promoting Australian Children's Literature.

Her latest illustrated titles are published by Ford Street Publishing, including picture book 'Salih', and illustrated poetry book entitled 'RapperBee'.

Visit Annes' website for the latest news <http://anneryan.com.au>



## New Releases

### Tactile fun

Released January 14th, 2022

During the many lockdowns of 2021, I enjoyed reconnecting with a variety of art mediums and processes that I have not had time to tinker with for several years. I began making "one off" hand embroidered tote bags featuring my latest illustrations from my poetry book *RapperBee*.

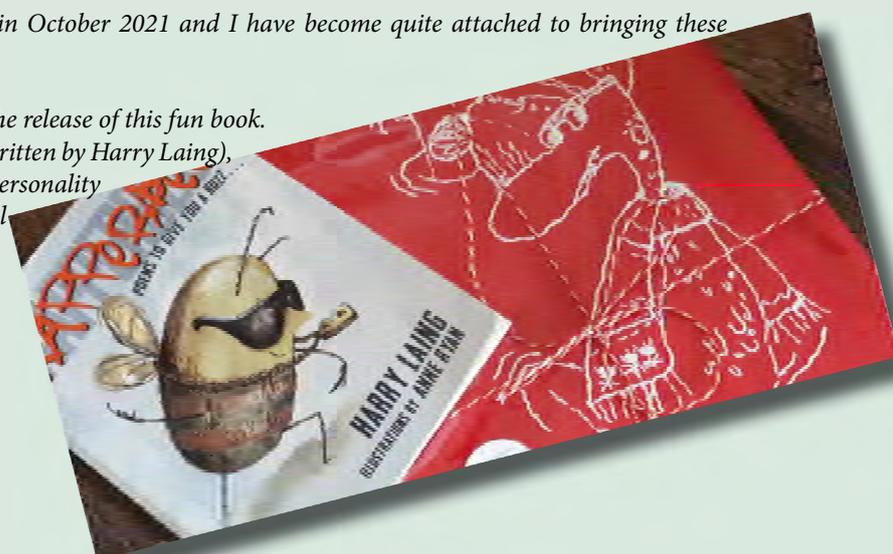
It was such an enjoyable way to relax in the evenings with these new projects.

I was reminded of the tactile pleasure of working with yarns and fabrics and how calming it was to focus my mind on these simple hand activities. I love the feel of the fabric and the simple motion and rhythm of the stitching. Although I chose to keep them monotone, I still enjoyed selecting the colours and working on different textures with simple stitches.

As we were all spending way too much time on our screens, my embroidery was a welcome relief and workout on my hands and fingers. It was definitely positive mindfulness and it helped compensate for the challenges of a more sedentary lifestyle that we had adjusted to during the pandemic.

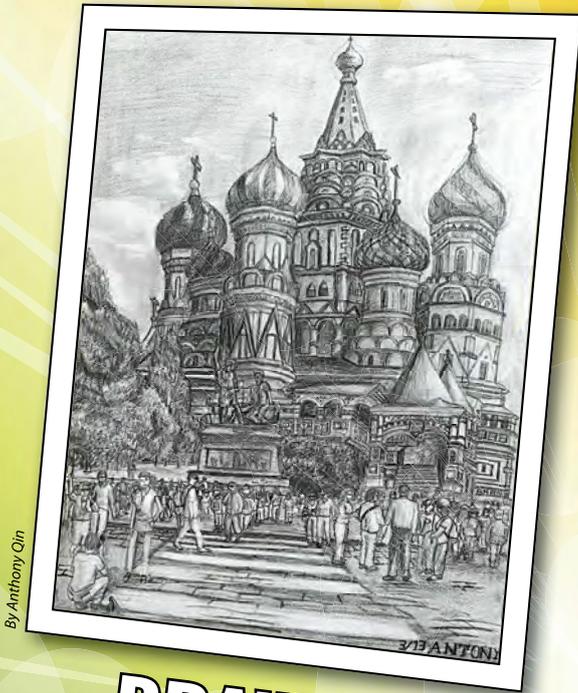
*RapperBee* was released by Ford Street Publishing in October 2021 and I have become quite attached to bringing these illustrations to life on playful library bags.

They have become a great companion packages for the release of this fun book. There are so many wonderful poems in *RapperBee* (written by Harry Laing). I'm finding that each illustration takes on its own personality with these fun library bags. They have become original artworks themselves.



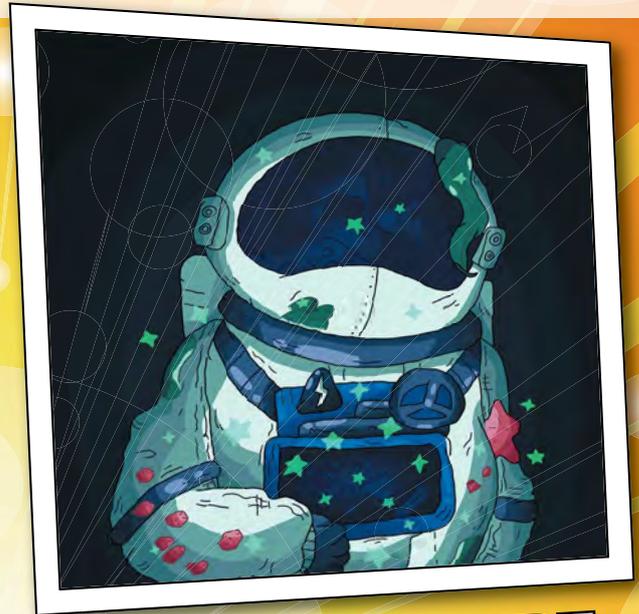
# 2022

# YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS



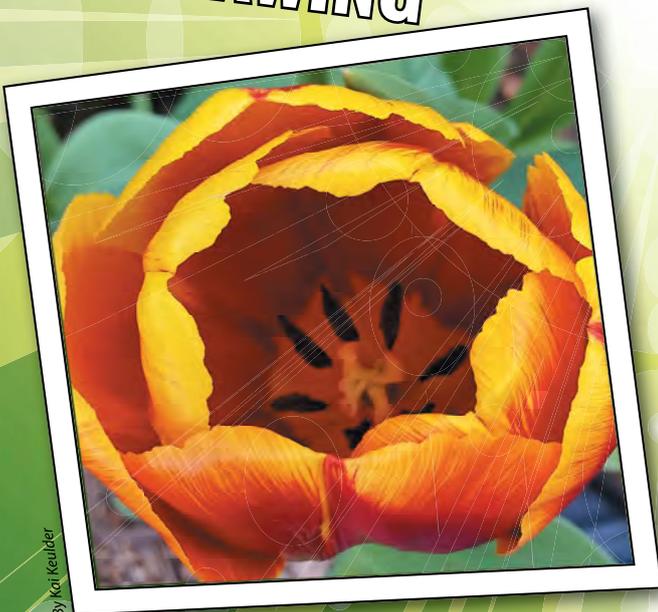
By Anthony Qin

## DRAWING



By Manna Tsuchiya

## COMPUTER ART



By Kai Keulder

## PHOTOGRAPHY



By Matthew Ropeyarn

## PAINTING

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

The YoungAtArt website and the Young Australian Art Awards are an initiative of the Children's Charity Network. All entrants must be no older than 18 years of age or attending either a primary or secondary college. There are 4 categories: Painting, Drawing, Photography, Computer Art. There are three age groups: Junior (Prep to Grade 4), Middle (Grade 5 to Year 8), Senior (Year 9 to Year 12).

