

# Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards



*Celebrating  
the Artistic and  
Literary Talents  
of Children*

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*Cover design by  
Sarah Hiscocks  
Dame Elisabeth Murdoch Art Award*

# 2022



# 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 2022:



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**Marjory Gardner**



**Marc McBride**



**Meredith Costain**

## Young Australian Art Awards Judges



**Anne Ryan**



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# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

## Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2022

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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)
- Emeritus Professor Margot Hillel AOM, Finals Judge
- Mrs Linda Purcell – Internet Design & Infrastructure



### Young Australian Art Awards

#### Committee Members

- Mr Marc McBride, Judge
- Ms Marjory Gardner, Judge
- Ms Anne Ryan, Judge
- Mr Rob Leonard
- Mrs Linda Purcell
- Mrs Carol Dick

## Our Literary Judge

**Emeritus Professor Margot Hillel OAM Phd, MA, BA, TPTC**



*Margot Hillel has had many years of Higher Education governance experience as Chair of Academic Board at Australian Catholic University, a member of University Senate and a variety of other leadership positions. She also has proficiency in teaching, higher degree supervision, thesis and literary editing. Her governance experience extends beyond the university sector to serving as Chair of the Children's Book Council of Australia, as a literary judge, and as a mentor. Margot also serves on the Boards of two other not-for-profit organisations supporting women leaving domestic violence and the education of Cambodian girls.*

*Margot has been the Literary Judge, for Children's Charity Network, for over 23 years.*

*We are honoured to have such a celebrated expert in Children's Literature as our Chief Judge for the Children's Charity Network Literacy Awards.*

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# *Young Australian Writers' Awards*

**2022**

# The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

# 2022

Awarded to

**Ronan Ahl**

Scotch College, Hawthorn, Vic.

*'A Funny Thing'*



## 2022 Young Australian Writers' Awards

### Best Poetry from a Secondary School

*Sedgman Literary Award*

*Huntar Paterson*

St Thomas More College

*Human*

**SEDGMAN**

### Best Short Story from a Primary School

*Frank Jones Literary Award*

*Irene Yeom*

Ironbark Ridge Public School

*One paw at a time*

### Best Short Story from a Secondary School

*Roy Hill Literary Award*

*Laura Edwards*

Marymede Catholic College

*Cher Ami: heroine of Men*



### Geoff & Helen Handbury Literary Award

*Alannah Kelley*

Moonee Ponds West Primary School

*Refugee*

### Geoff & Helen Handbury Achievement Award

*Paige Duncan - Rainbird*

Miss B's Student Services

*Don't speak like a Bogan*

**C.D.DODD**

### C.D. Dodd Literary Award

*Arin Lee*

Hambleton Public School

*The Young Boy Crying*

**C.D.DODD**

# A FUNNY THING

*This piece is written in the style of J.D.Salinger's Catcher in the Rye]*

**I**t was a funny thing, I thought, the way they always sat – the office people, that is. They sat upright, with ties strapped around their necks, their shirts pressed to perfection – every last wrinkle ironed out to the sharp point of the collar. Eyes darting around, as if someone was going to jump out and steal their promotion. And their watches – don't even get me started on that. Every half second, they checked their gold rimmed watches. Then they'd pull out their leather briefcases, and open their documents. After they'd had a sip of their sparkling water. Of course, it was always sparkling.

Slouching on my seat in Reception, in my collarless T-shirt, backwards cap and beaten-up thrift shop Jordans – the kind that every kid in my street wore – I'd never felt so out of place in my life. You should have seen the looks on those guys' faces when I walked in – confusion, then a wry smile as they determined that I couldn't possibly be a real contender for the job.

I forgot to say, I was there for a job interview. I know, it seems very immature to turn up dressed as I was. But I didn't care. I figured, if this company didn't hire me, it was their loss. I bet you I knew twice as much as all of those guys combined. I was 19 and I'd turned \$300 into \$8 million – just from the stock market. No luck. Just clean cash, smart trading.

"Hello gentlemen. Is Robin Banks here?" An old lady peered out the door and glanced around the room. That was hilarious. She didn't even realise I'd submitted my application to a finance job with the alias Robin Banks.

In case you hadn't picked it up, I wasn't too enthusiastic being here. To tell you the truth, half the reason I was going for the job was 'cause I knew not going for it, for someone like me, was a stupid thing to do. Not because the job itself was fantastic, but because it was the socially acceptable thing to do. That's the sad part about it all. You give a whole society freedom, and nobody ends up free.