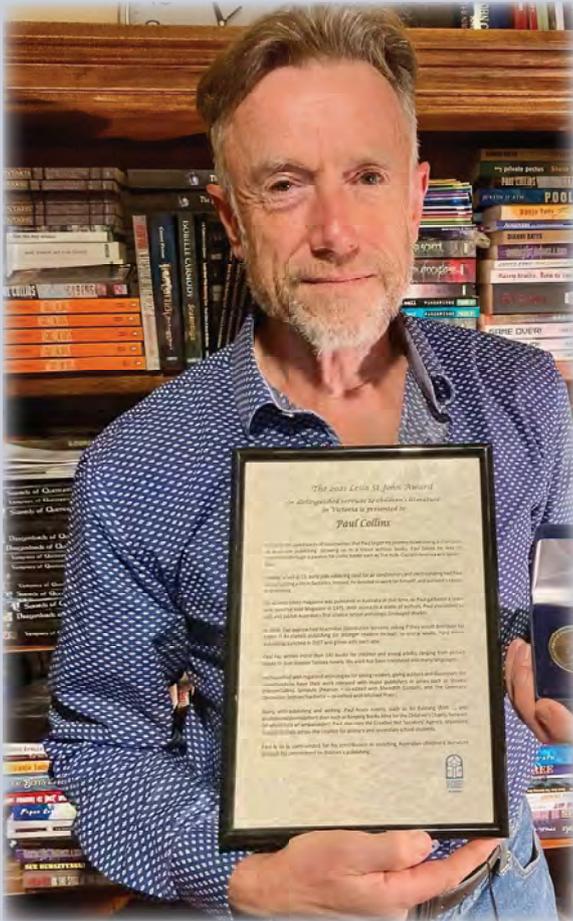
To enter your Artwork you will need to obtain a digital image of your piece of work and submit this image on-line through our website at [www.ozkids.com.au](http://www.ozkids.com.au).

To do this you will be required to sign up in order for you to have the access to submit artwork. If you or your school do not have access to digital imaging, you may send a copy of your artwork to Young at Art, PO Box 267, Lara, Victoria 3212. Further information is available online.

# The Ford Street News

## Press Release

### Paul Collins 2021 Leila St John Award Recipient



*The Victorian Branch of the Children's Book Council of Australia (CBCA) is thrilled to announce Paul Collins as the 2021 recipient of the Leila St John Award. This annual award is for services to children's literature in Victoria for the previous year and was first presented in 1999.*

*Collins launched Ford Street Publishing in 2007 and has written more than 140 books for children and young adults. He is commended for his contribution in enriching Australian children's literature through his commitment to children's publishing.*

*Collins has been awarded a citation and medallion by CBCA VIC Branch and joins a list of esteemed past recipients from the children's literature community in Victoria.*

*Congratulations Paul, from everyone at Ford Street Publishing!*

*About The Children's Book Council of Australia*

*The Children's Book Council of Australia is a not-for-profit organisation.*

*Established in 1945 to promote children's literature and to encourage children to read, it is now a national organisation with a branch in every state and territory. The Victorian Branch was established in 1954.*

*About The Leila St John Award*

*The Leila St John Award is an annual award of the Victorian Branch of the CBCA. It is awarded for services to children's literature in Victoria for the previous year.*

*More information: <https://vic.cbca.org.au/leila-st-john>*

### **Media Enquiries**

*Contact Paul Collins via Ford Street Publishing –*

*+61 3 9416 4062 [paul@fordstreetpublishing.com](mailto:paul@fordstreetpublishing.com)*

*or contact CBCA VIC Branch – 1300 360 436*

## CHRISTMAS CHEER

*Choirs singing in the frosty air,  
Holly wreath here and there,  
Reindeers galloping in the air.  
Icy snowflakes flying by,  
Santa Claus up in the sky.  
Trees with lots of decorations,  
Mince pies for the celebration,  
Angels helping the preparations,  
Soon Santa Claus will come to town.*

**By Ivy Moon**

*Category: Junior  
Chatswood Public School  
Chatswood, NSW.*



## A Dream Worth Hearing

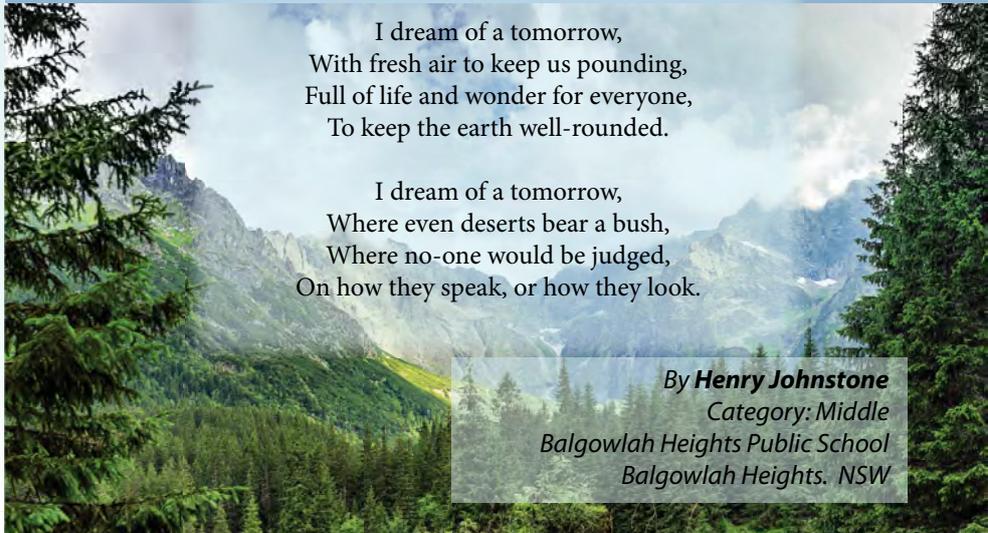
*I dream of a tomorrow,  
Full of mountains and giant trees,  
And land stretching for miles,  
And farms as big as seas.  
I dream of a tomorrow,  
With speeches never spoken,  
With pounding drums and burning guns,  
With a world to be unbroken.*

*I dream of a tomorrow,  
With fresh air to keep us pounding,  
Full of life and wonder for everyone,  
To keep the earth well-rounded.*

*I dream of a tomorrow,  
Where even deserts bear a bush,  
Where no-one would be judged,  
On how they speak, or how they look.*

**By Henry Johnstone**

*Category: Middle  
Balgowlah Heights Public School  
Balgowlah Heights, NSW*



## Intermission

*She gracefully curtsyed,  
She gracefully ran,  
She gracefully turned,  
She gracefully fanned.*

*She reapplied her makeup,  
She changed her tutu,  
She remembered her steps,  
She slipped on her pointe shoes.*

*The stage manager smiles,  
And calls her on,  
The music starts,  
What could go wrong!*

*With a gentle chuckle,  
She glissades and jetés,  
Smiling a toothy grin,  
She glides on stage.*

**By Juliet Mackintosh**

*Category: Middle  
Greenslopes State School  
Greenslopes, Qld.  
Teacher: Mr Yianni Papamanolis*



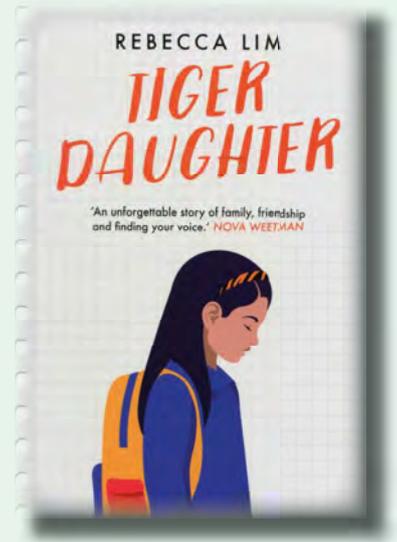
# BOOK REVIEWS

Book Reviews Issue 1 2022

Meet our book reviewers,

Emmelyn and Katrina!