So, I stood up and told that lady I was Robin and breezed into the office. Behind the desk was an old billionaire, Brad Donson – the guy hiring. But I could tell he was different. His shoulders, his shirt, his tie, and suit looked like the rest – like he'd crafted them to perfection with a protractor. Except his hair. His hair wasn't like the other billionaires, styled with superglue. It was messy, long. He didn't even flinch when he looked me up and down. He just smiled – not one of those fake smiles people always give you, though. A flicker of warmth – almost, weirdly, recognition.

"So. Mr ... Banks." He said. He knew that it was a fake name.

"Yes, sir."

He sat there for a long time, looking at me with an air of amusement.

"You know, I'm tempted to have you kicked out, Robin." He said, sarcastically. "I don't like slackers, and it's clear to me that you don't respect ... the hierarchy."

"No sir."

"No, you don't, or no, you do, respect the hierarchy?"

"I don't, sir."

"Why don't you tell me why, then," he asked, slowly.

But I didn't answer him. I didn't feel like it. He'd seen me. Seen my backwards cap. Seen my clothes. And if he'd looked closely, seen my eyes, and the burden they carried. There was really nothing more to say. I just sat there and looked at him. He looked at me – at my messy hair, at my crumpled T-shirt, at my beaten-up Jordans.

But for some reason, I could tell he understood – the way most people don't. The way most people look at me and see a rebellious, stupid kid. Like you did, probably. What they don't understand is that where I'm from, the hierarchy is the enemy. The hierarchy is what holds us there in those crumbling streets with crumbling apartments filled with crumbling dreams. The hierarchy oppresses us – and our freedom, is to go against it. Its why I donated all of that \$8 million to charity. It wasn't that I didn't like the suits and the pools and fancy houses. Those things just weren't me – they were the hierarchy. And love for my home meant I would never be one with the hierarchy.

He nodded, slowly, then smiled.

"You start Monday," was all he said.

Then he stood, and slowly walked around the table to shake my hand.

He was wearing beaten-up Jordans. The same kind.

By Ronan Ahl  
Grade Category: Senior  
Scotch College  
Hawthorn, Vic.



Bic  
2022 Young  
Australian Writer  
of the Year  
Award





# Human

remember its your parents first time living too  
remember that the person at the front of the class still has blood running through their veins  
and a voice in their head

know that sometimes, the knife in your back has been pulled from their own  
know that sometimes the lies will put you on the defensive  
know that there are others who have had to deal with this before you

remember, being human is a cycle  
sometimes it is a cruel one  
humans hurt humans because they were hurt by humans  
it is an ugly cycle  
an ugly battle  
this is real life

but remember what it is to be there for someone  
remember being in need  
remember learning that you can survive  
and love in real ways  
remember that this is how we survive  
and how we give each other a reason to live

putting yourself in another persons shoes can never be easy  
because we are not the same  
humans are different  
humans have different hearts  
for those of us who know our hearts

there is a little girl inside of us  
a wise woman  
a warrior for justice  
a protector  
a lover, or maybe two, if you share your heart

there is a giver I think in all of us  
when we give a hand  
when we give time or give a voice  
a place in line  
or a bus seat  
there is a gift in that act giving does not take away  
because in giving  
you accept love  
and the true gift  
in giving is to love and be human

and I keep saying human because I think sometimes one forgets that we are all just human  
and I don't quite know what it means to be human  
but I know that I want to learn how to be  
that way, to be human  
and a good one at that



*By Huntar Paterson  
Grade Category: Senior  
St Thomas More College  
Sunnybank, Qld*

# Cher Ami: Heroine of men

**H**ow do I begin to describe my short, but fulfilled, life as a homing pigeon? I was one of 600 Army Signal Corps pigeons dispatched to France to aid in battlefield communication. After rescuing 194 war survivors, I was given the appellation Cher Ami, which means “dear friend”, and I was presented by the French government with the Croix de Guerre for courage on the battlefield, one of the many accolades I received, after surviving my final and most recognised mission.

After being wounded through the breast, blinded in one eye, and only being left with one leg hanging on by a tendon, I died prematurely and wore the scars of the war, symbolising my heroic sacrifice, which was recognised when I returned home. Out of the 554 soldiers caught in the battle, 107 had been killed, 63 were missing, and 190 were wounded; only 194 were unhurt physically.