Reviews coordinator: Meredith Costain



## Tiger Daughter

by Rebecca Lim (Allen & Unwin)

*Tiger Daughter is that rare book that ticks all the boxes – you'll laugh, you'll learn, and you may even shed a tear or two!*

*Wen and her friend Henry are both children of Chinese immigrants. They dream of a future where they can do whatever they want. Be whoever they want. A plan is devised: pass the entrance exam to the prestigious school far away to change their lives for the better.*

*But tragedy strikes Henry just weeks before the exam.*

*Determined to not let her friend miss the biggest opportunity of his life, Wen needs to be brave and break some cultural rules she's abided by her whole life, which unintentionally creates a domino effect as the community around her rallies to carry a boy through a moment of darkness.*

*Packed with memorable characters that you can't help but cheer on, Tiger Daughter is a tale of empathy, friendship, culture and hope. I'd recommend this book to readers aged 11 – 14.*

Rating: 10/10 stars

~ Emmelyn Vincent

## The Tree of Ecstasy and Unbearable Sadness

written and illustrated by Matt Ottley (Dirt Lane Press)

*A unique, multi-sensory experience, The Tree of Ecstasy and Unbearable Sadness is a long-form picture book with an accompanying soundtrack, offering the reader complete immersion into this poignant tale.*

*From the discovery of the disease to eventual self-acceptance, this is an allegorical story of a boy living with psychosis, where his disease is reimagined as a tree that lives inside him, blooming flowers of ecstasy and bearing fruit of sadness.*

*When the boy gives in to the power of the tree, he enters another realm where he embarks on an Alice in Wonderland-esque quest to find true beauty.*

*A multi-layered narrative paired with gorgeous imagery, this is one of those thought-provoking tales that will leave you with goosebumps and memories that will last long after you've closed the book. I'd recommend this book to readers aged 15 and above.*

Rating: 10/10 stars

## The Good Times of Pelican Rise: Save the Joeys

by Samone Amba (Affirm Press)

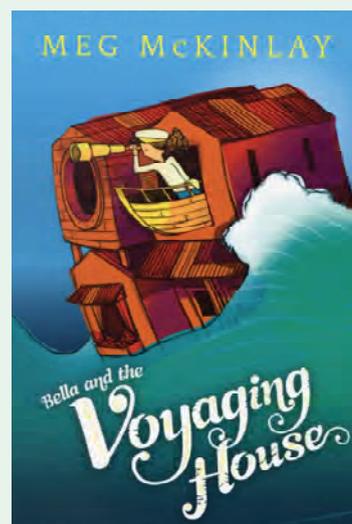
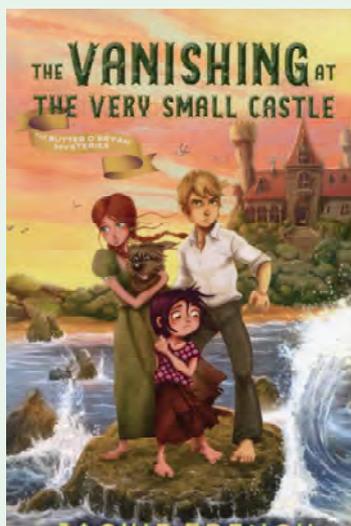
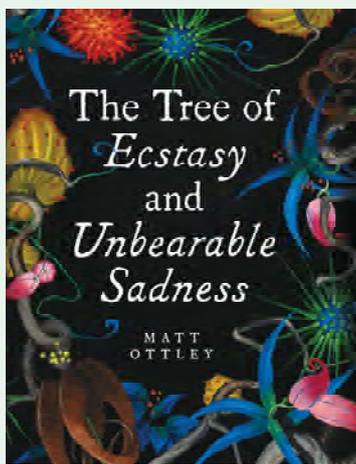
*It's Sunday Moon's final year of afterschool care, and she cannot wait to leave it behind! The only thing that makes it bearable is her group of friends – quirky Kirra, fancy Lottie, and Sunday's absolute bestie, goofy Octavius (Ockie) Nguyen.*

*But bushfires are raging across Victoria. And when Sunday learns about the wild animals who have lost their homes, she realises that she can't just sit quietly and wait for it to pass.*

*Save the Joeys is a crash course in Australian culture that will also keep you laughing all the way until the end. Plus, it's chock full of memes. What more can you ask for?*

*You'll fit right in with Sunday and her fellow Grade Sixers, and by the end of the story, you too will feel like you can achieve anything. I'd recommend this book to readers aged 10 – 13.*

Rating: 9/10 stars



### *Bella and the Voyaging House*

written by Meg McKinlay and illustrated by Nicholas Schafer (Fremantle Press)

Grandad's birthday is coming up, and Bella has the best idea for a present yet. And no, it isn't a vanilla slice. Sure, she'll have to go out on a night-time sail in her house to get it. But getting home in time for breakfast will be easy ... won't it?

*Bella and the Voyaging House* – a sequel to *Bella and the Wandering House* – is a funny, quirky and fast-paced nautical adventure. Bella and the house float merrily through the sea under a sky of stars, but things take a turn when the sun rises. If you're looking for a book to take you away from your landlubbing ways and onto the salty seas, this one will do just that.

So shout 'Ahoy!' and join Bella and her travelling house again on their latest adventure! Suitable for readers aged 6–10 who enjoy adventure.

Rating: 9/10 stars

~ Katrina Burge

### *The Vanishing at the Very Small Castle (The Butter O'Bryan Mysteries #2)*

by Jackie French (Angus & Robertson)

Butter O'Bryan's got a new case to solve. Excitement and intrigue ripple through the residents of the Very Small Castle when a film crew come – quite literally – knocking on their door to shoot a new movie. But they get more drama than they bargained for when the film's star, the beautiful Delilah Divine, goes missing. The first suspect is the monster of the movie, but as more strange things happen, Butter soon realises that maybe everything isn't as it seems.

This story was a thrilling nail-biter with some real Divine moments (see what I did there?). Set amongst the Australian landscape of the 1932 Depression, this historical fiction novel will delight lovers of mystery, history and adventure alike. Suitable for readers aged 10+.

Rating: 8/10 stars

~ Katrina Burge

# Skating on Thin Ice

Kaden didn't know how he got his skates on with such shaky hands. He was about to go ice-skating. But he knew he would hate it.

"You'll never know until you try," his parents had said. He looked out onto the ice and saw that everyone was gliding like a colony of penguins. He swallowed nervously. He took a deep breath. It was time.

Kaden walked carefully towards the ice, pale and wondering bitterly why he agreed to this. The arena was full of people, laughing and joking.

Steam rose up from the rink and on one side of the would-be dark room, if not for the eye stinging lights, fifty-foot-high seating towered above anyone who walked past them.

Kaden felt like a mere pussy cat surrounded by a pack of powerful wolves. He stretched his foot out, ready to embarrass himself... WHAM! He slammed face first into the ice, raucous laughter filled the air and buzzed around his brain.

"I'm surprised he didn't break the ice, he fell so hard!" called somebody from the crowd. Kaden felt anger bubbling up inside him, white-hot and venomous. He knew nothing except wanting to hurt, to cause pain, to destroy that person. But it was not worth it

"I will prove him wrong with my skating not my fists," he thought to himself. Kaden pushed himself up off the ground. Fierce determination seared through him, filling his bones. He stepped out onto the ice and a sudden love for this washed over him.

Kaden pushed out into the centre, he was soaring through air, he was sure of it. Everybody stopped to watch him. It was as though he had sprouted invisible wings.

He could have stayed there for hours and never get bored. Kaden looked around, stunned. Suddenly he thought back to his parents' words: "You'll never know until you try"

By **Archer Lees**

Category: Middle  
Greenslopes State School  
Greenslopes, Qld.

Teacher: Yianni Papamonlis

I am a lone bird,  
I flew away from the flock.

I am a safe bird,  
You won't see me unless you look.

I am a betrayed bird,  
They didn't care when I fell.

I am a lost bird,  
I can't find my way.

They will pay for all my scars,  
I will get my revenge.

I am a brave bird,  
But I still need friends.

By **Tara Verma**

Category: Middle  
Mitcham Primary School  
Mitcham, Vic.

Teacher: Stephanie Gerostathos

## Solo Bird



# Take it Like a Man

'Sit down,' they say.  
No one wants to hear you talk.  
Be seen and not heard,  
Follow when we walk.

Sit still, look pretty,  
That's all you're good for.  
You're asking for attention,  
When you look like a whore.

Are you eating again?  
God, you're a pig.  
Oh, but that's not enough,  
No one wants a skinny twig.

You tell me I'm useful,  
When my legs are spread.  
'Sew up my shirt, darling,  
You know how to use the needle and  
thread.'

But I have something to say,  
Suck it up if it's to your dismay.  
I'm not your sweetheart,  
Call me by my name.

You want to laugh and joke?  
Fine, play your pathetic, little game.  
You tell me to smile,  
But you're in my face.

Ask me again,  
And I'll put you in your place.  
Walking home at night?  
Don't worry I've got my mace.

It's always been in my bag,  
Just in case.

'Never provoke a man,  
We don't know how he'll react.'  
But how about this?  
I'll make you a pact.

Call me every name in the book,  
I really don't mind.  
But touch me one more time,  
And you'll see that I am not so kind.

I have an army behind me,  
My voice will be heard,

And you'll never forget it.  
You won't get the last word.

Your time has ended,  
Take it like a man,  
No point in fighting it.  
Because it's already began.

By **Sophia Gianotti**

Year Level: Senior  
Presbyterian Ladies College  
Peppermint Grove, WA  
Teacher: Luciana Cavallaro



# A Better World

Hope. Hope is all you need. Well, at least that's what I think it's all you need. My town is run-down, abandoned, with toxic oxygen that you choke on.

When you walk out on the street the first thing you see is people that have gas masks strapped on and falling chunks of plastacine.

The first thing you'll hear is an eerie scraping sound on the ground. No one has figured that

out yet and I hope no one will. I head to my favorite spot; a dark and lonely corner that I vandalize. You can do anything in this town, vandalize, take drugs as a kid.

I get my spray paint out and I spray a flower, remembering the days where flowers grew, butterflies flew and people enjoyed each other's company, where food was delicious and expensive.

Every day I hope for that, hope for a better world.

By **Charlotte N**

Category: Middle  
Pedare Christian College  
Golden Grove, SA  
Teacher: Mrs Johnson





## The Day

*It was dark and windy outside. Right after my robot teacher Mr BHB-044 dismissed the class, I hurriedly boarded the Hyper-magnetic Metro Train to our apartment. I rode a vertical capsule to B77, 77 floors below ground.*

*“Quick, George, Mr Garner has sent me a brain signal saying they would be here very soon. Please take all the plants to the storage. I bet the NEA would fine us millions of dollars if they see green stuff here. Let them see as much steel, plastic, and silicon as possible,” my mum said frantically when I entered our unit.*

*“OK.” I clicked the Removal button on the control panel and eyed the desk plants. Steel hands stretched out of the Tech Cupboard and took them away into the storage.*

*“George, It’s time to wake Jeff and say goodbye to Ginger,” my mum said when she was sure our only plants were in safe keeping. Her eyes were wet with tears. I walked into my five-year-old brother Jeff’s room. He was comfortably snuggling with our dog Ginger, who was smiling contentedly.*

*They must be having intersecting dreams. I didn’t want to wake them up, but I had to. I tapped Jeff softly, and he woke up with a start. As Jeff reluctantly left the room to dress,*

*I scooped up Ginger gently and took him to the living room. I wrapped it in my arm and stroked it the way it liked. I felt the warmth as he licked me.*

*A few minutes later, there came a slam. Four robot men in a diamond armoury came in, followed by a tall, older man. It was Mr Garner, the head of the NEA, with a document in his hand. He reminded me of Cruella de Vil. Ginger looked at them suspiciously as the NEA men came into the living room and surrounded it.*

*Mr Garner stood near the door and started to read his paper in a tone as cold as Antarctic ice.*

*“According to the 121th and 123th Technology Development Law of the Australian Parliament, all live pets and natural greenery shall be banned. All families shall switch to Artificial Intelligence pets by June 1st, 2103. As the last dog in Australia, Ginger will be euthanised at the Sydney Clinic of Animal Euthanasia in The Rocks, NSW on June 3rd, 2103 by the National Extermination Army.”*

*When he finished, the four NEA men took Ginger, who was barking furiously, and the five of them stumbled out of the apartment. Thunder roared outside, and from the Main Screen, I saw heavy rain splattering on the ground above.*

*“Ginger is just getting a vaccine,” Mum tried to assure Jeff, who was a statue, horrified. I saw tears racing down Mum’s cheeks. I pressed the Reset button. The plants reappeared, filling the room with the refreshing smell again. At least we still had these, although deep down, I knew they would be gone someday as well.*

**By Guo Ru**

Category: Middle  
Knox Grammar School  
Wahroonga, NSW

# The Mannequin in the Entrance

The dim streetlight flickers as I walk on the old, cracked pavement below. I've lost count of how long I've been here, or where 'here' even is. All I know is that it is too late to continue my clueless walk through this nameless street. I need to find some shelter. Somewhere to sleep tonight.

But how am I to find it? Maybe I could call someone? No, I can't. I must have dropped my phone somewhere between 'Woop Woop' and 'Nowheresville'. I wonder how many missed calls I must have from my worried family. Hopefully I can find a phone somewhere, tell them that I am fine and organise a lift back home.

But my first priority is sleep, so I keep my eyes peeled for any clues, like people who I can ask about shelter, or maybe even someone returning to their shelter themselves.

And, as if like magic, my clue appears. A sign hanging from the rusty roof above. 'Motel' it reads. Beneath this sign is a wooden door that, covered in cobwebs and dust, doesn't seem to be used very often.