My home nest was near Argonne, at the American army headquarters. Argonne was a lovely woodland with towering trees in peacetime, before the war unfolded which killed and wounded millions of human beings and animals. However, the Great War had converted France’s woodlands into battlegrounds. Whittlesey, a United States Army Medal of Honor recipient, conducted an attack on the Germans in Argonne in the fall of 1918.

Whittlesey’s soldiers confronted a formidable German force deep in the woods on October 3,

The Americans were quickly surrounded and attacked. The men attempted to retaliate but they were short on supplies and exhausted. The food supply had run out, and it was difficult to obtain water and other supplies crucial to survival. More soldiers and innocent people were killed or wounded every hour, and Whittlesey dispatched and entrusted pigeons like me, with messages for assistance, but the pigeons I was trained alongside were often shot, or disappeared one by one, making it only a matter of time until we would perish or eventually succumb to injuries caused by disease, the harsh conditions or combat.

As carrier pigeons we have been treated as invaluable, especially as a form of communication. I remember when my life purpose was chosen for me, being one of almost 600 carrier pigeons employed by the US Army Signal Corps, sent to France to assist with communication on the battlefield. We were trained to be a reliable source between the soldiers, especially on the battle front, to send messages as an alternate form of communication through the radio, which I have witnessed between the humans.

Before us, radios were often used to communicate and receive important messages but were often unreliable because radios are bound by delicate wires, which can often be extremely dangerous to replace and is a time-consuming process. The average that a homing pigeon can fly is approximately fifty miles per hour, making us a quick method of communication, but still, we are always a target to enemy gunfire,

despite our speed and endurance.

Additionally, we are always a risky form of communication and way to communicate, because if we are shot down, our messages we are entrusted to carry can be easily intercepted by enemy forces and pay the price of defending our country and its brave soldiers, by facing death.

I have always wanted to make my trainer Captain John L. Carney proud. Carney has not always been a pigeon breeder; he delivers newspapers in his spare time and is a war veteran of Pittsburgh. I am proud to be from America and sacrifice my life to save the lives of American soldiers stuck in battle and stranded at war; a small price to pay for my country. As carrier pigeons we are not always recognised for our valiant efforts; especially when our fellow pigeons are dropping dead and being killed one by one by soldiers.

I am a veteran, with twelve previous missions at Verdun, meaning I am no stranger to enemy fire. It is early October; American soldiers have come from the 77th division and become trapped in the Argonne Forest behind German lines on the slopes of a hill. Reports have been issued by the humans that this has cut around 550 men that are from the 306th, 307th and 308th regiments under Major Charles Whittlesey from accessing reinforcements and critical supplies for several days, keeping them out of radio range, making communication difficult.

The skies are just as dangerous as the ground;



there is a barrage of machine guns and rain. The last pair of birds have been released and I have seen them both fall from the skies, their tiny bodies torn apart by German fire. Major Whittlesey whispered to me in desperation telling me that he needs to send me, and I am his only hope. I look into his loving eyes, I am scared, but I know what I must do, all help is lost for all of us if I do not make it.

I make my flight but soon after take-off I am hit, a bullet straight in my chest. It stings so badly; I am bleeding, and I flutter helplessly to the ground. I peer up out of one eye, as the bullet has blinded me and I see the soldiers' faces, they are looking at me in horror. Against all odds I wobble up and I take flight again, I am airborne, charging head on into a wave of bullets. I fly as fast as I can and I cover 25 miles to the command post and arrive at the base heavily wounded, my left leg is hanging off attached only by a thin tendon, the messenger canister

is still attached. Army medics work on me and as I am going in and out of consciousness, I hear them say, she has just saved 194 men, she has just saved The Lost Battalion.

I feel proud as I think of the men, my friends. It feels like it has been weeks, but they tell me it has been a few hours since they operated on me. I look down to see bandages wrapped around my chest, from under the bandages I catch a glimpse of a little wooden leg a soldier has carved especially for me. "She's awake," calls a nurse. She runs her fingers ever so softly about my brow, stroking my ruffled feathers. "Good girl, you have done your country proud."

It takes me back to when I was a fledgling, and my mother would tussle my fluffy immature feathers across my face. She picks up a bowl of maple peas, wheat, unpolished rice, and linseed and begins to feed me slowly. "Eat up my darling, tomorrow you make your

journey back home, Captain John Carney is waiting for you."

By Laura Edwards  
Grade Category: Senior  
Marymede Catholic College  
South Morang, Vic.



## One paw at a time

Mr Albert stepped into the garden and sighed, his long beard swishing over untamed white roses. Weeds strangled the flowerbed outside his mansion. Its white wash walls were peeling off, inside and outside.

Mr Albert's wife had died years ago in a mysterious boating accident. They had never had any children, and thus, his heart and abode grew wild and thick.

She once again sighed into the night air and stepped towards the copper gate. The cold, cold night air ruffled her fur.

She was much too weak to run the few metres to shelter under a tree, let alone hunt for food. Her claws latched into the soil and an agonizing pain hit her as she crawled a few centimetres forward.

While she dragged herself from the road where she had been abandoned, two headlights zoomed towards her. As a rush of adrenaline surged through her body, she used all the strength kittenly possible to leap out of the way of the ute. A shiver ran down her spine as she turned towards the copper

gate. Eyes locked. Mouths opened.

There, on either side of a rusty copper gate, two lives changed forever.

Mr Albert picked up the grey kitten and brought it into the laundry. The kitten mewed as layers of grime were massaged out of her fur. Mr Albert lifted the now ginger kitten out of the plastic tub and whispered, "I will call you Marmalade."

Marmalade mewed in agreement. Since then, Mr Albert has opened up an animal shelter called 'Kitten's Brick'. He is getting kinder, one paw at a time. She is getting stronger, one paw at a time. Just one paw at a time.

By Irene Yeom  
Category: Junior  
Ironbark Ridge Public School  
Rouse Hill, NSW



# Refugee

**G**lowing eerily, the ivory moon glared down onto the boat packed with terrified people. Inky black waves smashed relentlessly into it. The vicious gusts of wind quaked the small, vulnerable boat, spraying icy droplets of water pelting down onto her, soaking through her patchwork coat, sending shivers up her spine. Hands trembling, she clutched her tiny shivering puppy who was curled tightly in her arms.

Crowded by trembling, petrified refugees, she breathed deeply and wished for nothing more than to escape her harsh reality.

Closing her eyes, she could almost feel the radiating sun beaming down on her. Almost smell the mouth-watering wafts of her grandmother's cooking. Almost see her parents' warm, comforting smiles. Almost.

The sorrowful whine of her chestnut puppy broke her from her reminiscent trance, the tiny dog's fragile, pencil-thin body wriggling tirelessly. She half-heartedly tried to soothe the frail puppy, stroking his head the same way her mother used to, before the bombs, before the fear, before everyone she loved was snatched from this Earth.

Yet the puppy was relentless, continuing to fight her weak grasp, trying so hard to escape her protective barrier. Suddenly, the puppy's energetic determination overpowered her and he slipped out of her arms.

"NO!" she croaked.

Tears pooling in her eyes, she watched helplessly as the ball of chestnut fur fell flailing overboard, toppling into the brewing, inky darkness. The crashing waves engulfed the puppy.

Without thinking, she launched into the waves. The icy chill hit her immediately, like a shark sinking its jagged teeth into her exposed flesh, freezing her veins and clouding her brain. Yet she pushed through, pure desperation driving her forward as she blindly searched through the numbing darkness.

Then as her lungs screamed for air and her eyelids began drooping as if they weighed ten tonnes, a flash of soaked, straggly, matted fur caught her eye. The puppy's limp body was sinking lower and lower, falling closer toward the seabed. Limbs numb and

head pounding, she used all the strength she had left to propel herself through the murky waters. As her chest was on the verge of exploding and her lungs were screaming for air, death clamped its cruel, chilling hand around her.

Tears of pain and desperation welled in her eyes as she forced herself to go on. That playful puppy was all she had left, and she was certain she couldn't survive in a foreign country completely alone. Struggling, she had at last made it to her puppy. Grasping his soft, limp body, she cradled him against her chest, a final burst of happiness flaring inside her.

Ever since she boarded that overloaded, patchwork boat, she could sense the pain creeping forever nearer. But now she could finally accept it, because now she was with what she loved most in this world. The last thing she saw was her precious puppy, curled peacefully in her arms, when the darkness swallowed her whole.