Either way, I need sleep, so I reach for the metal door handle, its cold surface meeting my skin, and I twist it open. Inside, the air is warm and muggy, leaving a damp feeling on my skin as if it were glazed with a thin layer of slime. The dilapidated carpet that I step upon seems as if it has never been replaced (or even cleaned). It has been worn down to flat, matted mess with a large hole every couple of centimetres.

Directly adjacent to the door is a long hallway, and ahead of me, a wooden desk sits, bare of anything except a single bell. Besides this desk stands a tall, timeworn dress mannequin.

A mannequin in the entrance.

Its dissidence soaks into my mind, more and more with every second that I continue to stare. I suddenly don't feel as optimistic as I had prior, but nevertheless, I need rest. I will just have to make sure that I leave as soon as possible tomorrow morning.

I ring the old, rusty bell, its corroded handle scratching my sweaty skin. As it vibrates my

hand, letting off a hollow-sounding ding... ding... ding... I begin to feel tired. The sound is almost hallucinogenic, putting me in a semi-trance-like state. Wow, I am tired!

But I push through, this entrance is not a very safe place to sleep. I need a room. A bed. Echoing down from the dimly lit hallway to my left, a voice calls out, 'Back Here!'. It must be the owner. I follow the sound down the never-ending hallway, across the same run-down carpet.

Usually, you'd expect a hallway like this to have doors running all the way along, but this one is just two bare walls, the further I walk; the more paint that has been chipped off. The voice continued, 'Just a little further!' 'Down here' 'Almost there!' Despite these affirmations, the walk still seemed endless; nothing in my view except the chipped paint and the antique cornices. Yet I finally made it.

In front of me stands a large, broken door frame. I step through. Within this dusty room, all that stands is a single desk, and beside it, a man. This man is scrawny and pale, with stretched skin covered in cuts and bruises. I've no idea why, but I honestly couldn't care less. I am so tired; I just want a bed.

'Hello!' He speaks enthusiastically. I answer, 'Hi, do you have a spare room available?' 'I do. Follow me' So, I follow. We walk through pathways and corridors on what seems like an endless walk, until we return to the start again. That's strange, I thought.

The man opens the third door from the entrance and gestures for me to enter. The room is pitch black, but, although with hesitation, I do as requested. The lights must be turned off, I think to myself, I will turn them once I get inside.

I stop mid-step, my body just past the doorway and I ask, 'How much will this cost?' 'Do not worry' he mumbled with an odd grin on his face, 'Will not cost very much', his grin widens, 'Just your sanity.' He slams the door closed in front of me. Click! He locks it.

And the sound of this irregular footsteps slowly fades to nothing. The darkness of the room consumes my body, wrapping me like a thick, muggy blanket. It is warm and humid,

and the feeling of dread and suspense that fills my mind increases with every second that passes.

But my thoughts are put at a stand-still as a sudden force meets the back of my head. I collapse to the floor, I make out the outline of a face leaning over me, illuminated by the light of the doorframe. All sensation leaves my body. Returning to consciousness, I open my eyes.

I'm back in the hallway, back where I started in this horrific maze of doors and halls. I



attempt to step forward, but I can't. It feels as if I am paralysed, as if a force is holding me back on to the wall behind me. An idea comes to mind.

A horrible, crazy idea. I look down. I am the mannequin in the entrance.

By **Kaylee Jesnoewski**  
Category: Senior  
Kinross College  
Kinross, WA

# The Apple of Immortality

Once upon a time there was an apple that granted eternal life. It was passed down from the gods and anyone who ate one bite of the apple would become immortal. But mortals would go mad just at the sight of the apple and kill themselves.

According to legend though, the two kids who have the strongest minds will find the apple and destroy it so that it doesn't fall into the wrong hands. This legend was created 300 years ago. And nothing has happened. Well, not that you know of, anyway.

In a land far, far away there lived a child on a farm with his sister and father. He had to endure long, hard and hot days of work in the fields, so he knew how to stay strong even during the worst of times. His sister, though, she knew machines. When she was sent out to do some work, she would make a contraption that could cut the crops for her, or mill the fields automatically.

But one day a year, they could go into the forest and play. This year though, they felt like they wanted to go deeper into the woods. The two walked deeper and deeper into the forest and soon they found a dark cave that had a heading above it:

*The Sacred Place Of The Apple Of Immortality.*

They walked in. They had heard the legend of the Apple Of Immortality, and they wanted to see if the legend was true. But as soon as they entered the cave though, they heard a grunting and sniffing. It was the guardian of the Apple Of Immortality.

The guardian was a strange sight. It had the horns of a bull, the head of a dragon, the body of a serpent, and the legs of a lion. It lay asleep in the cave, and when it heard the footsteps of the two children, it started stirring. The children ran outside of the cave as fast as they could.

When they got out, the sister panted and said: "We need some weapons and contraptions!" So they spent hours outside the cave carving weapons and building machines. Soon, the brother had made three perfect spears and the sister made a suit of sticks that reacted by swinging rocks when something came close enough.

So they went into the cave and the guardian

woke. "Who dares wake me from my everlasting slumber?!" It bellowed. It looked at the two children and roared in their faces. Nothing happened. "I see," it said. "You two are tough ones, they usually die of fright." The guardian sighed. "It will be a shame to kill you, you have such strong spirits."

The guardian took a step forward, and a



rocks were flung at his eye from the suits. "Argh!" It yelled. It was really polite before, but now he was getting angry. "If you just let me wipe your minds of what you have seen, I can spare you," the brother threw a spear and it got stuck in the guardian's thick hide.

"Argh!" It screamed once again. "You really want to die, don't you?" It snarled. They could see its neck getting an orangey glow, and they knew they had to move. The guardian opened its mouth and a giant burst of fire erupted from it. While it was busy coughing up fire and small pieces of coal, the brother jumped onto a rock and threw one of his spears right into the guardians mouth and the blade stuck out the other side of its neck. It lay hanging in the air for a moment, and then disintegrated.

Since the guardian was gone, the children were free to go to the apple of immortality. Just before the brother walked down the staircase that led to the apple, his sister warned him: "the apple will attack your mind in any way it can, and engulf your soul with greed and negativity." The brother sighed. "I will fight it."

He ventured down the long, winding staircase, which felt like an eternity. But finally he was there. As soon as he saw the apple, he was

plunged into his worst memories. He was in the scorching sun, ploughing the fields. When he had his break, he walked to his father's knees and collapsed. "Please!" He cried. "I cannot work anymore!"

His father held out a broad hand. The brother took it and got back up. All of a sudden, his father's left hand flew out of no-where and smacked him straight across the face, sending him flying into the crusty earth. "You mean nothing!" His father yelled at him.

Then, the brother's strong conscious kicked in. "You aren't real!" He said. The landscape faded, and he was back in the room, alone with the apple of immortality. He ferociously grabbed the apple, feeling the warmth and power inside. The brother began, once again, walking the staircase. When the children got back to the farm, they didn't know what to do with the apple, so they put it on the chicken coop for tomorrow.

That night, foxes attacked and ate every single chicken except for the one they hadn't named yet. When they found the apple, it was totally flat and dry with claw marks, so the chicken had obviously stamped on it and drank the immortal apple juice. The children named the chicken Flatapple.

**By Isaac Garcia**

Category: Junior

Harrietteville Primary School

Harrietteville, Vic.