By Alannah Kelley  
Grade Category: Middle  
Moonee Ponds West Primary



Geoff  
& Helen  
Handbury  
Literary  
Award

# The Young Boy Crying

*Staring at the window,  
but not looking at anything.  
Is he sad, is he mad,  
about mean things?*

*It is a sad moment,  
all chains unbroken.  
The boy didn't wail,  
he didn't cry out loud.  
But if you look at his eyes,  
they're red from crying.  
Oh poor little boy!  
oh poor little boy!*

By **Arin Lee**  
Category: Junior  
Hambledon Public School  
Quakers Hill, NSW



# Don't speak like a Bogan

*When you go to school,  
You are taught to speak correct English,  
So you come across proper and refined  
And very, very distinguished.*

*However, creeping in in Australia  
Are some terrifying terms,  
From the bogans of our country  
That makes well-spoken Australians  
squirm.*

*It's 'em bludgers that wagged school  
Who's to blame for all this fussin'  
A worse-er-a state of speakin'  
We could not be discussin'*

*Now you may be wondering  
How did it get so bad?  
How did we fall so far from posh  
To a language no one understands?*

*Was it the esky or the thongs?  
That got their knickers in a twist?  
Is it here amongst these words  
Bogan slang started to exist?*

*Was it the arvo or the avo?  
Or the barbie or the ciggy?  
'ave you's got lost in all me words  
Is it gettin' too tricky?*

*Was it the flannie or the footy?  
Was it the daks or the dunny?  
Was it a phrase ya heard at maccas?  
It really isn't funny!*

*Let's face it – English is cactus!  
It's in a pretty crook state!  
We gotta do something to fix it,  
I'm being fair dinkum mate!*

*Round your vowels, annunciate,  
Use correct diction please!  
Don't speak like a Bogan  
That's my expertise.*

By **Paige Duncan-Rainbird**  
Grade Category: Middle  
Miss B's Student Services  
Riverside, Tas.





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



### 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>

### 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**

**2022**



*Awarded to*

**Sarah Hiscocks**

*Mackellar Girls Campus, NSW*

**'Rainbow Dragon'**





2022 Young Australian Art Awards

## Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Middle



**Commonwealth**Bank

Awarded to

**Hana Lee**

Castlecove Public School, NSW

*'This Is Me! Who are you?'*

2022 Young Australian Art Awards

## Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Senior



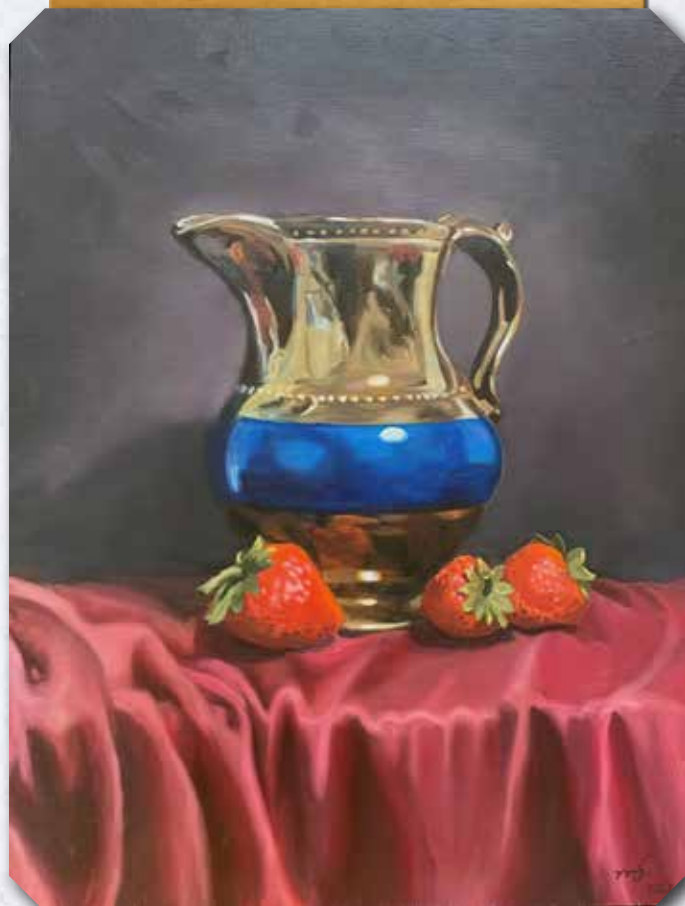
**Commonwealth**Bank

Awarded to

**Micaela Xerri**

Strathmore Secondary College, Vic.