Teacher: Mrs. Pellegrini

# Ambassadors



☺ **Paul Collins** has written many books for younger readers. He is best known for his fantasy and science fiction titles: **The Jelindel Chronicles** (*Dragonlinks, Dragonfang, Dragonsight* and *Wardragon*), and **The Quentaris Chronicles** – co-edited with Michael Pryor – (*Swords of Quentaris, Slaves of Quentaris, Dragonlords of Quentaris, Princess of Shadows, The Forgotten Prince, Vampires of Quentaris* and *The Spell of Undoing*). His trade books published in America are *The Earthborn, The Skyborn* and *The Hiveborn*.

Paul has edited many anthologies which include *Trust Me!, Rich & Rare* and Australia's first fantasy anthology, *Dream Weavers*. He also edited *The MUP Encyclopaedia of Australian SF&F*.

His recent fantasy series is *The Warlock's Child*, written in collaboration with Sean McMullen. His book, *Slaves of Quentaris*, was listed in *1001 Children's Books You Must Read Before You Die* (UK, 2009). His latest book is *Harry Kruize, Born to Lose*.

Paul has been short-listed for many awards and has won the Inaugural Peter McNamara A Bertram Chandler, Aurealis and William Atheling awards.

Other than his writing, Paul is the publisher at Ford Street Publishing, a children's specialist publishing everything from picture books through to young adult literature. Two books, *Pool*, by Justin D'Ath and *Crossing the Line*, by Dianne Bates, were short-listed for the Victorian Premier's Literary Awards and the NSW Premier's Literary Awards. A third, Shane Thamm's *My Private Pectus*, was short-listed in the Territory Read Award. Paul spends much of his time travelling around Australia giving writing workshops to students from grade four to Year 12.

Paul's websites are: [www.paulcollins.com.au](http://www.paulcollins.com.au); [www.fordstreetpublishing.com](http://www.fordstreetpublishing.com) and [www.creativenetspeakers.com](http://www.creativenetspeakers.com).

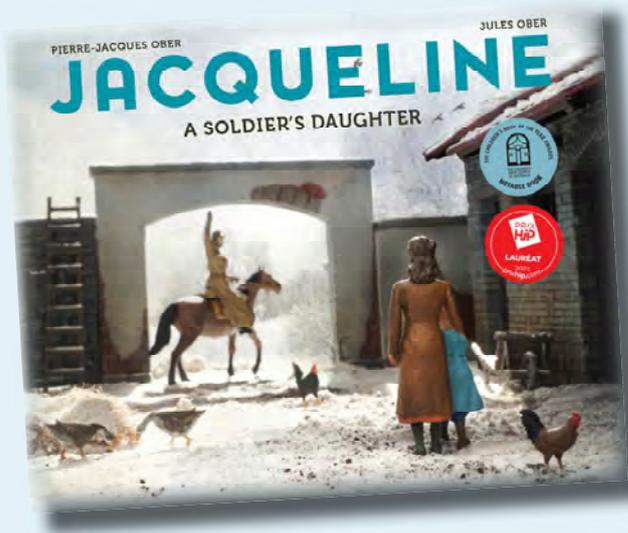
**Anna Ciddor** has always been fascinated by the question, 'What if I lived in another time or place?'. She changed career from maths teacher to author so she'd have the excuse to spend lots of time doing research. She has written and illustrated over fifty books, including the highly popular and exciting 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. ☺



☺ **Meredith Costain** is a versatile writer whose work ranges from picture books through to novels, poetry and narrative non-fiction. Her books include CBCA Honour Book *Doodledum Dancing, Disaster Chef!, Daddies Are Great!*, novelisations of ABC TV's *Dance Academy*, and tween series *A Year in Girl Hell*. Her best-selling series, the quirky *Ella Diaries*, was shortlisted for both the REAL and the WAYRBA children's choice awards, and has sold to 24 countries. Her latest series, *Olivia's Secret Scribbles*, features Ella's 'naughty little sister', Olivia.

Meredith lives in inner-city Melbourne with a menagerie of pets, who often wrangle their way into her stories. She regularly presents writing workshops for children and adults around Australia, and enjoys helping writers create stories based on their own experiences. To find out more about her books, pets and early writing years, visit [www.meredithcostain.com](http://www.meredithcostain.com).



# JACQUELINE

## A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

ISBN:9781925804911

Publication date: 1 October 2021  
FORD STREET PUBLISHING

**CBCA  
Notable Book  
in 2022**

Jules and Pierre-Jacques Ober are Little Soldiers Stories — a creative duo telling stories with photographs of toy figurines placed in miniature sets.

Their first children's book, *The Good Son*, was awarded the NSW Premier's Young People's History Prize and was shortlisted for the CBCA 2020 Picture Book of the Year. In France it won the 2019 Prix Sorcières for the most beautiful picture book for middle grade readers.

Their second, and even more ambitious book, *Jacqueline- a soldier's daughter*, was released in October 2021 by Ford Street Publishing. It is the story of a little French girl swept up in the Second World War, when all the adults seem to have gone crazy. It has won the French Prix HiP for most beautiful photographic book for young readers and is part of the CBCA Notable list for 2022.

Here, we talk to author and modeller, Pierre-Jacques.

*My name is Pierre-Jacques Ober. I have travelled the world and had many adventures. Everywhere I go, I bring five large travelling trunks. A trunk full of my favourite books, a trunk full of my horse-riding gear and three trunks full of miniature figurines, trains and cars.*

*The marvellous world of toys in general, and little soldiers in particular, has always been an integral part of my life. I was born into a military family, so as a child I was surrounded by men in uniform, by army trucks, tanks and cannons. As early as I can remember, I always loved history and, more than anything, to escape into imaginary worlds. Playing with little soldiers in my room or dressing up and recreating epic battles and performing heroic deeds on my own in the garden.*

*When I was 30 years old, (after steadfastly refusing to be a soldier like all the other men in my family) I married an Australian photographer in Paris. Born in Sydney, educated at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, my wife Jules hated history at school — too many dates to remember, all concerning men killing each other in enormous numbers seemingly with no rhyme nor reason. For a very long time she and even our children thought that I was a bit crazy to still be painting little soldiers for hours.*

*Then one day I had an idea for a present for my father's 80th birthday. I decided to do a series of images of my WW1 figurines in memory of my grandfathers, both highly decorated soldiers. Being a photographer, Jules became involved and what began as a little creative project turned into firstly an Instagram feed (@littlesoldierstories), then a full-blown exercise in picture book making.*

*Since then, Jules and I have been creating picture books for children together. I think that we were both excited by the challenge to tell stories through toy photography. Something which has rarely been done. Maybe never . . .*

*Contrary to traditional methods of storytelling in which a story is first written and only then told with actors, animation or drawings, we tell our stories only with models we find in toy shops. In fact, it is the toys who tell the story, with some help from me. Then Jules comes in. "I like to make sure that every image is a visual feast and that each photo is infused with enough emotion to make it possible to forget that these are toys. I work with natural light to explore the notion of time passing by photographing our subjects at different times of the day, allowing nature to have her hand in the scenes. My aim is to create an eerie reality that will take the viewer beyond the plastic edges."*

*We believe that the use of miniatures creates the perfect environment for learning and experiencing. A tiny-scaled world can give us new perspectives and, in unexpected ways, let us see the world in a whole new light. Something too big to visualise at full scale, a building, a crowd or a war, may be rendered comprehensible in miniature because it encourages greater scrutiny and deeper participation. The viewer does not know if they have to shrink in order to immerse themselves in the picture or if they will have to grow into the picture in order to feel the immensity of the emotions at stake.*

*Our books have been successful, trips to the toyshop are not "crazy" anymore and I am happy to know that I will be able to spend the rest of my life playing with my toys so we can produce more wonderful stories for you, dear readers!*

*Pierre-Jacques and Jules Ober are currently working on 'Mimi' - another story based in historical fact - about a rebellious princess. Jules has recently completed *Rockpooling with Pup* and *Tarni's Chance*, both of which will be published by Ford Street Publishing in 2022.*

<https://littlesoldierstories.com>

[pj@littlesoldierstories.com](mailto:pj@littlesoldierstories.com)

# Judges: The Keepers of Justice



*My uncle is a judge,  
When he has an opinion,  
He usually doesn't budge.  
Making decisions of what's right and wrong,  
This is where fairness belongs.  
Listening to both sides of the story,  
Giving one unbiased glory.  
Finding a solution,  
Like the day beginning with the night's conclusion.  
Making their whole family proud,  
A courtroom scene can be very loud.  
Long hours decreasing trouble,  
Solving problems like popping a bubble.  
Making a community a safe place,  
Sending discomfort and insecurity to a far-off space.  
The unrealized hero of the world,  
Judges doing what's BOLD*

**By Tara Verma**  
Category: Middle  
Mitcham Primary School  
Mitcham, Vic.  
Teacher: Stephanie Gerostathos

## New School

*"No! I don't want to go to school Mummy!" Today was my first day at a new school and I was desperate to not go. I was so worried I didn't get a wink of sleep last night. I could already tell it was going to be a tough day.*

*I clung onto my mum's dress like a koala hugging a tree as I continued to beg. "I'll do anything! Just please don't make me go!" However, to no avail, Mum pushed me away.*

*The school gates loomed over me as I reluctantly walked onto the school grounds. I tried to find an empty seat in the assembly hall, but I couldn't help but feel the stares of other students pierce through me.*

*Luckily, the principal started making announcements. "... I will now introduce the new students." I nibbled my nails and clenched onto my dress. I was nervous and wished I was by myself.*

*"Next, we have..." My heart was beating as fast as a race car. Was I next? What if I tripped as I stood up? I prayed that they would forget to call me.*

*Then, I heard the speaker shout my name. I froze. I couldn't say a thing. Silence. "Boo!" A scream slipped out of my mouth. Laughter erupted in the hall. Even the plants were giggling at me. My head burst like a balloon. But at that moment, I didn't know there was a student who felt bad for me. Her name was Hannah.*

*During lunch, everyone still seemed to be laughing at me. Now I was burning on fire. I decided to eat alone until someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was Hannah! She introduced herself and I nervously followed. We started talking and soon a conversation blossomed.*

*Since that day, we have been the best of friends. We even started a new friendship club. Students who did not have friends were free to join our group. When we saw someone bullying another student, we would bravely fight them back. Our bodies would become furious and steam like a kettle, as we tried to help the scared student.*

*A few weeks later, on a stormy day, students were trapped in the classrooms like prisoners.*

*It was like someone evil had cursed the school. I realised some students were sitting alone as all their friends were in a different class.*

*I suggested playing a team game, so everyone felt included. Whilst we were playing, the rain had stopped, and the sun was as bright as a lighting bolt.*

*Everyone, except for a lonely boy, cheered. The boy's cheeks were bright pink. I realised it was one of the school bullies. No wonder he was alone. However, watching him sit alone made me drenched with guilt.*

*I went up to him and warned him that he shouldn't bully others anymore. That afternoon, the boy who was once a bully became my new friend.*



**By Jane Han**  
Category - Junior  
Pacific Hills Christian School  
Dural, NSW  
Teacher: Mrs Susie James

# Escape To Freedom

Krakow used to be full of nice people, happy people until 1942. We heard the Nazi storm our streets and the radio man got panicked and stopped the broadcast. So here is the story of a 13 year old who went through it all.

Bang! Bang! The gunshots got louder as the Nazis invaded my village. They barged open my door with a bang and the door splintered. Mama screams. "Hand over all your valuables!" He growled. We did nothing. Then he waved his gun at us.

Mama was hesitant but handed over her wedding ring. Before papa had time to give the Nazi his watch the Nazi yanked it of his wrist leaving a bracelet of red treacle down his arm.

The next morning I snuck out of the house to get some bread from Uncle Moshe. His bakery was fortunate enough to be one of the shops that stayed open only to provide for the Nazis. But when I arrived the roof was smoking. I ran back home through the back streets only just avoiding a crowd of Jews going somewhere directed by Nazis.

Was that Mama's face?! I ran home to find all our furniture turned upside down. "They're gone!" I heard a voice whisper. It was Mr Imerglick. Suddenly then I heard footsteps pounding on the door.

"Open Up! Or you're dead. Literally" A hoarse voice yelled.

"Good evening officer." I said whilst fear bottled up inside me.

"Get in line Jew." He said pointing to a herd of people with his gun.

"Of course, officer."

BANG! I turned and saw a pool of blood engulfing Mr Imerglick. I didn't know the walk to the truck would be so long. I didn't know what it was like this long without food. I was starving but I couldn't stop otherwise, BANG! dead. After days of walking we arrived at the truck. We all were squashed in maybe one hundred Jews, including Mum's clutching their children and elderly and disabled people and more.

There was only so much room in the truck, I couldn't breath. I was lost in a truck with hundreds of people. Alone, with no parents to save me. Finally we arrived. "In line!" An officer yelled gruffly as he shoved me into line. What's that smell?! Food! The line was full of many hungry people desperate for food. I was at the end of the line, by the time I reached the front they asked me how strong I was, I said I wasn't that strong. Then they gave me a loaf of bread. I gobbled it down greedily.

"Get in!" Said a man with slick black hair and a short moustache, opening a big heavy door. What's going on? Many people were in here, including kids like me, lonely, skinny and weak.

"We have no use for you!" A voice boomed over a loudspeaker. "So you get gassed!" I panicked but I sat there waiting for death to overcome this horrible nightmare of 1942.

By **Sarah Goodger**

Category: Middle  
Yarra Valley Grammar  
Ringwood, Vic.

## Giant Monster

Before the sun has risen  
Quickly leaping to the sandy beach,  
Removing your fluffy slippers  
You feel the rocky, sand tingle between your toes.  
Gallop along,  
Watching the tide drag in and out.  
But over time the water didn't return  
Instead, continuously sucking out to sea.  
The sun arises, but there is no time  
You must run despite the beautiful sunrise.  
A tsunami is coming, you are not safe  
Don't look back, a giant monster.

By Mia Kublins  
Category: Middle  
Ravenswood School for Girls  
Gordon, NSW  
Teacher: Sharon Shapiro

# The Test

I looked around me wondering if today would be the day. For so long I had been left unnoticed by the examiner. I only had a tiny spark of hope left. The moment had come! As he entered the room, I could feel every boy in the room become tense and hold their breath. With intense expressions he slowly lifted his arm, and pointed at me. No, the boy next to me stepped forward. He was the chosen one. I felt all the boys around me shuffle towards the door. I stayed back. This had been happening for too long. I dropped down and buried my face in my hands. "Get up!" someone ordered. "I chose you for a reason!" I looked up. I couldn't believe that I had been chosen. "W-Why m-me sir?" I stammered. "For years boys that failed once never stepped foot here again, but you! You kept coming back for a decade! I need that perseverance in my boys. Now let us begin."