*'Still Life Classic'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

# Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Junior



**Commonwealth**Bank

Awarded to

**Ashley Zhou**

Central Coast Grammar School, NSW

*'The Naughty Oreo'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

# Bic Australia Art Award

Computer Art - Middle



Awarded to

**Kaniya Li**

Port Melbourne High School, VIC

*'Determined'*

2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia  
Art Award**

**Computer Art - Senior**

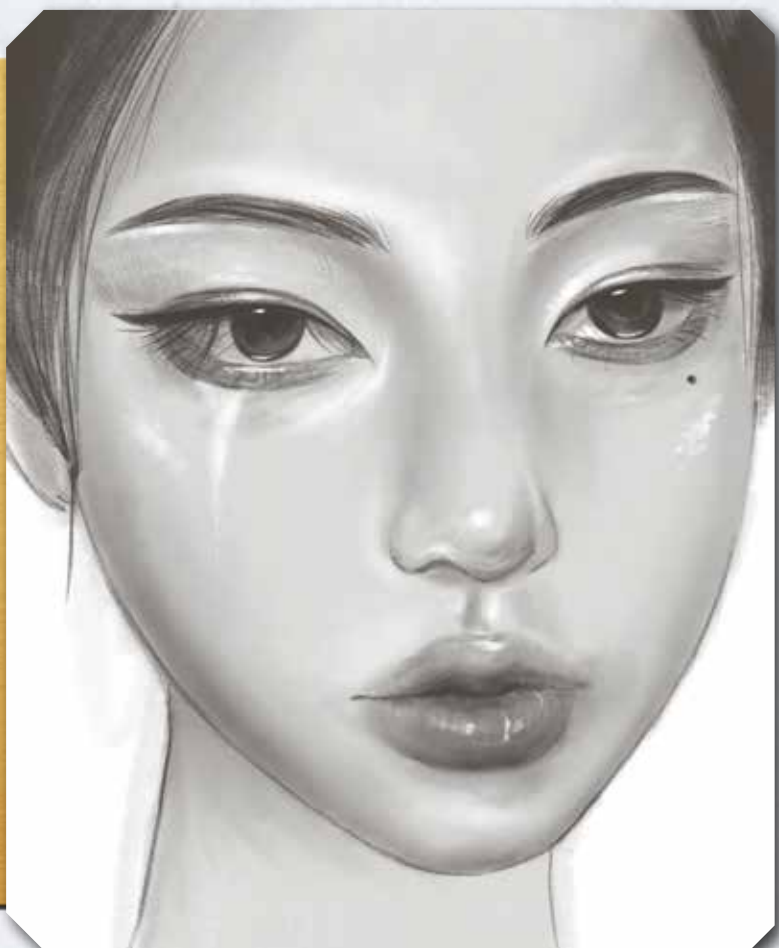


Awarded to

**Yi Ling Xie**

Bunbury Senior High School, WA

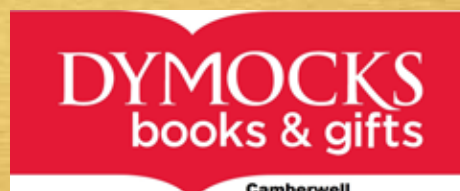
**'Untitled'**



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Dymock's Camberwell  
Art Award**

**Drawing – Senior (Joint Winner)**



Awarded to

**Tiarn Garland**

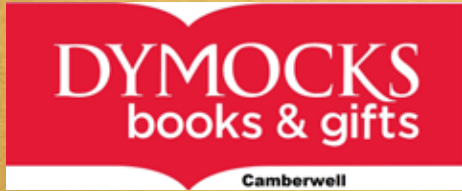
Ravenswood School for Girls, NSW

**'Mum'**

2022 Young Australian Art Awards

## Dymock's Camberwell Art Award

Drawing – Middle (Joint Winner)



Awarded to

**Annie Li**

St George Girls High School, NSW

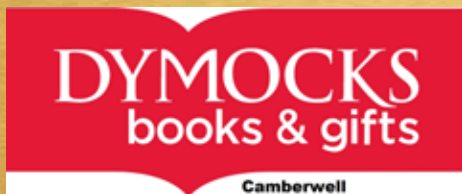
*'Past'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

## Dymock's Camberwell Art Award

Drawing – Senior (Joint Winner)



Awarded to

**Elizabeth Vardouniotis**

The Hills Grammar School, , NSW

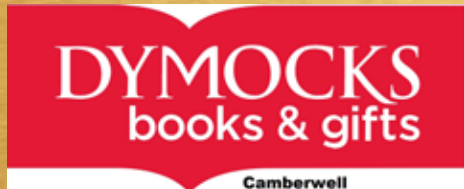
*'Balloons for Nana'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Dymock's Camberwell  
Art Award**