By **Tara Verma**  
Category: Middle  
Mitcham Primary School  
Mitcham, Vic.  
Teacher: Stephanie Gerostathos

# Ocean Traveler

The salty ocean water lapped at the boat's edge.  
The ripples from the oars almost danced on the waters.

Land was in sight, yet so far away.

A single manta ray floated next to Claire and flipped over underwater.

"Hello little guy," Claire said to the ray, "Are you alone?"

The boathouse was in view but it looked different. The door was opened and the chair that was inside the boathouse was thrown into the water.

It had been ransacked and was no longer safe.

Claire was warned not to come but she longed to see her father once more.



By **Zoe Parcell**  
Category: Middle  
Pedare Christian Colledge  
Golden Grove, SA  
Teacher: Mrs Johnson

# Drifted

As I walk on the path, the rain starts to pound the pavement.  
The population of people decrease as if reality was a lie.  
As they were disappearing their clothes just lay there on the ground.

Something feels different. There are only a couple of people left now, staring at and circling us.

I feel like everyone just abandoned us. We just ignore them and continue to walk past them until we freeze.

We can't move and water is started to rise above our knees. It is as if they are curious about us; as if they can see through us.  
It is creepy and gives me chills.

I consider walking back, but we can't move an inch. This gives me the opportunity to speak to them and try to convince them to let us go.

Out of nowhere, we hear a mysterious noise. We try moving and start running.  
Finally!



By **Harnoor Tarrival**  
Category: Middle  
Pedare Christian Colledge  
Golden Grove, SA  
Teacher: Mrs Johnson

# BOOKS

*Books take you to a different world,  
Of fantasy, mystery, or nonfiction.  
The smell of paper as pages uncurl,  
A universe with no restrictions.*

*There's a book for everyone, a series for all,  
Bold titles and colourful spines.  
With dictionaries and stories to tell,  
And a good opportunity for homework to assign.*

*Libraries are forests with pages as leaves.  
Books for all ages to enjoy and read.  
Whether it's in the middle of the day  
Or at night when you're tucked up in bed.*

*Books can be silly. Books can be serious.  
Tutorials, biographies, handbooks  
It doesn't matter what they are-  
At least one will get you hooked.*

**By Abigail Maller**

**Category: Middle**  
Ravenswood School for Girls - Gordon  
Ravenswood, NSW  
Teacher: Sharon Shapiro

# The place that I call home

*I go outside and I see the home I know  
A beautiful town with colourful lights.  
Filled with delicious smells,  
Caring people and picturesque greenery,*

*A wondrous wonderland exhibitory with exotic animals.  
This was the home that I knew,  
The home that I did not seem to notice.  
It was once called paradise.  
The place where I now see a grey and dull town.*

*A broken and silenced town  
Both a ruined and wrecked town  
What was once a wondrous place is now a disaster.  
This is the home that I now know,*

*The place that I call home.*



**By Hannah Halvarsson**  
**Category: Middle**  
Ravenswood School for Girls  
Gordon, NSW  
Teacher: Sharon Shapiro

# Australian Seasons

*The summer sun up high  
Forests burning down,  
the air dry Going to the beach and having fun  
Till the fire comes then we run*

*In comes an autumn breeze Orange,  
yellow and red leaves Soft drizzles,  
to torrential rain  
Waves hitting my window pane*

*A freezing winter appears in a second  
Snowfall non-existent but hail threatened  
Floods rage, watery fists smashing, no sense  
Not the best time to plan events*

*Spring a time of rebirth and joys  
A safer season for little girls and boys  
Hayfever ads plastered as far as you can see  
Why is Australia messed up to this degree?*

**By Gayle Hillier**  
**Category: Senior**  
Avenues College  
Windsor Gardens, SA  
Teacher: Ms Dzino



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# PSYCHO

*Psycho Kagami and Harry sped down the narrow alleyway, fear gripped him, clutching at his heart. Kagami could hear the buzzing of the chainsaw growing nearer and nearer. “No!” He would not give up.*

*Kagami and Harry, both at the age of eleven, had been out, wandering the streets until after dark. Just as they realised they should head back he started chasing them and here they are now, running for their lives. The alleyway was dark and tight, the reek filling the air and he had to swallow vomit to keep running, as they charged past a dumpster, a group of shaggy, glowing eyed cats slunk back into the shadows, hissing and spitting.*

*Empty chip packets and crushed soft drink cans littered the mouldy and grimy floor. Kagami’s heart sunk. He could see the end of the alleyway. He was going to die, die at eleven, so many things he had wanted to do, go to a boxing match, submit his story to Oz Kids in Print, kiss the girl of his dreams. Tears filled his eyes as he remembered how he had shouted at James, his younger brother, that morning for eating his noodles. How silly he had been.*

*Then Kagami heard it, bringing him back to his senses. The scream of Harry. Now white-hot tears were running down his face, he had brought him to his demise after all, it was he who had insisted he come with him. Suddenly, a rope fell down the side of a building, his hopes soared, soared like the fruit bats above him.*

*Kagami would escape for Harry, for both of them. He started to climb. Strength surged through him like fire, it was as though Harry’s spirit was there with him, helping him. Kagami chanced a glance down, the psychopath was staring at him neck craned and fury lighting his face up. A couple of feet away was Harry’s body, spread eagled and broken on the ground. Kagami could see the hole where the chainsaw had pierced him. He wiped his sweaty forehead and grief bubbled up inside him like acid. But Kagami knew the job was not over. He would not give up. It was till he collapsed.*

*Kagami started jumping from rooftop to rooftop. Everything was dark except for the occasional squares of yellow light. His house came into view, growing bigger and bigger, closer and closer. It was locked. He banged on the door, praying somebody was home. There was no light in the house. Just as he thought he ought to go to another place the door swung open and his mother stood there milky-white and fearful. She burst into tears at the sight of him.*

*“Where were you!?” She sobbed. Kagami opened his mouth but could not talk, his mother became blurry, her features waxy and distorted. He felt his knees buckle and then it was all darkness, the world was darkness, his mother was darkness. Kagami woke up in a pool of sweat. For a second, he wondered what happened. Then he remembered. Harry was dead. Without noticing or realising he*

*started crying, howling into his pillow.*

*His mother rushed in and tried to comfort him, but he was deaf to it, nothing would make him feel better. It was all his fault. But the thing he dreaded the most was the funeral, he would have to see Harry’s parents for the first time since he died. A funny thing time is, because whenever there is something that you are fearful of, time seems to speed up. And all too soon Kagami was at the funeral.*

*Speaking to his best friend’s parents did nothing except increase his ever-growing guilt, spreading through his body like scorpion venom. His father was in tears, but Harry’s mother’s grief seemed to be beyond such a thing. When he got home he said sorry to his brother for shouting at him and then he collapsed onto his bed, the eulogist’s words echoing in his head: “Remember Harry, remember how a brave and young boy died because he strayed into the path of a psychopath, remember Harry Ledger.”*

By **Archer Lees**  
Category: Middle  
Greenslopes State School  
Greenslopes, NSW  
Teacher: Yianni Papamonlis



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