**Drawing – Middle (Joint Winner)**



Awarded to

**Caroline Xu**

Artarmon Public School, NSW

**'Lost in Wonderland'**



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**KIN Mining  
Art Award**

**Drawing - Junior**



Awarded to

**Valentina Palazzolo**

MLC School, NSW

**'Rabbit'**



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

## Lions Club Art Award

Photography –Senior



Awarded to

**Alastair Gibson**

Murrumba State Secondary College, QLD

*'Beauty of the wilderness'*



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

## Lions Club Art Award

Photography –Middle



Awarded to

**Lisa KATAOKA**

George Girls High School, NSW

*'Ancient Temple'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

Judge's Choice Award

## Ann Ryan Art Award

Awarded to

**Queena Liu**

AM Studio, NSW

*'My Funny Dad'*

2021 Young Australian Art Awards  
Judge's Choice Award

## Marjory Gardner Art Award

Awarded to  
**India Slaughter**  
Nowra High School, NSW  
*'Vivid'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards  
Judge's Choice Award

## Marc McBride Art Award

Awarded to  
**Kristy Watt**  
Kingaroy State High, QLD  
*'Journey'*

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

2022



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

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



Awarded to

**Brenton Thorne**

Cairnlea Park  
Primary School, Vic.

*'Crawling near the  
Southern River'*



— Indigenous Art Awards —



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Sedgman**  
**Indigenous Art Award**

**SEDGMAN**

Awarded to

**Ivy Pettit**

*“Journey to Marriott’s Falls”*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Roy Hill Foundation**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Shaleigha Wallam**

*‘The Three Dolphins’*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Metro Mining**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Bindi Pickett**

*‘The Rainbow Serpents’*

— *Regional Indigenous Art Awards* —



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Capricorn Metals  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Laila Baluch**

*'Communities and Nature'*

2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Kin Mining Ltd  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Lekisha Eades**

*'Cultural Connection'*





2022 Young Australian Art Awards

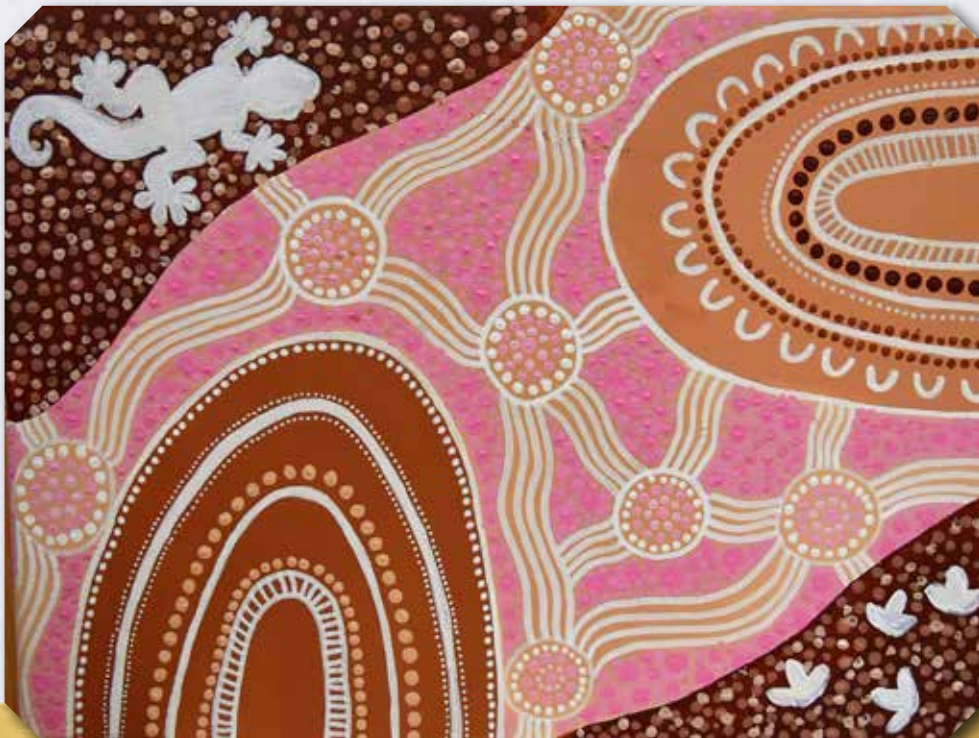
**Element 25 Ltd  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Chiara Fitzgerald**

*'Together'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Gascoyne Resources  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Imran Baluch**

*'The Protector'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Northern Star Resources Ltd**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Hilton Rodney**  
*'The Snake Visitor'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Arafura Resources**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Albert Newland**  
*'Life'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Impact Minerals  
Indigenous Art Award**

**impact.**  
MINERALS

Awarded to

**Marziyah Patanwala**  
*'The Never Ending  
Landscape'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Auking Mining Ltd  
Indigenous Art Award**

**AUKING**

Awarded to

**Kiara-Lee Eades**  
*'The Two Dolphins'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bellevue Gold Ltd  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Jacqueline Indich**  
*'Spirits of Turtles'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Central Petroleum  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Aaliyah Lewis**  
*'The Two Sisters'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Metro Mining**  
**Indigenous Art Award - Junior**



Awarded to

**Samson**

Injinoo Junior Campus -  
Northern Peninsula Area State College

*'Picasso portrait'*

2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Calidus Resources**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Wayne Indich**

*'Social Events'*





2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Mt Gibson Iron**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



Mount Gibson Iron

Awarded to

**Aaliyah Lewis**  
*'Our Land'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

**Dacian Gold Ltd**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Ashley Jackson**  
*'My Country'*





2022 Young Australian Art Awards

## Fortescue Mining Indigenous Art Award



**Fortescue**  
The New Force in Iron Ore

Awarded to

**Dyneeka Jones**  
*'Three Generations'*

2022 Young Australian Art Awards

## ATCO Gas Indigenous Art Award

**ATCO**

Awarded to

**Chloe Rodney**  
*'The Two Jelly Fish'*



2022 Young Australian Art Awards

## Newcrest Indigenous Art Award

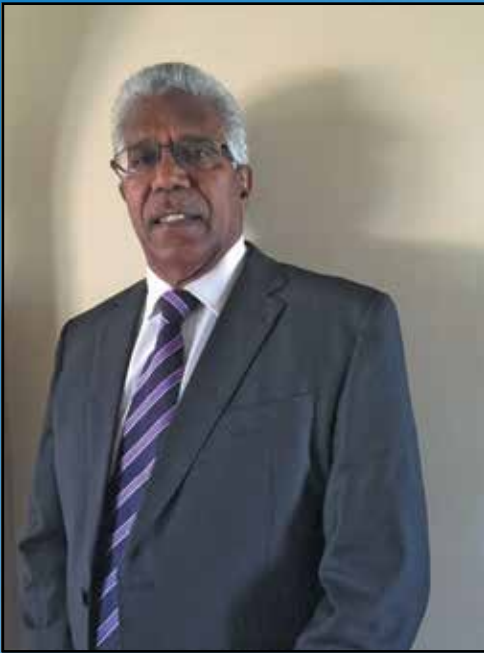


Awarded to

**Taleesha Edmunds**  
*'Two Tribes Coming Together'*



# *About our Indigenous Art Patron*



## **John McGuire**

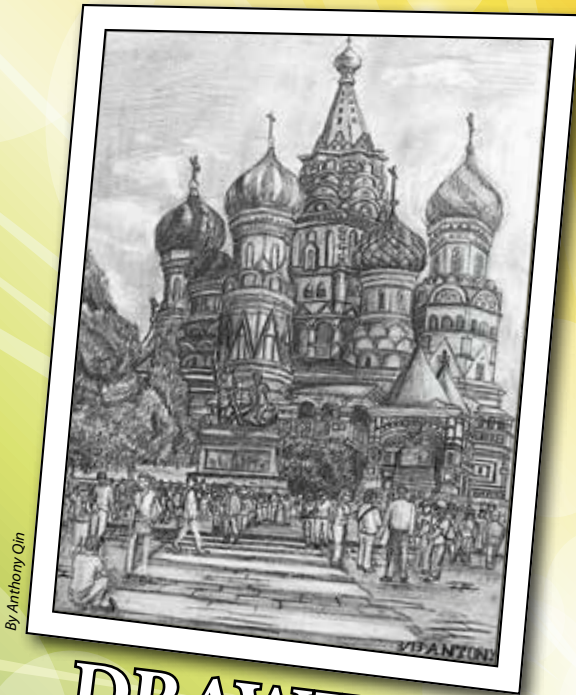
The Board of the Children's Charity Network welcomes Mr John McGuire as a Patron of the Arts for its Young Indigenous Art Awards program.

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.



# 2023 YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS



By Anthony Qin

## DRAWING



By Manna Tsuchiya

## COMPUTER ART



By Kai Keulder

## PHOTOGRAPHY



By Matthew Ropesam

## 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.

  
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